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THE CONCORD TIMES.

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SAM JONES IN CHARLOTTE.

The Devotees of Society Come in for a Fair Share of His Attention.

Chalotte Observer, of 21st.

A large and interested audience filled the auditorum in the Y. M. C. A. building last night, when Rev. Sam P. Jones lectured for the benefit of Brevard Street Methodist church. He spoke for an hour and a half, and those who had heard him before said it was the same old Sam.

J. D. McCall, Esq., introduced Mr. Jones, referring to him as, perhaps, the most original and interesting platform speakek in America, if not in the world.

As a prelude to his address, Mr. Jones spoke of the wonderful growth and vigor of the city of Charlotte, evident on every hand. He said: "Charlotte is spreading herself. You are going out, and, I am sorry to say, going down, as deep as broad, with fair prospects of an increase in the ratio of the downward course."

Mr. Jones announced as his subject, "A Medley of Philosophy, Facts and Fun," and said, in part:

"Philosophy furnishes the best possible rule by which one can always do the best possible thing at the best possible time. I am afraid a philosopher would feel mighty lonesome in this crowd. Now facts are the most tremendous things in all the world. They are different from theory in every respect. I have been a theory chaser and once I was a young fool, but I have turned my back on theory and am relying on facts. We have too many theorists in the ministry. I don't want a preacher to talk theology and ecclesiasticism to me, but I do want him to tell about the grace of God and show me his works by his faith. I don't want a doctor to tell me about the theory of his profession, but I do want him to take me out to the cemetery and show me what he has done. The biggest fool in North Carolina is the man who will stand up and argue against facts, but most of you will do it.

"Nowadays we pride ourselves on having a higher type of religion than that enjoyed by our forefathers. We brag about our enlightement and superior culture having relegated to the rear the superstition and sentimental side of the religion of our fathers. And the country is overun by a horde of little gimlet-headed preachers—D. D's, LL. D's., Ph. D's., A. B's., A. M's., A. S. S's., etc. We have left the old landmarks and run off after a lot of isms and such like. We have theosophists, sanctificationists, spiritualists and Christian Scientists. Now I wouldn't hurt the feelings of a Christian Scientist, for my father always told me never to hit a cripple or to hurt a fool, but I want to ask one question. Did God pass by Martin Luther, John Calvin, the Wesleys, Whitfield and come down to Boston a few years ago and tell an old woman something that would enable her to put her picture on a spoon-and sell it for $3?"

Mr. Jones paid his respects to modern society in his accustomed vigorous manner, saying he despised society "because it eats the heart out of a woman as whiskey saps the life out of a man." According to his assertion, there is not a greater curse on earth than the society woman. "When God gives a man a good wife and 10 or 15 children," said the speaker, "that man is blessed, but when the devil gives him a society woman and a poodle he is cheated."

Mr. Jones reiterated some of his familiar anathemas against the politicians, who, according to his theory, are responsible for most of the ill fortune that has befallen the country. He declared that the two last national political campaigns were fought on false theories and asserted that the peace and prosperity of this country depended solely and alone upon the honesty, uprightness, sobriety and integrity of the people. In speaking of what he was pleased to term some of the recent political fallacies, Mr. Jones said: "You free silver folks, if you don't feel like fools, you don't feel natural. I feel sorry for you Democrats; I do indeed. I used to be one, but I'm well now. But I ain't a Republican any more than I'm a negro. What are you Democrats going to run on next time? You have stolen all the planks from the Populist platform, but I want to tell you that you will never put a President in the White House or get a majority in Congress until you discard every Populistic doctrine and go back to the principles of Jefferson or Jackson. You'll never get there so long as you keep following Bryan. Bryan don't know how to "get there," but he's a mighty runner. You have had only one President since the war, and, notwithstanding the fact that he has done more for you than all other leaders, you've cussed him from Maine to California. You may get to heaven, but you'll never get to Washington* * * *. If this country ever goes down in death and blood and ruin, it will be under the scramble for office. You might take all the office-holders in Charlotte and put them in a glass case, and if the devil were to come along and look at the collection, he would say, "Boys, that's ahead of anything I've got."

