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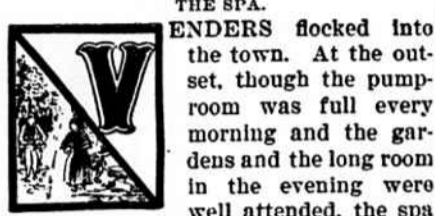
NO. 66.

## THE LADY OF LYNN.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

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### CHAPTER V.



ENDERS flocked into the town. At the outset, though the pump-room was full every morning and the gardens and the long room in the evening were well attended, the spa lacked animation. The music pleased, the singers pleased, the colored lamps dangled in chains between the branches and pleased, yet the company was dull. There was little noise of conversation and no mirth or laughter; the family groups were not broken up; the people looked at each other and walked round and round in silence. After the first round or so, when they had seen all the dresses, the girls yawned and wanted to sit down.

To me it was amusing only to see the people in their fine dresses marching round and round while the music played, trailing their skirts on the floor, swinging their hoops and handling their fans; for the lack of young men talking to the clergy from the cathedrals and the colleges, and casting at each other glances of envy if one was better dressed or of scorn when one was worse dressed than themselves.

As for the men—"Jack," said Captain Crowle, "I keep looking about me. I try the pump-room in the morning, the ordinary at dinner, the taverns after dinner. My lad, there is not one among them all who is fit to be mated with our Molly. Gentlemen, are they? I like not the manner of these gentlemen. They are mostly young, but drink hard already. Their faces are red and swollen at 25. What will they be at 40? My girl shall marry none of them, nor shall she dance with them. She shall stay at home."

In fact, during the first week or two after the opening of the spa Molly remained at home and was not seen in the long room or in the gardens.

The town was nearly full, many of the visitors having to put up with mean lodgings in the crazy old courts, of which there are so many in Lynn, when the first arrival from London took place. It was that of a clergyman named Benjamin Purden, Artium Magister, formerly of Trinity college, Cambridge. He was a man of insignificant presence, his figure being small and thin, but finely dressed. His head was almost hidden by a full ecclesiastical wig. Apparently he was between 40 and 50 years of age. He looked about him and surveyed the company with an air of superiority, as if he had been a person of rank.

He came to us down the river by a tilt boat from Cambridge and accepted contentedly quite a humble lodging, barely furnished with a chair and a flock bed. "Humility becomes divine," he said in a high authoritative voice. "The room will serve. A coal fire and an open window will remove the mustiness." He was perhaps, though we must allow a good deal to his profession, too fond of preaching. He preached in the morning at the pump-room.

It was presently learned that Mr. Purden had offered to take the services at St. Nicholas' for a few weeks in order to enable the curate to attend the bedside of a dying parent. He undertook this duty without asking for any fee or pay, a fact which greatly increased his reputation.

A day or two after Mr. Purden's arrival came a carriage and four containing a very fine lady indeed, with her maid and her man. She drove to the Crown, the people all looking after her. A large coat of arms was emblazoned on the door of her carriage, with a coronet and supporters. Her man was dressed in a noble livery of pale green, with scarlet epaulettes. A little crowd gathered round the door of the Crown while the footman held the door open and the lady spoke with the landlord.

"Sir," she said, inclining her head graciously and smiling upon the crowd, "I have been directed to ask for your good offices in procuring a lodging. I am a simple person, but a body must have cleanliness and room to turn about."

"Madam," said the landlord, "there is but one lodging in the town which is worthy of your ladyship. I have myself across the market place a house which contains three or four rooms. These I would submit to your ladyship's consideration."

This was an excellent beginning. The lady took the rooms at the rent proposed and without haggling. There were two bedrooms for herself and her maid and one room in which she could sit. The man found lodgings elsewhere. It appeared from his statement that his mistress was none other than the Lady Anastasia, widow of the late Lord Langston and sister of the living Earl of Selsey. It was therefore quite true, as Sam Semple had announced, that persons of quality were coming to the spa.

