

# 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, SEPTEMBER 27, 1899.

NO. 77.

## THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

By FRED WHISHAW.

Copyright, 1899, by the American Press Association.

**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.**  
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Count Boris Landrinof, a young Russian student at Oxford, receives a telegram from his mother that his father, Count Vladimir Landrinof, is missing and asking him to return to Russia at once. Before starting for home Boris meets his friend Percy Morris, who tells him that he saw his father that very day in London. Boris, on arriving in Russia, finds that his father had gone to the railway station, but had not taken a train. Here the trail was lost. Boris learns from a peasant that he had driven three men to a post station. Percy arrives in Russia, and he and Boris interview the master of the post station and are told that the postmaster drove the party referred to to St. Petersburg. Percy and Boris direct him to drive them to where he left the party, and he drives them to the Landrinof residence. Borofsky, a detective, is employed, and it is decided that Percy shall return to London to obtain a photograph of the man resembling the missing count. Percy secures the photograph, which greatly resembles the count. The count then tells her son that her father had a brother who fell into criminal ways. Borofsky goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Borofsky follows his man, who endeavors to elude him. They have an interview, and the man agrees to give an interview to the chief of police. Borofsky goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Borofsky follows his man, who endeavors to elude him. They have an interview, and the man agrees to give an interview to the chief of police. Borofsky goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Borofsky follows his man, who endeavors to elude him. They have an interview, and the man agrees to give an interview to the chief of police.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

**THE COUNT'S RELEASE DEMANDED.**  
The chief of police entered the room at this moment. He glanced keenly at Percy.

"Who is this?" he asked.  
It was Borofsky who told him the news: as for me, I could not have spoken. There was a horrid kind of paralysis—the spell of horror—upon my tongue. I could have yelled aloud, but to speak quietly and sanely would have been impossible to me.

"What!" exclaimed the chief, when Borofsky had explained, in a sentence or two, the position of affairs. "The informer? He whom our friend here has desired to screen: who laid information of the railway affair?"

"The same," said Borofsky. "Man proposes, excellence, but it is God who disposes in the end!"

"Ha!" said the chief. "It looks like business. Moreover, my young friend, matters seem to work in your favor. Come, you shall show me this student. When we return, there may be news from Bootief!"

I am sure the reader will excuse if I beg to be allowed to pass lightly over the sight we found awaiting us at the little lodging hired for the use of our ill-fated informer.

It was a plain, barely furnished bedroom, with a tiny kitchen attached. Upon the bed lay the student, dead, as Percy had reported, and obviously murdered, perhaps while asleep. The knife I saw at once, to my horror, was a Circassian silver handled dagger belonging to my father. Andre might at least have used a knife of his own. I re-

He had fired a revolver in their faces. Strangely enough, it never for one moment occurred to me that the murderer could be other than Andre, and yet doubtless the society to which both he and the victim belonged must have contained many desperadoes quite capable of such an act.

The chief directed one of the two

abandonments he had brought with him to search the dead man's pockets. These did not contain much, but among the few papers discovered were my two checks for 5,000 rubles each.

"Ah!" said the chief. "Then it is an execution."  
"Could the count—real or impostor—have learned that this unfortunate had informed upon him?" he added, looking from me to Borofsky and then at Percy. "If so, this murder assumes a significance which"—

"Most assuredly the scoundrel knew all about it, for he compelled me by means of personal violence to disclose the source of the information I held," said Borofsky.

"When was this?"  
"Only last night."  
"Ha! He did not lose much time, then. How did he know where to find the student?"

"We brought the poor wretch to these quarters last night. He must have shadowed us."  
"Good! And the knife?"

"It is my father's," I said. "He brought it out of my father's study to do his devil's work for him."  
"Well, I fancy we shall have him presently, whether he be your father or the other," said the chief. "He will not get far."

