

**SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION**

**How the Spirit of Liberty Was Kept Alive By an Unconquerable People.**

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From the Yorkville Enquirer of 1876.

INSTALLMENT XXXIII.  
Retreat of General Greene.

We left Earl Cornwallis at Ramo's mill in Lincoln county, N. C., and General Morgan on the east side of the Catawba—nearly opposite the camp of the British chieftain.

On the evening, after the battle of Cowpens, Morgan commenced his retreat, and on the morning of the next day at 8 o'clock, Cornwallis set out in pursuit. For ten days both armies toiled—with all their energies. The Americans struggled that they might escape; and the British hastened the pursuit that the prisoners captured at Cowpens might be rescued, and their captors captured, or cut to pieces.

It was the dead of winter. There were few roads and the country through which the armies passed was hilly—in some places mountainous—and the weather very bad. The consequence was that the progress of both armies was slow. The distance traversed by each was nearly equal. On the 28th of January, Morgan crossed the Catawba at Island Ford. Two hours after his rear guard had reached the eastern bank, the van guard of the British, under Brigadier General O'Hara, appeared in sight. Morgan and his men were safe. The sun was setting. Dark and ominous clouds covered the face of the sky. The British general concluded to spend the night on the western bank of the river, cross early the next morning, rout the forces of Morgan and rescue the prisoners who had been taken.

During the night the rain fell in torrents and by daylight the waters of the Catawba had interposed an insurmountable barrier between the pursued and the pursuer. Thus for 48 hours the waters of the river continued to leap over their banks, holding the British earl completely in abeyance. The rains continued to fall and the British were thoroughly drenched. They were forced to fall back and the natives were fired in order to dry their wet baggage.

When his son Jacob was about four years old, the elder Forney died. At the age of fourteen, young Forney, now an orphan left Alsace and went to Amsterdam. Here he heard glowing accounts of the New World. The tale which he heard of the sufferings of his fathers fired his soul with hatred for tyrants, and a love of liberty, both political and religious. In the first ship bound for America he took refuge, and in due time landed on the shore of the New World and took up his temporary abode in Pennsylvania.

A few years afterwards he returned to Germany in order to get possession of a small legacy which had fallen to him. His business arranged, young Forney set out again for America, on a vessel on which he embarked a number of emigrants from Berne in Switzerland. Amongst these was a beautiful girl by the name of Maria Berger. Between Jacob Forney and Maria Berger an acquaintance was formed. This acquaintance was in due time, matured into love. On arriving in Pennsylvania they were married and in 1754 came to Lincoln county, N. C.

Job Forney was in his day a pillar in his community. The Cherokee Indians feared him and his neighborhood depended upon him to defend them in every emergency. So frequently had he been shot at by the Indians and so often had his clothing been pierced by bullets without being wounded, that his neighbors really believed that he was a bullet-proof man. On one occasion, it is reported that after coming out of a fight with the Indians, he unbuttoned the bosom of his coat and "near a peck of bullets fell out."

When Cornwallis was in pursuit of Morgan and found that he could not cross the Catawba, on account of its being swollen by the recent rains, he came back to Jacob Forney's. A Tory by the name of Deck informed the British earl of the condition of Jacob Forney. His house was about two miles from the main road and no doubt was the best one in the whole community at that time. Everything we may suppose was in abundance. The house consisted of two stories and a cellar. Cornwallis made the upper story his headquarters. Here he deposited his "three days' stay"—his plans for future operations. Forney's hogs, cows, chickens, corn, fodder and everything which either man or horse could eat, was appropriated without stint. This did not satisfy the invading foe. Deck had informed them that Forney had a large sum of money hidden somewhere on the premises. This was true at least in part. He had a sum of money which at that day and in that community was thought to be very large. The legacy which he had received in Germany had been saved. Some of the identical coin which he had brought with him to America, was still in his possession. Diligent search was made for this money.

