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## The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN,

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"Stop!" Lydia cried. "Don't, don't! I can't bear any more. I—I am only a woman, George. I'm only a girl who is being pulled and dragged by others. Father begged me to permit this entertainment, to accept Mrs. Dunleigh's invitation. I refused at first, George; on my honor I did, but father is in a critical condition. The doctor told me not to worry him in the slightest, and he had set his heart on this affair tonight. The poor man loves such things with all his soul, and he thinks Governor Telfare a great man. He actually broke down and cried when I refused; it was pitiful to see his old gray head shaking with sobs over what he considered base ingratitude. Besides, Kitty was included in the invitation. She is my guest, and any natural girl would like to go to such an affair, and mamma urged it. Oh, George, do pity me. Don't—don't think I'm like the rest of the world, for I'm not. I hunger for better things, higher things, but in this case I really don't know what to do."

"Then—he took a deep breath, as if trying to fortify himself against a coming blow—then you are engaged to Telfare?"

"No; I am not, George. Don't—don't question me so closely. I am not happy. I—"

"But he looks upon this affair tonight as favorable to his suit. Is that not true?"

"He may, George, but I really don't know what to do."

Buckley was as pale as a corpse. He brushed his brow with a quivering hand.

"God knows I have nothing to offer you," he said in a low tone. "And it was wrong for me to thrust myself on you as I have done tonight. Your friends will laugh at me for my desperation, but I don't care. Goodbye. I shall never trouble you again."

"Oh, George"—but he had turned and was walking away in the darkness. She stifled a groan of pain, and then went into the house. She saw her mother and Mrs. Dunleigh in the drawing room under the prismatic chandelier in close conversation, but she passed on and ascended the stairs to the room assigned to herself and Kitty. The latter was unfastening her hair before a pier glass and came forward, her hands extended.

"Don't let it worry you, dear," she said simply.

Lydia made no reply, sinking, pale and miserable, into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"I say, don't let it worry you," said Miss Cosby. "But the whole thing makes me fighting mad."

"Mad?" said Lydia, looking up almost hopefully at the unexpected outburst.

"Yes, mad," said Kitty. "Why should that young god of a man be kicked and sneered at by our world, forced to sneak around behind bushes merely to see the idol of his dreams step into her carriage, while a half bald, saw-toothed creature receives her under palm trees, in the glare of electric lights, in the perfume of costly flowers and amid the plaudits of a squirming, low-necked, white-shirted mass of hero worshippers—hero worshippers, indeed!—when George Buckley, the kind of hero we know, is left out in the cold?"

"Oh, Kitty, you are a darling!" The color was running into Lydia's wan face. Her eyes were gleaming as they had not gleamed that night. "But papa? What about him? What would you do about him?"

"What would I do about him? I'd make him change his pills. I don't think he has any more heart disease than I have, and mine dops as regular as a clock, except when George Buckley comes near, with those big, dreamy eyes of his. Lydia Cranston, I told your mother I wasn't going to influence you either way, but if George Buckley wanted me like he wants you he could have me at the drop of a hat. God doesn't bring up real men in velvet lined cradles; he simply gives them the chance to bring themselves up. I know where you stand tonight, Lydia. Secure in the joy of George Buckley's love, you are drifting away from it. You are in danger, my girl—in danger of losing the very thing you treasure above all else. You think you can obey your parents and always retain George Buckley's love, but as sure as fate, while you are now all a woman could be in his sight, if you degraded yourself by marrying Telfare he would gradually cease to love you and would transfer his giant heart to some other woman. I'd hate to be second choice; but, as God is my judge, I'd like a chance to make that man thoroughly happy. What do I care about his family? Napoleon said he was the first of his name, and George Buckley may be the first of his."

Lydia looked up sharply and fixed a steady glance on the face of her friend. "You are actually in love with him," she said. "What right?"—She suddenly covered her face.

"Oh, don't be a goose!" Kitty said. "We've got work to do before we go to bed. Your mother and Mrs. Dunleigh are now rolling a delightful morsel of gossip under their tongues. I can hear their mumbled voices. I have an idea. I can't sleep until I have rid their minds of the belief that George Buckley was hiding on the

lawn to catch sight of you. That's the sort of thing women love to circulate. Wait. I'll fix 'em, and then we'll go to bed."

