

# The Chronicle,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

## KISSING THE BIBLE.

Charlotte Observer.

One of the old-time customs that needs to be abolished but watch seems to be the most deep-rooted is that of kissing the Bible in court. In the face of the admitted repulsiveness of kissing a book that bears the imprint of hundreds of lips of all kinds and of various degrees of foulness and perhaps disease, the old-time ceremony is adhered to in nearly all the courts. Some years ago a movement was started by a few newspapers to have Bible-kissing dispensed with and through public sentiment favored the crusade, little was accomplished. It is encouraging to see that United States authorities have taken cognizance of the objectionable custom and have begun the work of abolishing it in the Federal Courts of Maryland. It is stated in the Baltimore Sun that the Bible will be dispensed with "hereafter in administering oaths generally in the United States District and Circuit Courts, as has been the practice for some time in the State courts, an order to this effect having been signed by United States Judge Morris."

Judge Morris' order states that when not specifically prescribed by the constitution of the United States or an act of Congress, the form of oath in the United States Courts shall be the same as is prescribed by the laws of the State of Maryland, (acts of 1898, chapter 75). Under the new practice the person making the oath will hold up his right hand and "in the presence of Almighty God solemnly promise or declare" to tell the truth, except in those cases wherein this form is not practicable or when it shall appear that some other mode is more binding upon the conscience of the person to be sworn.

In the courts of this State the Friends and the Associate Reformed Presbyterians are permitted to hold up their right hands and affirm, instead of taking an oath on the Bible and there does not seem to be any good reason why this form of oath should not apply to all witnesses. It is certainly as binding upon a witness who has any conscience, and to the witness without a conscience the form of the oath is a matter of no consequence. Kissing the Bible is a legal formality which belongs to the past, to which it should be relegated. Judge Morris has taken a step in the right direction and he should be followed by the judges all over the country.

## Can't Reform an Indian.

Charlotte Observer.

The newspapers are having fun with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on account of his recent order to Indian agents to make the red men have their hair cut, to stop wearing blankets and painting their faces. Short hair, coats and breeches tend to civilization, he argues, while the paint runs down the Indians' foreheads when they perspire and gives them sore eyes. These reforms are to be instituted in certain cases, when necessary, by pains and penalties—as for instance by cutting off the rations of the refractory or locking them up. But it is hard to reform an Indian, buck or squaw. A former United States marshal for the western district of North Carolina, whose business carried him a good deal among the Cherokees of our western counties, tells of the case of a bright young Indian girl who had been educated in the reservation schools up to their limit and was then sent out of the State to college. She remained away four years, came back highly educated in literature, art and music, and dressed in the height of fashion. And in three months her fine togs had been discarded and she was again going barefooted and wearing a blanket. That's an Indian for you.

## At Dogs in Samar.

The condition of the survivors of Capt. David D. Porter's marines, who took part in the recent expedition into the interior of Samar, is much worse than previously described.

They suffered fearful hardships and were without food several days. The natives who accompanied the marines said they were unable to distinguish the edible roots, which the marines did not believe. The anger of the marines against the natives is intense. None of the latter returned with the party.

The marines suffered so acutely from starvation that they ate raw the flesh of two dogs. When Captain Porter and the first three of his men staggered into camp they were delirious and difficulty was experienced in learning the whereabouts of their companions.

## To End War Taxes.

The Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee, at a meeting held on the 29th ult., decided in favor of abolishing practically all the remaining war revenue taxes with the exception of that on beer, which is reduced from \$1.60 to \$1.30 a barrel. The total amount of reductions, it is estimated, will aggregate \$50,000,000 a year. There will be a full meeting of the committee to-morrow, when the chairman will be instructed to draw up the bill to carry into effect the decision reached to-day.

Little Arthur had been at church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good; and so was the end, but it had too much middle."

New Hanover county superintendent of schools writes the State Board of Education that they will need none of the second \$100,000 State appropriation to provide their rural school four months terms. The money they have in hand gives all of them seven months.

