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The Story Teller.

decipher the words on a small piece

of paper. Near him, with her head

whose not unattractive face were

"Well, George," she finally said,

"I can hardly make it out, moth-

er," her son replied, "but it's new,

cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a

the lines of toil and suffering.

"why don't you read it?"

gle up, legs and arms all in knots! LONG BARTON'S RACE

ride skis?" "Why don't you tell him?" retorted a listener, laughing.

"Waal, it ain't my business, and In a gloomy room, made more dis-I get heaps of fun out of him, but mal by a spluttering candle set in a it's the truth, he ain't got any bottle, the sides of which were covense." ered with a copious overflow of tal-

"He's entered for next week," said low, a young man sat, attempting to one of the group.

"What for - the sweepstakes?" asked the storekeeper.

"You bet!" was the reply. "He's bent forward in an anxious, half expectant attitude, was his mother, on got some 'dope' that's like greased lightning, and you can't get the secret out of him with a team of wild horses. Gus Lindberg offered him \$10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't this," and the old driver held up a

"He'll win if the prize is for tyand he says he got the receipt from ing his legs into knots," laughed the one of the great piano makers in New York. It's the stuff that makes storekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party the cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, and slipped at the head of their shoot. It was 75 feet if it was a why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off foot, and he went sliding down like the mortgage and get you a thick The front door was shut, and he struck it feet first and landed right slight flush tingeing her pale face; in the party, his legs all in knots."

"but you've tried so many kinds of 'dope,' and they all failed. I'm The ski races had been announced for a week, and Long Barton had afraid it's your way of riding, dear." "My way of riding!" exclaimed entered. The grand prize was \$250, and he believed he could win it. But on the morning of the event his and ran his hands through his curly hair. "Why, there isn't a man in mother made some excuse for remaining home and was the only wo-Plumas county who can toss more snow in a day, lift more, stand more, man in the hamlet not present at the races. She could not bear to witness his defeat. The course was His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow on the slopes of the sierras, a splencovered windows, then glanced at did hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as her companion with an expression glass, and of so sharp an angle that that combined pride and pity. The a man could not ascend it, and once young man had not overstated his on it with skis, it was a race like the

prowess. He was a giant, a colossus wind for nearly half a mile, then out in strength, seven feet tall, but so on to a gradual slope into the valley, thin, so long of limb, so strangely where the little village lay buried. drawn out that for miles around he Every town or village in Plumas was known as "Long Barton" and and Sierra counties of any preten-"Tanglefoot." He was a miner, like sions had a ski club, and many of the members were experts who had his father, who had been killed in performed wonderful feats, and for an avalanche two seasons before. this race the pick of every club was The winter had set in early, and a succession of snowstorms had buried on hand at the top of the glassy slide, while an admiring crowd of men, women and girls looked on. the little hamlet of a dozen houses so deep in the snow that around the Barton home it was nearly 30 feet | The curious Norwegian snowshoes, on the level, and the hamlet, so far which were eight feet long, four as appearances went, had been wiped inches wide and half an inch thick, the child in his arms. He rolled it out of existence and lay with all its domestic life under the snow. The every contestant having his especial had taken off. Then he pulled on too Much Liquor. entire male population had dug the "dope," which was his secret. Apart his snow cap and, followed by the

the operation consisting in begin- strapping on his skis, which had a

ning a shoot 50 feet from the front | polish such as had never been seen

of the house, or where it was sup- | before. They gleamed in the sun

posed to be, and sinking a burrow with dazzling brilliance. If "dope"

under the snow.

down.