In the course of his remarks, in which he several times expressed the hope that his hearers would have no trouble in understanding him, Mr. Jones took a whirl at the 20th of May celebration in this city and the Elks. "Poor old Charlotte," he said "you've had another 20th of May, and God only knows what this day rolls up every year. To-day I saw scores of bright young men reeling along the streets filled to the brim with the kind of mean whiskey they deal out in this town. The damnable, beer-guzzling Elks had the town last year. If I were asked to say whether my boy should join the Elks or go to the penitentiary, I would choose the penitentiary for him ever time. In the penitentiary he would be forced to learn habits of sobriety and industry, something no Elk possesses. If any of you Elks don't like what I am saying, just come up here, you little devils, you. The Elks were incubated by an old brewer and hatched out in a beer keg. Most of them ain't pipped yet; they are just running out of the bung hole. What do you say to that you pot-bellied Elk? An Elk who didn't drink beer would be the lonesomest little devil out of hell. You don't have any trouble understanding me, do you?

In paying his respects to the saloon business, Mr. Jones said: "Charlotte collects about $20,000 a year in licenses from the saloons. That sum, when divided among the people of this city, amounts to about 66 cents a head.

Think of it! You people in Charlotte are selling yourselves for 66 cents a head, when hogs are worth $10 each. Don't you wish you were a hog? But then, I suspect the 66 cents is about all you are worth. And you preachers are bought at the same rate. The trouble with you old deacons, elders and stewards is that you like the stuff yourselves. You are drinking it, you old red-nosed devils."

Mr. Jones declared that the social world was worse than the political world. Disobedience of children to their parents, cigarette smoking, card-playing and dancing were some of the things upon which he touched. He declared that the boy who couldn't be stopped from smoking cigarettes needed killing and that the girl who couldn't be stopped from dancing needed a mammy. He said he liked a horse that could make a mile in 2:30, but he preferred a girl who coulden't make more than a mile a week.

In closing Mr. Jones spoke of the country's need of men rather than great industries, saying the nation could never develop without men and women of strength and character. He closed his address with a beautiful peroration on the love of a mother, the most lasting and beautiful thing on earth.

The New Doctrine of Hell.

The Evangelist.

What the utter failure of the human soul to find God will mean is not clearly revealed in Scripture. The teachings of Paul and John, following Jewish lines, do not postulate anything but punishment until the "second death." Sin is death. Unrighteousness is its own sure agony. Guilt is separation from Our Father. There is no life or peace save in love, holiness and without which no man can see the Lord. More we cannot say. More need not be said. More is, as a matter of fact, not now preached from any Protestant pulpit, liberal or conservative, save the most ignorant, where the material hell still holds sway.

The life on the Bowery is Hell. The greed of Wall Street is Hell. The suspicions and criticisms of Christian brethren one of another are Hell. We have Hell in our hearts, and only God's love can cast out Hell. That Hell should be an eternal disputant of God's sovereign redemption; that the Cross of Christ should not save to the uttermost, seems hardly possible; yet we have no other message than to proclaim that unless men take the Father at His word they must remain in the far country and feed the swine, and that every man goes to his own place.

Wrote as The Died.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 21.—The latest estimates as to loss of life in the Fraterville coal mine disaster at Coal Creek is 226, including contract miners, day laborers and boy helpers.

At last reports 141 bodies had been removed from the mine. Not one person has been recovered alive.

The last find reported was that of 13 bodies in an entry. Five of the men had written letters before life had became extinct. One of these letters gave the time of day it was written as 2:30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, thus indicating that these, and perhaps other entombed men, lived many hours after the terrible explosion, which occurred Monday morning at 7:30 o'clock.

The letters gave a general suggestion of the suffering that was undergone, indicating that the men were gradually being strangled to death by the foul, gaseous air that was filling the mine. One piteously read: "My God for another breath!"

