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AN HUMBLE HERO.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Louisa Banks felt that her cup of misery was full, but there was more, much more, to be poured in yet.

When Sim did not appear at breakfast next morning, she went up to his room to see if he was there. It was then she discovered the little pile of money and the papers he had left on the table. With a premonition of what was to come she pushed the money aside and eagerly took up the first paper and unfolded it. It was the poor little note Sim had written to her. She read it through, then sank into a chair and, pillowing her head on the table, burst into tears.

It would have been a hard heart that would not have been affected by the simple pathos of Sim's words, and Louisa was not hard hearted. She was touched, deeply touched, by the manly, generous manner in which he absolved her from all blame and bravely took it all on his own shoulders. That note presented him to her in a new and a far more favorable light than she had ever seen him. It showed how truly he could love, how good and generous his heart was and how grand and noble his nature.

She realized now that in losing him she had lost one of the purest and truest souls that ever lived, and she regretted, deeply and sincerely, that she could not love him.

"But I tried," she told herself, "God knows I tried, to love him and wanted to love him, but I couldn't. Yet I was not worthy of such a man or of such love as he gave me."

Presently she took up the deeds and read them over. The tears started fresh to her eyes.

"More of his goodness," she thought, "no other man would have done such a thing. Oh, Sim! Poor, heartbroken Sim! How I pity you!"

Later in the day she went out and stood by the gate, looking down toward the wood, the way she had seen Sim go the previous evening. Her heart was heavy, and her thoughts were all of him. Before he went she had always thought she could never be happy except with Frank Shelton, but now she felt that she could never be happy again under any circumstances.

Presently Mary Mann came down the street on her way home from the store, where she had gone to view Melvin's remains and to learn all the news about the tragedy. Louisa had not been from home all day, and no one had visited her, so she was entirely ignorant of all that had transpired to set the community in a tumult of excitement. Mary Mann knew this, and glad of an opportunity to tell the news and at the same time inflict a cruel wound on one she hated, she stopped when she reached Mrs. Banks and accosted her sweetly, very, very sweetly, with:

"Howdy, Louesey? I'm right glad to see you. You rale well?"

"I'm very well, Mrs. Mann," Louisa replied coldly without looking up.

"I'm glad to hear it," Mrs. Mann said in her sweetest tones, ignoring Louisa's coldness. "I'm rale glad to hear it, Louesey, but I must say you ain't a-lookin' very well."

"I'm very well, I thank you."

"Yes? And Sim—I suppose he's well?"

"I presume so. He's at home today?"

"No."

"Where is he, Louesey?"

Mrs. Banks, remembering all she had heard of the relationship existing between this woman and Sim, flashed an eye in an instant.

"I don't know," she replied scornfully, "that it's particularly any of your business where he is."

Mrs. Mann did not allow her feelings to be ruffled by this curt answer. Her time to deal a deadly thrust was coming, and then her revenge would be so full that she could well afford to wait. Quietly she said:

"Oh, you feel that way 'bout it, do you?"

"I do."

"Waal, I s'pose it's nat'ral, Louesey, that you should. I reckon it's even nat'ral that you should feel that it ain't nobody's business."

"Whether it's natural or not, Mrs. Mann, that is just how I feel."

"Jest so. But, for all that, Louesey, there's many as will feel different 'bout it. There's a heap of people, an' specially the officers, who will think it's a right smart of their business."

Louisa raised her head and gave Mrs. Mann a look of scorn.

Her suffering was intense. It was pitiful. Even a heart of stone must have been touched by it. But Mary Mann was impervious to pity. In her heart there was no compassion. She had dealt a hard blow, but she had a harder yet to deal, and she did not hesitate. Relentlessly she said:

"Yes, your sweetheart has been killed, an' it was your husband murdered him, an' you, Louesey Banks, are responsible for it all."

With one wild, heartrending shriek Louisa fell back in a dead faint.

Two hours later a group of men were standing in front of Hicks' store discussing the murder. Some there were who talked, and some there were who only listened. Pap Sampson, Jason Roberts and Sam Morgan were of the latter. Jim Thorn, still occupying the position of supreme importance in the village, was saying:

"No, sir, men, I've got nothin on earth ag'in Sim Banks, an' that's not a her on his own shoulders. That note that I can't shut my eyes to the plain fact that ever'thing goes to show that Sim Banks fired the shot that killed Melvin."

