# HOW TO TAKE A CITY.

## ABIMELECH WAS A RASCAL, BUT HE KNEW HOW TO FIGHT.

**Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How God Sometimes Drives a Straight Nail With a Poor Hammer--The Beseiged City of Shechem and Its Lesson.**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—In his sermon for today Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "The Power of Example." The text selected was Judges ix, 48: "And Abimelech took an ax in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees and and took it and laid it on his shoulder and said unto the people that were with him, What ye have seen me do make haste and do as I have done. And all the people likewise cut do wn every man his bough."

Abimelech is a name maladorous in Bible history yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a lighthouse 15 miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul and Herod and Rehoboam and Jezebel and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

The city of Shechem had to be taken and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers. The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day, and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry, "Surrender!" to the beaten foe, and, unable longer to resist the city of Shechem falls, and there are pools of blood and dissevered limbs, and glazed eyes, looking up beggingly for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers, with their head on the lap of mother or wife or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection, and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wail for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city I can find only one building standing and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say, "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god, do your best now for these refugees! If you have eyes, pity them; if you have hands, help them, if you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men who are there fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay! Will they do it with spear? Nay! With battering ram, rolled up by hundred armed strength, crashing against the walls? Nay! Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his ax he hews off a limb of a tree and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men, "You do the same."

They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the crackling, and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has a limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes, "All armed!" And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down, and the first platoon of soldiers come up, and they throw down their branches, and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the spark begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the casement, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within and "Fire!" without announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swarthy chests of Abimelech and his men as they stood amid the ashes and dust crying, "Victory, victory!"

Now I learn first from this subject the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battleaxes, habergeons—and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during Revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour because they were inside the house and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech, "You are only going up their to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify today that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly have been taken. Fathers and mothers brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the church most wants to learn this day is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old style coat of mail. We come up with the sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle, but they have 1,000 spears where we have 10. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any keen saber of sarcasm, by any glittering lances of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowdery explosions of indignation, by sharpshootings of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack that succeeds—any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of church and state. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the church music of today does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer meeting at half past 7 in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with 20 heads, or no heads at all.

We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I often heard.

There is a fountain fill with blood

sung artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery until I thought of Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Sontag, and all the other warblers, but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman in the middle of the audience began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in and we were floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive—and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as all went down under it.

For sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, my friends, the gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry; it is not polemics or the science of squabbles! It is blood red fact; it is warm hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is efflorescent with all light; it is rubescent with all summery glow; it is arborescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tiptop House, but there was no beauty in that compared with the dayspring from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parepa sing, but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when he said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the gospel shall consume the last temple of sin and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin and that prostrates a wrong I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gownsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass and told his men to go and get the boughs and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result, but when Abimelech goes with his own ax and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arm puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was! What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road. All his boys go on the wrong road. Here is a father who enlists for Christ. His children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they were going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands, and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven today, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can gather. Oh, the infinite, the semiomnipotent power of a good or bad example!

I saw last summer, near the beach, a wrecker's machine. It was a cylinder, with some holes at the side made for the thrusting in of some long poles with strong leverage, and when there is any vessel in trouble or going to pieces in the offing the wreckers shoot a rope out to the suffering men. They grasp it, and the wreckers turn the cylinder, and the rope winds around the cylinder and those who are shipwrecked are saved. So at your feet today there is no influence with a tremendous leverage. The rope attached to it swings far out into the billowy future.

Your children, your children's children, and all the generations that are to follow will grip that influence and feel the long reaching pull long after the figures on your tombstone are so near worn out that the visitor cannot tell whether it was 1896 or 1796 or 1696 that you died.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree branch, the work would not have been accomplished, or if 10, 20 or 30 men had gone, but when all the axes are lifted, and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty there are a great many who never lift an axe or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were 10 drones in every hive to 1 busy bee, as though there were 20 sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to 4 men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were 50,000 men belonging to the reserve corps, and only 1,000 active combats. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands, but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big handled sunshade, while others are blistered in the heat and pull until the oarcloaks groan and the blades bend till they snap! Oh, you religious sleepyheads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God, and if your pulse ordinarily beats 60 times a minute when you think of other themes and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to 75 or 80 when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

In a former charge, one Sabbath, I took into the pulpit the church records, and I laid them on the pulpit and opened them and said: "Brethren, here are the church records. I find a great many of you whose names are down here are off duty." Some were afraid I would read the names, for at that time some of them were deep in the worst kind of oil stocks and were ideas to Christian work. But if ministers of Christ today should bring the church records into the pulpit and read, oh, what a flutter there would be! There would not be fans enough in the church to keep the cheeks cool. I do not know but it would be a good thing if the minister once in a while should bring the church records in the pulpit and call the roll, for that is what I consider every church record to be—merely a muster roll of the Lord's army, and the reading of it should reveal where every soldier is and what he is doing.

