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## FROM WALL STREET TO NEWGATE. VIA THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY AUSTIN BIDWELL.

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### CHAPTER X.

Captain Curtin had been detailed to work on the New York end of the case, to look for clues. It seemed a hopeless task. He is a warm friend of mine now, after 20 years, and has long forgiven me for the bullet I lodged in him in 1873. A few years after arresting me in the West Indies he went to San Francisco and started a private inquiry office of his own at 328 Montgomery street. When, after 20 years' incarceration, I arrived there one lovely May day in 1893, he was waiting for me at the ferry and gave me warm greetings, and as hearty congratulations, too, as any man could give another, then introduced me to his friends everywhere, and, in fact, from the hour of my arrival until my departure, three months afterward, was never tired of doing me a service and forwarding my business, so that, by his kind offices I made a great success out of what, by reason of the great financial depression, might otherwise have proved a failure. But as Captain Curtin, after effecting my arrest, having recovered from his wound, was one of the four who took me to England, I will wait until a later chapter to tell how it was he discovered my name and located me in Cuba.

There was not a single cloud on the horizon in Havana, but it was soon to blow a hurricane. My wife had sent out invitations to dinner for Thursday to 20 friends. There was then a steamer in the harbor advertised to sail in two days for Mexico, and I had thought of going by her. Had we, this narrative would never have been written.

As invitations were out for Thursday I concluded to wait for Saturday's steamer, but determined to sail on that day without fail.

On the day of our dinner I was strongly tempted to give some hint to my wife that I was in some way entangled in a web, but as she was so happy I could not do it, but resolved to wait until we were settled in Mexico, and then to tell her a little, but not all the truth.

My wife, all unconscious of the frightful calamity impending, entered upon the last half day of happiness she was to know for many long years. The same statement would be true of myself. As the guests were arriving I was in a happy vein, and in the same happy frame of mind sat down to dinner. Twenty happy mortals, but not one divined the termination of that dinner party, least of all the proud and happy hostess. It was a great success, and at 8 was drawing to a close. The long windows were open, while the warm breeze from the nearby gulf was pouring through the room. The clock had just chimed the quarter, when there came a sudden rush of feet over the veranda and through the hall. All eyes were fixed on the open door leading to the hall, when an eager, resolute faced man, evidently an American, stepped with a firm pace into the room, followed by a dozen civilians and soldiers. With a quick glance over the company his eyes rested on me, and coming direct to my chair, while my guests stared in amazement, he bowed and said in a low voice: "Mr. Bidwell, I am sorry to disturb your dinner party or to annoy you in any way, but I am forced to tell you I have a warrant in my pocket for your arrest upon a charge of forgery upon the Bank of England. The warrant is signed by the captain general of Cuba. Everything is in due form, and you are my prisoner. I am John Curtin of the Pinkerton force."

Every man who enters the arena and joins in the struggle of life has more or fewer takedowns in his history. But my wish is that between this hour and my last I may have no more takedowns so near the freezing point as this was. I shall never forget the look on my wife's face. First she gazed at the intruders with indignation, then turned to me with a look of eager expectation, as much as to say, "Wait till my husband raises his arm and you will all go down." But instead of seeing me rise indignant and angry, driving the intruders out, she saw me talking quite calmly to Curtin. Then her face grew deadly white. None of the guests heard Captain Curtin's words; but, as will be easily imagined, there was a painful silence, which I broke by standing up and saying that there was some unhappy mistake; that I was arrested upon the charge of furnishing arms to the insurrectionists in the eastern provinces. I requested my friends to withdraw at once and everything would be explained on the morrow.

There were five soldiers present, Mr. Crawford, the English consul general, and Captain Curtin, my servant Nunn being in custody of the latter. It was a strange and unhappy scene, and every one felt extremely awkward and ill at ease, especially the writer. In the rear of the dining room was a large sitting room, where I kept my valuables in trunks and did my writing. I turned to Curtin and said, "Will you come in the other room?" "Certainly," he replied without the slightest hesitation. The room was brilliantly lighted. Motioning him to a seat, I said:

"Will you have a glass of wine?" "Yes, but I never drink anything but Clignot," replied the captain pleasantly. A servant brought in a bottle and glasses, and I turned the conversation upon the subject of money. The captain, being a stranger to me, guided by former experiences with Irving & Co., I fancied might be bribed. Sometimes the police are susceptible to this form of temptation, and I was at bay and desperate. I intended to offer him a fortune for a bribe. If he refused to take it, I resolved to shoot him and dash out of the window, for at my elbow was an open drawer with a loaded revolver ready at my hand.