"Whether he be my father!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean, excellence, that you are not satisfied this scoundrel is the man we assert him to be—Andre, or Korailof, and not my father?"

"Nothing is proved, excepting that the student is dead with your father's knife in his heart!" said the chief.  
"We can jump to no conclusions in such cases, though I think matters tend in favor of your point of view."  
Borofsky nodded me. "Don't be afraid," he whispered; "the officials must make a pretense of believing themselves infallible. He does not really think your father could possibly have done such a deed as this. He would not be such a fool."

"Heaven forbid! I would not believe it!" I said.  
Meanwhile our friend, the chief, had prepared to follow him back to the chancellery of the department. It might be that news had come, by this time, from Bootief. Much would depend upon this news, he said, for if it should turn out that the student's story about the mining of the railway were true, then it would be fair to assume that his testimony to the identity of Andre was true also, and perhaps the whole story of the substitution of my innocent father for the guilty party on the fatal day of the arrest.

On our return to the chancellery exciting news awaited us. Though we had been away scarcely an hour, a reply had already come from Bootief that instantly on receipt of the message from headquarters a squad of mounted gendarmes had been sent down the line two miles, to the point indicated.

This was easily effected, because the gendarmes and soldiers were already massed in all towns along the route to be taken by the czar, in readiness to line the railway 24 hours before the imperial train should pass along it. This precaution was constantly taken at the time of these events, in consequence of the activity of the enemies of order, who nevertheless prepared occasionally to make their preparations in spite of the thin cordon of protectors stretched for hundreds of miles through the country.

The squad of gendarmes had, in this case, ridden straight to the spot described by our informant and detailed in the telegram from headquarters. Here they had surprised a woodman taking his midday meal within his hut. On their inviting this individual to show them where the entrance to the excavations which he had assisted to make was to be found he had fired a revolver in their faces, wounding two men before being himself overpowered. They had then removed his bed—a mere straw mattress on the floor of the hut—and discovered a neat tunnel starting thence and running underneath the line, 15 or 20 yards away: a beautifully constructed thing and eminently adapted for carrying out the purpose for which it was made—namely, to blow up the permanent way and with it any train that might happen to be passing along the rails at the moment of the explosion.

The chief crossed himself as he read the telegram and muttered something which sounded like a line out of the litany.

"Your little rascal spoke the truth," he said. "Upon my word, he deserved to enjoy the fruits of virtue. It will be interesting now to catch this other."  
"Don't wait to catch him, excellence, before banding us—what we have surely deserved at your hands—Count Landrinof's release."  
The chief reflected. "It is most unusual," he said, "to do anything of the kind. How can we let the one go before we have the other to put in his place?"

I stamped my foot. What did I care for the high mightiness of this official? "I will go to the czar himself!" I raged. "I will tell him that the same police who blundered in July to the ruin of my innocent father have now blundered again, allowing a party of miscreants to undermine the railway over which he will presently travel. I will tell the whole story. The czar shall see who is right and who is wrong, if the police cannot or will not!"

"Come," said the chief, "there is no need of raised voices and angry words.

I will telegraph to the penal settlement in which the count, if he is, is now living. Tell me something by which he may be recognized, and if such distinguishing mark is to be found upon him he shall be set free on the instant. Think now. Has he a mole, a scar—anything, I only desire to do the right. If we have blundered, as you say, we shall rectify our mistake. But we must not blunder again!"

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

**THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.**  
There was no difficulty in obliging the chief on this point. My father had once broken his right leg below the knee and carried an unmistakable memento of the experience in the shape of a huge scar on his shin. I mentioned this fact to the chief, who forthwith declared that this should be amply sufficient for identification, and that he would have my father's whereabouts ascertained and a telegram sent without delay to the governor of his prison.