Up to this time, Jacob Forney making it a virtue of necessity, had remained quiet in the cellar. He was now an old man and being found unarmed, the British did not disturb him, further than to drive him into the cellar. So soon however, as he learned that his money was found and hopelessly in the hands of the enemies of his country, he lost all control of himself and seizing his gun, threatened to kill Cornwallis. This he would have done had it not been for the prudence of his wife. He had actually begun to ascend the stairs leading to the room occupied by Cornwallis. His wife pulled him down and through her persuasion he was induced to desist from his bold but dangerous undertaking.

Deck, the Tory who acted as guide and informer for the British earl, was a near neighbor to Forney. By some means it was found out as soon as the British left, the part Deck had acted. He and Forney had been on intimate terms, but Forney determined that he should be treated only as an enemy in the future. A messenger was sent by Forney to tell him that if he did not leave the county immediately he would shoot him on first sight. Deck knew that Forney meant all that he said. Still for some reason he did not see fit to leave the neighborhood at once. It was ascertained that he was concealing himself in the woods. Forney armed himself and went in pursuit of the traitor.

Immediately after the victory at the Cowpens, General Morgan sent a courier to General Greene, then encamped on Hicks' creek, in the present county of Chesterfield, South Carolina. On the 28th of January, Greene accompanied by one aid and two or three cavalrymen, set out to join Morgan. The army was left in command of General Huger of South Carolina and Colonel O. H. Williams of Maryland. On the way he learned that Cornwallis was in hot pursuit of Morgan. He at once dispatched to Huger and Williams to break up their camp and march with all possible speed to join Morgan at Charlotte or Salisbury. On the 31st of January, Greene reached Sherrard's ford on the Catawba. The distance between Hicks' creek and Sherrard's ford is about one hundred and fifty miles. So soon as Greene arrived at the headquarters of Morgan, the two officers held a conference respecting the future movements of the army. What Morgan's plans were they were unable to say certainly, but they were different from those proposed and put into execution by General Greene. The result was, Morgan submitted under protest, that in no way would he be accountable for the final results of the plan proposed by his superior. To this Greene replied that he and not Morgan was accountable for whatever might be the consequences of the future movements of the army. It is very probable that Morgan never forgot this disagreement, which took place between him and Greene. A short time before the battle of Guilford he left the army and never again rejoined it. Green on the contrary continued to cherish during life the highest regard for Morgan, both as a man and an officer. The probability is that Morgan proposed to file to the left and lead his troops to the mountains. This in North Carolina, Greene on the contrary was anxious to unite his forces so that they could not be attacked and cut off in detachments. Another object he had in view was to protect Speedwell's Iron Works, on Troublesome creek, North Carolina. After the destruction of Hill's works on Allison creek in York county, South Carolina, no other works of the kind of any consequence, remained in the south.

If we are correct in this supposition, the superior generalship of Greene over that of Morgan is manifest. In no other way than that chosen by Greene could the American forces have been made effective. Had Morgan attempted to retreat beyond the mountains, the probability is that he would have lost all his prisoners he had captured during his retreat. This in fact would have been bad, but the depressing effect which such an event would have had upon the minds of the Whigs, both in North and South Carolina, would have been a great deal worse. With great promptness, Greene made arrangements for the future movements of the army. Word was sent to Huger and Williams to lead the forces under their command to Guilford, and not to Salisbury or Charlotte as they had been previously instructed. The prisoners had been put in charge of General Stevens to be conducted to Charlottesville, Virginia. Here again we have an example of the military power of General Greene. The time of the Virginia militia, which Stevens commanded, would soon expire. This made it eminently wise to select them as a guard to conduct the prisoners to a point at which they would be out of the reach of Cornwallis. The main body of the army under Morgan was ordered to advance in the direction of Guilford. The North Carolina militia under the command of General Davidson were stationed at the forks of the river to impede the progress of the British in crossing. This done, General Greene set out for Salisbury. Had this noble chieftain never done anything else, the planning of this retreat, in so short a time, would have placed him in the rank of the greatest military heroes of his day. It shows his mind acted promptly and clearly.