Deserted from the Navy Rather than Associate with a Negro.

Charlotte Observer.

Officers Johnston and Crowell and Sergeant Orr yesterday arrested a white man named J. B. Ayers, who is a deserter from the United States navy. The officers had been on the lookout for him for some time. Ayers is a Charlotte man and has a wife living here. He was enlisted in this city by Lieutenant Mitchell on the 29th of last March. He served only a short time, deserting on the 29th of April while on the training ship Franklin, at Norfolk Va.

Ayers is a fine specimen of manhood and is quite intelligent. He stated to an Observer reporter yesterday that he liked the navy all right, but that the officers had made him eat and sleep next to a negro, and that being a Southerner he could not stand it. He said that he was under the influence of liquor when he left.

For Revision of the Creed.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church today adopted the report of the committee on creed revision making changes in the Confession of Faith. This action, which was practically unanimous, was taken with little or no debate. The changes proposed will now go to the various Presbyteries for ratification. When the report was presented last Friday, a motion for its adoption was made at once, but the vote was deferred until to-day.

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It is learned that the Ohio River & Charleston Railway is now in eight miles of Bakersville, Mitchell countys and it is expected it will be in two mile, of the place by July 1. It will not go any nearer than two miles, as it will turn up the river side.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is a fitting time to think about volcanoes, earthquakes and other internal and infernal things that are going on in the bowels of the earth. We can see upward and outward to the stars and planets for millions and billions of miles, but the inside of this little world is all unknown. We live upon its crust and eat and sleep and dance and prance and fight and talk war and politics and trusts with no thought of how near we are to the fires that are burning under us nor when they will break out and consume us all, as they certainly will some time according to Scripture. Those infernal fires have been burning for thousands of years, and the mystery is, why they have not burned to the surface long before this. Where does the heat all go, and where are the escapes—the chimneys—for the smoke and the ashes and lava? Surely these few volcanoes can't discharge it all. The word volcano, or vulcano, as it used to be called, comes from Vulcan, the god of fire, and the ancients believed that the old fellow had his shops and furnaces down there, and sometimes when he blowed the bellows too hard the fire bursted out through a hole in some mountain and the melted rock spouted up and run over the tank and washed down in the form of lava, which is another Latin word and means to wash. Volcanoes are Vulcan's chimneys, and as for back as we have history sacred or profane these chimneys have had their periodic discharges. Some writers believe that there was one of these not far from Sodom and Gomorrah, and those cities were destroyed just like Pompeii and Herculaneum, or more recently like St. Pierre in Martinique.

A few years ago two of my boys took a sea voyage from New York to Trinidad and stopped at all of those little islands and historic points. They told us of Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born and lived until she was 15 years old and whose beautiful monument they saw. Unhappy lady! The world is still weeping for her. They climbed the heights of this same volcano and looked down into its crater, for it was quiet and peaceful and had not had an eruption for fifty years. The island is small, very small, not quiet as large as Bartow county, but but had a dense and mongrel population of 180,000 people—chiefly Indians, negroes and Chinese. The whites numbered less than 10,000, of whom only 1,200 were French. Just think of it. Our county is about 25 miles square and is quite thickly settled and has 25,000 people while Martinique has seven times as many and most of them are negroes. These negroes were all slaves until 1848. The live chiefly on fruit and anything they can pick up or steal. My boys amused themselves throwing dimes into the water that was from 20 to 30 feet deep and the little negro boys would plunge in and dive to the bottom for the money and always got it.

Then I got to ruminating about Vesuvius and Pompeii and Herculaneum. I used to speak a speech about ancient Greece and Rome and Thebes, and I always said Pompyeye and Thebees, for that was right then, and so was Sisero for Cicero, but they have got new ways now and I don't know where I am at. Vesuvius has been cutting up for more than two thousand years. It has had nine bad eruptions, but there are still people living on its slopes and cultivating them. Its enormous crater is 2 miles around and 2,000 feet deep, and the accumulated lava sometimes raises its brink 800 feet during an eruption.