## BILL AEP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language." That is what General Lee wrote to his son soon after General Scott offered him the supreme command of the northern army. Virginia had just seceded and Lee saw on one side that there were no honors to which he might not aspire. On the other side, if he cast his destiny with that of his state, he saw, or he thought he saw, that miseries and trials awaited him without number. But to seek his duty and having found it, it was ever the principle of his actions. These strong and beautiful words about duty were not original with General Lee, and in his letter he has them in quotation marks. The expression came from Rev. John Davenport, a famous Puritan preacher of New England—the man who gave shelter to the three regicides who condemned Charles the First to death and after the restoration fled for their lives to New England and were hidden by John Davenport in his barn. When this act of treason became known among his people he neither quailed nor relented, but preached a sermon the next Sabbath from the passage in Isaiah which says: "Hide thyself from the Lord, and thou shalt be hid. Let them that are ungodly dwell with thee and be thou covert unto them from the spoiler." It was in that sermon that he made use of this notable expression: "It is my duty to shield them, and duty is the sublimest word in our language."

During the war it was my privilege to see General Lee quite often, but never did I meet him face to face and have a brief conversation with him but twice. Even then we did not know how great a man he was. Gen. Johnston had been wounded at Seven Pines and Gen. Lee came from West Virginia to take his place. He was almost a stranger to the Army of Northern Virginia. He had been in command but a week or two when General Black, of Rome, came to see his boys of the Eighth Georgia and asked me to ride with him to General Lee's headquarters and introduce him, for he was very desirous of meeting him before he returned to Georgia. Of course I complied, for General Black was a man of no small consequence at home. He was old and gray and of commanding presence and military bearing. Introducing myself first, I presented General Black, and after we were seated I said nothing, but paid modest and respectful attention. I was soon impressed with the grandeur of the man before me, and, of course, as he expanded, I very naturally shrank up a little to keep the equilibrium. Not long after this the Seven Days' battle began and ended in McClellan's defeat and our army began to realize how great a man Lee was. It was on the sixth day that I was sent to his headquarters near Meadow Bridge to receive orders, and there I met him again. He was standing uncovered and unarmed in front of his tent, and "Stonewall" Jackson was asleep inside upon the straw, and the servant had set the dinner tables over him so as not to disturb his rest, for, as General Lee said, "He needs it, and nothing but artillery will awake him now."

I said that the army did not know at first how great a man Lee was. Neither did they know fully at the last, for he was one of the few great characters that develops and grows brighter and grander as the years roll on. For some years after the war he received but little praise at the north and a great national cyclopedia gave more space and praise to Old John Brown than to General Lee, who arrested and executed him. But now, in the International, of fifteen volumes—a standard work, edited and compiled by 200 of the most distinguished scholars and professors of the northern colleges—the sketches of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson are all that we could ask for.

That of Lee closes with this paragraph: "In person he was one of the noblest types of manly beauty. Tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with a dignity as impressive as that of Washington, yet not so cold. Of habits as pure as Washington, but more warmly religious and always maintaining a calm, confident and kindly manner that no disaster could disturb or change." The world knows him now and venerates his memory and the people he fought against have given him a place in their hall of fame.

Verily, old Father Time is a good doctor and Anno Domini the softening solvent of all malignant passions. But this is enough from me concerning the great commander. It was the sublime Christian faith of Lee and Jackson that made their characters complete and added lustre to their military fame. They were men of prayer.

For a little while I would ask your kind attention to those whom since 1892 have called themselves the Daughters of the Confederacy. Their mission has been and still is and we trust long will be as declared in article 2 of their constitution: "Educational, memorial, social and benevolent—to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war between the states—to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in our service and to record the part taken by Southern women during the war and its aftermath, their patient endurance of hardship, their patriotic devotion during the struggle and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the survivors." All of these are noble objects but the greatest of all is the establishing of the truth and preserving it. The poet saith that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and it has risen and will continue to rise. Even that popular magazine, Frank Munsey's Monthly, in its last number, has forever blotted out the malignant and fanatical story of Barbara Freitchie, and only the last week the ladies of Lexington, Ky., put under the ban the drama of "Uncle Tom's

Cabin." It was the Daughters of the Confederacy who did it, and to their widespread and influential organization the south must look for the maintenance of the truth. Just think of it. Within the past nine years twenty-two states have been chartered as grand divisions, including California, New York, the District of Columbia, Oklahoma and the Indiana Territory. In all these have been chartered an aggregate of over three hundred chapters with a membership of 26,000 good, loyal southern women. The largest federation of women in the world. Of this membership Texas has the largest number, 2,435. Georgia comes next with 1,750 members. But, my friends, this great army of daughters had mothers who, whether alive or now dead, instilled this love of truth and unstained Confederate honor in the hearts of their children. They are the ones who sacrificed and suffered and still were strong. For more than fifteen years I have observed a trait in woman's nature that is lacking in most men. She never gives up. The sad results of the war that wrecked the fortunes of southern men hastened thousands of them to untimely graves, but their widows still dot the land from Virginia to Texas. The mothers of these daughters endured more hardships and privations than their husbands and sons who were in the army, but they never complained. Goldsmith wrote:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."  
But some cynical old bachelor paraphrased it:

"Man wants but little here below,  
For so the poets say,  
But woman wants it all, you know,  
And wants it right away."