Descending the stairs and entering the drawing room a moment later, Kitty overheard Mrs. Cranston saying: "Yes, that accounts for it. He was not invited and was simply jealous and desperate over not seeing her, so he stole into the grounds, and—"

"Oh, my, what an imagination you have, Mrs. Cranston!" Kitty laughed heartily. "But you are away off. Mr. Buckley explained it to Lydia. He was going by here, returning from a stag party down the street. He saw the carriage pass and noticed the wheel coming off. He called out—I thought I heard some one—but could not attract the attention of the driver. He tried to catch up, but could not do so until he was in the grounds, then the wheel came off, and we were stopping about in each other's laps."

"Oh!" Mrs. Cranston exclaimed disappointedly.

"Well, that does seem more reasonable," said Mrs. Dunleigh. "I can hardly imagine lovers, this day and time, doing the other thing. It's rather too stag-party romantic, don't you think?"

"Well, I really don't know what we are going to do with Lydia," sighed Mrs. Cranston. "She didn't seem to enjoy herself a bit tonight. Just think of it! Why, I could hear whispering all over the rooms. 'Where is she? Is that her? My, ain't she pretty! They say that necklace has been in her family for 200 years. Have you been introduced?' And yet the object of it all sat on a divan half the evening talking to a married Presbyterian minister, who didn't even have on an evening suit."

"Really, I was proud of her," declared Mrs. Dunleigh. "She's just a pure, sweet, unspiced girl, and everybody knew it by her modest, shrinking manner. That's why she created such a furore, and why Governor Telfare is such a fool about her. When she declined to go out to supper with him and in such a sweet, natural way suggested that he take her instead, I was afraid he might be offended, but he took it beautifully, and—well, it did look better. She wasn't going to put herself in such a conspicuous position if she could avoid it, and, on the whole, I think she was right."

"Well, I'm going to bed," said Kitty. "You two hens can stay off the roost and cackle all night if you like, but I'm sleepy."

"She's an original creature," said Mrs. Dunleigh, when Kitty had left them. "I wish you'd share her with me."

"She's that way all the time," said Mrs. Cranston. "Almost too independent to be a favorite with men, but women adore her. She's very exacting—wants men to be more perfect than they are. I really think she admires George Buckley, and she won't help me with Lydia a bit."

When Kitty returned to Lydia she found her in bed, the gas burning low, her face to the wall. Kitty disrobed noiselessly and got into bed. She lay still for a moment, then she said suddenly:

"Look here, are you—well, I declare, you are crying!"

There was no response. Kitty was quiet for several minutes, then she rose. "In the excitement of it all," she said, "I forgot to say my prayers. I'd better get it done. Those two women fell into my trap with a dull thud just now. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

Lydia still made no sound nor movement to indicate that she was awake, but Kitty knew she was. Kitty knelt at the bedside for several minutes; then she rose, with a sigh, and got back under the covers. "If it will do you any good," she said, "I'll tell you I've been praying about this thing. I don't believe God pays the least attention to people who pray about wet weather in dry season or dry weather in wet, but somehow I believe he listens when you call his attention to real downright heart suffering. I told him I was at the end of my rope and that he ought to try to help you and George out of the mess you are in. You are both too good and sweet and noble to"—There was a sudden catch in Kitty's voice, and a sob struggled into her throat and shook her from head to foot.

"Now, what's the matter with you?" Lydia suddenly exclaimed, and she turned over and put her arms about her friend. "Don't, don't, Kitty!" Then they cried silently together until they fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next morning, after his return from Atlanta, George met Bascom Truitt at the warehouse.

"Brought your mother in with me," he said. "I left 'er up at the post-office readin' a letter. She'll be down directly. I missed you at the reunion, but I heard you was on hand. Lord, I missed the sidewalk, they tell me! I met some old friends that kept me full to the neck through the whole business. I couldn't tot my bugle."

"That's one way to celebrate," George said, with a smile, as Truitt was turning away.

