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The Substitute

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CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED.

"I had no reason to doubt it," retorted Bob, with a flash. "But I found out afterward that it was all true. I know a tobacco drummer from up that way. He gets all my trade in that line. Me an' him are pretty friendly, an' I confided in him. He told me he knew all about the family and substantiated everything Dora May had said an' added a lots more about investments of hers that she didn't even know about."

"But why were you in such a hurry?" asked Kenner, who seemed to be the only one in the group capable of ready expression.

"Well," Bob hesitated, and a frank flush spread over his face, "there are some boys in this town that would run after a rich girl, and Dora May would have been entirely too popular to do her any good. Oh, you needn't worry about me an' her! I tell you we know what we are doing. She's business from head to foot an' knows I can manage her affairs all right. There ain't a bit of harm in a fellow marrying money if he loves his wife and has the ability to make some himself. I believe I'm a born money maker. I reckon I got it from father. I believe if he'd 'a' had a fair chance and not been afraid he'd 'a' been the richest man in this state. He married a poor woman and had no start, and yet he's done well—that is, pretty well—for his chances."

"Ef he ever is about to starve you mought give 'im a job collectin' Dora May's rent," said Kenner, who was bubbling over with enjoyment.

Then silence fell. They were all waiting for Hanks to speak, but he had nothing to say. He rose and went outdoors, his scrawny hands in the pockets of his trousers.

"The Lord only knows what he'll do," said Bob. "But the die is cast, an' I feel sorter independent of him. Look here, Mr. Kenner," turning back from the door, "you must get the idea out of your head that I did this thing just because Dora May was well fixed. I tell you she's just what I was looking for. She's pretty, not a bit lazy and thinks that what I don't know ain't worth learning. She's been so much interested lately in my business that she wasn't studying good at school anyway. She's give me a great many pointers, I tell you. She helped me write all them ads. that folks said was so good, especially them with the poetry in 'em. I'm a bad speller, and she corrected all of 'em before they was printed."

"Did you ever?" Kenner said when Bob had gone. "I'll swear I don't know whether to kick or congratulate 'im."

As George was going home to dinner he saw old Hanks leaning on the fence of a vacant lot waiting for him. George paused. "That ground ud make good turnips," said Hanks, spitting over the fence. "I believe I'll make Trotter an offer for it. I could pasture my cow on it in the spring."

George said nothing. He knew the old man had waited for him to speak of Bob's marriage.

"Went up thar to see Mrs. Styles." Hanks nodded in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes. Found 'er with 'er head all tied up in rags an' smellin' like a drug store. At fust she kept up sech a screechin' she wouldn't let me say a word, but she quieted down after awhile, an' me 'n' her sorter come to a understandin'."

"An understanding? That's good," said George.

"Yes. We both sorter come to the conclusion that if she'd write to that guardeen that Bob was an only child an' could naturally expect something at my demise that, maybe, he would not raise a row."

"Then the girl really is rich," said George.

The old man spat over the fence again. He avoided George's glance. "Yes, she's pretty well heeled," he said, "an' not a fool by a long shot. She was up at Mrs. Styles' this mornin', the old lady said, with a long dress on. She talked pretty straight—didn't intend to have nobody meddlin' with her affairs—if anybody had anything to say agin Bob Hanks to send 'em to her, an' so on. Blamed ef I hain't sorter curis to see 'er. Somehow I always wanted a gal in the family, an' one with plenty o' scads is about as acceptable as any other sort—safer in the long run."

"When Mrs. Hillyer was told at the dinner table that day of the outcome of Bob's marriage, she said: "Well, I don't know as Bob Hanks is sech a hard case after all. The highest in the land is a-doin' jest what he done—marryin' with the'r eyes open. The only difference is Bob don't make no bones over it. He admits he's struck a good thing an' has too much business pride to underrate his investment."

"Nevertheless, Martha," said Hillyer over his poised coffee cup, "I'd a little rather see Bob make more over the girl than he does."

