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"Don' Jes' like this kind uv a hoss,"

He looked thoughtfully at the sun a

"Don't require much feed, though,"

"No; ye hev t' dew all the eatin', but

It was a fine day, and a ride to re-

member. We had a warm sun, a clear

sky, and now and then we could feel

the soft feet of the south wind romp-

ing over us in the river way. Here

and there a swallow came coasting to

the ripples, sprinkling the holy water

of delight upon us, or a crow's shadow

plowed silently across our bows. It

thrilled me to go cantering beside the

noisy Rapides du Plats or the wild-

footed Galloup, two troops of water

hurrying to the mighty battles of the

sea. We mounted reeling knolls, and

coasted over whirling dips, and rushed

to boiling levels, and jumped foamy

ridges, and went galloping in the rush

"Let 'er rip!" I could hear D'ri shout-

ing, once in a while, as he flashed up

We could see no sign of life on the is-

land or the "Canuck shore" as we

rang miles away in the far forest.

and tumble of long slopes.

rougher 'n the bog trail."

tilted to the tavern-side.

'er pictur'!"

ye can alwus eat 'nough fer both."

CHAPTER XX.

It was a fine house-that in which the while, an' he 's apt t' slobber 'n I spent many happy years back in my rough goin'." young manhood. Not, indeed, so elegant and so large as this where I am breath, and then trimmed his remark now writing, but comfortable. To me, with these words: "Ain't eggzac'ly then, it had an atmosphere of romance sure-footed, nuther." and some look of grandeur. Well, in those days I had neither a sated eye, I suggested. nor gout, nor judgment of good wine, It was I who gave it the name of Fairacres that day when, coming out of the war, we felt its peace and comfort for the first time, and, dumfounded with surprise, heard my mother tell the

story of it. "My grandfather," said sh: "was the Chevalier Ramon Ducet de Trouville, a brave and gallant man who, for no good reason, disinherited my father. The property went to my uncle, the only other child of the chevaller, and he, as I have told you, wrote many kind letters to me, and sent each year a small gift of money. Well, he died before the war-it was in March-and, having no children, left half his fortune to me. You, Ramon, will remember that long before you went away to the war a stranger came to see me one day-a stout man, with white hair and dark eyes. Do you not remember? Well, I did not tell you. then, because I was unable to believe, that he came to bring the good news. But he came again after you left us, and brought me money-a draft on ac-



but he loved me, and-well, he himself had some pleasure in excitement. We halted for only a moment pushing boldly through a thicket of young pines into the light. A lantern hung on the bough of a tall tree, and beneath it was a wide opening well carpeted with moss and needles. We peered off into the gloom, but saw nothing.

D'ri blew out a thoughtful breath, looking up into the air coolly, as he filled his pipe. "Consarned if ever I wanted t' have said D'ri. "Got t' keep whalin' 'im all a smoke s' bad 'n all my born days,"

he remarked. Then he moved his holster, turned his scabbard, and sat down quietly, puffing his pipe with some look of weariness and reflection. We were sitting there less than five minutes when we heard a footfall near by: then suddenly two men strode up to us in the dim light. I recognized at once the easy step, the long, lithe figure, of his

lordship in the dress of a citizen, saving sword and pistols. "Ah, good evening, gentlemen," said

he, quietly. "How are you?" "Better than-than when we saw you last," I answered.

D'ri had not moved; he looked me with a sympathetic smile. "I presume," said his lordship, in that familiar, lazy tone, as he lighted a cigar, " there was-ah-good room for improvement, was there not?"

"Abundant," said I, thoughtfully 'You were not in the best of health yourself that evening."

"True," said he: "I-I was in bad fettle and worse luck." "How are the ladies?" "Quite well," said he, blowing a long

ahoad of me. "Let 'er rip! Consarn puff "Ready to deliver them?" I in-He gave a great yell of triumph as quired.

we slowed in a long stretch of still, "Presently," said he. "There arebroad water. "Judas Priest!" said he, some formalities." as I came alongside, "thet air 's "Which are-?" I added quickly.

"A trifle of expenses and a condi-We came to Paleyville with time only tion," said he, lazily. for a bite of luncheon before dark.