I fancy, but I will not absolutely assert it to be the case, that my threat to take care the czar about hear of the blunders of his police force quickened at any rate the desire of his excellence to see justice done. Perhaps I am wrong, but I cannot help feeling that the chief's tenure of his high office would not long have survived the discovery by the czar of so well advanced a plot to assassinate him. As a matter of fact the secret of this conspiracy never leaked out, and it is practically certain that the czar never heard of it.

So we three young men returned home that afternoon well enough pleased with our day's work.  
What had we accomplished? I sat in my own private study, adjoining my bedroom, before retiring for the night and counted up my gains. I was in a fair way to get father restored to freedom. There could be but one result to the chief's telegram. He must be identified at once and allowed to go free. That was the first and best point of all. Then we were rid of Andre. It was exceeding unlikely that he would ever favor us with his presence again—nay, it was probable that the police would put it out of the question by laying hands upon him before he could escape very far. If he did so, they would not let him go again, poor wretch! This time his departure for the east would be final.

My thoughts dwelt on the fate of the student. Poor little creature that he was, victim of a very cruel destiny, he had had a hard life of it from start to finish. It was to be hoped such as he would be mercifully judged, for indeed he had never a chance! Who could blame him? Not for one. On the contrary, I felt grateful enough toward him, for how in the world should we ever have attained the end, which now loomed well in view, but for his good offices? He had been very aggravating in the manner of giving his information, he had been foxy and avaricious, and, of course, from the point of view of good or bad faith toward his friends, his conduct had been treacherous and atrocious! Nevertheless I felt softly toward the poor fellow by reason of the services he had rendered me, virtues which—as a matter of fact—had cost him his life.

Was he stabbed while sleeping? I wondered. God grant that he suffered none of the terrible anguish of suddenly awaking to see his murderer, like an avenging fury, standing over his bed, perhaps bidding him prepare for instant death, a traitor's violent death, while horror paralyzed his limbs and his tongue so that he could neither move nor cry out.

Did I dream, or was that the figure of a man standing in the doorway which led into the bedroom?  
For a moment I imagined that it must be Percy or Borofsky or perhaps my own men Petka, who had been preparing my room for the night; then he suddenly stepped out into the light, seeing, I suppose, that I peered at him, and I perceived, with a gasp of horror, that it was Andre.

The odious creature laughed aloud.  
"Ah," he said, "my charming and most elegant nephew! I have long intended to pay you a call in your own apartments, since you seemed determined to keep aloof from me in my own!"  
I was too frightened—there is no other word—I was too terrified to speak. Horror and surprise kept my tongue tied to my palate. I could not have spoken, if my life depended on it, during that first minute or two.

"You are surprised to see me, I am aware," he continued. "I am aware that I am uninvited. Probably you believed me to be out of town—nicht wahr?"  
I made no reply.  
"I should have left before now, no doubt," he went on, "but unfortunately I forgot to draw a check upon my bankers before leaving home. You don't happen to have a checkbook in your writing table there, do you?"

He pointed with his right hand toward my roller desk, and I now observed that he held a revolver in it.  
My thoughts had begun to work now. I racked my brain madly for ideas. I did not know what course to take.  
"You infernal murderer!" I now muttered from between my dried up lips. "You shall never have a farthing from me!"

"Oh, oh!" he said. "For shame! What, grudge your own uncle a thousand or two from your assistance? Beware, undutiful nephew. Let I take an uncle's privilege and chastise you!"  
"You dare not shoot that thing off!" I said. "The noise would alarm the household, and you would be caught at once."  
"Pooh, there are other ways less noisy, if need be; moreover, there are also other checkbooks in the house. There is the dear countess', your mother's."

"You shall not go near my mother," I said, "even though you stabbed me as you stabbed the student."  
"You fool!" he said. "Come; write me the check and let me go. I have a journey to make tonight, and I will not be delayed. Do not make me desperate. I would as soon kill you as not, you hellhound! It was you that caught the student and wormed my secrets out of him. You would have been a dead man by this but that I must have the money. I was an infernal fool not to stick a knife into you as you sat dozing in that armchair. Your mother can pay the money as easily as you. Come, now, shall she pay it or you? I will have the cash, mind you!"