A few minutes later Mrs. Buckley came into the office. She wore a checkered gingham sunbonnet, and it was

pulled well down over her face. In her hand she held a letter. By her silence and agitated manner George knew she had received unpleasant news. He placed a chair for her near his desk and resumed his own seat, wondering what could have happened.

"You have a letter from father," he said tentatively.

"Not from him, George, but it's from up there. It's from the prison doctor." She was silent a moment, then she continued: "Yore pa's had off, George. The doctor thinks he's had a serious attack. It's that old hurt place in his head that he got when he fell off the wagon fifteen year ago. The doctor cain't tell how it'll come out, but he says I'd better be up there. Yore pa keeps axin' fer me. I cain't refuse 'im, George." The speaker suddenly paused and applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Well, you can go, of course," said George.

"Oh, kin it?" she exclaimed. "I was afraid you wouldn't want me to. I'd rather go, George. I sorter hardened my heart agin 'im when he was stout an' well, but now he's sufferin', I want to be with 'im." She broke down and began to cry again.

"There is nothing on earth to hinder you," said her son, who was deeply touched by her emotion, "and if you want me to do so, I'll go, too, mother. He's my father—the only one I ever had, and—"

"One of us will be enough," said Mrs. Buckley. "But, George, I've been studyin' since I got this letter. I never thought of it before, but I never knowed yore pa to do a dishonest act till he had that fall an' hurt his head. I read in the Index 'other day whar a good man had got a lick in the head an' it made a demon out o' him till the doctors operated on him an' cured 'im. Oh, George, it may be that a-way in yore pa's case, an' them twelve men an' the judge jest sent a pore sick man off fer whar he couldn't help. It wasn't managed right. Somebody ought to 'a' fetched up that point. He mighty nigh made life unbearable fer us all, but the chain gang wasn't the place fer a man in his condition."

She had pushed back her bonnet and her gray eyes were flashing rebelliously. George was deeply moved.

"That's right, mother," he said admiringly, his fine face aglow, "stick to him. I remember, when I was a very little fellow, that he was kind and gentle with me, and although he treated me pretty badly after I grew up I never could forget that period. Yes, you must go to him and do all you can for his comfort. I'll pay for it."

"Oh, George, George!" the old woman cried, standing up. "It don't seem right fer you to—"

"I want to do it, mother," he said simply and firmly. "You must take the night train, and remember, you are to spare no expense."

"I said I felt relieved to have 'im go off," whispered Mrs. Buckley, "but after awhile I missed 'im, an' ef I could 'a' had 'im back without the responsibility of whar he'd do I'd 'a' been willin'. When he 'n' 'im got married it was so different. George, I'd 'a' picked yore pa out of a thousand men. I was so proud of 'im, an' was the happiest woman alive fer several years

after you was born. George, ef he gets well and serves his time out I think me 'n' 'im had better move off somers whar we don't conflict with yore interests. I see my duty clearer now. I'll stick to 'im fer better or worse as long as me or 'im lives."

George Buckley's head sank for an instant, then he looked up and gazed at her tenderly.

"There is nothing, mother, that can keep me from being with you and him. When his time is out we'll all live together. I've made up my mind on that point. He's a convict, and I want things different, but he's my father and you are my mother, and that settles it."

The old woman started away. She had reached the door, but turned back and stood near her. "George," she said huskily, "you are a good boy," and then she slowly walked away.

She came in about the middle of the afternoon ready for her train, and as he was walking with her to the station she surprised him with a confession.

"I don't think I ort to keep back a thing from you, George," she said, "an' I'm goin' to tell you somethin' I did that I don't feel right about."

"What was that, mother?"

"George"—she looked up hesitatingly, as if dreading his displeasure—"I see Lydia Cranston agin. Jest a day or two before she accepted the governor's invite to Atlanta she driv out home in her buggy an' come in to see me.

She didn't ax me not to tell you, but I'm sure she wouldn't want you to know. She told me all about her trouble, cryin' like 'er heart ud break. Her pa was in a critical condition an' wanted 'er to go, an' 'er ma was dingdongin' in 'er night an' day. She didn't say right out that she loved you, but her actions said it, an' she knowed I understood. She don't like that man a bit, but her pa wants 'er to marry 'im, an' she's afraid it will kill 'im ef she refuses. George, she axed me right out what I thought she ort to do, an' to save my life I didn't know—I couldn't tell. She told me she loved me, George, that her own mother never'd been good to 'er an' never understood 'er an' that she'd come to me fer advice. I hugged her up in my arms, an' she sobbed like a baby, but we never got no nigher solvin' the riddle. When she went down to the big party the governor give 'er, I thought maybe she'd decided to marry to suit 'er folks."

