

CHRIST'S LAST HOUR.

Dr. Talmage Finds Lessons of Comfort in a Sad Scene.

HEAVEN'S BRIGHT CROWNS

The Great Divine Says Shall Adorn the Brows of Those Who

Bear Life's Burdens With Christian Fortitude.

From the pathetic scene of Christ's last hour of suffering Dr. Talmage in this sermon draws lessons of comfort for people in trouble; text, John xix. 30. "When Jesus therefore had received of the vinegar..."

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in a crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, "Eating, enquiring, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowed, poorly fed, flogged, as bent over and tied to a low post his bare back was inflamed with the scourges interlarded with pieces of lead and bone, and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish, a world of agony is compressed in the two words, "I thirst!" Oh, skies of Israel, let me thirst! Oh, world, with rolling rivers and sparkling fountains and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! Let me have any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain—but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they got a cup of vinegar and soaked a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then pressed the wine as it had been brought, and they believed or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives to saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rebound, skies flamboyant, days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a green in almost every shade. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, knowing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeur of his throne because one day in an interview Beau Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Laegdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over her evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt and being brought to had been brought, and cries out, "Where, then, is there formidable in a jing?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrea del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunziata at Florence and gets for pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sour greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar..."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been kind and sympathetic with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize today and forever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar.

In the first place, there was the source of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put special stress. You looked him up. You loaded him with money. You befriended him in the dark passes of a life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your past timidity. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He misrepresented you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first you could not sleep at night. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for a thorn that has been put in the matter will never shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our 20¢! Then all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of drafts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to live, but oh, the headaches, and the stomach aches, and the backaches, and the heartaches have been your companions all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirraps, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land, but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses

of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pain worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or filament of the great reaction of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an anxious man anxiety. There is no sign of desperation about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you—but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down, with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some other has failed, and you are thrown about and well brother, you are in a glorious company. Christ would not be in the house in which he stopped or the colt on which he rode or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own.

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could today gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Ileri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that today there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But not there are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy, not understanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged and the dis-comforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant gospel!

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken every thing seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as you upon whom most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart today. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now! You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid the floor, but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tear him and bring him down to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his home. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. There were not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving heart, with tears, Oh, yes, yes, he knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. Sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation, I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejection, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say, "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want any thing drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking the barrier between the two worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation? None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have opened to him. Yes, he knows that it is to lead to the world of the beauty of which he was more an appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the existences of the phosphorescence of the sea. He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies. He twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air. They whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Yes, he knows that he was killed in the darkness. He died physically. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirst of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds, as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an agony—a—there is no one who could not tell you that that set their teeth on edge and a rasping I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds high, and it is my ambition now this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that, looking through the dark night of our earthly troubles, you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's love. I say, my friends, do not try to carry all your ailments, do not put your poor shoulder under the Appen-

PENSION MANAGERS.

The List of Chairmen of the Various County Boards.

