

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1899.

NUMBER 50.

THE GRAVE'S SECRET.

Roxy Ann moved her little rocker closer to Aunt Docia's and took her knitting. The two were alone in the room. They sat at the left hand of the fireplace, opposite the windows, near a three legged stand containing a basketful of bright colored pieces. The sputter of the fire on the broad, deep hearth, the purr of the cat, the clicking of the needles, the loud ticking of the clock in the north bedroom, were the only sounds.

"What are you going to piece now, Aunt Docia?"

"A cover for a holder."

"For Libby—in the kitchen?"

"No, for this room. I always smudge my fingers when I poke the fire."

"I wouldn't poke it, then, and if you smudge your fingers wash them off."

"Water always makes me cough."

"Talking makes you cough too. Don't talk."

"Everything makes me—cough. Oh, dear, I have coughed all my life. I am worn out coughing."

Any one looking at the emaciated old lady would have said that she told the truth. Life to her for the past 20 years had been burdened by a cough. It was said to be the "old fashioned kind," a kind which in these latter days, when people make haste to die, as they make haste to do everything else, has become extinct. The clock in the neat room struck 2.

"Time for grandfather to waken, and I am through with my stint for today. Now I will get your wild turnip."

Roxy Ann folded her knitting and brought a piece of wild turnip with a little bottle and a knife to the old lady and stood by while she scraped and mixed it.

"Brindle has been trimming his whiskers. That means that we are going to have company to tea, and here comes grandfather."

Aunt Docia, feeling the soothing influence of the morphine and wild turnip, took her basket and went off to the south bedroom. The little girl gave a hop, skip and jump toward a venerable looking man, who came out from the north bedroom, his head turned slightly to one side, as is common to the aged when their hearing is not what it used to be, and when they look out at the windows are darkened. "Grandfather, I'll have your flip ready in no time."

"That is right. Give me my flip. Has Lebbeus come?"

"No, grandfather. Mother went with father. They won't be home till night."

"Where are the boys?"

"Boiling sap under the mill. I wanted to go with them, but they said it was too sposhy for me. The Alderman boys are with them."

"I am glad you did not go; better stay at home."

"I would have gone, though, if I had cared about it. They are going to bring it up and sugar off in the kitchen."

Meantime she had wheeled her grandfather's chair before the fire and the stand, on which had been deposited a quart bowl and a very large silver spoon. She filled a tin basin with cider and poured into it a cup of molasses. Then she took a large iron and thrust it into the burning coals. While the iron was heating she toasted a slice of bread, turning it carefully when it was browned on both sides. She broke it into the bowl; then taking the redhot iron from the coals she held it in the cider, sputtering, hissing and smoking, till the cider was hot, when she poured it over the toasted bread and with a "Now, grandfather, your flip is ready," seated herself in a satisfied manner at his feet. The old gentleman took his flip with great gusto. When he had swallowed the last mouthful, he said:

"It is such a fine afternoon you may get my hat and stick. I will go down the hill and have a talk with Deacon Ford. He is a masterly hand at Scripture. No newfangled foolery about him. He believes 'as the tree falleth so it shall lie.'" It might have been the flip or the inspiration derived from the immutability of the eternal purpose which gave unusual elasticity to the old gentleman's step as he paced back and forth across the long room, repeating, "Chained to the throne the volume lies." Presently he burst into a strain familiar to octogenarians 50 years ago, marking the time with his hand:

"On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad!"

By this time he had evidently forgotten all about his projected visit to Deacon Ford and was ready to embark on a longer voyage. Adapting his step to a martial beat, he burst out:

"We're marching, marching to Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating!"

Roxy Ann knew all that, word for word. She laid aside the stick and joined her grandfather in his triumphant march. Finally he sat down and began a more plaintive air, bending his body in regular rhythm to the music:

"When Wolfe's breast first felt the ball,
He said, 'I'm sure that I must fall.'
He spoke to his men, both one and all,
Saying, 'The cause is right.'
And while his reason did remain,
And blood ran gushing from each vein,
His tongue rolled forth the lofty strain,
The 'Lord the battle decide.'"

"Grandfather, where was Wolfe when his 'breast first felt the ball?'"