My mind was working quickly and well now.  
"Stop!" I said. "You have the whip hand of me, for I am unarmed. We will make a bargain of it. You shall write me a declaration that you are Andre Landrinof or Kornilof or any one you please, and that my father, Count Vladimir, was arrested in your place. You shall give such a document, and I will sign a check for—what, 1,000 rubles?"

I never really intended to bargain with this infernal assassin. My intention was to spring upon him as he wrote.  
"Twenty thousand is the sum," said he, "and there is no bargain. I sign nothing. I will have the money without any conditions of any kind. Come; time passes. Do not make me desperate. I can force the countess to pay me; remember that."  
"Not while I live," I said. "You shall not leave this room, though you may carry an arsenal of arms."  
"Pooh!" he said. "You defy me? You are one that talks much, I take it, and acts little. I say I shall go from this room to the apartment of the countess. Sit where you are or you are a dead man. I mean what I say. This is not a dummy revolver. All the chambers are charged. I will shoot the whole infernal household and escape. Curse you! Sit still now!"

He edged toward the door. I sprang to my feet, starting to rush toward him. He raised the pistol and fired. At the same moment I tripped over something that lay between him and me and fell.  
The shot passed, I suppose, over my head.  
At the same moment a very surprising thing happened. From out of my

bedroom, which seemed to be a kind of enchanted chamber, tonight, rushed a party of men, gendarmes. How they came there I could not and did not attempt to imagine. Andre flashed his pistol at them and again and a third time. Then there was a rough and tumble on the floor, and many flowers of speech, both from Andre and the others.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Genuis.  
"Whew!" remarked the head of the firm after he had listened to the report of the chief collector. "Who can the rascal be? And all these people say that they have paid and hold a receipt!"  
"Precisely. Some fellow has been going the rounds, and wherever my men are sent they find that at least 75 per cent of the bills have been paid. He has even collected a lot of bills that we considered bad. He certainly must be a villain of the deepest dye, sir, and I have taken the liberty of notifying the best private detective in the city."

"Perfectly right. Send the detective to me as soon as he puts in an appearance. We must find this villain."  
Half an hour later the head of the firm and the detective were closeted together.  
"Can you find him?" asked the former.  
"Sure! I'm satisfied now that I know who he is, and I'll have him inside the bars before morning."

"Who's hiring you and who's going to pay for your services?"  
"You, of course."  
"Then I'll do my own planning. If that fellow won't take \$150 a month to work for me, offer him \$200. He has the kind of talent I'm looking for."—Detroit Free Press.

Why Do Cats Hiss?  
Why does a cat hiss when angry? Take a tiny kitten at play and make it angry, and it will snarl in its baby fashion and hiss as best it can. Why?  
Dr. Louis Robinson says that the hissing and spitting of young kittens is probably an instinctive attempt to scare away enemies from the helpless tots by imitating a snake's hiss.

A great many creatures that live in shallow holes have a like habit of hissing when annoyed or angered. The tail of a cat seen dimly in the half light of a cave suggests a snake's tail and is often marked in a way to heighten the resemblance.  
"If," says Dr. Robinson, "this really is an instance of protective mimicry, I think it is probable that the chief foe guarded against was the eagle. Eagles are very fond of cat flesh and it has been remarked by naturalists that these formidable birds habitually make war upon the smaller felidae."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

London policemen have been forbidden to wear tan shoes on the ground that they are "too stylish."

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### OUR DISAPPEARING FORESTS.

A Question That Is Deserving of Serious Consideration.

Mr. W. D. Woods, of Darlington, who is quite an expert on the subject writes the following timely letter to THE NEWS and COURIER about the prevailing criminal waste of forest timber:

Unless some plan can be devised to check the great waste of what, if properly managed, is a great source of wealth, it will not be a great many years before our magnificent pine forests will have disappeared, and there will be nothing to show for their wanton and execrable destruction.

