

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., WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1899.

NO. 57.

Eracito Solis, Highwayman.

By JOHN HEARD, JR.

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"Our conversation has recalled my student days—the best period of my life—so vividly—and the contrast between then and now." He did not finish the sentence, and again for some minutes he smoked on silently, while I sat equally silent and waiting.
"Perhaps you do not know, señor," he began presently. "I came of good family. My ancestors came over from Spain about the beginning of the last century, which may or may not be true. At any rate my father was an intimate friend of General Calzado, whom the Juarez government outlawed, and about the time I was 10 years old both were captured, executed side by side and all the property confiscated by the state. Nothing except my mother's hacienda, La Perla, was saved from the wreck, and there I was allowed to grow up without education or restraint of any kind. You know what life is on a Mexican rancho and what qualities of human nature are most likely to be developed in such an atmosphere. Well, as a boy, I was perhaps worse than the average. I am extremely passionate, and when I am aroused I lose all control over myself to such an extent that I am not much better than a wild animal. I ought to have been shot or put out of the way long ago, and sooner or later that is the fate I expect to meet."
"I was only 17 when I had a quarrel with a friend over a girl we both fancied. We had a fight, of course, and I killed him. I can't say that I felt much remorse at the time. On the contrary, I was rather proud of my victory. No one had seen us together, so I was not afraid of it being discovered. My rival was out of the way, and I profited by it. Then a few days later, satiated and disenchanted, I realized what I had done. So, between fear and remorse and shame, I determined to leave the country."

"Ah, Europe! Don Juan, that was a revelation to me. I had never seen anything of civilization. I saw it first in Paris. For a few months I lived the reckless, profitless life of most Spanish-Americans abroad, but at last its shallowness palled upon me. I saw that whenever our people came in touch with intelligent foreigners our inferiority was painfully evident and it made me angry to be only second rate. The remedy was obvious. I made up my mind to work instead of play. I was as good as they, and if work could prove it they should know it. I set my teeth and I worked like a horse. Now and then the wild animal in my nature got the better of me and I had to let him loose, but not as before, for education had given me a strong bridle, and after each outbreak I pulled up and went back to my books with new ardor."

Eracito stopped, and for the first time since he began to talk he looked at me.
"You wouldn't own up to all this, would you? Would you have catalogued your virtues and left out the vices? That is an Anglo-Saxon trait and one of the meanest of its characteristics. You all think a man can't have his failings known and still be a man. Hypocrites! Shakespeare and Fielding painted their men naked, part good and part bad, true human beings—their men will live while all the saddest mannikins you put up today will be forgotten tomorrow."

"I have seen a good many English and Americans, Don Juan, and if I have found them perhaps stronger and more generous as a whole than men of other nationalities I have found them not a whit less human. The men in your novels are not the same species. You smile? Of course—of course—the theories and criticisms of a Mexican journalist are only fit to be laughed at. But yet you cannot honestly deny the truth of what I say. However, that is neither here nor there. So, señor, I worked hard and learned something. I traveled and studied both in England and Germany; then one day I awoke as from a dream, and I came home to Mexico."

"We love our country, Don Juan, in our unintelligent, passionate way, and the jico to me means perhaps even more than the union does to you. With my knowledge, my fortune and my will I felt strong. I felt that I should become a great leader and that my name would be known and loved throughout my country. On any way to Europe I had passed a few days in Colombia, visiting some relatives, and one night out on the plains, as we sat by the campfire, one of the older men spoke of Bolivar. I see him now, Don Juan, standing in the glowing light, his deep voice trembling with emotion, thundering forth Bolivar's proclamation of independence. Even then, ignorant boy that I was, the scene impressed me profoundly, and the respect, the veneration of his listeners, as the old man ended with the invocation, 'Ah, Bolivar—liberator!'—I have never forgotten. Bolivar! Why not Solis? It is a great purpose that makes a great man, and I believed that my purpose was a great one. Throughout the land of Mexico, wide as it is from north to south, Eracito Solis should be a household word. Ha! As it has become indeed. A household word throughout the land, quoted in the annual reports among the cursed of Mexico, on the same pages with yellow fever, famine and drought."