"Oh, I don't know why the boy should go about 'fore that gang down thar with his feelin's on exhibition, an' even ef it's jest a cut an' dried business deal on his part it will end a sight better, I bound you, than a lots o' slobberin' love affairs that run dry a month after the knot's tried. But I don't somehow think Bob an' his gal will end up bad. That's a sunny, cheerful way o' lookin' out fer yourself, an' them two young uns may jest laugh the'r way into happiness an' tote it with 'em through a long, successful life. I hope so. I don't begrudge 'em anything they've got or may accumulate. I met that gal once at the school exhibition an' tuck a likin' to her. She looks like she's been well raised. I dropped my handkerchief, and she scrambled to pick it up, an' when I said, 'Thank you,' she said, 'Yo're welcome, ma'am,' an' didn't giggle like some do when they say anything unusual."

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE was now Hillyer's partner in business. The winter passed, and a bright spring dawned. The Cranstons had spent the Christmas holidays in Virginia visiting relatives and were back again at Darley that the major might superintend the planting on his farms in the vicinity and recuperate his failing health.

It was the first Sunday morning after their return. Hillyer was having a confidential talk with his wife in the sitting room; George was smoking on the veranda.

"Yes, I seed he was bothered," the old man was saying, "an' havin' heard the governor was expected on the 8 o'clock train this evenin', an' knowin' George had an engagement to call on Miss Lydia tonight, I put two an' two together an' got at what ailed 'im. Me an' him talks pretty confidential sometimes, an' I axed 'im ef that wasn't what he was thinkin' about, an' he admitted that it was an' openly axed my advice as to what he ort to do under the circumstances. I told 'im I'd study over it an' let 'im know later."

"Why, tell the boy to go on, governor or no governor," said Mrs. Hillyer. "He's got as much right to call tonight as any night. Huh, I say!"

"That's about the way I put it up," said the merchant in a tone expressive of considerable relief, and he went out to George.

"I look at it this a-way, George," he began, leaning on the banisters and crossing his fat feet. "Thar rally hain't but one way a gentleman could act under them circumstances. You see, she hain't never released you from yore engagement, an' fer you to presume that you was out of the game jest beca'se you'd heard from Mrs. Dugan an' her kind that another feller was due would make you seem sorter green. No; as long as Miss Lydia hain't axed you to excuse 'er thar hain't but one thing fer you to do, an' that is to go, an' when you git thar don't you let Telfare root you out, nother. Ef he is the governor, I'd have my rights."

"Oh, I had decided to go," George returned quietly, "but I feel that it may be unpleasant. I met him once since I was introduced to him, and he looked me in a way that he looked at on the ... I happened to be leaving the major's just as he was coming in, and we passed on the walk. He scarcely nodded."

"Well, you bet I'd go," said Hillyer, and he went to his room to prepare for church.

The following evening was a pleasant one, and as George entered the gate at the Cranstons' and started up the walk he saw Governor Telfare walking to and fro on the grass near the house smoking a cigar. Hearing the latch of the gate click as George closed it, Telfare paused, stared at George for an instant and then came toward him, meeting him when he was half way between the gate and the steps of the veranda.

"I want to speak to you, Buckley," he said coldly. "Let's walk over to that summer house."

"Very well," and George and he moved across the grass and entered the nearest compartment of the vine grown building. The governor seated himself on one of the benches and nervously puffed at his cigar, round flashes of red light showing intermittent glimpses of his dark, cruel face. George read it intuitively and was prepared for what was coming. His young blood was already at a boiling point. Indeed, the governor's insolent manner of addressing him had been in itself an insult.

"I simply want to say to you, Buckley," Telfare said, with a sneer, "that you and I cannot visit under the same roof."

"Ah, that's bad!" retorted the younger man, his fierce stare bearing down defiantly on his antagonist through the half darkness. "I'm sure I shall miss you. Going abroad?"

Telfare looked at him in astonishment. It was as if he had not dreamed that Buckley would dare to make anything but the most civil, even a humble, reply, considering his power and what he intended to propose.

"You know what I mean," said the governor, waxing more angry. "You know well enough why I will not sit as an equal in the same drawing room with you. You know what you are."

"My knowledge also extends to some most contemptible creatures, Governor Telfare—to an occasional meeting, at least, with one man, whom I certainly would consider beneath notice if I did not meet him under the roof of most respectable, if blind, people."

Telfare smothered an oath and stood up, his short figure appearing dwarfed beside the athletic young giant.

"You say this to me?" he gasped. "To me?"

"Oh, no; I didn't intend it for you," said George. "How could I say such a thing to his excellency the governor of Georgia?"