I said, "You know the power and value of money?"

"Yes, and I need and want plenty of it."

Pointing to a trunk, I said: "I have a fortune there. Sit where you are ten minutes, give no alarm, and I will give you \$50,000."

Then a scene ensued that if put upon the stage would be deemed farfetched if not incredible. When I said this, the captain never moved a muscle, but looked at me seriously, earnestly, then dropped his eyes to the bottle. As he did so I placed my hand on the revolver. He took the bottle up, filled his glass, and looking steadily at me drank it off, and replacing the glass on the stand coolly remarked:

"Why, sir, that is \$5,000 a minute!"

"Yes, and good pay, too," I said.

"But I won't have it!" he interjected and sprang to his feet as he saw me make a movement, but I was too quick for him.

I fired point blank, and down he went as if by lightning.

I rushed to the window, when the venetians were torn violently down, and William Pinkerton, revolver in hand, sprang from the outer darkness through the window into the room, and the others came with the soldiers. My wife, too, white faced, rushed in from the dining room. A lively struggle followed, in which Curtin, having risen from the floor, joined. The struggle was soon over, leaving me a prisoner under close guard.

My bullet had struck the captain, breaking a rib and glancing off, but he was game, and when we shortly after departed for the city he rode with me in the same carriage. I tried to soothe my wife's fears, but it was attempting the impossible, so we drove away for the city in three carriages, Pinkerton assuring my wife that I should sleep at the hotel.

By the time we arrived the news had spread among the American colony, and as the hotel was a sort of American club delegations of my acquaintances speedily arrived. All were loud in denunciation of the outrage. Of course they saw things on the surface only. Soon our Consul General Torbert arrived and assured me he would see that I should be treated with every consideration until such time as the unfortunate mistake was corrected.

That night I slept at the hotel with Curtin, who took his wound and close call very good naturedly and said he did not blame me at all, but felt that down to think I had got the drop on him. Early the next morning my friend, the chief of police, Colonel Moreno de Vasquez, called on me, indignant and angry that I should suffer such discourtesy. He was particularly indignant over the insult to himself in not being consulted, so that he could have sent me a note to call on him and explain. Then he turned to Captain Curtin and told him to liberate me, as he would be responsible for me whenever wanted. But the captain knew what he was about and knew his business too well and the backing he had to pay any attention to Colonel Vasquez. I claimed the protection of our consul, but Torbert regretfully told me that on account of orders from the state department at Washington he was forced to consent to my detention, but he would not permit me to be kept in the ordinary prison. So about 12 o'clock next day I was transferred to the police barracks and put into the lieutenant of police's room and a guard of soldiers placed over me.

So at least justice had laid hold of me, but I thought it a very shaky hold, so much so that I was confident I could break away from her, so that she should never weigh me in her balance.

My wife spent many hours with me daily. All my meals were brought from the hotel. Nunn was kept a prisoner for two days, then liberated. I took him into my confidence, telling him I was going to escape and directing him to make all outside arrangements for that event, and he was greatly rejoiced when I told him he should accompany me in my flight.

Pinkerton was awake to the danger of losing his man and had lodged a written protest with the English and American consuls against my being confined in the police barracks.

The only result was that Colonel Vasquez issued an order to keep him and his men out of the barracks.

Men like William A. Pinkerton, who had now arrived, and his lieutenant were not going to make fools of themselves by arresting a man they could not hold. I was confident that my surrender was only a question of time, and I resolved not to wait for it, but to be off.

At my request Colonel Vasquez had sent a guard of soldiers to my house and brought to the barracks two of my trunks. I had \$50,000 in cash and bonds, besides many valuables as well, in them. I gave my wife \$20,000 and my servant \$1,000 in gold and \$5,000 in Spanish bank notes. Pinkerton had in vain tried to seize my luggage, but the Spanish law stood in his way.

