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ABNER DANIEI

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Westerfelt."

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CHAPTER VII.

LAN made his way along the wall, out of the track of the promenaders, into the office, anxious to escape being spoken to by any one. But here several jovial men from the mountains who knew him intimately gathered around him and began to make laughing remarks about his dress.

"You look fer the world like a dirt dauber." This comparison to a kind of black wasp came from Pole Baker, a tall, heavily built farmer, with an enormous head, thick eyebrows and long, shaggy hair. He lived on Bishop's farm and had been brought up with Alan. "I'll be derned ef you ain't nimble on yore feet, though. I've seed you cut the pigeon wing over on Mossy creek with them big, strappin' gals 'fore you had yore sights as high as these town folks."

"It's that thar vest that gits me," said another. "I reckon it's cut low so you won't drap saft victuals on it, but I guess you don't do much eatin' with that collar on. It don't look like yore Adam's apple could stir a peg under it."

With a good natured reply and a laugh he did not feel, Alan hurried out of the office and up to his room, where he had left his lamp burning. Rayburn Miller's hat and light overcoat were on the bed. Alan sat down in one of the stiff backed, split bottom chairs and stared straight in front of him. Never in his life had he suffered as he was now suffering. He could see no hope ahead; the girl he loved was lost to him. Her father had heard of the foolhardiness of old man Bishop and, like many another well meaning parent, had determined to save his daughter from the folly of marrying a penniless man who had doubtless inherited his father's lack of judgment and caution.

and immediately afterward Rayburn an hour's ride. I can do you a lot of Miller turned the knob and came in. good if you'll listen to me. I'll give you His kindly glance swept the face of his friend, and he said, with forced lightness:

"I don't want to bore you, old man, but I just had to follow you. I saw from your looks as you left the ballroom that something was wrong, and love. I've observed hundreds of typi-I am afraid I know what it is. You cal cases and watched marriage from see, Captain Barclay is a rough, outspoken man, and he made a remark the other day which reached me. I wasn't sure it was true, so I didn't lovers of the ideal, sentimental brand mention it; but I reckon my informant knew what he was talking about."

Alan nodded despondently. "I asked her to go to church with me tomorrow night. She was awfully embarrassed and finally told me of her father's objections."

"I think I know what fired the old devil up," said Miller.

"You do?" "Yes. It was that mistake of your father. As I told you, the colonel is as mad as a wet hen about the whole thing. He's got a rope tied to every nickel he's got, and he intends to leave Dolly a good deal of money. He thinks Frank Hillhouse is just the thing. He shows that as plain as day. He noticed how frequently you came to see Dolly and scented danger ahead and simply put his foot down on it, just as fathers have been doing ever since the flood. My dear boy, you've got a bitter pill to take, but you've got to swallow it like a man. You've reached a point where two roads fork. It is for you to decide which one you'll

Alan made no reply. Rayburn Miller lighted a cigar and began to smoke steadily.

"It's none of my business," Miller burst out suddenly, "but I'm friend enough of yours to feel this thing like the devil. However, I don't know what to say. I only wish I knew how far you've gone into it."

Alan smiled mechanically. "If you can't look at me and see how far I've gone, you are blind," he said.

"I don't mean that," replied Miller. "I was wondering how far you had committed yourself-ob, hang it!made love and all that sort of thing.' "I've never spoken to her on the sub-

ject," Alan informed him gloomily. "Good, good! Splendid!"

Alan stared in surprise. "I don't understand," he said. "She knows-that is, I think she knowshow I feel, and I have hoped that"-

"Never mind about that," interrupted Miller laconically. "There is a chance for both of you if you'll turn square around like sensible human beings and look the facts in the face."

"You mean"-"That it will be stupid, childish idlocy for either or both of you to let . this thing spoil your lives."

"I don't understand you." "Well, you will before I'm through with you, and I'll do you up brown. There are simply two courses open to you, my boy. One is to treat Colonel Barclay's wishes with dignified respect and bow and retire just as any European gentleman would do when told that his pile was too small to be considered."