Following is the list of chairmen of the county boards of pensions. Saluda is the only county which has not communicated with the comptroller general's office: Abbeville—J. R. Holloway, Pettigrew. Aiken—J. R. Eddon, Yaulouse. Anderson—J. J. Gilmer, Anderson. Bamberg—W. F. Stokes, Farrell's store. Barrowell—A. B. Connor, Allendale. Beaufort—Dr. R. S. Sams, Beaufort. Berkeley—D. M. Breaker, Moncks Corner. Charleston—Dr. B. M. Leiby, Charleston. Cherokee—J. G. Sarraff, Gauffey. Chester—W. H. Hardin, Chester. Chesterfield—W. J. Hanna, Chesterfield. Clarendon—C. S. Land, Sr., Foreston. Darlington—Capt. W. E. James, Palmetto. Dorchester—D. M. Horn, St. George's. Edgefield—J. N. Fair, Edgefield. Fairfield—G. H. McMaster, Winnsboro. Florence—E. W. Lloyd, Florence. Georgetown—J. Harleston, Read Georgetown. Greenville—Col. S. S. Crittenden, Greenville. Greenwood—W. P. McKeller, Greenwood. Horry—B. L. Beaty, Backsville. Hampton—J. H. Steinmeyer, Early Branch. Kershaw—W. F. Russell, Westville. Lancaster—W. B. Bruce, Heath Springs. Laurens—B. W. Ball, Laurens. Lexington—S. M. Roof, Lexington. Marion—Dr. G. A. McIntyre, Marion. Marlboro—J. H. Hudson, Bennettsville. Newberry—M. A. Carlisle, Newberry. Oconee—J. C. Neville, West Union. Orangeburg—G. W. Dannelly, North. Pickens—N. A. Christopher, Pickens. Richland—Capt. W. D. Starling, Columbia. Spartanburg—Capt. J. W. Hawkins, Spartanburg. Sumter—E. E. Gaillard, Sumter. Union—Godfrey B. Fowler, Jonesville. Williamsburg—H. H. Kinder, Kingstree. York—J. F. Wallace, Yorkville.

An act to amend Section 4 of an act entitled "An act to provide a system of county government for the several counties of this State, so far as it relates to the maintaining and working of the roads and highways in this State," approved March 23, 1896, amended and approved February 23, 1897, and amended and approved February 21, 1898, by inserting Cherokee County. Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, that an act entitled "An act to provide a system of county government for the several counties of this State, so far as it relates to the working and maintaining of the roads and highways in this State," approved March 23, 1896, amended and approved February 23, 1897, and amended and approved February 21, 1898, be, and the same is hereby, further amended by inserting the name Cherokee, on line 4 of Section 4, after the name Spartanburg, so that said section when amended shall read as follows: Section 4. That all male persons able to perform, or cause to be performed, the labor herein required, between the ages of 18 and 50 years, except in Horry, Spartanburg, Greenville, Cherokee and Union counties, where the ages shall be from 21 to 50, and also exempt ministers of the Gospel in actual charge of a congregation, and persons permanently disabled in the military service of this State, and persons who served in the late war between the States, shall be required annually to perform, or cause to be performed, four days' labor on the highways, under the direction of the overseer of the road district in which he shall reside; except in the counties of Spartanburg, Anderson, Greenville, Pickens and Darlington, wherein the number of working days shall be three; and in Pickens county, the commutation tax shall be one dollar. In Greenville county ten working days shall constitute a day's work or a hired hand; and in Pickens county ten hours shall constitute a day's work for all hands; and the counties of Orangeburg, Saluda, Edgefield, Colleton, Chester, Barnwell, Newberry, Greenwood, Williamsburg, Dorchester, Sumter and York, wherein the number of working days shall be four as to York; and the counties of Berkeley, Charleston, Georgetown, Hampton, Beaufort, Marion and Florence, where the number of working days shall be eight; and in Bamberg county, the number of working days shall be six; and in Clarendon county, where the number of working days shall be changed to four, and the commutation tax shall be one dollar. Provided, that the county board of commissioners of any county may cause to be levied an additional tax, not to exceed one mill, on all the taxable property of any township in their county, when so required by a written petition signed by two-thirds of the freeholders of such township, except in Pickens county, where it shall not be necessary to have said written petition. Such tax to be collected as the other taxes and to be expended on the roads and highways of such township: Provided, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to the county of Fairfield. The provisions of this act shall not apply to Pickens, Cherokee and Union counties until the year 1900: Provided, further, that in Oconee county the number of days' work to be performed be four, without any commutation.

Approved the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1899.

A Brain-Twister for Robert.

A discouraged editor asks the following question: "If Bob Ingersoll insists that there is no hell, will he state what becomes of the man who takes the paper three or four years without paying for it and then tells the postmaster that he does not want it."

When the hour came for the Kansas Legislature to close the other day detectives were stationed at every exit of the State house to see that no property was carried away. It has been customary for a vast number of articles, ranging from typewriters down to inkstands, to disappear at the end of every session. The detectives found plenty to do, and dozens of would-be thieves were forced to disgorge.