To those who only live for the present, and take no thought for the future, the above remark may seem a grossly exaggerated one, but a little reflection will easily demonstrate its truth and furthermore show the imperative importance of devising some systematic plan by which the waste may be checked, and the land already deprived of its timber restocked with trees that in the future will prove a great source of profit.

As a matter of course the demand for lumber for the innumerable uses to which it is put must be supplied, but this can be easily done without any real injury to our forests, provided that only the ripe or fully grown trees were used and a little intelligent care be given to the young trees that would spring up in the places of the ones that were cut down.

Unquestionably the most destructive agent to our forests has been the turpentine distilleries, for, in addition to ruining the timber, they impoverish the land to such an extent as to very much retard the growth of the young trees that stand up in the open places. Even when the trees are not killed outright by tapping, they are in greater danger of being ruined by fire, and even if they escape destruction in this way and are converted into lumber, it is inferior in every way, both in strength and durability, to the lumber made from the unboxed trees.

The saw mill is not really so injurious to the forests, as only the large trees are used, the main trouble there being that so many pine forests have been deprived of their most valuable trees without any adequate compensation to the owner of the land, being practically sold at about the cost of sawing.

Another great source of destruction is the habit of allowing tenants to destroy pine forests in order that they may half cultivate the land and make a hundred or two pounds of cotton, or three or four bushels of corn per acre, the whole crop being worth a great deal less than the standing trees.

The truth of the matter is that our timber resources were originally so great that they were regarded as inexhaustible, and in accordance with this belief were valued in proportion, thousands of acres of our finest timbered lands being sold for a mere fraction of their value and that, too, in many cases, by owners who were not forced to sell and who ought to have known better than to have parted with their valuable possessions for a mere song.

This inexcusable sacrifice has been notable especially in the case of swamp lands that have often sold at less price per acre than the value of one large cypress tree.

Even at the present time timber syndicates are buying up all of our available timber lands at a very low price, and that, too, with an iron-clad arrangement that puts the owner of the land entirely at their mercy, the contract being that the buyer has all the time he wishes for the removal of the trees, virtually giving him absolute control of the land for as long a period as he chooses to hold it.

The presence of large forests has a considerable effect on the temperature, making it warmer in winter and cooler in summer than it would be were the forests destroyed. The northerners that make the climate of Texas so unpleasant and the terrible blizzards that are so prevalent on the treeless plains of the northwestern states are due almost entirely to the absence of timber; there being absolutely nothing to break the force of the wind. Were there no forests in South Carolina the thermometer would show at least 20 or 25 degrees greater range in the temperature; that is, from extreme heat to extreme cold.

The kingdom of Saxony, with about one-third the area of South Carolina, easily supports a population of nearly 5,000,000 people, and this, too, despite the fact that two-fifths of the whole land area is reserved for forests. The forests, instead of being an expense, are a source of considerable revenue, to say nothing of the good they accomplish in improving the climatic and atmospheric condition of the country. The same rule, with very little variation, prevails throughout the whole of Germany.

In Spain the timber has been destroyed, with no attempt to replace it; the consequence being that it formerly supported a much larger population than it does at the present day.

In Germany things are not left to chance, but all the state lands are in charge of expert foresters and the process of replanting the forests is constantly going on.

Another calamity that will occur from the destruction of our forests will be the very small volume of water that will flow in our streams during seasons of dry weather. This would mean irreparable loss to all the mills that depend on water power, for no dam could withstand the terrible floods that would rush down in the rainy season or hold enough water to last through a drought.

The state of New York has spent millions of dollars to protect the headwaters of the Hudson river and other notable streams. This action was ren-

dered imperative when it was found after a careful measurement, that the Hudson river had been lowered at least two feet in the past 30 years, showing conclusively that if the timber destruction went on unchecked this magnificent stream would be ruined.