When Spartacus, the gladiator, was besieged by the Romans he with his little army of seventy men took refuge in that crater, for it was quiet then, and killed 3,000 Romans who attacked them on its brink. The great orator, Cicero, had a beautiful villa at its base, but in the year 75 A. D. old Vulcan fired up his furnace and belched forth fire and smoke and lava and ashes and buried those two cities sixty-five feet deep and changed the sea shore and the river so that their sites could not be found and when found by accident they were two miles inland. For three centuries excavations have been going on and of late with great energy and the veritable homes of the cultured people have been found filled with ashes and cinders that have preserved them all these centuries. These homes and halls and churches and temples have been cleaned out and even the paintings on the walls have been restored and the beatiful marble sculpture cleaned and renewed just as it was when the awful calamity occurred. The celebrated sculptured figures of Laocoon and his sons strangled by a serpent was found there in perfect condition. In some of these beautiful homes of the wealthy the tables were set for a feast and in the temple were found the gold and silver adornments that are usual in such places. In the Temple of Juno there were the corpses of 800 people who had fled there for safety, but Juno was powerless and they all perished just as did the 3,000 at St. Pierre who fled into the Roman Catholic cathedral.

The fate of all these cities was very similar, for it was not lava that distroyed them, nor at St. Pierre, but a shower of cinders and ashes, and these are preservatives of anything that they encase.

When we consider all such calamities a greatful and thoughtful people will be thankful to our Heavenly Father that we live in a land remarkably free from calamity or affliction. No volcanoes hang their threatening peaks over us or near us, no cyclones visit us by day or by night. Cadaverous famine does not darken our households with its awful distress, but we live in peace and in plenty and the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places.

It is a fitting time now for those who like to read romance that is founded on fact to take up that good old book of Bulwer's, "The Last Days of Pompeii," and read it again. BILL ARP.

From all directions comes the news of glorious crops prospects save as to wheat and oats. All the farmers say the weather is "just right."

SECOND ERUPTION OF PELEE.

Much More Violent than First.—Not a Living Human Being Saw What Happened.

FORT-DE-FRANCE, Island of Martinique, May 21.—Streams of frightened refugees have been pouring into Fort-de-France from all the surrounding country. These people are not destitute, but they are terrified. They want only one thing, and that is to be taken far away from this island, with which, they say, the gods are angry and which they will destroy by fire before it sinks under the sea. The consuls here and the officers of the war vessels in the harbor are waylaid by scores of persons crazed by fear and begging to be carried away.

The United States steamer Dixie, Captain Berry, from New York, arrived to-day, after a quick and safe passage. The Dixie began langing her enormous cargo of supplies early and the storehouses on shore soon became congested. This is the greatest difficulty of the administration. This morning the United States steamer Potomac, with the commanders of the war vessels now here, went to inspect St. Pierre. With the greatest difficulty the party succeed in making a landing. The effects of the outburst of yesterday were temendous. The huge basalt towers of the cathedral were pulverized and the walls were hurled flat to the earth. The bombardment of volcanic stones is not sufficient to account for this, and all evidences point to the passage of a furious blast of blazing gas, traveling at an enormous speed and with incalculable force. The deposit of boulders, ashes and angular stones is enormous. Not a living human being saw what happened at St. Pierre yesterday.

This second eruption was many times more violent than that which effaced St. Pierre and swept its people from the earth. Nor has all volcanic activity ceased. Vast columns of smoke and gas still pour from the great crater. New fissures have opened on the mountain sides and are vomiting yellow whirlwinds, which rush intermittently, now from one point and now from another. Boiling mud is also thrown out at times in torrents that reach the sea and produce small tidal waves.

The correspondent of the Associated Press has had an interview with M. Clerc, a member of the Legislature of Martinique, who recently explored the vicinity of Mont Pelee. He said: "I started Friday last for Mont Pelee and accompanied by M. Telliamee Chancele, chief engineer of the sugar works, I reached a height of 1,235 metres without difficulty, and was able to ascertain that the present crater is about 300 metres in diameter. On the east it is overlooked by the Mont La Croix, the culminating point of the island, having an altitude of 1,350 metres, which is completely crumbled and mined at its base, as a result of the volcanic action and might easily collapse.