"And the other?" asked Alan sharp-

"The other is to follow in the footsteps of nearly every sentimental fool that ever was born and go around looking like a last year's bird's nest or, worse yet, persuading the girl to elope She may be willing to live on a bread | begin to secretly wonder what it's all | you do tonight-never in my life."



"It's none of my business," Miller burst

and water diet for awhile, but she'll lose flesh and temper in the long run. If you don't make as much money for her as you cause her to lose, she'll tell you of it some day or, at least, let you see it, and that's as long as it's wide. You are now giving yourself a treatment in self hypnotism, telling yourself that life has not and cannot produce a thing for you beyond that particular pink frock and yellow head. I know how you feel. I've been there six different.times, beginning with a terrible long first attack and dwindling down as I became inoculated with experience till now the complaint amounts to hardly more than a momentary throe There was a rap on the closed door, when I see a fresh one in a train for the benefit of my experience.

"What good would your devilish experience do me?" said Alan impatient-

"It would fit any man's case if he'd only believe it. I've made a study of inception through protracted illness or boredom down to dumb resignation or sudden death. I don't mean that no are ever happy after marriage, but I do believe that open eyed courtship will beat the blind sort all hollow and that in nine cases out of ten, if people were mated by law according to the judgment of a sensible, open eyed jury, they would be happier than they now are. Nothing ever spoken is truer than the commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other God but me.' Let a man put anything above the principle of living right, and he will be miserable. The man who holds gold as the chief thing in life will starve to death in its cold glitter, while a pauper in rags will have a laugh that rings with the music of immortal joy. In the same way the man who declares that only one woman is suited to him is making a god of her, raising her to a seat that won't support her dead, material weight. I frankly believe that the glamour of love is simply a sort of insanity that has never been correctly named and treated because so many people have been the victims of it." "Do you know." Alan burst in al-

most angrily, "when you talk that way I think you are off. I know what's the matter with you-you have simply frittered away your heart, your ability to love and appreciate a good woman. Thank heaven, your experience has not been mine! I don't see how you could ever be happy with a woman. I couldn't look a pure wife in the face and remember all the flirtations you've indulged in-that is, if they were mine."

"There you go," laughed Miller. "Make it personal. That's the only way the average lover argues. I am speaking in general terms. Let me fin-Take two examples-first, the chap crazily in love, who faces life with the red rag of his infatuationhis girl. No parental objection, everything smooth and a carload of silverware, a clock for every room in the house. They start out on their honeymoon, doing the chief cities at the biggest hotels and the theaters in the three dollar seats. They soon tire of themselves and lay it to the trip. Every day they rake away a handful of glamour from each other till, when they reach home, they have come to the conclusion that they are only human, and not the highest order at

that. For awhile they have a siege of discontent, wondering where it's all gone. Finally the man is forced to go about his work, and the woman gets to making things to go on the backs of chairs and trying to spread her trousseau over the next year, and they begin to court resignation. Now, if they had not had the glamour attack they would have got down to business sooner, that's all, and they would have set a better example to other plungers. Now for the second illustration: Poverty on one side, boodle on the other; more glamour than in other case because of the gulf between. They get married; they have to. They've inherited the stupid idea that the Lord is at the bottom of it and thus angering her father so that and that the glamour is his smile. he will cut her out of what's coming Like the other couple, their eyes are finally opened to the facts, and they

about. The one with the spondulics vonders harder than the one who had none. If the man has the money, he will feel good at first over doing so much for his affinity, but if he has an eye for earthly values-and good business men have—there will be times when he will envy Jones, whose wife had as many rocks as Jones. Love and capital go together like rain and sunshine; they are productive of something. Then if the woman has the money and the man hasn't there's tragedy-a slow cutting of throats. She is irresistibly drawn with the rest of the world into the thought that she has tied herself and her money to an automaton, for such men are invariably lifeless. They seem to lose the faculty of earning money-in any other way. And as for a proper title for the penniless young idiot that publicly advertises himself as worth enough, in himself, for a girl to sacrifice her money to live with him-well, the unabridged does not furnish it. Jack Ass in billboard letters would come nearer to it than anything that occurs to me now. I'm not afraid to say it, for I know you'd never cause any girl to give up her fortune without knowing at least whether you could replace it or not." Alan arose and paced the room.

