

# LESSONS OF MOVING

Dr. Talmage Preaches on Spring-time Changes of Residence.

## A TIMELY DISCOURSE

In Which the Need of Patience and Equipoise Is Set Forth.

Moving Into the Father's House.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is pertinent at this time when many people are moving from house to house, and it teaches lessons of patience and equipoise in very trying circumstances.

Happy Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all!

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in.

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or unicorn rampant on the carriage door, when, if they had the appropriate coat of arms, it would have been a better feline or a horse or a plow or a trowel. Instead of being like all the rest of us, made out of dust, they would have you think that they were tricked out of heaven on a lump of loaf sugar. The first thing you know of them, the father will fail in business, and the daughter will run off with a French dancing master. A woman spoiled by a finer house is bad enough, but a man so upset is sickening. The lavender toilet in the hall, the proprietor of the roll of the eyes or the whirl of his cane or the clicking of the ivory handle his front teeth or his effeminate languor, and his conversation so interlarded with "oh's" and "ah's" that he is to me a dose of ipecacuanha. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading or wealth of a library, for more room as an abode for a plumber. Is it less carriage? More room for robust exercise. Is it less social position? Fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testament? Less to spoil your children. Is it less money for marketing? Less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pineapples and indigestible salads. Is it a little less? Not hearing so many disagreeables.

I meet you this springtime at the door of your new home, and while I have you lift the coatbasket over the banisters and the carman is getting red in the face in trying to transport that article of furniture to some new destination, I congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home, and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining hall—that will make the plainest meal imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will brighten the day brightly from the yewdoaks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get you, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master. "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How much rent will we have to pay for it? We are going to own it. How much must we pay for it? Say no more about it, and have much left to give as a free gift. When are we going to move into it? We are moving on Monday. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children, and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then, after awhile, they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation.

On almost the first load, we the children, were sent on ahead to the new house, and we arrived with shout and through every door in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place, and then, the last wagon unloaded, the candles lighted, our neighbors who had helped us to move—for in those times neighbors helped each other—sat down with us at a table on which there was every luxury they could think of. Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have many of our children and we have sent many of our treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do, but after awhile it will be toward night, and then we will start for our new home, and those who have gone ahead of us they will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us, and they will have much to tell us of what they discovered in the "house of many mansions," and of how large the rooms are and of how bright the fountains. And then, the last load unloaded, the table will be spread and our celestial neighbors will come in to sit down with our reunited families, and the chalice will be full, not with the wine that sweats in the pores of earthly incantation, but with the wine of the kingdom of God. And there for the first time we will realize that fools were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going up stairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Squashed by Tillman. Senator Tillman lectured at Ann Arbor, Mich., one night last week, under the auspices of the Good Government League, his subject being "The Race Question in the South." The incident of the evening was his diatribe against the negroes. The audience was composed of students. Directly in front and alone sat a colored student, and the senator looked at him in making his remarks.

"You scratch one of these colored graduates under the skin," he said, "and you will find the savage. His education is like a coat of paint, like his skin." There were hisses from several parts of the house. Senator Tillman smiled and retorted: "You must excuse me for my frankness. There is nothing of hatred in my nature for the negroes. When that man who hissed gets ready to give his daughter in marriage a negro and proves by his actions and not by hisses, that he means business, I will apologize, and not before."

The applause which greeted this retort was tremendous, and there was no more hissing during the evening. Gainesville, Ga., Dec. 8, 1899. Pitts' Antiseptic Invigorator has been used in my family and I am perfectly satisfied that it is all, and will do all, you claim for it. Yours truly, A. B. C. Dorsey. P. S.—I am using it now myself. It's doing me good.—Sold by The Murray Drug Co., Columbia, S. C., and all druggists.

A kingdom for a cure. You need not pay so much. A twenty-five cent bottle of L. L. & K. Will drive all ills away. See ad. and try it—never fails.