Well, she does want all she can get, and wants it as soon as she can get it, if not sooner, but if she can't have it she surrenders cheerfully and accommodates herself to the situation. They boiled down the dirt from the smokehouse that had long been saturated with the drippings of the hanging meat and made pretty good salt out of it and divided with their neighbors. They parched rye and goobers for coffee and sweetened it with sorghum and bragged how good it was. They cut up their old garments and made clothes for their children. Indeed it is always an amusing entertainment to listen to these good old mothers as they recite their makeshifts and their trials after Sherman had passed through on his march to the sea. Not long ago four or five of these matrons by chance met at our house and it was nip and tuck between them as they told of the most amusing experiences. One told how her two boys and a little girl had worn out their shoes until they would not hold shucks much less feet and she found an old calf skin that had long been hanging in the barn and she soaked it in lime and red oak bark and got about half the hair off and took it to an old shoe cobbler, and he made three pair of shoes that would hold shucks, and they fit the children pretty well, but the red hair stuck out in little patches all over them, and she laughed and laughed until the children did not want to wear them, because she laughed so much. That was the origin of tan shoes, though these were made of untanned leather. Another told how two of her children never saw a raisin until they were 5 and 7 years old, and were afraid to eat them, and said they were bugs. Another told how she and her boys built a fence around the garden by boring holes in the plank and the posts with an old brace and bit that her husband left when he went off. And they made pegs and drove them in for there wasn't a nail in the county. But good old Mother Akin, whom everybody loves and likes to listen to, told how three of her neighbors got out of meal and had somehow got hold of three bushels of corn, and they rigged up a little rickety wagon and a blind army mule and all three started to the nearest mill, which was 7 miles away. They started early and got to the creek and the creek was up, but they drove in, and sure enough the wagon came uncoupled right in the middle of it and let them all down where it was knee deep, and let the corn down, too, and the mule went on with the fore wheels and stopped when he got over. But they never gave up the ship nor the corn. It took them about an hour to get the corn and the wagon together again, and with dripping garments they hurried on to the mill. A photograph of the scene would sell as the champion picture of the women of the war. The good miller gave them dry meal for the wet corn and by sundown they were all at home again and laughed over it and everybody laughed who heard of it. Almost every family with in Sherman's belt, have fireside stories to tell that would fill a book. They are a curious medley of the sad, the pathetic and the amusing, and excite more fun than sorrow. How blessed are they who still live, and how sweet are the memories of those who are dead, for it is the mothers of the Confederacy who have perpetuated the love of truth and the love of southern patriotism in the hearts of the children and inspired those principles that have in recent years developed that grand organization known as the Daughters of the Confederacy. Our northern brethren may boast of the Grand Army of the Republic, but our mothers smile and say: "I don't see where the grand comes in, for all who came this way were low Dutch and hungry Irish, who feared not God nor regarded women." Well, it is all over now, and we are at peace, that blessed peace that hath her victories more renowned than war. And thrice blessed is the woman who in the dark ages kept subdued for centuries, but has come to the front and now stands side by side with man and is equal in every good word and work. For two thousand years she was called by name but twice in the Bible. Mother Eve, and next came Sarah

the wife of Abraham, and for another two thousand years was mentioned by name only a few times, but at last she was honored as the mother of our Savior, and was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