Solis had risen from his chair. He was much excited and spoke quickly, with passionate utterance and unconscious gesticulation. Though he was speaking to me, he had about forgotten my presence, except as an impersonal recipient of his confession, and I took care not to interrupt him. As he stopped, he leaned against one of the posts of the veranda with his back toward me, and for some minutes looked away over the plain. When he came back to the table, he poured out a tumblerful of wine and drank it down at one gulp.
"Ah, Don Juan, I am very tired of it all," he began again after a short pause. "There is a reward of 2,000 pesos for bringing me to Culiacan, dead or

alive, and sometimes I feel that the best thing I could do would be to shoot myself in the house of some poor devil who needs the money. I will tell you how I became an outlaw—I have given you the beginning and end of my story, but a good deal lies between."
"When I came home from Europe, I applied for a government position, and I was appointed private secretary to the governor. He was an able man, but bad—totally unscrupulous—the kind of man I might have become if I had remained at home. He recognized the advantages of his office, but not the obligations. He was ostensibly apathetic—really one of the most violent men I ever met, as cruel and vindictive a villain as could be found in Mexico. It was our joint misfortune to fall in love with the same woman—Mercedes, the daughter of old Homobono Parol."

"You are married," I said to him half joking, one day, "and I am not. I have the right on my side!"
"But might is on mine," he answered, smiling good naturedly, "and you know that in this country might is right."

"But it is not love!" I retorted. "I have my right and her love too. So you might well not help you much in this case"—fool that I was!
"I remember the quick start that he gave, and his sarcastic emphasis as he said very quietly:
"Ah, Solis, you Mercedes' lover." Then, suddenly changing the conversation he asked for certain papers and gave me instructions as to what answers I should send. Then he left the room. After he had gone I sat down to write, but our conversation had made too deep an impression. I began to fear the consequences. I wanted to tell Mercedes herself, so I threw the papers into my desk, saddled a horse and rode off to Parol's ranch. It was not a long ride, but before it was in sight suddenly my horse was stripped. I was bound, gagged, and that night I was carried to an outlying prison, where I passed the next eight months. I was not inscribed in my own name, so it will hence be unknown officially that Eracito Solis lived behind bars—a remote satisfaction, to be sure. It was not until long after my kidnapping that my jailer told me I was accused of robbing the state treasury and the governor's private safe. My whereabouts were unknown, but it was supposed that I had left the country with the money. Finally I was tried in secret session of the court. Of course I was found guilty, and as I was sentenced by default my mother's estates were confiscated to repay the governor first and the state afterward out of what was left. It all mattered very little to



He poured out a tumblerful of wine. He, however, for while I was imprisoned my poor mother had died—of grip. I was told—Mercedes had disappeared; not even Homobono had been able to find her. I did not give up all hope of finding her until a month later, but then I learned it was all over—she had died, and insane."

Eracito stopped short, but his face expressed more than any word could have done. It revealed such capacity for suffering that I turned away. To watch his face seemed an impertinence.
He lighted another cigar presently and said:
"Señor, I was alone in the world, poor, dishonored, without ties or obligations of any kind, and I burned to revenge myself, and I took for my motto, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'"

"There was my weakness, señor. A greater man would even then have forgotten personal wrongs and remembered only nobler purposes, but prison life exerts the most demoralizing influence. A good man may come out of it as a good man still, but his goodness is no longer a power. It is merely a latent, useless quality, not to say a weakness. Even that is the exception rather than the rule. A strong man usually becomes a bad man, and a bad man grows worse. So it was with me. My vitality, my energy and strength were neither broken nor impaired, but with only bad influences around me I became a leader of bad men. Revenge was my only thought, my only dream, my aim and purpose in life. In that prison I planned my subsequent career and formed the nucleus of my present band of brigands."
"You may have heard of our escape? It was dynamite—horrible—so bloody that the people realized that a family of human tigers had broken loose, and that the public safety was endangered. Still, señor, it was some time before I began my work of revenge, for I did not feel I could rely on my men in an emergency. As for myself, I was lacking in coolness, nerve and the practice of cruelty, which I knew I should need in the future. So for two years I did no more than rob coaches, raid a ranch or two and fight the soldiers sent out against us by my former chief. He was no longer governor when he heard of my escape, and knowing that he had a dangerous foe in me he fled to the capital. When I was ready—not so very long since—I raided and destroyed his ranches one after another and in such quick succession that there was no time to prepare defenses. I killed his men, drove off his cattle, burned his hacienda