The Lady Anastasia at this time was about 26 years of age, a handsome woman still, though no longer in the first flush of her beauty. Her dress was as her manner proclaimed the woman of fashion. I confess that as a simple sailor, one who could not pretend to be a gentleman and had never before seen a woman of rank, much less conversed with one, I was quite ready, after she had honored me with

a few words of condescension and kindness, to become her slave. She could bear herself with the greatest dignity and even severity, as certain ladies discovered who presumed upon her kindness and assumed familiarity. But, while she could freeze with a frown and humiliate with a look, she could and did the next moment subdue the most obdurate and disarm the most resentful with her gracious smile and with her voice, which was the softest, the most musical and the most moving that you can imagine. She had been a widow for two years, and, having now put off the weeds, she was rejoicing at the freedom which the world allows to young widows of fortune and rank.

The mayor bade her welcome to the spa. "Madam," he said, "this town until yesterday was but a seaport and we ourselves for the most part merchants and sailors. We are not people of fashion. We do not call ourselves courtiers, but you will find us honest, and we hope that you will believe in our honesty when we venture, with all respect, to declare ourselves greatly honored by this visit of your ladyship."

"Indeed, worshipful sir and reverend sir, and you, gentlemen, I am grateful for your kind words. I am here only in the pursuit of health. I want nothing more, believe me, but to drink your sovereign waters, of which my physician speaks most highly, and, when my health allows me, to attend your church."

"We hope to offer your ladyship more than the pump-room," the mayor continued. "We have devised in our humble way rooms for the entertainment of the company with music and gardens, and we hope to have assemblies for dancing in the town hall. They are not such entertainments as your ladyship is accustomed to adorn, but such as they are we shall be deeply honored if you will condescend to join them. You will find the gentry and their ladies of the county and others not unworthy of your ladyship's acquaintance."

"Sir, I accept your invitation with great pleasure. These gayeties are indeed unexpected. I look forward, gentlemen, to making the acquaintance before many days of your ladies as well."

So she rose and dropped a courteous while her man threw open the door, and the deputation withdrew.

In the evening the lady came to the long room soon after the music commenced. Mr. Prapet, bowing low, invited her to honor the evening by dancing a minuet. He presented a gentleman, the son of a Norfolk squire, who, with many blushes, being still young, led out this lady, all jewels, silk, ribbons and patches, and with such grace as he could command performed the stately dance of the fashionable assembly.

This done, the master of the ceremonies presented another gentleman, and her ladyship condescended to a second dance, after which she retired and sat down. The first gentleman then danced with another lady. The second gentleman succeeded him, and dance followed dance. Mr. Prapet presented to Lady Anastasia those of the ladies who belonged to the gentry, and she was presently surrounded by a court of company, with whom she discoursed pleasantly and graciously. The spa had found a leader.

The next arrival from London was Sir Harry Malyns, a baronet and country gentleman whose life was wholly devoted to the pleasures of town. Those who had seen the withered old anatomy carried out of his carriage laughed at the thought of this ancient person still devoted to the pleasures of the town. "Nay," said the varlet, grinning. "But wait till you see him dressed. Wait till he has passed through my hands. You think he is at his last gasp. Indeed I thought so myself when I gave him his sack posset and put him to bed, but he will recover. Sir Harry is not so old but he can still bear some fatigues."

There was another whose arrival caused no ringing of bells or salutations by the horns. This was a certain Colonel Lanyon, who wore the king's scarlet, having served and received promotion in the king's armies. He drank the hardest, he played the deapest, he swore the loudest and he was always ready to take offense. Yet he was tolerated and even liked, because he was good company. He sang songs; he told anecdotes; he had seen service in the West Indies and in many other places; he had passed through many adventures; he assumed, and successfully, the manner of a good sportsman, free with his money, who played deep, paid his debts of honor at once and expected to be paid in like manner.

Last of all came the prince of this company, Lord Fyrlingdale himself. Sir Harry Malyns being asked if he knew his lordship, shook his head. "We of the gay world," he said, speaking as a young man, "do not commonly include Lord Fyrlingdale among the beaux and bucks. There is in him a certain haughtiness which forbids the familiarities common among ourselves."

"Is he, then, a saint?"

"Why, sir, I know nothing about him, but he respects—"

Sam Semple showed good sense in going around to visit his old friends.

