

The Times-Advertiser.

VOL. III.

LAURENS, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1887.

NO. 14.

JEFF DAVIS AT MACON.

HE MAKES A TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO THE GEORGIA FAIR.

A Continued Ovation Along His Entire Journey—How He was Received by the Staunch People of the Empire State—A Splendid Reception Throughout.

MACON, October 21.—Ex-President Davis, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, Miss Winnie Davis and Mrs. Hays, of Memphis, reached here this evening at 5 o'clock under the escort of the special committee that left here Sunday. From the time the car left Biloxi until it reached Macon the pathway was one streak of flowers. All along the line crowds of men, women and children flocked to the train to catch a glimpse of Mr. Davis, but he was too feeble to respond. Only at Americus did he appear on the platform and that was for a few minutes. A committee from there met the train at Smithville and prevailed on him to do this. The party was joined at Montgomery by the mayor and a large delegation of citizens when the party came on through to Macon. Long before the train arrived here the depot and area around it was packed with a dense crowd estimated at forty thousand. When the car rolled under the arch a yell went up that could be heard for miles. It was a long time before Mr. Davis and his party could be gotten off. The assistance of the police had to be called in. Then the difficulty was not lessened much. The presence of Mr. Davis in the carriage was the signal for a discharge of fireworks all over the city. It was simultaneous and illuminated the whole town. The enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Along the lines blazed illuminated signs, such as "Welcome, Honored Chief!" and the like. Mr. Davis gave way to his sensations and wept. Frequently the march was interrupted on account of the crowd blocking the street, and it was fully an hour after the train stopped before he reached the home of Col. J. M. Johnston, where he will remain during his visit. In the large hall that runs through the line of the march were many concurred and one-legged veterans, gathered from various sections.

Mr. Davis is feeble, but from weakness caused by an unbroken wound received in the Mexican war. He makes his last journey to meet old Confederates, upon the understanding that nothing will be required of him to tax his strength. He will not be allowed to make speeches, however, and the demand on him, nor can the people even shake hands with him. He is content to see him and have him among them. His spirit is willing, but his failing strength restrains him.

MACON, Ga., October 25.—Rain began falling about noon to-day, and while it didn't particularly affect what might be termed the Davis part of the programme it kept a good many people from going to the park. Yet there was quite a large attendance and the result was the typical fair scenes. The streets of the city presented quite a lively appearance.

The Johnston mansion is, of course, the centre of attraction, being the temporary home of the city's distinguished guests. All the members of the Davis party were pretty well fatigued by their long journey, and as a result there was no very early risers about Captain Johnston's home this morning. Mr. Davis remained quietly at the house all day, resting upon his bed or upon a lounge during most of the time.

Shortly before 11 o'clock the gentlemen who were to escort Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hays and Miss Winnie Davis to the park called at the Johnston house. They were to the grounds was without particular event. The streets were quite full of people and at different places along the route there was considerable enthusiasm manifested. The band played "Dixie" as the carriages drove into the grounds, and there was a good deal of cheering by the crowds.

The carriages drove to the bandstand, a short distance from the fair headquarters, and directly in front of the little cottage which was furnished and appropriately decorated for a temporary home for Mr. Davis and the members of his party while on the grounds.

MRS. DAVIS REPLIES.

After more music from the band, President Northern introduced Colonel Tom Johnston, who, with the exception of which he is a well known local gentleman, who is a native of this State, and then, on the part of Macon citizens, presented to Mrs. Davis a beautiful silver bowl.

At the conclusion of Colonel Johnston's remarks, Mrs. Davis rose, and, in a few words, expressed her thanks for the remembrance and her gratification at the hearty reception.

Northern, Governor and Miss Gordon, Colonel R. C. Park, Superintendent Nisbett, Mrs. E. C. Greer and Miss Fannie Greer, Mrs. Wm. H. Ross, Mrs. Miller, of Georgia, and Mr. Bacon, of southwest Georgia, who was a classmate of Mr. Davis at West Point. It was about three o'clock when Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Hays left the grounds and returned to Crest Hill.