"How much, and what?" I inquired, as D'ri turned his ear. "One thousand pounds," said his

turned our bows to the south channel. lordship, quickly. "Not a penny more That evening the innkeeper sat with than this matter has cost me and his us under a creaking sign, our chairs majesty." "What else?" said I.

D'ri was making a moose-horn of "This man," he answered calmly, birch-bark as he smoked thoughtfully. with a little gesture aimed at D'ri. My friend rose, struck his palm with When he had finished, he raised it to his lips and moved the flaring end in the pipe-bowl, and put up his knife. a wide circle as he blew a blast that "Ef ye 're goin' t' tek mê," said he, 'better begin right off, er ye won't hev "Ef we heppen t' git separated in any time 'fore breakfust."

way, shape er manner 'cept one," said Then he clapped the moose-horn to he, as he slung it over his shoulder his lips and blew a mighty blast. It with a string, "ye'll know purty nigh made the two men jump and set the where I be when ye hear thet air near thicket reeling. The weird bary-

thing." tone went off moaning in the far "You said, 'in any way, shape er wastes of timber. Its rush of echoes manner cept one, I quoted. do you mean by that?" My friend expectorated, looking off into the night soberly a moment. "Guess I did n't mean nuthin'," said he, presently, "When I set out t' say suthin', don't never know where I 'm goin' t' land. Good deal luk settin' sail without a compass. Thet 's one reason I don't never say much 'fore women.

had so little consideration for old D'ri; tnem, but the air was full of steel, and SOUTHERN COT then my father needed no help. He was driving his man with fiery vigor. I had never seen him fight; all I had seen of his power had been mere play. It was grand to see the old man fighting as if, for a moment, his youth had come back to him. I knew it could not go far. His fire would burn out quickly; then the blade of the young

Britisher, tireless and quick as I knew it to be, would let his blood before my very eyes. What to do I knew not. Again I came up to them; but my father warned me off hotly. He was fighting with terrific energy. I swear to you that in half a minute he had broken the sword of his lordship, who took to the water, swimming for his life. I leaped in, catching him half over the eddy, where we fought like madmen, striking in the air and bumping on the bottom. We were both near drowned when D'ri swam out and gave me his belt-end, hauling us in. I got to my feet soon. My father

came up to me, and wiped a cut on my forehead. "Damn you, my boy!" said he.

"Don't ever interfere with me in a matter of that kind. You might have been hurt."

We searched the island, high and low, for the ladies, but with no success. Then we marched our prisoners to the south channel, where a bateauthe same that brought us help-had been waiting. One of our men had been shot in the shoulder, another

Principal Source of America's Wealth.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

for More Than a Hundred Years the Money Sharks of Great Britain and New England Have Fattened on the Industry of Southern Growers-When Our Own Statesmen Begin to Devote Their Talents and Abilities to This Great Commercial Lever, They Will World.

lichard H. Edmonds, of the Manufacturer's Record in the Youth's Companlon.

We are accustomed to count the iron and steel interests as the greatest of all industries, but cotton-King Cotton t may justly be called-has a right to lispute their claim to supremacy. Few have ever quite understood or appreclated what it means for our southern states to hold a practical monopoly of the world's cotton production. Destroy corn, and you could find a substitute Destroy wheat, and other grains would urnish bread for mankind. But cut short the south's cotton crop by onehalf, and the financial and commercial world would stagger.

Cotton, the South's crown of glory, is the one staple which enters into every civilized life; it is needed in the palace of the king as well as in the humblest hut of the peasant; it is the glistening sall alike of the royal pleasure yacht and the ship of commerce: it is the basis of the greatest manufacturing industry of the world, employing more than two billion dollars of capital, and annually producing an equal amount of manufactured goods, or three hundred million dollars more than the value of the primary forms of manufactured iron and steel; it is the dominant power in commerce; it brings to us from Europe an average of a million dollars every day in the year. And yet how little do we show our appreciation of it.

We gin it with the gin made by Whitney more than a hundred years ago; we compass it with machinery a century old; we waste its substance and destroy its vitality; we even sell its best seed to the oil mills and plant 'he inferior. Then we wonder why its

virility has been weakened and its produce lessened.