"I hate moughtily to think Sim could do such a thing," Hicks remarked, "but I'm afraid I'll have to own that ever'thing seems to point pow'ful strong ag'in him."

"Of co'se it does," Thorn agreed. "Lord, Jake, as much as I hate to say it, I got to own that it's a plumb plain case. In the first place, Sim had a reason for killin' Melvin, an' that wa'n't nary another soul in this whole section that did have a reason. You know that's so, don't you?"

"I'm afraid it is, Jim," Hicks admitted.

"Then yistedy evenin', jest before Melvin was 'a' been killed," Thorn went on, "Sim was seen goin' down into them woods with his gun on his shoulder. He knowed Melvin was at the store here, no doubt, an' would be a-passin' through them woods on his way to Turner's. What more likely than that he went down there an' hid behind that tree till Melvin come along, then uped an' drapped him?"

"It 'pears to look like it mought 'a' been that a-way," Hicks replied. "I does shore."

"Then on top of all that," Thorn added, "is the fact that Sim Banks is gone or else is in hidin' somewhar. Now, why would he run off or hide if he wa'n't guilty of somethin'? And what could he be guilty of if it ain't this murder?"

Hicks sighed and shook his head. "I reckon you must be right, Jim," he said, "though I hate wuss'n pizen to have to say so. Yes, it looks like Sim must 'a' done it. It does shore."

"Of course he done it," another said emphatically. "Lord, that's jest as plain to my mind as the nose on your face. I don't see how anybody'd man-

age to go 'bout doubtin' with all that evidence ag'in Sim. It's too plumb plain for doubtin'."

"'Tis so," agreed another. Then he added, "My land, what you reckon they'll do with Sim for it?"

"Lord, they'll hang him, of course," some one replied. "They're shore to."

"I dunno," Hicks said. "If Sim done it, he had a right smart cause for it, an' I guess mebbe the court would find some of them extenuatin' circumstances to sorter help him out. Anyhow, Sim ain't ketchin' yit, an' ketchin' comes afore hangin'."

"By Josh, Jake, that is a fact! Sim ain't ketchin' yit, an' I bet he ain't a-goin' to be ketchin' nuther. No, sir-ee! He's got clear plumb away 'fore this."

"Don't you go an' fool yourse'f 'bout that," Thorn said. "It takes a moughty sight smarter feller than Sim Banks to keep out of the way of the law, an' if he ain't ketchin' in less'n a week I'll be pow'ful fooled."

"Waal, if they do ketch him," Hicks remarked, "I hope they won't do nothin' to him."

"Oh, they won't do nothin' more than hang him," Thorn observed, "an' my notion is they're most shore to do that. Them kind of circumstances you spoke of while ago ain't a-goin' to cut much figger in Sim's case. Anyhow they'll shore send him up to prison for life at the very best."

"Gosh, Jim Thorn," somebody said, "you 'pear to be dead sot ag'in Sim. What makes you so pizen hard on him?"

"I ain't. I'm jest talkin' facts." "They're mis'able blame hard facts, then."

"I can't help that. I didn't make 'em hard."

"Waal, I hope they won't never hang old Sim nohow. Gosh a-mighty, fellers, that'd jest be awful, wouldn't it?"

"It would so," Hicks agreed, "an' I wouldn't have it done for a purty."

"Say," called Sam Morgan, "who you all reckon that stranger was that come 'long over there in the woods today?"

"Lord," Thorn exclaimed, "if I hadn't gone an' clear forgot all 'bout him! But I ain't no notion who he was nohow."

"He 'peared to take a right smart intrust in the murder, didn't he?"

"Shore. 'Peared to think it was a painful pity Melvin got killed."

"Did so. Acted like it made him consid'able sorry. I bet he's pow'ful tender hearted."

"Purty good sort of feller, I guess. But, say, fellers, what you reckon Louesey Banks thinks 'bout the way things has turned out?"

"I dunno. I'm shore," Hicks replied. "Guess mebbe she don't know nothin 'bout it."

"Lord, if she does I reckon she can't feel none too good with her sweetheart dead an' her husband a murderer."

"That is a lie, Jim Thorn—every word a lie."

They started and looked around, and there among them stood Louisa, her face white and drawn, her form trembling, but a look of dreadful earnestness in her eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

NORTHERN PACIFIC STOCK.

