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ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1905.

D'ri and I

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

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CHAPTER XVII.

puffing a cigar thoughtfully.

Orders came from the War depart-Bay. I had the honor of leading them ness in him, his eyes flashing as he on the journey and turning them over looked at the sky. with me night and day, but I could do at the collar.

a moment. "You are young and cheer back amidships. Perry had come lucky. If you were flung in the broad up the companionway with his blue water there with a millstone tied to battle-flag. He held it before him at your neck, I should not be surprised arm's-length. I could see a part of to see you turn up again. My young its legend, in white letters, "Don't give friend, to start off with no destination up the ship." but Canada is too much even for you. We have no men to waste. Wait; a we hoist it?" rusting saber is better than a hole in the heart. There will be good work heard a mile away, and the flag rose, for you in a few days, I hope."

And there was—the job of which to the mainroyalmasthead. I have spoken, that came to me through his kind offices. We set sail in a sails snap and stiffen as it overhauled schooner one bright morning-D'ri the feet behind us. In a jiffy it bunted and I and 30 others-bound for Two- our own hulls and canvas, and again we Mile Creek. Horses were waiting for began to plough the water. It grew us there. We mounted them, and made into a smart breeze, and scattered the the long journey overland—a ride fleet of clouds that hovered over us. through wood and swale on a road The rain passed; sunlight sparkled on worn by the wagons of the emigrant, the rippling plain of water. We could who, even then, was pushing west- see the enemy; he had hove to, and ward to the fertile valleys of Ohio. was waiting for us in a line. A crowd It was hard traveling, but that was the was gathering on the high shores we heyday of my youth, and the bird mu- had left to see the battle. We were sic, and the many voices of a waning well in advance, crowding our canvas summer in field and forest, were some- in a good breeze. I could hear only how in harmony with the great song the roaring furrows of water on each of my heart. In the middle of the af- side of the prow. Every man of us ternoon of September 6, we came to held his tongue, mentally trimming the bay, and pulled up at headquarters, ship, as they say, for whatever might a two-story frame building on a high come. Three men scuffed by, sanding shore. There were wooded islands in the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly the offing, and between them we over the big gun. He looked off at the and little.

en to the ships immediately and put right ear. 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 28. 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 my hand a squeeze and my sword a compliment I have not yet forgotten, assuring me of his pleasure that I was to be with him awhile. The greeting over, we rowed away to the Lawrence. She was chopping lazily at anchor in a light breeze, her sails loose. Her crew cheered her commander as we came under the frown-

"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 par-

"Captain," said he, "tie yourself to for the word fire. 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 of 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 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 out 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. "Dont' 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 hubbles. 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

surgeon said he was in more need of physic, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, ment providing a detail to go and tall and handsome, in a loose jacket help man the guns of Perry at Put-in of blue nankeen, with no sign of weak-

to the young captain. I could not D'ri and I stood in the squad at the bear to be lying idle at the garrison. bow gun. D'ri was wearing an old A thought of those in captivity was straw hat; his flannel shirt was open

nothing for them. I had had a "Ship stan's luk an ol' cow chawin, friendly talk with Gen. Brown. He 'er cud," said he, looking off at the invited and received my confidence weather. "They 's a win' comin' over touching the tender solicitude I was there. It 'll give 'er a slap 'n th' unable to cover. I laid before him the side purty soon, mebbe. Then she plan of an expedition. He smiled, 'll switch 'er tail 'n' go on 'bout 'er

business." "Reckless folly, Bell," said he, after In a moment we heard a roaring

"My brave lads," he shouted, "shall

Our "Ay, ay' sir!" could have been above tossing hats and howling voices, The wind came; we could hear the

could see the fleet-nine vessels, big white line, squinted knowingly, and spat over the bulwarks. I turned over the men who were tak- straightened up, tilting his hat to his

> "They're p'intin' their guns," said "Fust they know they'll git spit on,"

Well, for two hours it was all creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there an oath as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. Then suddenly, as we swung about, a murmur went up and down the deck. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. Then word came: there would be no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks-a band playing "Rule Britannia." I was looking at a brig in the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire leaped out of her and thick belches of smoke rushed to her topsails. Then something hit the sea near by a great hissing slap, and we turned quickly to see chunks of the shattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our deck. We were all drenched there at the bow gun. I remember some of those water-drops had the sting of hard-flung pebbles, but we only bent our heads, waiting eagerly

"We was th' ones 'at got spit said a gunner, looking at D'ri. "Wish they'd let us holler back,"

said the latter, placidly. "Sick o' holdin' We kept fanning down upon the

enemy, now little more than a mile away, signalling the fleet to follow. "My God! see there!" a gunner shouted.

