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ABNER DANIEL

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

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CHAPTER XXVII.

It was a cold, dry day about the middle of January. They were killing hogs at the farm. Seven or eight negroes, men and women, had gathered from all about in the neighborhood to assist in the work and get the parts of the meat usually given away in payment for such services.

Abner Daniel and old man Bishop were superintending these preparations when Alan came from the house to say that Rayburn Miller had just ridden out to see them on business. "I think it's the railroad," Alan informed his father, who always displayed signs of almost childish excitement when the subject came up. They found Miller in the parlor being entertained by Adele, who immediately left the room on their arrival. They all sat down before the cheerful fire. Miller showed certain signs of embarrassment at first, but gradually threw them off and got down to the matter in hand quite with his office manner.

"I've got a proposition to make to you, Mr. Bishop," he opened up, with a slight flush on his face. "I've been making some inquiries about Wilson, and I am more and more convinced that he intends to freeze us out—or you, rather—by holding off till you are obliged to sell your property for a much lower figure than you now ask him for it."

"You think so?" grunted Bishop, pulling a long face.

"Yes. But what I now want to do is to show him indirectly that we are independent of him."

"Huh!" ejaculated Bishop, even more dejectedly. "Huh! I say!"

Alan was looking at Miller eagerly, as if trying to divine the point he was about to make. "I must confess," he smiled, "that I can't well see how we can show independence right now."

"Well, I think I see a way," said Miller, the flush stealing over his face again. "You see, there is no doubt that Wilson is on his high horse simply because he thinks he could call on you for that \$25,000 and put you to some trouble raising it without—without, I say, throwing your land on the market. I can't blame him," Miller went on, smiling, "for it's only what any business man would do who is out for profit, but we must not knuckle to him."

"Huh, huh!" Bishop grunted in deeper depondency.

"How do you propose to get around the knuckling process?" asked Alan, who had caught the depression influencing his parent.

"I'd simply take up that note," said the lawyer. "You know under the contract we are privileged to pay it tomorrow if we wish. It would simply paralyze him. He's so confident that you can't take it up that he has not even written to ask if you want to renew it or not. Yes, he's confident that he'll rake in that security—so confident that he has been, as you know, secretly buying land near yours."

"But," exclaimed Alan, "Ray, you know we—father has invested that money, and the truth is that he and mother have already had so much worry over the business that they would rather let the land go at what was raised on it than to run any more risks."

Bishop groaned out his approval of this elucidation of his condition and sat silently nodding his head. The very thought of further risks stunned and chilled him.

Miller's embarrassment now descended on him in full force.

"I was not thinking of having your father disturb his investments," he said. "The truth is, I have met with a little financial disappointment in a certain direction. For the last three months I have been raking and scraping among the dry bones of my investments to get up exactly \$25,000 to secure a leading interest in a cotton mill at Darley of which I was to be president. I managed to get the money together, and only yesterday I learned that the northern capital that was to guarantee the thing was only in the corner of a fellow's eye up in Boston—a man that had not a dollar on earth. Well, there you are! I've \$25,000, and no place to put it. I thought if you had just as soon owe me the money as Wilson that you'd really be doing me a favor to let me take up the note. You see, it would actually floor him. He means business, and this would show him that we are not asking any favors of him. In fact, I have an idea it would scare him out of his skin. He'd think I had another opportunity of selling. I'm dying to do this, and I hope you'll let me work it. Really I think you ought to consent. I'd never drive you to the wall and—well—he might."

All eyes were on the speaker. Bishop had the dazed expression of a bewildered man trying to believe in sudden good luck. Abner Daniel lowered his head and shook with low, subdued laughter.

"You are a jim dandy, young man," he said to Miller. "That's all there is about it. You take the rag off the bush. Oh, my Lord! They say in Alf's meeting house that it's a sin to play poker with no stakes, but Alf in a game with half the earth put up against another fellow's was as big as a bale o' hay. Play down, Alf. Play down. You've got a full hand an plenty to draw from."