Among others he called upon Captain Crowle, to whom he behaved with singular discernment, in such a way as would please the old man, for on board ship we like a cheerful sailor, one who takes punishment without sniveling and bears no malice there after. A ship is like a boys' school, where a flogging wipes out the offense and master and boy become good friends after it, whatever the heinousness of the crime.

"Sir," said Sam, standing before the captain modestly, "you will understand, first of all, that I am reminded in coming here of the last time that I saw you."

"Aye, my lad, I have not forgotten." The captain did not rise from his armchair, nor did he offer Sam his hand. He waited to learn in what spirit the young man approached him.

"Believe me, sir," said Sam, "I am not unmindful of a certain lesson, rough perhaps, but deserved. The presumption of youth, ignorance of the world, ignorance of the prize to which I aspired, may be my excuse, if any were needed. I was then both young and ignorant." It must be admitted that Sam possessed the gift of words, "indeed I was too young to understand the humble nature of my origin and my position and too ignorant to understand my own presumption. Therefore, sir, before I say anything more I beg your forgiveness. That presumption, sir, can never, I assure you, be repeated. I know at least my own place and the distance between a certain young lady and myself."

"Why, my lad," said the captain, "since you talk in that modest way I bear no malice—wherefore here is my hand in token of forgiveness. And so on that head we will speak no more."

He extended his hand, which Sam took, still in humble attitude. "I am deeply grateful, captain," he said. "You will perhaps before long find out how grateful I can be." Time, in fact, did show the depth of his gratitude.



HE PRESENTED A COURTEOUS WHILE HER MAN THREW OPEN THE DOOR.

"Well, sir, I am now in high favor with my Lord Fyrlingdale, on whom you waited this morning."

"I hope his favor will end in a snag point. Sam, forget not the main point. Well, your patron is a goodly and a proper man to look at. Sit down, Sam. Take a glass of home brewed. You must wait it after the ale of London, which is, so far as I remember, but poor stuff. Well, now, about your noble lord. He is a married man, I suppose?"

"Unfortunately, no. He is difficult to please."

"Ah! And I suppose, like most young noblemen, something of a prodigal, eh, Sam? Or a gambler, likely? The one who has ruined many innocents? Eh?"

The captain looked mighty cunning. "Sir—sir"—Sam spread out his hands in expostulation—"you distress me. Lord Fyrlingdale a gambler? Lord Fyrlingdale a libertine? Sir—Captain Crowle!" He spoke very earnestly. "The tears came into his eyes. He laid his hand upon the captain's knee. 'Sir, I assure you, he is, on the contrary, the best of men. There is no more virtuous nobleman in the country. My tongue is tied as his lordship's secretary, else could I tell of good deeds. Truly his right hand knoweth not what his left hand doeth. My lord is all goodness.'"

"Aye, aye. This is good hearing, indeed."

"Lord Fyrlingdale a gambler? Why, he may take part at a table, but not a gambler. No man is less a gambler. What doth it matter to him if he wins or loses a little? He neither desires to win nor does he fear to lose. You will, I dare say, see him in the cardroom just to encourage the spirit of the company."

"A very noble gentleman, indeed." The captain drank a glass of his home brewed. "A very noble gentleman, truly. Go on, Samuel Semple."

"Also he is one who— Captain, if there is one thing in the world that my patron abhors it is the man who ruins innocence and leaves his victim to starve. No, sir; his lordship is a man of the nicest honor and the highest principle."

"He has a secretary who is grateful, at least," observed the captain.

"His sword is ever ready to defend the helpless and to uphold the virtuous. Would to heaven there were more like the right honorable the Earl of Fyrlingdale!"

"Look you, Master Sam," said the captain. "Your good opinion of your patron does you credit. I honor you for your generous words. I have never so far, and I am now past 70, encountered any man who was either saint or angel, but in every man have I always found some flaw whether of temper or of conduct. So that I do not pretend to believe all that you make out."

Sam Semple showed good sense in going around to visit his old friends.

And now they were all among us, the vile crew brought together for our undoing by this lord so noble and so exalted. And we were already entangled in a whole mesh of lies and conspiracies, the result of which you have now to learn.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### ABOUT CHILD LABOR.