Within the last half century she has made more progress in establishing her natural and God-given rights than in all preceding time. She is the acknowledged head of all religious, missionary and charitable institutions. She is the school teacher of the world and in these United States constitutes nine-tenths of all the public school teachers in the land. In several states she has the right of suffrage and is eligible to office on the school boards. Time was when she was almost a dead letter in literature and hardly ever noticed in the press of the country, but now a great metropolitan paper or magazine could not exist without a large space being devoted to her service and her fairy pictures made to adorn the columns of every issue. Woman in this southland is a power and woe be to the men who scorn it, for they are always on the side of religion and good morals and purity in private life. Without them, the church, the prayer meetings, the Sabbath schools and even the home would speedily decline into that state that Grover Cleveland called an innocuous desuetude. In truth, she is the hope of the world and her progress the best sign of the coming millennium. As to her influence for all that is good in education and refining mankind, no other ever wrote a more beautiful sentence than that of Sir Richard Steele, when he penned that: "To look upon and love a fair and virtuous woman and be loved by her is a liberal education." And so let me say to the young men, these sons of the Confederacy, don't despair; don't grieve for a college education; don't lament your poverty, but get married and your education will begin. Sometimes the course is long but it is happy. My own has been running for nearly fifty-three years and is not completed, for I have not received a diploma nor taken the first honor. I am still a school boy.

## A Thirteen-Year-Old Salesman Draws a Thousand Dollar Salary.

Carl Gustafson, thirteen years old, a son of a fireman in a steel mill in New Castle, Pennsylvania, earns a salary of one thousand dollars a year, as a typewriter salesman. He is very small for his age, being only four feet, four inches in height, and weighing but sixty-five pounds. He travels alone over a wide area of the United States. He has helped to support his family ever since he was nine years of age. Among his various occupations were lamp-lighting, running elevators, driving horses, selling papers, working in a paper-box factory, and cleaning boilers. He is never happier than when making money to help his mother. He has a bank account and makes regular deposits. He secured his present work by showing how well he understood typewriters, one of which he took to pieces and put together again in ten minutes. He started out to canvases, and sold two typewriters in an hour. This brought him an immediate offer of a position as a traveling salesman, and he started out on a trip through Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places.

## Value of 200 Lost Sermons.

The amount of damages a preacher can recover from a railroad for the loss of 200 sermons is a question which is disturbing a well-known preacher and the Norfolk & Western Railway Co. The Rev. W. P. Hines, of Norfolk, Va., while traveling over this road, lost his satchel, which was checked. It contained, besides some wearing apparel, about two hundred sermons in manuscript and notes.

The loss is not disputed but the railway company is unwilling to pay the valuation which Mr. Hines places upon the product of his time and intellect. With a view to settling the difficulty a board of arbitrators has been appointed. Mr. Hines has chosen the Rev. A. E. Owens, D. D., a brother Baptist, and the railway company named the Rev. Herbert M. Hope, editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, the Methodist organ. These are to select a third and the question will be decided.

## Troubles Ahead For Her.

When the daughter of the house returns from college she is sometimes inclined to forget that there are serious duties awaiting her. It is then, says the Chicago Journal, that the wise mother brings her to a different point of view.

The girl had been very clever in her studies, and had been at home only a few days when she said to her mother: "Yes, I've graduated, but I don't want to lose my interest in my work, and I shall try to keep up my psychology, philology, bibli—" "Just wait a minute," said her mother. "I have arranged a course for you in roasting, boiling, stitching, darnology, patchology and general domesticology. You might as well begin right now. Get your apron on and pluck that chicken."

## A Baby's Pillow.

A pretty pillow for the baby is made by embroidering in white linen or silk floss a crescent moon near the top and under it, in graceful letters, the following verse:

"When the little young moon shines out in the sky,  
Bye, dearest baby, bye, oh, bye."

Below this are embroidered some poppies just nodding, as if going to sleep.

The Senate committee on forest reservation has authorized a favorable report on the Appalachian park bill.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 9.

Text of the Lesson, Acts iv, 32 to v, 11—Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Eph. iv, 25—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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32, 33. "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." In these days we can scarcely imagine several thousands of believers of one heart and one soul to serve the Lord, no one clinging to his own things, but each loving the other as himself and all having all things in common. If it was the power of His resurrection that did this, they must have known something that few know today.