Whist the American general was devising plans by which he might unite his forces and protect his country, the British general was equally busy in devising schemes by which he might advance the interest of his royal master. The rains had ceased and the Catawba which separated the two armies, was falling as rapidly as it had risen a few days before. On the evening of the last day of January, the very day that Greene reached the camp of Morgan, Earl Cornwallis ordered his troops to be ready to march at one o'clock the next morning. It was thought, by the British earl, that General Davidson with the Mecklenburg and Rowan militias was stationed at Beattie's ford. Colonel Webster was ordered to take the thirty-third regiment, the second battalion of the seventy-first regiment, Hamilton's corps of loyalists and Yagers, the six pounders and all the wagons belonging to the army, and march directly to Beattie's ford. He was ordered to fire his cannon and do everything in his power to draw the attention of the Americans to him. At one in the morning, Cornwallis with the main body of his forces set out for Cowan's or McCowan's ford, six miles below Beattie's. This was a private ford, and Cornwallis supposed that the American officers would overlook it. The night was dark and the roads narrow and muddy. One of the three pounders overset in a swamp. This produced in the darkness no small confusion. The line of march was broken, the men became scattered, and the gunners in assisting to readjust the three pounder that had overset, got separated from their own guns. Just as day began to break the British reached the river. Everything was in a state of confusion. The three pounders were of no use, from the fact that the artillerymen were some at one place and others at another.

From the camp fires on the opposite side of the river, Cornwallis discovered that he had erred in supposing that the Americans would neglect to place a guard at McCowan's ford. Determined to cross, Cornwallis ordered General O'Hara to form his guards into a column and march into the river. The Catawba was considerably swollen and at this ford more than a quarter of a mile wide. The bottom of the river was rocky and the ford angling across it. The guards under O'Hara were ordered not to fire until they reached the opposite bank. In the brave guards plunged. In quick succession they were followed by their fellow soldiers. The cold water reached to their waists. Infantry and cavalry moved along slowly but steadily Davidson and his men were on the opposite side of the ford. So soon as the American sentinel discovered the approach of the British, he fired his gun. This aroused the camp of Davidson, which was distant some half a mile. The men in Davidson's command were concealed among the brushwork of the forest, opposite the ford. Captain, afterwards General Joseph Graham, commanded a company in General Davidson's corps of militia. These were the first to cross the bank of the river and to fire upon the enemy. The moment Captain Graham's men commenced firing on the advancing British, the guide who was a Tory, fled. This was attended with no little confusion, both to the British and Americans. The British guards, under O'Hara at this moment were near the middle of the stream. The ford instead of passing directly across the river, turned at the point at which the British had arrived, considerably down the river. Colonel Hall, who was leading the British van, not knowing this and deserted by his Tory guide led the troops straight across. This frustrated the plans of the Americans. They were forced to make a quick movement to the right and form in the new. The change was made as quickly as possible, and the troops under Davidson being militia, it was not effected until the van of the British under Colonel Hall had nearly reached the bank. In the crossing of the river, the British marched in platoons, that they might support each other against the current of the swollen waters.

Although the British were not prevented from crossing, still it cost them very considerably. Colonel Hall was killed just as he ascended the bank. The horse on which Cornwallis rode was shot while in the river and fell, plunging his rider in the stream and died as soon as he had carried his master across the river. Three privates were killed and thirty-six wounded. The American loss was trifling, as numbers and several of the fact that the brave and promising General Davidson was killed. He was shot by a Tory while changing the position of his troops. So soon as the main body of the British succeeded in crossing the river, the North Carolina militia, in obedience to the command of the officers, fled to the woods. The body of General Davidson was found in the woods near the river. It was stripped of every garment. Captain Wilson took it up before him on his horse and buried it in Hopewell graveyard. The congress of the United States voted a monument to this noble man; but no monument has been erected. His memory, however, is perpetuated by the college in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, which bears his name. A county in the "Old North" state was also named in honor of his name. And more than all this, his name will be cherished until men forget to love liberty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**WILD BEASTS IN CALIFORNIA.**  
Dynamiters Drive Them From Mountains to Settlements in Valleys.

