TALMAGE'S SERMON

In Which He Introduces Hops to the Invalid and Erring ones.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lips, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, there is one of these angels who has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and all eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the center of a group of three, saying "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And, though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of luster from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravansary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies and a star pointing to the Nativity. I will not bother you with the husk of a definition and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope." Peter calls it a "lively hope." Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope." All up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

When we draw a check on a bank, we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but Hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sickbed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul and turn the unpictured room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven! How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the earth the goddess Hope remained!

It was hope that revived John Knox when on shipboard near the coast of Scotland he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five more years he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell of Norwich when departing this life at twenty four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before tomorrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle when, after several standard bearers had fallen, he seized the flag and turned to a lieutenant colonel and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Dr. Goodwin had in his last hour when he said: "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down, it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking backward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment, your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my health is gone," "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one, "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounger and a do nothing after you have quit this world? It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most jocund and hilarious vitality of earth is invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember you are to be kings and queens unto God and how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever. I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They rest not day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may comprise ruined worlds which need looking after and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and need to be rescued, perhaps saved by our Christ or by some plan that God has thought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely, as the atonement is for our world. The laziness which has cursed us in this world will not gain the land of eternal activities—so much tonic in the air, so much inspiration in the society, so much achievement after we get the shackles of the flesh forever off. Do not dwell so much on opportunities past, but put your emphasis on opportunities to come. Do not count the battles lost, but scour your musket for victories to come.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hinderments. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this. Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Now, let me introduce this feeling into the lives of some who are at times hopeless. There is a family whose son has gone wrong. Father and mother have about given him up, he seems so headlong, so ungrateful, so dissipated, and the old folks do not know half the story of moral precipitation. He has ceased writing home, but they hear of him through people who like to carry bad news, and every time the report is more deplorable. He swears, he gambles, he drinks, he goes into all the shambles of sin. His former employer says there is no hope for him, and all outside the family agree in thinking he will never reform. The father and mother have not quite given him up, and these words are to strengthen their hope. That boy is going to come back. You have a hold on him that you must not relax. Through prayer you may win the eternal God for your side of the struggle. You must enlist all the heavenly dominions, cherubim and seraphim and archangel, in the movement to save your son. Some day or some night he will call a halt to his infamous practices. Something will happen to him, as happened in a New York hotel to a son of one of the most distinguished clergymen of Scotland and one of the queen's chaplains. "When can I see you?" said a distinguished looking young man at close of one of my services in Brooklyn tabernacle. I said, "You can see me now." He said: "No; I want a private conversation with you at your own house. When can I come?" I said "Tomorrow night." "Your name?" I asked. He gave me his name, the exact name of his father, whose name was known and is known through the Christian world, though years ago he departed this life. Returning home, I took up a book of which his father was the author, and in the picture at the opening of the book I found that the young man had most markedly his father's features. So I was sure there was no deception.

On the following evening he came. He said that he was the black sheep of the family flock. He had wandered the world over and been in all kinds of wickedness, but a few nights before, after reading a letter from his mother in Scotland, he had retired for sleep, but in the adjoining room he heard some young men in such horrible conversation he colud not sleep. He was shocked as he had never before been by the talk of bad men. He arose, struck a light, took out the letter from his mother and knelt down by his bedside and said, "O Lord, God of my mother, have mercy on me!" He said that since that prayer he was entirely changed and loved what he before hated and hated what he before loved and asked what I thought it all meant. I replied, "You have become a Christian." He said he might be called at any time to leave the city. I never saw him again, but it seemed to me that he had turned his back upon his wicked past and had started in the right direction. And it may be so with your boy. Write him often. Tell him how you are all thinking of him at home, and, it may be, your letter in hand, he may call upon his mother's God to help and save him. Hope, you of the gray hairs and wrinkles! Heaven has its thousands of souls who were once as thoroughly wrong as your boy is. They repented, and they are with the old folks in the healthy air of the eternal hills, where they may become young again. Hope on, and, though you may never hear of your son's reformation and others may think he has left this life hopeless, who knows but that in the last moment, after he has ceased to speak and before his soul launches away, your prayer may have been answered and he be one of the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prodigal in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, while the elder brother who never left the old place, stood pouting at the back door and did not go in at all.