But a better day is dawning. The ablest scientists are seeking to improve the quality of the seed and the method of cultivation; experts are

\$335,000,000.

ton they wished, time and again frus- seed. In 1904 the average of lint ran trating the efforts of southern planters from thirty-five to thirty-eight per to secure a fair return for their toil, cent, and in some cases as high as for-Now the dread balance of nature is ty and forty-five per cent.

Secretary Wilson of the agricultural turned against them, and their undue gains in times past are pitilessly wrest- department thinks the possible cause ed from them. There is this thought, of this was that in 1903, owing to petoo, that is uppermost in the minds of culiar weather conditions, the plant did all those who have looked at the mat- not take up the full nutriment in the ter from end to end, that it is highly soll, and that the crop of 1904 absorbed the unutilized nutriment of 1902, as improbable that for years to come well as that of 1904, thus producing American cotton will sell at what may be called low figures, that is to say, this exceptionally large proportion of prices that will not make the industry lint. Hence the record crop of 1904 a very profitable one for American stands as an exception, and does not in any way change the situation. producers.

The advance in price during 1902 and Under the poverty resulting from 1903 has generally been discussed as low price cotton, it was hardly possible if it were a phenomenal condition due to tempt immigration to the south, but to wild speculation in cotton. On the with a higher range of values for cot-Lay Perpetual Tribute on the Entire contrary, there are only two periods ton and the prosperity which has come in the last hundred years in which cot- to the agricultural interests of the south, the problem of securing additon has averaged higher than during tional population becomes much easthese years.

ler. There is already a marked move-Forty Cents a Pound. ment of farmers from the north and Prior to 1832 the average price of cotton ranged from about 14 to 15 west to this section, and here and there cents to as high as 40 cents a pound. In the cotton belt are colonies of Ital-In 1832-33 the average price in New lan laborers, whose work not only in York for the entire year for what is diversified agriculture but in cotton classed as middling cotton was 12.32 growing has proved remarkably succents per pound, reaching in 1834-35 cessful.

The old idea that negroes were es-17.45 cents. These high prices continued until sential to cotton production has long 1839-40, when there was a decline to since been exploded. Every year sees a decrease in the proportion of the an average of a little less than 9 cents crop raised by negroes, and the secfor the year, going steadily on down tions in which cotton growing is makto 5.63 cents in 1844-45, the lowest point known. From this there was a ing the most marked advance are those quick rally to higher figures, running in which white farmers are in the from about 11 cents to 13 cents a largest majority. The Italians have emonstrated that foreigners can come pound, up to the war. During the into the south as farmers and as farm war the scarcity of cotton forced prices to unheard of figures, which reached laborers to their own great financial profit and to the benefit of the south. at one time in New York \$1.90 a pound Turning Population Southward.

Omitting the war period and the Heretofore the world at large has few years immediately following afhad no interest in turning population fected by the war scarcity, the general average of prices between 1849-50 and southward. Now Europe and America alike are deeply concerned in mak-1889-90 was from about 11 cents a ing it possible for the south, by heavy pound to 13} cents, although at times immigration, to meet the world's decotton sold at over 20 cents a pound, mands for cotton. Not long ago one In 1890-91 there began a long period of the largest cotton mill owners of of low prices, which for about eight New England, a man who had never years nearly bankrupted the cotton had any interest in the welfare of the growers of the south. It is doubtful if during that entire period the south south, except to buy his ectton there. said to the writer: made a dollar on its cotton crop.

The world faces a cotton famine In fact, considering the conditions under which cotton was produced, it crop of eleven million bales is entirely is quite probable that the net result too small, and some means must be of cotton production was a large loss, devised by which the south can, with-These low prices culminated in 1898-99 in the next few years, increase its prowith an average in New York for the duction to at least fifteen million bales. year of 6 cents a pound, which meant I can see only one way in which it is that southern farmers had sold much possible for this to be brought about. of their cotton at from 4 to 5 cents a and that is for 1 combination of the people of the south, of the railroads

pound. and of all others interested in this From these low prices there was a gradual rise, until during the next problem, to unite in turning to your three years the average was a little less section a great tide of foreign popu than 9 cents, and then in 1902-03 cot-ton again reached its normal price for which is inadequate to meet the emergency." a century, of over 10 cents a pound.