Wild beasts—California lions, wildcats, lynx, etc.—are very numerous in the vicinity of French creek and in fact, all along the ridge, says the Sacramento Bee. These animals are supposed to have been driven out of their nearly inaccessible haunts, where they have been practically undisturbed for years past, by the invasion of the thousands of railroad men and the noise of the continued explosion of hundreds of tons of dynamite.

Recently a laborer started for a surveyor's camp about a mile from French creek with a sack of fresh beef. Before going far he found he was being followed by a lion, which kept barely a hundred yards behind him. He dared not run although tempted to do so, for he felt sure he would then be attacked. He thought of throwing the meat away, but he reasoned if he did so the animal would devour almost instantly and, emboldened by the taste of fresh blood, would surely attack him and he would be utterly helpless, as he was unarmed.

Nearly dead with fright he managed to reach camp, and in the dusk the starting eyes of the beast were plainly seen peering from the underbrush. The lion is naturally cowardly, but will readily attack a man when hungry.

**Miscellaneous Reading.**

**IN COUNTIES ADJOINING.**

**News and Comment Clipped From Neighboring Exchanges.**

**CHESTER.**

Lantern, September 18: Miss Mary Edwards went to Yorkville yesterday morning. . . . Mrs. R. B. Bigham and son John White of R. F. D. No. 1, went to Yorkville Friday afternoon to visit her sister, Mrs. John J. Jones, and other relatives near there. Mr. W. S. Dunbar and family left in the morning by private conveyance for the same place to spend two days. . . . The following young people leave today for college: Miss Jennie Oates, Janie Ford, Edna McCullough, and Willie Waters; to Winthrop: Miss Lucile Crosby to Limestone; Miss Heath Johnston to Agnes Scott, Decatur, Ga.; Messrs. Carter Hardin of Capers Chapel, Porter Anderson of Richburg, Julian Leckie and James Glenn of this city, to Wolford. . . . Mrs. Ada Thomasson and little daughter, Harriet of Yorkville, left for home yesterday via the depot. . . . Mrs. L. J. Jackson, of Culp street. . . . Mrs. Lotie Culp, who has been teaching the summer school at Heath, S. C., closed her school Thursday and passed through Saturday morning on her way to her home at Rock Hill. . . . Saturday afternoon Mr. John W. Jeffers of Feasterville, had started out home when about six miles from home, he was frightened and threw him. He remounted, however, and went on to Mr. S. P. Wright's, about four miles, when he became dizzy and sick. This partially passed off but returned. Dr. S. P. Pryor, who happened to be in the neighborhood, was called in and saw that he was in a serious condition, though his friends were not prepared to believe it. Before morning he died. The next morning, Mr. Jeffers graduated at Clemson a few years ago and was about thirty years old. He had taught for several years and was open school at Halesville yesterday, we believe. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. D. Wells at the late home of the deceased yesterday afternoon, and the remains were buried in the Coleman graveyard.