Selling abandoned lands for a mere pittance, in order to secure the taxes, has been a great mistake in this state. It would have been far better to have held them as timber preserves and have had a paid official to protect them from trespass.

The writer hopes to be able, in a future issue of THE NEWS and COURIER, to make some practicable suggestions in regard to the preservation of our forests; his present intention being to arouse the land owners to the importance of holding fast to the timbered lands, and of turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of distillers and the timber syndicates.

### A MAMMOTH BOOK.

Unique Scrap-Book to Be Presented to George Dewey.

New York World.  
A unique gift is in store for Admiral Dewey when he reaches town. It is the biggest book that has ever been made. Its weight is in the neighborhood of 350 pounds, and when it is opened it is just 5 feet 2 inches wide.

B. Daizell was the originator of the idea of the gift, and he had only to mention it to other members of the Maritime Exchange to secure their co-operation.

The book is composed of clippings cut from every newspaper in the country, and every one of them refers to Admiral Dewey and the war with Spain.

There are about 400 pages, and on some of the pages as many as 78 clippings are pasted. In all the book contains about 10,200 clippings, and a couple of hundred more will be added before the presentation takes place.

The clippings were selected by Frank A. Burrelle, of No. 32 Park Row, an expert in such work, and he had charge of the other details.

The size of each page is 22x26 inches, including the covers the book is exactly 11 1/2 inches thick. The binding is of cardboard one-half inch thick. This has been covered with seal leather. The largest single hide of seal that ever came into this country was used in the binding.

The clippings began with the sinking of the Maine, and the whole detailed story of the war as told in the newspapers of the country is given in the succeeding clippings. Scores of the latter were cut from THE WORLD.

Speaking of the book yesterday Mr. Burrelle said:  
"Aside from its unique features it is the most authentic history of the war that could possibly be compiled, as it contains all that was written by the correspondents who actually saw what they described."  
Yesterday the book was in Cassidy's bindery, in Fulton street, where men were engaged attaching the huge cover. The corners will be bound in silver and a silver nameplate on the cover will bear this inscription:

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY,  
U. S. N.  
May 1, 1898—September 28, 1899.

On the title page is the following inscription, prepared by the Rev. Allan D. Brown, president of the Norwich university, of Northfield, Vt., an old friend of Admiral Dewey:

Presented to Admiral Dewey by the representatives of the shipping interests of the port of New York as a token of their personal regards and a slight appreciation of the great service rendered our common country, not only in the glorious action of May 1, 1898, in Manila bay, but by his wise and prudent administration of affairs during most trying circumstances preceding the surrender of the city of Manila, August 13, 1898.

A special table is being made for the book. If Admiral Dewey can be induced to visit the Maritime Exchange the presentation will be made there. The cost of the book is \$2,500.

### DEPORTING THE NEGROES.

Former Governor Bullock Opposed to the Proposition.  
From the Atlanta Journal.  
It is well-known that I do not agree with Colonel Graves or with Bishop Turner on the deportation plan—first, because it is not for the best interests of our white or colored people, and, second, because it is impossible to enforce it.

Colonel Graves stated that this separation or deportation will be better for the Negro, "because he can never, north or south, be received into social personal relation with the families of the white race, and can never, therefore, be a social equal. Where and when in our state has the Negro ever given evidence of a desire to assume or covet 'social equality' with the whites?"

It is not true that educated and property owning colored people are far more interested in protecting the social purity of their own race from intrusion than in seeking to intrude upon ours? Where in our state can Colonel Graves find white people having so little confidence in themselves as to fear "social equality" with Negroes being forced upon them?

class might well lead timid minds, as it did, to abandon hope. But as between that experiment and irresponsible military authority for local government, men who had done their utmost to sustain the Confederacy "accepted the situation," and civil government was established in our state on the broad basis of universal manhood suffrage.