"Eracito Solis, in the name of the nation, you are my prisoner!"
and wrecked his mines, until on the verge of ruin he was obliged to come here himself and attempt the rescue of his property. Then I tracked him from place to place. Finally I captured him at the Descanso. For years, Don Juan, I had exercised all my ingenuity in planning new, unheard-of, monstrous tortures for this man, but when we were alone face to face in the big hall of the rancho house, when after all these years I saw him in my power—this man whom I hated with every fiber of my being—when it flashed over me what I might have been but for him, what I was because of him, by heaven, señor, I burst into tears!"

Solis passed a moment. He drew his hand over his forehead—he had been talking vehemently—his face was quivering, but almost immediately he stood up and said, "I shot him down like a cur!"

He walked away to the end of the porch. He stood there so long that I turned to see whether he had gone. No, he was apparently watching the men who were harnessing the mules. When he came back, all traces of emotion had disappeared, but he looked at me as if expecting me to say something. I did not know what to say, and he sat down again opposite me.

"Ah, Don Juan," he began again, "that's what a brigand is made of—just a man, wrongly developed. Some day—who knows—who may hold me up. Come now, tell me honestly what do you think of me? A miserable rascal, eh? An embarrassing question?" His margin was so narrow between good humor and the most violent passion that I hesitated at passing judgment upon the fine animal before me. I could only admire.

"You have been very unfortunate, Don Eracito," I said finally. "I believe you might have been a great man in your country." And I put out my hand. Solis grasped it eagerly, and he held it as he said:
"I thank you, Don Juan; I shall not forget you. Will you take a little thing to remember me? My end is not far off, señor. I believe that I am on the down grade. So far revenge was my right, but that is past now, and for the future what can I do? I am not a brigand by nature. If I had something to live upon, I should probably turn to my books again, for of course I can never be a public man now. But as it is I don't own 10 pesos in the world; besides I have a duty toward my men. I must stand by them, as they have stood by me."

"I suppose you must, Don Eracito, unless you were to leave the country. Wouldn't you do that?" I suggested.
"Impossible!" he said. "No, no, I can't do that"—but he did not explain. We sat awkwardly for a few moments after our conversation. Any other topic seemed out of place—yet silence was embarrassing, so it was a relief to see the horses coming ready to start. I rose, tightened my straps, and Eracito asked, "You are going home, Don Juan?"
"Yes, by a roundabout route, but I shall come back here."

"I wish I were going, too," he said, "but where? If you come back, we must meet again. You may find me a better man—or, if not, a far worse. Vaya!" he cried, pulling himself together suddenly. "Today I am at the zenith of my power. Come, drink another glass with me—a big glass this time—here's to luck!"

At the stage we shook hands again, and the mules started on a gallop.
The remembrance Eracito gave me was the little gold bell—thus it came into my possession. Subsequent events proved that Eracito's presentiments were well founded. His day was over, and from that day forward his existence became more and more precarious. His men felt he had lost his grip, and they in turn lost their unbounded confidence in him.

One day the troops surrounded their camp, and though the majority of the bandits cut their way through the cactus thicket Eracito remained behind. When the soldiers came upon him, he was seated on a boulder beside the bodies of two of his men. Cautiously the soldiers closed around the famous outlaw, but he neither moved nor noticed them. Now that escape was impossible, many a man among his captives wished it were otherwise, for Eracito was a popular hero, an ideal to many a Mexican heart. He had often defended them against the law, when it was unjustly applied, he had been kind to the poor, and they loved him. Not a few in the line of troopers owed him thanks for some good deed or timely help. But it was too late.
A young officer stepped forward and, covering him with his revolver, called out:

"Eracito Solis, in the name of the nation, you are my prisoner!"
The highwayman raised his head, gazed at his captor, and smiled. Then he looked around at the circle of soldiers, drew himself up and without paying

any further attention to the lieutenant, he spoke to them.