"On the heights of Abraham, my daughter. Victory perched upon our banner, the French were routed, and Canada was won for us. 'Now God be praised; I shall die in peace,' said Wolfe."

Roxy Ann was silent. She had learned that Abraham's bosom was a haven whither poor people were tending, if furnished with proper credentials, but

that there were any "heights of Abraham" where wounded heroes could pour out their hearts' best blood with honor was beyond her philosophy. She had a lumber room in her brain, to which she consigned odds and ends of information or observation, to be illuminated and classified in future. Many decades after her venerable grandfather had slept with his kindred did it occur to her that he was born during those wonderful years of the last century, when two continents were ringing with the news of Wolfe's great victory. It was not alone for England and for the honor of that statesman whose superior the world has never seen that that battle was won. We marched in the procession. The "great empire on the frozen shore of Ontario" was wrested from a foreign foe for us. It was our grandfathers and their mates who with tin horns and rags as pennants flying played "Marching to Quebec," and at night they were lulled to sleep by songs of Wolfe and his most enviable death.

"The boys with the sirup have come," said Roxy Ann, "and the Aldermans are with them."

"I hope they have brought home a good complement."

In his extreme age the old gentleman's taste craved sweets. West India molasses might do to sweeten cider, but maple wax, ah!

"You may be sure they've looked out for themselves, grandfather." Roxy Ann had had a supreme faith in her brothers until their visit to Springfield together to see the caravan. But that, of course, is another story.

The little clearing in the spring by the maple trees was not always devoted solely to the boiling of sap. A kettle is hung on two poles; a high board screen keeps the wind from the fire. The boys conclude that boiling sap will boil eggs. A dozen or two are collected; a loaf of bread, pepper and salt, a mince pie or two, doughnuts and cheese add variety to the feast. The Aldermans and Fords are often in evidence. When the sap is reduced to sirup, the remains are often brought to the kitchen to be finished off.

On this afternoon, having put the sirup over the fire, the boys, re-enforced by two Aldermans, sat down by the kitchen stove to conclude a game of "Old Sledge" and to watch the sirup lest it should boil over.

Roxy Ann, leaning over her brother's shoulder to watch the game, spied a tall gentleman in a long frock coat, silk hat and carrying a walking stick, making his way to the back door. "That is our company," she thought, "but what is he coming in through the wood shed for?" Hearing the back door open, she cried to her brothers, "The minister is coming through the wood shed."

With one fell stroke the cards were dashed under the table, and the boys shot through the outside door.

"What ail these boys? Libby, if you will open the door for the minister, I will pick up these cards."

Suiting the action to the word, she disappeared under the table, but in rising she gave her head a terrible bump. At the same time the sirup boiled over, and the reverend gentleman was greeted with the aroma of burned sugar and a black smoke that, like Egyptian darkness, "could be felt."

"I hope I'm not intruding," said he, with a broad smile.

"No, sir; not in the least," replied Roxy Ann, dropping a courtesy. "Father and mother are not at home, but grandfather is, and we are very glad to see you, sir. Grandfather, this is Rev. Hiram Bingham."

Grandfather was in a grandiloquent mood, and he rose to the occasion majestically.

"Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people, but the Lord said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Sir," he exclaimed, waving his hand majestically, "we are indeed very glad to see you!"

Glad? What was a Scripture conference with an everyday old friend compared to this? The Sandwich Islands, the whole of Polynesia, the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, all in one! "Sit down, sir; sit down. Lebbeus and his wife will soon return."

To tell the truth, the old gentleman secretly hoped that they would not too soon return, for he felt that on certain theological points involving the assembly's Shorter Catechism his son's sentiments were anything but "sound."

"Your son's name, sir," said Mr. Bingham, bowing courteously, "reminds me of the brig which, under Providence, conveyed our missionary party to the Sandwich Islands in 1819. It was the Lebbeus, Captain Blanchards, as you may have noticed if you have taken the trouble to look over my 'History of the Sandwich Islands,' which the doctor did me the honor to add to his library. It is a name of repute in apostolic times. Providence has removed from my side the companion of my youth, but had it been otherwise, sir, and had heaven seen fit to vouchsafe me another son I think I should have called him Lebbeus."

"You would have conferred honor upon the name, sir. It is, as you say, an apostolic name, but it grieves me to confess that, while my son is not wanting in gifts, they are not strictly of an apostolic order."