"She has," Buckley said, swallowing his emotion. "But let's not talk about it. That's all over, mother. She and I live in absolutely different worlds."

"No, you don't, nuther," said Mrs. Buckley. "She's jest a good, natural, lovin' woman that wants to do her duty accordin' to her lights, but that's a sight agin you both, an' that's no gittin' round it. A heap o' people blame a sin like yore pa's on a child, an' that family, folks tell me, has never mixed with crime o' any sort."

"It was all my fault," he answered sadly. "I ought not to have visited their house so much. My trial will come, mother, when she is Telfare's wife. I get desperate when I think of that."

"Well, try not to think of it," she said.

Her train was coming, and he went to buy her ticket. He found her a seat and then kissed her goodbye.

"Telegraph if you need me," he said. "I'll come on the first train."

### WORK OF BOB WHITE.

Vast Number of Seeds and Insects He Destroys.

Emerson Hough, editor of "Field and Stream," in the September number of that magazine, calls attention to the fact that the Bob White quail is the most useful of all our game birds since it is a scavenger among injurious insects. . . . "The United States has never considerable money in studying Bob White. Thus we may know that although sportsmen commonly believe that Bob White eats little but grain, he really uses grain as only about one-fourth of the total amount of his food. Corn makes about 19.41 per cent, and wheat about 3.04 per cent. of his food. A captive will eat corn and wheat almost indifferently. Of the other cereals, sorghum, millet, barley, oats, rye and kafir corn make 1.36 per cent. of the grain consumed; yet the latter never pulls up a grain of planted corn, wheat or other cereal. He eats wheat which has fallen upon the ground. Six Bob Whites have been found with as much as 181 kernels of corn in their crops, but they did not steal it. It was already wasted. One Virginia quail had 508 grains of wheat in its crop, but it was wasted grain. The seeds of the sunnec plant makes some portion of its food. It eats dewberries, wax myrtle berries, bay berries, wild strawberries and wild grapes up to a per cent. of 3.53 of its total food, but it is no robber of vineyards or cultivated berry patches. It will eat sheep sorrel, red or white clover, grass, lettuce or chickweed, but not vegetables.

"There are sixty different kinds of weed seeds which Bob White destroys, and these make up 50.73 per cent. of his food. To show how valuable he is as a weed exterminator, it may be stated that one bird has been found with its crop loaded with thirty buttonweed seeds. Others have been found to have eaten 200 to 300 smart weed seeds or 500 seeds of sheep sorrel, or 700 of three-sided mercury seeds, or 1,000 seeds of the ragweed! One Bob White was found with 3,000 different seeds in its crop. Another bird killed on Christmas day, 1901, at Kinsale, Va., was found to have eaten 10,000 seeds of the pigweed.

"Besides this, the Bob White is a scavenger among injurious insects. It eats the potato bug, the cucumber beetle, the bean beetle, the ladybird bug, the wire worm, the May beetles, the boll weevil, the caterpillar, the army worm, the cotton worm, the cut worm, the Rocky mountain locust and the chinch bug. In the spring and summer the number of these insects eaten by the Bob White quail figures into the many millions. How useful that little game bird may be is to be seen by the fact that the cotton crop has at times been damaged to the extent of \$15,000,000 by the boll weevil. The potato beetle sometimes costs the farmer \$10,000,000 a year. The cotton worm may cost \$30,000,000 a year, and there have been years in which the chinch bug cost this country \$100,000,000 in a twelve-month."