THE SOCIAL FEATURES.

After a quiet dinner, the lady members of the Davis family began to make ready for the Thalian Club German and reception, given in honor of Miss Winnie. This was the social event of the week, and a most delightful affair it was. The Volunteers' army, at which the German was given, was elaborately decorated, and the scene was a beautiful one. Here were gathered the leading society people of Macon, and their guests from all parts of the South. Beautiful women, handsomely dressed, made the assemblage a brilliant one, one which was an honor to the occasion. Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie were escorted to the army by Captain Johnston. Mrs. Hays did not attend. The German was led by Mr. W. H. Edton, Jr. A pleasant incident was the presentation to Miss Winnie of a beautiful brooch, a souvenir of the occasion. It was the gift of the Thalian Club, and the presentation was made by Major William Henry Ross, president of the club, in a few remarks. The dancing was kept up until after midnight.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

The fruit bowl presented to Mrs. Davis is one of the handsomest pieces of silverware ever manufactured. When the Macon committee first went to Beauvoir, some of the members were struck with the fact that while many beautiful gifts had been presented to Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie at different times, Mrs. Davis had not been the recipient of quite so much attention of this nature. They at once determined that Macon should be heard from, and the result was the order for this beautiful souvenir. The bowl, which is probably eight inches in diameter, rests upon a silver tray, upon which is inscribed the words:

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, from the citizens of Macon, October 15th, 1887.

The diamond brooch presented to Mrs. Hays in the shape of a crescent, and contains thirteen diamonds. It is an exquisite specimen of the jeweler's art. It is the gift of the State Fair association through its directors, and Mr. Pearce Horn has been largely instrumental in its purchase. It cost about \$200.

The Thalian Club's favor was a combination hair pin and brooch. It is a star and crescent, consisting of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, set in gold. It must have cost nearly \$200.

MACON, Ga., October 21.—At 2 o'clock to-day the old veterans drew up in line in front of the Lanier House, and marched to the Johnston mansion, where Jeff Davis was stopping during his stay in Macon, and from there he was escorted to the Fair grounds, where he made a brief speech and reviewed the remnant soldiers. In the course of his address, he said: "Friends and Brothers: I am here today, flag torn and tattered by storms and years. I love it for its own sake; I love it for you; I love it as a memento of what your fathers did, and hoped that you would do. There are a great many things that I would like to say, but my physical condition will not admit of it. I wish my arms were large and long enough to embrace you all at once. God bless you."

At this juncture Governor Gordon arose amidst wildest enthusiasm and welcomed the ex-President to the State, and in behalf of the people of Macon.

Brief speeches were made by Senator Colquhoun and others.

MACON, Ga., October 27.—To-day was wet and sloppy. The city has been well filled, and every train brings in new arrivals. Mr. Davis and party were prevented from going to the park to-day and participating in the scenes and incidents of the day, on account of the weather. This was a great disappointment to the crowd, although every veteran was here yesterday "at home," and it was not deemed prudent for him to leave the house.

Mr. Davis cannot attend the Athens fair, his physicians think it would seriously endanger his life. Mrs. Hays and Miss Winnie have accepted the invitation tendered them by the Athenaeum of that city to attend a complimentary reception in their honor, and will leave Saturday morning for Athens. They will be the guests of Mrs. Howell Cobb. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will return home on that day.

The management of the Academy of Music tendered a complimentary performance to Mr. Davis and party, including Governor Gordon, Senator Colquhoun and other distinguished gentlemen. Mrs. Bowers in "Lady Audley's Secret" was the programme.

A Leaf from the Book of the Past.

BELMONT, May 27, 1871.—The long deferred wish has been accomplished. I have seen and conversed with President Davis. At last! Tears dim my eyes as I realize that a great desire has been attained. I am writing history for you, my children, and your mother tells you now of her interview with the man "whom she most delights to honor;" tells you of one President, Jefferson Davis, dearer, far dearer now, in the hour of defeat, than he was when Chief Magistrate of the Southern Confederacy.