To another class of persons I introduce the angel of Hope, and they are the invalids. Perhaps after long watching or overwork or towering grief your nervous system is ruined. Perhaps you have a hidden disorder that the world knows nothing about and which you cannot with any delicacy speak of. Perhaps it may be a rheumatism that distorts and inflames or a neuralgia which runs its sharp knife along the temples of your forehead. Perhaps it is an indigestion causing food which is a recuperation to others to become a torture to you. Perhaps it is an insomnia which keeps you as wide awake at 12 o'clock at night as at 12 o'clock at noon, and hour after hour, like one in the Bible times, you cry, "Would God it were morning."

Those pessimists do not realize that two inventions of our times are going to make it possible under God to bring this whole world into salvable and millennial condition within a few weeks after those two inventions shall be turned into the service of God and righteousness, as they will be. I refer to the telegraph and the telephone. If you think that God allowed these two inventions to be made merely to get rapid information concerning the price of railroad stocks or to call up a friend and make with him a business engagement, you have a very abbreviated idea of what can be done and will be done with those two instruments. The intelligence of the world is to be expanded, and civilization will overcome barbarism, and illiteracy will be extirpated, and the promise will be literally fulfilled, "A nation born in a day."

Let Hope say to the foreboding: Do all you can with with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toil with the sunlight in your faces or your efforts will be a failure. The pallor in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is as sure to come as tonight will be followed with to morrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red Sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks "Israel Delivered." High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

I introduce the angel of Hope to those who have through decease lost Christian friends. "How could I find them," says a bereft soul, "up there in the land of the multitudinous?" You may find them by inquiry, by heavenly escort and by unfailing memory of the guard at the gate. "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, and had a wall great and high and had twelve gates and at the gates twelve angels." So, you see, there will be an angel guarding each gate. As you go in ask the armed guard. He saw your loved one pass through and will know the direction to take and by what fountain or in what street of gold is the mansion prepared. The blessed Christ knows where your departed loved one is, and he will tell you if no one else will. Fifty ways of finding out the whereabouts of your ascended one. "But will I surely know him when I get there, for he will be so changed? Yes, for you will be just as much changed, and the old affinity will assert itself. The soul be as easily distinguished there as on earth the body is distinguished by the body.

Open that closed instrument of music in your parlor that has not been played on since the hand of the departed player forgot its cunning. Put up before you on the music board the notes of the hymn of Isaac Watts and sing "There Is a Land of Pure Delight" or James Montgomery's hymn, "Who Are these in Bright Array?" or Filmore Bennett's "Sweet Bye and Bye" or "Jerusalem the Golden." Take some tune in the major key—"Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah." While you play and sing the angel of Hope will stand by you and turn the leaves and join in the rapturous rendering. Reunion with the loved and lost! Everlasting reunion! No farewell at the door of any mansion! No goodby at any of the twelve gates! No more dark apparel of mourning, but white robe of exhaltation! Hope now is on its knees, with face uplifted, but Hope there will be on tiptoe and beckoning you to follow, saying: "Come and hear the choirs sing! Come and see the procession march! Come and see the river of life roll! Come with me over the hills that rise into everlasting heights." Celestial Alps and Himalsyas hoisted into other Alps and Himalayas!

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when he says he will make the desert roseate, and the leopard and the kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox," and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life a span long, ending in duration of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal glee! "Which hope."

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The Liberty Bell.

The building erected by Philadelphia on the grounds of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian exposition has been completed. It cost more than $20,000. The arrangements for Liberty Bell, which is to be one of the principal attractions of the Philadelphia building, to Charleston have not yet been decided upon upon by the councilmanic committee. It was the original intention of the committee to take the historic relic to that city in time to have it in place when the exposition opened, but this idea has been abandoned and the bell will not be removed until after the beginning of 1902. It will be accompanied on the trip by all the members of the special committee and perhaps by other members of both branches of council. A program will also be arranged for short stops at the principal cities and towns between Philadelphia and Charleston so as to enable residents of these places to see the liberty bell.

Archives Lost.

Report is made in Pittston, Pa., that many papers of the greatest importance to the city government are missing and are believed to be in the pocket of Michael Langan, whose body, with 57 miners, are entombed in the ill-fated twin shaft. At the time of the disaster, in 1896, Langan was acting Mayor of the city, and a few hours before he entered the mines had received valuable papers. There is no hope of ever penetrating the fallen rock and recovering either body or papers.

MAXIMS FOR THE GIRL IN LOVE.

Wise Conclusions That Have Been Born of Experience.