"Friends," he said gently, yet firmly, "the time has come, and I am more glad than sorry. Perhaps more glad than any man here. Try henceforth to remember whatever good I have done you and to forget the harm. You are all sons of Mexico, and I charge you, let that be ever uppermost in your thoughts. Because I forgot the duty every man owes to his flag, I stand before you now an enemy of my country, which no man ever loved more than I. Many of you are my friends, yet I am your common enemy. The good of the country requires that I should die. So let it be here, at once and at your hands. I do not yield. I command. Salazar, and you, the five next, step forward! Are you ready? Good! Now, when I drop my arm aim low and steady. This is my last request."

Eracito looked up at the pale, hard sky overhead and across the ragged line of cactus brush, so typical of his country. Above in the overlike dome a buzzard, the eagle of Mexico, arched slowly round and round. He followed it with his eyes, until it alighted on a tuna near by. Beyond the sierra, purple and blue and white, crowned the horizon, and while he gazed with a faraway look over their heads the men leaned on their carbines and waited.

Then the outlaw raised his hat and the clicks clicked—a moment later the simultaneous bark of the six carbines crashed through the silence. Eracito fell. Salazar alone had understood. The other five with mistaken generosity had shot wild.

THE END.

MASCULINE ATTIRE.

There is one sensible thing which the Russian does from Riga on the gulf of Livonia to Petropoulos on the northern Pacific, and that is to tuck his trousers into a long boot and allow it to bag a little at the knee. Treated thus, the trouser loses half its terrors from the aesthetic point of view and is in a twinkling transformed into a dashing and becoming garment. To my mind the dress of the Russian workman or peasant is almost ideal, both from the standpoint of beauty and utility. A tunic of a vivid shade of red, belted at the waist, stout, high boots to the knee, into which the loose breeches are thrust, and a round cap of cloth or fur make of the moustik a most attractive figure. The dress, indeed, approaches more nearly the ideal of a loose military uniform than that of any other European peasant, and we all know how becoming is a uniform to man—especially in the eyes of womanhood.

But if I am personally incredulous of ever beholding a row of burghesses going cityward in an omnibus with their trousers bagging over Wellington boots I would implore my countrymen not to adopt one of the "reforms" which Ouida advocates—namely, the workingman's blouse. Made in velvet, belted and buttoned with silver, it is a garment which she would like to see on the shoulders of our brothers and husbands. I do not think that many of us will share that desire. The French artisan, with his blue blouse and loose trousers, may be attired correctly from a workaday standpoint, but it can never be said that he looks alluring. Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, in his recently published "Rossetti Letters," puts it on record that the late William Morris, in his youthful days, "used frequently to lunch at Faulkner's house in Queen's square, coming in the French blouse in which he worked from the business place of the firm—the 'shop,' as they called it—close by. Faulkner told me that the servant thought he was a butcher, whom her master, for some unaccountable reason, had to lunch."—Ella Hepworth Dixon.

Bulwer and Landor.

Bulwer, notwithstanding his deafness, could hear the solitary hiss which mingled with the thousand plaudits. The sweetest flowers prick him with a thorn and the gayest insects sting him as they pass. He came into our box after having received a complete ovation, and the first words he uttered were, "A great many enemies in the house tonight." Poor fellow, who had so much talent with so little greatness, so much success and so little happiness. That asp, his wife, sends over an abusive letter from Paris to The Post just so that it may appear on the morning of the day fixed for bringing out his play.

Landor, you know, is quite as vain of not being read as Bulwer is of being the most popular writer of the day. Nothing can equal the contempt with which he treats anybody who has more than six readers and three admirers unless it be that saying of Hegel's when he declared that nobody understood his writings but himself, and that not always. Lady B. said the truest thing of Carlyle's productions that ever was uttered. "A homely, rough stuff sparkling with genius in the seams."—"Memories of Henry Reeve."

Turkish Press Censorship.

The censorship is so strictly applied to the Turkish press that it was forbidden to give any account of the murder of the Empress Elizabeth at all resembling the truth. According to the accounts that were allowed to appear, she was taking a walk and was suddenly seized with illness. She fell to the ground, got up again, and again fell unconscious. In half an hour she was dead.

The use of the words anarchist, nihilist, etc., is forbidden, so the newspapers have been saying "disturbers of the peace," "lawless element," etc., but now the censorship has forbidden even these and has required the substitution of "Utopians" and "Utopianism."

