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## THE LADY OF LYNN.

By Sir Walter Besant.

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### CHAPTER X.

#### THE EXPECTED BLOW.



"HAT evening the blow feared and expected fell, for then we lost, or thought we lost, our maid. I found the captain sitting in the summer house alone without the usual solace of his tobacco and his October." "Jack," he said, with a gloomy sigh, "I am now the happiest of men because my Molly is the most fortunate of women. I have attained the utmost I could hope or ask. The most virtuous of men—I should say nobleman—has asked the hand of our girl. Molly will be a countess! Rejoice with me!"

I stood outside on the grass, having no words to say. "She will marry him immediately. Nothing could be more happy or more fortunate. Such rank, such a position as places her on a level with the highest ladies of the land, though the daughter of plain folk, with a shipowner for a father and a sailor's daughter for a mother—there is promotion for you, Jack!"

"She will go away, then, and leave us?"

"Aye, she will leave us, Jack. She will leave us. Her lordship—you do not ask who it is."

"Who can it be, captain, but Lord Fyngdale?"

"The best of men. He will carry her off to his country house, where they will live retired for awhile, yet in such state as belongs to her rank. We shall lose her, of course. That, however, we always expected. The country house is in Gloucester, on the other side of England. Perhaps she may get to see us, but I am 75 or perhaps more, and Jennifer, her mother, is not far from 50. I cannot look to set eyes on her again. What matter," he bemoaned bravely and sat upright—"what matter, I say, so that the girl is happy? Her mother may perhaps set eyes on her once more, but she will be changed, because, you see, our Molly must now become a fine lady."

"Yes," I groaned, "she must become a fine lady."

"Jack, sometimes I am sorry that she has so much money. Yet what was I to do? Could I waste and dissipate her money? Could I give away her ships? Could I give her, with the fortune of a princess, to a plain and simple skipper? No. Providence, Providence, Jack, hath so ordered things. I could not help myself."

"No, captain, you could not help things. Yet—I broke off."

"Well, Jack, why don't you rejoice with me? Why the devil don't you laugh and sing? All you want is to see her happy. Yet there you stand as glum and dumb as a mute at a funeral."

"I wish her happiness, sir, with all my heart."

"Sam Semple came here this afternoon by order of my lord. Sam gives himself airs now that he is a secretary and companion. He came and demanded conversation with me. It was quite private, he said, and of the utmost importance. So we sat in the parlor, and with a bottle of wine between us we talked over the business. First he told me that his patron, as he calls him, meaning his master, had been greatly taken with the innocence and the beauty of Molly. I replied that unless he was a stock or a stone or an iceberg I expected nothing less. He went on to say that, although a noble earl with a long pedigree and a great estate, his patron was willing to contract marriage with a girl who was not even of gentle birth and had nothing but her beauty and her innocence. I told him that she had, in addition, a very large fortune. He said that his patron scorned the thought of money, being already as rich as most noblemen of his exalted rank; that he was willing also to pass over any defects in manners, conversation and carriage, which would be remedied by a little acquaintance with the polite world. In a word, his lordship offered his hand, his name, his title, his rank and himself to my ward."

"His condescension," I said, "is beyond all praise."

"I think so, too; beyond all praise. I ask his advice touching a husband for my girl. He promises his assistance in the matter, and he then offers himself. Jack, could anything be more fortunate?"

say, they cannot do her any harm. Why, some of them even declared that she was one of the company of strolling actresses. There is nothing that they will not say."

I made no reply because it certainly did seem as if in asking for secrecy his lordship had acted in Molly's interests.

"Well, captain, we must make the best of it. You must find your own happiness in thinking of Molly's."

"What aggravates me, Jack, is the ridiculous behavior of my cousin Jennifer. She is in the kitchen crying, and the black with her. Go and comfort her before you see Molly."