You love for yourself, and if you marry, you seal the destiny, happy or wretched, of your own life. Therefore, never marry for others. Marry for you sake. — Let no human being, however dear to you, have a right to violate the true instinct of your heart, or put a constraint on your love.

Only be careful; do not imagine that you are in love before you have tried all the tests which may convince you that you really are. You may be only too liable to mistake a caprice, a fancy, a romantic day dream for true love.

First love is seldom true love. A whole series of light fancies which have been mistaken for love have often been followed by the earnest passion of a life.

The credulity of women on the subject of being loved is very great. They often mistake a little admiration for a particular regard, and on this foundation build up a castle in the air and fill it with all the treasures of their brightest hopes. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved; but if you make the mistake, take all the blame on yourself and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving.

Men will always be polite, attentive complimentary and paying you all sorts of little flatteries, both of words and actions. Accept them quietly and calmly, as your right, but never seem to give more weight than in nine cases out of ten they have.

Hurry no courtship into an engagement, and never make an engagement from which you cannot honorably withdraw.

When you feel perfectly sure that you love a man, there are many subtle ways for you to let him know it. I have always failed to understand why woman should not choose their husbands and why only unmarried reigning queens can do so. I do not see why they should not propose. Of course, they should do so in a manner quite different from that in which men propose.

But very often a girl can make her choice from a circle of admirers, giving the needed encouragement to the one she prefers, and deciding for herself her life's destiny.

There are men, and very often the best, too, who are shy and need encouragement, inasmuch as it should be remembered that the men who declare their love in some beautiful language are those who love least truly.

The real lover is a stammerer. If the woman whom he loves should return his affection, she should give him all the discreet encouragement she can.

Better marry a man of this sort than a Thomas Carlyle, who spent his life writing sweet love letters to his wife and never succeeded in saying a pleasant thing to her and in making her happy when in her presence.

If ever you receive from a man a love letter worded in most exquisite style, full of poetry and professions of deep attachment, take it for granted that man has had a long experience in such letter writing.

There is not a single man, really and truly in love who would not be ashamed to read, especially to have read aloud a letter he has written to the object of his affection.

Never tell any one that you have rejected the advances of such and such a man.

The man who boasts of his conquests a cad: the man who boasts of those he has not not made is a cur and a scoundrel. The woman who boasts of the offers she has refused is a woman that lacks refinement and tact.

After all, there is very little difference between the qualities of a perfet gentleman and those of a perfect lady.

Advocating Good Roads.

Gen. M. C. Butler is interesting himself actively in the good roads movement in South Carolina.

Recognizing the great importance of this progressive movement, he has thrown the weight of his personality and influence in its behalf. He is not simply lending it the moral support of his approval, but is actively at work in the cause. He proposes to advocate the adoption by the next session of the legislature of a bill to make the State railroad commissioners also commissioners of public highway. He says the public roadways are scarcely second in importance to the State's railroads, and the commissioners might well have supervision of both. Their time is not fully occupied with the railroads, and they might greatly improve the public roadways of Carolina by systematizing the county work and establishing a general plan that will encourage permanent improvements, the use of the best material, and the wisest methods of road construction. The Augusta Chronicle very rightly says this is certainly an important enterprise, and one worthy the best efforts of Carolina's best men.

Robbed and Murdered.

A story of murder and robbery comes from Van Wyck, a few miles below Rock Hill on the Georgia, Carolina and Northern railroad. The body of Polly McKinney, a well-to do colored woman, was found in the railroad cut three-quarters of a mile from her home. The back and left side of the skull was broken and the neck was broken also. The wounds were evidently from a stick, as bloody splinters were found nearby. By the side of the body two quarters of freshly slaughtered beef were found. The bosom of the dead woman's dress was open. Two sets of tracks led from the body and keeping together to the creek about one-fourth of a distant. After going up the stream for a short distance they separated and went in opposite directions. The body was found about sunrise this morning by two colored section hands on their way to work. Their names are Jake Springs and Cy Massey. When found the body was still warm.

Stenographers Wanted.

A Washington paper reports: "Any male stenographer of fair ability can secure a position in the Philippines at a salary of $1,200 a year to start on. The civil service commission is unable to supply the demand for stenographers and typewriters for the insular service, every eligible one who has been obtained up to this time having been sent off to Manila with an appointment. Special examinations were held throughout the country recently to get men for these positions, and only 34 candidates qualified. Every man who would accept a position in the Philippines was appointed at once." Women are ruled out because they are "not wanted in the East." The candidates must be between the ages of 16 and 40, and the salary of $1,200 is raised to $1,400 if the probationary period of six months is passed satisfactorily.