PALM TREES.—The various kinds of palm trees on the island of Ceylon are in themselves of great interest, and when their different uses are explained a person can well appreciate how essential they are to the natives in low country Cingalese districts. From the sap of the cocoanut palm the spirit he drinks is distilled; the kernel of the nut is a necessary element in his daily curry; the milk is the beverage offered to every visitor to his domain; his only lamp is fed from the oil; his nets for fishing are manufactured from its fiber, as is also from going astray, while the rafters of his house, the thatch of the roof and the window blinds are made from its leaf and wood. There is perhaps no product in the world that is put to so many and such profitable uses as the cocoanut palm, for even before it is grown its leaf ribs are tied together to make brooms for sweeping and cages for birds.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### MORE USES FOR COTTON.

It is Gradually Displacing All Other Textiles.

Cotton today stands at the head of the world's textile products. Not only has it won an ever growing place for itself, but in numerous lines where it competes with wool and linen, it has displaced both. The consumption of cotton is more than twice as great as these two products combined. Primarily this was brought about by the cheapness of the staple. Of late years the most important element has been the improvement in manufacture, better machinery and more highly skilled labor. Experts cannot tell the difference between goods of cotton mixed with wool and those made all of wool. Chemical tests are not infallible in aiding detection.

The linen shirt, which not so many years ago was regarded as an absolute essential of the masculine wardrobe, is now a thing of the past, owing to the encroachment of cotton, and linen bosoms and cuffs are considered sufficient concessions to flax, even for the most expensive garments. The term "household linen" today is largely a misnomer, simply because this material has been supplanted by cotton for sheetings, table cloths, napkins, etc. Even silk has not escaped, owing to the excellent and growing popularity of mercerized goods.

So much for generalities. Much has been said of curtailment of consumption, not only by the mills, but by the consumer—the public. It might be well to point out certain factors in consumption that would not be greatly affected by such curtailment, as they constitute fixed demands on the output of manufactured goods. Some of these items are new and have sprung into existence in the last few years, for new needs are being discovered for cotton every day. At the present it enters into the manufacture of more articles of commerce than any other known agricultural product.

Not only have new avenues been opened up, but the old items have grown largely. This is not only because cotton is cheaper than any other textile products, but because in many respects it is better. Some of these items are large, some are small, but in the aggregate they foot up to an enormous total and constitute a steady drain on supplies that is little subject to fluctuations in the price of raw material.

#### Armies Now Wear Cotton.

Five years ago the armies of the world, with the exception of those in tropical countries, were clothed in woolen uniforms. Today a large proportion of the world's troops are clothed in cotton. The United States alone, which maintains a small standing force comparatively, has within the last four years taken 13,000,000 yards of eight ounce khaki cloth. Great Britain uses an amount even larger, not even including the inferior khaki duck that is employed for the uniforms of the native troops in India. The utility of khaki was triumphantly demonstrated during the Boer war, not only on account of its color, which rendered a hostile force indistinct at a moderate distance, but its lightness and general serviceability made it far more available for an extended campaign. The Russian service uniform in the far East is of cotton and Japan also laid in large supplies of khaki duck and has been making inquiries in this city for more.

The navy uses an immense amount of khaki duck running from eight to eighteen ounces a yard. A manufacturer who supplies a large portion of this material for our navy says more cotton duck is used by our navy today than in the days when sailing vessels constituted our men-of-war. In this connection it may be stated on the same authority that the decline of the sailing vessels has not produced any decrease in the use of cotton duck for ships. Although sails have been displaced by steam cotton duck is used so extensively for awnings, coverings for launches, etc., that the amount of material used remains the same as it did in the height of the old clipper trade.

#### As Covering For Tobacco.

Another demand that has sprung up has been caused by the increasing use of cotton cloth for growing tobacco under shade. Seven hundred acres of tobacco land in Connecticut are covered in this manner. The Continental Tobacco company uses 1,000,000 yards of cloth for its shade culture in Florida and Cuba. As an illustration of the fact that expansion of trade in various lines brings increased demand for cotton it may be stated that this same company uses 4,000,000 yards of cotton cloth annually merely for the purpose of making bags for two brands of smoking tobacco.