But he



THERE STOOD MY FATHER IN THE LANTERN LIGHT, HIS SWORD DRAWN.

gored in the hip with a bayonet and we left a young Briton dying on the shore. We took our prisoners to Paley-

WE HALTED, PEERING AT THE GLOW THAT NOW SPRINKLED OUT THROUGH MANY A PIN-HOLE APERTURE.

count. For us it was a very large sum, indeed. You know we have always been so poor, and we knew that when the war was over there would be more and a-plenty coming. So. 'We will what were we to do? build a home,' said I; 'We will enjoy life as much as possible. We will surprise Ramon. When he returns from the war he shall see it. and be very happy.' The architect came with the builders, and, vofla! the house is ready, and you are here, and after so long it is better than a fortune to see you. I thought you would never come."

She covered her face a moment, while my father rose abruptly and left the room. I kissed the dear hands that long since had given to heavy toil their beauty and shapeliness.

But enough of this, for, after all, it is neither here nor there. Quick and unexpected fortune came to many a pioneer, as it came to my mother, by inheritance, as one may see if he look only at the records of one court of claims-that of the British.

"Before long you may wish to up at me proudly, "and you will not be ashamed to bring your wife here."

I vowed, then and there, I should make my own fortune-I had Yankee bushes, and stuck our paddles in the enough in me for that-but, as will be sand, listening. After a little silence seen, the wealth of heart and purse my | I heard D'ri get up and step stealthily mother had, helped in the shaping of into the water and buckle on his my destiny. In spite of my feeling, I sword. Then I could hear him sinking know it began quickly to hasten the the canoe and shoving her anchor deep life-currents that bore me on. And I say, in tender remembrance of those very dear to me, I had never a more delightful time than when I sat by the new fireside with all my clan-its number as yet undiminished—or went roistering in wood or field with the vounger children.

The day came when D'ri and I were daylight we were moving rapidly down-river in our canoes.

I remember seeing a light flash up and die away in the moonlit mist of the river soon after starting.

"The boogy light!" D'ri whispered. "There 't goes ag'in!" I had heard the river folk tell often

of this weird thing-one of the odd phenomena of the St. Lawrence. "Comes alwus where folks hev been drcwnded." said D'ri.

what I 've hearn tell." It was, indeed, the accepted theory of the fishermen, albeit many saw in the We halted, peering at the glow that boogy light a warning to mark the place of forgotten murder, and bore away.

The sun came up in a clear sky, and soon, far and wide, its light was tossing in the ripple-tops. We could see them glowing miles away. We were both armed with saber and pistols, for of thing I enjoyed then-the atmosvecture in those days of the war.

Our good host hurried the lagging hours with many a tale of the river and that island we were soon to visit, once the refuge of Tadusac, the old river pirate, so he told us, with a cave now haunted by some ghost. We started for the shore near ten o'clock, the innkeeper leading us with a lantern, its light flickering in a west wind. The sky was cloudy, the night dark. · Our host lent us the lantern, kindly offering to build a bonfire on the beach at 11, to light us home.

"Careful, boys," said the innkeeper, as we got aboard. "Aim straight fer th' head o' th' island. Can't ye see it

-right over yer heads there? 'Member, they 's awful rough water below.' We pushed off, D'ri leading. I could see nothing of the island, but D'ri had better eyes, and kept calling me as he went ahead. After a few strokes of the paddle I could see on the dark sky the

darker mass of tree-tops. "Better light up," I suggested. We

were now close in. "Hush!" he hissed. Then, as I came up to him, he went on, whispering:

"T ain't bes' t' mek no noise here. Don' know none tew much 'bout this marry," said my mother, as she looked here business. Don' cal'late we 're goin' t' hev any trouble, but if we dew -Hark!"

We had both heard a stir in the into the sand. He did it with no noise that, 50 feet away, could have been distinguished from that of the evermurmuring waters. In a moment he came and held my canoe, while I also took up my trusty blade, stepping out of the canoe into the shallow water. Then he shoved her off a little, and

sank her beside the other. I knew not to meet the ladies. We started early his purpose, and made no question of that morning of the 12th. Long before it following him as he strode the s' ore with measured paces, the lantern upon his arm. Then presently he stuck his paddle into the bushes, and mine beside it. We were near the head of the island, walking on a reedy strip of soft earth at the river margin. After a few paces we halted to listen, but heard only the voice of the water and the murmur of pines. Then we pushed through a thicket of small fir

tryes to where we groped along in "Thet air 's ut.er darkness among the big tree trunks on a muffle-footing. After a moment or so we got a spray of light now sprinkled out through many a pinhole aperture in a fairy lattice of pine needles.