#### Chattanooga Tradesman Has Investigated Conditions In His State.

A representative of the Chattanooga Tradesman has been investigating the child labor law of this state and says: In so far as South Carolina is concerned it will be no doubt a great surprise to people to learn how few children under 12 years of age are employed in the mills. The Tradesman's facts were obtained this summer, when none of the children of mill operatives are at school, hence their number in the mills is greater at this season than at any other.

The following are some of the facts: Lewis W. Parker, president of the Victor Manufacturing company, says that there are 350 operatives in the mill, of whom there are 27 children under 12 years of age. Mr. Parker regrets that the number is unusually large at this time, which is due to the fact that the school closed July 1. This mill operates a school nine months in the year, paying three teachers and the expenses of the school generally out of its own funds.

John A. Law, president of the Saxon mills, Spartanburg, says he has 275 people on his pay roll. Of these, 9 are children under 12 years old, and they will be put out as soon as school begins, he says. There is a free school in the village running eight months in the year.

Arthur T. Smith, of the Langley Manufacturing company, says that mill has 900 employees at work, of whom 14 are under 12 years old. This corporation runs a free school four months of the year and the county five months, making nine in all. Mr. Smith states that every one of these children will go to school on the reopening.

James L. Orr, president of the Piedmont Manufacturing company, says that there are 1,423 names on his pay roll, of which 56 are between the ages of 10 and 12 years. All of these are sweepers and jacks and are children of small families who are dependent upon them for a living. There is not one under 10 and only 13 under 11. There is a regular graded school under a principal and seven teachers, and running ten months in the year, and all of it is paid for by the company.

Ellison A. Smyth, of the Pelzer and Belton mills, says in the Pelzer mill there are 2,543 operatives, of whom 26 are under 12 years old, and in the Belton mill there are 541 operatives, of whom 13 are less than 12 years old. He says: "At both Pelzer and Belton we have a contract book, which is signed by the head of every family we employ, and in which it is agreed that all children under 12 years of age are to go to the school provided by the mills every day the schools are open, and children over 12 are to be employed in the mill. Our school runs for nine or ten months and will reopen on the 1st of September. I find that during this holiday time some of the children under 12 years of age do get into the mill to work, though they are not wanted and their employment is forbidden, but often the children want to work and make their wages. Of course, there are special exceptions made to our 12 year rule in individual cases, owing to the poverty and needs of the widowed mother or the invalid father, or, in the case of orphans, to the condition of want in which the grandparents are found to be."

J. I. Westervelt, of the Brandon mills, Greenville, says there are 207 employees in the mill. Nine are males under 12 and three females under 12, although they are just a few months removed from that age. These are more than usual on account of the school being closed, which is run ten months.

Thomas F. Parker, president of the Monaghan mills, Greenville, says there are 358 operatives in the mill, of whom 23 are under 12 years. There is a school open for nine months.

P. C. Poag, superintendent of the Goldville Manufacturing company, says there are 69 operatives in this mill, of whom 8 are under 12 years.

R. T. Fewell, president of the Arcades mills, Rock Hill, reports that there are 189 operatives, of whom 20 are under 12 years. He declares that there is not a mill man in the state who wants to employ children under 12, but it is sometimes done from kindness of heart and sympathy.

This is the record for South Carolina so far as it goes, and it shows a surprising state of affairs when one considers the many "investigations" made of conditions by northern writers. They have greatly exaggerated the situation, with an object in view, and have accepted their statements as truth. According to the showing made, there is no need for any legislation on the subject in this state, for the mill owners themselves do not want to employ children under 12 years of age and they do not do so except when they believe they are doing good to the children themselves and their families.

A Boy Who Did His Duty.—A gentleman went into a fancy shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cash box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop and whispered to the boy:

"Watch the gentleman that he does

not steal anything," and bringing him out, sat him on the counter.

As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything. I watched him."—London Tit-Bits.

#### TESTING A GUN.

#### How the Indians Proved the Efficacy of the Pale Faces' Thunder Stick.

"I will tell you the story of how the first shotgun was brought to Lake Superior, as it was told in my presence by old Chief Muskwa (Bear) one night years ago in a tepee near Grand Portage on the north shore," said an old timer.