Suppose in military circles on the morning of battle the roll is called, and out of a thousand men only a hundred men in the regiment answered. What excitement there would be in the camp! What would the colonel say? What high talking there would be among the captains, and the majors and the adjutants! Suppose word came to headquarters that these delinquents excused themselves on the ground that they had overslept themselves, or the morning was damp and they were afraid of getting their feet wet, or that they were busy cooking rations. My friends, this is the morning of the day of God Almighty's battles! Do you not see the troops? Hear ye not all the trumpets of heaven and all the drums of hell? Which side are you on? If you are on the right side, to what cavalry troop, to what artillery service, to what garrison duty do you belong? In other words, in what Sabbath school do you teach? In what prayermeeting do you exhort? To what penitentiary do you declare eternal liberty? To what almshouse do you announce the riches of heaven? What broken bone of sorrow have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or woman sworn to be a follower of Jesus Christ is doing nothing? Then hide the horrible secret from the angels. Keep it away from the book of judgment. If you are doing nothing, do not let the world find it out, lest they charge your religion with being a false face. Do not let your cowardice and treason be heard among the martyrs about the throne, lest they forget the sanctity of the place and denounce your betrayal of that cause for which they agonized and died.

May the eternal God rouse us all to action! As for myself, I feel I would be ashamed to die now and enter heaven until I have accomplished something more decisive for the Lord that bought me. Oh, brethren, how swiftly the time goes by! It seems to me as if the years had gained some new power of locomotion.

The temple of Berith is very broad, and it is very high. It has been going up by the hands of men and devils, and no human engineering can demolish it, but if the 70,000 ministers of Christ in this country should each take a branch of the tree of life, and all their congregations should do the same, and we should march on and throw these branches around the great temples of sin and worldliness and folly, it would need no match or coal or torch of ours to touch off the pile, for, as in the days of Elijah, fire would fall from heaven and kindle the bonfire of Christian victory over demolished sin.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Schechemites got into the temple they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else. He cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers crackling, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this moment is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say, "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned, the steps are varnished, on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unpardoned sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, may you leap in time, the gospel declaring, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified!"

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower. Where shall I go?" Step into this tower of indifference. You say, "If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken." You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech with ruthless assault coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps and Pyrenees and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower."

Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibralter that never has been and never will be taken, of a wall that no satanic assault can scale, of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says, "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh, fling yourself into it! Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough hounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh, get inside! Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick, quick, quick!

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A MAN in Barton, Vt., married his stepmother a few weeks ago. The match was interesting, but not successful. Domestic difficulties brought them into the police court a very few weeks after their marriage, and the troubles are not smoothed out yet.

## A BRIDE SIX TIMES.

**Romantic Career of a Girl in New York--A Famous Beauty.**

There died at a ranch near Santa Ana, Cal., the other day a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Louise Campbell, who has been six times a bride and five times followed the corpse of her husband to the grave, says the New York World. Mrs. Campbell was 54 years of age and was born in Lancingburg, near Albany, N. Y. She was a relative of the old Dutch patroon family Aruyns of the upper Hudson River country.

Her maiden name was Louise Taylor. She was an only child and her family was among the wealthiest in that locality. She had a private tutor and it was the parents' intention to send her abroad for several years of travel and residence when her school days should have been finished. As a child she was always a beauty, and before she was 15 years old she had young men admirers by the dozen in the old town of Lancingburg.

In 1858, when 17 years old, she visited an aunt in Brooklyn. There her beauty immediately attracted attention. She fell madly in love with an impecunious young man, just home from college and at the time a teacher in the Brooklyn public schools, Almond Rollins was his name. After a few week's acquaintance with him she eloped from her aunt's home and was married to the school teacher.