The British line had turned into reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. Untried in the perils of shot and shell, some of my gunners stooped to cover under the bulwarks.

"Pull 'em out o' there," I called, turning to D'ri, who stood beside me. The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball crashed into the after bulwarks, tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, that slid a space, grinding the gunners under it. One end of a bowline whipped over us; a jib dropped; a brace fell crawling over my shoulders like a big snake; the foremast went into splinters a few feet above the decks, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. It the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, the deck, bleeding, yelling, struggling. There were two lying near us with rose upon a knee, choking horribly, shaken with the last throes of his flooded heart, and reeled over. The Scorpion of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little Ariel was also firing. D'ri leaned over, shouting in my

ear. "Don't like th' way they 're whalin' uv us," he said, his cheeks red with anger.

"Nor I," was my answer. "Don't like t' stan' here an' dew nuthin' but git licked," he went on.

'T ain' no way nat'ral." Perry came hurrying forward. "Fire!" he commanded, with a quick | tle-flag and broad pennant that an or- ling to escape.

gesture, and we began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. from his shoulder. He halted by But the deadly scuds of iron kept flying over and upon our deck, bursting on the port side—the only one that had 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 howling and kicking. As we hurried along over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a burst

of old iron that tumbled me to my

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man I bore struggle and then go limp in my arms I felt my knees getting warm and wet. The smoke rose; the tall, herculean back of D'ri was just ahead of me. His sleeve had been ripped away from shoulder to elbow. and a spray of blood from his upper arm was flying back upon me. His hat crown had been torn off, and there was a big rent in his trousers, but he kept going. I saw my man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried to its last link in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cockpit. He stumbled on the stairs, falling heavily with his burden. Then I dropped my poor gunner and helped

"It is no time for jesting," said I with some dignity.

bade me lie down beside him.

them carry D'ri to a table, where they

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty."

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see, but was of little consequence, a missile having torn the surface only. I was able to help Surgeon Usher as he caught the severed veins and bathed the bloody strands of muscle in 'D'ri's arm, while another dressed my thigh. That room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched upon cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companionway with others. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above shrill cries of men sinking to hasty death in the grip of pain. The brig was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering, like one being beaten to death, his bones cracking, his muscles pulping under heavy blows We were above water-line there in the cockpit, we could feel her flinch and stagger. On her side there came suddenly a crushing blow, as if some great 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 my head, anyway, with the rage of to his help, tossing a rope's end as battle in me and no chance to fight. Well, suddenly, I found myself stumbling, with drawn saber, over heaps of recking deck. It was a horrible place: everything tipped over, man and gun laced with his own blood. and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see rag any day," said he, as we all cheered a topsail of the enemy. Balls were him. now plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. Some poor man lying low among the dead caught me by the boot-leg with an appealing gesture. I took hold of his collar, dragging him to the cockpit.

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

bandages. He was lying on his back,

a lull in the cannonading. I went

the good arm over his face. There was

'em s' quick es 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 carronade. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to was all the work of a second. That the ropes, I following, and we both hasty flight of iron, coming out of pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, askhad gone through hull and rigging in a ing for room on the rope. I told him wink of the eye. And a fine mess it he could be of no use, but he spat an had made. Men lay scattered along oath, and pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore he was sounder than I, and put up his fists to blood spurting out of their necks. One 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 a pulley, and 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

a boat swung at the davits not gone to splinters. There he called a crew about him, and all got aboard the boat seven besides the younger brother of Captain Perry-and lowered it. Word flew that he was leaving to take command of the sister brig, the Niagara, which lay a quarter of a mile or so from where we stood. We all wished to go, but he would have only sound men; there were not a dozen on the ship who had all their blood in them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the stern, D'ri lifted a bloody, tattered flag, and leaning from the bulwarks, shook it over them,

cheering loudly. "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 is the paramount question to be conhim. 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 oar 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. to the country with the stamp of har-The air cleared a little, and we coul see them ship 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 dent of the Southern Cotton Growers' the wounded there below. A man came staggering out of the cockpit, and fell der. He said in part: to his hands and knees, creeping toward us and protesting flercely, the blood dripping from his mouth be-

tween curses. "Another shot would sink her," Yarnell shouted.