Once among the rebels all pursuit of me was at an end, as army after army had been sent from Spain to crush the rebellion, and each had in turn melted away before the valor of the rebels or the deadly climate.

Nunn volunteered to accompany me and I gave him \$2,000 to send his wife in Paris that his mind might be easy on that score. No one knew my real destination save Nunn and my wife. It was hard to obtain her consent, but at last it was given. I arranged with her that she was to leave Havana as soon as she knew I was off, cross to Key West, wait one month there, and if she heard nothing of me she was to telegraph my sister to meet her in New York, take the steamer to that city and live with her until I rejoined her.

Among other things Nunn, by my orders, procured good maps of the country. A Spanish gentleman, a warm friend, but whose name I will not mention, was my counselor in the plot. He advised me to go to the island of Pines, as Senor Andrez had promised to keep me safely from all pursuit. I let my friends think that was my destination. I purposed, as when on my visit, to embark from Cajo, but to take a westward course along the coast, and when well off Pinar del Rio and night fell to put about and steer to shore under cover of the darkness, once ashore to get as far inland as possible before dawn, then to keep a lookout for any body of rebels and join them as a volunteer in the cause of "free Cuba."

We were sure of a welcome, particularly as we would come well armed. I had given the sentinels in the police barracks a bottle of brandy every day and a box of cigars every second day during my stay besides what were to them valuable presents, so I was highly popular in the barracks. We had fixed on the night of March 20 for the venture.

My room was in the second story of the barracks, but I was allowed to go freely through all the rooms on that floor, followed more or less by a guard. There was a room leading to an open window, but the door was kept locked. It was arranged to have it unlocked with the key on the inside at 10 o'clock that night. I was to walk about as usual, and when the hour came suddenly step through the door, lock it behind me and then bolt through the window into the street.

Nunn and my friend were to await me outside of the window with orders to shoot any man, not a native, who attempted to stop me, as I feared Pinkerton or his men might be on guard in the street, and once in the street I did not propose to go back again alive.

The guns and two extra revolvers had been made into a bundle and left at the station. At a nearby room were disguises for Nunn and myself, consisting simply of cloaks and whiskers. We intended to board the 10:30 train going south, and once well out of the station would dispense with all disguise but the Spanish cloak each of us wore.

### CHAPTER XI.

The day for the venture came. I had previously instructed my wife to send word she was indisposed and to remain at the hotel. She had very bravely offered to be on hand and with me up to the moment I disappeared through the door, but fearing that in the excitement some of the soldiers might say or do something insulting I forbade her being on the scene. I had had an unusually large number of visitors during the day. I felt but little anxiety over the result, save only on the side of Captain Curtin. I had a sort of suspicion or presentiment that, once fairly outside of the barracks, I would run against him. The day passed rapidly away, and 6 o'clock came, and all the civil officials, with the horde of hangers on, departed, leaving the usual evening solitude in the barracks. Soon Nunn came with my supper and cautiously produced a revolver and belt. I strapped the belt around me under my vest and braces, placing the revolver under a pile of clothing. Nunn reported everything all right. He had seen Curtin that day as usual around the hotel and apparently unsuspecting of anything unusual going on.

The window I was to jump out of opened on the public street, and the street would be jammed full of people at the hour I was going. Of course there were a good many chances of failure, chiefly so because all the police from top to bottom knew me by sight, and if one of them happened to be one of the half hundred witnesses of my jump he might have wit enough to seize me.

Nunn and my friend were to be under the window ready to act according to circumstances, above all to be ready to seize hold of any one who manifested any intention to detain me. Nunn was full of courage and hope. At 7 o'clock he went away, not to see me until we met outside the barracks. I called the guard and three or four idle soldiers into my room and served them out liberal doses of brandy. Unluckily enough, however, the one on duty would drink but lightly. Soon after 8 Consul General Torbert came in to smoke a cigar and have a chat. He remained until nearly 10 and then departed. Then I felt the hour had indeed come. I thrust the revolver into my shirt and rolled up a cap and put it in the same place; then, calling the sentry, I gave him a drink and a cigar, and stepping out into the hall I began my usual march around through the upper rooms of the barracks. I was to go out of the window at precisely 10. It wanted ten minutes of that time. It was a long ten minutes to me, but I marched around puffing my cigar unconcernedly, with my eye on the door I was to slip through. At the hour I had my watch in my hand and was in the room farthest from the door of exit into the room opening on the street. I walked swiftly through the two intervening rooms, and so was for a brief four or five seconds out of sight of the slow following sentry. I reached the door, opened it, stepped through and instantly locked it. In a moment I was through the open window into the little iron balcony outside. One swift glance showed me the street thronging with people, but hesitation meant failure and death.