Mr. Bingham bowed. "The Scriptures speak of a diversity of gifts, sir. Ah, my sons, what have we here?"

A hasty conference had been held in the kitchen over the remains of the sirup, when it was decided that as Mr. Bingham surprised it in the act of boiling over hospitality demanded that he be invited to partake. Enter, therefore, the boys as almoners of the feast, bearing respectively a six quart pan of snow, a salver with well filled saucers, spoons, forks and pickles. These were

placed on the table, which was drawn up before the fire.

"We shall be happy if you will try some of our sirup on snow, sir."

"You are giving me a most agreeable and unexpected treat," said Mr. Bingham, as he lifted from the snow a ball of the yellow ware, poised on the end of his fork. "Such a sight it was never our privilege to see at the islands. My daughters entertained the erroneous idea that snow was red."

The boys shortly beat a retreat to the kitchen. "Libby, how is that sugar holding out?"

"Two-thirds of it boiled over—and the rest is almost gone."

"They eat like cannibals. There won't be enough left to sweeten a cup of tea."

The doctor sat at the head of his table that night with a thankful heart. He was never so happy as when he could entertain a guest. I use the word "entertain" intelligently. Among the tributes to his memory 50 years after was this: "A more racy and entertaining talker in his best days it would be hard to find. His fund of anecdotes was unlimited, and a book of histories would be as rich reading as ever his story telling profession produced."

When he was in the mood for it, no one that I ever met could provoke so much laughter. "Doctor," gasped a woman at his table, between her spasms of laughter, "please stop. If you do not let me rest long enough to get my breath, I shall choke to death."

Opposite the doctor sat his wife, at his right Mr. Bingham, at the end of the board the venerable father. Large candles in shining brass sticks illuminated the scene. The doctor looked upon his three children to command quiet.

"Will you ask a blessing, sir?"

The doctor never talked while he carved. He was an expert carver, and the well filled plates went round with dispatch.

"I hope Miss Lucy's preserves are keeping well through the winter," said Mrs. Mollie, with a smiling face, as she handed her guest a saucer plate of yellow quince.

"For our preserves, madam, we are indebted to our parishioners, notably to your generous remembrance after we had the pleasure of sitting at your table last Thanksgiving day, and they have—in fact, we appreciated them to such an extent that nothing now remains."

The doctor burst into a hearty laugh. "Good for you! My Mollie's crocks are full and she will see to it that you are supplied."

Forty years after it was also said of this lady by one who knew her intimately: "She was always beautiful, but never more gracious than at the head of her own table. There I like best to remember her." Amid all the sorrow that came to that home in after years—sorrow from brooding shadow or death and deeper sorrow from the shadow of life—hers is the one form that shines out like a star, grand in the love that "endured all things, hoped all things, overcame all things," strong in a faith and patience that were sublime.

"I shall enter into no controversy with you, sir, upon the subject of foreign missions," said the doctor when the conversation drifted, as was natural, into that channel, "but—and a humorous twinkle came into his eye—"I told my friend Tinker when he returned that a hundred or a thousand of those sons boiled down and simmered together would not equal the soul of one man like him."

"Lebbeus," said his father, rapping on the table with the handle of his knife, as was his wont when excited, "you are wise above what is written. You are irreverent."

For a moment there was silence, then the doctor, pushing back his chair, said, with a laugh, "No irreverence about it!"

No one ever accused the doctor of filial disrespect. There is an old letter, carefully preserved, written by this half blind old father, addressed to his son, as follows: "Dear and well beloved and well worthy son."

After supper the doctor and his guest spoke of the first minister of the church. "This house was his home, sir, built for him about 1769. Here his children were born. This was his first and only parsonage. From here he was buried."

"He chose the site of this house most wisely. It is beautiful for situation truly."

"I have every reason to suppose he planted the elm trees. He passed away before my time, sir, but I believe him to have been a strong man, of dignified presence. His children and grandchildren have taken high rank in the professions—such I believe his descendants will continue to do. There was unfortunately one exception."

The doctor nodded toward the south bedroom.

"You have then his daughter under your roof?"

"Under the roof built for her father, sir; his youngest daughter. She was handsome, silly and unfortunate. Her husband was, I think, the first regularly settled physician in the township."