"That," he said as he stood between the lace curtains at the window, against which the rain beat steadily-"that is why I feel so blue. I don't believe Colonel Barclay would ever forgive her, and I'd die before I'd make her lose a thing."

"You are right," returned Miller, relighting his cigar at the lamp, "and he'd cut her off without a cent. I know him. But what is troubling me is that you may not be benefited by my logic. Don't allow this to go any further. Let her alone from tonight on, and you'll find in a few months that you are resigned to it, just like the average widower who wants to get married six months after his loss. And when she is married and has a baby she'll meet you on the street and not care a rap whether her hat's on right or not. She will tell her husband all about it and allude to you as her first, second or third fancy, as the case may be. I have faith in your future, but you've got a long, rocky row to hoe, and a thing like this could spoil your usefulness and misdirect your talents. If I could see how you could profit by waiting, I'd let your flame burn unmolest-

ed; but circumstances are against us." "I'd already seen my duty," said Alan in a low tone as he came away from the window. "I have an engagement with her later, and the subject shall be avoided."

"Good man!" Miller's cigar was so short that he stuck the blade of his penknife through it that he might enjoy it to the end without burning his fingers. "That's the talk! Now I must mosey on downstairs and dance with that Miss Fewclothes from Rome -the one with the auburn tresses that says 'delighted' whenever she is spoken to."

Alan went back to the window. The rain was still beating on it. For a long time he stood looking out into the blackness. The bad luck which had come to his father had been a blow to him, but its later offspring had the grim, cold countenance of death itself. He had never realized till now that Dolly Barclay was so much a part of his very life. For a moment he almost gave way to a sob that rose and struggled within him. He sat down again and clasped his hands before him in dumb self pity. He told himself that Rayburn Miller was right; that only weak men would act contrary to such advice. No, it was over-all, all over.

CHAPTER VIII.

FTER the dance Frank Hillhouse took Dolly home in one of the drenched and bespattered backs. The Barclay residence was one of the best made and largest in town. It was an old style southern frame house, painted white, and had white columned verandas on two sides. It was in the edge of the town and had an extensive lawn in front and almost a little farm be-

Dolly's mother had never forgotten that she was once a girl herself, and she took the most active interest in everything pertaining to Dolly's social life. Ou occasions like the one just described she found it impossible to sleep till ber daughter returned, and then she slipped upstairs and made the girl tell all about it while she was disrobing. Tonight she was more alert and wideawake than usual. She opened the front door for Dolly and almost stepped on the girl's heels as she followed her upstairs.

"Was it nice?" she asked. "Yes; very." Dolly replied. Reaching her room, she turned up the low burning lamp and, standing before a mirror, began to take some flowers out of her hair. Mrs. Barclay sat down on the edge of the high posted mahogany bed and raised one of her bare feet and held it in her hand. She was a thin woman, with iron gray hair, and about fifty years of age. She looked as if she were cold, but for reasons of her own she was not willing for Dolly to remark it.

"Who was there?" she asked.

"Oh. everybody." "Is that so? I thought a good many would stay away because it was a bad night, but I reckon they are as anxious to go as we used to be. Then you all did have the hacks?"

"Yes; they had the backs." There was a pause, during which one pair of eyes was fixed rather vacantly on the image in the mirror. The other pair, full of impatient inquiry, rested alternately on the image and its maker.

"I don't believe you had a good time," broke the silence in a rising,

tentative tone. "Yes: I did, mother."

"Then what's the matter with you?"



Began to take some flowers out of her hair.

"I didn't know anything was wrong with me, mother." "You act queer; I declare you do,"

asserted Mrs. Barclay. "You generally have a lot to say. Have you and Frank had a falling out?" Dolly gave her shoulders a sudden

shrug of contempt. "No; we got along as well as we ever

"I thought maybe he was a little mad because you wouldn't dance tonight, but surely he's got enough sense to see that you oughtn't to insult Brother Dillbeck that way when he's visiting our house and everybody knows what he thinks about dancing."

said Dolly. "Then what in the name of common sense is the matter with you, Dolly? You can't pull the wool over my eyes, and you needn't try it."