# LABOR TROUBLES.

Many Strikes Are Occurring All Over the North and West.

## MORE PAY IS THE CRY NOW.

Thousand of Union Men Insist on Shorter Working Hours.

There Seems to be Concert of Action.

About 3,000 stone masons and bricklayers in Westchester county, N. Y., and a part of the Borough of the Bronx went on strike Wednesday. The stone masons demand \$3.50 a day, instead of \$3. The masons' helpers want \$2 a day instead of \$1.50. The bricklayers, who have been working nine hours a day, demand an eight hour day. Building operations all over Westchester county are at a standstill on account of the strike. Twenty or thirty of the bosses have granted the men's terms. At Albany, N. Y., five hundred carpenters and sixty plumbers went on a strike Wednesday.

The struggle for an eight hour work day, which has been under consideration by the labor unions of Philadelphia began in earnest Wednesday when according to Secretary Joseph B. Allen, of the Allied Building Trades Council, workmen representing every branch of the building trades went on strike to enforce by concerted movement the demands of the union. The movement for a working day of eight hours and a general increase of wages, averaging about 25 per cent., began some months ago by the amalgamation of all the trades connected with building. Reports received by Secretary Allen at the council's headquarters in Odd Fellows Temple up to 10 o'clock show the following have stopped work: Plumbers and helpers, 650; hod carriers, 500; mill hands, 300; steam fitters, 250; handworkers, 300; sheet metal workers, 250; hardwood finishers, 200; mosaic tile layers and helpers; 120; floor layers, 125; mosaic workers, 57.

A strike of 800 men employed in the building trades began in Passaic, N. J. Wednesday. The men asked for shorter hours and more pay. All the union plumbers in St. Paul, Minn., went on a strike Wednesday in support of a demand for shorter hours and an increase in wages. Over eleven hundred union wood workers, practically all the employes of the sash and door, box fixture and show case factories of St. Paul and Minneapolis decided to strike Wednesday.

A dispatch from Omaha says all the union carpenters in the city are idle today and not a single contractor of any importance is doing anything. The demand for an eight hour day and an increase from 35 to 40 cents an hour and the exclusive use of union label planing mill material. The contractors and employes of Kansas City, Mo., refused demands for increased wages, and as a result about 1,000 workmen struck. They include tinners, sheet metal workers, hod carriers, plasterers and quarry workers. Six hundred hollermakers and molders struck at the Stirling Boiler Works, at Barberton, Ohio, Wednesday morning for an increase of 15 per cent. An attempt will be made to resume work with non-union men and trouble is expected. The company has several large orders for the Russian Navy.

A special to the Bee from Tiffin says that the section men on the Tiffin division of the Big Four Railroad struck today for an increase in wages of \$1.10 to \$2.25 a day. The company has refused to accede to the demand. The cormakers at the O. S. Kelley Company of Springfield, Ohio, went on a strike Wednesday, demanding a uniform schedule of \$2.25 per day. The men at the Architectural Iron Works, Grey Iron Foundry, E. W. Ross Company, Bottendorf Wheel Company and the Armstrong Foundry Company, about 250 in all, went out.

## MAD BUFFALO RUNS AMUCK.

Peaceful Citizens Terrified by the Performance of Old Thunderbolt.

"Old Thunderbolt," one of Pawnee Bill's stock buffaloes, went mad Wednesday afternoon at Chester, Pa., and for half an hour created the wildest commotion. The stock was grazing in the old baseball grounds at Seventh and Pennell streets, and five hundred people were on the grounds watching the animals. Suddenly Old Thunderbolt bellowed, tore up the dirt with his fore feet and then, wildly tossing his mane, charged across the grounds. Men, women and children flew for safety. Cowboys sprang on their horses, sought to encircle the mad animal, but nothing could stop his charge. With a crash he went into and through the stout board fence enclosing the grounds and galloped down the Pennell street, charging right and left.