The young people went South, where Rollins got a place as tutor in a seminary in Montgomeay, Ala. The change in climate affected his health and he was an invalid for two years. He resigned his place as tutor and tried light work on plantation. His beautiful bride cheerfully accepted their unfortunate lot and taught music for the support of herself and husband. She was too proud to write to her relatives for financial or other aid. In 1860 Rollins died.

The widow, then 19 years of age, remained in Alabama, supporting herself by teaching. In May, 1861, she was married to Clarence Cushman, a very rich young English merchant of New Orleans. Pictures of her still extant and taken at the time of her second marriage, show that her sad experience and hard work and privations had made little if any change in her wondrous charm of eyes, and her refined, classical features. The Cushmans went to Europe, lived in Munich for several years, and two children that died in childhood were born to them there. In 1864 Mr. Cushman lost over two-thirds of his property in the South by the ravages of the war. In Rome Mr. Cushman was seized with the Roman fever and died.

The widow went to London, where she found that her husband was really a bankrupt. Too proud to inform her relatives of her distress, she remained in England and once more became a teacher. She was a governess in an English family for three years, and then returned to New York, where she was a saleswoman in a dry goods store.

In 1868 she was married in Plainfield, N. J., to Lieut. Oscar D. Williams U. S. A., and went with him to live at Fort Sully, N. D. They lived happily together and Mr. Williams became the favorite of all the fort. In August, 1869, her husband was drowned while bathing in the Missouri River, and his wife became for the third time a widow.

Her father, who heard of his only daughter's misfortunes, begged of her to return to her former home and be forgiven, but she still felt the sting of his refusal to recognize her first marriage and once more began earning her own living. For two years she was governess in the family of a Louisville merchant. She married in 1871 the Rev. Edward Lukes at Covington, Ky. The preacher was a boon companion years ago of President Cleveland at Syracuse, N. Y. Her husband was sent as missionary to India and his wife accompanied him. They made their home successfully in India, Hong and Honolulu. Mr. Lukes died in the Sandwich Islands in 1876 and his wife made her way back to America with his body.

Mrs. Lukes lived with a brother and a sister of her dead husband in Indianapolis. She then entered a private hospital in Chicago as nurse. She was very poor and was again compelled to work hard for a living. Among the patients who came to the hospital was a middle-aged man, a widower, named Hiram E. Dana. In his days of convalescence he was waited upon by the beautiful Mrs. Lukes and he fell desperately in love with her. The two were married in Chicago in December, 1880, and visited the fashionable resorts that winter. They had a fine home in Kansas City, and late removed to St. Paul, Minn., where Mr. Dana added largely by the real estate boom to his comfortable fortune. In 1885 his head was injured by a fall on the ice, and his wound developed brain disease. A few months later he shot himself at a private asylum near Milwaukee.

Mrs. Dana lived in retirement, and possessed ample means for several years. She gave generously to the foreign missionary cause and to hospitals. She and a cousin went to Europe on a long tour, and while abroad she had several proposals of marriage from Americans also traveling. In Florida, in 1891, she met Albert E. Campbell, and they found they had a host of mutual friends of long ago. They were married several months later. From that time until last July Mrs. Campbell and her husband made their home in Boston. They lived very happily and quietly. They went among literary and musical people and built last year a new residence at a cost of $80,000. Mrs. Campbell went to California for her health.

Among the bequests is a sum for a monument at the grave of her first love, Almond Rollins, in Montgomery, Ala., and also a memorial tablet for her fourth husband, the Rev. Edward Lukes, to be set up in the Presbyterian College at Clinton, New York.

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**Robbed Himself.**

DENVER, COL., Jan. 28.—Pinckerton detectives have arrested Express Agent Larout of Colorado Springs on the charge of being implicated in the theft of $35,000 from the Wells Fargo Express Company several months ago. His father who recently came to Colorado Springs from Illinois, was also arrested as he was leaving the State and about $5,000 was found sewed up in his clothing. The robbery occurred on the night of November 11 at the Santa Fe Depot in Colorado Springs, just after the night train pulled out South. Larout said that two men had overpowered him in his office and taken two packages consigned from Denver banks, which contained $35,000, overlooking another package containing $15,000. As Larout had been in the employ of the express company for a number of years, suspicion did not at first point to him. He told a very plausible story and it was at the time believed.