I looked into the kitchen. Molly's mother sat in the great wooden chair beside the fireplace. She held her apron in her hands as if she had just pulled it off her face, and the tears were on her cheeks. When she saw me, they began to flow again. "Jack," she said, "have you heard the news? Has the captain told you? The worst has happened. I have lost my girl. She is to be married. She will go away. She will marry a man who scorns her guardian and despises her mother. A bad beginning, Jack. No good can come of such a marriage. A bad beginning, Oh, I foresee unhappiness! How can Molly become a fine lady? She is but a simple girl, my own daughter. I have made her a good housewife, and all her knowledge will be thrown away and lost. It is a bad business, Jack. Ni-gra has been telling her fortune. There is nothing hopeful. All the cards are threatening. And the magpies and the screech owl!"

She fell to weeping again, after which she broke out anew: "The captain says he is the most virtuous man in the world. It isn't true. If ever I saw the inside of a man in my life, I have seen the inside of that man. He is corrupt through and through!"

"But consider. All the world is crying up his noble conduct and his many virtues."

"They may say what they like. It is false. He is heartless. He is cold. He is selfish. He marries Molly for her money. Persuade the captain, if you can. He will not believe me."

"How can I persuade him? I have no knowledge. Are they all in a tale? Are you the only person who knows the truth? How do you know it?"

"I know it because I love my girl, and so I can read the very soul of a man. I have read your soul, Jack, over and over again. You are true and faithful. You would love her and cherish her. But this man—he knows not what love means nor fidelity nor anything. Go, Jack. There is no help for it."

"I wish her happiness, sir, with all my heart."

"Sam Semple came here this afternoon by order of my lord. Sam gives himself airs now that he is a secretary and companion. He came and demanded conversation with me. It was quite private, he said, and of the utmost importance. So we sat in the parlor, and with a bottle of wine between us we talked over the business. First he told me that his patron, as he calls him, meaning his master, had been greatly taken with the innocence and the beauty of Molly. I replied that unless he was a stock or a stone or an iceberg I expected nothing less. He went on to say that, although a noble earl with a long pedigree and a great estate, his patron was willing to contract marriage with a girl who was not even of gentle birth and had nothing but her beauty and her innocence. I told him that she had, in addition, a very large fortune. He said that his patron scorned the thought of money, being already as rich as most noblemen of his exalted rank; that he was willing also to pass over any defects in manners, conversation and carriage, which would be remedied by a little acquaintance with the polite world. In a word, his lordship offered his hand, his name, his title, his rank and himself to my ward."

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"Why should it be kept a secret? Why should it not be proclaimed everywhere?"

"My lord says that the place is a hotbed of scandal; that he would not have Molly's name passed about in the pump-room, to be the object of common gossip and inventions made up of envy and malice. He would spare Molly this. When she is once married and taken away from the place, they may say what they please. Whatever they

"Jack, nobody knows me better than you. What reply can I make?"

"He is too cold and too proud for you, Molly. How can you love him? Perhaps," I added, because I was very sure that she would marry him, "after marriage you will find that his coldness is only a cloak to hide his natural warmth and that his pride covers his wife as well as himself."

"He is a good man. Everybody says so. Lady Anastasia declares that he is the most honorable and high principled of men. On that point I am safe. And think, Jack, what a point it is. Why, to marry a drunkard, a sot, a profligate, a gambler—one would sooner die at once, and so on an end. But I can trust myself with him. I have no fear of such treatment as drives some wives to distraction. Yet he is cold in his manner and proud in his speech. I might find it in my heart to love him if I was not afraid of him." And so she went backward and forward. He was so good and so great; his wife must always respect him. He was of rank so exalted; it was a great honor to become his wife. He was so brave; she owed her rescue to his bravery. Yet he had spoken no word of love, nor had she seen any sign of love. I asked her what sign she expected, and she was confused. "Of course," she said, "any girl knows very well when a man is in love with her." "How does she know?" I asked her. "She knows because she knows," I suppose she felt that the man was not in love with her just as her mother felt that his character for virtue and nobility was assumed—"corrupt within," she said. Women are made so. And in the next breath Molly repeated that what his lordship had done was done for love. "How do you know?" I asked again. "Because the captain says so," she replied, with unconscious inconsistency.