"We couldn't let you do this, Ray," expostulated Alan.

"But I assure you it is merely a mat-

ter of business with me," declared the lawyer. "You know I'm interested myself, and I believe we shall come out all right. I'm simply itching to do it."

Bishop's face was ablaze. The assurance that a wise young business man would consider a purchase of his of sufficient value to put a large amount of money on pleased him, banished his fears, thrilled him.

"If you feel that way," he said, smiling at the corners of his mouth, "go ahead. I don't know but what you are plumb right. It will show Wilson that we ain't beholden to him an' will set 'im to work of anything will."

So it was finally settled, and no one seemed so well pleased with the arrangement as Miller himself. Adele entered the room with the air of one half fearful of intruding, and her three relatives quietly withdrew, leaving her to entertain the guest.

"I wonder what's the matter with your brother," Miller remarked as his eyes followed Alan from the room.

"Oh, brother?" laughed Adele. "No one tries to keep up with his whims and fancies."

"But, really," said Miller in a serious tone, "he has mystified me lately. I wonder if he has had bad news from Dolly. I've tried to get into a confidential chat with him several times of late, but he seems to get around it. Really, it seems to me at times that he treats me rather coldly."

"Oh, if you waste time noticing Al you'll become a beggar," And Adele gave another amused laugh. "Take my advice and let him alone."

"I almost believe you know what ails him," said Miller, eying her closely.

"I know what he thinks ails him," the girl responded.

"And won't you tell me what—that he thinks ails him?"

"No, I couldn't do that," answered our young lady, with a knowing smile.

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papers and now and then giving instructions to a typewriter in the corner of the room.

"Ah, how are you, Miller?" he said indifferently, giving the caller his hand without rising. "Down to see the city again, eh?"

Rayburn leaned on the top of the desk and knocked the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger.

"Fairly that and partly business," he returned carelessly.

"Two birds, eh?"

"That's about it. I concluded you were not coming up our way soon, and so I decided to drop in on you."

"Yes; glad you did." Wilson glanced at the papers on his desk and frowned.

"I wish I had more time at my disposal. I'd run up to the club with you and show you my Kentucky thoroughbreds, but I really am rushed, today particularly."

"Oh, I haven't a bit of time to spare myself! I take the afternoon train home. The truth is I came to see you for my clients, the Bishops."

"Ah, I see." Wilson's face clouded over by some mechanical arrangement known only to himself. "Well, I can't really report any progress in that matter," he said. "All the company thing Bishop's figures are away out of reason, and the truth is right now we are over head and ears in operations in other quarters, and—well, you see how it is?"

"Yes, I think I do." Miller smoked a moment. "In fact, I told my clients last month that the matter was not absorbing your attention, and so they gave up counting on you."

Wilson so far forgot his pose that he looked up in a startled sort of way and began to study Miller's smoke wrapped profile.

"You say they are not—have not been counting on my company—to buy their land?"

"Why, no," said Miller in accents well resembling those of slow and genuine surprise. "Why, you have not shown the slightest interest in the matter since the day you made the loan, and naturally they ceased to think you wanted the land. The only reason I called was that the note is payable today, and—"

"Oh, yes, by Jove! That was careless of me. The interest is due. I knew it would be all right, and I had no idea you would bother to run down for that. Why, my boy, we could have drawn for it, you know."

Miller smiled inwardly as he looked calmly and fixedly through his smoke into the unsuspecting visage upturned to him.

"But the note itself is payable today," he said, closely on the alert for a facial collapse, "and, while you or I might take up a paper for \$25,000 through a bank, old fashioned people like Mr. and Mrs. Bishop would feel safer to have it done by an agent. That's why I came."

Miller in silent satisfaction saw the face of his antagonist fall to pieces like an artificial flower suddenly shattered.

"Pay the note?" gasped Wilson.

"Why?"