"We were out on an exploring trip when we ran across Muskwa's band. Among the Indians was a big half-breed called Joe Piskwe, and he was a native born trapper, and when he found that he could not get, borrow or steal our tobacco and whisky he proceeded to bargain for a little. We were all tenderfoot and had the usual curiosity of this species of human beings as to the legends and doings of the Indians, so we arranged with Big Joe to wigwam a seance that night in Muskwa's wigwam."

"The scene was really impressive and not untinged with romance. On one side of the fire sat the aged chief on a pile of bear skins and blankets. Around him were seated the sub-chiefs and warriors, and facing him the young men and boys of the tribe. The squaws, girls and dogs rustled for themselves outside the tepee, they not being considered worthy of being instructed in the traditions of the tribe. Piskwe acted as interpreter and the seance lasted until the early dawn."

"The old chief himself, over 100 years of age, began to speak in short, slow sentences: 'Many years ago,' he said, 'when my grandfather was a young brave, the Blackrobes came to visit the Chippewas of the big lake. With them were many voyagers and they had guns and much tackle to take fish. The Blackrobes would not allow a gun to be taken from its case, telling us that their mission was peace, not war. We were curious about the guns, but we held our tongues. Some of the voyagers could speak our tongue, and they told us of the great trading post far beyond the rapids at the end of the great sea water (probably Mackinac Island), where the Indians could buy guns, cloth, beads and other wonderful things, if they had furs of the mink, beaver and other animals found in great plenty. After some days the Blackrobes left us and went off down the lake.'

"It was the end of the summer. A great council was called near this spot and long consultations were held, and it was finally decided to send two great canoes to visit the trading post described by the white men. All that winter the Chippewas hunted and trapped for furs as they never had before, and in the spring great packs of pelts lay in the head chief's wigwam. Two great war canoes were built by the squaws and a band of picked men was sent away to find the traders."

"My grandfather was a great hunter and he went along with heavy packs of beaver skins that he had got during the winter. Late in the fall the canoes returned and they brought with them many wonderful things from the traders, but only one gun. No more could be obtained, and only about 20 charges of powder and ball could be bought. To procure this gun beaver skins had to be piled up alongside of it on one side until the pile was of equal height with the muzzle of the gun when rested with the butt end on the floor, and mink, fisher, marten and other skins had to be similarly piled up on the other side. My grandfather had enough peltry to do this, and he it was who obtained the much coveted gun."

"The Indians then held a dance and feast, and the proud owner of the gun demonstrated how it was loaded and fired off. As the powder flashed amid the smoke and roar of the discharge, the Indians fell on their faces trembling with fear, but, seeing that no harm followed the alarming explosion, they were clamorous for a further demonstration as to the use of the pieces for destroying their relentless foes, the Sioux."

"The gun was loaded this time with a bullet and then a target was sought for."

"Away near the shore of the lake sat an old squaw upon a rock. She was so old that she had no relations or friends left. She was nearly blind, and had lost all her teeth, and during the coming winter she must have been left upon the trail to die. So it was decided by the chiefs that the gun should be tried upon her. Silently my grandfather crept up behind the old woman and when about 12 paces, he fired the charge into her back. She fell off the rock, kicked once or twice and then lay dead. Thus were the people shown the power of the white men, and greatly did they marvel and fear it."

"During the relation of the story of the butchery of the old squaw not a sign of disapproval was visible upon the stolid faces of old Muskwa's aboriginal hearers. The old chief himself seemed rather to enjoy the recital, as he was silent for a few moments, displaying his toothless gums in a ghastly grin. Big Joe was visibly delighted with the story, and evidently enjoyed the distinction of being the one to convey the tale of the heartless deed to the white visitors. Piskwe himself was afterward killed by a white man, named Jim Ruttle, after a desperate fight on Mayhew's dock, at Grand Marais. Ruttle stood his trial for murder before Judge Stearns in this county and was subsequently pardoned. He also is now dead."

"When Muskwa had finished his tale, he remarked that he was weary, and rolling over on his blankets, dropped into slumber. The seance then closed, and the whites and Indians fled out of the tepee."—Duluth Herald.