"Is the courtship to be conducted entirely by messenger?" I asked.

"No. He will come tomorrow morning and see me. I am to give him an answer then. But the captain has already told him what the answer is to be. Oh, Jack, I am so happy! I am so fortunate that I ought to be happy. Yet I am so downhearted about it. Going away is a dreadful thing. And when shall I see any of you, I wonder, again? Oh, I am so fortunate; I am so happy!"—And to show her happiness she dropped a tear, and more tears followed.

What kind of happiness, what kind of good fortune, was that which could fill the mind of the captain with gloom and could dissolve Molly's mother in tears and could herald its approach to the bride by sadness which weighed her down? And, as for me, you may believe that my heart was like a lump of lead within me, partly because I was losing the girl I loved, but had never hoped to marry, and partly because from the outset of the whole affair—yes, from the very evening when the news of the grand discovery was read to the Society of Lynn—I had looked forward to coming events with forebodings of the most dismal kind.

"Come to see me tomorrow afternoon, Jack," she said. "I must talk about it to some one. With the captain I cannot talk, because he is all for the unequal match, and with my mother I cannot talk, because she foretells trouble and will acknowledge no good thing at all in the man or in the match. Do not forget, Jack. Come tomorrow. I don't know how many days are left to me when I can ask you to come. Oh, Jack, to leave everybody, all my friends! It is hard. But I am the most ungrateful of women because I am the happiest—the happiest—oh, Jack, the happiest and most fortunate woman that ever lived!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE LARGEST HARVESTER.

It is Self-Moving, Cuts a 36-Foot Swath and Weighs Over 100 Tons.

What is said to be the largest automobile in the world, and the largest combined harvester as well, is now at work on a big ranch in central California, where it is being used in cutting 40,000 acres of barley. The big machine consists of a traction engine capable of handling 75 tons, and which takes the place of sixty horses, a header or mowing machine, which cuts a swath thirty-six feet in width, and a big threshing machine all complete. The threshing machine and header are run by a 30-horse power engine, entirely separate from the traction machine, save that they both get steam from the same boiler.

The apparatus moves over the ground at different speeds, according to the thickness of the crop, while all the time the header and thrasher are going at full speed, whether the grain be thick or thin. The average speed made is three and a half miles an hour, and 100 acres a day can be threshed by the machine.

The drive wheels of this monster traction engine are eight feet in diameter and have tires 47 inches wide, on which are ridges an inch and a half high. Eight men are employed on the thrasher. Half a minute after the header starts to work the threshed grain begins to fall into the sacks on the other side from where it is cut, while the straw falls into a cart behind. The heads are carried away from the header by a draper, or moving belt, 48 inches wide. They are carried through a colander, which breaks the beard from the barley and shells it at the same time, then by a narrow belt through two cleaners and finally to a bin, from which it is sacked. The sacks are sewed and set aside as fast as filled. When 12 sacks have been filled they are allowed to slide off the cart on wheels, which are stacked to the ground. Likewise when the straw cart is full it is dumped.

This giant automobile is 66 feet long and half as wide, weighing over 100 tons. It uses oil as fuel, necessitating the use of four horses to haul oil and the water for the boiler as it travels around large areas.—Los Angeles, Cal., Herald.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### OFFICIAL FIGURES.