How I sympathized with our fallen chief in his degradation when he was taken through the streets of Augusta guarded, no woman in that hour of peril daring to show him handkerchief to him, or make sign of sympathy—an hour when men were so crushed by defeat that the close carriage passed by crowds who, with uplifted hats, dared not cheer for fear of slurring his fate. I could do nothing else for you, my President, and we did all we could. We named our boy for you—our black-eyed, curly-haired little boy whom we never dreamed of calling for our successful President. In his change of fortune we felt honored in thus connecting ourselves with him.

I read of his incarceration in Fortress Monroe; sighed, hoped and prayed for

his release—taught my children never to omit the prayer of "I pray God for the release of President Davis," and I echoed Mrs. Downing's touching appeal when she begged that Johnson "would give to us Jeff Davis back again; release him for a Christmas present and thus accomplish what he never had done—the subjugation of the Southern women." When at length, those deferred had made the heart sick, the glad tidings were flashed through the country: "Jeff Davis has been released." I thanked God and wept for joy, and Horace Greeley is one Yankee for whom I retain a warm place in my heart. Whatever the motive, I thank and honor him for that action, which enabled his life, I hope I may live to see and thank him for giving security for "our President."

A select committee of the New York Union League called a meeting to take action upon Mr. Greely's conduct. Replying to their letter he "dared them to expel him." He began his letter: "Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town and shall keep it. I do not recognize you as capable of judging, or even fully apprehending me. You evidently have a weak sentimentalism, misled by a narrow philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads. That was a bold letter."

I attended a club meeting at—on Thursday night. While conversing with Mr. Carter he quietly remarked that Mr. Davis was in Augusta. "What, President Davis?" I said, in tones of glad surprise. He told me "yes." "I will take Jeff with me," I remarked. Later in the evening a group consisting of Mr. Carter and others were conversing. Others joined us, to whom I told the good news, and there was a ring of exultation and pride in my voice as I told them "Jeff Davis was in Augusta." Looking up I saw that one of our Northern guests was seated near me; but what cared I, as I remarked: "I am so anxious to see him—I do so honor and reverence his name and his people hold him in to his long imprisonment," remarked Mr. Carter. "This piqued me. 'You must admit that he paid a high price to gain this admiration,'" I replied. "Yes," he admitted, "but Jeff Davis ought to thank God for being a prisoner. Had this not been the case he would have gone to his grave honored and unsung. 'Why,' Mr. Carter, I am astonished," I replied, "but confess, I cannot see how you can say, 'I only know that his long imprisonment has endeared him to all true Southern women. Mr. Davis has faults, as has not?'"

Just then some one called Mr. Bruce to form a quadrille, and then I expostulated with Mr. Carter, who is a minister, for speaking in disparaging terms of Mr. Davis before a Yankee, and in tones of bitterness I could not prevent. I remarked, "Do not possibly imagine Mr. Davis as going to his grave honored and unsung by Southern people, when we see Confederate officers ignore the title which is their highest honor. Why, were I a man who had been in service, I should claim my rank, from a corporal to a major general, as the badge of distinction by which I should wish to be known by all men."

Alluding to my remark, "that Mr. Davis is the only man living whom I should feel to kiss the hand of, and feel honored in so doing," I smiled as I realized how far my woman's love of hero worship, combined with my indignation, had carried me, and our conversation was changed by mutual consent, not until Mr. Carter had expressed a sufficiently high opinion of Mr. Davis to satisfy even my wish to do him homage.

Yesterday morning Turner rode into the city and Jeff and I drove in the buggy. We hoped to see Mr. Davis. The morning was bright, and as memories of the past—the Confederate past—thronged my mind, they were softened by the presence of beautiful nature. Jeff and I talked, and he sang snatches of little songs, and as we drove through the "Donnie Branches" we watched the fish as they glided by, and my heart had a singularly uplifted feeling and an ever present sense of the goodness of God.