Shorty Williams, a cowboy, ran for his life as the buffalo seized his red shirt, and went into a barb wire fence, badly spraining his arm. Hector Quinn went down in the dust as the buffalo charged his pony, but fortunately escaped the mad animal's horns. A dozen cowboys swung their lariats in vain. Finally, just as the buffalo reached the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railway tracks, a lasso settled over his head and he was quickly tied up and towed, bellowing and snorting, back to the stables. For some days past the old buffalo has been acting queerly. He is about 25 years old and will be killed by Agent Logan, of the S. P. C. A. of his city.

## Editor and Alderman Shoot.

An altercation occurred Wednesday morning between Albert M. Williamson, editor of the Florida Journal, a weekly paper published at Jacksonville, Fla., and J. W. Stansell, counsellor at law, of that city. Williamson rode up on Hagan street on a wheel and met Stansell, who, it is said, knocked him off with a cane, then fired three shots, one perforating the femoral artery of the right leg. Williamson fired two shots, one entering Stansell's right side. Neither is wounded necessarily fatal. The trouble arose over alleged charges printed in the Florida Journal.

## Went Stop a Charge.

Among the reports from South Africa is one to the effect that Maser bulls are ineffective in checking a charge of cavalry. Horses shot through the lungs and even through the breast were able to gallop 400 yards before they fell.

# THE CROPS.

Weekly Bulletin of the United States Weather Crop Service.

## MORE PAY IS THE CRY NOW.

The following is the weekly report of the condition of the weather and the crops of the State during the past week, issued last week by Director Bauer of the South Carolina section of the United States weather bureau:

The week ending Monday, April 30th was the warmest of the season to date, with the average temperature about four degrees warmer than usual. Although complaints of cool nights, with consequent injury to young cotton, were common, the temperature was generally favorable on growing crops. There was sufficient sunshine, except over the extreme western counties, where cloudiness prevailed.

Light showers were general on the 27th and scattered showers on the 27th and 28th, but generally confined to the southeastern portions of the State. While in places farm work was further delayed by the week's rainfall, it was as a rule beneficial in softening the crust that had formed on plowed lands following the heavy rains of the previous week.

Planted fields are becoming greener, and are in need of cultivation, and clay lands are becoming baked and hard as they are dry. Over the western half of the State, preparation of lands and planting were generally resumed on the 27th and 28th, but lowlands continue to be too wet to work.

Corn planting is about finished in the eastern half of the State, where most of it is up to good stands and is being cultivated. In places it is injured by too much rain. In the western counties there is still much upland, and all bottom land, corn to plant, although early corn is coming up to fair stands. Cut worms, birds and rats have injured stands, necessitating much replanting.

Cotton planting is practically finished in the eastern counties, and it is coming up quickly to good stands. Some cotton is large enough to plow and is being chopped. Fields are becoming grassy. In the central and western counties, lands for cotton are not all prepared, and from two-thirds to one-half of the crop remains to be planted. In places this work was barely begun before the rains of the previous week, but has been resumed and is being hurried.

Tobacco transplanting made rapid progress, with plants fine and plentiful, although scarce in places. This work soon will be finished. The first plants being cultivated. A number of correspondents report a reduction in the acreage devoted to tobacco.

Rice planting continues, but is making slow progress owing to high water and freshets in the rivers inundating rice lands and injuring the banks of the streams. Upland rice is doing well. All reports on wheat continue favorable, except that rust has appeared in spots. Oats are improving, and are beginning to head, but are heading low in places. The oats crop will be larger than heretofore estimated, owing to the recent favorable weather conditions.

The indications are that the fruit crop will be the largest in a number of years. Apple and pear trees are blighting badly. Peaches set a large crop everywhere, but there are complaints of the fruit dropping. Strawberries are ripening, and being shipped. Gardens and truck have improved, and vegetables are becoming plentiful, except over the western counties, where gardens are late. Melons and cane coming up to good stands. Pasture abundant. Potato bugs are numerous and damaging.