"The ruins of the crater have very much changed in appearance and the heat where we stood was intense and the whole aspect of the mountain was terrifying. Stones fell around us, and we picked up large pieces of sulphur, which, however, we were unable to retain. The whole spot was charged with electricity, which became so violent that we were obliged to retreat.

"Our descent from the mount was more difficult than our ascent. A blinding rain of ashes fell upon us, and the engineer was nearly killed by a large stone which fell near him. The recent rain of ashes and volcanic rocks weighing as much as 75 grammes, which have fallen here caused so much consternation among the inhabitants of Fort-de-France that those who have not left the city are anxious to do so, and large numbers are emigrating to the island of Guadeloupe, where it is estimated that 1,200 people from Martinique have already sought shelter."

Mr. Morton's Talk to His Boys.

Charlotte Observer.

This, relating to J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's last cabinet, and at the time of his death editor of The Conservative, of Nebraska City, Neb., was found in an exchange yesterday:

When his wife died the late J. Sterling Morton had erected over her grave a tombstone bearing the inscription: "Caroline Erench, wife of J. Sterling Morton and mother of Joy, Paul, Carl and Mark Morton." "Why did you put the boys' names in?" inquired a friend of him one day. "I took my boys out to the cemetery," said Mr. Morton, "and showed them their mother's grave. 'Boys,' I said, 'your mother is buried here. If one of you does anything dishonorable or anything of which she would be ashamed if she were alive, I will chisel your name from her tombstone."

Mr. Morton was an extraordinary man—remarkable for his ability, his force of character and his originality of thought and method. The incident above narrated of him was characteristic, in that the manner of imparting a lesson to his boys was so original. Than this there could have been no more impressive warning against staining their souls with dishonor, no higher incentive to correct living. The story is one which deserves to be read in the schools and which parents everywhere might well bring to the attention of their children.

What Thin Folks Need.
Is a greater power of digesting and assimilating food. For them Dr. King's New Life Pills work wonders. They tone and regulate the disgestive organs, gently expel all poisons from the system, enrich the blood, improve appetite, make healthy flesh. Only 25c at Fetzer's drug store.

A Memorable Day at Fort de France.

Last week there was a terrible panic at Fort de France, of strange sights seldom seen in centuries.

The new eruption of Mount Pelee had filled the heavens with fire, red-hot stones had set many houses aflame in the city, which is ten miles from the volcano, and a rain of hot mud and ashes made breathing impossible.

Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but so do presents.

NEGRO TORTURED AND BURNED

Awful Death at Hands of a Mob—First Step Was to Burn Out Eyes.

LONGVIEW, Tex., May 22.—The culmination of a man hunt which has been in progress since last Saturday, was reached to-day, when Dudley Morgan, colored, who assaulted Mrs. McKee, wife of a Texas & Pacific foreman, at Lansing, Tex., was burned at the stake near Lansing. It was learned this morning that the negro had been captured and was being taken to Lansing for identification and by 11 o'clock great throngs had gathered at the Lansing switch and looking over the ground decided to make arrangements to burn the negro about a quarter of a mile away on the line of the county road. The place of execution decided upon was an open plot, smooth and covered with grass, being hedged by high trees which formed an opening 200 yards wide and 300 yards long. The trees were literally lined with people an hour before the negro arrived. At 11 o'clock the train bringing the negro and his captors arrived in Marshall, near which place he was captured and was met by a great crowd of people. Many more boarded the train at intermediate points and when it arrived at Lansing every car was crushed and crowded. Waiting at Lansing was another large crowd from Longview and the surrounding country. The prisoner was taken from the train to the section house, which stands close to the track, and positively identified by Mrs. McKee and several negroes who worked on the section with Morgan.