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A PIECE of bituminous coal was recently dug out of the coal mine of Newsam Bros., near Pekin, Ill., on which were imprinted the Arabic numerals 306,030; the characters being about an inch long. The find was made 125 feet below the surface of the earth, and the local scientific "shaggs" are puzzled to account for it.

# HARD FATE OF PATRIOTS.

## THEIR STEAMER SUNK WITH ITS PRICELESS CARGO.

**Story of the Wreck, as Told by the Survivors--Heavy Loss in Arms and Amunition--Wretchedness of the Rescued Party.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Seventy of the survivors of the alleged filibustering expedition which sailed from this port on Jan. 26, on board the steamer J. W. Hawkins, were landed in this city late this afternoon by the tug F. B. Dalzell. The men composing the party immediately separated on arrival, and it was impossible at the moment to get details as to the foundering of the Steamer of Montauk Point, as reported from Vineyard Haven, Mass.

The captain of the tug Dalzell says that while cruising off the highlands this morning he was hailed by the schooner Leander V. Beebe, bound from Baltimore for Boston. The schooner's captain reported that he had picked up 70 men who were in eight life boats, while on his way up the coast, and requested that the Dalzell land them in New York. The men were transferred to the tug, which brought them to the city.

The tug was commanded by Captain Harry Denise. He reports that he was lying off Long Branch early this morning, looking for a tow. At 8 o'clock he sighted the three-massed schooner Leander V. Beebe from Baltimore to Boston. An American flag, inverted, flew from her rigging and the Dalzell ran up and hailed her. "The schooners deck," said Captain Denise tonight, "swarmed with men in all stages of undress. Wretchedness was written in every line of their faces. Very few wore hats, some of them were without shoes and nearly all were minus coats.

"What price do you want to take 70 men into New York?" shouted the skipper of the Beebe.

"I told him," continued Captain Denise, "and we made the bargain. I ran up alongside and after an hour's dangerous work, got the 70 men on the Dalzell. After the tug got under way it was agreed that I put one man off at pier 8, North river, and I did so. He said he was a gunner. I did not catch his name. None of them made any secret about their efforts to reach Cuba to fight for her freedom. The most dejected man on board was an old man, who told me he was Calixto Garcia, and was in charge of the expedition. He was accompanied by his son, Carlos. Garcia seemed completely broken down. He said that the Cubans had played one of their strongest cards of the revolution in sending out this expedition and that more than $200,000 worth of arms and amunition had been lost by the sinking of the Hawkins."

He then related to Captain Denise the story of the wreck. He said:

"We loaded the steamer James W. Hawkins for the expedition of Port Morrise. All day the hatches were closed and nobody ever had any suspicion that we had thousands of dollars worth of arms in her hold. All the work was done at dead of night. We sailed Friday night and went out by Long Island Sound. We had excellent weather until Sunday, when it began to get rough. On Monday morning early the vessel sprung a leak. The waves and wind just opened her seams. Pumps were manned, but they soon choked with coal and became useless. Then the men got buckets and bailed for their lives. The water gained inch by inch and finally coal went overboard, and then costly arms and amunition. It broke our hearts to throw these arms away, but we had to keep the vessel afloat somehow. Gradualy the Hawkins settled down at 11:30 o'clock on Monday morning we took to the life boats and deserted the sinking steamer. Half an hour latter after the Beebe hove in sight and took us on board. At the time the Hawkins went down she was 45 miles south southeast of Barnegat and the sea was very wild."

Captain Denise said that the men saved nothing but two valises filled with United States bank notes. These were in the possession of General Garcia.

The Hawkins was making some water when she left port, and when she encountered the rough weather outside with a heavy sea, she filled in about 20 minutes. Those on board had barely time to get into the steamer's boats. One of the boats was picked up by the Benedict and her 25 occupants taken to Wood's Holl, where they embarked by train for Boston and New York. It was reported by those rescued that the steamers true destination was Cuba, and that her cargo, consisted of $25,000 worth of ammunition, one gun on board having cost $5,000. They were, without doubt bound on a filibustering expedition to Cuba. The fourmasted schooner Alicia B. Crosby, Newport News for Boston, fell in with another boat from the steamer about 60 miles southeast by east of Sandy Hook lightship, which contained 23 persons, but owing to the rough sea only 13 were saved, the other 10 being drowned. The Crosby land the 13 survivors at Woods Holl this morning, and they left on a train for New York this afternoon. Another vessel, a three-masted schooner, picked up 75 of the survivors, and it is supposed put back with them to Deleware breakwater. The men would say but little. There were three Americans among those at Woods Holl, the others being Spaniards. They say that thousands of dollars in money went down with those who were drowned and in the private chests in the steamer.