Cotton is extensively used in farm machinery. One company in its threshers and reapers finds use annually for 3,000,000 yards of cotton duck weighing from two to three pounds to the yard. Paper mills also are enormous consumers of cotton duck, which they use for driers. The material frequently runs twelve inches wide and weighs from seven to ten pounds a yard. Pottery establishments use millions of yards of army duck annually for the purpose of squeezing clay to get the water out of it. The government uses 3,000,000 yards of cotton duck annually for making coin bags. Overcoats of cotton duck with blanket lining have taken the place of heavy wool and fur garments in the Northwest. It is estimated that 10,000,000 yards annually are consumed by this branch of the trade alone. These garments are considered warmer for outdoor work and are water-proof as well. Two million yards of duck are annually used for

cement bags. Two million yards annually enter into the manufacture of feed bags for horses. It is estimated that 15,000,000 yards of duck are made into coal bags to be used where a chute cannot be employed to advantage.

Cotton duck is the basis of enamelled goods such as the so-called leatheroids, which for many purposes are better than leather. Millions of yards are used annually for wagon tops, cushions, water-proof coats, etc. Both drills and ducks are used for the garments known as "slickers."

A heavy duck forty-six inches wide is used to the extent of millions of yards annually for the purpose of filtering oils. Four million yards of heavy duck are used annually for the purpose of draining portions of mines that are difficult of access. A large outlet is found in the use of cotton for making the asbestos jackets used to cover steam pipes in large buildings.

#### Big Demand From Africa.

The tarpaulin business is constantly expanding. In the British possessions, and especially in South Africa, it has displaced the old flax duck as covers for flat cars and vans, wagon covers and tents. In South Africa the cotton blanket has completely driven out the woollen blanket and 2,500 bales, 200 blankets to the bale, are imported by that country annually. Consul W. Stanley Hollis places the cotton imports into the Transvaal for the eleven months ending November, 1903, at \$294,000, against \$253,000 for the corresponding period of the previous year.

Cotton is used exclusively in shoes for linings and drills form the basis of rubber shoes. Cotton duck is used as wrapping for underground cables. Cotton bags are used for shipping sugar, salt and flour. They are regarded as more serviceable and convenient than barrels, and notwithstanding the relatively high price of cotton they are still cheaper.

Cotton is the basis of rubber belting. It is used in the air brake hose on all railroads, also fire hose, garden hose and automobile tires. The sales to these branches of the trade alone amount to 50,000,000 yards annually.—New York Commercial.

#### A READY COMFORTER.

One of Longstreet's Stories of Private Pat Doolen.

Many were the stories of the civil war told by the late Confederate General Longstreet, but none of them were fuller of pathos and humor than his reminiscences of Private Pat Doolen.

It was this Doolen who, having been regaled with buttermilk and sweet potato with a withered old country woman whose cabin he and his comrades had encountered in a straggling retreat, made his adieu with:

"An' how much do I owe ye, ma'am?" "Nothin' at all, honey, if you all ain't got it convenient," was the hospitable reply, "and not many of the boys has these days. I've got three of my own with Stuart this minute, if so be the Lord's spared them."

"An' sure," returned Doolen, as quick as a flash, "if this isn't the identical jolly as—the saints forgive me, but his name's slipped me mind this minute, but he told me to sure look out fer ye if we come this way."

"It warn't Joe Davis, war it?" eagerly suggested the innocent old woman.

"The very same, to be sure. Pat Doolen's memory'll never save his soul! Joe sent his love to his mither an' told me to be sure to give her this." He brought from a pocket a bulky wallet. The old woman fell on his neck with tears of joy.

"An' me jes' a-prayin' the good Lord would send me some word of him, an' somethin' to see me through the next little while. That there dinner we all jes' eat was nigh the las' they war in sight!" wept the unsuspecting old woman.

"Pat, you liar," said one of his companions as they walked away, "aren't you ashamed to deceive a credulous old woman like that? Where do you expect to go when you die? You don't know any Joe Davis, and you found that wallet at Manassas."

"Who knows that better'n meself?" asked Pat. "But she'll never know, barrin' the tellin' by Joe himself, an' she'll be ready to forgive twinty like me if that comes to pass."