Three Lives Crushed Out.

The bodies of three white miners now lie 125 feet under ground beneath great volume of water and tons of dirt and debris in a manganese mine nine miles from Cartersville, Ga., where they met death by being mashed and smothered by a heavy iron beam above them. They were working eating in on them. The dead men are Frank McEver, a son of one of the lessees, and the Messrs. Chastain. McEver leaves a wife and two children. He was 26 years of age. The mine is on the Canton road and is known as the Clumber Hill mine. It has recently been leased by Messrs. White & McEver and worked with a force of from three to five hands. It may take several days to recover the bodies of the men, as the water in the shaft is 80 feet deep and will have to be pumped out before other work toward rescuing them can proceed.

THE LAKE CITY CASE.

The Trial Will Begin Sometime Next Week in Charleston.

The News and Courier says over eighty witnesses have been summoned to appear for the Government in the case against the alleged lynchers from Lake City, which will be tried next week. There will be a great array of witnesses for the defence, and it is not believed that the trial can be finished in less than two weeks.

Mr. E. W. Bell, the special agent who was sent to South Carolina by the department of justice to gather evidence of lynching case, has returned to Charleston from Cuba, where he went to interview certain members of the 24 South Carolina regiment, Marion Clark, who enlisted in the regiment, and who was formerly editor of a newspaper at Lake City, is named as one of the defendants. Mr. Bell wanted to see Clark and others connected with the case.

At present there are fifteen defendants. They were all arrested at different times, and were released from jail on bond. The fifteen alleged members of the mob are: Ezra McKnight, W. A. Webster, V. Ward, M. L. McEltrie, Epps, H. C. Goodwin, C. J. Joyner, Oscar Kelly, Edwin Rodgers, Alonzo Rodgers, Henry S. Stokes, Allen Balk, Van Somerford, Early P. Lee, John P. Newham and Marion Clark. It is hinted that other arrests will be made before the case is taken up for trial.

Much interest is being taken in the make-up of the jury which will have to sit on the trial. The names of the men are of particular interest just at this time. The grand jurors are: A. S. Dukes, Braeburn, Orangeburg. S. P. Reid, Spartanburg, Spartanburg. W. C. Singleton, Conway, Horry. W. S. Wilkerson, Hickory Grove, York. A. C. Izard, Walterboro, Colleton. John K. Ragsdale, Jenkinsville, Fairfield. D. P. Lide, Darlington, Darlington. Fred Walker, (colored,) Chester, Chester. H. H. Gooche, Lancaster, Lancaster. J. A. Thompson, Lindsey, Lancaster. J. C. Freeman, Watery Mills, Georgetown. S. E. Owens, St. Matthews, Orangeburg. M. T. Simpson, Cross Hill, Laurens. John R. Fossett, Easley, Pickens. A. B. Flowers, Sumter, Sumter. J. J. Thompson, Camden, Kershaw. John C. Sevier, Spartanburg, Spartanburg. Adam Cook, Winnsboro, Fairfield. Tom Johnson, (colored,) Camden, Kershaw. L. B. Carson, Union, Union. Thomas Addison, Brunson, Hampton. S. M. Snider, Greenville, Greenville. H. H. Cannon, Spartanburg, Spartanburg.