The only member of the crew of the Hawkins that was picked up by the Beebe was the mate, Crowley. He declared that all the men were saved, and that not a man was even injured. When the Beebe picked the men up, they were in double-end whale boats which could live in any sea. The other schooner were in the vicinity at the time, and, according to Crowley, they must have been landed by the Dalzell at Pier 8, North river, she proceeded up the river to the foot of West Forty-second street, where the other 69 filibusters disembarked and separated. At the headquarters of the Caban junta in this city, it was declared by the leaders tonight that the Hawkins was not a filibuster, so far as they knew. They said the story was started by Pinkerton men because they had been unable to catch the Garcia party and declared that Garcia was and has been in this city for some time past. Many shipping men do not believe that the Hawkins was a filibuster. They think she was a boat bought by the Captain junta to throw the Spanish off the track of the real filibuster, which will soon be heard from at a distant point of Cuba.

A batch of 25 of the rescued men arrived late tonight on a train from Boston. Among them was Antonio Maria Cerena, who is a brother of a lawyer in this city. He estimated the loss of men at from six to nine. He could not give any of their names.

The final gathering of the filibusters was in a marbleyard in Port Morris, at 138th street dock, late Saturday night, Gen. Garcia, his son and 170 other Cubans who had enlisted for the expedition met in the yard, and the Hawkins tied up at this dock. Then it was found that there were more volunteers than the steamboat could carry. It was impossible to take more than 120, Captain Hall said, and it was necessary to single out 50 men. This announcement was made after two men had deserted and had been chased away in the darkness. After the chosen band had been sifted and the 120 had got aboard, the Hawkins steamed away for the sound. The arms of the boat consisted of two Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, 1,200 Remington and Winchester rifles and some revolvers. There was plenty of ammunition for the Hotchkiss guns and 1,000,000 cartridges for the rifles Gen. Garcia also had taken along 3,000 pounds of dynamite and materials for making heavy explosives.

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**Extermination Aimed At.**

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Blue books have been issued containing all the official dispatches relative to Armenia between July 24, 1894, and October 16, 1895, and the reports of the consular delegates attached to the Sassoun Commission. The report gives the history of the Armenian agitation for several years and records the obstacles thrown in the way of the commission by the Turkish delegates. It also acquits the Armenians of the charge brought against them of burning their own property to incite an outbreak among their people, adding that the facts elicited fail to prove that the Armenians were in revolt, but show that the agitator Murad instigated several Armenian outrages on Kurds. The latter then retaliated and the Armenians fled to their villages.

The conflicts between the Armenians and Kurds followed and the government did nothing to arrive at a peaceful settlement or to protect women and children.

The report shows that the number of killed has been grossly exaggerated, but the report admits that owing to the absence of registration it is impossible even approximately to fix the number of victims.

Mr. Shipley, the British delegate, declares that the Armenians were hunted like beasts and if slaughter was not greater it was owing to the vastness of the mountain ranges, which facilitated the escape of the Armenians. He was convinced that the Turks aimed at the complete extermination of the Armenians in the Talori district.

The editorials in the morning papers upon the Armenian blue book mostly comment on the fact that they only picture the overture to a long tale of massacre and that the careful report of the delegates has justified every denunciation yet published of the Sultan.

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**The Fertilizer Compromise.**

Inasmuch as there is much discussion as to the terms of the agreement entered into between the railroads and the railroad commission in regard to the quarrel over the new fertilizer rate, the following agreement made between the roads and the commission, being Mr. Henderson's proposition to the commission, has been made public:

On behalf of the railroad attorneys, I submit to the board of railroad commissioners the following propositions with a view of adjusting the differences between them as to the fertilizer rates, and bringing about a feeling of confidence and friendship between them.