risk where the security was liable to

or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in counted, there were those who bethe direction of the second story. lieved that "Tanglefoot" would win. The first signal was given, and the It took some time to accomplish this after the last storm, but finally the | men lined up, their long skis extendminers reached the attic window, ed forward, their bodies in various giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Bar- positions. Each racer bore a long ton and her son appeared to wel- stuff, or starter. Some held it on come them. From this time the at- one side, some between their legs, tic window had been the front door. while others extended it ahead, and George had cut steps up the burrow, as the word was given each man and the Bartons, as the postmaster gave a mighty shove and projected himself down the terrific slide. They remarked, were "in society again." The chimney had been spliced with shot over the edge like a wave of pieces kept for the purpose, so that water over a fall and seemed to rush the top reached the surface of the into space, then sank so rapidly snow, and as George had piled a from view that they were gone beplentiful supply of wood in the fore the excited onlookers realized house in September and there was it. The speed increased rapidly, and an abundance of candles, oil and in 10 seconds was like that of a fast provisions things were as comforta- trotter, at 15 it was equal to the ble in the Barton home as in any fastest train of cars, and at 20 the best men were holding their breath, house in the place 20 or more feet as it was impossible to breathe at such speed, and the slightest swerve But there is a skeleton in every household, it is said, and in the Barwould send them off the track. From the side the scene was a frightful ton home it was pride and debt. one, as it was hard to believe that The elder Barton had left a mortgage on the house, which was soon human beings could preserve their to expire, and the mortgagee wished position and not be dashed to pieces the money. He lived in the city, 500 under such extreme velocity. But the line swept on, a few of the racers miles distant, and did not care for a

surging ahead. Half way down, and

four are in advance, two-thirds, and be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow, one tall figure is leading. as both Plumas and Sierra counties It is Long Barton. He is rushing were famous for heavy snowfalls. with the speed of light. The new George Barton had not been able to "dope" is carrying him on to victosave enough money for the mortguge. Avalanches had covered the ry. He knew it; his teeth were set; his heart was in his mouth-the mines and kept him from work. Then one night in returning home goal was just ahead. Then somehe could not find the shoot and had thing happened. He swerved a wandered off and when discovered tenth of an inch; a piece of ice was badly frozen. It was the custom | caught the channel of his polished in the village for the miners when ski, perhaps, and the next second going to work to plant a staff with the line of racers rushed like the a rag streamer at the entrance of wind by a figure rolling over and the shoots, so that they could find over, its legs, arms and long skis their homes if a storm came up. But seemingly tangled in a hopeless the wind had blown Barton's flag knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, and the loud laughter and gibes of Then there was another trouble. the spectators rang in his ears as, For a number of years George Barhalf stunned, he slid to the bottom ton had been a contestant in the ski and picked himself up. To their credit, the winners did not laugh. races which are the principal amusement of the people of these counties It was the crowd on the hill, and of California in winter, but in every Barton took off his skis and, avoiding them, walked over the snow and one he had been defeated-more, humiliated, as twice, unable to conwas lost to sight in the shoot that

wabbled, then slipped and gone That night, as was the custom, down the slide upon his back amid there was a ball, and at the earnest the roars of laughter and gibes of wish of his mother Long Barton But that warm bundle so close to his the crowd of spectators. "The funniest thing about it," reentertainment and sat by the stove pushed on. marked the storekeeper, "is that and watched the merrymakers, George thinks he can ride and al- knowing well that he was the butt ways lays it to his skis or the 'dope.' of them all. Late at night, while But, bless your heart, a man might he still looked on, a crowd gathered jest as well try to ride on stilts as at the door around a man who had them legs of his'n. They ain't built just arrived-Reel Stacey, the stage

trol his long legs, he had at first led to his home.

for skiin. They'd make a good skid driver.

for a bridge. My, how he did tan-Why don't some of you chaps tell said. "It's banked 50 feet at Ev- he heard fitful cries. Again he was him nature didn't intend him to ans, and the 30 foot marks on the caught in an avalanche, reaching the

ing gaze.
"A baby!" they shouted in chorus,

the child. "Hold on, boys," said the driver; natured one.
"business first. This is Jim Grayson's baby. His wife died last night, and he's flat on his back. The cow was killed in the snow, and there ain't any milk in this town but baby is to get it out where there's

"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper in an awed whisper, "it's death to try the mountains in such a storm! "So I told the doctor," replied the stage driver, "and I haven't the a log of redwood—a mile a minute. nerve to try it. I know what it is a man's life against the kid's. But I said I'd state the case. He's a newcomer at Sierra. He got here and can't get away."

milk. If we don't, it will starve."