The petit jury are: Alfred Evans, (colored,) Aiken, Aiken. J. J. Lawton, Hartsville, Darlington. J. A. Gibson, Newberry, Newberry. C. A. Bowman, Newberry, Newberry. John W. McCullough, Alba, Greenville. J. H. Chalkley, Columbia, Richland. S. A. Durham, Marion, Marion. E. P. Ricker, Sumter, Sumter. J. F. Davis, Marion, Marion. Joel B. Garrison, Sterling Grove, Greenville. R. M. Marshall, Charleston, Charleston. W. P. McGill, Camp Ridge, Williamsburg. Arthur L. Kerne, Clinton, Laurens. J. Adams Clarkson, Weston, Richland. J. B. Stepp, Switzer, Spartanburg. William Alexander, (colored,) Chester, Chester. W. C. Elliott, Lancaster, Lancaster. R. P. Price, Sunnyside, Pickens. Robert P. Evans, Charleston, Charleston. U. R. Doty, Winnsboro, Fairfield. W. A. Calhoun, Appleton, Barnwell. Morgan Boylston, Wagener, Aiken. T. P. Horner, Jamison, Orangeburg. J. C. Gibbs, (colored,) Berkeley. Fred C. Gibbs, (colored,) Berkeley. McClellan Hutson, Beaufort, Beaufort. W. H. Hutten, Hampton, Hampton. L. H. Reine, Graniteville, Aiken. Samuel T. Waddell, (colored,) Dorchester, Darlington. C. H. Carlisle, Spartanburg, Spartanburg. R. J. Poole, Anderson, Anderson. J. S. Cantej, Sumterton, Clarendon. A. J. Stringer, Beaufort, Beaufort. Turpin Earle, Greenville, Greenville. Edward DeKreef, Waverly Mills, Georgetown. M. Mills, (colored,) Laurens, Laurens.

Prosperity—How It Proper.

The McKinley wave of prosperity is still sweeping. Around the gates of the factories in the cities every morning are found scores and hundreds of men begging for employment, who are turned away with the stereotyped expression, "No work." One-fourth of the population of New York city are subjects of charity! This last winter women disguised themselves in men's clothing and sought work on the streets of New York in shoveling snow, and when discharged by the foreman when their sex was discovered, they cried bitterly and begged to be allowed to remain and work, declaring their families were starving. In Cincinnati over 4,000 persons applied for aid in December, January, in Nashville, Tenn., children are found in cotton factories for five cents a day of twelve or thirteen hours. One child received fifty-five cents for three weeks' work, and one family of eight workers average scarcely \$30 a month. Talk of McKinley prosperity! In Ohio—McKinley's home—the head center of prosperity, there are 65,950 people being fed by charity. "No longer the man hunts the job, but the job now hunts the man," is a sentence coined by McKinley, and yet in the face of it the Washington Post recently contained an appeal in behalf of discharged volunteers of the District regiment now out of employment and destitute! This, under the shadow of the dome of the nation's capital! Prosperity of this kind is found all around the country, but it is of a kind that requires a great deal of nursing by the followers of McKinley.

"Ben Hur," Gen. Lew Wallace's masterpiece, was first dedicated "To the wife of my youth." When the book began to make its way Gen. Wallace was flooded with letters of condolence on the supposed death of his wife, the writers basing their sympathy on the dedication. Mrs. Wallace herself had written the words, but for the next edition altered them to the following: "To the wife who has ever since been with me." "To the wife of my youth who still abides with me."

A Big Farmer.

David Rankin, of Tarkio, Atchison county, Missouri, who owns and manages 23,000 acres of land in Atchison county, scattered over an area of forty miles, is described in the Indianapolis News as an all-round farmer who farms all the year round. To work his farms, which average from 600 to 3,000 acres, requires 140 employees, 7000 horses, more than 100 wagons and many plows, harrows, cultivators, etc. Half of his land is grass under the plow; the other half is sown to wheat and the rest is planted in corn. Other land is laid down in clover, timothy and bluegrass pasture. Every year Mr. Rankin buys and fattens 50,000 to 100,000 head of cattle. He keeps 12,000 head of hogs at all times, and sells about \$80,000 worth yearly. He began to buy his land in 1876. In addition to his duties as a farmer he is the president of the First National Bank, of the Electric Light and Power company of the Water company and of a brick and tile company. He has been liberal in his support of the church and education.

Eleven persons, including Tax Assessor Lewis Coffee and nine members of his family, were killed by a cyclone at Edwardsville, Ala., Saturday night. The storm spread throughout the South, and was especially severe in Tennessee and Alabama. Cayenne pepper is highly recommended for driving away ants. It should be sprinkled around their haunts.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

SCHOOL BOOKS.