"No; he thought I did right about it,"

Dolly faced about suddenly. "I reckon you'll sit there all night unless I tell you all about it," she said "Mother, Alan Bishop was sharply.

"You don't say!" "Yes, and asked me to let him take me to church tomorrow evening."

"Oh, he did?" Yes: and, as I didn't want father to

insult him I"-"You told him what your pa said?" "No: I just cold him father didn't

want me to receive him any more. Heaven knows, that was enough!" "Well, that was the best thing for you to do." Mrs. Barclay took a deep breath as if she were inhaling a delicious perfume. "It's much better than to have him plunge in here some day and have your father break out like he does in his rough way. What did

Alan sav?" "He said very little, but he looked it. You ought to have seen him. Frank came up just about that time and invited me to have some ice cream, and I had to leave him. He was as white as a sheet. He had made an engagement with me to sit out a dance, and he didn't come in the room again till that dance was called, and then he didn't even mention it. He acted so peculiarly I could see it was nearly killing him, but he wouldn't let me bring up the subject again. I came near doing it, but he always steered

round it." "He's a sensible young man," declared Mrs. Barclay. "Any one can see that by looking at him. He's not responsible for his father's foolhardy venture, but it certainly leaves him in a bad fix as a marrying man. He's had bad luck, and he must put up with the consequences. There are plenty of girls who have no money or prospects who would be glad to have him, but"-"Mother," broke in Dolly as if she

had been listening to her own troubled thoughts rather than her mother's words, "he didn't act as if he wanted to see me alone. The other couples who had engagements to talk during that dance were sitting in windows and out of the way corners, but he kept me right where I was and was as carefully polite as if we had just been introduced. I was sorry for him and guad at the same time. I could have pulled his ears."

"He's sensible, very sensible," said Mrs. Barclay in a tone of warm admiration. "A man like that ought to get along, and I reckon he will do well some day."

"But, mother," said Dolly, her rich, round voice rising like a wave and breaking in her throat, "he may never think about me any more."

"Well, that really would be best, dear, under the circumstances." "Best?" Dolly blurted out. "How can you say that, when-when"-

"Dolly, you are not really foolish about him, are you?" Mrs. Barclay's face dropped into deeper seriousness. Dolly looked away and was silent for a moment. Then she faltered: "I don't know, mother. I-I'm afraid if I keep on feeling like I do now I'll never get over it."

"Ah, but you'll not keep on feeling like you do now." consoled the older woman. "Of course, right now, just after seeing how hard he took it, you will kind of sympathize with him and want to help him; but that will all pass away. I remember when I was about your age I had a falling out with Will Despree, a young man my father didn't like because his grandfather had been an overseer. And, do you know, I thought I would actually kill myself. I refused to eat a bite and threatened to run away with Will. To safe. this day I really don't know what I would have done if your grandfather hadn't scared him away with a shotgun. Will kept writing notes to me.

him on a fast horse. Will's family heard what was up, and they kept him out in the swamp for a few days, and then they sent him to Texas. The whole Despree family took it up and talked scand'lous about us."

"And you soon got over it, mother?" asked Dolly almost in a tone of dismay.

"Well," said Mrs. Barclay reflectively, "Will acted the fool so terribly. He wasn't out in Texas three months before he sent back a marked paper with were made up in the aggregate of Confederate army from battle, wounds an article in it about his engagement to the daughter of a rich man who, we livery stable; then I reckon hardly any girl would keep caring for a boy when greatest loss in battle. It was conhis folks was telling such lies about tended, on the other hand, that the her family."

Dolly was staring studiously at the speaker.

"Mother." she asked, "don't you believe in real love?"