**GASTON.**  
Gaston Gazette, September 18: At the ripe old age of seventy-five years and six months, Mrs. Edward Jennings passed peacefully away about 1 o'clock last Tuesday afternoon. She leaves her aged husband and four sons and daughters to mourn her death. Her daughters are Mrs. William Smith, and Mrs. Charley Hoffman; the sons are Messrs. W. E. Jenkins of Gastonia, and Nathan Jenkins of Bogalusa. Before marriage, Mrs. Jennings was married Elizabeth Prather. She was born the 6th of March, 1831. She joined Long Creek Baptist church in 1858, after being baptized by Rev. R. B. Jones. She was a good woman, of many neighborly qualities, and was greatly devoted to her home and her church, and will be sorely missed by all who knew and loved her. At Long Creek church at noon last Wednesday her body was consigned to the tomb, after solemn funeral services conducted by Rev. J. A. Hoyle. . . . Dr. J. C. Galloway, who has just returned from Due West, says the colleges there are having one of the finest openings in all their history, and it is no easy matter to find the necessary funds to support them. Contributions to the student body are Misses Maggie and Mary Whitesides, Essie Wilson, Ellen Moore Reid, Mary Query, Kathleen Boyce, and Messrs. Hope Falls and John Pearson, the latter being a seminary student. . . . Miss Cora Clark has accepted a position at the Little-Lion company, where she will be performing, on by the name of "The Girl of Mystery." . . . The dry kiln of Messrs. Pursey and Ferguson on R. F. D. route No. 1, about three miles west of Bowling Green, was destroyed by fire just before daylight Sunday morning. On account of the wind the fire was extinguished Saturday evening, and as late as midnight no fire was seen about the kiln. It contained three or four thousand feet of lumber, including neighborhood woods. . . . Will Weaver, wanted for assault on Mr. J. R. Faysoux and his son at the merry-go-round, and the last one of the three assailants still at large, was caught Sunday afternoon by Sheriff J. K. Cline at Lincolnton. Weaver was in hiding in a shack pen on the premises of a man by the name of Combs, who was wanted for the same offense, and about half a mile from the home of Weaver's mother. Sheriff Cline brought him from Lincolnton to Gastonia yesterday morning. He was tried yesterday afternoon; in default of \$500 bond he was placed in jail at Dallas. Mr. Faysoux's condition is somewhat improved, though he is not yet out of danger.

**A MAN OF DISTINCTION.**  
Severe Test to Prove Efficiency of Mail Service.

When is a man distinguished? What is the test? The question was under discussion not long ago at the Players' Club, New York, and Prof. Brander Matthews ventured that it is only a man's stamped envelope with only a man's name on it and no further address would be delivered to wherever he happened to be. "That seems a pretty severe test," said Francis Wilson, the actor. "Now, I should call Mark Twain a distinguished man, but his traveling companion, where in Europe, and although I'm a good friend of his, I do not know how to address him. I don't believe such a letter would reach him. It would go to the dead letter office." "Well, you don't know him any better than I do," replied Professor Matthews, "and I don't know where he is, either; but I believe that a letter addressed to 'Mark Twain, 'None Knows Where,' would reach Clements, and bring an answer."

The comedian was delighted at the notion, and going to a writing-table, he addressed an envelope in accordance with Professor Matthews' suggestion. A five cents stamp was affixed, and the envelope was put in the post office, and then between them they composed a letter explaining the nature of it, and mailed it.

**MARTIN F. ANSEL.**

**Sketch of South Carolina's Governor Elect.**

Martin F. Ansel, who will be inaugurated next January as governor of South Carolina, was born in the city of Charleston, the date being the 12th of December, 1850. He is of German descent. His father was John L. Ansel and his mother a German lady, and his English publishers, who obtained his address from his bankers, "Mark Twain, None Knows Where," received the letter in twelve days from the date of mailing, and the answer which he wrote at once, was only nine days on the return trip, Clements having refrained from trying a similar test to his correspondents—Woman's Home Companion.

**CIVIC PRIDE.**

**Some Timely Suggestions That Are Worthy of Local Consideration.**

To Editor Yorkville Enquirer: In the hope of awakening some interest along the lines as indicated by the above caption, you are respectfully requested to give this publication the benefit of a collegiate editor. There should be—and this statement is hardly to be discredited in the make-up of every good citizen and taxpayer, a certain amount of civic pride and interest in the welfare, socially and commercially, of his own home town. A city or town is just what its citizens make it—no more, no less—and is consequently a true reflection of the characteristics of its people. Just in proportion to the amount of civic pride exhibited and practiced by a city or town, in that same proportion does it receive the commendation or disapproval of its neighbors and the outside world generally. This is especially the case when it comes to the matter of outside appearances—the physical make-up and condition of streets, pavements and other municipal works. Appearance counts for a good deal to the visitor or "passer-by" the sight of clean, well-kept streets and pavements, and neat and attractive private premises, is one of the best references as to the progressiveness and wide-awake spirit of the citizens of that particular town. On the contrary, streets littered with old papers and store sweepings, empty tin cans and other trash, gutters overflowing with rubbish and rotting leaves, unsightly bill boards with glaring patent medicine advertisements, and vile and odorous back lots, leave anything but a favorable impression on the "stranger within our gates," and is often a "vexation" and a "stench in the nostrils" of the respectable citizen.