In order to maintain the fiction that all north and central Africa, so far as it is Mohammedan, is subject to the sultan of Turkey, it is forbidden to mention the English advance in the Sudan. If anything is said, the names of places must be changed, for the Sudan, Congo, for Lake Tchad, the lake of Kuksa, and for Erythraea, Schoa.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ROUND BALE AND SQUARE.

Three Round Bales Presses On the Market—The Question of Monopoly.

The following letter to Mr. C. C. Hanson, of Savannah, Ga., from an experienced ginmer in Alabama, will be read with interest in connection with the present controversy over the round and square bale methods of packing cotton:

OPELIKA, Ala., June 30, 1899.
Dear Sir: My press box measures 26 by 54 inches. However, I will change it this summer to the 24 by 54 standard, as I am in favor of a uniform bale of cotton in size, and practically a uniform bale of cotton in weight, say 450 to 500 pounds.

In connection with your inquiry, answered above, I beg leave to say that I am opposed to the round bale methods of handling cotton on account of their apparent monopolistic features.

The round bale people tell us that there are three round bale presses in the market, therefore there is no possibility of a monopoly of the cotton or ginning business.

Now, what are these three round bale presses? What are their relations and what is the competition between them?

I have heard no one deny, except the American Cotton Company and its employees, that that company is endeavoring to place their machines on the market upon monopolistic lines, thereby driving the small ginners out of the business, etc.

The American Cotton Company, which is working largely in the western cotton states, come out openly and make a market for the products of their presses.

The Lowery Round Bale Company are making a market for the products of their presses in South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, through Messrs. Inman & Co., cotton buyers and exporters of Augusta, Ga., which firm, it appears they would have you believe, is a different firm from Messrs. Inman & Co., who are handling their presses throughout these states, although the two firms, as I understand it, are composed of the identical members, the only difference being that the accounts, etc., are kept separate.

When we tell the first two above mentioned round bale people that we do not care for their presses on a royalty basis they wish to know if we are prepared to buy, and if so refer us to Ginners' Compress company, of Chicago, Ill., which company sell their machine outright. Upon inquiry of the Ginners' Compress company, of Chicago, Ill., we find the price of their presses beyond the reach of an average 1,500 to 2,000 bale ginner and they, in writing to some ginners, send them the American Cotton company's round bale literature, in explanation of the merits of the Ginners' Compress company's methods of baling cotton.

Most ginners will doubtless tell you that all of the round bale people are doing all they possibly can to make the 24 by 54 standard square bale movement a failure. This I construe as an admission on their part and the 24 by 54 packed bale of cotton will meet all the requirements of the commercial world, and if universally adopted that it will greatly retard if not further progress on the part of the round bale promoters; otherwise they certainly would not be spending any time or money to prevent ginners from changing their boxes to the standard dimensions.

We ask the traveling representatives of the first two above mentioned round bale presses, who are going through the cotton states, and posing as the farmers' friend, why they do not sell their machines, as most other inventors or manufacturers do, at a price that will allow them a reasonable interest upon the actual investment, which I estimate to be about \$350 per machine, and they smilingly answer me, in effect, why should we sell our machines? No, we have a good thing, which is fully protected by the United States government patent office stamp, and we propose to keep it, and operate it on a basis that will net us from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per machine per year. Does not this now look like a monopoly?

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Notable Decrease in the Latter For the Year Just Ended.

A statement of the imports and exports of the United States shows that for the year the total imports of merchandise amounted to \$697,077,388, of which over \$300,000,000 was free of duty. For the year the exports of domestic merchandise amounted to \$1,227,433,425, which is a decrease from the year of \$4,038,905. For the year the imports of gold amounted to \$88,954,608 and the exports to \$7,522,086.

The chief reduction in the value of exports during the year is in grain, of which the supply abroad in 1898 was unusual, causing high prices as well as a greater demand for the products of the grain fields of the United States, the average price per bushel of wheat exported in the fiscal year, 1898, being 98.30 cents, against an average of 74.77 cents in the fiscal year just ended. The reduction in exportations of grain is chiefly in price, the quantity of wheat exported being but about 10,000,000 bushels less than that of last year. Indeed the reduction in wheat exports is more than offset by the increased exports of flour, of which the

exports of 1899 are about 3,000,000 barrels in excess of those of last year, this increase more than equaling the reduction in the quantity of wheat exported. Corn shows a considerable reduction in quantity of exports, the number of bushels for 1899 being about 34,000,000 below that of 1898, when our corn exports were abnormally large because of the shortage in other breadstuffs abroad.