1. The railroad companies will have immediately withdrawn the pending bill in the United States Courts of equity in the Manchester and Augusta railroad case, and the railroad companies will agree to put in operation as soon as rate sheets can be arranged, the reduced tariff on fertilizers, but no penalties are to be imposed, provided the railroad companies shall refund to the proper parties the excess charges above the new tariff on all shipments since January 1, 1896, that being fixed upon as the date when it shall be considered as having gone into effect.

2. At the request of the railroad companies, the commissioners will take up at an early date with traffic managers of the several lines the consideration of the entire freight rate with a view to ascertaining whether there are not some other articles which they can, consistently with their official duties, grant raise of rates or so revise the entire tariff as to do justice and equity to all parties concerned.

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**Quick Work of a Mob.**

BLUEFIELDS, W. Va., Jan. 28.—Alex Jones, a negro desperado of Elkhorn, boarded a westbound passenger train last night at Key Stone, evidently for the purpose of having trouble. He was under the influence of liquor and was very boisterous. He abused the conductor and refused to pay his fare. Jones pulled two revolvers and commenced firing at random through the car, which was crowded with people, emptying both weapons. After the shooting it was discovered that W. H. Strother, postmaster at Elkhorn, was shot through the abdomen, causing death almost instantly. Conductor McCullough was shot in the side, but not seriously wounded. Peter Rice, a colored miner, was shot through the right breast and will probably die. Jones was arrested and placed on the 2 o'clock train for Huntingdon. While passing Hemphill, the train was flagged by a mob of 50 men, who took Jones from the train and hanged him to a tree and shot his body full of lead.

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**Golden Resolutions.**

How many good resolutions are broken during these January days! As the midnight bells ring out the old and ring in the new year, how many thousands of penitent inebriates promise themselves to lead better lives and for weeks and days thereafter struggle manfully against the tyrant that runs riot through their veins! But flesh is weak and alcohol is strong and as the days go by the craving for drink becomes so great that few of the struggling thousands can resist it, and, one by one, they fall hopelessly into the old ways until another milestone shall give them pause. To the weak but willing among us the Keeley Institute of South Carolina is a godsend. The gold cure is "not gold that glitters," but it shines like a benediction in the faces of the liberated—the free! Make, by all means, your good resolutions, but back yourself with the gold to be had only in South Carolina at the Keeley Institute in this city.—The State.

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**Fatal Family Quarrel.**

BLUEFIELD, W. Va., Jan. 27.—In a family quarrel at Kyle today, Mrs. Lizzie Savage was shot and killed by Thomas Burns, her stepson. After the shooting Barns went to the barn and fired a bullet through his left breast, causing instant death. As soon as his wife saw the lifeless body, she fainted and, after being revived, went to the house and took poison. It was with great difficulty that her life was saved. Her mind is thought to have been deranged.

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**Murdered a Millionaire.**

BRENHAM, Tex., Jan. 30.—Thomas Dwyer, a millionaire, was murdered last night by unknown persons in his office in the centre of the business portion of the city, robbery being the purpose. He was then taken to a cistern and thrown in, where his mutilated remains were found. He was 76 years of age and leaves a widow and one unmarried child.

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**Nothing Wrong.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 31.—The following report, which was adopted by the Legislature, explains itself:

The sub committee appointed by the committee of the Senate and House of Representatives respectfully beg leave to report:

That we have investigated all the charges made by Mr. Willoughby against the Superintendent and Board of Directors of the State Penitentiary except two, and one of these tacitly admitted by Mr. Willoughby would be satisfactorily explained, and the other would involve the investigation of the books of the institution. After having made a thorough, exhaustive, painstaking and patient investigation, find nothing but what would reflect credit on the management of the institution.

That in the investigation of the minority report of the Board of Directors signed by Mr. Willoughby, it having been testified to by Mr. Willoughby that he would have signed the majority report of the Directors of the Penitentiary and so expressed himself to the Board of Directors, thereby acknowledge the correctness of the said report:

Provided, the ulogy of the Superintendent was expunged from the said report, and his presence in the board meetings be excluded in the future. That after the investigation of most of the charges preferred, and finding nothing in them, and Mr. Willoughby acknowledging the correctness of the said majority of the Board of Directors, by his willingness to sign it with the above specified exceptions which do not in any way affect the showing as set forth the efficient, honest, and economical administration of the said institution:

Now, therefore, we the sub-committee appointed by the committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives finding that from Mr. Willoughby's testimony that there was no ground for the charges, and that the investigation was a useless expense to the State, beg that this report be taken, the committee be discharged; and that the report be spread on the journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Respectfully submitted.