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Pathetic Story of a Man Who Had But One Week to Live.

# CAMPION ESTIMATES.

As We near the presidential campaign the wise men of both the great parties are beginning to make estimates of the next electoral vote.

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Pulls the Record.—The Springfield Republican pulls the record on President McKinley and his gang, and shows that their claims that the Philippine war is over is a myth. The average newspaper reader remember how often during the last fourteen months dispatches have been sent from Manila announcing the approaching collapse of the Filipino insurrection. He recalls more or less definitely similar statements which from time to time have emanated from the war department at Washington. Here is the Republican's resume of the official peace dispatches and interviews: Before the Filipino war for independence against the United States broke out on February 4, 1899, it was common talk among American army officers at Manila that one good "licking" would settle Aguinaldo and his followers for all time to come. On February 12, 1899, an Associated Press dispatch from Manila said that the "optimists" had "predicted that the terrible lesson just administered to the rebels would settle the question of Filipino independence in short order." The "optimists" evidently wanted war because it was expected to settle things with such neatness and dispatch.

Gen. Otis and the government at Washington shared this view in so far as they expected that hostilities would be brief. On February 11, six days after the first bloody battle, in which at least 3,000 Filipinos lost their lives, Gen. Otis in a dispatch to the war department put the feeling in this way: "Belief of old residents that Aguinaldo will be unable to gather in future any considerable force." Washington became very sure by March 17 that the end was near, for a dispatch of that date reads: "The officials believe that the climax may occur at any hour. The indications are that hostilities may end within a very short time."

For some reason the "climax" did not just then occur, but on March 24 it was given out at Washington: "It is believed that after Gen. Otis has delivered his next blow the insurgent army will have ceased to exist." Gen. Otis himself was very buoyant in his dispatch of April 3: "Present indications denote insurgent government in perilous condition; its army defeated, discouraged and scattered. Insurgents returning to their homes."

The next day the war department assured the country of its "conviction" that "the backbone of the insurrection is broken, and that the main body of troops will surrender." During April, Gen. Otis was confident that only 30,000 American soldiers would be necessary to control the situation. He rather scorned the idea of having more troops sent to him. Then came these dispatches from Otis in the usual optimistic vein: "Manila, April 29.—Believe insurgents tired of war." "Manila, May 8.—Signs of insurgent weakness more apparent daily." "Manila, May 11.—Signs of insurgent disintegration daily manifested."

The war department again took a hand in the public confidence game on May 18: "The (official) belief was expressed that the end of the insurrection was at hand." President McKinley, it was announced on August 12, "believes that Aguinaldo is making his last play, and that the war will be over by November 1. He firmly credits this."

During the summer, however, it was decided to raise another army of 30,000 men to fight the Filipinos, and this army was sent to Gen. Otis, making his total force about 63,000 men. About the same time Secretary Root announced (and most people believed him) that such war as there might be in the Philippines was confined to one-tenth of 1 per cent. of one tribe in the one island of Luzon. Prof. Dean C. Worcester explained the large army under Otis as compelled not so much by the fact that there was any war as that the United States was carrying on the most humane military operations known to mankind. And the majority of people believed him also. The rainy season ended, and Otis's army of over 60,000 men started out, in October last, to deal the final crushing blows to the Tagal insurrection. On November 24 Gen. Otis seemed to have the enemy pretty well "done for." He wired to Washington: "Their generals and troops in small bands scattered through the provinces acting as banditti or dispersed."

We had now reached the "robber" stage. It was reported officially from Washington on December 12: "Organized rebellion no longer exists, and our troops are actively pursuing robber bands." On January 2d, Gen. Otis began the glad new year of 1900 by wiring to Washington: "It is believed that the insurgents are widely dispersed. The country is now covered by troops, and our forces occupy Santa Cruz."