A FATAL WRECK.

A Scene of Indescribable Confussion and Horror

A fatal wreck occurred on the Santa Fe Railroad, one mile west of Franconia, Arizon, a switch station 20 miles east of Needles, Cal., early Wednesday. Seven trainmen were killed, three passengers and 14 trainmen injured. Limited trains, bound eastward and westward, crushed together while running at full speed.

The eastbound train was drawn by engines, while the westbound train had but one locomotive. The trains were crushed and blown to pieces by an explosion which followed the collision. Both trains were made up of vestibule cars of the heaviest kind, and while they stood the terrific shock well and protected the passengers to a great extent, several of cars took fire at once and burned up. The dining cars, one on each train, one Pullman and two composite cars were destroyed.

The collision is said to have been due to a disregard of orders by the crew of the west bound train, though full particulars on this point are as yet lacking. From all accounts, however, it is gathered that the east bound train had orders to take the siding at Franconia and await the passing of the west bound flyer, which was running two hours late, and trying to make up time. The east bound train failed to reach the siding, and, as the west bound train did not wait for it, the two trains came together without warning and with an awful crash. The boiler of the west bound engine is said to have exploded immediately after the crash, scalding to death those of the engine crew who had not been killed outright.

A scene of awful confusion followed. The massive engines piled up in an indescribable mass of broken and twisted steel, while the scalding steam hung in a dense, suffocating cloud over the debris, from which the agonizing cries of the injured and dying engineer could be heard. The heavy Pullmans and composite cars jammed the dining and baggage cars upon the heated pile of debris, carrying death to the dining car crews and setting the cars afire.

From the meagre details of the scenes gathered from the passengers, it is learned that the sleeping cars, with one or two exceptions, suffered slightly, and as a result the passengers were afforded comparative immunity from injury. So far as learned, only three passengers, all from California, suffered injuries of a severe character, the terrible results of the wreck being confined almost entirely to the train crews and the employes of the dining car service.

The west bound limited carried a full passenger list from eastern cities, but it appears none were injured.

Bridal Superstitions.

Relative merits of the various months with regard to matrimony are set forth in the old rhyme which runs:

"Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate
You may wed nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day;
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many a chance are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry;
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember;
When December's snows fall fast,
Marry, and true love will last."

Of the days in the week, Wednesday is the best and Saturday the worst on which to get married. The old rhyme runs:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

If we are to believe superstition, a bride's happiness depends not a little on what she wears. "Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue," is invariably regarded by brides. According to an old rhyme:

"Married in white,
You have chosen all right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back.
Married in red,
You had better be dead.
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue,
You'll always be true.
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl.
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow.
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town.
Married in pink,
Your spirit will sink."

Gold and Silver in 1900

The report of the director of the United States mint shows that although the war in South African has reduced the production of gold in that section from $73,000,000 in 1899 to $9,000,000 in 1900 this loss has been in part offset by a gain of $14,000,000 in this country and in Canada, and the world's product still aggregates the handsome total of $257,000,000, or double the aggregate ten years ago. As the industrial uses of gold are thought to call for barely $125,000,000 a year, there remains as much more to expand the currency of the gold using countries. This expansion is equivalent to an increase of about 2 per cent a year upon the present supply. In regard to silver the director of the mint reports that the total production, measured by ounces, was a trifle greater than ever before, though its commercial value was of course less than a decade ago. During the last year, however, says the report, the price of silver advanced from 59 cents an ounce to 66 cents, the cause of the increase being England's purchase of $30,000,000 worth of silver bullion for coinage into rupees. These purchases, it is remarked, "seem to restore India to somewhere near her old position as a customer for silver."

OVERCOME IN A MINE

And Believed to Have Died from Fire Damp.

INVESTIGATING DISASTER.

The Mine Inspector of West Virginia Among the Party Believed to Have Perished in the Mine.