#### PRESIDENT'S FINE SHOOTING.

#### Amazes a Boer Who Engages to Match Him.

An Oyster-Bay special to the Chicago Record-Herald says: President Roosevelt has beaten the Dutch. That is to say, he has beaten a Boer officer at target practice, and it is said he broke a record. At any rate, no such shooting has ever been done before around Oyster Bay, and Commandant W. D. Snyman, an officer on Gen. De Wet's staff, declares he never saw such skill in South Africa. The match was between the president, his son, Archie, Commandant Snyman, Joubert Reitz, son of the former secretary of state of the Orange Free State, and Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Roosevelt recently received a 32-calibre revolver as a gift from a friend in Germany, and said he would like to try it. Commandant Snyman, who is celebrated all through South Africa as a crack shot, proposed a match. The president was ready. So a new target, with a three-inch black bull's eye, was produced today and set up in a field back of the president's house.

Fifty yards were measured off and the president took the first shot. The bullet struck the bull's eye almost exactly in the center.

"Bully shot," shouted Commandant Snyman, "but an accident, I do believe," he added jestingly to the president.

"Let me see if I can't give you another accident nearly as good," said the president, raising the pistol. Crack it went again, and when Commandant Snyman and the others saw that the second bullet had penetrated the hole made by the first one their faces became very stern. The president smiled.

"Bully good gun," he exclaimed, and took aim for the third shot. That, too, followed the other two shots so accurately that there was only one hole, a trifle enlarged and ragged, yet the third bull's eye. The men standing about him were surprised, but the president continued to talk about what a "bully good gun" it was and fired twice more.

All five shots struck so nearly in the same hole that it looks as though but one bullet, a large and jagged one, had penetrated the bull's eye. When the last of the five shots had been fired, the president handed the revolver to Commandant Snyman and said: "Now, Snyman, you try it. There's a good string for you, but a Boer ought to beat it."

Hesitatingly the commandant took the pistol and stretching himself on the grass, blazed away. He missed the bull's eye about half an inch.

"I'll make it the second time," he said, and again fired. But again missed the bull's eye.

"That's enough," he said, getting up and handing the pistol back to the president. "I can shoot on the level. Mr. President, as well as any man in South Africa, but I don't believe there's a man in all Africa can shoot with you."

"It's a Boer's luck, the same old fate of defeat over again," said Mr. Reitz, putting his hand on Snyman's shoulder.

The president smiled, and taking the commandant by the hand, shook it heartily and said: "Well, commandant, you've been beaten by a Dutchman, and that isn't so bad."

All laughed at the president's ready joke.

This ended the pistol shooting, and then it was suggested that they have a match with rifles. Archie ran to the house for his father's Krag-Jorgensen, and 100 yards were paced off from the target. With the rifle the president was given first shot, and made a bull's eye. Then Commandant Snyman shot and made the first ring outside the bull's eye. The president's second shot made a bull's eye, but not so good as shot as the first one. Ten shots were fired by each, and the president made seven bull's eyes. None of the other contestants made a bull's eye with either pistol or rifle.

Commandant Snyman's score was next to the president's, but still far behind it. The commandant thinks that the president's achievement of putting five 32-calibre bullets consecutively in the same hole is a world's record. He says he never has seen anything that can approach it and has never heard of such a score being made at 50 yards.

#### NEW COINS FOR FILIPINOS.

#### Designs Now Under Consideration by the War Department.

Uncle Sam is not going to provide the Filipino with new dollars just at the present time. Congress thought it best to avoid interfering too radically all at once with the money of the archipelago, and so directed no change except in the smaller pieces—the half dollar, quarter dollar and dime. These subsidiary coins, of brand new design, will soon jingle in the pockets of the natives of those distant Pacific islands.

Following out the idea, which is being applied to pretty nearly everything in the Philippines at present, that native industry and talent should be employed wherever practicable, a young Filipino artist was engaged to make the designs. His name is Figueroa, and he is by no means a novice at the business, having been educated in Europe. He is, in fact, a graduate of the ateliers of Paris, and the medallions executed by him at the order of the American government are all most creditable works of art.