Such is the story of great expectations concerning the war in the Philippines, as compiled from the official standpoint. From week to week and month to month the American people have been told that the war would soon be over and that then we should begin our divine-appointed mission of the regeneration of the natives of the islands. Let us now ask for the facts as they exist today: Another rainy season is soon to open, when chasing "robber bands" will be practically prohibited by the condition of the country. The imperialist Outlook's special commissioner in the Philippines reports: "Let those who think that the Philippine war is over visit the islands and judge for themselves." "With the exception of a mere handful, too insignificant to be considered, every Filipino in his heart is an insurrecto and wishes to drive the Americans from the islands."

The list of dead and wounded cabled periodically by Gen. Otis shows as high an average of casualties among the American soldiers at the present time as at any previous period of the war. Last week, says a Manila dispatch, was one of the bloodiest of the war. There was fighting all over Luzon. One thousand natives were killed. The New York Times, imperialist, admitted yesterday: "We do not hold a foot of the island beyond the range of our guns." Those are the facts of today, nearly 15 months after the outbreak of war. If we should proceed to draw legitimate conclusions from those facts as to the responsibility thereof and the policy which has produced this writer of chaos and national crime, we should be accused doubtless of abusing the administration. We say nothing of the administration's responsibility or its errors. The facts speak for themselves. The facts clearly tell the story most eloquently.

## SHOT THEM BOTH.

One of the Most Touching Tragedies of the Santa Fe Trail.

One of the most touching of many tragedies of the old Santa Fe trail occurred at Newton, Kan., in early days when the chief actor was an old man dwarfish in stature and deformed, who kept a saloon and gambling house. He had a wonderfully intelligent face and quick, shrewd eyes, and had only two apparent objects in life. One was to accumulate money, for he was a perfect miser, and a handy man at all games of cards, and the other was a watchful and tender solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the only being for whom he ever showed any respect or affection. She was a beautiful girl, bright and intelligent, and apparently she loved the crooked old miser. The story went that she was his only child, and that he had come West to make a fortune in order that when she grew to womanhood she might live like a lady in the States. The girl was about seventeen, and was so carefully guarded that she was discontented, and used to have sly flirtations with cowboys and other hangers-on at the camp, which would have ended in murder had the old man discovered them. While he was at the card table she was chattering at the rear of her heart with one of her many lovers. And one night she eloped. The old man used to gamble all night and sleep all day, and when he awoke next afternoon from his slumbers he detected her absence. A cowboy named "Bunny" was also missing, and the old man, by making inquiries, discovered that they had been seen together during the previous evening. He crawled through the town like a wildcat, and borrowing a horse, buckled his revolver belt around him and started across the prairie toward the ranch where "Bunny" was employed. The next day he returned to Newton, but sold out his traps and disappeared forever. Two days later travelers along the road reported that they had found in an abandoned hut near the river two corpses, those of a beautiful girl and a stalwart young man. They were as dead as the stones they were clasped in, and a prayer book covered with blood, lay on the floor beside them. The old man had discovered the betrayal of his daughter by "Bunny," had married them himself and then shot them both through the heart. Mounted policeman Matt Fauds of Highbridge Station, New York, was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Democrats Will Win. "Bryan will be nominated. I think the Democrats will win. We shall go into this fight solid," says Wm. L. Wilson, "the scholar in politics," the ablest member of Cleveland's second cabinet. And "the hope of the people is in the Democratic party this fall," says Governor Pingree of Michigan, independent Republican and the strongest political figure in his State. These opinions, coming from leaders of elements so widely differing in the past, are signs of the ground-swell which has already set in for Democracy. Bryan has conquered the confidence of the men who once distrusted and bitterly opposed him. He grows greater in the public estimation month by month, while McKinley dwindles.—Columbia State.

## Rural Delights.

These are the days when Johnny strays from school—the worst of sinners; And hises him quick. Down to the "crick." And fishes there for "minners." —Indianapolis Press.

The devil invented heresy so that the churches would be so busy they would let him alone.