Some Distinguished Men Who Were Caught in the Recent Crash.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Times gives an interesting story about the losses caused by speculation in the stock of the Northern Pacific railroad, which swept away millions of money in a few hours. He writes as follows:

Wall street "caught" a few distinguished gentlemen last week. A southwestern senator, it is stated, lost \$75,000 in a day. If his name was mentioned it would create a good deal of gossip in the Southwest. He is not a man able to speculate, but has been given certain "tips" by his friends in the senate, and an unexpected drop in Northern Pacific stock left him without a cent. The fever of speculation attacked all classes, from United States senators to messenger boys. There was a good deal going on in the back-streets in Washington, as well as in Wall street, last week.

The Western senator mentioned is not considered a speculator by any means. He is regarded in the United States senate as a "holman" of that body. It will be recalled that Representative Holman, of Indiana, was looked upon as the watch-dog of the treasury. This Western senator is a member of the appropriations committee of the upper house. He never loses sight of the fact that the country and the treasury should be protected either in committee or in debate.

It seems, therefore, rather odd that this senator, who is so anxious to keep down government appropriations, lost \$75,000 on one deal in a Washington bucketshop. It is said that, attracted by the spectacle of rapidly increasing prices, he had gone into the market, dealing on margins in the office of a Washington bucketshop, and had made an excellent deal, as he considered it, of \$100,000. This senator was unwise enough to put all his profits up, principally on Western railroad stocks (Northern Pacific).

When the crash came, an Eastern senator endeavored to "margin" in the southwestern senator's deal, but as the amount was so great he was unable to do so. There was something like \$200,000 involved. The personal loss to the senator from the Southwest, who, as is well known, only draws \$5,000 a year, made for him at one time the most extravagant deal in his life. Today he is sorry; so is the Eastern senator, who endeavored to carry his bucket-shop transaction. It is stated in Washington, it might be added, that in government departments many pools had formed, into which each member put from \$25 to \$100 for investment through local brokers. All of these pools have been wiped out. A young woman in the treasury department, who recently inherited \$5,000 through a life insurance policy, put it all into the stock market. Her profits amounted to about \$14,000 up to Tuesday evening. The drop in the stock on Wednesday and Thursday cleaned out all her profits and her original \$5,000.

James G. Blaine is a well-known speculator in stocks. Within the past year, it is believed, Mr. Blaine has beaten the market for something like \$250,000. Mr. Blaine is a conspicuous figure during market hours at a well-known stock-jobbing house on F street in this city. When he is not playing the stock market business he is usually found in an automobile with Miss Hitchborn, to whom he will be married June 12th. Mr. Blaine is referred to incidentally for the reason that he was "caught short" on Northern Pacific stock on Wednesday for \$125,000.

There were others who figured in the Northern Pacific deal in Washington. One of the men said to have been speculating on Northern Pacific stock was no less a person than William McKinley, president of the United States. His agent is also a distinguished politician and statesman, Marcus A. Hanna, of Cleveland, Ohio, United States senator, and the maker of presidents, was the man who handled President McKinley's money in this stock deal, and not only lost it, but, it is believed,

two or three hundred thousand dollars which he personally invested.

There are others. Some people who seem to know about the crash in Wall street think that Secretary Gage, of the treasury department, invested quite a bit of money and lost. It is further stated that the "tip" given the president, and others under him in official life, was furnished by Daniel Lamont, at one time private secretary to President Grover Cleveland, and after that secretary of war, and at present the man in charge of the Northern Pacific railroad. These matters are merely mentioned to show that oftentimes presidents, cabinet members and others fail to get the right tip on the stock market.

Not long ago former Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, who is now employed as an attorney by James F. Hill, the railroad magnate, made in Wall street, so it is believed, upwards of \$200,000 in two days. Mr. Pettigrew, it will be recalled, prides himself upon the fact that he is an anti-trust man, an anti-monopolist; and while in the senate frequently declared that the people of the country were being robbed by Wall street brokers.

In view of the fact that Mr. Pettigrew left the senate without his own consent, he dabbled in stocks, suggested by Mr. Hill, and made a quarter of a million dollars within a very brief period. Mr. Hill, the man who "tipped" Mr. Pettigrew, dabbled a little bit himself just previous to informing Mr. Pettigrew that there was money in investing in Northern Pacific railroad.

Now, as to Mr. Hill today, with the exception of J. Pierpont Morgan, he has made more money in speculation than any other man in the world. It is well known in the West, if not in the East, that he cleaned up four million dollars in a week in Wall street. The Vanderbilts, the Goulds, and Dr. Depew lost this amount. This is history in New York and is well-known among financiers all over the United States.