"It's 50 miles to milk if it's a miner in the group. "Won't bread Then he rushed on again like a madman.

"It might for some," retorted the driver, "but this baby's not built won't touch anything else. They've man here that can suggest any-

Every miner present knew that it ing, until the snow had settled. Evof men who had met death trying to cross the sierras in storms, and for a few moments no one answered. Then, as the driver pulled the blanheld closer to his breast, a voice said:

"Well, if the baby wants milk, she's going to have it; don't you for- in New York Evening Post. get it, boys." And Long Barton edged through the crowd and took storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, last one for such a proposition. But,

pocket for wolves, and on his booted feet were the skis which the incomparable "dope" had polished so that he could hardly stand. A moment later he was lost to view.

baby to safety. If he had been asked an hour before if a man could do this, he would have said no. He prepared, and the signature of the sec in the center, with the walls of the the president intended to add his auto sierras, snowclad, trembling with graph and announce the appointment He knew the trees well and for five vival in his habits. miles kept the trail. Then he came he was breathing hard when he tor McLaurin, who has recommended reached half way. Then he felt a him. alanche. He made desperate strug- convention. gles and by a miracle kept near the There is talk here that Presiden

self out. started down the canyon, now sliding, now leaping, the famous "dope" carrying him well and fast. From a rose and tossed the snow aloft in great spectral wraiths that looked to of Saturday to the Columbia Record. his distorted vision like shrouds. went. But he took no part in the heart gave him courage, and he in New York is, on an average, about

steadily. He could not remember foreign countries and from other divishow many ranges he had passed. He had forgotten how many ranges or less than 11 per cent. in a decade. he was to cross to reach the town. Actually, the increase in population is He made some descents that equaled

"Hope you folks has extra splices caping trees and rocks, holding one on your chimneys and flags out," he arm about the bundle, patting it as pines are covered, and it's snowing bottom waist deep in snow, the baby like it will never stop. But that's almost buried. It was now daylight, not what I come for," he continued, and after digging his feet out he ununrolling a bundle, blanket after rolled the bundle and, protecting it, blanket, and producing a baby that gave the baby a ration of the milk, looked up at the men with a wonder- which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderingly at him the while, and George, who knew and half a dozen arms reached for very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good He did not realize how weary he

was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was finer and filled his eyes, and he felt that look at him, and he's given it out that he expects to win."

quart bottle. "Now, the doctor this was the beginning of the end.

But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seem ed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realizing that his mind was not clear, and foot," remarked a red whiskered dashed snow upon his forehead.

How far he went no one knows to this day, but it had been many miles that way. She wants milk, and she in the wrong direction, when, with a wild laugh, which frightened those been trying it for days. Is there any who heard it, Long Barton unslung a bundle and plunged into a half thing?" And the speaker raised his buried wickiup, from the top of which sparks were rising. The men reached for their firearms at sight of was impossible to get out of the the gigantic and wild eyed figure, than they can? And if it is, what reamountains, even if it was not snow- but the squaw, laying her papoose among the blankets, with unerring ery one recalled the names and faces | instinct caught the bundle from the hands of the falling man, and Jim Grayson's baby was saved. As for "Tanglefoot" Barton, one of the half breeds, who came in to the vilket over the little figure, which he lage from another wickiup and who of it? understood English, said he was clean off his head and thought he had won a race.-Charles F. Holder