In the deep silence that followed George could distinctly hear Telfare's violent panting.

"I've got a proposition to make to you," the governor gasped in a final effort at calmness, as he sank to his seat. "I'm in the position to do you a favor—to grant something that any man, situated as you are, would be glad to accept. But we have begun wrong. Perhaps I ought not to have been so outspoken, but seeing you here suddenly provoked me. Sit down a minute and let's plainly understand each other."

"I think, myself, that we have begun wrong," said Buckley, who remained standing. He placed one of his feet on the bench beside the governor and leaned over him. "At any rate, I am wrong now, for I ought to slap your face. And I want to say to you I would do it but for the respect I have for the people you are visiting; that's all that saves you, sir. I've met contemptible, cowardly curs before, but you"—

"You can say what you wish to me," Telfare panted. "I shall not resent it. Men of my class do not fight men of yours. You can't insult me, Buckley. What you say does not affect me in the slightest. Men of honor"—

"You have no honor to lean on," burst from Buckley's lips. "No man has honor or who deliberately insults a man who is as helpless to resent it as I am in this case. You would strike a woman. You are a cur, Telfare!"

Telfare was panting again, but his eyes fell beneath George's fierce stare. It looked as if he were actually afraid Buckley might suddenly strike him in the face.

"You have not heard what I intend to propose," he faltered. "I have it in my power to pardon your father, who is now at the coal mines. I can do this simply by signing my name to a paper, and if you"—

"That is what you want to propose?" George shrank back in bewilderment. The awful significance of the proposal stunned him, drove his rage momentarily from his brain, set him quivering from head to foot. He sat down on the bench opposite Telfare and lowered his face to his hands. His father's liberty was within his reach.

Telfare chuckled contemptuously. "Ah, I see I hit you between the eyes! I reckon you are sorry now that you didn't wait till I had finished before you dared to—but that may pass. I simply will not degrade myself, Buckley, by visiting a lady who is receiving a man of your standing—even if she is led only by her sympathies, and if you will give up all claim to her and agree never to approach her on an equal footing again, I will liberate your father. Of course, you understand, I'd want some sort of petition to come to me—only a few names of his neighbors will do—but"—

"And your object?" George asked, looking up.

"Well, that's a private matter," answered Telfare, "but I may as well admit that my object is to marry Miss Cranston, and, as she evidently is actuated by a sort of pity, admirable in a woman, for you in your misfortune, I simply want to remove you from further contact with her without having openly to request the step of her or her parents. God knows I'm not jealous of you! It is not that. It is only the idea of our visiting here as social equals."

George stood up. He had something to say, and it rang in Telfare's ears long after the words were spoken.

"My father, Telfare," he began, "was convicted for stealing, and no doubt justly, but he was an unlettered, ignorant man. He was a thief, but you, Telfare, are lower than he, for, with your opportunities for knowing right from wrong, you degrade your office—the office given in trust to you by the state—to advance your own personal interests. You are more unpardonable than my father. As for my having any 'claim' on the lady you mention, I have none, and it would be dishonorable for me to trade in a commodity I don't possess. But hold on; I am not through. I want to add that if my accepting your proposition meant that I lent the weight of a straw toward making Miss Cranston your wife, I'd refuse with my dying breath. I could not live knowing that the purest and noblest woman God ever made was through an act of mine living with a loathsome reptile like you. If my father stood on the gallows condemned to death and I could save him by allowing you to touch Miss Cranston's hand in lawful wedlock I should let him die."

"You mean to refuse your father's freedom?" gasped Telfare.

"Yes, I refuse. I am trying, Telfare, to show the world by my life that I have not inherited my parent's weakness. I shall not depart from that rule by entering into a dishonorable compact with a man as base as you are, regardless of what it means to me."

"You'd better think this over, Buckley," said the governor. "You are mad now."

"I have nothing else to say," replied Buckley, "and, to show you how little regard I have for your wishes, I shall keep my engagement with Miss Cranston this evening." And, turning, he walked ahead of Telfare to the house and into the lighted parlor. A servant took his hat and told him Miss Cranston had gone into the garden, but would return in a moment. While he was waiting the governor entered the room and sat down. He was pale, nervous and had a desperate glare in his eyes. Then Lydia came in. She was slightly flushed and had a tuberose in her hand.