Mrs. Barclay laughed as if highly amused. "I believe in a different sort Then after that there was another young man that I thought more of, if was as poor as Job's turkey, and my when your pa come with his shiny broadcloth coat and spotted silk vestno, it was satin, I think, with red spots on it-and every girl in town was crazy to catch him and there was no end of reports about the niggers he owned and his high connections-well, as I say, it wasn't a week before I was afraid he'd see Joe Tinsley and hear about me and him. My father was in for the match from the very jump, and so was your pa's folks. He put up at our house with his nigger servant and didn't want to go about town much. I reckon I was pleased to have him pick me out, and so we soon fixed it up. Lordy, he only had to mention Joe .Tinsley to me after we got married to make me do anything he wanted. To this day he throws him up to me, for Joe never did amount to anything. He tried to borrow money from your pa

after you was born. The neighbors had to feed his children." "But you loved father, didn't you?" Dolly breathed, in some relief over

what she thought was coming. ting used to one another's ways. You and other sources. see, he'd waited a good while and was As to the union forces in the field, awful glad I let my father manage for me. You see, what your pa had and what my father settled on me made us comfortable, and if a couple is that

Dolly stood before her mother, close enough to touch her. Her face wore an indescribable expression of dissatisfaction with what she had heard.

Did you ever let either of those boys -the two that you didn't marry. I mean—kiss you?" Mrs. Barclay stared up at her daughter for an instant, and then her face

broke into a broad smile of genuine amusement. She lowered her head to her knee and laughed out. "Dolly Barclay, you are such a fool!"

she said, and then she laughed again almost immoderately, her face in her "I know what that means," said

Dolly, in high disgust. "Mother, I don't think you can do me any good. You'd better go to bed." Mrs. Barclay rose promptly. "I think I'd better, too," she said. "It 57 from other causes.

makes your pa awful mad for me to sit up this way. I don't want to hear him rail out like he always does when he catches me at it."

After her mother had gone Dolly sat down on her bed. "She never was in love," she told herself. "Never, never, never! And it's a pity. She never could have talked that way if she had really loved anybody as much as"- But Dolly did not finish what lay on her tongue. However, when she had drawn the covers up over her the cold tears rose in her eyes and rolled down on her pillow as she thought of Alan Bishop's brave and dignified suffering. "Poor fellow," she said. "Poor. dear

Alan!

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN INGENIOUS BURGLAR.

How He Opened a Safe Without Tools or Explosives.

An extraordinary account is given of how a safe was opened by a robber who had at his disposal no instrument of any kind, but operated merely with his finger nail. The person who accomplished the feat revealed his intention of robbing the iron safe in a hotel to another young man, who happened to be the cousin of the hotel proprietor. As a matter of course the proposed scheme to rob was revealed to the owner of the hotel, and a little before midnight, when it was to be put into execution, a couple of detectives were concealed behind the office counter. A short time afterward the robber

entered the office gently, without either tools or explosives wherewith to open the massive iron receptacle, the combination of which it was evident he did not know. He had, however, resorted to an ingenious plan of his own. He had pared the nail of his index finger on the right hand until the blood vessels were exposed. Then by plac-

ing the sensitive wound on the combination lock he could distinguish the movements of the tumblers as they fell. give Alabama only a total of 552, and For more than an hour did he work, Virginia 5,328, and Georgia, 5,538, and and at last there came a sharp click, Mississippi 5,807, when it is welland he swung back the doors of the

patience. "I never saw you act like I was afraid to answer them, but my the detectives, under whose escort he estimated that one man out of every must be having a good time father got hold of one and went after was taken to prison.—London Tit-Bits. 65 was killed in action, one out of days.