I climbed lightly over the railing and hung suspended for an instant from the bottom. The crowd below made a circle

from under, and I dropped easily to the ground, bareheaded, of course. Nunn was there and instantly clapped a large straw hat on my head. The strange incident did not seem to attract the least notice, for in a moment we were lost in the crowd. I had my hand on my revolver and had so strong a belief I should every second be confronted by Curtin that I was strangely surprised when I saw no sign of the gentleman. In less time than it takes to tell it I was down into an open hallway and then into a room. I and Nunn, who were smooth faced, were given bushy whiskers and a cloak. In the meantime I paid an agent in waiting \$10,000 in French and Spanish notes. Then we hurried out of the rear into a cab and were driven to the station, arriving just in time to catch the 10:30 train.

The cab ride and train ride that night were happy rides. I had been a captive and now was free. The sights and sounds all around me took on a deeper purpose and a more significant meaning than they had ever borne before.

I struck the road leading to the beach and marched westward, but it was an unknown land, and I was in constant fear of running against some military post or patrol, being thus constantly delayed by long halts to watch some suspicious object or by making long detours to avoid them. Once I had a fright. Two men on horseback riding on the sandy road were almost on me before I saw or heard them, and I only had time to sink into the shadow as they passed almost within reach of my hand. Both were smoking the everlasting cigarette and were engaged in earnest talk. Daylight came and found me not more than eight or ten miles farther on my journey, but I was very well content as I pitched my camp for the day. I had a royal feast, then, after a cigar, lay down to sleep in another fairy bowser and slept until noon and awoke to find myself wondering how matters were going with Captain Curtin in Havana, rather amused over the state of chagrin I knew he must be in. I thought of a possible future meeting some years ahead when, all danger over, I would see and chaff him over the bottle of Clignot and the \$50,000 he wouldn't have, and how I went all the same and saved the money.

I realized I must be frugal or my provisions would never hold out, so after a light lunch I began to make my way slowly to the beach through the tangled maze of trees and vines. Coming in sight of the blue waters, I lay down to sleep again and awoke when the stars were out. The moon would not go down till late, but as there was a deep, broad shadow cast I walked in it.

Good food and the long day of rest restored my strength. All my confidence returned, and I made good progress. At last the moon went down, and then I pressed rapidly forward, always with revolver in hand ready for instant action. I think I made fully 25 miles this night, but as the coast was indented my progress in a straight direction was not more than half that distance. Just as I began to grow gray in the east I came out on a wide inlet. It ran deep into the land. I recognized it from my map as Puerto del Gato, and then I knew I was in the province of Pinar del Rio and almost out of danger.

I went into the bush again and pitched camp, waiting for daylight to come and reveal my surroundings. Pitching camp consisted in scraping a few leaves together and lying down, but this morning I was too excited to sleep. I felt that I was near my goal after having safely gone through many dangers.

Once across the Puerto del Gato two nights of travel would place me outside of the farthest Spanish pickets and bring me among friends, far beyond chance of pursuit, and I also knew that the mere knowledge of my presence in the rebel camp would cause all thought of pursuit to be dropped.

When daylight came, I stood and looked around. Across the inlet, 20 miles away, I could see only dark masses of green with no sign of life. To the north the land was hilly, with houses here and there in the distance and signs of animal life. I cautiously searched the shore for a mile in the hope of finding a boat to cross to the other shore of the inlet, but none was in sight.

About 9 o'clock I saw smoke off at sea, and soon I made out a small Spanish gunboat coming rapidly up. Dropping anchor about a mile up the inlet, she sent a boat ashore. I was feeling sleepy, and going into the woods again I took a light lunch, and emptying one bottle of water lay down to sleep, resolved to make my plans when I awoke to do not like the appearance of this gunboat. It seemed to promise the presence of the enemy in force around me, besides being a visible manifestation of the power of that enemy.