"I'm so glad you came," she said to George. Telfare had risen and stood trying to appear at ease, but she did not notice him.

"Do you like tuberoses?" she asked Buckley.

"Very much," he replied.

"Then you shall wear this," she said, her voice quite unsteady. She glanced at Telfare and finished: "It's the only one I have. Governor Telfare, if you'd like one you may ring and the girl will supply you." She leaned forward and with her white, deft fingers pinned the flower on the lapel of Buckley's coat.

"Mr.—er—ah—Buckley is to be congratulated on getting his tuberose," the governor said, with a white sneer. "He seems to be something of a favorite, Miss Lydia—at least for the moment."

The girl laughed harshly. George had never seen her so excited. Her eyes shone like diamonds in the light of the chandelier.

"Mr. Buckley and I are true friends," she said. "I respect him more than any one alive, unless it is my father."

"Ah, you do!" Telfare bit at his short, black mustache which he turned inward with his trembling fingers. "The gentleman—I mean Mr. Buckley—is quite fortunate," he said. "I see your father is smoking on the veranda. With your permission I'll join him."

"Yes, do, Governor Telfare," the girl said coldly. "I'm quite anxious to speak to Mr. Buckley alone for a few moments."

The governor stood up, his dark face stamped with fury.

"Your manner has changed within the last half hour," he said significantly. "At the supper table you were quite another little girl, but we shall talk that over later."

When the governor had left the room, George fancied Lydia's face turned whiter. She clasped her hands tensely in her lap and remained silent. An evil thought took possession of him. George Buckley was very human. Misfortune had inclined his nature to suspicion, and the governor's high rank contrasted to his own humble position made him blind to the possibility that he could be more favored on the present occasion. It seemed as clear as daylight to him that Lydia and Telfare had quarreled and that she was simply using him as a tool through which to strike at his distinguished rival. To her evident surprise, he also got up.

"You are not going?" she said.

"Yes," he returned frigidly. "I dropped in only for a moment."

"You are going because, because"—

"Because," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "much as I should like to accommodate you, I find it quite impossible to serve in the capacity you evidently wish to assign to me tonight." He took the flower from his coat and with steady fingers placed it on the piano. "I must decline, too, to accept your offering. When the moment comes for you and your honored guest to make up your difference, perhaps this little flag of truce may prove useful."

"You say this to me," she exclaimed—"to me?"

He bowed coldly. "God knows I did not want to!" suddenly burst from his lips. And he stalked from the room.

For several minutes she stood leaning on the piano, and then she turned from the room to the veranda. She heard the click of the gate latch as it closed after Buckley and the low voices of the governor and her father through the open window of the sitting room. She was calm, but white to the lips. She began to look for her handkerchief, which she had dropped. She returned to the drawing room, looking carefully at the carpet near the spot where she had sat. It was not there. She returned again to the veranda and then went down the graveled walk to the summer house, entering the compartment adjoining the one in which Telfare and Buckley had held their conversation. There on the bench lay her handkerchief. Grasping it in her tense fingers, she sat down and buried her face in her hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Then you shall wear this."

—Anderson special of Thursday to the Columbia State: Lizzie Abercrombie, the six-year-old daughter of Lewis Abercrombie, a farmer who lives near the city, met a horrible death yesterday. Her father left home in the morning with a load of watermelons for the market here, and he carried several children part of the way to school. When the children were dismounting at the school the Abercrombie girl by the sudden starting of the mules was caught under the wheels. The wagon passed over her chest, inflicting internal injuries from which she died in a short while.

Miscellaneous Reading.

BRAVEST FEAT IN THE WAR.

Heroism of the Japanese Sailors At Port Arthur.