HOW AGUINALDO WAS CAPTURED.

General Funston Tells the Story in His Official Report Just Received.

A description by General Funston and Captain Hazard of the capture of Aguinaldo was received at the war department last Thursday morning in the mail from Manila. General Funston says:

"On January 14, a special messenger of Aguinaldo's headquarters at Palanan, bearing letters to different generals of his command and to insurgent chiefs, asking for reinforcements to be sent him, gave himself up to Lieutenant Taylor of the Twenty-fourth infantry, who immediately sent him to me at San Isidro. He also had valuable correspondence which gave us information as to the whereabouts and the strength of Aguinaldo's band at that time. We found among them one in which Baldozoro Aguinaldo was ordered to take command of the province of central Luzon and requesting him to send as soon as possible 400 armed men to Aguinaldo's camp."

"Then and there I conceived the idea of arming and equipping a number of native troops to pass off as these expected reinforcements and to make an endeavor to trap Aguinaldo in his lair. The expedition was made up of four Tagalogs, who were formerly commanding officers in Aguinaldo's army, and who selected 78 men of the Macabebes tribe, all of whom could talk the Tagalo. I obtained a number of captured insurgents' uniforms and ten Macabebes were equipped with Remington and Mauser rifles."

"We embarked on the gunboat Vicksburg and landed on March 14 at 2 o'clock in the morning. The expedition was nominally placed in command of Hilario Placido, ex-insurgent colonel. After marching 20 miles we reached the town of Casiguran. We had sent word to the presidente of the town through native messengers that reinforcements for Aguinaldo were on the way through his town. The presidente was completely deceived. My troops had captured some months ago some official papers of General Lacuna, bearing his official stamp and seal. In order to make the deception all the more complete, we succeeded in forging the signature of Lacuna to letters to Aguinaldo. These letters were sent on ahead and we followed."

"The trip to Aguinaldo's camp was a most severe one upon the men. Our food supply was entirely exhausted, and my men were so weak that when we reached within eight miles of Aguinaldo's camp we could go no further. We, therefore, sent a messenger ahead to Aguinaldo's camp, informing him of our plight and requesting that he send us food before we could go further. This was supplied, and the disguise and ruse adopted by us had been complete. As we had told Aguinaldo that we had American prisoners he sent word that they be given their liberty."

"As the Macabebes approached the town the troops of Aguinaldo's body-guard, consisting of 50 men, were drawn up in parade to receive the supposed reinforcements. The men who posed as officers of our expedition, marched into camp and paid their respects to Aguinaldo, who received them in a large house built on the banks of the Palanan river."

"After the exchange of courtesies the officers excused themselves from Aguinaldo and his staff for a moment, stepped outside, and ordered their Macabebes troops drawn up into line and commanded them to commence firing into Aguinaldo's troops. The rout of the insurgents was complete. The ex-insurgent officers, the five Americans and several Macabebes scouts immediately made a rush for the house which was used as Aguinaldo's headquarters, and took him prisoner."

"Aguinaldo, when first taken prisoner, raved and swore at the deception practised upon him, but later accepted the situation with dignity."

LOYALTY OF THE SOUTH.

A Former Confederate Says It Was Manifested Long Ago.

Lieutenant Sam Donelson, formerly door-keeper of the house, one of the six surviving members of General Forrest's staff, and a well-known Tennessean, says the Washington Star, was commenting today on the speech made by Senator Carmack recently on the occasion of the president's visit to Memphis. In this speech Senator Carmack told the visitors that the Southern people had been loyal to the Union ever since their arms were laid down at Appomattox, and pointed to the large number of volunteers for the Spanish-American war that came from the Southern states. Mr. Donelson recalls two early instances of patriotic responses of Southern people. Fifteen months after the Civil war, he says, there were evidences of trouble with Mexico. The Confederate soldiers had barely laid aside their uniforms. At this time General Forrest called a mass meeting of ex-Confederates and citizens generally, and it was held in Court Square in Memphis. At this meeting General Forrest himself introduced a resolution pledging loyalty and tendering the services of his own command to General Grant in case there should be war with Mexico. A copy of these resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, was wired to General Grant.