Miller puffed at his cigar and gazed at his victim as if slightly surprised over the assumption that his clients had not all along intended to avail themselves of that condition in their contract.

"You mean that the Bishops are ready to—" Wilson began again on another breath—"to pay us the \$25,000?"

"And the interest for six months," quietly added Miller, reaching for a match on the desk. "I reckon you've got the note here. I don't want to miss my train."

Wilson was a good business man, but his Puritanical training in New England had not fitted him for wily diplomacy.

"Of course they can take up their note today if they wish," he said, with alarmed frankness. "I was not counting on it, though." He rose to his feet. Miller's watchful eye detected a certain trembling of his lower lip. He thrust his hands into his pockets nervously, and in a tone of open irritation he said to the young man at the typewriter: "Brown, I wish you'd let up on that infernal clicking. Sometimes I can stand it, and then again I can't. You can do those letters in the next room."

When the young man had gone out, carrying his machine, Wilson turned to Miller. "As I understand it, you personally have no interest in the Bishop property?"

"Oh, not a dollar!" smiled the lawyer. "I'm only acting for them."

"Then—Wilson drove his hands into his pockets again—"perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me if the Bishops are on trade with other parties. Are they?"

Miller smiled and shook his head. "As your lawyer, Mr. Wilson, I simply couldn't answer that question."

The blow was well directed, and it struck a vulnerable spot.

"I beg your pardon," Wilson stammered. "I did not mean to suggest that you would betray confidence." He reflected a moment, and then he said in a hurried tone, "They have not actually sold out, have they?"

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

Disturbing Factor in World's Affairs For 600 Years.

For a hundredth time in 600 years the Asiatic interloper in Europe, the Turk holds the centre of the world's stage. This time there are indications that it may be his last stand. A decadent empire, only kept together by the mutual distrust and jealousy of Christian nations, headed by a ruler who has lost ground steadily since the beginning of his rule, Turkey today is tottering on the brink of a chasm, no one can say how deep. Nor can any one say what the result will be when the final crash comes. The crash is inevitable; the time alone is the unknown factor.

As to the Turk himself—collectively, individually and as a race—he, too, like his empire, is tottering. For centuries he has been decaying, his character sapped out by his excesses in living, his sensualism, his lethargy and his unfeigned cruelty. He constitutes the one and only non-Christian nation of Europe. Yet, despite barbaric efforts to foster the spirit of Mohammed with the torch and the sword, Christianity has steadily grown within the very heart of his domain.

The Turk today holds sway over three continents, his territory covering, beside Europe, Asia and Africa. Its area is 2,530,000 square miles, or about twelve times that of Germany. It nearly equals the whole of Europe. Of this immense bounds only 1,115,000 square miles is under the Turk's direct rule. The vast remainder is merely tributary or under nominal suzerainty. So long as the concert of powers cannot reach any satisfactory division of this territory so long will the Turk be left to rule it.

The great bulk of the trade is controlled by Greeks, Armenians and Jews, with a few foreigners, who are exempt from taxation. The Turk has but 1,200 miles of railroads—hardly a good system in the United States—and controls 22,400 miles of telegraph lines. Of this population of 50,000,000, but 6,000,000 is in Europe. Such, in brief, is the land of the Turk.

Allah's Precepts Supreme.

Over all this domain the sultan's will is absolute, except that he cannot contravene the accepted doctrines of Mohammed. Thirty vilayets comprise the political divisions. As to the Turk's army, every Musselman is liable for service after his 20th birthday for twenty years. Non-Mohammedans may obtain exemption at a rate of about \$1.50 a head. On a peace footing the sultan's army numbers 10,000 officers and 170,000 men. In war times probably 1,250,000 men could be called to arms. His navy is so obsolete, with few exceptions, as to be hardly worthy of mention. It should be noted, however, that the Dardanelles and Straits of the Bosphorus, the approaches to Constantinople, are well fortified with powerful guns. The Turk is wily, despite his decrepitude.