There has also been a reduction of about \$20,000,000 in value of the exports of cotton, also due largely to the reduction in price, the average price per pound of cotton exported in 1898 being 5.98 cents and in 1899 5.55 cents. The decrease in value of exports of breadstuffs and cotton is thus nearly made up by the increased exports of manufactured articles which seem likely to amount to \$335,000,000 in the fiscal year 1899, as against \$290,697,354 in 1898, an increase of about \$45,000,000.

THE SIXTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

Dr. Sidney L. Theard, sanitary officer of the New Orleans board of health, has made a study of charbon, the disease which has killed so many mules, horses and cattle in Louisiana and southern Mississippi during the spring just passed, and which still prevails to an alarming extent. He has reached the conclusion that the inoculation with the serum of an immunized animal is an absolute safeguard against the disease. He also states that all parts of the bodies of animals that have died of charbon are actually poisonous, and says cremation of the bodies is imperative.

Great care must be exercised in handling animals suffering from the disease, as there are a number of instances of human beings contracting it in that way. Only the other day a man died of the poison in Charity hospital in New Orleans, and several others similarly afflicted have been successfully treated there this season.

Nor is the disease confined to the south. It has made its appearance near Chicago within the last two months, and reports say it is prevalent among the cattle in parts of Iowa and Wisconsin and in central Illinois.

Charbon has been known under various names from the earliest ages, and an authority declares that it was the sixth plague sent upon Egypt as a punishment for the obstinacy of Pharaoh in holding the children of Israel in bondage after he had been commanded by God to let them go. It is described by Homer in the first book of the Iliad, and Ovid gives a minute description of it in the ninth book of his metamorphosis.

The majority of cases of charbon are of miasmatic origin; that is, the spores of charbon exist in the soil. The transmission from soil to animal may occur by cutaneous inoculation, and in a few hours the germs have multiplied so rapidly as to throw the afflicted animal into a violent fever. It begins as a small, dark spot on which soon appears a pustule or vesicle. It sloughs and spreads rapidly, causing violent fever and speedy death.

The ravages of the disease in Louisiana especially have been very disastrous. Large plantations have been stripped of every horse and mule within a day or two, and the profits of years swept away, while small farmers have been ruined.—Memphis Evening Scimitar.

AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Volunteer Soldiers Has Met With Great Hardships.

Advises received by the transport Newport, dated Manila, June 11, are as follows: The volunteers are greatly debilitated in consequence of their hard campaigning through three months of the tropic weather. Since the middle of May no volunteer regiment has had a sick list of less than 20 per cent. ill and a few regiments have less than one-third of their number on duty. The Nebraska regiment has suffered worst. It came in from San Fernando a few days ago with less than 200 men in the ranks. The South Dakota followed yesterday with 275 men on duty. The Montana and Kansas regiments at San Fernando have not more than 280 available men each. The morning after the Washington troops took Morong a week ago only 263 men responded to roll call. The Washington men have been engaged since March 12 in preventing the insurgent armies of the north and south from forming a junction in the region of Laguna de Bay, often being engaged at the same time with the enemy in opposite directions.

Twenty-four of the Nebraska officers are on the sick list and the Montana, Kansas, Washington and South Dakota regiments show 20 or more officers in the hospitals or sick in their quarters. These regiments have borne the brunt of the fighting. Their losses in killed and wounded range from 160 in the Montana to 280 Nebraska men. The loss of the Kansas regiment is second to that of Nebraska men, while the Washington and South Dakota regiments follow closely, each with losses of about 200. The Oregon regiment has also suffered severely.

Of the regulars the Third artillery is the heaviest loser, it killed and wounded number 123.

DEFENDS THE TRUSTS.