In the design presented herewith the denomination is one peso, which is the equivalent of a dollar, but this is a mere matter of detail. As already explained, there will be no dollar, but obverse and reverse of the subsidiary pieces will all be of the same pattern, only differing in size. Also, the dime will be marked "ten centavos" the quarter dollar "two centavos" and the half dollar "fifty centavos."

There are three designs now in possession of the war department, all of

them made by Figueroa. It is not yet certain which one will be selected finally, but the choice will probably fall upon the pattern which has for the obverse a female figure in a loose robe, holding a hammer in her right hand and resting the latter upon an anvil before her. Her hair is streaming in the wind and her feet are bare. Behind her, in the distance, is the famous volcano of Luzon—the smoking mountain not many miles from Manila.

The reverse of this design represents an American eagle holding a branch or arrows and mounted upon a shield with stars and stripes—the familiar heraldic device of the United States. The words "United States of America" are in raised letters around the edge. On the obverse, beneath the female figure described, is the word "Filipinas," with the demonization on the opposite side of the rim of the coin.

In the other two designs the reverse has always the American eagle, but in one of them the shield is omitted and there is a wreath in place of it, with stars above the bird. The stars in each case are 13 in number, for the original colonies. In one design the obverse has a large head merely, in profile, while in the third pattern there is a figure of a seated man in a breech-cloth, leaning upon an anvil and with a hammer in his right hand, the same old volcano being seen in the distance, smoking. Quite possibly certain elements of all three designs will be combined in the final choice made by the war department.

The coin will be minted at Manila, where a factory will be established for the purpose. It will be a somewhat costly affair, inasmuch as the establishment of a new mint is no trifling matter. It requires a small army of employees and there must be a complete chemical laboratory under the charge of an assayer, who determines the quantities of silver contained in deposits of bullion. Besides, there must be an expensive mechanical plant, including big melting furnaces and machines for rolling, cutting and stamping the white metal.

Eventually, as a matter of course—and before many years have passed—millions of dollar pieces will be minted by this government annually in Manila. Gold, too, will doubtless be coined as well as silver, and this will require additional machinery, with a larger force to handle the business. Meanwhile the requisite machines and furnaces for melting and assaying will be purchased by the war department in this country and forwarded to the Philippines on one of our transports.—Washington Letter.

#### WHERE WOMEN ARE BUTCHERS.

#### Because of War's Devastation They Took the Places of Men.

Of all the occupations that of a butcher seems one of the least suitable for the fair sex; yet there is at least one country where this trade is entirely monopolized by women and "no men need apply."

That country is Paraguay, where many occupations which among us are invariably assumed by the sterner sex, fall to the lot of women. The cause of this state of things is the heroic war waged by Paraguay more than 30 years ago against the overwhelming forces of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay combined. This war, which lasted five years, bore many singular points of resemblance to the recent Boer war. It ended in the almost total annihilation of the able-bodied male population of the country, and the results may be read in the following figures: Population of Paraguay in 1867, 1,337,439; in 1873 (three years after the termination of the war) it amounted to only 221,079, and of these nearly all were women, children and very old men. When the war was over the people had been reduced to the most abject poverty and were on the verge of starvation, being driven to such expedients as to eat cats, dogs and horses. Worse still, owing to the destruction of the male population, perfect anarchy prevailed, and all the work formerly performed by males fell on the fair sex. They rebuilt the houses which had been burned down, tilled the fields and wove for themselves rough homespun clothing from the cotton grown on their own fields.

To this day the butchers in all parts of Paraguay are women. In the public slaughter houses the cattle are dispatched by men who sever the spinal column by cutting it with a sharp cutlass just behind the nape of the neck. When the animal falls to the ground its throat is cut and it is allowed to bleed to death. This is the only part of the work done by men. Carcasses are then conveyed to the butchers' stalls, where the meat is cut up and stowed by women, who are dexterous in the use of the saw and knife. It is then served out to customers, also by women—not generally by weight, but by the piece—and the price is so low that a pound of the best meat may be bought for a penny.

Women of all ages act the part of butchers; some are young and pretty, others old and wrinkled. The women are great bargainers and keen as mustard to pull a new arrival almost to pieces in the hope of securing his custom. These women butchers earn good wages and many of those in business on their own account acquire a modest fortune.

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