The Turk's ancestral home is Central Asia. The easterly tribes early established rule in China, and were closely akin to the Tartars. The earliest historical mention of the Turks was considerably prior to 350 A. D. The position they occupied, however, was of little importance until the time of Othman, the founder of the present dynasty, of which Abdul Hamid II, the present ruler, is the thirty-fourth reigning sovereign; when about 1030 A. D. the Ottoman Turks took possession of considerable Asiatic territory. By the beginning of the fourteenth century they had made themselves masters of many more provinces, and having captured Nicea, had established their capital at Broussa.

Nine Centuries in Europe.

It was in 1090 the Turk first appeared in Europe. At that time 2,000 of the best warriors crossed the Bosphorus to assist Emperor Boteolates in one of the petty wars which were then of frequent occurrence. Before the end of the century, however, the Turks had made their name known throughout the world, for they had reduced such countries as Bulgaria, Thessaly and Macedonia, to subjection, and had become rulers over all of western Asia. In 1392 they turned their attention to Europe. In 1453 they captured Constantinople, named after the Roman Emperor Constantine, which has since been their capital. From that day their power was extended with rapidity, until they threatened to gain mastery of the whole of Europe.

In 1825, however, Solymian I suffered his first serious defeat, and ever since the glory of the empire has waned. Step by step the Turks have been driven out of their European territories. Upper Hungary and Transylvania were abandoned as early as 1595. In 1769 they were expelled from Crimea, and in 1806 the Russian frontier was further advanced. The success of the Greek war for independence cost them that country. But the greater blow struck to Turkey was the war of 1876, which cost the empire Bulgaria, Thessaly, Eastern Roumelia and a strip of Armenia, as well as the entire independence of Roumania, Montenegro and Servia, and the loss of administration over Bosnia, Herzegovina and Cyprus.

Advance on Europe Checked.

Thus was the Turk shorn of the gains of his early victories; thus was his power effectively and perpetually checked. Yet the rancorous jealousies of the European powers—the fear that one may gain a larger share of the Oriental bird than its rival—has enabled the "sick man of Europe," as he is termed, to remain quietly on his throne, to witness the slaughter of thousands and to feel secure in his position so long as cupidity and desire for possession inflame the breasts of the Christian nations.

To the Unfathomable Fickleness of

nature is also due a goodly share of the present strife. Macedonia is the richest possession left to the Sublime Porte. Her broad fields, including the vilayet of Salonica and part of Monastir, afford splendid ground for cattle raising and for agriculture. Her people, a hardy race, have made good use of them. Naturally they rebel against the ever-increasing burden of taxes imposed upon them by the Constantinian Turk. While the descendant of the ancient Tartar lolls at ease in his favorite cafe, drinking his narcotic and puffing lazily upon his narghiles, with long, flexible tubes, twisted like serpents' coils, or inhaling fragrance from the chibouks of earthenware, with cherrywood stems, the Macedonian, part Greek, part Hebrew, part, in fact, of almost every race, toils in the eastern sun to keep himself and family from want. Naturally his spirit in time rebels. Then revolution and freedom from the hated dominion arises in his breast. Secret bands are formed, and a revolution is but a sequence. These minor revolutions have taught the Macedonian the value of organization and the revolution of today is being operated on an organized scale.

Greatest Dread Moslem Revolt.

But there is still a more potent factor behind the revolutionary spirit of the Macedonian. While the sultan fears a revolution of the Christian element of his people, what he dreads far worse is a revolt among those of his own creed, the Moslems. Should the latter occur his power would be instantly gone and his own life would be the forfeit. In much the same way that Russia permits the overflow passions of her native peasantry to cool off by occasionally permitting a slaughter of ewes, so the sultan to keep his wild and savage soldiery and disciples of Allah in check allows them to prey unhindered upon the Christians.