## BLALOCK TURNED DOWN.

Leumas W. C. Blalock will not be E. A. Webster. He is a planter and cause manufacturer, a man of means, posi-"I'd have picked Tanglefoot' the tion and influence, with a host of personal friends in South Carolina. He boys, we've mistook him. He's got joined the Republican party a number sand, for he's going to his funeral." What George Barton said to his this state passed under the control of mother no one knew. Time was the B. R. Tilman. He was induced by his essence of this transaction, and in a friends last spring to offer himself as very short while he came up the a candidate for collector and it is said shoot clad in his furs, the baby he had secured the promise of Senator wrapped in a fur bag which was Hanna that his appointment would be slung under his arm. He carried his made at the expiration of the term of staff in his hand, a revolver in his Collector Webster. The death of Mr. Webster and the death of President McKinley changed the status of affairs and made necessary an early appoint-

Mr. Blalock came to Washington two weeks ago, seeking the appointment. The same dogged persistency He had the endorsement of hundreds of which had led Long Barton to be- Democrats and Republicans and the lieve that he could win the race made favorable influence of Senator Mchim think that he could carry the Laurin, whom President Roosevelt ments, as did his predecessor.

ment by President Roosevelt.

It is said his appointment had been strode up the little valley, keeping retary of the treasury affixed, and that avalanches on either side and in an but declined to do so after charges had hour struck the straggling forest. been made that Mr. Blalock was con-

After the president had turned down Mr. Blalock, the names of Dr. J. F. to the first slope. By the aid of his Ensor, Geo. H. Huggins and Dr. V. P staff he made a rapid slide, reaching Clayton are said to have been considthe bottom of the canyon safely in ered. The telegrams to South Carolina a few seconds. And this was to be that Dr. Clayton has been appointed his experience-climbing and slid- were premature, though it is probable ing. The next hill was so soft that he will be, as he is acceptable to Sena-

tremble, a nameless thrill, and the Blalock and his friends are very entire side of the mountain seemed much disappointed. They say Clayton to give way, and he was carried irresistibly down on the wings of an av- tion to the next national Republican

top and after much labor dug him- Roosevelt may tender McLaurin a cab inet portfolio as a recognition of the It had stopped snowing as he south. It may be only idle rumor. Later-John G. Capers, Dr. V. P. Clayton and Dr. J. F. Ensor called on the president this afternoon and urged him to reconsider his determination deep valley he must climb the next not to appoint Blalock, saying that range, but when he was half way up stories were being circulated in South the snow began to fall again, and he Carolina that McLaurin had gone back became bewildered. He could not on Blalock. The president said this see the stars and would have to trust was not true and that he could not apto luck. So he swung himself over point Blalock for reasons wholly withthe divide and rushed down the out the control of McLaurin. The presslopes. Another range to climb, and ident said he would not do it and tenstill it snowed, and later the wind dered the appointment to Clayton, who probably do so .- Washington special

20 The excess of births over deaths 5,000 a year, and if there were not con-Five hours he had been traveling stant immigration into New York from at the rate of 38 per cent. The terri-tory of New York, which had 2,403,000 the famous race course, narrowly es- population in 1890, had 3,437,000 in 1900.

"A PLAIN CASE OF BUSINESS." Ship Subsidy Proposition Discussed From Standpoint of Common

News and Courier, Friday.

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER rises with several questions of current interest.

our own, or do we prefer to continue paying freight bills to foreigners? If we want a merchant marine of our own, can we reasonably expect to build ham, Texas, Daily Favorite. up such an enterprise in competition with the subsidized foreign concerns without paying subsidies ourselves? If the foreigners find it to their advan-tage to subsidize their ships in order to put them in a position to carry our freights, would it not pay us to give equal or greater subsidies and carry our freights ourselves. There may be as some of our contemporaries claim a 'Republican steal' in the shipsubsidy idea; but to our view it looks more like a plain case of business, in which we are allowing the foreigners to get