#### The Cost of Cotton.

Farmers and cotton experts do not know what the cost of producing cotton is. The quality of the land, the seasons and the cost of labor are the important factors in the problem. A farmer might make cotton one year at a cost of 5 cents a pound and the next year it would cost 7 cents. To get at the real cost the rent of land should be counted in with other expenses. Very little cotton is made on that plan. The ordinary farmer takes no account of rent and the labor of himself and children. The way to get at the cost of producing a pound of cotton is to take the cost of every thing. Take 60 acres as a two-horse farm. One hand would have to be hired the year round. A second hand would be necessary five months. The account would stand this way:

Rent of 60 acres at \$3.00	\$180
1 hand 15 months	150
1 hand 5 months	50
Hoing 60 acres	30
120 bushels planting seed	90
Fertilizer \$3 an acre	180
Use and feed of 2 mules	180
Use of implements	175
Picking 48,000 pounds	192
Ginning 32 bales	48
Total cost	\$1,130

The yield in this case is estimated at 800 pounds to the acre. The cost would be 7 cents a pound. If the yield should go above 800 pounds then the cost per pound would be less. Counting the seed at \$15 a ton and the cotton at 10 cents the net gain would be \$720, or \$12 an acre. If the land should make only 500 pounds seed cotton to the acre the cost would be 14 cents a pound and the net gain would be \$200, or \$3 an acre. The yield would be the only net profit.—Carolina Spartan.

#### NEXT GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Nominations Completed in All the Counties But One. The nominating primaries are now all over except in Colleton county where there is to be a third race to determine whether the remaining vacancy on the house delegation is to be filled by Mr. W. J. Fishburne or Mr. W. J. Goodwin.

The following senators hold over: J. R. Blake, Abbeville; J. K. Hood, Anderson; Geo. F. Von Kolnitz, Jr., Charleston; T. B. Butler, Dorchester; P. L. Hardin, Chester; Edward McIver, Chesterfield; C. M. Davis, Clarendon; J. H. Peurifoy, Colleton; G. W. Brown, Darlington; E. F. Warren, Hampton; J. T. Hay, Kershaw; W. H. Hough, Lancaster; T. B. Meade, Lee; C. S. McCall, Marlboro; C. H. Carpenter, Pickens; J. Q. Marshall, Richland; R. L. Manning, Sumter; J. T. Douglass, Union; Dr. A. H. Williams, Williamsburg.

The following were re-elected: W. E. Johnson, Aiken; LeGrand Walker, Georgetown; J. G. Holliday, Horry; James Stackhouse, Marion; T. M. Ransom, Orangeburg; D. E. Hydrick, Spartanburg; J. S. Brice, York.

The following are the new senators: Dr. J. B. Black, Bamberg; Geo. H. Bates, Barnwell; E. J. Dennis, Jr., Berkeley; T. E. Connor, Dorchester; W. J. Johnson, Fairfield; T. G. Talbert, Edgefield; Walter H. Wells, Florence; Wm. L. Mauldin, Greenville; J. Hampton Brooks, Greenwood; F. P. McGowan, Laurens; D. F. Eard, Lexington; C. L. Bleasie, Newberry; J. R. Earle, Oconee; E. S. Bleasie, Saluda.

Senators Aldrich of Barnwell, Forrest of Saluda, Sharpe of Lexington and Tablird of Beaufort were defeated. Senator E. J. Dennis died and is succeeded by his son. Senators Dear of Greenwood, Ragdale of Fairfield, Ragdale of Florence, Herndon of Oconee, Gaines of Greenwood, Goodwin of Laurens, Mower of Newberry, Sheppard of Edgefield and Mayfield of Bamberg did not offer for re-election. Of those re-elected Senators Holliday, Hydrick and W. E. Johnson had opposition.

#### House of Representatives.

The members of the house of representatives are: Abbeville—J. Fraser Lyon, J. N. Nance and J. C. Lomax. Aiken—Dr. L. B. Etheredge, G. L. Toole, Jno. R. Cloy and B. K. Keenan. Anderson—W. W. Ashley, J. B. Watson, Geo. E. Prince, M. B. Tribble and J. C. Millford. Bamberg—J. S. J. Faust and E. T. Laite. Barnwell—Dr. Ryan Gyles, J. E. Harley and Dr. J. Milton Turner. Beaufort—C. J. Colcock, Jos. Glover and W. N. Heyward. Berkeley—J. W. Ballantine