Pierre Lorillard Says "Drummers" Must Look Out For Themselves.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., has written a letter defending manufacturing trusts, in which he says:
"The consolidation of rival manufacturing firms in large companies, wrongly called trusts, has been caused by the severe competition of the last few years, which has rendered manufacturing unprofitable, has effected a reduction in wages and led to the employment of an army of drummers and advertising agents and the payment of enormous sums to country newspapers by advertising rival factories. Of course, the army of drummers, advertising agents and country papers will attack the so-called trusts, but they can never reinstate by legislation or otherwise the old state of affairs."
"The revolution in methods of conducting business has arrived from natural causes. There is no retreat. The enormous savings have enabled corporations to increase the wages of laborers about 25 per cent. and will give a fair return on capital and reduce prices to consumers. How honest labor can oppose what is so evidently to its interest I cannot understand. No real labor is dispensed with."
"The new useless army of drummers and advertising agents must look to other means of support. They cannot live longer by their wits, but must join the active labor of the country or become politicians and try to excite the honest laborers to oppose the only thing that could ever make them independent. The saving and industrious will invest their savings in the stocks of the companies for which they labor and in time become their own masters."

THE CHESTER REUNION.

General C. I. Walker Issues an Important Circular.

Regarding the Chester reunion, United Confederate veterans, Commander C. I. Walker, of the state division, on Thursday issued the following circular:

"At the request of our host, the good citizens of Chester, each camp will advise Captain J. W. Reed, chairman of committee on information, Chester, S. C., how many delegates and others will attend the Chester reunion July 26, and if possible, the names of those who propose attending. The people of Chester desire to make every guest comfortable, and it will materially help them to secure the above information in advance, and conduce to the great comfort of visitors."

"Commanders will notify their sponsors and maids of honor to report to the Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, at the armory, city hall building, Wednesday, July 26, at 12 m., when full information as to their movements, and any information for their convenience and comfort, will be given."

"Commander J. W. Reed, Walker-Gaston Camp, Chester, S. C., is appointed chief marshal for the parade, July 27, and will make all the arrangements therefor."

THE DANGERS IN THE ROUND BALE.

A Prophecy as to What Will Happen When the Square Bale Is Run.

Houston, Texas, Post.

"The round bale people, do not come into Texas with machinery to sell. They propose to operate all the plants put in themselves, or exact a perpetual royalty as rental, if any of their plants are used by others than the company. It is charged that the process of ginning and baling are such that the company owning the plants will be compelled to buy the cotton in the seed and handle it from the field to the factory—evidently the ulterior purpose of these round bale people. This consummation will, it can be seen, when effected, place the handling of the cotton crop of the United States in the hands of one or two round bale companies, and the consequences to the south can be better imagined than described. With the square bale run out, and the millions invested in the old-time gins and presses destroyed, the planters would be at the mercy of a monopoly strong enough to fix whatever price it pleased on cotton, and then to hold the crop long enough to exact from the mills its owners' figures. In a word, the cylindrical bale company will, after having its gin accepted and its package enforced, be absolutely masters of the situation. What will become of the planters' interest? As the New Orleans Times-Democrat asks, will the planter not be entirely helpless before this huge corporation, and would he not be compelled to take whatever the corporation was disposed to offer? There would be no competition, and Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, declares that the fostering of the cylindrical bale means the fostering of one of the largest trusts ever conceived by the mind of man, and the driving out of the cotton factors, exporters and pressmen! The question at once addresses itself to an intelligent public and lawmakers, whether a few present advantages should permit the destruction of millions of capital already invested in the old processes, and destruction of competition in the purchasing and hauling of the 12,000,000 bales of American cotton, and the building up of a trust, by comparison with which the Standard Oil and Sugar trusts would be but pygmies? The trust once supreme, these present concessions and advantages to the planter would inevitably and at once be withdrawn, and the south with all its vast business interests, which are absolutely dependent on cotton, would be in the cold, vice like grip of a master with an office in Wall street! No more serious situation has confronted this section since the war of the rebellion. Not to in some way scotch this young and growing giant now is to be helpless later on. If the benefits of this new invention were given, as in the old process, to the public, by a sale of the plants, we might see a step forward—existing ginning and compressing establishments would simply replace present with improved machinery, though the cost would be great. To refuse to do this, however, places the new company in a position where it can ask and expect few favors from the public. Texas, the greatest cotton growing state in the world, should at least be saved from the clutches of this most ambitious and dangerous of all the huge monopolies."