When I awoke from my nap, I started on a cautious spying out of the land, making my way toward the head of the inlet, but keeping always under the protection of the woods. While going cautiously along I was startled by the notes of a bugle ringing out some military call not far away, and a moment later the gunboat replied with a gun, then steamed out to sea. Continuing my progress through the woods, I came to the road, and hiding securely in a thicket where I could see unseen I watched. Soon I heard the sound of voices, and then a detail of armed men passed, going leisurely east, escorting an empty wagon drawn by four mules. It meant much, these armed escorts, showing they were in the face of the enemy. Several others passed during the hour of my watch; then, with many cautious glances up and down the road, I slipped quietly across and crept for two hours through the jungle. Making my way to the side of the bay, I saw I had left the military post behind me. There were white barracks and a wharf with people walking on it, and here the road and beach were one. This much discovered, I went a safe distance into the jungle and lay down to have a good sleep, feeling I would need all my energy and strength for the coming night, as it promised to be a critical one, especially as I could not afford to wait for the moon to go down and would not have the shelter of darkness,

for the moonlight was so powerful that one could easily read print by it. I slept until dark and awoke refreshed, then lunched and nearly finished my last bottle of water. I had only sufficient food for two more light meals. After lunch I smoked for an hour, star gazing and philosophizing. At 9 o'clock, emerging into the road, I started cautiously out, walking in the shadow of the jun-

gle as much as possible. I thought the head of the inlet was about ten miles away and expected to find a military post or at least a picket stationed there. Daylight once more. But it found me happy and content, for the difficulties of the passage of the wide inlet which had confronted me the night before had all been surmounted. I was now in a densely wooded point on the western side of the bay. Between me and San Diego lay a wild no man's land of 50 miles. That meant only two nights more of peril and uncertainty, and it was all straight going. So far as the coast line was concerned, I was outside of the Spanish lines. Tired out and very well contented, just as the sun rose fiery red above the horizon I lay down and was at once in dreamland. At noon, hungry and with only a few ounces of food to satisfy my hunger, I woke. Finishing my last bit of ham and bread, I lit a cigar and set about planning. Pulling out my little map, I began to scan it for the thousandth time. About six miles to the north was the little town of San Miguel. Between me and San Diego lay 50 miles of wild country, swept by fire and sword, without an inhabitant and without food. Hungry as I already was, I felt it would not do to undertake a two days' journey through that wilderness without eating. Of course I made a mistake. I was clear of the coils, and I ought to have taken every and any chance rather than enter the enemy's lines again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Woman's Revenge.

A man of the world was wont to call not infrequently upon a young widow. One day the pretty maid at the door announced that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception room. While she carried his card up the stairs he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar, and her cap was as stiff and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman when the maid returned and announced promptly: "Mrs. — is not receiving." The man of the world bit his lip—it was the first time he had ever denied admittance—and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he passed through it she blurted out: "And she says, if you please, sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."—Illustrated American.

The Same, but Different.

Two letters were once addressed to a certain corps commander of the Army of the Potomac on the eve of a forward movement, one of them written by General Halleck, chief of the staff, and the other by President Lincoln. General Halleck's letter contained a warning couched in this fashion: "In undertaking to place your command on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock you will exercise extreme caution in affording protection to action in general flanks, in order that the enemy may not be encouraged to make an attack while your forces are separated in the act of crossing." This was good advice. Lincoln gave it to the same commander in the note which he wrote to him, but this was the form in which he expressed it: "Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on a fence, neither able to hook with your horns nor kick with your hoofs."

British Cart Horses.

The British cart horse's descent can be traced from the great horse originally imported from Flanders and Lombardy, but much improved since those days by judicious crossing and careful selection of parents. The Stuarts first introduced quality, but size was wanting, for when William III ascended the throne and sought to drain the Lincolnshire fens he found that the British cart horse of this date was not strong enough for the tasks imposed upon him. Consequently he imported large Dutch horses, the old Lincolnshire Blacks.

The Dukes of Ancester also brought over to this country similar breeds from Holland. This was the first step for any note which gave an impetus for the improvement of our coarser equine stock and formed the main root from which our cart horses have proceeded.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### RODDEY ON COTTON.