##### Executive Committee Declares Result of First Primary.

The State Democratic Executive committee met in Columbia last Friday night, canvassed the vote cast in the primary that was held on the preceding Tuesday and declared the result. The total vote cast for the various offices are as follows:

Senate, 95,110.  
Governor, 95,367.  
Lieutenant governor, 94,517.  
Attorney general, 94,655.  
Treasurer, 94,572.  
Comptroller, 94,391.  
Superintendent of education, 94,741.  
Adjutant general, 94,567.  
Railroad commissioner, 94,567.  
The total vote above given was divided among the various candidates as stated below:

For Senator:  
Wm. Elliott..... 13,658  
Jno. Gary Evans..... 12,892  
John J. Hemphill..... 13,261  
D. S. Henderson..... 13,771  
George Johnston..... 13,506  
A. C. Latimer..... 6,515  
Total..... 95,110

For Governor:  
Martin F. Ansel..... 17,685  
D. C. Heyward..... 36,551  
W. Jasper Talbert..... 18,218  
James H. Tillman..... 16,398  
W. H. Timmerman..... 6,515  
Total..... 95,367

For Lieutenant Governor:  
Cole L. Blease..... 19,274  
Frank B. Gary..... 35,464  
John T. Sloan..... 39,779  
Total..... 94,517

For Secretary of State:  
J. Thomas Austin..... 22,398  
J. T. Gantt..... 34,136  
J. Harvey Wilson..... 38,036  
Total..... 94,570

For Attorney General:  
U. X. Gunter, Jr..... 51,582  
W. F. Stevenson..... 43,073  
Total..... 94,655

For State Treasurer:  
R. H. Jennings..... 94,572

For Comptroller General:  
N. W. Brooker..... 18,420  
A. W. Jones..... 24,885  
W. H. Sharpe..... 21,780  
G. L. Walker..... 29,326  
Total..... 94,391

For Superintendent of Education:  
John J. McMahan..... 45,891  
O. B. Martin..... 48,850  
Total..... 94,741

For Adjutant and Inspector General:  
Paul E. Ayer..... 2,987  
J. C. Boyd..... 30,527  
John D. Frost..... 36,643  
John M. Patrick..... 20,957  
George Douglas Rouse..... 3,894  
Total..... 95,008

For Railroad Commissioner:  
James Candler..... 8,945  
B. L. Caughman..... 18,411  
W. Boyd Evans..... 20,174  
A. C. Johnson..... 21,357  
Henry J. Kinard..... 1,750  
John G. Mobley..... 15,241  
Hugh H. Prince..... 2,065  
J. C. Wilborn..... 10,153  
J. G. Wollings..... 7,251  
Total..... 94,567

Congress, First District:  
Bacon..... 3,597  
Legare..... 7,466  
Total..... 11,063

Second District:  
Bellinger..... 3,974  
Croft..... 4,096  
Thurmond..... 3,826  
Total..... 11,896

Third District:  
Alken..... 3,642  
Graydon..... 2,130  
McCall..... 2,466  
Prince..... 2,617  
Rucker..... 1,206  
Smith..... 2,828  
Stribling..... 2,197  
Total..... 16,136

Fourth District:  
Johnson..... 10,331  
Wilson..... 5,585  
Total..... 15,916

Fifth District:  
Pinley..... 7,280  
Henry J. Kinard..... 3,169  
Strait..... 2,220  
Wilson..... 2,220  
Total..... 14,079

Sixth District:  
Scarborough..... 13,320  
Seventh District:  
Lever..... 10,574  
McLaughlin..... 2,132  
Total..... 12,702

But he had plenty of muscle and a good deal of grit. One time the bow-legged man became involved in a dispute with a husky six-footer who, becoming tired of the verbal argument, advanced upon his opponent with a threatening air and said: "You little runt! I've a good notion to chew your gizzard!—whatever that may mean."

"At this the bow-legged man immediately gathered himself together, squared off, and said: 'All right! I've been mostly raised on chawed gizzard, so sail in!'"

"As I was once a newspaper man," concluded Senator Carmack, "I don't much care what they say about me. Besides, I've been raised on that sort of thing."

WELL SAID AND DESERVED.

Due Credit Accorded to an Eminent Superintendent of Education.

The defeat of Mr. McMahan is one of the most heartily deplored results of the first primary. This can be said without reflecting upon his successor.