34-37. Possessors of lands and houses sold their property and put the proceeds in the common fund that the need of each might be supplied and that no one might have any lack. There was no selfishness and no self-seeking. This seems all the more remarkable when we consider the strife for pre-eminence that was seen more than once among the twelve before Jesus died; yes, even at the passover on the night before His resurrection, but now they were all filled with the Spirit, and hence this great difference. A Spirit filled people will manifest the life of Christ and not the life of self. Jesus, surnamed Barnabas, son of consolation, a Levite, and evidently a true one, is mentioned as one of those who having land sold it and laid the money at the apostles' feet. Levi signifies "joined," and he illustrated the truth, "He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit" (I Cor. vi, 17). Our Lord Jesus not only gave up all His riches and became poor but He actually gave Himself for us, taking the place of the guilty that we might be joined to Him (II Cor. viii, 9; Gal. ii, 20).

v, 1, 2. "But Ananias and Sapphira." The tares and the wheat will grow together until the harvest. Until Jesus comes again many a bird will lodge in the branches, but no bird will become a branch. The commands, "Walk before Me and be thou sincere" and "Thou shalt be sincere with the Lord thy God" (Eph. vi, 1; margin; Deut. xviii, 13), are always binding, and "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully" (Jer. xviii, 10), seems to be always a necessary warning. When Abram and Sara agreed to act a lie and Isaac and Rebekah did the same (Gen. xii, 13; xx, 2; xxvi, 7), which of us can say that the eyes as a flame of fire may not see some deceit in our inmost hearts? We are not our own, but bought with His precious blood.

3, 4. "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? Thou hast lied unto God." See the oneness of the Father and the Spirit, for in lying to the Spirit they lied unto God. See also the oneness of the Spirit and the believer, for in lying to Peter and the others they lied unto the Spirit. Notice also that it was the work of the devil, the father of lies, in Ananias, the same adversary who in the garden of Eden led to Eve and has ever since been practicing his ungodly wiles. Contrast Peter filled with the Spirit and Ananias filled with Satan and the high priest and others filled with indignation or envy (chapters iv, 8, 31; v, 17). If filled with the Spirit, evil can find no place in us. The Spirit of Truth and the father of lies each desires us, but neither can fill us unless we welcome them.

5, 6. Dead and buried in a few hours; gone from the earth and from his possessions, but gone where? To the true child of God death is gain and far better than sojourning here. But what of Ananias? His name means, "Jehovah is gracious." But did he know the saving grace of Jehovah? We know that there is such a thing as being saved as by fire, that Satan may destroy the flesh and yet the spirit be saved, that some of the members of the church were sickly and some dying because of sin and that we are to judge nothing against others filled with indignation or envy (I Cor. iii, 15; v, 31; xl, 30; iv, 5; yet Rev. xxi, 8, gives us little hope for Ananias).

7, 8. "It was about the space of three hours after when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in." Three hours a widow, but not aware of it. How long they had journeyed together, how long mortal bodies we do not know, but his journey has ended, and hers is about to, though she is all unconscious of it. Perhaps she had come seeking him, wondering why he delayed to return home. It is a sad story and should teach us to be sincere with God, who desires truth in the inward parts (Ps. li, 6). If we did not know that Peter was filled with the Spirit, we might feel like questioning his way with her and might wish that he had sought to lead her to repentance, but perhaps her heart was fully set in her to do evil (Eccl. viii, 11).

9, 10. "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? So one with God are His people that when we touch them we deal with Him, and as we deal with them we deal with Him (Zech. ii, 8; Acts ix, 4). There is unspeakable comfort and yet a solemn warning in this great truth. How awful is this scene before us! She is for the first time told of her husband's death and at the same time told that she must die, and in a moment she is gone. In the morning they are in health, but united in a lie to God that they may appear before men to be very religious, but before night they are found out (Num. xxii, 23), and are dead and buried. Two liars in one grave. But their souls—If not saved as by fire, then Luke xvi, 23, first clause, tells their fate. It was the hand of God, and the Judge of all the earth, death right (Gen. xviii, 25; Rev. xv, 8). See also Acts xii, 23; Jer. xxviii, 16, 17, and yet believe firmly that "God is Love" and "not willing that any should perish" (I John iv, 8; II Pet. iii, 9).

11. "And great fear came upon all the church and upon as many as heard these things." It was a needed lesson for the times, and, although He does not always thus wittily punish sinners, He always hates sin and tells us that he that telleth lies shall not tarry in His sight (Ps. c, 7). We cannot but think of the swift judgment upon Aaron's sons at the beginning of God's dealings with Israel (Lev. x, 1, 2). If all liars in the church today and all ministers who use strange fire were thus summarily dealt with, there would be no end of funerals and a truly great fear upon many. Although God seems to keep silence concerning the corruptions and abominations in His professed people, He assures us that He will not always keep silence and that judgment must begin at the house of God (Pa. ii, 3; I Pet. iv, 17).