HOW THE FARMERS SHOULD IMPROVE THEIR ADVANTAGE.

DON'T INCREASE THE ACREAGE.

The Next Crop May be Sold in Advance at 9 or 10 Cents a Pound—A Pretty Plan But Somewhat Risky. For the Yorkville Enquirer.

TO THE SOUTHERN FARMER—The cotton situation at present is, to say the least, disturbing the rest of many professional "bears" who make it a business of selling the South's principal product short, and forcing many Southern planters to sell their crop, regardless of price either through ignorance or poverty. It is very gratifying to know that the farmers are becoming educated to the condition of affairs and are raising their necessities, and the professionals, who sell cotton short, are having to pay, and dearly too, on account simply of the more independent condition of Southern farmers from a financial standpoint, and their knowledge of the system by which they have been systematically robbed for so many years of the profits on a product in which they have a practical monopoly.

There has been no overproduction in cotton, and the demand today is enormous. There never was any bank, corporation or individual, who controlled 82 per cent. of any stock that had nothing to say about the price, except the Southern farmer. You raise 82 per cent. of all the cotton that enters into the manufacture of cotton goods. Many wealthy men who have probably never seen a cotton field have sold short, and when, by the time the crop is gathered, you have sent it into the market with no system, regardless of cost, and unconsciously made enormous profits for them with it to continue their operations; but I am very thankful to see the Southern farmers thinking more, studying the condition of affairs, diversifying their crops and being altogether in a more independent position.

Many professionals say, "Why you can raise cotton for 5 or 6 cents." Well, what if you can. Will you always sell your products for cost of production? Suppose a Southern merchant should come on to New York, or anywhere else, to buy his goods, he should price from a dealer, hats at \$18 per dozen. If he should say those hats did not cost over \$9 to make them, and I will give you that, he would receive a reply that it was none of his business what they cost; you take them at that price or leave them. Would that you were in such a condition to say, "You can have my cotton at 10 cents or leave it," and yet you have more of a monopoly than any other people and make less use of it.

When a farmer writes that he can make cotton for 5 to 6 cents, he is a hindrance to progress. Why? Because the professional bears will see that such a statement is copied by every newspaper in the whole country, and while his vanity is gratified, still he does irreparable injury to poor farmers' sons, who cannot be expected to get an education when they receive no more for their product than it costs to produce it. Of course some farmers have the advantage over others—credit, quality of land, etc.—and while they might manage to live fairly well at one price, others could no more than exist.

There is no question but that the demand for futures establishes the price of spots, and that all spot buyers in the South buy and sell according to the rise and fall of the future market; but a seller of futures will be careful about selling short if he sees you are in an independent condition, and will not let him have your cotton for any price he may say. If you have no organization, no system, and decide to sell it as soon as gathered, of course you can only expect what they will pay. Suppose the stockholders of a railroad or any other corporation would try to sell the entire stock within six or eight months and the public knew of it; do you not know that they would realize less than if marketed by degrees and with some system? Why does a professional operator take the bear side? In the first place, there are from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 bales of cotton to be marketed, and many spot purchases will be hedged by selling on the exchanges, which will help professional depress prices, and then the knowledge of your marketing your cotton at a certain time, regardless of cost. A well posted man knows how much will have to be delivered by a certain length of time for purchases of fertilizers. He also knows and studies your financial conditions. If a certain number of liens are recorded and due a certain time, he can easily ascertain how many bales of cotton it will take to pay off these accounts, which are due at a certain time, and nearly all due at January 1st of each year; and knows you will bring your cotton and must market it regardless of cost by the time your paper is due. In other words, the worse your financial condition, the better condition he is in to squeeze you. But the principal advantage of the bear is in the carrying charges. If an operator sells short, if he has the money to margin, he need never lose a cent; though he might have to stand by it for several years. For instance, an operator sells January cotton short today at 9.38 cents. The difference between the month's average—6 points, or 72 points per year, or 432 points for six years. It is equal to his having January cotton short six years from today at 13 cents. It is reported that some operators stay short by the year for carrying charges, which are about \$3.50 per bale per year, or 72 points.