Arriving in the city I read that President Davis would have a reception from twelve until two o'clock. Accompanied by Turner, Jeff and Mary Vason, we were called to an assembly of the number of those who, with grateful hearts, shall join in our thanksgiving.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto fixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 25th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and of the Independence of the United States the 12th.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The word "hoodle" has gone into the United States vocabulary. Eastern newspapers, even the Boston Herald, use it without quotation marks. We believe the word originally appeared in the Commercial Gazette in a report of the great American Express robbery in Cincinnati several years ago. One Sunday afternoon a one-horse wagon was driven up the office on Bose street, a small iron traveling safe loaded on and taken across the river into Kentucky and rifled. Larry Hazen, the famous old detective, employed by the Express Company to work up the case, and he succeeded in recovering most of the money. When not by a reporter at the police station after the lucky capture Hazen throw up his hands in happy mood and exclaimed, "We've got the 'hoodle!'" The word was afterwards used to denote money used for dishonest purposes in local politics, and disreputable politicians of the city and State came to be known as "hoodlers" and their party as the "hoodle party." The word spread in usage and is now common throughout the country.—Cincinnati Commercial.

IN HOMAGE OF THE HERO LEE.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT AT RICHMOND.

A Frenzied and a Celebration Worth of the Great Chief in Whose Honor they were Made—Wade Hampton Marshal of the Day.

RICHMOND, Va., October 27.—In spite of the rainy weather the city this morning soon showed signs of interest in the coming ceremonies, the crowd being the largest seen here in a great many years. At a very early hour the sound of drum and bugle noted the preparations for the grand parade. Before 10 o'clock the rain had temporarily ceased, but the clouds remained unbroken and threatening. People, however, seemed not to notice this, but had apparently made up their minds to carry out the programme of the day in all its details, "rain or shine."

The visiting military force consists of two corps of cadets, one from the Virginia Military Institute and the other from the Blacksburg Agricultural and Mechanical College; two regiments of Virginia infantry; three companies of cavalry; four companies of artillery; two companies of infantry from North Carolina and one from Maryland. Besides these there are several camps of Confederate veterans from different parts of the State and six hundred veterans of the Maryland Line. The latter arrived here this morning and their appearance on the street, with the Marine Band of Washington at the head of the line, created considerable interest, and they were everywhere greeted with enthusiasm.

Four professors and fifty-five students arrived this morning from the Washington and Lee University. General R. E. Lee was at the time of his death president of the institution and was succeeded by his son, General G. W. Custis Lee, who is now president. Owing to the recent illness of the latter he was unable to participate in to-day's ceremonies, but his brother-in-law, General F. Lee (popularly known as "Booby Lee") and Captain Robert E. Lee, are here. The other immediate members of the family are two daughters, who are at present in Europe.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock, everything being in readiness, the procession began to move.

The head of the line, after detachment of the police, came the chief marshal of the day, General W. C. R. Lee (popularly known as "Booby Lee") and Captain Robert E. Lee, are here. The other immediate members of the family are two daughters, who are at present in Europe.

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The whole made such a display as has never been seen in Richmond. Dense crowds packed the sidewalks along the whole route of march, and the populace gave vent to their enthusiasm in almost incessant cheers, to be but increased as some favorite orated organization passed by.

The procession was nearly an hour passing a given point, the Richmond fire department, with all its apparatus, bringing up the rear. Windows and every other available elevated place along the line of march were filled with people, mainly ladies, who cheered the well-proportioned and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and expressed their pleasure in various other ways. The scene as the head of the column marched into the monument grounds was (despite the drizzle) very inspiring.

General Wade Hampton and Governor Lee rode in front, side by side, as lovingly as when in other days they commanded the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The statue of Fame crowning Lee at the entrance of the grounds was surrounded by about one hundred veteran inmates of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and as the head of the line approached they unveiled the statue and fired a salute. This statue is a plaster cast of colossal size, an imitation granite base, designed and constructed by John A. Elden and W. L. Sheppard, two of Richmond's best known artists, and is a decided feature of the many designs and decorations to be seen throughout the city.