The sultan cheats the government by his autocratic and high-handed use of power and wealth, his officials cheat the vassals or governors, and the governors cheat the "Christian dogs." So the corruption extends throughout the entire ramifications of the government. This practice leads to the frequent wiping out of a Macedonian village. The fighting men are killed or put to flight, the women dishonored, or carried off, if of sufficient beauty, to be sold as adornments of the harems of wealthy Pashas, children's brains are dashed out against the doors sills of their homes. When a sufficiently large slaughter occurs to be known as a massacre the powers protest to the sultan, who orders an investigation. The governor of the vilayet reports that the assassins are unknown and the sultan makes promises of reforms, and the affair is repeated at the next opportune moment.

How Revolts Are Fostered.

Such savagery as this makes fighting demons of men formerly living placid and peaceful lives. Families and homes gone, there is nothing else thought of but revenge. So revolutions are fostered against the Tartar.

It is an old saw that the Turk is mild in nature when not cutting off heads. The Tartar is sleeping in him. Accustomed to a life of indolence and ease, silent, sphynx-like, imperturbable—when fully aroused he is the barbarian of the ancient days. Then it is that his fanaticism, born of the teachings of Mohammed, crops out. Death is not only not feared, but courted. To kill a "Christian dog" is glory. The life of every infidel adds to his own lustre in the Moslem heaven.

Thus it is that the Turk has won his sobriquet "unspeakable." His cruelties are unequalled the world around. Ferocity is the only word approaching a description of his temper. Fires of hatred and passion, untamed for ages, but merely held in check, are ever ready to glow to white heat. Such is the contestant the patient, peace-loving Armenian, the ambitious Bulgarian, the warlike Macedonian has to combat. In this respect the Turk's position relative to his neighbors upon earth might be stated. The Turk tolerates the Armenian, despises the Jew, hates the Greek and distrusts the European. All of the Christian faith he regards as enemies fit only for annihilation.

Inborn Racial Hatred.

On the other hand it should be said for the Turk that his enemies, excepting those residing outside his realm, are, when aroused, fully as blood-thirsty. There can be no denying that atrocities fully as bad as any ever perpetrated by the most savage Kurd have been committed by the Bulgarians, or to use the more general term, Macedonians. The motive, however, is entirely different. In the case of the Turk it is inborn racial hatred; in that of the Macedonian it is revenge for cruelties already suffered. Many among the revolutionists now in the field have seen their homes suddenly burned, wives and daughters violated before their very eyes, their children brutally slain and to end the tragedy have helplessly witnessed the fairest of their women driven away captive to be sold into the bondage of the harem forever and those remaining maimed or killed outright. It is but natural, therefore, that men thus wronged take revenge on their enemies in a manner equally cruel.

Women Merely a Plaything.

Of the social life between men and women as it is known in America and in European countries the Turk knows or feels comparatively nothing. This is due entirely to the harem and its influence. Polygamy with its debasing effects has so depraved the Turkish mind that little is left of the softer ideals. His wife or wives are little more to him than baubles created solely to satisfy his sensual cravings. Women in his eyes is made solely for his pleasure, not companionship. Held down as she is, with but few exceptions, the inmate of the Turkish harem is little more than a mere child, whose sole aim in life is to win the smile of

her master. Love is excluded, literature is the privilege of the few, science a mere atom; politics is reduced to a question of names, business occupies but a small part of the day. The Turk looks on while changes are ordered and are taking place about him; takes from the European what may be usual to himself, accepts innovations whose material advantage he recognizes as immediate; hears without winking the lessons of civilization that are given him, allows himself to be improved, embellished and made to wear a mask; but within he is immutably, invincibly the same. Only the shell is changed, the kernel remains unbroken. Sultan and subjects, one and all, are alike. The only difference is in degree of state. The poor man has but one wife by necessity; the sultan a thousand by his wealth.

Army Reflex of Corruption.

Quite naturally the army is but the reflex of these unenviable, corrupt conditions. The soldiers, accustomed to being cheated out of their pay, do not hesitate to steal and pillage. To the victor belongs the spoils, both in warfare and in politics. Were it not for the Turkish soldier's bravery, his fanaticism in battle, his delight in carnage, the entire army could be easily overwhelmed. As it is, however, it is a fighting force of no mean power. Discipline is decidedly a lacking quantity. Valor largely replaces it.