"This," said Mr. Donelson, "was the first time the Southern people had an opportunity to practically express their loyalty to this reunited country, and General Forrest led in the move. I was present at the mass meeting and several patriotic speeches were made most enthusiastically. The meeting is a matter of history, and an account of it may be found in files of newspapers in August, 1866. In 1877 there was held at Hurricane Springs, Tenn., a reunion of General Forrest's men. This was at a time when President Hayes had been quite liberal toward the South. Resolutions appreciating his actions and renewing the pledges of loyalty of Forrest's command were unanimously adopted. These resolutions were drafted by Colonel Marks, afterwards governor of Tennessee. No more undoubted evidences of loyalty could have been shown than at these two meetings. The recent talk about the reunited country is, therefore, rather too old for utterance in the present day."

HEROIC TELEGRAPHER.

Operator Who Sent Out Story of Jacksonville's Great Fire.

Along early in the afternoon of the fire there came over the telegraph wires that bald, meager message that a fire, with which the city's department was unable to cope, was raging in Jacksonville, the beautiful little city on the banks of the St. Johns.

Little else was known when the evening papers went to press. The South waited expectantly for fuller news. It was coming.

Down in Jacksonville in the Western Union building there sat alone one man. He was Operator Steele, and through him alone was the outside world told of what was happening in the doomed city.

When the flames had swept in red horror across to the east of the city, they turned. Back to the west along Bay street and the water front trembled and rolled the billows of fire. As the fire changed its direction and came whirling back toward the west the telegraph building that lay on the front of it was vacated. Clerks fled; operators deserted their machines.

The big building was empty and silent, and the world was waiting to know the fate of the city.

One man stayed. It was Steele.

He sat at his desk on the second floor. By his side was an open window. He could look out upon that scene sublime in its awfulness. Steadily the whirlwind of flame advanced nearer and nearer.

Above the roar of the flames the crash of falling walls and the heart-rending screams of frantic men and women there arose one sound.

It was heard the world over.

Above the clamor, steady and clear, clicked Steele's telegraph key.

Out of the window he saw this building and that blaze up, totter and fall, and as he watched he sent out over the wire the story of what he saw.

The heat and the smoke were stifling. He sought a brief breathing spell in the open street. A block above, in front of the Times-Union and Citizen office, he saw a young girl stagger and drop a bundle, saved from a ruined home, under the trampling feet of the surging throng at the corner.

He stooped and drew from under the feet of the crowd this bundle and lifted the slight form of the girl into the newspaper office.

Somewhere out on the river or across on the other side were his wife and baby, he knew not where, but he hoped and believed them to be safe.

An acquaintance, haggard and smoke-stained, seized his arm, as he started back to his work at the telegraph key.

"They say that your wife and baby were on the ferry boat that caught fire and was wrecked in the river!" cried the man hoarsely.

"You lie!" said Steele. "Turn me loose. I have work to do."

The man dropped his arm and stepped aside.

He saw that telegraph key, the world, and the world was expecting the best that was in him.

He would give it.

The evening gloom and the shadow were beginning to settle around the edges of the fire's red glare when he sat down at his key again. Night was coming on. The flames were steadily sweeping along toward the telegraph building. The heat was sickening.

But he stayed at his key, watching

the flames through the open window and telling the world what he saw.

How long the hours seemed! And now out of his window was naught but a red sea of flames. The buildings across from the office, on the other side of Laura street, were ablaze.

The message went out to the world that the Western Union building was doomed. The man who sent the message believed it. He thought the next instant to be entrapped in a merciless, all-consuming furnace.

But, wonderful to tell, the flames that had laughed at the firemen's efforts to fight them before languished! They died away and sickened and sank into naught but a hot, red glare.

The great fire was under control. The telegraph office was saved.

He didn't seem to know that he was the hero of Jacksonville's great fire, or any hero at all; but he was.

There was, of course, many and many a brave deed done on that day of days, and many a man played the part of most sublime heroism.

But the man who stands out in the boldest and clearest relief against that shadowy background of terror is this young telegraph operator.

Slowly the others came back to the building, and weary and worn and heartsick the lone operator surrendered his place to them. He had stuck to his post and had done his duty. Others could do the rest that was to be done.

"No money in all the world could hire me to do it again," he said to me last Sunday. "I would do it for nothing less than the love of a friend. That is a greater thing than dollars you know."—R. W. Lillard in Atlanta Daily News.

THE MAYOR OF SAVANNAH.

Sam Jones Gives That Official a Stinging Roast.