The enthusiasm of the veterans of the Lee Camp Home was touching to witness, as they recognized so many of their old leaders and comrades in line and greeted them with an old-time Confederate yell, which, if not as strong as in former days, was at least as hearty and sincere.

The grand stand, to which admission was had only by tickets of invitation, was soon filled, while many thousands stood in the mud and rain in as close proximity as possible.

The Marine Band of Washington played "Dixie," "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other popular airs, while the veterans, the Grand Lodge of Masons and other organizations took the places assigned them. Despite the constant drizzle, which soon increased to a hard rain, people held their places with amazing patience. A veteran voiced the sentiments of all when he said: "We used to follow Marsie Bob in much worse weather than this, and surely we can cheerfully stand this to do him honor."

Governor Lee called the vast assembly to order, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, who offered a fervent and appropriate prayer, in which he thanked God for the life and example of R. E. Lee, and prayed that his old soldiers and the rising generations might imitate his many virtues.

The Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, the Most Worshipful Grand Master, W. F. Drinkard, presiding, took charge of the corner-stone and, in "due and ancient form" and with the imposing rites of the Order, proceeded to lay it.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies Governor Lee, in the name of the Lee

MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, RECEIVED THE WORK FROM THE HANDS OF THE GRAND MASTER, AND EXPRESSED THE HOPE THAT THE MONUMENT MIGHT BE AS ENDURING AS THE REPUTATION OF THE SOLDIER WHOSE MEMORY IT COMMEMORATES.

At this juncture the rain became so heavy that the Governor, after consultation with others, announced that further exercises would be suspended, and that the poem and oration would be delivered to-night in the hall of the House of Delegates.

The crowd even then seemed reluctant to disperse, but finally sought shelter in the best of humor, many proceeding to the State Fair grounds to spend the remainder of the day.

Among the many ex-Confederates present, who were frequently greeted with cheers and applause as they were recognized by the crowd, were: General W. H. E. Lee and Captain Henry Lee, sons of the dead chief; Generals Wade Hampton, Joseph E. Johnston, Julia A. Early, Daniel Ruggles, J. D. Ingham, Bradley T. Johnson, Wm. McCombs, R. L. Posey, George S. Stuart, J. S. Leman, Robert Harison, and Ransom, Epia Hunton, C. M. Whitely, W. D. Talbader, ex-Governor William Cameron, United States Senator John W. Daniels, also Colonel Charles Marshall, of General R. E. Lee's staff, and many others of lesser rank, but equally well known and revered by the people of the South.

THE EVENING CELEBRATION.

The evening ceremonies were held in the hall of the House of Delegates, the spacious room being filled to its utmost capacity.

Governor Lee introduced General Julia A. Early, to preside over the meeting. General Early was received with great enthusiasm. After a brief acknowledgment, he introduced Captain Wm. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, who paid a glowing tribute to the late Captain James Barron Hope, the gifted author of the poem which he was about to read. He then proceeded with the

recitation of the poem which he was about to read. He then proceeded with the recitation of the poem which he was about to read. He then proceeded with the recitation of the poem which he was about to read.

General Early next introduced Colonel Charles Marshall, military secretary of General R. E. Lee, who delivered the oration of the day, which was an able and eloquent review of the character and career of the beloved Southern chief.

At the conclusion of Colonel Marshall's oration, the reading of which occupied over an hour and a half, Wm. Hoge, Esq. was called upon and responded in a few remarks, in the course of which he said that he regarded Lee as even a greater man than Washington, and spoke of the great generation which the people of South Carolina had for the dead Confederate chief.

General Early then closed the proceedings with appropriate remarks, and the gathering dispersed, and thus ended a day which will ever be memorable in the history of Richmond.

THE GREATEST EXHIBIT.