The negro was escorted by 200 men armed with Winchesters to the place of execution. As he was chained to the stake he said he desired to make a statement. The crowd surged around him and those in charge tried in vain to make them stand back and keep quiet while the negro talked. The negro made a statement in which he implicated another negro named Franklin Heard, saying he (Heard) was to get part of the money which was to be stolen.

Morgan confessed to having committed the crime, and after being securely chained to the stake with his hands and legs free, the members of mob began to take ties from a fire already started and burn out his eyes. They held the burning timbers to his neck and, after burning his clothes off, to other parts of his body. The negro screamed in agony. He was tortured in a slow and painful manner, while the crowd clamored for still slower punishment. The negro begged piteously to be shot. Mrs. McKee was brought to the scene in a carriage accompanied by four other women and an effort was made to get the carriage close enough for her to see the negro. The crowd was so dense, however, that it was impossible.

Persons held each other on their shoulders, taking turn about looking at the awful sight. The negro's head finally dropped and the ties were piled around and over him. In half an hour only the trunk of the negro remained. As soon as the heat would permit parts of his skull and body were gathered up by some and carried away. As the fire died down the crowd took the two men who first caught the negro and held them up over their heads, while they held their Winchesters in their hands and were photographed.

Section Foreman McKee, husband of the woman assaulted, applied the match to the faggots. Many women were present from the surrounding country, but owing to the great crush they had very little opportunity to see the negro until the heat had died down. The railroads brought crowds to Longview Junction where they boarded trains for Lansing. The engineer was forced at the point of a Winchester to stop at the scene of the lynching, however, and the mob disembarked.

A New Book Agent Elected.

DALLAS, May 23.—The election of connectional officers absorbed the interest of the delegates at to-day's session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The election of senior and junior book agents to-day caused spirited contests. R. G. Bidham, of Georgia, was elected to succeed Dr. J. D. Barbee, of Nashville, Tenn., as the book agent, and D. M. Smith, of the firm of Barbee & Smith, was re-elected as junior book agent. H. M. Dubose was selected on the first ballot for the position of general secretary of the Epworth League and editor of The Epworth Era. Dr. Lambuth was elected missionary secretary with no opposition. At the afternoon session, Dr. Winter, of Monterey, Mex., was elected editor of The Christian Advocate, and organ of the Church at Nashville, and Dr. J. J. Tigert was re-elected book editor and editor of The Review.

Railroad Requires Its Men to Stay Sober and Pay all Debts.

CHICAGO, May 22.—Officials of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad have begun a campaign against the use of tobacco in any form by the employes of the passenger department while on duty.

The management also has decided to put an end to loose pecuniary practices. An assignment of wages by an employe is prohibited and will be cause for his dismissal.

Rules of the most stringent kind are announced against the use of intoxicants, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, subjecting offending employes to immediate dismissal.

Boer War Regarded as Ended.

LONDON, May 23.—The Associated Press has every reason to believe peace in South Africa is practically secured. How soon it will be announced depends apparently more upon the convenience of the Boer leaders than upon the declination of the Boer government. The private and official advices received tonight in London from South Africa all point to the same conclusion: The delay is technical, and to end the long war seems to be the desire of both sides.

Nubbs—He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp.

Bubbs—How was that?

Nabbs—Licked!

SOUTH NEEDS THE ORIENT.

We Must Hold the Philippines, Says Senator Pritchard.

New York Sun, 23rd.

Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, and Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, met at Delmonico's last night and what they said to the American Asiatic Association concerned the selling of the South's cotton cloth to the Chinese, and other problems of statecraft. Senator Pritchard was not on the toast list, but was asked to speak to "The President of the United States." He said:

While I am a Southern man and in full sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of the Southern people, it affords me great great pleasure to say to you to-night that although the President of the United States hails from north of Mason and Dixon's line, it is his desire and honest purpose to do that which will promote the welfare of every state in the Union. While many are in doubt in this country as to the policy of the United States with respect to the retention of the Philippine Islands, I confidently believe that in the end the good judgment of the American people will be that we shall retain those islands permanently.

