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D'ri and I

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Orders came from the War department providing a detail to go and help man the guns of Perry at Put-in-Bay. I had the honor of leading them on the journey and turning them over to the young captain. I could not bear to be lying idle at the garrison. A thought of those in captivity with me at night and day, but I could do nothing for them. I had had a friendly talk with Gen. Brown. He invited and received my confidence touching the tender solicitude I was unable to cover. I laid before him the plan of an expedition. He smiled, puffing a cigar thoughtfully.

"Reckless folly, Bell," said he, after a moment. "You are young and lucky. If you were flung in the broad water there with a millstone tied to your neck, I should not be surprised to see you turn up again. My young friend, to start off with no destination but Canada is too much even for you. We have no men to waste. Wait; a rusting saber is better than a hole in the heart. There will be good work for you in a few days, I hope."

And there was—the job of which I have spoken, that came to me through his kind offices. We set sail in a schooner one bright morning—D'ri and I and 30 others—bound for Two-Mile Creek. Horses were waiting for us there. We mounted them, and made the long journey overland—a ride through wood and swale on a road worn by the wagons of the emigrant, who, even then, was pushing westward to the fertile valleys of Ohio. It was hard traveling, but that was the heyday of my youth, and the bird music, and the many voices of a waning summer in field and forest, were somehow in harmony with the great song of my heart. In the middle of the afternoon of September 6, we came to the bay, and pulled up at headquarters, a two-story frame building on a high shore. There were wooded islands in the cove, and between them we could see the fleet—nine vessels, big and little.

I turned over the men who were taken on to the ships immediately and put under drill. Surgeon Usher of the Lawrence and a young midshipman rowed me to Gibraltar island, well out into the harbor, where the surgeon presented me to Perry—a tall, shapely man, with dark hair and eyes, and ears hidden by tufts of heavy beard. He stood on a rocky point high above the water, a glass to his eye, looking seaward. His youth surprised me; he was then 38. I had read much of him and was looking for an older man. He received me kindly; he had a fine dignity and gentle manners. Somewhere he had read of that scrape of mine—the last one there among the Avengers. He gave me a handshake and my sword a compliment I have not yet forgotten, assuring me of his pleasure that I was to be with him while the greeting over, we rowed away lazily at anchor in a light breeze, her sails loose. Her crew cheered her commander as we came under the frowning guns.

"They're tired of waiting," said he; "they're looking for business when I come aboard."

He showed me over the clean decks: it was all as clean as a puritan parlor.

"Captain," said he, "tie yourself to that big bow gun. It's the modern sling of David, only its pebble is big as a rock. Learn how to handle it, and you may take a fling at the British some day."

He put D'ri in my squad, as I requested, leaving me with the gunners. I went to work at once, and knew shortly how to handle the big machine. D'ri and I convinced the captain with no difficulty that we were fit for a fight so soon as it might come.

It came sooner than we expected. The cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the 10th of September. The enemy was coming. Sails were sticking out in the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two that manned the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded far and near. In 12 minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle. The sun came up, lighting the great towers of canvas. Every vessel was now feeling for the wind, some with oars and sweeps to aid them. A light breeze came about of the southwest. Perry stood near me, his hat in his hand. He was looking back at the Niagara.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master.

"Then you'll have to fight to the leeward," said the latter.

"Don't care, so long as we fight," said Perry. "Windward or leeward, we want to fight."

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the southeast, we were all able to clear the islands and keep the weather-gauge. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails, and went out of sight. We had lost the wind. Our sails went limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A slight rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turning to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the

gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly scuds of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting into awful showers of bolt and chain and spike and hammerheads. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy, we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through, and half the men dead or wounded, she was, indeed, a sorry sight. The Niagara went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Perry stood near, cursing as he looked off at her. Two of my gunners had been hurt by bursting canister. D'ri and I picked them up, and made for the cockpit. D'ri's man kept "Give 'em hell!" he shouted. "We'll tek care o' the ol' brig."

We were all crying, we poor devils that were left behind. One, a mere boy, stood near me swinging his hat above his head, cheering. Hat and hand fell to the deck as I turned to him. He was reeling, when D'ri caught him quickly with his good arm and bore him to the cockpit.

The little boat was barely a length off when a heavy shot fell splashing in her wake. Soon they were dropping all around her. One crossed her bow, ripping a long furrow in the sea. A chip flew off her stern; a lift of splinters from an oak scattered behind her. Plunging missiles marked her course with a plait of foam, but she rode on bravely. We saw her groping under the smoke clouds; we saw her nearing the other brig, and were all on tiptoe. The air cleared a little, and we could see them set oars and go up the side. Then we set our blood dripping with cheers again, we who were wounded on the deck of the Lawrence. Lieut. Yarnell ordered her one flag down. As it sank fluttering, we groaned. Our dismay went quickly from man to man. Presently we could hear the cries of the wounded there below. A man came staggering out of the cockpit, and fell to his hands and knees, creeping toward us and protesting fiercely, the blood dripping from his mouth between curses.