Mr. Grady's Blazes Called One-Hay He Was Once Dismounted.

We have frequently been asked what is the greatest exhibit on the grounds? The answer, unhesitatingly, is "Henry Grady." It is Grady who stands the Piedmont Exposition; Grady who advertised it; Grady, seconded by Senator Colquhoun, who secured the attendance of the President, and Grady who got the whole State wild on the subject.

A prominent Macon gentleman said to Grady on the grounds, just as we were building dinner, "Grady, I have often heard of a man being worth his weight in gold, but you are worth your weight in gold and blushed, and started to go, but returned and related a funny experience at the grounds the night before."

"I was sitting with my family," said he, "watching the display of fire works, and to my astonishment the flames threw out pictures of Governor Gordon and myself. The compliment was appreciated by my friends, and even after Governor Gordon's picture burned out and remained. Finally, my left eye dropped out, as my nose began to burn, my chin melted, I watched my own dissolution with curious feelings, and, mortifying to relate, when the whole face and head had been extinguished, my mouth remained a flaming brand of fire. The crowd cheered, and for once in my life I was silent."

The Crops of the Year.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture has been handed to the printer, and we are permitted to take the following extracts from the report regarding the yield of the principal crops of the State:

The yield of cotton is estimated at 665,114 bales, an increase over last year of 75,114 bales. The yield of corn is estimated at 17,490,990 bushels, an increase of 3,665,522 bushels. The yield of rice is 67,782,920 pounds, a decrease of 1,843,002 pounds. The yield of wheat is 1,121,442 bushels, a decrease of 39,655 bushels. The yield of oats is 4,001,075 bushels, an increase of 300,313 bushels. The yield of sugar cane is 299,705 tons, a decrease of 59,901 gallons. The yield of sorghum is 649,685 gallons, a decrease of 6,670 gallons. The yield of tobacco is 333,625 pounds, a decrease of 131,686 pounds. The yield of peas is 795,310 bushels, an increase of 13,424 bushels. The yield of sweet potatoes is 3,197,791 bushels, a decrease of 792,548 bushels. The yield of Irish potatoes is 571,923 bushels, a decrease of 100,233 bushels. It is estimated that the yield of hay, peavine hay and corn fodder is 306,240 tons, or 13,238 tons in excess of last year. The value of farm supplies purchased during the year is estimated at the same as the amount purchased last year—\$5,000,000.

The aggregate value of the principal crops produced the present year is estimated at \$45,968,000, which exceeds the value of agricultural productions as returned at the tenth census by about \$3,000,000, and that of last year by about \$3,000,000.

J. E. Frystoe's Merchant Tailor Establishment, Columbia, S. C., is in full blast. Only a look will convince any one. All that want a first-class fitting suit try him. A full line of the best goods on hand.

TALMAGE ON ANIMOSITY.

He Tells His Hearers to Exercise Unlimited Forgiveness—Man, Whose Last Plan is to Move to Hawaii, Should Grant It to His Neighbors.

"Harness your forgiveness to the sunset! If you don't forgive your enemies you won't come near enough to the harbor of Heaven to see the lightship," said Dr. Talmage, addressing some 5,000 people in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday morning.

"Oh, let not the sun go down on your wrath," he continued. "Don't wait till 6.05 this evening, when the sun sets to forgive, but do it at the moridian. Very many people are troubled with insomnia. Few can sleep peacefully. I'll give you an unfailing recipe for wakefulness. Think over all the wrongs that have been done you by people, then write a long letter about it; take out of their pigeon holes all the mean things you know about your enemies; then go to sleep if you can; lie on your back and you'll have a night's sleep."

"My friends, it is best to put a bound on your animosities. Will you let the man who robbed you come and bend over your pillow? Why not fence him off with the golden bars of sunset? Why let these thoughts disturb your slumbers? The fact is there are thousands of men and women who let their thoughts destroy their physical health. Many a man carries beneath his vest a gnawing animosity. There are hundreds of thousands of families where there is the greatest need of a spirit of forgiveness. By the memory of your father's and mother's grave be reconciled."