The fact alone that cotton has sold

at 4½ cents is greatly against the future price of cotton. Why? Because many an outside operator that is willing to take a chance on either side, is told that the cotton has been very much lower, and if the market is at any reasonable price, will also be told that it is above the average and will sell. The simple fact that every speculator has an idea that cotton is dear at 10 cents, causes everybody to be willing to sell it short at that price, and while for years 10 cents in the South was considered a fair price, now it is considered much above the average; but it should not be. And if you can organize and pull together, you can have something to say about the price, as every country is more or less dependent upon you for your cotton.

In regard to estimates made and advice given you in regard to marketing and holding your crop, in 9 cases out of 10 the estimator or advice-giver has an interest in the future market, and his own interest and selfishness, in order to make him money, is his principal object, in his estimate or advice.

Now my advice to you is to be conservative. Don't try and get it all at once. You have had an advance of about 50 per cent. in your spot cotton from 4½ cents to 9 cents. Don't try to market it all in a few months. Market it gradually, and you will get a good average; and in case the crop is worse than the estimates and the market goes up so as to net you 10 cents, have your merchant or banker sell at least a part of your 1897 crop on a 10 cents basis, or on a basis that will net you a good profit, say an average from 9 to 10 cents. If your spot cotton this year goes to 9 or 10 cents, any buyer or banker should give you an equal price for next year's crop. Why? Because future contracts run about 6 points apart, and this would amount to about 72 points, or about \$3.50 per bale, less the cost of transferring, which wouldn't be over 20 cents per bale per year. The market might go higher; but you would have your cotton sold at 9 to 10 cents, which is at least a fair price and more than you have been getting.

Why do I advise you to sell your next crop on a basis of 9 to 10 cents? Simply because it is a fair price (might be and has been worse), and I know of your immense corn crop, as well as knowing the imprudence of many, who, having made plenty of corn, etc., will surely plant cotton, not realizing that 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 bales at 10 cents is more profitable than 10,000,000 at 5 cents. If you were so organized that you could control the planting, then you could control the price absolutely; but I am afraid the rather attractive price will induce heavy planting, and before the crop is ready for the market, the price will likely decline as the acreage is increased.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN T. RODDEY.

New York, October 15, 1895.

LETTER FROM BETHEL.

A Big Crop Without Guano—Lots of Molasses—A Child Born to Death. Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

FOREST HILL, October 21.—The farmers are generally up with their cotton and many of them are now gathering corn.

I hear no grumbling. The harvest has been an abundant one, and the weather has been most propitious for gathering it.

Cotton crops, as a rule, are short; but we have heard of several farmers around here who will make average crops. Mr. Perry Ferguson did not use a pound of commercial fertilizer, and yet he has gathered 12 bales of cotton off of 2½ acres of land, and if this weather continues three weeks longer he expects to get four bales more. The frost has not killed his cotton yet, and there are a number of bolls that will open if we have no very hard freeze.

The cane crop was good and most of the farmers, white and colored, have made enough molasses to do them. Dr. Campbell made over 300 gallons. Many persons are still feeding their hogs and horses on the cane and will thereby save a great deal of corn.

Mrs. J. M. Barnett presented me with a good last week the handle of which is 3 feet long. The seed were sent here by Mr. Dick Mason, who was at that time chief of police of Charlotte. An Indian gave him the seed and he brought them to his mother, who lives near here. Some of the handles do not grow more than a foot long. They make excellent water dippers.

A colored man living on Mr. J. R. Cook's place had the misfortune to have one of his children burnt up on Thursday last. The parents were on the field at work, and had left their two children—one about 2 years old and the other an infant—with an old blind colored man on his fire. The child's clothing caught on the fire, and ran back to a pile of cotton that had been stored in the house. The cotton caught, consuming the house. The parents succeeded in getting the old man and the children out; but the eldest child was so badly burned that it died in a few hours. The Negro lost everything he had, including about a half bale of cotton. The charitable are helping him with clothes and money.

Dr. Bigger was quite sick for a few days but is now able to attend to his practice.

Dr. Dulia has been very ill with inflammation of the bowels; but I am informed that he is now better.

There will be a debate at the school house on Friday, November 1, at 8 o'clock.

Alowell, Mass., business man told his children he would give them three dollars if they would put a load of wood in the cellar. They sub-let the job to other children for one dollar and a half, and watched the work with great satisfaction.



I fired point blank.



I climbed lightly over the railing.