There are abundant traces of Indo-European origin in the Turk's features and this, added to a knowledge of his characteristics, love of home and family, dislike of travel, etc., would incline us to doubt his relationship with the nomadic Arab or any other Semitic race. As a soldier he is, moreover, readily amenable to discipline, another non-Semitic trait. While the guard, the infantry and the marines are recruited in Turkey proper from among the Musselman population, where the Turkish blood is comparatively unmixt, the zouaves emanate from the riff-raff of Asia Minor. As their faces indicate, they are of a race of outcasts and bandits, with a distinct strain of Semitic blood in their veins. Once removed from them are the irregulars or Hamidieh cavalry—the wretches mainly responsible for the horrible massacres in Armenia and other parts of the Ottoman empire.

Aryan or Semite.

At the first glance some of the faces suggest a Celtic, early centuries of the Christian era a French, other a German, others a Latin origin. Replace the fez with an English, French or German forage cap and the men might belong to any of those nations for all their looks would show to the contrary. These men, however, are the descendants of the Ottoman Turks, whose empire was founded in the thirteenth century, on the ruins of the great Mongol dynasty of Central Asia. Their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity and students are divided as to whether they should be classed with the Aryan or the Semitic races. The general supposition is that they sprang from the same sources as the Huns and the Tartars.

European travelers the Turk treats with utmost disdain or else with a servility intended only for the moment until the traveler's pockets have been craftily emptied. Then the Turk reverts with the consciousness of having performed his duty to his less enlightened brother, as he styles him, and says his prayers to Allah with ado. The Christian plucked, a deed is nobly done.

Much as has been said about the beauty of the Turkish women, it must be said that the ideal of the Orient is not that of Europe or America. As the Japanese see beauty in slenderness, so the Turk finds his tastes in the women of the fleshy type. True enough, there are many beauties who would find favor in American eyes in the harems. These mostly, however, are slave girls from Persia or of Circassian blood.

Beauty of the Turkish Woman.

It is difficult to define the beauty of the Turkish woman—a fine face two black eyes, a crimson mouth and an expression of sweetness—such is the general type. Almost all of them, however, are painted. They whiten their faces with almond and jasmine paste, they lengthen and darken their eyebrows with Indian ink, they tint their eyelids, they powder their throats, they put a dark circle around their eyes and they wear patches on their cheeks. But they do it all with rare taste. Nearly all have a common defect of a slight stoop, and twaddle something like that of a big baby suddenly grown up, which comes from a weariness of limb caused by an abuse of the bath, and also from their awkward, ill-fitting slippers. But even with this ugly walking there is a girlish air that is not displeasing.

Intellectually the average Turkish woman is of a low degree. Her mind is continually turned to her physical charms. Knowing that her husband has other wives, she must ever be alert to keep herself beautiful to retain his favor. Consequently she practices arts and deceits for aiding her beauty, which in time have far different effects.

Such are the people of the Fez and of Allah, the prophet. Marked by racial characteristics which the inhabitants of no other nation have, a veritable remnant, with few modern embellishments of the days of three centuries ago, the gap between the unspeakable Turk and Christian nations of the world is rapidly widening. How soon will the Turk tumble into the pit his slothfulness has thus dug is the question. The present Macedonian revolution may yet soon answer the question.—Philadelphia Record.

Some men figure how much real estate they could have bought with their clear money, and some how many cigars with their real estate.

Some men brag about their wives as if they wanted to sell them.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY.

Analysis of the Situation From Bulgarian Standpoint.