A dispatch from Bluefield, W. Va., says at eleven o'clock on Friday morning Superintendent Walter O Malley, of the Pocahontas colleries company, along with State Mine Inspector William Dilest, A. S. Hurst, chief coal inspector for the Castner, Curran & Bullitt company, of Philadelphia, Robert St. Clair, chief coal inspector, Morris St. Clair and William Oldham, subcoal inspectors, Frazier G. Bell, Mining Engineer Cardwell, manager of the Shamokin Coal and Coke company of Mayburry, W. Va., composing a party of eight, entered the west main of the Southwest Virginia Improvement Company's collieries for the purpose of examining the true situation in regard to the recent explosion and fire in the Baby mine, and up to this hour (12 midnight) have not been heard from.

It was supposed that the Baby mine proper had been cut off from the west mine for the purpose of operating the west mine. The large fan in the west mine had been started at an early hour this morning and at 11 o'clock today it was thought that all gases originating from fire in the Baby mine had been forced from the main portion and it was considered safe to enter. A 6 p. m. a party consisting of experienced miners led by Assistant Superintendent King entered the mine to rescue the lost party of eight, but at 6.45 they returned, having encountered such quantities of black damp as to make it impossible to enter any distance into the mine. Supt. King was completely overcome by the gas encountered and is now in a critical condition. A consultation is now being held in the company's offices at Pocahontas of the different mining experts from the Flat Top field, these experts having been rushed to Pocahontas by special train this afternoon. All efforts are being used to recover the bodies of the imperiled party, but no hopes are entertained that any of them will be recovered alive.

The secretary and treasurer of the Southwest Virginia company is directly in charge of all movements at the mines. The fire that originally started in the Baby mine last Thursday morning and which was supposed to have been under control is now burning furiously.

All members of the lost party are prominent in the coal fields and the excitement now prevailing at Pocahontas is intense, business having been practically suspended. All members of the party are married, some having large families.

ASHORT COTTON CROP.

Over Half Million Bales Less Than Last Year.

The Gulf Port Trading company has sent out a compilation of statistics alleging to give a correct estimate of the cotton crop of 1901 2. We have no way of judging of the accuracy of these figures, yet they are presented and those interested may make their own deductions.

The report, which shows that the crop this season will be short of the crop of 1900-1901, says in part: "At the request of a number of our friends among the mill men to submit to them the result of our circular of inquiry of November 2, with regard to the yield of the cotton crop of 1901 1902, we herewith submit our estimate. The same is based on information received between the 4th inst., and this date from 203 oil mills all over the cotton belt. We add at the same time the yield of last year so as to show clearly the increase or decrease of the different States."

	No Bales last Season	No Bales this Season.
Alabama	1,000,000	1,100,000
Georgia	1,295,000	1,420,000
Louisiana	719,000	790,000
Mississippi	950,000	1,400,000
Tennessee	350,000	330,000
Arkansas	762,000	625,000
Florida	45,000	37,000
North Carolina	542,000	492,000
South Carolina	911,000	850,000
Texas	3,809,000	2,700,000
	10,383,000	9,764,000

	Increase.	Decrease.
Alabama	100,000	
Georgia	125,000	
Louisiana	71,000	
Mississippi	450,000	
Tennessee	.....	.....
Arkansas	.....	137,000
Florida	.....	8,000
North Carolina	.....	50,000
South Carolina	.....	61,000
Texas	.....	1,109,000
	746,000	1,365,000

"This shows that the present crop will be 619,000 bales short of the crop of last season.

"A great number of the mills report that owing to the exceptionally fine weather in October, and early November, the crop has been harvested so far comparatively much faster, and has also been marketed on a much more liberal scale than in past years. The reports make mention of the fact that the crop is very light, and that frost has occurred in the last days of October and early this month pretty generally all over the cotton belt, with the exception of south Texas."

Killed the Steward.

The British bark Birnan Wood, from Rio Janeiro, in charge of Mate Poe, arrived at Mobile Friday and reports that on Nov. 18th the captain, named Morris, killed the vessel's steward. The body was buried at sea. The captain kept his cabin, pacing up and down. When informed that Sand Island light was sighted Nov. 22, he gave the mate the course, picked up a sea lead, jumped overboard and was drowned.

Made a Haul.

Announcement was made Friday that the Bank of Liverpool had been victimized by a trusted bookkeeper to a large amount. An official statement issued by the bank says that through the dishonesty and betting transactions of a bookkeeper they may lose £170,000. The Bank of Liverpool's shares fell £1 on the stock exchange today. The defaulter has not yet been arrested.

ART OF SNAKE CHARWING.