My heart was beating loudly, for there was the promised lantern. Was I not soon to see the brighter light of those dear faces? It was all the kind he, with a quick thrust. that river was the very highway of ad- phere of peril and romance-wild youth swords were clashing in deadly comthat I was. It is a pity, God knows, I bat. I rushed up to break in upon strength.

had begun. I nut my hand to my sabre, for there in the edge of the gloom I saw a thing that stirred me to

he marrow. The low firs were moving toward us, root and branch, their twigs falling. Gods of war! it made my hair stand for a jiffy to see the very darkness. brush take feet and legs. On sea or land I never saw a thing that gave me so odd a feeling. We stood for

a breath or two, then started back, our sabres flashing: for, as the twigs fell. we saw they had been decorating a squad of the British. They came on. struck at the lantern, but too late, for his lordship had swung it away. He stumbled, going to his knees; the lantern hit the earth and went out. I had seen the squad break, running each way, to surround us. D'ri grabbed my hand as the dark fell, and we went plunging through the little pines, hitting a man heavily, who fell grunting. We had begun to hear the rattle of boats, a shouting, and quick steps on the shore. We crouched a moment, D'ri blew the moose-horn, pulling me aside with him quickly after the blast. Lights were now flashing near. I could see little hope for us, and D'rl, l thought, had gone crazy. He ran at the oncomers, yelling, "Hey Rube!" at the top of his lungs. I lay low in the brush a moment. They rushed by me, D'ri in the fore with fending sabre. A tawny hound was running in the lead, his nose down, baying loudly. Then I saw the truth, and made after them with all the speed of my legs. They hustled over the ridge, their lights flashing under. For a jiffy I could see

only, here and there, a leaping glow in the tree-tops. I rushed on, passing one who had tumbled headlong. The lights below me scattered quickly and stopped. I heard a great yelling, a roar of muskets, and a clash of swords.

A hush fell on them as I came near. Then I heard a voice that thrilled me "Your sword, sir!" it commanded.

"Stop," said I, sharply, coming near.

There stood my father in the lanternlight, his sword drawn, his gray hair stirring in the breeze. Before him was my old adversary, his lordship. the river's edge; I could hear it lapping their heels. His lordship sneered, looking at the veteran who stood in a gray frock of homespun, for all the

world, I fancy, like one of those old yeomen who fought with Cromwell. "Your sword, sir," my father re peated.

"Pardon me," said the young man, with a fascinating coolness of manner, "but I shall have to trouble you-"

He hesitated, feeling his blade. "How?" said my father. "To fight for it," said his lordship,

quietly. "Surrender-fool!" my father answered. "You cannot escape." "Tut, tut!" said his lordship. never heard so poor a compliment.

Come in reach, and I shall make you think better of me." "Give up your sword."

"After my life, then my sword," said Before I could take a step, their

ville, and locked them overnight in th blockhouse. The channel was lighted by a big bonfire on the south bank, as we came

over. Its flames went high, and made increased, to keep pace with the a great sloping volcano of light in the After the posting of the guard, some

gathered about my father and began to ries have striven to find a source of cheer him. It nettled the veteran. He would take no honor for his deleat of the clever man, claiming the latter had no chance to fight.

"He had no foot-room with the boy one side and D'ri t' other," said he. "I had only to drive him back." My father and the innkeeper and D'ri and I sat awhile, smoking, in the warm glow of the bonfire. "You're a long-headed man," said I,

turning to my comrade. "Kind o' thought they 'd be trouble." said D'ri. "So I tuk 'n ast yer father t' come over hossback with hef a dozen good men. They got three more et the tavern here, an' lay off 'n thet air bateau, waitin' fer the moose call. I cal'lated I did n't want no more slidin' over there 'n Canady."