In opening a recent sermon at Savannah Sam Jones delivered himself as follows:

"My purpose tonight is to show that 'He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.' Sin is not only a wrong, it is a disease. If one persists in drinking one becomes a drunkard; if one continues to lie, a liar, and everywhere I've been, except Savannah, that is a liar is a terrible thing. The trouble is men look on the act itself and never see the reflex action on character."

Mr. Jones compared the effect of sin, persisted in, to the slow, but deadly poison of a serpent. "I don't need any preacher or Bible," he said, "to convince me that sin is the ruin of men, municipalities, of states and of countries. Right here in this town I can show you characters showing all the horrible ravages of sin. Whether it be the millionaire or the bum, he that sits in the chief seat of the synagogue, or that grovels in a den, the ravages of sin will tell on him. Like the virus of the cancer which kills at last, the virus of sin is deadly."

"Again, he that pursueth evil not only pursueth death, but pursueth death to his conscience, but there are a thousand men in Savannah tonight as conscienceless as if dead and damned. The trouble in this country today is that you have stabbed to death the conscience of the individual, the municipality, the state and the country. You know that as a nation we have no conscience. The national government is in league and co-partnership with the infamous liquor traffic, and both the Republicans and the Democrats, if they can but win by it are willing to continue so. What do the damnable, dirty politicians of this town care if every mother's son is debauched, if they can get into office and run their little mills. If Savannah has as much conscience as she has pride I'd have some respect for her. And this want of conscience has crept into the city churches, affecting deacons, and stewards and vestrymen, ay, in some cases the very ministers of God."

"The state of Georgia as an organized political and economic body has no conscience; we levy blackmail from every saloonkeeper to get money to send our children to school. Why, I'd rather my boy go to heaven sober, knowing only his a, b, c's, than to go drunk to hell and be able to read Greek. Why, if ignorance barred men from preferment you've got aldermen in this town that couldn't be elected dog-pit-ers."

"I was born and raised a Democrat. I lived and moved among Democrats; but I've got to that point when I think that the highest demands of patriotism and loyalty are those that shield the wife, protect the mother and send the boys home sober. Yes, I've been with the damned, dirty, whisky-soaked, red-nosed Democrats. I've made speeches for them and I've toted the torch light in the procession till it burned my fingers, and I've gone home drunk on their Democratic liquor. And all the time I was making speeches, and they were cheering me there was my sad-eyed wife at home. But bless God I've quit it, and now they call me a mountebank, a blackguard and a fool, but thank God I'm sober and a happy fool."

"You, in this town can have your political elections and buy your voters as we buy mules in our country. But if I were here and loved my home I'd sooner commit suicide than see it. And look at our preachers. When these politicians want office they turn from your preachers with contempt and say, 'give us the gamblers and the saloon keepers and we'll go into office.' You know it. I'd as soon go to Alaska for pineapples or to hell for water as to Savannah for an honest politician. You can send your children to hell and yet say that if they had known of my work out here to save them they'd refused me the use of the place. Listen! If I were running a soap factory in hell and they hauled me the carcasses

of an old alderman like that I'd say leave it out.

"Hear me, my countrymen. You talk about a man having stabbed his country's conscience to death. The time has come in this so-called Christian country of ours when we ought to lift our prayer that these consciences be resurrected."

"Who'd accuse your mayor of having a conscience? I'm just asking a question. Will everybody who believes he's a conscience stand up?"

There was a roar of laughter as to the first question, and no response whatever to the second, no one either speaking or making any move to stand up. "Gentlemen of the press," said Mr. Jones, turning to the reporters on the platform, "put down the facts; don't cover up anything for either God or the devil; give us a square deal." Then turning again to the congregation he said: "Your mayor's personal character is out of my reach; but as your mayor, he's public property, and he's my meat."

"What we need in this country, continued Mr. Jones, 'is to put into every office in the state, from that of governor down to constable, a man that has the fear of God in his heart. You may tie a ten thousand pound rock around my neck and drop me in the Savannah river, but every little babbling wave that passed over me would say 'you have drowned an honest man who had the courage to stand up and preach conscientiously to you.'"

"Is life so dear, is peace so sweet, that you don't dare help yourselves? Every preacher in this town ought to be a mixture between a billy goat and a mule so that he could but with one end and kick with the other. To do good here we must put our people on their feet to look and long for better things."

STICK TO THE FARM.

A Wise Old Man Gives Some Sensible Advice.

Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of The Youth's Companion, believes that the great majority of boys who leave the farm to go to town make a great mistake. In the Chicago Tribune he has this to say on the subject:

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