In connection with Superintendent McMahan's statement that it is claimed that many children are prevented from attending school because of the inability of their parents to provide them with the necessary books, and that "some even say that the schools are beyond the reach of the poorer classes unless the State supplies text books to the children," this article from the Nashville American will be found of interest: The table following will show the difference between the prices of school books in Tennessee and Indiana. The Indiana law was passed ten years ago and any attempt to rescind it would not find a corporal's guard in the State. The table is:

	Ind.	Tenn.
First Reader	\$.15	\$.20
Second Reader	.25	.35
Third Reader	.35	.45
Fourth Reader	.45	.60
Fifth Reader	.60	.80
Third Part Arithmetic	.45	.60
Elementary Geography	.30	.50
Complete Geography	.75	1.25
Intermediate Geography	.20	.35
Spelling Books	.10	.20
English Grammar	.40	.75
United States History	.60	1.25
Physiology	.60	1.25
Copy Book No. 1	.05	.10
Copy Book No. 2	.05	.10
Copy Book No. 3	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 4	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 5	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 6	.05	.12

We called attention to the fact the other day that under the Indiana law every school book concern of importance in the country was competing for the State contract. This knocks into a cocked hat the argument that cheap and inferior books would be furnished the Tennessee children if we had such a law as prevails in Indiana.

In commenting on the above the Columbia State says it does not know the prices paid for school books in South Carolina but they are doubtless higher than those paid in Indiana. The State is right. The price of school books in South Carolina are higher than they are in Indiana, which should not be the case. There is no reason why South Carolina should not get school books as cheap as Indiana or any other State.

The State reports Superintendent McMahan as saying that the sums expended for the luxury of school charts have reached the astounding total of \$60,000 in a State where the heaviest taxation bearable is insufficient to keep the schools open six months in the year. It passes understanding how this folly could have been permitted by those who have been charged with the economical and effective management of our public school system. We agree with the State that Mr. McMahan did not take charge of the office of superintendent of education a day too soon. His statement shows that he appreciates the obligations of his position and the necessity for radical reforms in the system, and we hope that he will continue unflinchingly in the path he has entered. This State, as a State, cannot give more money to its public schools than it does now, but the effectiveness of what it does give can be greatly increased by wise administration. This the people now hope for.

The School Charts.

The school chart business seems to be dividing the honors with the penitentiary investigation. Assistant Attorney-General Guter has had for sometime under advisement the matter of paying for these charts. The question submitted to him is whether trustees are permitted legally to pay for the charts by warrants on the coming year's school fund. This has been done by a number of instances, and Guter had not written out his decision, but he said that he would hold that trustees could not do so. The question whether they had a right to expend school money for such a purpose has not been submitted to him. His ruling on the first point will go a long way in stopping the purchase of charts, for few school districts have any money to spare for the purpose. It will be hard on the chart men, even if they wait until next year's money is available, as condition will be about the same then as they are now—no money to spend upon such luxuries. Trustees will have to make some arrangements about them, or the chart company will have to take back their goods as second hand. We hope this chart business will make the school authorities more careful in future about making illegal contracts. The chart people sold their charts in good faith, and it is certainly hard on them to be knocked out in this way. If they had been told in the beginning that their goods were too high, instead of being encouraged as they were in many instances by the school authorities to sell them on time the case would be different.

WITH MILES AND CUSTER.

An Orderly's Tale of Fighting Indians With the Two Famous Generals.

IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR

Was With Custer the Day He Was Killed and Narrowly Missed His Command's Fate.

General Miles' Remarkable Bravery—Rode Across an Open Field Under the Fire of Eight Hundred Indians—A Slight Near to Be Forgotten—Resulted in His Promotion to a Brigadier's Rank.

To a group of friends the other evening, William H. McGee, recalled some interesting reminiscences of the Custer massacre and of the fight in the Bear Paw, when General Miles captured the Nez Perces Indians under Chief Joseph.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

SCHOOL BOOKS.