WAR STATISTICS. on Each Side.

that in the civil war the losses of the Confederates in killed were in proportion greater than were those of the Federals.

nearly five times the number of men possessed by the Confederates, and found out afterward, used to keep a that, therefore, the largest army following figures are the round numshould naturally have suffered the smaller army, in order to stand against the greater, was compelled to fight with more desperation and daring, and Deaths of Confederate prisoners that, therefore, its men were subject to greater loss. Moreover, any force fighting at large odds would have to endure the fire of a greater number of to the puppy love I had for that boy. missels, and this would expose it to

greater loss. Unfortunately, many of the Confedanything, than I did of Will, but he erate war records were lost or destroyed in the evacuation of and retreat folks was all crazy for me and your pa, from Richmond, and therefore the who I'd never seen, to get married. I | Confederate returns are not complete held out against the idea, just like you and no accurate account is available. are doing with Frank, I reckon, but The war department at Washington, which has charge of all the Confederate war records, has recently begun the work of completing, as far as possible, the Confederate records as to numbers and losses of men, and a call has been made which should be promptly responded to, asking Confederate survivors and state authorities possessing muster rolls and other data fight with greater energy and to exof the sort, to send them, either as a loan or gift, to the war department at Washington, so that they may be copied and used to supply the lost records. So far as the figures are available today, the Picayune repeats with additions the figures printed by it last Chickamauga Wednesday.

The figures in regard to the Union army are taken from the "Statistical Record" by Capt. Frederick Phisterer, then of the army, published by Charles ries in strongly intrenched positions, Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883, and but in every case the losses of the declared to be compiled from army or- southern troops were out of proporders, registers of regulars and volunteers, reports of the adjutant general of the army, and from those of the "Well, I can't say I did," said Mrs. provost marshal general of the army, Barclay. "We had a terrible time get- the "Medical History of the Rebellion,"

some older than I was. After awhile, the summary of the men furnished by though, we settled down and now I'm and credited to the various states by the adjutant general's office is give by states, and it shows, including In dians and Negroes, a total of 2,772,408 men and money commutation allowed it's a sight more than the poor ones by the draft law, to represent 86,728 men, making an aggregate of men represented to be 2,859,132.

Of Indian troops there were 3,530, and of Negroes there were 186,097, all of whom are included in the figures of "Mother, tell me one thing," she said. 2,722,408. There were 2,047 regiments of all armies. After citing in detail the figures in the reports of the adjutant general, of the provost marshal general, Capt. Phisterer gives the following as the most complete and reliable statement:

Killed in battle Died of wounds Suicide, homicide and execu-49,205 tion 186,216 Died of disease Died in southern prison..... 24,184 Total 304,369

Federal army are thus given: British Americans 53,500 English Aggregate 494,900

4,000,000 Negroes. The southern Nefor the northern army from the dis- munications. tricts in the southern states that were overrun by the invaders, to the number of 186,097. As to foreigners, they Presence, and looked after Him with were kept out of the south by the the interest due to the explanantions. blockade of the southern ports by the He bore in the Message He brought Federal fleets, but they were attracted unto Our Noble Self from you, and to the northern army by the large also due to His Excellent and Humane bounty offered, and they joined in great Actions, through which he is entitled numbers. If the six million of white people of the south sent one-tenth of fairs which includes His Great Knowltheir number or 600,000, into the field, edge and deep perception of the afthe 20,000,000 of the northern whites fairs of Our Moorish Government. should at the same rate have sent 2,-000,000 soldfers. These, with the 495,-900 foreigners, and the 186,097 Negroes, would make an aggregate of the Mighty God. 2,680,997, or about the strength reported above for the total Federal

The Confederate losses, as compiled from the muster rolls extant and on file in the war department in Washington, give the following: Killed in battle Died from wounds 21,570

59,297 Died from disease Total 133,821 Died in northern prison 26,436

It is plain, however, that the muster rolls of the Confederates are extremely incomplete, because they give North Carolina 14,552 killed, while they known that any of these states furnished as many troops as did North He was in the act of filing his pock- Carolina, and did as hard fighting. In their dens fear him." ets with the valuable papers it con- the "Medical History of the Civil War," tained when a damper was thrown up- prepared under the direction of the on his activity by the sudden grasp of then Surgeon General Barnes, it was

every 10 was wounded in action, and one out of every 56 died of wounds. Further Statement of Forces and Loses At this rate the losses of the Confederates should have been 9,230 instead of 52,954, and the wounded should have Picayune printed statistics showing been 60,000, while those who died of over 10,000, but, on the contrary, they

were many times greater. The late distinguished Confederate surgeon general, Joseph Jones, estithe ground that the Federal armies mated the grand total of deaths in the