"Another shot would sink her," Yarnell shouted.

"Let 'er sink, d—n 'er," said D'ri. "Wish 't God 't 'ud put my foot through 'er bottom. When the flag goes down 't wan't 't go tew."

The British turned their guns; we were no longer in the smoky paths of thundering canister. The Niagara was under new fire. We could see the dogs of war rushing at her in leashes of flame and smoke. Our little gunboats, urged by oar and sweep, were hastening to the battle front. We could see their men, waist-high above the bulwarks, firing as they came. The Detroit and the Queen Charlotte, two heavy brigs of the British line, had run afoul of each other. The Niagara, signalling for close action, bore down upon them. Crossing the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, she raked them with broadsides. We saw braces fly and masts fall in the volley. The Niagara sheered off, pouring showers of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little boats had come up, and were boring into the brig, hammer, swung far in the sky, had come down upon her. I could hear the split and break of heavy timbers; I could see splinters flying over me in a rush of smoke, and the legs of a man go bumping on the beams above. Then came another crash of timbers on the port side. I leaped off the table and ran, limping, to the deck. I do not know why; I was driven by some quick and irresistible impulse. I was near out of my head, anyway, with the rage of battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself stumbling, with drawn saber, over heaps of the hurt and dead there on our reeking deck. It was a horrible place: everything tipped over, man and gun and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-heel with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit. The surgeon had just finished with D'ri. His arm was now in sling and bandages. He was lying on his back, the good arm over his face. There was a lull in the cannonading. I went quickly to his side.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, giving his hand a good grip.

"Nuthin' 't brag uv," he answered. "Never see nobody git hell rose with 'em 's quick as we did—never."

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood on the stairs calling into the cockpit.

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted.

D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another scud of junk went over us. Perry was trying with block and tackle to mount a cannonade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he spat an oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my fighting, nor any that ever gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country. War is a great evil, I begin to think, but there is nothing finer than the sight of a man who, forgetting himself, rushes into the shadow of death for the sake of something that is better. At every heave on the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered the head of the gun fell. Perry had then a fierce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, and his head was bare. He crossed the littered deck, his battle-flag and broad pennant that an or-

LESS ACREAGE; LESS FERTILIZERS

Keynote to Control of Cotton Prices.

PROCEEDINGS OF NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.

A Great Meeting of Representatives of Southern Interests—Harvie Jordan Chosen Chairman and Every-body Sincerely Loyal to the Great Purpose in View.

By a unanimous vote at the close of its first session last Tuesday, the Southern Interstate Cotton convention, by general agreement the largest and most representative that has gathered in the south, declared that reduction of acreage and commercial fertilizers is the paramount question to be considered at the convention, and it must be settled before any other business was undertaken. Eleven hundred and thirty-five delegates, representing the thirteen cotton growing states and territories, had registered when the convention was called to order. Even that number did not represent the full strength of the convention.

The forenoon and early afternoon were devoted to the compromising of all differences that existed as to organization, the central idea being that the work of the convention should go to the country with the stamp of harmony and practical unanimity. The result was that Former Congressman Catching's name was withdrawn and all opposition to Harvie Jordan's selection ended.

Washington Artillery hall, seating 2,000 people, was crowded to the doors when the convention met. As president of the Southern Cotton Growers' convention, Mr. Jordan called it to order. He said in part:

"We are all agreed upon four general propositions:

"1. We must tie up and take care of the surplus of this crop and remove it from the markets of the country until next fall, and hold the balance of the crop absolutely in our possession until the price advances to normal conditions.

"2. We must reduce the cotton acreage and use of commercial fertilizers under cotton at least 25 per cent under that of 1904.

"3. We must arrange for a general system of bonded warehouses under local control of the people throughout the south.

"4. We must at once proceed to organize the producers of the south in every cotton growing county on a business basis to carry into operation a permanent system of relief and protection for the future."

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Richard Cheatman of Mississippi and J. H. Whyte of New Orleans were elected secretaries.

The question of representation immediately arising Gov. Vardaman moved that every properly accredited delegate should be entitled to a seat on the floor and a voice in the convention and though the motion provoked considerable discussion it finally prevailed.

On motion of J. A. Brown of North Carolina a committee on permanent organization of one delegate from each state was named and pending its report welcoming addresses by Mayor Behrman and President Sanders of the Progressive union were listened to. There were responses by Walter Clark of Clarksville, Miss., and J. Pope Brown, chairman of the Georgia railroad commission.