During the two terms which he has held the office of superintendent of education Mr. McMahan has shown an accurate appreciation of the educational needs of the state and an earnest, fearless desire to supply the deficiencies. Possessing ideas of his own he has shown more sincerity than policy in his endeavors to have those ideas carried out. He has not had time to accomplish all that he desired—for it is a slow work and the discouragements and hindrances are many—but Mr. McMahan has done a great deal toward the establishment of better standards and the adoption of better methods in our educational system. In doing this he has run counter to strongly rooted prejudices and come into opposition to personal ambitions, all of which has not increased his popularity among those who have considered themselves aggrieved. In this way an element actively opposed to Mr. McMahan has been formed and there is no doubt made itself felt against him in the recent election. This was the basis upon which Mr. Martin builded with a skill that would do credit to an older and more experienced politician.

Over-confidence was the second factor which operated against Mr. McMahan. Relying too implicitly upon the appreciation of the people, many of whom take little or no interest in an office of that sort, Mr. McMahan was negligent of his own cause, while his friends also failed to exert themselves.

Opposed to him was a candidate, a teacher, aggressive and a good stump speaker, who left nothing undone and whose connections and friends were exceedingly active, as the returns show.

The explanation is easy—now that it is over. But it is not the explanation which is most important. Mr. McMahan's defeat was, with many others interested in the cause of education, regretted most sincerely not for his sake but for that of South Carolina. Mr. McMahan has really lost nothing; he stands as high in the esteem of all as ever and has the satisfaction which comes from a good record. The state loses by his retirement—unless his successor will continue the work he will lay down. We are led to hope that Mr. Martin will do this. We are prepared to believe that Mr. Martin has the interest of the schools, all the schools, at heart and that he is sincerely desirous of making the educational system of his state better and more efficient. His speeches during the campaign have not always been fair, but we trust he will lay aside his demagogic when he takes hold of his important work and in his administration of the office know only duty, not popularity, as his predecessor has done. He can be assured that if his administration is characterized by the right sort of progress and diligence he will have the most earnest support of the State—and of Mr. McMahan, as well, we venture to say.

Education—more education, better education, more general education—that is what we all desire. It is to be hoped that Mr. Martin will become a leader in the movement to that end, now well under way, and that he will prove as efficient, capable and progressive as the retiring superintendent has been.—Columbia State.

PROBLEM FOR LAWMAKERS.

How Pension Money Ought to be Distributed.

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER very promptly raises a new question for discussion now that the primary election has been held, and it is none too soon for the legislators-elect to begin studying the problem as to how the pension money should be distributed so as to reach only the needy and deserving. It is certainly a difficult question to deal with, so as not to neglect the worthy on the one hand or improperly bestow pensions on the other hand.

The law would seem to be amply sufficient in either case, and yet in its administration there are complaints made that deserving men and women are neglected, but more often that the unworthy have been admitted to this roll of honor. Frequently the latter arises from the fact that a pensioner is put upon the roll where at best very little service was rendered, and the Confederate soldier is put on an equality with those who served only a few months in the reserves.

This criticism of the law and its administration has been heard every now and then from wounded, disabled and decrepit men whose service was far more valuable and important, and whose estimate of the pension law is governed by the number of battles in which a man was engaged or by his wounds and disability incurred on the field or in the camp. To him the law does not seem to make proper discrimination between active service where there was real danger and an inactive, temporary service, where a gun

was never fired except when the barrel needed cleaning. This is one of several causes for dissatisfaction, and it is contended that a proper discrimination ought to be made as to the extent and character of the service rendered.—Greenville Mountaineer.

GUANO IS GROWING SCARCE.

Nitrate Supply Diminishing and Lone Islands Becoming Valueless.

The supply of one fertilizer upon which the world has long drawn for the enrichment of the soil is nearly exhausted. Now and then some islet of the Pacific which has remained undiscovered or neglected till a late day is found to be rich in guano though most of the guano islands have been depopulated of all their natural wealth. Nameless Island (it has a native name by the way) is one of the guano islands whose deposits were not discovered till within the last few years.