Tokio, July 26.—The most sensational event of the war thus far was the triple attempt to bottle up the Russian fleet in the harbor of Port Arthur. The Japanese adopted what may be termed the Hobson plan, and sunk no less than seventeen steamship hulks loaded with stone, railroad iron and loose cement in and around the narrow channel. They were more successful than Hobson at Santiago and the action of the water upon the cement and other materials was to make the vessels practically solid blocks of concrete, which the Russians have been trying for months to clear away by the use of dynamite. The skill, coolness, perseverance and daring displayed on the three different occasions is unsurpassed in the history of human warfare. The feat of our own brave fellows on the Merrimac was a trivial incident compared with theirs. The result of the first attempt was a failure, and the fate of the men who participated in it made the heroism of the second party even more remarkable. And the fate of the second party made the officers and sailors who volunteered for the third almost without hope. They went at their task without the slightest hesitation, however, although, they realized that it meant almost certain death and, as the London Times has remarked: "Their heroism was never surpassed and rarely equalled in the annals of war. Out of the 158 officers and men who volunteered for the forlorn hope only forty-one came back alive. But the lives of their gallant comrades were not sacrificed in vain. Happy indeed is the country where bravery and intelligence are combined in so just a measure. Japan has lost sons whom any country in any age might have mourned with pride, and it is their death which has enabled her to develop a fresh stage in what bids to be the most momentous of modern campaigns."

In the three attempts 179 lives were sacrificed, and as I have already said, the men who volunteered knew that they were going to almost certain death, or at least that the chance was very small that they would return alive. The following is the record of attempts:

	1st	2nd	3rd	total
Killed	5	15	22	42
Died of wounds	3	3	6	12
Missing	12	24	89	125
Returned safely	11	17	41	69
Total	31	59	158	248

It is almost certain that most of the missing men were killed, because reliable reports from Port Arthur give the total number of naval prisoners in the hands of the Russians as only fifteen, and two of them have committed suicide since. Of the dead and missing twenty-four were officers.

The cost in money was also large, although insignificant compared with the loss of life. The following are the official figures:

	No. Vessels.	Value in yen.
First attempt	5	623,800
Second attempt	4	618,000
Third attempt	8	1,800,000
Total	17	3,041,800

The vessels used were old mercantile steamers, most of them built in the 70's and 80's, and their tonnage ranged from 1,250 to 2,978. Twelve belonged to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Company, three to the Osaka Shosen Kaisha company, one to the government and one to Nisaburo Hironi.

The value of the cargoes of stone, cement and iron is placed at 400,000 yen.

There are two harbors at Port Arthur, an inner and an outer harbor. The entrance to the outer harbor from the open sea is about a mile and a half wide, between two promontories known as Golden Hill and Man-tou-shan, on both of which are formidable fortifications. The actual channel used by vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water or more is about 880 yards wide, and as a matter of precaution, the Russians have anchored booms projecting from either shore, leaving a very narrow passage. On both sides of the booms mines are anchored so as to obstruct the entrance of an enemy from the outside. The first attempt, as I have said, was a failure, and the five vessels were scuttled and sunk outside of the passage. The second attempt was more successful, but still left a portion of the channel clear. The third attempt was completely successful. Three steamers, the Yedo (1,724 tons), the Odaru (2,574 tons) and the Sagami (1,926 tons) were sunk in such a way as to close the entrance entirely to vessels of heavy draft. Torpedo boats and destroyers drawing not more than twelve or fourteen feet have been able to pass in and out, but it took three months of blasting to clear a way for cruisers and battleships. Even then they had to be navigated with the greatest care along a channel marked with buoys, and could not pass in the night.

The success of the third attempt was the more remarkable because it was made in a gale of wind. The sea was so heavy that an open boat could scarcely survive, which is doubtless one reason for the large mortality, and the weather was so thick that the commanders of the co-operating vessels could not communicate or even see each other.

The Yedo, Odaru and Sagami lie side by side, bows pointing in, at the very center of the channel, at the exact place named in the instructions to their commanders, where they were coolly scuttled by their own crews. The Totami, which was leading the squadron, passed in between the booms, struck a contact mine and sunk broadside across the channel, just beyond the narrowest part. The Mikawa went by her and was blown up by her own crew, most of whom escaped. She went down lengthwise almost in the center of the channel. The Asagao was disabled by the guns of the Russian fortifications and drifted aground before reaching the entrance. The Sakura struck an electric submarine mine before reaching the narrow place and every soul on board—Commander Shiraishi and nineteen men—was lost.