"She married, then?"

"The doctor married her, sir. What else could he do?" The doctor blew his nose vigorously and poked the fire. "He married her and killed himself."

"Dreadful! Was it a pistol?"

"No, laudanum."

In those faraway primitive times suicides in our country were happily rare. We had not attained to the degree of refinement which fills every daily paper with shocking recitals of self murder. And when a poor unfortunate did put an end to his life it was supposed, as a matter of course, that if he had a wife she "was at the bottom of it!"—only a repetition of the same old wail, "The woman whom thou gavest me."

And so it had happened in the irony

of fate that this unfortunate lady had spent the remainder of her days in the shadow of a deep disgrace and bearing the burden of a heavy sorrow.

As the days of the new year began to lengthen in the revolving circle Aunt Docia did not come out of the south bedroom as frequently to look over her patchwork by the fire. One afternoon, when her trembling fingers had vainly tried to "over and over" a seam, she carried away the basket, and the three legged stool in the corner knew it no more.

Mrs. Grant tells us that the great general would turn his face to a blank wall of his room and look at it for hours. Possibly he saw again the "battle above the clouds" when the fight was on at Mission Ridge. Perhaps his ear heard once more the awful roar at Cold Harbor, or he may have gazed far away to catch the coming of Buell at Shiloh. Peace has her victories and pictures as well as war.

During those days Aunt Docia lay with her face to the wall and said nothing, but the south bedroom may have stretched far away to a green hilltop in the days when youth and parental care made life a happy holiday, where the birds sang first in the morning and the sun shone through peaceful afternoons, and the crickets and the twinkling stars came out together to make the long twilights glorious. Possibly she watched for the going out of her revered father as he led the congregation to the old meeting house on Sunday, and her ear may have heard again the sound of his voice from the high pulpit in prayer and benediction. All this before the shadow came into her life.

And one night in midwinter the wind swept over that old hilltop and dashed against the trees that the old minister had planted as if it would uproot them, and their boughs bent and shrieked in their resistance, but they did not break—only stretched their arms more protectively over the old house, and in the morning the youngest of his daughters lay dead under its roof—the same roof that sheltered her in the hour of her birth.

The burial plot of the minister's family was full almost to crowding, but room must be made for one more, and the doctor went with his men to see that everything was done "decently and in order."

As shovelful after shovelful of earth was thrown up something large and round rolled into the open space from the adjacent grave. The doctor was on the alert. The arm that guided the shovel was seized as in a vise.

"Mike!" The doctor's voice trembled as did his strong hand that staid Mike's arm.

Mike looked up bewildered, but the doctor was already in the open grave beside him. Stopping he picked up something, sprang quickly up and took off his hat, for this that he held in his hand he knew to be the skull of his remote predecessor, the first physician of the township. Half an hour after he stood in Rev. Mr. Bingham's presence.

"Talk of suicide, sir! The basest libel ever fabricated! Look here, sir! A comminuted fracture! God Almighty took this man's life, sir! He took morphine, laudanum, as he needed, to allay pain. This vile aspersion upon the character of this dead man, sir, my professional brother, must be removed over the coffin of his wife."

The Rev. Mr. Bingham preached such a funeral sermon in that meeting house the following Sunday as was never preached before and never will be again on earth. He held up the skull in the pulpit and showed to his people the comminuted fracture, indicating it with his finger.

The older ones remembered having heard that the doctor had fallen from his horse, and that he suffered from great pain in his head.

And so it came to pass that the grave gave up its secret, that the true history of this man's death was read, and the shadow which had rested so heavily over his name and house was lifted—"after many days."—Sarah de Wolf Gamwell in Springfield Republican.

Burns and the Smugglers.

Burns' sterling kindness of heart was shown in his manner of discharging the not always kind duties of excise-man. One clear moonlight morning he was awakened by the clang of horses at a gallop. He started up, looked out at the window and to his wife, who asked eagerly what it was, he whispered, "It's the noise of smugglers, Jean."

"Then, Rob, I fear ye man follow them," she said. "And so I would," he answered, "so I would readily were it Will Gannon or Edgar Wright, but it's puir Brandyburn, who has a wife and three weans and is no doin ower weel in his farm. What can I do?" His wife drew him away from the window. It is said that many such stories could be told. For all that, Burns was an active and honest public servant.

