

ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE MINORITY

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

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CHAPTER XXX.

"There, I've told you all the useless things I've done up town to-day, now tell me all the worth-while things you've accomplished down town, Mr. Vice President."

Leslie perched herself on the arm of her father's chair in the library, and held out a lighted match for his after-dinner cigar.

"The only thing—thank you, lass—the only thing I did down town that was worth while," he answered between puffs, "was to come up town, Thersie, an Irish answer for you."

"With a strong flavor of blarney in it."

"By the way, speaking of Irishmen, I was given an invitation to-day for a private musicale of Irish folk-songs."

"Go on, sir. Tell me the rest of the news," she commanded.

"I don't think there's anything else to tell. Yes, there is," he added, as Perkins handed him a bunch of papers; "here's an announcement of the Granville Phelps marriage, and a card for the opening day at the Water Color exhibition—and—March 15, that's the date for the concert—By the way, Leslie, before I forget it, just sign this, please."

"The girl glanced at the paper with evident surprise. Then she slipped from the arm of the chair, and sitting down at the library table, turned up the lamp and read the document through carefully."

"Well!" he asked good-naturedly. But Miss Harlan's face suddenly assumed an earnest, serious expression.

"You've always told me, dear, never to sign anything ignorantly, and I don't quite understand this. You say these shares really belong to me?"

"Um—yes."

"Don't they absolutely?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, every stockholder should know what he's doing, shouldn't he?"

"Yes, theoretically."

"Then why won't you tell me for whom I'm voting?"

"Because it isn't necessary, Leslie—because you ought to trust me. Really, you're quite amazing."

"I'm sorry, but I've been intending to speak about this for some time, I've heard so much about this company, and—"

"From Kennard, I suppose?"

"The words were snapp'd out angrily, and the moment they were uttered Mr. Harlan would have gladly recalled them."

"Not one word from him," she answered calmly, "but a great deal of blarney—more of what he's done. I don't know what your position or power is in this company, dear, but I've wanted to ask you about it for a long time. You remember you told me about Mr. Kennard, and afterwards I went to see his factory; so, of course, I know how successful he was and how interested in the employees. And now every one says he resigned from this new company because the stockholders' wages were cut, and not at all as the newspapers say. Don't you approve of his management?"

"I don't propose to discuss the matter with you any further at this time, Leslie."

"Why not, dear? It's not merely curiosity. You've always said I was fathered and they man—"

"Because I—well—I don't approve of your general attitude of distrust and criticism."

"But those few words told Leslie he had, and by the time the flush faded from her cheeks a new resolution had come to her."

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Miscellaneous Reading.

TILLMAN AND TALBERT.

There was Talk of a Personal Encounter at Edgfield. Reported by August Kohn. Decided interest centered in the liquor meeting at Edgfield last Saturday.

The incident of the meeting was the apparent resentment of Col. Talbert over a remark of Senator Tillman. Col. Talbert was mad all over and wanted to know whether Senator Tillman wished to make a personal matter of the incident, while Senator Tillman was amused and passed it off laughingly.

"DAD, DEAR, I'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT THE COMPANY." Miss Harlan, most inconsiderately, burst into tears. Meanwhile the artist of Newspaper was further enlightening his silent, apathetic audience as to the Milling Companies' assignment, by elaborately printing, in generous capitals, "RUMORS OF INSIDE WRECKING."

Feats of People Who Have Gone Without Food for Months. How long is it possible for man to maintain life without food of any description, liquid or solid? At the moment of writing a Vienna champion faster is trying the experiment for three weeks; but this period falls far short of existing records that the feat scarcely reaches the dignity of a fast.

At the Aquarium two "hunger artists," Signor Succi and M. Alexandre Jacques, some years ago tried for preference for forty-two days; and in the 60's a man named Merlati maintained health and spirits for fifty days on a Spartan diet limited to sips of water.

But even such feats as these are mere paces between meals compared with some of the feats of contemporary French ghouls. One of the most famous of these was a young French girl, who, in 1755, swallowed nothing at all more sustaining than water. Remarkable to say, after nearly four years of this starvation diet she gradually recovered her health and lived long in the land.

At the present time, a remarkable feat of endurance was performed by a young man named W. W. W. who, in 1871, fasted for thirty-two days on a diet of bread and glass of water, and yet maintained his health and vigor throughout the entire period.

WOMAN IN THE CASE.

Mrs. Burch Said to Know About Cotton Scandal.

The most sensational development up to the present time in the cotton leak case was sprung last Thursday in Washington. It was a patch, when it was discovered that neither Holmes nor Hyde were in reach of the United States district attorney's subpoena, for their presence before the investigating committee, and also that Mrs. Bertha Burch, the alleged confidant of Hyde, and the woman who has figured prominently before the public since the investigation began had handed in her resignation as a clerk.

While it has been expected that the two men, parties to the leak scandal, would lose no time in leaving the city, possibly for the benefit of their health, if for no other reason, there was, nevertheless, a genuine surprise when Mrs. Burch made it known today that she no longer desired to be connected with the department of agriculture in the capacity of stenographic and statistical clerk.

The way Mrs. Burch has risen from the ranks reads like a romance, and from the time she entered the department of agriculture, in 1897 as a laborer at \$40 per year she has by some unknown power been able to outstrip all her competitors and yesterday when she resigned she was drawing \$1,500 per annum. There are many women, it is said, in the department as capable as Mrs. Burch, and it is singular that she has been able to rise so rapidly time after time, and that she has been forced to plod along beaten paths from year to year with scant if any promotion. It has been declared by many employees that Mrs. Burch had unusual influence with Mr. Hyde, and that so far as the affairs of the bureau were concerned, she was known as "the power behind the throne."