While the Yedo was backing and filling in order to find the exact position where she was to be sunk, as indicated on the chart, she was hit by a shell from a fort on Golden Hill, which killed her commander, Lieut. Takayagi. Sub Lieut. Nogata, a boy of twenty years old, took command, and under a torrent of shot and shell from fortifications on both sides of the channel he proceeded to carry out his orders as coolly as if he were manœuvering in a peaceful harbor. He held in his hand the chart which had fallen from the grasp of his superior officer, whose mangled body lay at his feet, and gave orders to the helmsman and the engineer. When he had found his place he ordered the anchor to be dropped, scuttled his ship, took to his boats and managed to reach a torpedo boat which was lying, for the purpose of rescue, in the darkness outside. He brought away all of his men but two, one of them being his commander, and twelve of the eighteen were uninjured. It was a miraculous escape.

The Odaru and Sagami were sunk in the same way at the same time alongside of the Yedo, but every man on board both of them was lost. Some of them are supposed to have reached the land, and from rumors brought out by Chinese coolies from Port Arthur it is believed that they fought their captors until they were themselves killed. There have been several accounts from Russian authorities and from refugees, but they differ in important particulars.

The Aikoku, like the Sakura, struck a submarine mine before reaching the channel and went down. Eight of her men were drowned, but her commander, Lieut. Inutsuka, and sixteen of the twenty-four men in his crew were rescued by a torpedo boat.

In his official report, from which I have obtained the greater part of this information, the commander of the flotilla says that a storm sprang up suddenly about the time the boats were starting—a southeasterly squall with rain and mist—and he signalled all of the vessels to withdraw and wait for more favorable conditions; but the weather was so thick that the signals were not seen, and, following their original instructions, the commanders of the eight hulks made a dash for the harbor. The search lights usually operated from the fortifications soon disclosed their presence to the Russians, and during the last thirty minutes of their voyage they were under a raking fire from the forts on both sides and were constantly colliding with mines in the water. It was a miracle that any of them reached its destination. But the Japanese on board went on about their business as coolly as if they were at practice and no enemy were near. Even the stolid and unsympathetic Russians were thrilled with admiration at their coolness and daring.

The spirit which animated every man in the expedition was expressed in a speech which Lieut. Yuasa of the Sagami made to his men before starting:

"Let every man set aside all thought of making a name for himself," he said, "and let us all work together for the attainment of our object. It is a mistaken idea of bravery to court death unnecessarily. Death and fame are not our objects in this attempt. Our only object is success, and we die in vain if we do not carry out our orders. You all know what those orders are and what is expected of us. If I am killed Lieut. Yamamoto will take command; if he is killed you will take your orders from the chief warrant officer, and if he dies from the next in rank, and so on until the last man. Keep cool. Do not be excited. Do not hurry. And remember that the last man may have to carry out our orders alone."

No one knows what happened upon the Sagami, except that the instructions given to Lieut. Yuasa were carried out literally to the last. His hulk lies in the bottom of the channel, exactly where he was instructed to place it, but every man on board was lost. The report of his simple little speech to his men was brought from the Sagami by an aide-de-camp of the commander of the flotilla, who was so deeply impressed by it that he wrote down the words immediately after hearing them.

All of the men who participated in the three expeditions, the dead as well as the living, have been promoted and decorated by order of the Emperor. It is an amiable custom of the Japanese to bestow decorations and other honors upon the dead. The Government has also granted life pensions varying from 200 to 500 yen ($150 to $250) a year upon the wounded and the families of the dead. The official report of the admiral commanding was as follows:

"Of the eight blocking vessels, five were sunk on entering the channel of the harbor, and from this I conclude that the entrance has been completely blocked against the passage of cruisers and battleships"—which proved to be the case.

"The expedition was an event of great tragedy and heroism, and the casualties compared with the two previous occasions, were much heavier. Especially is it a matter of the deepest regret that we were unable to rescue a single man of the crews of four vessels, even their last deeds of heroism being unrecorded. But I believe that the conduct of those loyal and gallant men will be speedily noted in the history of the empire. The torpedo boat flotillas and destroyer flotillas, which were ordered to rescue the men of the blocking expedition, carried out their duties efficiently, fighting against the rough weather and the enemy until the following morning. Special praise is due to the torpedo boat flotilla, which closely approached the harbor mouth and rescued the crews of the blocking vessels."

This story ought to be known to every sailor and to every soldier in the world.—Wm. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.

TILLMAN ON BRICE BILL.

Makes Some Remarks While In Spartanburg.