The great problem with which the Southern people have had to deal in the past has been as to where we could find an adequate market for raw cotton and the cotton fabrics of the South; and I want to say to you to-night that the only hope for the Southern people in that respect is in the Orient, and, inasmuch as the Philippine Islands lie in the pathway to the Orient, I cannot for the life of me understand how any Southern man who has the good of his country at heart can for one moment contemplate the idea of relinquishing our jurisdiction over those islands.

Once we restore law and order in those islands, as we certainly will do, in my opinion the trade with the outside world with the islands will treble, and the Southern people will be the chief beneficiaries there of.

Senator McLaurin said he represented the most intensely Southern of all the States now holding interests in common with New York. He said:

Before the war the South was almost purely an agricultural country. Now the manufacturer is coming down to the cotton fields, and the planter puts his surplus money in mill stock. At no distance date the American planter and cotton manufacturer will control the market for American cotton and through that control and dictate the terms upon which the world shall be clothed with this great American product.

The day has passed when sectionalism can divide our politics, business and commerce.

We understand that cotton growing and cotton manufacturing and all other Southern industries have a national and international importance and that the prosperity of the South and the prosperity of the North are actually inter-dependent and indivisible.

The United States has learned of late years that it needs an ever widening and expanding market for its products, and it has found an important foreign outlet among the teeming millions of the Orient. The Asiatic market has come into the field as one of the most prominent factors in the modern commercial problem. And yet just as we were profitably developing this great market in China, a movement was instituted which, if successful, would have neutralized all the good results already obtained and paralyzed our trade with China. I refer of course to the recent attempt to enact a very drastic measure of Chinese exclusion.

The New Methodist Bishops.

Baltimore Sun.

Rev. Dr. Alexander Coke Smith has been one of the leaders of Methodism in Virginia for some years. His present address is Norfolk, Va., and he is pastor of Epworth Church. Dr. Smith was born in Sumter county, S. C., September 16, 1849. In 1872 he was graduated from Wofford College at Spartanburg. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred by Erskine College at Due West, S. C., in 1887.

Dr. Smith was professor of mental and moral philosophy at Wofford College from 1886 to 1890 and in the two years following he was professor of practical theology at Vanderbilt University, resigning to return to the ministry. At the Ecumenical Conference, held in Washington in 1891, Dr. Smith read an essay on "Christian Co-operation." He was appointed a fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canad, held at Toronto in 1898. When the Ecumenical Conference of 1901 was held in London he was named as a delegate. Dr. Smith contributes "The Teachers' Meeting" to the Sunday-School Magazine of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was sent to Epworth Church at Norfolk at the last meeting of the Virginia Conference.

Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss has been editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate since 1890, his present term expiring this year. He is a native of Tennessee and was born in Washington county April 14, 1849. He was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University and Emory and Henry College, having graduated from the latter institution when 20 years old. After his ordination he held charges in Knoxville, Tenn., San Francisco, Cal., and Asheville, N. C. From 1876 to 1881, Dr. Hoss was president of the Martha Washington College, at Abingdon, Va., and later was head of Emory and Henry College for four years. From 1885 to 1890 he was in the theological faculty of Vanderbilt University.

According to the compilers of the Chicago City Directory for 1902, that city now has a population of 2,149,000. The National Census Bureau of 1900 gave it 1,698,575. It is believed by Chicagoans that between 10 and 20 per cent. of the population was actually missed by the Government convassers. The directory census of the same year made the city's population about 2,000,000.

In the search for happiness some people only succeed in finding fault.

Mark Twain's Cousin,
G. C. Clemens, of Topeka, Kan., the noted constitutional lawyer, who bears so striking a resemblance to Mark Twain, (Samuel B. Clemens) that he is frequently taken for the original Mark,

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is a man of deep intellect and wide experience. He is considered one of the foremost lawyers in this country. In a recent letter to the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Mr. Clemens says:
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