No harm has yet come to our state because of it, but safety for the future will be found in limiting the franchise to intelligence and property. In spite of all the distressing conditions to which I have referred the general prosperity to which we have attained in our state have never been surpassed. New relations, new industries, new lines of progress have been established and while the old lines and systems have been left behind or abandoned, to the loss of a few, the new generation has kept step with progress and adapted themselves to the present.

Our colored citizens as a whole have made a record of progress not surpassed by any race on earth, thus establishing not only their own capacity, but giving the highest evidence of the kindly spirit and helping hand of their former owners. A race that has lifted itself from an illiteracy of 100 per cent—absolute ignorance—to less than 50 per cent, and has accumulated nearly \$300,000,000 of taxable property within the relatively short period of one generation after its slavery is certainly not one that must be deported, either for its own good or for the safety of the communities where these people were born and reared.

Our Negro population do not demand, seek or desire social relations with the white people. They do, however, ask and are entitled to receive all their public, civil and political rights under the law as duly adjudicated. The sporadic cases of outrage against them will be eliminated by the prompt and bold official acts of executives like his excellency, Governor Candler, of our state.

If not deterred by outside meddling, the white and colored citizens of the south will work out their own salvation in God's good time, so that the oldest of us may live to laugh at the idea of deporting 10,000,000 of American citizens because of the color of their skin.

GENERAL WHEELER SNUBBED.  
The Fighting Alabamian Appears to Have Been Shelved by Don Whiskerandos Otis.  
New Orleans States.

General Joe Wheeler, who for a time jumped about the country tooting the praise of McKinley's policy of imperialism, has been snubbed in the Philippines by General Otis, according to cable advices from Hong Kong, he wishes to be ordered back home. It will be remembered that General Wheeler was very anxious to take the field in the Philippines, and finally his importuning resulted in the president instructing him to proceed to Manila and report to Major General Otis. The press had much to say about the good work General Wheeler would do when he took the field against the Filipinos. It was generally understood from the Washington dispatches that Wheeler would be given the command of Funston's brigade and participate in the active operations of Lawton and McArthur as soon as the dry season commenced. It appears, however, that upon his arrival at Manila he met with a chilling reception. There was no field band at the landing place to hail his coming with martial music; but, on the contrary, General Otis exhibited the marble heart and extended the icy hand; in other words, he was, to use language of diplomacy, persona non grata to the entire military outfit at Manila and was treated as an interloper.

General Wheeler for weeks wanted to be assigned to a command, and at last, growing impatient, he called on General Otis in order to ascertain "where he was at." He then learned that he had been billed for the command of a little and lonely island of the archipelago, situated "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Wheeler protested against being snuffed out in such a manner; but the man who shaves his chin and allows his hair to grow on the rest of the lawn, remained firm. Wheeler then began to yearn for home and every good spot that his infancy knew. He had been thrown down hard, and his dreams of leading a dashing charge against the Filipinos were jolted out of him. Army officers predicted that when General Wheeler sailed for the Philippines that he would not be given a show, for the reason that he would be in the way of the regular army men, and they would resent his coming to Manila.

General Wheeler was all right so long as he traveled from one city to another making speeches in favor of McKinley's Philippine policy and imperialism, but the moment he sought a command in the Philippine army he began to bore the president. The desire of Wheeler to distinguish himself made him persistent, and finally the president sent him to the Philippines, knowing full well that General Otis would find a way to smother him. The treatment General Wheeler has received will arouse considerable indignation, because the country is well aware of the fact that as a soldier he is the superior of Otis in every respect, and the equal, if not the superior, of Lawton and McArthur.

According to estimates of the salmon pack made at the principal canneries on Puget sound in the last few days, this year's product of canned and pickled salmon will reach fully 750,000 cases, or a gain of 50 per cent. over last year's pack. This means that the product of the canneries sold in the English and American markets will realize about \$2,300,000.