Putting aside the stealing aspect of the matter, let us consider it in the other one. The "plain business" view will do for the present. In a general way of speaking, then

ve suggest to THE ENQUIRER, in the

first place, that there is no harm done

to any business community, or interest, or concern, when another one, which is better prepared for such work, does its hauling, freight carrying, whether on land or water, for it cheaper than it can do such service for itself. For instance does THE ENQUI-RER think that the Yorkville merbe hurt in pocket, by hauling their goods to and from Charlotte, or Atlanta, say, rather than having them hauled by the railroads for lower rates? Would it "pay" the people of Yorkter "business" and more profitable busthe railroads which can haul cheaper son is there for the larger business community of the country to build up "a merchant marine of our own," and subsidize it heavily, simply to enable us "to carry our freights ourselves," at a higher cost than the foreigners carry it for us? Would it not be very bad in Napoleon's nature was ambition. In business, to take a plain business view

not to extend the discussion possibly be profited by subsidizing our would the proceeding "pay" us in the low rates of must be operated at a loss if operated at all and, therefore, they must have a subsidy to enable them to compete. It follows, of course. at a loss, in fact, but that the subsidy would recoup their owners for such unprofitable business. Can THE EN-QUIRER say, or see, how this proceeding would "pay" in any way the farmers and other people of South Carolina, and of other states, who would have to furnish the money for the subsidies?

It is asserted, indeed, that the subsidies would enable our freight ships to carry our freight cheaper than it is carried by the foreign ships. But it may be asked as a plain business ques tion, if our ships really need money from the public nocket to enable them to run at all in competition with these foreign ships, how can they possibly carry freights cheaper than their competitors?

Are we to understand in view of these plain business considerations, that the \$9,000,000 a year subsidy that is asked for our ocean freight ships, is not just enough to enable them to carry our freight as cheap as it car be carried by their competitors; but is intended rather to afford them a profit on their service besides? The question is, then, finally, how can it possibly "pay" the people of this country, in any way, to support a merchant marine on such terms—the terms of paying it more money for its service than we now pay foreign ships for the same service, and then giving it more millions of dollars annually in unearned money as a free gift, to make it profitable to the few men who own it and operate it?

It may be and ought to be good "business" for the men and concerns who will build the ships and run them and draw the subsidies. It is very poor business for the business men and the people, who will furnish the money for the subsidies. And we take it, that business men and the people do not "want a merchant "marine" on such conditions, and will prefer to "continue paying freight bills to foreigners" who render a full equivalent in service for such bills," and this, we think, is the plain business view of it.

RESENTED BY ROOSEVELT .- Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt had been called to Washington by President Harrison as the head of the civil service commission, he in company with friends, was visiting the Army and Navy club. During the evening a gentleman(?) who evidently had not become reconciled to the south, in conversation referred contemptuously to the souther people as traitors. Mr. Roosevelt kindly remonstrated and stated the charge of being traitors could not be maintained against the southern people. The gentleman (?) was not satisfied with Mr. Roosevelt's remonstrance and repeated that the southern people were traitors. Again, Mr. Roosevelt is said to be the owner of the oldest use of the arm. This is the reason that remostrated, saying that his mother Bible in the United States.

was a southern lady, and that many of his kinsmen had engaged in that war and that the word traitor was offensive to him. Upon the word being repeated the third time. Roosevelt shot out his fist straight from the right shoulder and administered the 'solar plexus" to the gentleman whose tongue was so glib in denouncing the south. Roosevelt reformed him! He has a great deal of reform work in his hands just now. We wish him well.-Bon-

## WHY NAPOLEON FAILED.

He Was Great Enough But Not Good Enough.