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

The British turned their guns; we thundering canister. The Niagara was local control of the people throughout the south. of war rushing at her in leashes of flame and smoke. Our little gunboats, every cotton growing county on a busurged 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 inated Former Lieut. Gov. Jester of the Queen Charlotte, two heavy brigs Texas for temporary chairman and he 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 by the southern farmers:

"Diversification of crops that will "Diversification of crops that will and masts fall in the volley. The reduce Niagara sheered off, pouring shouls of metal on a British schooner, stripping her bare. Our little boats had come up, and were boring into the brigs. In a brief time—it was then near three o'clock-a white flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, fluttered over a British deck. D'ri, who had been sitting awhile, was now up and cheering as he waved his crownless hat. He had lent his flag, and, in the flurry, some one dropped it overboard. D'ri saw it fall, and before we could stop him irresistable impulse. I was near out of he had leaped into the sea. I hastened he came up, swimming with one arm, the flag in his teeth. I towed him to the landing-stair and helped him the hurt and dead there on our over. Leaning on my shoulder, he shook out the tattered flag, its white

"Ready t' jump in hell fer thet ol'

Each grabbed a tatter of the good flag, pressing hard upon D'ri and put it to his lips and kissed it proudly. Then we marched up and down, D'ri waving it above us-a bloody squad as ever walked, shouting loudly. D'ri had begun to weaken with loss of The surgeon had just finished with blood, so I coaxed him to go below D'ri. His arm was now in sling and with me.

The battle was over; a Yankee band was playing near by. "Perry is coming! Perry is coming!"

we heard them shouting above. A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and inextinguishable devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cock-

There were those near who had won a better peace, and they lay as a man that listens to what were now the merest mockery.

Perry came, when the sun was low with a number of British officers, and received their surrender on his own bloody deck. I remember, as they stood by the ruined bulwarks and looked down upon tokens of wreck and slaughter, a dog began howling dismally in the cockpit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ENGLISH SPARROWS DISAPPEARING. English sparrows, that fairly swarmed in New Albany, are disappearing at rate that has become noticeable to close observers, and they are at a loss to account for the rapid diminution in the number of the birds. Whether they are dying off, being

trapped or slaughtered in large numbers, or are going away, can only be surmised, but it is certain that the number is rapidly decreasing. Persons who have been observing the decrease in the number of the birds are inclined to the bellef that they are migrating. The birds have never before been known to migrate .-- Louisville Courier-Journal.

stood near me, and his head was bare. 25 A man should not be startled by He crossed the littered deck, his bat- a noble impulse; it may be only try

Won't Develop Anything, Won't Prove 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 Everybody Sincerely Loyal to the Great tually estopped by certainty of incrim-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 gather- ord. No receipt is taken and there are ed in the south, declared that reduction of acreage and commercial fertilizers sidered 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 mony 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 presiconvention, Mr. Jordan called it to or-

"We are all agreed upon four gen eral propositions: "1. We must tle up and take care

of the surplus of this crop and remove it from the markets of the country un-til next fall, and hold the balance of the crop absolutely in our possession until the price advances to norma conditions.

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

ganize the producers of the south in iness basis to carry into operation a permanent system of relief and protection for the future."

Judge E. B. Perkins of Dallas noma brief but effective address, Gov. Jester said:

hetter facilities for the storage of cotton that will give lower insurance and interest and better protection J. A. B. Lovett of Bluntsville, Ala.

Richard Cheatman of Mississippi and J. H. Whyte of New Orleans were elected secretaries. The question of representation im-

mediately 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 of congress; that the anger which 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 Clarkesdale, Miss., and J. Pope this time. Therefore it is suggested Brown, chairman of the Georgia railroad commission.