This uninhabited rock, upon which no one thought it worth while to land until recently, now presents a busy scene. A wharf has been built out into the sea for the accommodation of the Australian guano schooners that bring supplies to the force of miners who are digging up the deposits and loading them on vessels bound for Sydney. In the course of a few years everything worth taking away from Nameless Island will have been removed and then it will be deserted again.

The same history is likely to be repeated at the little island, a few hundred miles from Japan, whose claims to the rich guano deposits found there have just been recognized by our government. Japan is a great consumer of fertilizers. Thousands of tons of fish are buried every year around the roots of the tea shrubs, Japan not yet having learned the lesson we are teaching that it is worth while to build factories to convert menhaden and fish refuse into fertilizers.

All the guano found on this island will be taken to Japan and then the source of supply will be abandoned, like scores of other Pacific islands which once yielded large quantities of the fertilizer.

Until a few years ago many of these islets were marked on the very best maps as belonging to the United States. We had not claimed sovereignty over them, and there was no reason why they should be mapped as belonging to us except that our schooners alone were engaged in carrying away the only riches they seemed to possess. Nearly all of them are now in the domain of England and Germany, but it is doubtful if they ever will be utilized in any way. The very reason why large stores of valuable fertilizer accumulated there unfitted them for human occupancy. Scarcely a drop of rain ever falls on them. Their aridity conserved the commercial value of their deep deposits of guano, but the same phenomenon makes them undesirable for other human enterprises.

The imports of guano into our country and Europe have now nearly ceased, owing to the exhaustion of the sources of supply. About the middle of the last century, when no fertilizers were sold west of Pennsylvania, we were importing about 60,000 tons of guano a year, five-sixths of the supply coming from the guano islands along the coast of Peru. At that time all the imports were received at Baltimore and bore the inspection brand of the guano inspector there. Those years for about three decades were the palmiest days of guano digging along the Peruvian coast.

The islands of this very arid region were covered with the excrement and remains of seabirds that during many centuries had accumulated to a great depth. The agricultural value of this fertilizer was well-known to the ancient Peruvians, whose laws forbade the killing or molestation of the birds; thus modern farming has been indebted to these civilized aborigines of centuries ago for a great deal of the fertilizer that has enriched the fields of this country and Europe.

But the Peruvian islands have now been practically swept clean of their guano deposits. Our imports of over 50,000 tons of guano a year have dropped to less than 5,000 tons; and most of this is not pure guano, but phosphate rock, which requires chemical treatment before it can be utilized. Most of the guano now imported comes from Navassa, Sombrero and other places where there is considerable rainfall. The rain leaches the soluble salts from the guano and the underlying rock becomes altered to a considerable depth. This limestone, thus altered by the salts from the guano, is what is mined at Navassa and elsewhere. It is usually called bone phosphate of lime and is the form in which four-fifths of the guano still utilized is received.

The latest reports from the great nitrate fields of Chile is that the yield is decreasing in some of the most productive mines and that new ground is beginning to be worked. The farmers of northwestern Europe are still buying more than a million tons a year of this very valuable fertilizer, and perhaps the supply will be equal to the demand for many years to come. It is a significant fact, however, that the miners who are working by thousands to supply the demand are opening deposits thus far untouched because they are not so conveniently situated for shipping nitrate as the mines already developed.—New York Sun.

When ironing lace always lay a piece of soft muslin over fine lace, never touch it directly with the iron. Crochet, tatting, guipure, and Irish or Greek lace should not be ironed, but simply pinned out on a well covered board, point by point, and left till dry, pulling it out gently with the fingers if it seems stiff when unpinned.

BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA. It Threatens the Future Supremacy of the White Race.