For the purpose of improvement, cleaning and beautifying, numbers of towns now have "Civic Improvement Societies," generally organized and carried on by the good women. The good results of such organizations are only limited by the amount of earnestness and determination of the members. Yorkville now has a Civic Improvement society, an organization long needed, and one worthy of civic support of every citizen—man, woman and child. It is a deplorable, yet a very evident fact—that Yorkville is far from being a model for clean streets and pavements, sanitary drains and back lots. Her main street is the dumping ground of all sorts of rubbish, dirt papers and other refuse, an occasion, besides, for the building refuse, etc., and this with the addition of rotting leaves and trash so clogs the gutters and drains that they are unable to carry off the water when it rains; this floods the streets, and with the accumulated dirt of the ages in the roadway, produces at times an odoriferous exhalation that has no remedy save the water which is poured down the gutters, making the streets well-nigh "uncrossable" to pedestrians. Vacant spaces are adorned with unsightly bill boards, on which "he or she who walks may read" of the marvelous virtues of numerous patent medicines and other articles. Back lots and premises have to stand the burden of the refuse, and this is not to be permitted to plain upon the streets, and with their pools of stagnant water, are admirable germinating grounds for the frisky "Muskeeter," as well as malaria and typhoid.

I will leave it with the observant reader to determine if the above description of conditions is overdrawn or exaggerated. These conditions should be remedied as soon as possible. To get satisfactory results will require some attention by constituted authority, some work and some money. It is nothing short of foolishness to assert that Yorkville is unable, from a financial standpoint, to keep her streets clean. One man regularly employed, with the assistance every few days of a horse and cart, could keep the streets in the cleanliness of our thoroughfares. Yorkville may not be able at this time to put in a sewerage system or to lay her streets in asphalt, but she can, with some little effort, keep what she has clean and sanitary.

It is to be hoped that the Yorkville Civic Improvement society will prove a live and permanent organization, and that it will receive, as it deserves, the hearty co-operation of every citizen in its efforts to make what Nature, by her gifts to Yorkville, made possible and practicable, a beautiful and healthy little city. The responsibility, however, rests with each individual citizen; he must do his part; he must "sweep before his own door."

This article is not written for the purpose of charging anyone in particular with neglect of duty, nor in a spirit of criticism and a desire to "rile" somebody, but in the hope that it may assist in a way in bringing about a much needed reform in Yorkville—Clean streets and more civic pride. YORKVILLIAN.

**OF A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.**—A rare example of discerning gratitude is given by the late Marchioness Isabella Lucy of Pavia, who has left a legacy of \$3,000 to a local comic paper to which she had been a lifelong subscriber. Her will also directed that \$300 in addition be spent on a sumptuous banquet to which the staff of the paper should be entertained "in recognition" of the "well-textured reads" of many pleasant hours spent in perusing its humorous columns."

**SLOWEST RAILROAD ON EARTH.**

**Thirty-Seven Mile Journey in Honduras Which Took Eighteen Hours.**

The vicissitudes of a trip over the Inter-Oceanic railway are numerous and harrowing, says a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, during his letter from San Pedro Sula, Honduras, which he reached after a journey of thirty-seven miles in eighteen hours. Our leaving time was 6 o'clock, says the writer, but we didn't pull out of Puerto Cortes until 10 in the morning. The nondescript affair which they call a train down here consisted of a wood burning engine, four flat cars and a passenger coach. Our crew was composed of an engineer, a half dozen firemen, one brakeman and the conductor.