The Federal official reports show that of prisoners and deaths in prison the Federals in southern prisons.. 270,000

Confederates in northern prisons 220,000

Death of Federal prisoners.... 22,270 Excess of Confederate deaths 2,866 Commenting on these figures, the present efficient and studious Confederate Surgeon General Tebault says: 'According to these figures the percentage of Federals deaths in southern prisons was under nine, while the percentage of Confederate deaths in northern prisons was over 21. These mortuary statistics show how faithfully and devotedly the Confederate medical corps cared for the prisoners of the Confederacy in spite of the scant supply of medicines and instruments and works on medicine and surgery, and the most absolute essentials for satisfactory treatment, these having been made contraband of war." That the Confederates, by reason of their smaller numbers were forced to pose themselves more prodigally to

turns of losses in killed and wounded in battles, thus: Confederate Federal Battles. loss. .15,801 11,135 Gettysburg22,544 Atlanta 7,500 Franklin 6,250

the enemy's fire is shown by the re-

The above were battles in which the Confederates attacked their adversation to their numbers, but they never received a blow without inflicting tre-

MOORISH SULTAN'S LETTER.

Abdullah Abd-Al-Aziz Sends Greeting to President Roosevelt.

The following letter from the sultan of Morocco has been presented to President Roosevelt: To the Honored President of the Great

American Nation. 'May God keep him in peaceful preservation. 'In the Name of God, the Merciful and Everlasting.

Life and Strength are the outcome of God's Great Love. "From the Servant of his Great and Mighty God, the Great and Powerful Vanquisher, the Faithful, the Son of the Faithful, may God encircle him with the splendor of His Greatness, keep

him victorious and extend unto him greatness. "To the great Loving and Exalted in his position of splendor and Glory, First mongst the Great and Noble, the President of the Great American Nation. 526 The Mirror of its greatness, possessor of its Highest Position, THEODORE

ROOSEVELT.

"After saluting and thanking the Of the Negro troops included in the Great and Almighty God, Unique and above, 1,514 were killed in battle, Unequalled in greatness and fullness, 1,760 died from wounds, 29,212 died and honor, and after showering upon from disease, 837 died in prison, and Thee and upon Thy Great and Exalted Position, all that which may be due to The enlistments of foreigners in the Thee, in unspoken words, we may state that there came before Our Noble Germans 176,800 Presence, your Wise Messenger, James 144,200 W. Langerman, The Chevalier, who came unto us, to have us appoint 47,900 One who may represent us in the dedication and opening of the Exposition which your Great Government, graci-The deficiency in the Confederate ously purposed and consented to open returns precludes any accuracy of in the coming Year, 1904, if it pleases statement, has been put at 600,000. It the Mighty God. He has tendered unto should be remembered that the north- us, what you have privileged Him to ern states had a white population of speak before us, and of the love which 20,000,000, while the south had a you bear towards us, and towards Our white population of 6,000.000, besides Esteemed Government, and of your sincere desire to renew the bonds of groes were slaves and were recruited friendship, and to extened mutual com-

"We welcomed Him with Exultation, and received Him unto our Gracious to handle the reins of important af-

"And we have appointed Him to represent Our Noble Self at the Beautiful Exposition in due time if it pleases

"In regard to what you extend unto us, from the signs of love, honor, and reliance, We Ourselves, wish and desire with the hope of extending to strengthen and fasten the ties of friendship, here and there, the same as you wish unto us, and unto Our Great Government and Nation.

"The Unexcelled Benefits of God, the Almighty, may preserve you in the fullness of happiness, and in continual

"Signed and Sealed in our Sacred Presence, this 16th day of Ramaden, corresponding to the 17th of December, 1902, of the Christian Era.

"ABDULLAH ABD-AL-AZIZ, "Sultan of Morocco BEN EL-HASSAM, "Sultan's Father. "BEN MOHAMMED, "Sultan's Grandather. "And He whose health springs from

(Seal of Sultan.)

the Messenger of God, the Lions in

Those microbes in the ice cream