Senator B. R. Tillman, "the father of the dispensary law," arrived in the city this morning from Washington, enroute to Clemson college, to attend a meeting of the board of trustees, says the Spartanburg Journal.

As soon as the train stopped the senator alighted from the train, and, seeking the shade of a box car, he called for a paper, and newsboys were soon crying New York and Atlanta papers, but the senator wanted a Columbia paper, and as these had not arrived he began to talk with the reporters who were at the depot.

The senator delivered some hot shot into the movement now on foot throughout the state to have the Brice bill amended and restored to its original shape so that local option elections can be held in counties desiring them.

"What do I think of the movement?" repeated the senator, as he was discussing several topics at the same time with the reporters. "I'll tell you what I think about it," and the senator's voice bespoke the hidden feeling back of his statement. "I think it is like an underhanded attempt at assassination—that's what I think of it."

"Why, the idea of making the dispensary pay for running the thing and keeping down blind tigers, when the dispensary itself has been put out."

"I believe," said the senator, "no, I will say it straight—no honest man could support such a measure, as far as I can figure it out."

"I know that I may be hitting a hundred fellows in the legislature, but I can't help it. My opinion"—what are you talking about? It's not a mere opinion. I am the father of the dispensary law, I believe, and have had a little acquaintance with it and its origin. They would have the dispensary run out of a county and then make the dispensary system pay for keeping out their blind tigers and seeing that the law is upheld."

"No, sir; it is not right." The senator holds that if a county wants the dispensary put out, it should not look to the dispensary system for protection against the blind tigers, which Senator Tillman says would spring up and furthermore, he does not regard it as an honest business proposition, as he intimates above, in saying that no honest man would support such a movement, as far as he can see it. The senator's train pulled out while he was talking, and the reporter had no time to ask the senator what he would regard as a satisfactory arrangement for counties which might vote down the dispensary in order to have the prohibition law upheld and violations of it punished according to law.

JAPANESE BULLETS.

Are Mild Missiles and Will Pierce the Brain Without Killing.

An interesting account is given by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Telegraph of remarkable recoveries of Russian soldiers from wounds made by what they term Japanese toy bullets.

These bullets, say Russian surgeons, are if not perfectly harmless, at least the next best thing to that, forming the mildest kind of missile that has ever yet been fired from a rifle.

One of the consequences is that a number of wounds, which formerly were mortal, are now healed and forgotten in a few days.

"Up till now a bullet in the head," remarked a Russian physician who is collecting data on the surgical aspect of the present war, "which pierced the brain was certain to cause death. But here we have a case in which a missile actually went through the medulla oblongata, yet the man who received the wound and cracked skull was smiling and complaining of a slight headache only on wet days.

"All the men in the hospital have tiny wounds, smaller than a threepenny bit, a mere red stain, nothing more."

A medical investigator, inquiring from Russian officers as to the character of the Japanese bullet was told: "Compared with ours the Japanese bullet is tiny, but its velocity is considerably greater. Our magazine rifle takes a bullet of three lines and imparts to it an initial velocity of 620 metres, whereas the Japanese rifles have a 2.5 line bullet, with an initial velocity of 725 meters. The Japanese bullet only penetrates the tissue, but does not tear it.

"When passing through the abdomen it inflicts the minimum of damage, its chief effect being to expand the muscles of the peritoneum, which quickly contract, closing the orifice, thus saving the injured man from peritonitis and death.—London Cor. New York Herald.

JAPANESE LOSSES IN TWO YEARS.—According to the official figures given out long after the close of the war between Japan and China, the former country lost, all told, 4,110 men by death. Of these 3,148 died of disease and 231 from wounds. The number slain in battle was only 734. The Japanese lost about that number killed on the field, at Kinchou and Nanshan hill. They have had at least 1,200 or 1,400 soldiers killed or drowned at sea, besides as many seamen of their fighting ships. At the Yalu river and at Vafangow the Japanese casualties must have included at least 500 men killed on the field, and other engagements may have cost them 200 more soldiers slain. Altogether the losses by death in the present war, without taking account of disease, certainly equal the whole mortality of the war with China, including the 3,148 deaths due to sickness. There is really no comparison between the work the Japanese forces have been called on to do on sea and land in the present struggle and the easy tasks set before them in the one sided war with China.—New York Globe.