(Signed) T. S. BRICE,
Chairman.
L. M. RAGIN,
On the part of the Senate.
W. O. TATUM,
L. A. MOORE,
W. B. LOVE,
On the part of the House.

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**Chicago and the South.**

HON. Patrick, Walsh editor of the Augusta Chronicle, has written a very interesting letter to Mr. T. B. Thackston, editor of Products of the Piedmont, at Spartanburg, S. C., in which he sets forth the advantage to acrue to the South from the proposed Cotton Exposition to be held at Chicago. Mr. Walsh says he has the most unbounded faith in the practical results of the exposition, and believes that every community and every interest in the South will promote its interests. "I am sure," says he, "that if the South embraces the opportunity Chicago can be relied upon to do its full duty in making the enterprise a grand success—the South has everything to make and nothing to loose by the exposition. The Chicago Cotton Exposition is strictly a business movement. Its purposes is to carry to the people of the West and Northwest the most striking object-lesson of what the South has accomplished already in one great industry, and to show a practically illimitable field for profitable investment in this same direction, and to invite Chicago and Western capital in the establishment of bleacheries and print works for finishing the products of Southern mills, and for the establishment of machine shops for the manufacture of textile machinery. The Chicago Exposition," according to Mr. Walsh's idea, "need not be confined to cotton and the products thereof, but it should embrace in its scope all of the natural products of the South. It should contain, in addition to cotton, all of the resources of our mines and forests, and show conspicuously the rich and varied products of diversified agriculture and horticulture." The Norfolk Virginian says Mr. Walsh is firm in the opinion that the exposition, if properly conducted will prove of incalculable benefit to the people of the Southern States, and sees in it an opportunity that should be availed of to the fullest extent, and every interest in the South should promote its success in every possible way. He says Chicago sees in it an opportunity to advance its commercial interest and the South should see in it an opportunity to build up its agricultural and manufacturing industries.

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**The Cash Buyer.**

The man who always pays cash can dictate prices within reasonable bound. The merchant will not let him leave his store, if the prices offered affords any margin of profit. The merchant sees that there is no risk or trouble, that he gets back the money invested and a little profit, and gladly makes sale at a price below what he could afford to make to the man who buys on credit; the cash buyer pays a fair price for what he gets, but does not help pay the worthless accounts of others; the buyer on credit has to carry the whole load. Many farmers are somewhat in debt, and they say they must buy on credit. They are the ones who should not do so, even if others do. It is far better to go to a neighbor, state the facts, and borrow the sum of money needed to put affairs on a cash basis; the saving will amount to several times the interest paid on the note. Then, too, there is a gain in other ways. Ones credit grows better when little used, and there is escape from the worry of being dunned for little accounts. When it is understood that a man always pays cash for what he buys, his opportunity to get what he wants increases. Those needing cash are quick to give him the refusal of what they have to sell. The man who drops the credit plan, borrows the needed meney at a fair rate of interest, if he has no capital of his own, and then keeps accurate account of the expenditure of every dollar of it, improves his chance to success.

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A writer to the Scientific American says that 'a good absorbent' will ease the pain of stings: 'The best absorbing substance that I have tried is lean fresh meat. This will relieve the pain of a wasp sting almost instantly, and has been recommended for the cure of rattlesnake bites. I have also used it with marked effect in erysipelas.'

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MEXICO unkindly rises at this moment to remind the United States that land-grabbing is not entirely a British trait. The Mexican Herald also tells us that if the Monroe doctrine is to gain force in America outside of the United States it must be made to mean something more than a declaration purely in the selfish interests of the United States.

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**Fifty-Six Were Killed.**

CARDIFF, WALES, Jan. 29.—The exploration of the coal mine near Tylerstown, which was wrecked yesterday, has been completed and it is found that the total number of killed amounts to 56.


ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Company,
106 Wall St., N. Y.


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**A Hustling Concern.**

One of the most enterprising and hustling firms in Columbia is that of Richard & Mixson, dealers in bicycles and general repairers and pl