The British government will have to interpret the permit to bear arms by the Boers liberally, or there will be a greater problem to deal with than restocking farms and starting the wheels of industry. When the Boers surrendered their arms the natives were not obliged to turn in rifles that had fallen into their hands. Army officers might plead ignorance of the possession of weapons by natives, but such a plea should be ruled out. It was criminal to make no investigation, for the hatred which the black feel for the Boers was intensified by the war. In the eyes of the natives the Boers have lost caste and prestige by their submission, and liberties may be taken with them. Any one could have foreseen that an unarmed Boer on the veldt would be at the mercy of a British Zulu who had managed to possess himself of a rifle and knew how to use it. Stories of the murder of Boers returning to their farms are now coming in, and stories, too, of outrage of white women by the blacks. Permits to bear arms are issuable to Boers for self-protection and for hunting, but forms have to be gone through before the permit is granted. No man likes red tape less than the Boer, and he would rather do without his rifle than wear out his shoe leather in a magistrate's office. If the late enemy cannot be trusted with weapons for defence the blacks, they cannot be trusted at all. It would have been a graceful act if the government had returned to the Boers who live in the open country the rifles they had carried during the war, so that they might protect themselves and their households against the blacks. Nothing could have been lost by such magnanimity; in fact, it would have developed a loyalty at a time when every movement of the government and every proclamation is regarded with distrust.

It is often said that a racial war may be expected in South Africa, and that when it comes Dutch and British will forget their differences in union against the common enemy. But it is not a good preparation for the day to allow the Boer to be exposed to the tender mercies of the insolent and murderous black on the old homestead. The native question must be settled in South Africa, but the settlement of it must begin right. The British will have to take sides either with the Boer or the black, and not let a false philanthropy come between them and their new subjects at the outset. South Africa, that is, Africa south of the Zambesi, German and Portuguese territory excluded, has an area of 1,000,000 square miles, and of its population of 4,500,000, 75 per cent, or more are native. Outside the towns the white settlers are scattered far and wide while the blacks retain their tribal organization. The war has taught them the virtues of the magazine rifle and they have seen how a few men in trenches can hold an army. It will be a bad day for the white man in South Africa when the black men collect enough rifles to be troublesome. Immediate and complete disarmament of the late allies of the British is imperative, whether the safety of the Boers is considered or the future supremacy of the white race.—New York Sun.

POTENCY OF SPELLS.

Survival of the Ancient Belief in Charms Against Spells.

During the South African war a number of instances have cropped up showing that the idea still prevails that there are such things as charms and spells against wounds and death. Not long ago a paragraph appeared in some of the papers to the effect that a soldier's watch, with a charm attached to it, had been found on one of the battlefields, and was being held for a rightful claimant. Earlier in the war a private's letter told how a comrade had come in safely through a hot engagement by virtue, as he thought, of an amulet he wore, to be mortally wounded in a subsequent skirmish, when, by the merest chance, he was not wearing his charm. A relative's letter from the front tells the writer of a young fellow who wore a charmed ring suspended from his neck. The wearer had it from his sweetheart, he placed the most perfect faith in it, and though he had been in several hot corners, he had hitherto always come out scathless.

Although this kind of belief is of very ancient date, it is curious as well as interesting to find it still in existence in the British army. Perhaps we ought to say "traces of it," for it is hard to believe that it is widely prevalent. And yet it would not be very surprising if it were so, seeing that a certain proportion of the rank and file are illiterate and come from a stratum of society which is largely superstitious. It is curious to compare our army in this respect with the German.

Those who happened to be in the fatherland during and immediately after the war of 1870-71 must have been struck by the amount of superstition that, hidden under ordinary circumstances, in the then excited state of the public mind made its way to the surface, much as the mud of the water pool floats to the top when the water is agitated. Nothing seems too absurd to be believed. Portents and warnings were seen everywhere. Black crosses, observed for the first time in windowpanes of the houses of the peasantry throughout Baden and the south generally, were held as the signs of divine wrath against the turn things in general had taken in the fatherland, especially in regard to the church. The excitement, touching this phenomenon became intense, and was only allayed when a Baden glass manufacturer came forward and demonstrated that the warning crosses were marks imprinted on the glass in the process of making.—New York Evening Post.