Dr. Talmage related a case of faith cure that he witnessed in England, where the use of a woman's arm, that had been useless for years, was restored to her in presence of a number of people. "Since anything," said he, "I believe God can do with hate for a fellow being, God can straighten him out. Lay hold of the mighty God and he'll help you. History tells of a man who hated his father so much that he burned his body after he died, then took the ashes and put them in sacks and tied half the sacks to eagles that flew east, and half to others that flew west."

"Another reason why we should forgive," he said, "is that we may not live to see another day. Most people die between 11 at night and 3 in the morning. Something in the atmosphere seems to relax the body from the soul at that time. They are apt to go out during the darkest hours of the night, and Heaven, always bright, is brighter then when they enter it. Oh, in that dark night, when we leave this world, our great plan will be mercy. What a plight our souls will be in if we come and grudging."

"I know of nothing more thrilling than the discovery at Pompeii of that soldier who had been on guard 1,700 years, standing with hand on sword, helmet on head, at the post of duty, when others in the doomed city were flying for their lives. We want to be on guard for God, too, here and true there. I don't suppose I'm much more of a coward than other people, but I tell you plainly I could not sleep to-night unless I could shake hands with any one on earth."

"If a man won't be reconciled you give in to him. 'Oh, says one woman, 'I can't forgive her; she's done too much; she's too hateful; it's no use; I can't forgive her and I won't.' My sister, you can if you try. A man says: 'That fellow started those stories' in the newspapers about me; he's too mean for anything; I'll give you my hand if he'll kiss my hand.' Better resign that feeling, my friend. 'But, says some one in the gallery, 'you don't know what I've got to bear or you wouldn't talk that way.'"

"Then you make me think of the little girl who was helping her father on moving day. The father put a large package in her arms, then piled on article after article till a stranger, who was carrying a large bundle on his back, putting in much of a load on that little girl. The child, looking up, asked of the stranger, said: 'Father knows how much I can carry;' and our Father in Heaven knows how much we can carry."

"Another reason why we ought to ally the sublimest action with the sublimest scene in nature. It's delightful to have some old place, old tree, old room or old gate associated with some action. Now, O man, associate the sunset with limited forgiveness of all enemies. If you fail at first, go right on. Shakespeare wrote seven plays before he wrote 'Hamlet' and twenty-eight before he wrote 'Macbeth.' The man or woman least to blame is generally the one to take the first step toward reconciliation. Oh, man, take that step; it will make you measure three inches more around the chest, your respiration will be better, and it will make you more like God himself."

"Harness your forgiveness to the sunset. You've heard about the sunset of the Cordilleras, in the Apennines and Italy; but there is a finer one to be seen when you throw all your animosities in and let the horses of fire trample them out, the chariots of fire roll over them, the billows of fire overwhelm them. God's greatest achievement is this sunset; your greatest, forgiveness."

"You never saw two sunsets alike, and I think that if God can afford to hang over the wall of Heaven more masterpieces of natural art than all the Italian and Venetian galleries contain, he can take good care of us. If God be for us who can be against us? So the sunset of earth is the sunrise of Heaven."

Scene at a Funeral.

Tiffin, Ohio, October 27.—At a funeral near Sycamore today the team attached to the horse ran away and the vehicle was reduced almost to kindling wood. The coffin was dashed to the ground, the lid torn off and the corpse rolled into the ditch by the roadside. Other teams took fright and a general panic ensued. Women fainted, men jumped from the carriages, wagons were overturned, horses became entangled in a general wreck, and several persons were more or less seriously injured. Rev. Mr. Howells, who was to have conducted the funeral exercises, was perhaps fatally injured.

It is said in Washington that immigrants from Mediterranean ports infected with cholera are scattered all over the United States. It is now proposed to send back all vessels that may hereafter arrive from cholera ports if it can lawfully be done.