The Bulgarian government issued a note to the European powers a few days ago in which the powers are virtually advised that Bulgaria will soon declare war against Turkey. In an interview with a correspondent of the Associated Press, Premier Petroff, of Bulgaria, explained the reason of his government's action as follows:

"It has from the first plainly been evident that the policy of Turkey was to hinder the development of the Bulgarian race in Macedonia, which was the strongest national element there. With this end in view, the Turks proceeded to devastate the country and kill the Bulgarian Christians, driving the survivors into the mountains and forests where they will be either perished of hunger or else cross the Bulgarian frontier and thus will be a burden to the Bulgarian nation. In the meanwhile the powers had not paid the slightest attention to the Bulgarian note of June 29, but rather encouraged the Turks, who adopted the most severe measures to suppress the outbreak."

"The Bulgarian government is now compelled not only to protect Bulgaria itself but also the Bulgarian element in Macedonia. It is further evident that Turkey has directly encouraged the revolution as with ten times as many guards on the frontier as Bulgaria employed, the Turks never stopped a single revolutionary band nor an individual crossing the frontier. The Porte was only too anxious to have a pretext for continuing the massacres and the extermination of the Bulgarian people."

"Turkey has now concentrated 300,000 troops in Macedonia, only about 25,000 of whom are engaged in the suppression of the revolt. There is no attempt to fight the insurgents, but the troops attack innocent women and children. The Bulgarian government is forced to perceive in this excessive mobilization a clear sign of Turkey's desire, after she has succeeded in suppressing the outbreak in Macedonia, to attack Bulgaria and exterminate the Bulgarian race. All our latest information from Macedonia and Constantinople confirms this view."

"Hilma Pasha, the vail of Salonica, has openly declared that war with Bulgaria is the only way of settling the Macedonian question. The Constantinople press, which is under the most severe censorship, was recently allowed to publish the most sensational reports with the object of increasing the Mussulmans' fanatic hatred of the Bulgarian Christians."

"The latest news from Constantinople says the Porte is mobilizing the Mustahfuz or last line of reserves, including men of about fifty years of age. 'Yesterday came a telegram from Burgas saying that a company of Turkish troops, while passing near a frontier post, was saluted by the Bulgarian guard, but the Turkish officer did not acknowledge the salute, turned his back and afterwards remarked to the Bulgarian officer in command of the post:

"'When we have finished here we will come and see you.'"

"Reports also have been received of Turkish troops crossing the Bulgarian frontier, carrying off sheep and committing other depredations."

"Confronted by such conditions Bulgaria is forced to the conviction that Turkey is eager to attack her and the Sofia government has taken this last step of asking the powers to intervene. Otherwise Bulgarians must take measures for her own protection."

A LISTLESS CAMPAIGN.

Not So Much as Might Be in Victory at National Election Next Year.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: Everyting now points to an extremely listless presidential campaign next year. If for no other reason, the contest will be lacking in first rate importance because of the extent of the Republican mastery of the senate, which could not by any reasonable possibility be overcome during the next presidential term. A Democratic president could do nothing without some Republican support. Mr. Bryan could be elected, and no free silver bill passed. Mr. Cleveland could be elected, and there need be no tariff revision except on Republican lines. In these circumstances, the Democrats could not hope to accomplish much by winning the presidency, nor would the Republicans, so far as organic results are concerned, lose much. Either side would have the patronage. In the event of success, but the American public can never be aroused to a higher pitch of excitement over which of two sets of officeholders shall fill the places. The house of representatives, a new body each two years, might be carried by the opposition. In fact, the Democrats could hardly elect a president without carrying enough of the country to give them the house.

The senate contains fifty-seven Republicans and thirty-three Democrats. One-third of the senate, or thirty members, are already elected for terms which do not end until March 3, 1909. Of these eighteen are Republicans and twelve are Democrats. Of those whose terms expire two years earlier, sixteen are Republicans and fourteen are Democrats. Of those whose terms expire with the present administration, twenty-three are Republican and seven are Democrats. If the Democrats should begin at once to carry every state that they stood any chance of carrying in the party's best days, they could not recover the senate before the expiration of the next presidential term.