In connection with Superintendent McMahan's statement that it is claimed that many children are prevented from attending school because of the inability of their parents to provide them with the necessary books, and that "some even say that the schools are beyond the reach of the poorer classes unless the State supplies text books to the children," this article from the Nashville American will be found of interest: The table following will show the difference between the prices of school books in Tennessee and Indiana. The Indiana law was passed ten years ago and any attempt to rescind it would not find a corporal's guard in the State. The table is:

	Ind.	Tenn.
First Reader	\$.15	\$.20
Second Reader	.25	.35
Third Reader	.35	.45
Fourth Reader	.45	.60
Fifth Reader	.60	.80
Third Part Arithmetic	.45	.60
Elementary Geography	.30	.50
Complete Geography	.75	1.25
Intermediate Geography	.20	.35
Spelling Books	.10	.20
English Grammar	.40	.75
United States History	.60	1.25
Physiology	.60	1.25
Copy Book No. 1	.05	.10
Copy Book No. 2	.05	.10
Copy Book No. 3	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 4	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 5	.05	.12
Copy Book No. 6	.05	.12

We called attention to the fact the other day that under the Indiana law every school book concern of importance in the country was competing for the State contract. This knocks into a cocked hat the argument that cheap and inferior books would be furnished the Tennessee children if we had such a law as prevails in Indiana.

In commenting on the above the Columbia State says it does not know the prices paid for school books in South Carolina but they are doubtless higher than those paid in Indiana. The State is right. The price of school books in South Carolina are higher than they are in Indiana, which should not be the case. There is no reason why South Carolina should not get school books as cheap as Indiana or any other State.

The State reports Superintendent McMahan as saying that the sums expended for the luxury of school charts have reached the astounding total of \$60,000 in a State where the heaviest taxation bearable is insufficient to keep the schools open six months in the year. It passes understanding how this folly could have been permitted by those who have been charged with the economical and effective management of our public school system. We agree with the State that Mr. McMahan did not take charge of the office of superintendent of education a day too soon. His statement shows that he appreciates the obligations of his position and the necessity for radical reforms in the system, and we hope that he will continue unflinchingly in the path he has entered. This State, as a State, cannot give more money to its public schools than it does now, but the effectiveness of what it does give can be greatly increased by wise administration. This the people now hope for.

The School Charts.

The school chart business seems to be dividing the honors with the penitentiary investigation. Assistant Attorney-General Guter has had for sometime under advisement the matter of paying for these charts. The question submitted to him is whether trustees are permitted legally to pay for the charts by warrants on the coming year's school fund. This has been done by a number of instances, and Guter had not written out his decision, but he said that he would hold that trustees could not do so. The question whether they had a right to expend school money for such a purpose has not been submitted to him. His ruling on the first point will go a long way in stopping the purchase of charts, for few school districts have any money to spare for the purpose. It will be hard on the chart men, even if they wait until next year's money is available, as condition will be about the same then as they are now—no money to spend upon such luxuries. Trustees will have to make some arrangements about them, or the chart company will have to take back their goods as second hand. We hope this chart business will make the school authorities more careful in future about making illegal contracts. The chart people sold their charts in good faith, and it is certainly hard on them to be knocked out in this way. If they had been told in the beginning that their goods were too high, instead of being encouraged as they were in many instances by the school authorities to sell them on time the case would be different.

WITH MILES AND CUSTER.

An Orderly's Tale of Fighting Indians With the Two Famous Generals.

IS THE ONLY SURVIVOR

Was With Custer the Day He Was Killed and Narrowly Missed His Command's Fate.

General Miles' Remarkable Bravery—Rode Across an Open Field Under the Fire of Eight Hundred Indians—A Slight Near to Be Forgotten—Resulted in His Promotion to a Brigadier's Rank.

To a group of friends the other evening, William H. McGee, recalled some interesting reminiscences of the Custer massacre and of the fight in the Bear Paw, when General Miles captured the Nez Perces Indians under Chief Joseph.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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