Mr. Brown said it was the number of bales which regulated the price of debt." These, it should be remembercotton 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 chances for a repayment of these bonds president from each state and for the three secretaries named by the tem- of a rash, hazardous speculation withporary organization. It fixed the representation on the basis of one vote the taking of such chances." 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 on which it was printed as an invest-Carolina 6: South Carolina 9: Tennessee 3: Texas 26; Oklahoma 2; Missouri 1, and Indian Territory 3.

These committees were provided

Reduction of cotton acreage and use of commercial fertilizers with one farbanker and one merchan from each state. ermanent organization of farmers with three farmers, one merchant and

ne banker from each state. Financing and holding balance of the present crop until legitimate prices are with one farmer, one Warehousing and financing future crops, similarly constituted. On direct trade between farmers

and manufacturers. On transportation. On resolutions to consider matters neral nature not otherwise pro-

Reduction of acreage and commercial fertilizers being of paramount im-nortance we recommend it be made the first order of business and be settled before other business is undertaken," was the conclusion of the comnittee's report which was unanimous

ly adopted. The convention then adjourned until Tuesday night.

(Continued on Second Page.)

DISPENSARY INQUIRY FARCE.

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 well know that personally they are safe. Exposure could only come from those who are effec-

inating themselves. When a valuable consideration i 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 recno curious persons standing round when a roll of the long green attests the gratitude of the distillery for

Members of county boards of con trol do not in words advertise that positions as dispensers 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 witnesse to the transfer of the bank roll which makes many a county dispenser.

Corruption is not proclaimed from the housetops by those who practice it-but it exists. The observant mind sees it in the slyly raised eyebrow, the suggestive shrug of the shoulder, the pervading 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 per-They leave no tell-tale foot steps, their fences are well kept up. When it is so easy to conceal none but a tool would let himself be exposed, and ho fools get on these

The corruption is there and every body 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 manent 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 prompted the destruction of the cotton deposited as security for these bonds and the passage of an act rendering reparation to the bond holders illegal, should have been appeased by that the United States should now permit the south "to do what it can toward an amicable settlement of the ed, are not the repudiated bonds of 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 at a cent per dollar would be guilty in the meaning of the act forbidding The Confederate bond was born in honor; the Reconstruction bond was born in dishonor. Neither is worth the paper ment; but there will, perhaps, always be unsophisticated persons to believe

changes. -OLD CHARLESTON.

that one day both will be quoted on

the London and New York stock ex-

Memories of By-Gone Days Still Fragrant.

If the northerner would like glimpse of the "old south" in his winter travels he should come to Charleston. Once the centre southern social life, the city home of the wealthiest plantation owners, it continues to be the most distinctive and exclusive corner of the section in which it formerly held the social

There is less wealth than memor in Charleston now, out that is wel for the visitor, if not for the people who live here. The depleted mansions of Revolutionary days are as interesting to the sightseer as they are sorrowful for the scions of the famisplendor. The picturesque streets bor- left hind foot of a rabbit,

dered by battered residences with irop

NO. 8.

gates and porticos, the gardens of magnolias and roses and crape myrtles; the lofty-spired churches that have been Charleston' 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 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 Denounce 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 ENQUERER 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," Le says most unjustly of the southern people, on

page 161: Slavery is chiefly responsible for the streak of coarse and bruial barbarism which ran through the south-

ern character. Yet her claims to be half a south erner. On page 163 he says:

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

position. As a matter of fact, Mr. Davis was very indifferent to political position, unlike Mr. Roosevelt: so much so that and asked no man for his vote. He was in Mississippi but once when elected. He fought in the flower of his manhood when men battled in the field 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 statemen'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 220, 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.

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 Reconstruction period, but old the day following that on which he Confederate bonds, which the south 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 to Roosevelt telling him his view was a one-sided one, and offering data in order that he might be better inform-

Roosevelt replied through his secretary to his mother's old friend, a man old enough to be his grandfather: "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt oes 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.

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

15 The lucky man puts his best foot lies that once maintained them in forward instead of depending on the