After a little snicker, he added: "Hed all t' wus good fer me the las" time. 'S a leetle tew swift." "Gets rather scary when you see the

bushes walk," I suggested. "Seen what wus up 'fore ever they med a move," said D'ri. "Them air bushes did n't look jest es nat'ral es they 'd orter. Bet ye they 're some o' them bushwhackers o' Fitzgibbon. Got loops all over their uniforms, so ye c'u'd stick 'em full o' boughs. Jerushy! never see nuthin' s' joemightful cur'us 'n all my born days-never." He stopped a breath, and then added:

"Could n't be nuthin' cur'user 'n thet." TO BE CONTINUED.

He Treated the Cat.

"It isn't often that I get out of pa tience," said a physician, who has, in point of fact, a hair-trigger temper. though he doesn't suspect it, according

to the Washington Post, "but yesterday I was tried beyond enduranceworried by the senseless talk of women, who make a fad of being invalids, word in hand. Near by the squad of and worried still worse over the case British, now surrounded, were giving of a woman who has been smiling at up their arms. They had backed to death for months. Just as my office hours were over a lady-a stranger to me- insisted on seeing me. She was young and elegantly dressed, but she carried a covered basket on her arm. "'I want you to see Toby; he ha

such a wretched cough.' Here she opened the basket and tool out an ordinary black and white cat. "'I took off his collar to have it mended and I'm afraid he took cold. poor dear! Can't you help him?'

"I was mad all through. "'I'm not a cat doctor, madam.' said, I was going to ask her why, in heaven's sake, she didn't find something better to take up her time than cat, but she evidently didn't see I was out of patience.

"'But couldn't you do something for him?' she went on. 'We're so fond of him. He was our little girl's pet-the very last thing she ever spoke about. "Yes, I did! I treated that cat, and, I'm proud to say I cured him."

37 In unions and onions there

on better mac iery and clean and compress cotton; the world is anxious to fill the south's fields with labor that its production may be world's constantly growing demands. Ever since cotton became the greatest power in commerce, European coun-

supply sufficient to make them independent of our southern states. For three-quarters of a century this agitation has been carried on, and as far back as 1840 a large number of expert southern cotton growers were employed by English companies organized for the purpose of developing cotton interests in India and other British possessions. In that year eight men were engaged in Natchez alone for this

purpose. Cotton and the Civil War.

Later on, when the civil war cut short the cotton supply, bringing about creat disaster alike to the spinners and operatives of Lancashire-cotton being so scarce that it sold at one time for one dollar and ninety cents a pound in New York-the most vigorous efforts were made by English people, as is at stake. vell as by the government itself, to

levelop cotton cultivation in Egypt. 'ndia and elsewhere. But the south till maintains a practical monopoly of the world's cotton production. Climtic conditions, soil, labor and other advantages combine to insure the permanency of its control of this indus-

The buyer is always a "bear," and eeks to depress the price of what he compelled to purchase. Foreign pinners, and to a considerable extent he spinners of New England, have had no interest in the south other than to get their cotton at the lowest possible

An Example of Increase. cost. Naturally, they have been even The industrial development of the more pronounced in their bear tendensouth has increased to such an extent cies than buyers in general, where there is more reciprocity of interest. that this section now has sixty thou-Hence for some years the combined influence and wealth of the cotton tranufacturers of the world have been used to beat down the price of cotton. hundred and fifty-seven million dol-The propaganda looking to the growing of cotton in other countries is prohably more largely a bear movement to railroad hands that the shortage in depress prices than a serious attempt cotton labor can only be overcome by to make a commercial success of cot-

ton growing elsewhere. The discouragement and desponden-

cy which existed among southern coton a limited scale. ton growers from 1891 until about three years ago was a great barrier to immigration to the south, either of western farmers or of foreigners, since immigration seeks the home of prosperity and not of poverty. With an increasing demand for laborers in indus-

cotton picking machine. trial enterprises and railroad work, the supply on farms has steadily grown smaller, and the former poverty of the growers, largely produced by the cotton mills of the world themselves, was responsible for preventing an influx of other laborers.

precedented length, which extended cerned, lies in the circumstance that The financial editor of the New York from New England through Pennsyl- the new army rifle is not only shorter Sun recently, in discussing the influvania to the far south, created the than that of other countries, but is fitence of the mills upon prices, said: most favorable season of which there ted with a short rod bayonet. In ac-For years spinners or their agents have had the whip-hand of the south- is any record for the opening of the tual reach there is a difference against cotton boll and its picking. The aver- the American weapon of from 7.45 ern cotton planters, and have been age yield of cotton as it is picked is inches to 1 foot 5.8 inches, the latter enabled to keep cotton prices exceedabout thirty-three to thirty-five per comparison being with the French

ingly low. For years Liverpool buyers made practically what price for cot- cent of lint cotton, and the balance army rifle and bayonet.