Lovely Woman in a Bank.

"If it were not for the women who have bank accounts," said a paying teller last week, "the routine of banking business would be deadly dull. Several days ago a woman went into the office of the Hamilton Trust company in Brooklyn and asked:

"Is Mr. Hamilton here?"

"No, madam," said the clerk, who remembered her as a woman who had started an account the week previous.

"Where is he?" asked the woman.

"I don't know, madam. Mr. Alexander Hamilton is dead, you know."

"I didn't know it," said the woman.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. Now, how on earth am I to get my money?" and before the clerk could explain she rushed out."—New York Sun.

Miscellaneous Reading.

\$50,000,000 FOR CORNSTALKS.

Astonishing Figures of the Commercial Possibilities of What Has Hitherto Been Considered Waste Material.

New York Commercial.

Steps are being taken to form a cornstalk combine, with a capital of \$50,000,000. Its promoters say that if they are successful in carrying out their ideas, 250,000,000 tons of cornstalks that are burned or left to rot by the farmers of the United States will prove to be as valuable as coal, or about \$6 per ton.

W. R. Tate, representing a syndicate of St. Louis, Chicago and Cleveland capitalists, is now in the city, preparing the way for a meeting of the promoters of the combine, which is to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria on August 15, when the scheme of financing and the details of organization will be perfected. While he was reticent when seen yesterday, he intimated that the combine would not have for its object the stifling of competition, but simply the development of the cornstalk as a commercial commodity and the creation of markets for its several products.

Mr. Tate has been in communication in the last few days with several well-known promoters of this city, and from one of these the purposes of the new trust, along with some interesting figures, were secured.

Over 250,000 tons of cornstalks are grown in the United States every year, the acreage averaging 80,000,000 and the yield about three tons to the acre. Of this immense amount, two-thirds, or about 160,000,000 tons, has heretofore been regarded as sheer waste and litter, less than one-third of the total weight of the stalks being serviceable as fodder for cattle. This waste matter has been a serious trouble to farmers for a long time, not because of an understood loss of revenue by it, but simply because of the necessity of getting rid of it, by burning or otherwise, in order to free the soil of an encumbrance.

Science has demonstrated now that this so-called waste has value all its own, and reckoned at its present market price it is not known that the farmers of the country have been throwing away or burning up and otherwise destroying \$900,000,000 a year for two decades at least, or \$18,000,000,000. It is a safe estimate that twice that enormous sum has been allowed to go to waste in cornstalks in this country alone in the present century.

A company organized a few years ago by Mark W. Marsden, of Philadelphia, which has two factories, one in Rockford, Ill., and another in Owensboro Ky., has been successfully manufacturing six different products from cornstalks. There are cellulose, which is used for lining battle ships, serving as an automatic leak stopper, the value of which is well known; a first-class cardboard, a splendid paper, an unequalled foundation for dynamite, a patent cattle food and a glue.

It is these products and others that the cornstalk may in the future be capable of yielding that the proposed combine intends to handle. Whether or not the Marsden company will enter the combine is not known, but according to Mr. Tate the success of the scheme does not depend upon the securing of the Marsden patents, he intimating that the promoters of the trust control their own process.

Mr. Marsden has a contract with the government for cellulose at \$400 per ton, and it is figured that he can manufacture one ton of cellulose from 15 tons of stalks, or \$400 worth of cellulose from \$90 worth of stalks, not counting his by-products. Ground cornstalks, cooked and sweetened with molasses and pressed into bricks, is regarded as one of the most nutritive cattle foods yet placed on the market. The paper and cardboard manufactured from cornstalks are already recognized as exceptionally superior articles.

It is the dust of cellulose that is used for making powder and dynamite. By reason of its powers of absorption and retention of nitro-glycerine, it is declared to be immensely superior to sea island cotton, which heretofore has been the chief base for high explosives. The glue manufactured from cornstalks finds a ready market with jewellers and artists.

Mr. Tate will leave for Washington in a few days to look after several patents for which he is negotiating. As far as could be learned, the trust will erect five factories in the north-west and southern corn belts, and immediately upon organization will begin operation.