A recent book, written by an emi-

nent English statesman, Lord Rose-

berry upon Napoleon the Great, is profoundly interesting in its sympathetic, and yet judicial, estimate of the most marvelous of modern conquerors. Napoleon appears, to this latest biographer, so great in his energy, his intellect, his genius, that he "enlarges the scope of human achievement." He 'fought the Austrians once for five consecutive days, without taking off his boots or closing his eyes;" he would work for eighteen hours at a stretch; "his genius was as unfailing and supreme in the art of statesmanship as in the art of war, and he was as much the first ruler as the first captain in the world." "Ordinary measures do not apply to him; we seem to be trying to span a mountain with a tape." The conclusion arrived at is chants and manufacturers. would that Napoleon was the largest personal force that has ever come into the

modern European world. Why, then, did his career end in defeat and exile? Napoleon's own saying is a revelation on this point. "I am ville, as a plain case of business, to not a man like other men," he asserbuild and subsidize railroads of their ted; "the laws of mortality could not own to those points and "carry their be intended to apply to me." He befreights "themselves?" Is it not bet- lieved that religion was essential to the nation he ruled; but not to himself. iness for them to give their hauling to He was not antagonistic to it; he patronized it rather. But for a man as consciously great as he to obey the Ten Commandments when they ran counter to his own views, appeared to him absurd. Humility was in his eyes no virtue; but an entire mistake. Yet humility alone could have saved

him. The dangerous, the fatal element

youth, he was phenomenally sane and well-balanced. But his little knowledge of his own powers unbalanced over too much ground, how could we him; nothing seemed impossible; nothing seemed as important as his own own ships to carry our freight? How destiny: "the intellect and energy were still there; but as in caricature; circumstances? We mean by us the they became monstrosities." Then 'husiness" interests and people gener- came the inevitable collapse of insane ally of the country-not the recipients and impossible ambitions: and at 46 of the subsidies, who would be greatly the man who had dreamed of governprofited, of course. The contention is ing a world became a captive exile Bartons out, as in previous winters, from the others stood Long Barton men to the door, went out into the appointed collector of internal revenue that our freight ships cannot compete His conquests left no mark: the kings for South Carolina to succeed the late with the foreign freight ships, be- he made lost their thrones; France was eggared and exhausted by him; and freight charged by the latter, and the greatest gifts ever bestowed upon a human soul since the days of Caesar thus failed to help forward the world If any one was ever great enough to do without goodness, Napoleon was that if they were operated by means of the man. The result of his experiment a subsidy, they would still be operated ought to be enough to satisfy anybody. There is no need for smaller men to repeat the test; it stands as a finality, Plain, simple goodness is the necessity of great souls as well as lesser ones; duty is the supreme law, God, the almighty ruler. Napoleon failed not because he was not great enough; but because he was not good enough. "Not by might, nor by power, but my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." That truth stands: and we may stand or fall by

## "LORD, KINDLY LIGHT."

It, as we choose.

The Text of the Famous Hymn That President McKinley Loved.

In reprinting below Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, which is said to have been one of President McKinley's favorites, the Indianapolis Journal has given the version used in "Lyra Anglicana," a hymnal of sacred poetry published by the Appletons in 1865. The difference is in the first line only-"Lord, Kindly Light;" but it is an important difference, the opening word adding a force which the invocation otherwise lacks. It is presumably the form in which the line came from Newman's pen, though the other has been incorporated in the hymnal in common use and is the only one known to most readers. In the "Lyra Anglicana" the hymn is called, "The True Light," and reads thus: THE TRUE LIGHT.

Lord, Kindly Light, amid the encir-Lead Thou me on!

home: Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see The distant way; one step's enough for

was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou, Wouldst lead me on; loved to see and choose my path, but

Lead Thou me on! loved the garish day, and, spite of Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath kept me, sure Will lead me on! O'er most and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces Which I have loved long since and lost

27 Joseph Fritz, of Byron, Mich., is president of the Epworth league there, and is also a bartender in his father's saloon. He is only 19 years old, and considers himself subject to his father's orders, so the ministers of the town advised him to remain in his po-

sition until he attains his majority.

THE CANAL A NECESSITY.

National Farmers' Congress Alive to the Situation.

At the Farmers' National congress, held in Sioux Falls, S. D., last week, Hon. Harvie Jordan, agricultural editor of The Journal, introduced the resolutions calling for the construction of the Nicaragua canal, which were unanimously passed.