While this arrest was being made, Cash and a friend, Henry E. McGraw, went to the house and a few minutes later McGraw came out and started away, but on account of the peculiar bagginess of his clothes Constable Jenkins stopped him and found five or six pints on his person.

The corrected warrant came and a search was made of the premises, resulting in the finding of a total of 33 pints of whisky.

Cash's preliminary was held and he was put under bond to appear in Yorkville at the court of general sessions. McGraw's case resulted in a mistrial and he asked for a change of venue to Magistrate Glenn's court. This was denied and resulted in another mistrial. Wednesday the case was again tried and Cash declared him "not guilty."

At Cash's preliminary P. A. Workman, upon whose place Cash lived, and who had been present when Cash's house was searched, made a demand upon Constable Jenkins for a return of 20 pints of the whisky, claiming that it was his and that he had it in a jug in the house.

ROCK HILL TIGERS.

They Manage to Lead a Lively Chase For the Authorities.

About the last week in June, says the Rock Hill correspondent of The News and Courier, a whisky seizure was made in the suburbs of the city, from which have resulted several trials and mistrials. These have been of great interest in this community and upon them have been many discussions and comments.

State Constable J. H. B. Jenkins, armed with a warrant to search the premises of S. Miller Cash, went to the house and a few minutes later McGraw came out and started away, but on account of the peculiar bagginess of his clothes Constable Jenkins stopped him and found five or six pints on his person.

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FIRST MAN KILLED.

Henry L. Wyatt, of the First North Carolina Regiment.

The very first life lost in the final direct struggle over Secession was that of the Federal side at Fort Sumter, in an accidental explosion, after the fort had surrendered, April 13, 1861. But the first Confederate to be killed in line of battle was Private Henry Lawson Wyatt, a soldier in Company A, First North Carolina Regiment, in the battle of Big Bethel, on August 20, 1861, near Yorktown, Va.

The conflict at Big Bethel was the first land battle of the war. Though on a minor scale, it was a victory for the southern army. The Confederate troops engaged belonged to the command of General John B. Magruder, the infantry force being chiefly from the First North Carolina Regiment, under immediate command of Colonel D. H. Hill, who was afterwards a lieutenant general in the Confederate service. Wyatt, the latter was universally regarded as the hero of the battle. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was James H. Lane, both of whom subsequently rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Confederate army. The regiment passed into history as "The Bethel Regiment" of North Carolina.

The Federal troops engaged in the action were under the immediate command of General B. F. Butler. Henry Wyatt, a native of Virginia, born in Richmond February 13, 1842, a son of Isham and Lucinda Wyatt, the latter of whom had but recently died. Henry had learned the carpenter's trade and was working in the city of Yorkville when he broke out—his father having moved from Virginia to Pitt county, N. C., in 1857.

Wyatt was one of the very first men to enlist as a soldier for the southern cause when the Government called for volunteers in April, 1861, after the Lincoln proclamation declaring war against the Southern States. He was assigned to the 1st North Carolina Regiment, under command of Captain John L. Bridges. Fifty days after he was mustered in as a private, the regiment was ordered to the field when Henry Wyatt fell in battle at the age of 20. He was buried near the foot of the Cornwallis monument, Yorktown, Va.

Young Wyatt lost his life under circumstances of great gallantry and heroism. In the beginning of the battle in which he fell the sharpshooters of the enemy occupied a house between the two opposing lines of attack. A call was made for volunteers to advance across the intervening distance, through the open yard, and fire the building. Corporal George W. Williams, Private Henry Lawson Wyatt, John H. Thayer, Thomas Fallon, and Robert H. Bradley responded to the call and attempted to perform the duty. They had proceeded to the front when Wyatt fell with a bullet in his brain in a volley fired from the building. His body remained until they could with safety rejoin the rest of the regiment through the entire war and are yet living.

Very soon after the cannonading of the house began Major Winthrop, a gallant and noble son of Connecticut endeavored to lead his men into the action. He was shot in the head, and waving his sword above his head, the North Carolinians fired a volley at him and he fell dead. It is believed, was the first victim among the Federal officers in the war. His native state has long ago well forgotten his name.

The state of North Carolina has at last determined to treasure in perpetuity the memory of the gallant and noble Wyatt. Through the efforts of J. C. Birdsong, State Librarian, and other patriotic citizens, a monument was erected, and at the session of the Legislature of 1891 the Librarian secured a portrait made from the only existing picture of the young man, and a handsome oil portrait made from the same body retained in the North Carolina State Library. Persons who had known the living Wyatt, and who had seen him in the spirit of the daring, generous soul and fixed his eyes upon the gleam of the dark, lustrous eyes that gazed out upon the speaking canvas—Richmond Dispatch.

AMERICAN COTTON INDUSTRY.

This Country Has Reached the Position of a Leader.

The United States record-breaking crop of 12,129,000 bales in 1904 will serve to place this country in the lead in the production of cotton and the social and economic factor in the world's development and to show the importance of the cotton industry in the American economy. Congress in 1793 passed a duty of 3 cents a pound on cotton, never dreaming that it would one day become the most important of the country's exports. When, in 1794, John Jay was in England to frame the treaty under which the cotton gin was given its first real start, he did not know that cotton was exported from this country or ever would be exported. Cotton produced by the United States in 1860 had grown to 4,800,000 in 1896. In the world's history when it played its part in cotton had become king among United States products by that time. The year 1898 saw a total of 10,000,000 bales produced, passed for the first time. It was never passed afterwards, except in 1899, till 1904, when the output was 12,129,000 bales, or the first year in which the value did not pass beyond that mark. In each year, however, it ranked all the other products of the soil in the amount of money which it brought the grower, except corn.