## Big Fire in Norfolk.

NORFOLK, Jan. 31.—A heap of smoking ruins is all that this morning remains of the once magnificent Atlantic Hotel of this city and of the great Columbia office building adjoining and of the Albenarle flats and a block of stores. Nothing is to be seen but a pile of debris.

The loss will be at least half a million dollars, but it is believed that it is fully covered by insurance.

The Columbia office building, six stories high, built by Mr. David Lowenberg in 1892 and now owned by him, burst into flames at 1:55 o'clock.

Over a thousand gallons of whiskey exploded with terrific force, tearing out the front of the great building.

The firemen were driven back by the explosion and before the steamers could get a stream on the fire the entire building was in flames.

Hardly fifteen minutes later the seventy-five foot high northern wall fell smashing like a house of cards the home of the Virginia Club adjoining it on the north.

Proprietor of the Atlantic, J. Hull Davidson, personally went from room to room, and, aided by his staff aroused every guest in the building.

To this heroic diligence is due the fact that far as is now known no life was lost, although perhaps 300 people were asleep in the hotel when the alarm was sounded.

## A Ground-Hog Case.

An old mammy, who had known Governor Taylor of Tennessee from his childhood, came into his office, and began at once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison.

"Laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob," she began, "I wisht you'd pashon dat po' ole niggah Jim. He ain't no good for nuffin' nowher. He jes' dat useles'n' triflin', even at home, dat he can do no mo' den sorter scrape aroun' an' git a little sompen for we-all to eat, an' he sholly ain't no good down dar in dat pen."

"I can't do it, aunty," the Governor said. "I am being abused every day. What's Jim in there for?" he asked, seeing the light that was left dying out of the old woman's eyes.

"W'y, Marse Bob, dey jes' put him in dar for nuffin' 'pon eart cept kaint' one po' little ham outen Mr. Smith's smokehouse. We was outen meat, an' de ole niggah didn't do nuffin' 'cep tek de ham fur ter keep we-all fum starvin'."

"Well, now suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and trifling." The Governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with the reply, "W'y, bress you, Marse Bob, we is outen meat agin' an' we jes' got to have anoath ham!"

## Did They Kiss in Church?

Rev. Clarence Blakely, of the Dutch Hollow Reformed church, of Goshen, N. Y., has brought down upon his head a torrent of indignant denials from the young members of his congregation, whom he accuses of kissing in the sanctuary.

The clergyman announced last week that there must be no more love-making in the church. He said that for the last six months he has known that it was the habit of young men and women to attend the church, which is lighted by kerosene lamps, simply that they might sit together in the semi-darkness and make love. During the week of prayer, he declared, he was annoyed nightly by loud smacks.

Mr. Blakely, who is a widower, criticised the young men more severely than he did the women. The young men and women of the church assert there is no foundation for the clergyman's charges.

## Hairy Human Monster Terrifies Utah People.

According to the Pocatello, Idaho, correspondent of the Desert News, the residents of the little town of Chesterfield, located in an isolated portion of Bannock county, Idaho, are greatly excited over the appearance in that vicinity of an eight-foot, hair-covered human monster.

He was first seen on January 14, when he appeared among a party of young people, who were skating on the river near John Gooch's ranch.

The creature showed fight, and, flourishing a large club and uttering a series of yells, started to attack the skaters, who managed to reach their wagons and get away in safety.

Measurements of the tracks showed the creature's feet to be 22 inches long and 7 inches broad, with the imprint of only four toes.

Stockmen report having seen his tracks along the range west of the river. The people of the neighborhood, feeling unsafe while the creature is at large, have sent 20 men on its track to effect its capture.

## An Interesting Humor.

Charlotte News, 28th.

Mr. Jake F. Newell was shown a publication today that names him as one of the Republican aspirants in this district for Congressional honors. Mr. Newell declined to discuss the matter, saying that he was too busy with his law practice to talk or think of politics. He, however, would not deny or confirm the published report.

The item referred to, which bears a Shelby date, states that the other names mentioned are Mr. J. Y. Hamrick, of Cleveland county and Mr. Thomas Rollins, of Marshall.

The retirement of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson by operation of the age clause will be announced in a few days by the Navy Department. Admiral Sampson reaches the age of 62 years on February 9 next, and following the customary procedure the department will promulgate an order a week or more in advance announcing his retirement from active service.