Mr. Jordan was also unanimously elected first vice-president of the National Farmers' congress by acclamation. This is quite a courtesy to the South and honor to him.

According to the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader, Mr. Jordan made the principal address of the session, speaking on "The Nicaragua Canal; Its Importance to Farmers of the South and West." The Argus-Leader says: "Mr. Jordan is president of the Southern Inter-State Cotton Growers' association, and agricultural editor of the Atlanta Journal. His address was keenly listened to by the delegates, and called but an interesting discussion. Mr. Jordan is one of the most prominent planters of the south and has been for some time a member of the Georgia legislature. Those that knew him only by reputation were much surprised to find so young a man."

The discussion that followed Mr. Jordan's address led up to the passage of the following resolutions, which were offered by him:

Whereas, the rapid expansion of agri-. cultural production, manufacturing industries and commercial trade generally in the United States is growing beyond the demands of present markets both at home and abroad, and

Whereas. It is deemed of vital importance to cultivate better trade relations with the Central and South American republics and the Asiatic nations of the far west; and

Whereas, The government of the United States is already committed to, and will enforce the integrity of the Monroe doctrine, Therefore, Be it resolved by the Na-

tional Farmers' congress that the construction of the Nicaraguan canal is deemed highly essential for meeting the objects and purposes above set forth, and we hereby earnestly petition the congress of the United States to take immediate steps toward the opening of the said isthmian canal, that the same may be speedily opened to the commerce of the world on the high seas, and that it be built and controlled by the federal government of the United States without the aid of, or international complications with, any foreign nation.

The resolution received a second by Mr. B. Cameron, of North Carolina, and was unanimously passed by the congress.-Atlanta Journal.

TRIBUTE OF THE SEA.

The Awful Record of Lives and Ves-

sels Lost Every Year. Lloyd's annual return of vessels lost and condemned shows in a striking form the prodigious tribute that is claimed every year by the sea. The loss of life is not given; but no less than 702 vessels of upward of a hundred tons were reported last year as abandoned, burned, missing, in collision, wrecked or foundered. To this vanished fleet must be added 146 vessels which were broken up or condemned. The total tonage lost at sea is upward of half a million-the equivalent of 500 craft of a thousand tons apiece. No wonder the underwriters are busy.

England can congratulate herself on

holding the front rank in point of security for, while its actual losses are the heaviest, the number of wrecks relative to the tonnage affoat is smaller than that of any of the first-class maritime powers. To be strictly accurate the colonies came out a fraction better than the mother country. Germany comes next and Norway, with its big fleet of the cast-off vessels of other nations, shows the highest percentage of losses, 6.39, as compared with 2.39 for England. Norway's fleet of floating coffins has grown to be something of an international scandal, and it is time a conference was summoned for establishing some general standards of safety, by which every nation should be bound. We are by no means blameless ourselves in respect to finding and manning; but we are in a strong enough position to take the initiative; and as large charterers of Norwegian tonnage, and in our capacity of salesmen of the very ships which come to grief on our coasts at every gale, we are by no means free from responsibility. One disquieting feature of the The night is dark and I am far from return is the extremely small proportion of vessels condemned to the number owned. Last year 146 vessels broken up out of the world's fleet of 24,892. We imagine that Lloyd's is hardly satisfied with a state of things which marks the survival of some thousands of unfit ships and almost certainly accounts for the wreck of others .- London Daily News.

WHY GIRLS CANNOT THROW .- A great deal of fun is poked at girls because they cannot throw a stone or a snowball and hit the person or thing they are aiming at. The general idea as to why girls cannot throw as well as boys is that they have not acquired the knack by practice as their brothers have. Another explanation is given by a medical man which tends to show that girls could never learn the knack, however, much they tried.

When a boy throws a stone, he crooks his elbow and reaches back with his forearm, and in the act of throwing he works every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, whereas the boy's arm is relaxed.

The reason of this difference is one

of anatomy. The feminine collar bone is longer and is set lower than in the