Mr. Brown said it was the number of bales which regulated the price of cotton and the present price would not advance until it was known that the production this year was to be curtailed. Eight million bales would be an ample crop to raise this year. With the 4,000,000 of surplus held on to, it would give precisely the crop the bears desire. He believed the south could whip in the present fight.

W. D. Nesbitt of Alabama presented the report of the committee on permanent organization. It provided for Harvie Jordan as president, for a vice president from each state and for the three secretaries named by the temporary organization. It fixed the representation on the basis of one vote for every 100,000 bales of cotton raised during 1903-04, as follows: Alabama 10; Arkansas 8; Florida 1; Georgia 14; Louisiana 9; Mississippi 14; North Carolina 6; South Carolina 9; Tennessee 3; Texas 28; Oklahoma 2; Missouri 1, and Indian Territory 3.

These committees were provided for:

Reduction of cotton acreage and use of commercial fertilizers with one farmer, one banker and one merchant from each state.

Permanent organization of farmers with three farmers, one merchant and one banker from each state.

Financing and holding balance of the present crop until legitimate prices are secured, with one farmer, one merchant and one banker from each state.

Warehousing and financing future crops, similarly constituted.

On direct trade between farmers and manufacturers.

On transportation.

On resolutions to consider matters of a general nature not otherwise provided for.

Reduction of acreage and commercial fertilizers being of paramount importance we recommend that be settled before other business is undertaken," was the conclusion of the committee's report which was unanimously adopted.

The convention then adjourned until Tuesday night.

(Continued on Second Page.)

DISPENSARY INQUIRY FARCE.

Won't Develop Anything, Won't Prove Anything, Won't Quiet, Anything.

A resolution providing for an investigation of the dispensary has passed the state senate and is now pending in the house. This investigation, if held, will be a farce and is so intended by its promoters. No direct or conclusive evidence will probably be adduced of corruption in the dispensary management and those who are guilty of venal practices will know that personally they are safe. Exposure could only come from those who are effectually estopped by certainty of incriminating themselves.

When a valuable consideration is passed to a member of the dispensary board—or two members usually—it is not in the form of a check which must be endorsed and remains a record. No receipt is taken and there are no curious persons standing round when a roll of the long green attests the gratitude of the distillery for a big order.

Members of county boards of control do not in words advertise that positions as dispensary will on a certain day be sold to the highest bidder, and likewise they take no checks and sign no receipts, and there are no witnesses to the transfer of the bank roll which makes many a county dispenser.

Corruption is not proclaimed from the house tops by those who practice it—but it exists. The observant mind sees it in the aily raised eyebrow, the suggestive shrug of the shoulder, the prevailing tone of suspicion, the frantic desire of thrifty patriots to serve on the dispensary and managing boards and the sudden wealth of those who do so, and the very political atmosphere of South Carolina politics is impregnated with the odor of graft that is constantly exhaled from the fungus growth.

The corrupting and the corrupted, however, are discreet and careful persons. They leave no tell-tale foot-prints, their fences are well kept up. When it is so easy to conceal none but a fool would let himself be exposed, and no fools get on these boards.

The corruption is there and everybody who is willing to acknowledge it knows it. Many of those who do not directly profit by it are dulled to it and do not care. The conscience of the state is becoming atrophied, but intelligence is lively enough and knows what is going on. No investigation can change this or convince the people that they do not see what they know they do see. There will be no hypnotists on the committee.

When hungry cattle are turned into a rich green pasture they graze. So long as alluring temptation is placed before mere human beings in the management of the South Carolina dispensary they will profit by the graft.—Spartanburg Journal.

ARE CONFEDERATE BONDS GOOD?

\$200,000,000 of Them Waiting For Payment in London.

Periodically some unsophisticated Englishman rises to remark that it is high time the government of the United States should take steps to bring about the payment of the bonds of the Southern Confederacy. A correspondent of the London Financial News directs attention to the highly interesting fact that "within 100 yards of the Mansion House" in the British metropolis are deposited over \$200,000,000 of these bonds. He eagerly observes that the Southern States are prevented from paying them by act of congress; that the anger which prompted the destruction of the cotton deposited as security for these bonds and the passage of an act rendering repayment to the bond holders illegal, should have been appeased by this time. Therefore it is suggested that the United States should now permit the south "to do what it can toward an amicable settlement of the 'debt.'" These, it should be remembered, are not the repudiated bonds of the Reconstruction period, but old Confederate bonds, which the south would surely have redeemed had the fortunes of war been on the side of Dixie. There is not the remotest possibility that they will ever have any value except to curiosity hunters. Since the war there has been some speculation in these securities, but, as our London contemporary, the Financial News, says: "A person who bought chances for a repayment of these bonds at a cent per dollar would be guilty of a rash, hazardous speculation without the meaning of the act forbidding the taking of such chances." The Confederate bond was born in honor; the Reconstruction bond was born in dishonor. Neither is worth the paper on which it was printed as an investment; but there will, perhaps, always be one day both will be quoted on the London and New York stock exchanges.