Feats Which Are Nothing But Tricks of the Trade.

A few days ago there appeared in one of the daily papers a wonderful story of a snake which was charmed by the strains of a jews-harp. The story was to the effect that a countryman meeting a dangerous reptile in the road, was horrified at seeing the creature prepare to attack him. Being an enthusiastic performer on the jew's-harp he immediately struck up the tune, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," which either paralyzed the serpent or sent series of sentimental chills down its undulating vertebrae. At any rate it discarded all hostile intentions and became motionless, when the countryman mercilessly ground its head in the dust.

This is an example of the many "snake stories" which appear constantly before the eyes of credulous humanity. It originates, like all of its kind, from superstitious sources. Snakes are utterly devoid of any sense of appreciation of music. They have no ears, and although they may distinguish vibration of heavy sounds upon their heavy scales, a voracious, hungry serpent is entirely ignorant of the presence of the chirping bird, providing it does not see or scent its prey. The familiar exhibitions of the East Indian fakirs, during which the deadly cobra is made to "dance" to the music of a flute, have led many to believe that these creatures are extremely sensitive to the sound of music. But exhibitions of this character are only tricks practiced by the clever Hindoo, and the cobra, instead of being in a quiescent, charmed condition as it waves its body to and fro, is really in a fit of intense anger.

Not long ago a large cobra was in the possession of Dr. Joseph C. Thompson, of the United States navy. This reptile was purchased by Dr. Thompson in South Africa. It was then in possession of some professional snake charmers. After it had left their hands it was made to go through a lively performance without the accompaniment of the wierd music of the fakir.

The operation of making the cobra dance is very simple. The reptile has the characteristic habit of elevating the forward part of the body from the ground when annoyed, spreading its neck or hood and glaring fiercely at the object of its anger. When in this position it keen eyes watch eagerly for a chance to deliver a deadly blow, observing every movement of the object or person in front of it. If one moves, no matter how slightly, there is a corresponding nervous movement on the part of the snake. Here the entire secret of the snake dance is explained. When the Hindoo opens the snake basket the cobra rises ominously to their peculiar position of defense. He now commands the snakes to dance, at the same time beginning a lively tune upon his flute, and swaying his body from side to side in time to the music. The nervous cobras follow the motion of the supposed charmer. They are not dancing to the music, but, intensely angered, are seeking to revenge themselves upon their human captor.

The snake charming act of the bespangled female with the giant boas and pythons at the circus, is even more simple, says the New York Times. The large snakes used in these exhibitions are in the first place of a harmless nature. Secondly, they are most inoffensive in their habits. The lazy boa will lie for hours or days motionless in its cage, when suddenly awakened from a long nap is utterly indifferent to what is going on around it. After a few weeks in captivity these huge reptiles become very tame, and seem to enjoy being handled with one familiar with their movements. The chief requisites of a "snake chamber" are great deliberation and sufficient nerve to handle a 10-foot boa, or anaconda without the slightest hesitation. A nervous movement is apt to annoy the snake and cause it to bite, while if treated gently and handled with movements corresponding to its sluggist habits, it evinces the utmost good nature.

Accounts have been published of large snakes coiling themselves around the object of their annoyance and demonstrating in an exceedingly uncomfortable, if not dangerous manner the power of their scaly bodies. This characteristic is popularly supposed to be commonly resorted to by the "boa constrictor," but the idea is purely erroneous and originates from an aversion to the serpent race from which have sprung innumerable fallacies and superstitions.

Dog-Tight Gates.

According to a recent decision of a Prussian court, the railroads in that country must have dog-tight crossing-gates, or stand liable for any canine injuries resulting from a failure to do so. Some time ago, while the gates were closed at a railroad crossing in Munster, an aristocratic hunting-dog, in the active pursuit of his vocation, eluded the obstacle and struck the track at that point simultaneously with an express train. The train passed on unscathed says Law Notes, but the dog had to be picked up with a sponge.

In a suit by the owner to recover $50 damages for the taking off of his blue-blooded pet, the railroad company claimed that it had performed its whole duty in shutting the gates, and that if the dog was so ill-mannered as to climb over or crawl under in the face of such a manifest desire to exclude him, then the blame was with his master. The Court, however, held that it was the duty of the railroad to keep the dog off its tracks, and appointed experts to determine whether the barriers provided were reasonably calculated to prevent the passage of unwary dogs. They reported adversely to the defendant, and, after a further reference to experts in canine pedigree to determine the value of the deceased, the plaintiff was awarded $60, with interest from the date of the catastrophe.