The financial difference between low prices and good prices is indicated in sands of cotton manufacturers in New the fact that the crop of 1898-99, of England, in England and on the conmore than 11,200,000 bales, the largest nent of Europe. They fully understand ever produced, except that of 1904-05, that it will be a far easier proposition was worth, including seed, \$325,000,000 to increase the south's production by to the growers, while last year's crop increasing its lab r supply, than it will of about 10.000,000 bales yielded to the be to develop cot on growing in Afrigrowers \$660,000,000, a difference of ca or elsewhere,

If they will tu a their attention to Can the cotton crop of the south be this line of work with energy equal to materially increased? Several causes that which they have for years given are operating against the possibility of to beating down the price of cotton, an early increase; the boil weevil, the regardless of the improvement of the greatest danger which has menaced the producer, and will devote to it onecotton industry, the deterioration of tenth of the discussion which they are seed by reason of the best seed having giving to the uneconomic attempt to been sold by the tenants and poorer grow cotton elsewhere, in competition with the south, their difficulties will farmers to the oil mills, the deteriorasoon vanish, provided they recognize tion of soil under the tenantry system, and the lack of labor. These are all that unless cotton brings a fair profit to the grower, they must suffer from factors which cannot be ignored.

The boll weevil is a problem for a supply unequal to their demands. There is ample territory for the exwhich there is as yet no solution. We tension of cotton growing in the south. can only hope for its destruction upon Millions of acres of good land can be the ground that in this advanced age science will prove equal to meeting had at reasonable prices. But a small part of the possible cotton growing the ravages of an insect when an inarea of the south has yet been put to terest of such tremendous importance cultivation. Moreover, there are about

fifteen million acres of the richest cot-It is the consensus of opinion of the best authorities of the south that there ton land in the world, which could be has been a marked deterioration in reclaimed by the expenditure of about seed, thus lessening the vitality of the twenty million dollars by the national plants, and lessening their ability to government in leveeing the Mississippi meet unfavorable weather conditions river. The fifteen million acres which which a strong and virile plant would would thus be saved from overflow overcome. This can be remedied, but could alone produce almost as much it will take several years to do it. It cotton as the entire south yields to-

may take the most active co-operation day. But even without this and without of the national government through adding new area, better cultivation the agricultural department, but whether it involves the expenditure of and more thorough fertilization will one million or fifty million dollars is enable the south-once free from the menace of the boll- weevil---to produce immaterial in view of its importance. a much larger crop on the acreage now

cultivated. Given fairly profitable prices, that section which during the last century created the greatest and most far-reaching industry of which thousand in 1880, and one billion two vested in manufacturing against two been accumulating experience, which has ample transportation facilities by demand upon the fields for factory and rall and water, will'easily be able to meet the utmost needs of the world for cotton.

at The recent suspension of the isprices sufficiently high to tempt men back from industrial employment to sue of the new Springfield rifle to the the farm. This is not probable except United States army is being interpreted in some military quarters as indi-

The only other way in which this cating that the experiences gained in need for labor can be permanently met the war in Manchuria show that the is by the incoming of hundreds of bayonet is not the useless anachronism thousands of farmers and farm labor- it has been thought to be, says the ers from other sections or from abroad Philadelphia Ledger. Official and unor by the invention of a successful official reports tell of repeated encounters between Japanese and Russians in

was due to exceptional causes which showing that the long range of modmay never occur again. During the ern weapons has not changed the conearly growing season unusually favor- ditions of warfare so radically as had able weather gave the plant a good been supposed. The significance of start, while later on a drought of un- these facts, so far as America is con-

The abnormally large yield of 1904 which the fighting was with cold steel,