Before Jefferson Davis took his place among the arch-traitors in our annals he had already long been known as one of the chief repudiators. It was not unnatural that to dishonesty toward the creditors of the public he should afterward add treachery toward the public itself.

This is libel and a falsehood. Mr. Davis was not in political life at the time the repudiation occurred, and he spent several hundred dollars having printed and circulated a pamphlet—on the day following that on which he was to be nominated for congress—announcing that he was unalterably opposed to repudiation. And this he did because the chairman of the nominating body was a repudiator.

I do not hesitate to say that I do not think Mr. Roosevelt has even tried to tell the truth, and I venture to say that the life of Thomas Benton will not survive the criticism of the generation which will succeed Roosevelt.

Mr. Benton's mind was magnificently equipped for the struggle he made for the right as he understood it; but he was never ignorant or malicious enough to call Jefferson Davis a repudiator or to apply to him any of the other undeserved and vile epithets used by Roosevelt.

When Mr. Roosevelt was quite a young man he wrote an article in the North American Review denouncing my father as a traitor, which so wounded my father that he wrote Roosevelt telling him his view was a one-sided one, and offering data in order that he might be better informed.

Roosevelt replied through his secretary to his mother's old friend, a man old enough to be his grandfather: "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt does not care to have any communications from Mr. Davis whatever."

Probably this accounts for his ignorance and one-sidedness. Margaret H. Jefferson Davis Hayes, Colorado Springs, Col. January 3.

David displayed his wisdom by saying "All men are liars," instead of picking out one man and saying it to him.

The lucky man puts his best foot forward instead of depending on the left hind foot of a rabbit.

dered by battered residences with iron gates and portico, the odor-laden gardens of magnolias and roses and crape myrtles; the lofty-spired churches that have been Charleston's pride almost ever since the days of its French Huguenot forefathers—all these are worth the seeing to any one with a grain of sentiment.

Between two rivers and fronting on the ocean, from which it is sheltered by a chain of islands, Charleston has a climate that is mild in winter and far more comfortable in summer than that of the country a few miles inland. On the Isle of Palms, just across the harbor, is a beach nine miles long. On the landward side of the city, approached by electric cars, and within a short distance, are big plantations, country clubs, golf links, hunting lands and miles of good roads.

With all its reminders of olden days, Charleston is a comfortable place for the visitor. There are hotels, plenty of them, and many new homes are mingled with the old. The city is rather celebrated, too, for its boarding houses, where "Southern cooking" of the real, old-fashioned sort, has survived.—New York Evening Post.

DEFENDS FATHER'S MEMORY.

Jefferson Davis's Daughter Denounces Libels.

In the New York World of January 19 the letter printed below from the only living child of the late President Jefferson Davis appears. It will be observed that Mrs. Hayes requests the press to copy the letter and it gives THE ENQUIRER pleasure to comply with her wishes.

The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of the World: In justice to the southern people will you kindly have the following extracts from President Roosevelt's book printed in the World, and request other newspapers north and south to copy this letter?

In Mr. Roosevelt's book, "The Life of Thomas H. Benton," he says most unjustly of the southern people, on page 161:

Slavery is chiefly responsible for the streak of coarse and brutal barbarism which ran through the southern character.

Yet he claims to be half a southerner. On page 163 he says:

The moral difference between Benedict Arnold on the one hand and Aaron Burr or Jefferson Davis on the other is precisely the difference that obtains between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure in consideration of being given some high political position.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Davis was very indifferent to political position, unlike Mr. Roosevelt; so much so that he never spent a dollar an election and asked no man for his vote. He was in Mississippi but once when elected. He fought in the snows of the north and never stood on a hill posing as a Rough Rider, an actor in a desperate battle who was, it is said, not in the range of the enemy's fire—as this fantastic author of statecraft's history is said to have done at San Juan.

On page 219 he attacks the honesty of Van Buren, Tyler and Polk as servants of the public, and speaks of "the unblushing rascality" among the officials generally.

Again, on page 230, he attacks the one and only president of the Confederacy, the representative of the southern people whose toleration he wishes. He says:

Before Jefferson Davis took his place among the arch-traitors in our annals he had already long been known as one of the chief repudiators. It was not unnatural that to dishonesty toward the creditors of the public he should afterward add treachery toward the public itself.

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