"Why, darling," exclaimed the pretty bride of three weeks as she rushed to embrace her husband, "how good it was of you to skip baseball once and come home early! You're just too sweet."

And he accepted it all without saying a word about there being no game. Detroit Free Press.

Miss Chase—That sporting widow who got the brush to-day has been in at the death a good many times.

Miss Hunt—Yes, and each of them left her a fortune.—Brooklyn Life.

Charleston Great Show.

The Atlanta Journal very truly says the South Carolina and West Indian exposition is a big name and represents a big thing. It is the designation of what will be one of the largest and most interesting expositions ever held in the south. The people of Charleston have supported this enterprise with a liberality, enthusiasm and unanimity that does them honor and insures success. The exposition is heartily endorsed also by South Carolina generally and the surrounding states feel a genuine interest in it. The preparations are already so near completion as to insure a very handsome show from the start. We are reliably informed that exhibits for the exposition are arriving at the rate of fifty car loads a day. They come from every part of the country and represent all the leading industries. The collective exhibits will form a fine study and will have a very stimulating effects toward the development of South Carolina and the south generally. Charleston is making ample preparations for the host of visitors whom she is reasonably expecting. There are few more beautiful cities and the historic metropolis of South Carolina will be at its best throughout the entire period of the exposition.

WHY HE WINKED.

The Misapprehension Under Which a Drug Clerk Labored.

The well-groomed, middle-aged man with the plug hat walked into a downtown drug-store on Sunday afternoon last and winked his left eye violently. The young pharmacist standing behind the toilet articles show case smiled wanly.

"Sorry," he said, "but it can't be done. They're mighty particular in this man's town about that sort of business, and—"

"But I—" the plug-hatted man started to say, still winking his left eye industriously.

"I know, maybe you do need it pretty bad and all that," said the cheerful young pharmacist, "but if I give it to you and got nailed, why we'd have to go out of business in a rush, and——"

"But isn't it queer that—"

"Yes, it's darned queer, sir, of course, but this is a pretty blue-lawish sort of a burg, you understand, and a man can't even get a shave here on Sunday, no matter whether he's got a hobo's growth of beard on his face or not. I'd like to sell you a good, big hooter—s'pose you were out with the bunch last night and need a good eye-opener in your business—but I wouldn't dare take a chance and give it to you. The boss 'ud—"

The well-groomed man, still winking, and blinking his left eye as if he were doing it for wages, cut in right there with emphasis.

"Look here," said he, "are you wound up for 24 hours or what the dickens ails you? There's a lump of gravel in my left eye and I came in here to see if I couldn't get some conversationless clerk to blow or drown it out for me."

Then the abashed apothecary dug the rock out of the man's eye and forced himself to the conclusion that all winkers are not necessarily booze grafters.—Washington Post.

Knew What She Liked.

The grocery man on the corner relates that a couple of days ago a little girl entered his emporium and timidly laying down a dime asked for 10 cents' worth of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. "I want to 'sprise him when he comes home."

The grocery man proceeded to dig out some of his stock, when the little girl interposed.

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought they were for papa," the grocery man remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say that 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."—Memphis Scimitar.

Bungling Marksmanship.

The surgeon examined the injury, laid aside his instruments and called for some bandages.

"It is only a slight flesh wound," he said. "If the bullet had gone an inch to the left it would have severed an artery, in which event I could have used my new appliances for the taking up of lacerated blood vessels. It would have been a beautiful case," he added, with a sigh of mild disappointment.—Chicago Tribune.

Scandal.

The British, you understand, always advanced with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other.

Hence the scandal in the War Office, when it is discovered that the troops at the front are being supplied with an archaic edition of the Scriptures.

The country clamors ominously and a parliamentary inquiry impends.—Puck.

The Reason Why.

She—I wonder why young Saphedde wears a monocle?

He—To prevent him seeing more than he can comprehend, I suppose.

Afterthought.

"But," pleaded the more or less elderly lover, "if we were wed, I am sure you could learn to love me! Or I could learn to unlove you, at the least," he continued, after a moment's pause.—Indianapolis Press.

Not Necessarily Heard.

"Of course, you have heard 'Lohengrin?'"

But what a question is this to ask a woman who moves in the best society and subscribes for a box at