MALLEABLE GLASS.—Among the many new inventions is one of more than ordinary interest, and for which, it is said, that before long an application will be filed at the United States patent office for a patent. It is the discovery of a process for obtaining malleable glass. In ancient times glass was, by some process, made malleable, but it has long since been numbered along with the hardening of copper, and other processes of the ancients, with the lost arts. The inventor or discoverer of the art of making glass malleable says that it is very simple, and is accomplished by mixing some sort of a chemical, or chemicals, with the glass. As the process could readily be discovered by any chemist by analyzing it, he will protect his inter-

ests at the proper time by obtaining patents from the United States patent office, and has already, it is understood, taken steps in that direction. The inventor, who has been experimenting a long time, has a goblet made of the malleable glass, which he can drop on any hard floor without breaking. If it becomes flattened, he can readily restore it to its proper shape by pressing it back with his hands. The material is said to be harder than ordinary glass, and to possess a tensile power greater than iron. The inventor believes that the discovery of malleable glass will be one of the greatest inventions of this century, and, among other things, will revolutionize shipbuilding, as by his process vessels can be constructed of glass instead of iron.

THE BOERS.

Something About the People Who Are Holding Out Against England.

Atlanta Journal.

The civilized world is watching the course of events in the Transvaal with intense and increasing interest.

The probability of war between England and the Boer republic seems to grow stronger. The animosity between the two governments grows steadily, and there is no indication that either will yield except to force. A resort to force will of course result in defeat and disaster to the Boers, brave as they are admitted to be.

Ever since they went to Africa and set up a government for themselves the Boers have dreaded annexation to England.

In 1835 they removed from Cape Colony to Natal. England a few years later absorbed that country and then the Boers moved again, this time going to the Transvaal, and in 1852 they secured the recognition of their present republic.

In 1877 the region including the Boer republic was annexed by Great Britain; but in 1880 the Boers instead of moving again revolted against the authority which had been imposed over them.

They fought with courage and skill and had decidedly the better of the war. A treaty was ratified in 1881 which gave the Boers control of local affairs, but conceded to England control of the foreign relations of the republic.

In 1884 upon the instance of the Boers a supplementary treaty was framed and ratified by which it was expressly stipulated that British authority over the republic should be restricted to its foreign affairs.

The Boers have shrewdly managed to keep the control of their home government in their own hands despite the fact that for years past they have been in a minority in the Transvaal. Their constitution gives to the first chamber of their parliament the power to veto any measure passed by the second chamber. The members of the first chamber can only be elected by the burghers of "the first class," who are whites, who lived in the republic before May, 1876, or who were active in the war for independence of 1881, and in other wars in behalf of the republic, or who are the children of such persons. Naturalized burghers by special resolution may become first class burghers 12 years after naturalization. The president and commandant general are elected only by these "first class" burghers. The naturalized alien population form the burghers of the second class, and burghers of the second class and of the first class together elect the members of the second class.

By the veto given the first chamber, composed wholly of Boers, no measure enlarging the rights of the Outlanders, or foreigners, can be passed, and under the present constitution no person not a Boer is likely ever to become president.

The constitutional provisions make the recent offer of so-called concessions to the Outlanders practically of no value. The proposed conditions upon which the Outlanders may obtain full citizenship are palpably such as they could not comply with.

The Outlanders compose a large majority of the white population and most of them are British. Besides being in the majority they pay four-fifths of the taxes of the government and yet have no voice in it. The restlessness of the ostracised Britishers increases every day. It is evident that things cannot go on as they are in the Transvaal much longer.

All prospect of a settlement of the difficulty by arbitration seems to have vanished. It was announced in the British parliament last week by the secretary of state for the colonies that "a new situation" existed in the Transvaal and this has been very generally accepted as a declaration that Great Britain has determined to force her demands upon the Boers.

Diplomacy, it appears, has been exhausted, and unless one or the other party shall give in soon there will be war.

EXAMINATION FOR CENSUS CLERKS.

Director of the Census Merriam has arranged for examinations for appointments to the census bureau to be held at Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, New Orleans and Atlanta in September. The majority of clerks will not be appointed until July of next year. Governor Merriam estimated that the coming census will show a population of about 72,500,000, taking into account, among other things, the falling off of immigration in recent years.