There was an extra man, but in the whole vocabulary of railroads I find no name for him. His position, however, was a commanding one, and, as subsequent events proved, a most important one. He perched himself on the front of the engine, above where the cowcatcher should be, and when (occasionally) the train was stopped from a box beside him to the rails in front. Our numerous firemen passed the wood from the cars to the engine, and at various points along the road turned into a bucket brigade and supplied water from nearby streams to the engine. The engineer was a Jamaican imbued with the same extraordinary pride for the land of his nativity and given upon occasion to declaring that he was not a native of Honduras—he was a British "object." Jerry, I fear, is something of a gay Lothario, and on his frequent trips over the road has worked sad havoc in the hearts of dusky maidens all along the line. He invariably announced our approach to a village by putting the hard pedal on the whistle, and the entire population turned out to greet us.

Jerry's strenuous musical efforts came near causing a catastrophe at one point where we encountered a very heavy grade. Just before we reached the top of the hill Jerry thoughtlessly pulled the whistle cord, and the screaming blast that followed the steam gave out and the train began to slip back. Although the cars were without brakes of any kind, the company had prepared for such emergencies by providing a mahogany log on the rear platform, to be dropped under the rear wheels. Unfortunately the rear brakeman was asleep on a fat car in front, and before he awakened the momentum of the train was so great as to render our remedy unavailing. We ran so fast and far in the next five minutes that it took us four hours to get back.

At Laguna a stop of forty minutes to replenish sand and water afforded opportunity to take note of our surroundings and our fellow passengers. The latter were mostly natives and not over clean. They were nice and sociable and fraternized with me without being coaxing. My neighbor on the right was a senora of unguessable age, with a complexion of antique oak. She took pity on my tender years and inexperience and lavished a bunch of lingo on me that drove out of my head in the first round all my carefully prepared Belize vocabulary. She was a regular Waterbury linguist. Spanish falling me in a pinch I resorted to the sign manual and wax. It followed me indecisively luxuriant and beautiful. Mile after mile we passed through archways of bending palms, gigantic in size, and through groves of corozo trees. To my mind the latter is the most perfect representation of the picturesque in tropical vegetation. Its trunk is clad in the richest and most parasitic life; its wonderful feathery leaves, often thirty or forty feet in length, bend in elegant and graceful curves under the weight of their own luxuriance or the burden of ornamental vines, while beneath all this mass of tropical richness may be seen clusters of those delicious coconuts hanging like immense cornucopias and containing two or more bushels.

For a distance we passed beside the eternal shadow of the gigantic celiba, cedar and rubber trees, between whose moss and vineclad trunks grow palm trees of every description. Nature, all giving and bountiful, is here revealed. Precious woods are so common that it is difficult to find the world of allegraph in the trees and the ties of mahogany. Emerging from the jungle, we came to the banana plantations, and here I learned that this remarkable railroad transports to the steamer 60 per cent of the bananas which enter New Orleans. Practically all of the bananas consumed west of the Ohio river are carried on the railroad to the seacoast.

**PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.**  
How Southern Cotton Association Will Maintain Prices.

The following paper outlining in detail the scheme of the Southern Cotton association for raising the capital for buying weak cotton off the market was given out for publication from the headquarters of the South Carolina division last Tuesday: "At a called meeting of the county presidents of the South Carolina division of the Southern Cotton association, held at Greenville, S. C., on the 17th, the conditions and prospects of the association were freely discussed. It was determined that the association should be organized on the basis of a ten-cent minimum, and that the state would produce sixty per cent of last year's crop. The ten-cent minimum as established by the Hot Springs convention was unanimously endorsed. The condition of the market in South Carolina was far from promising. It was generally believed that a campaign pushing the better organization of the state would result in a more thorough organization had they had full confidence in him, and of this tribute Mr. Ansel is justly proud.

Mr. Ansel first ran for governor in 1902. In the primary that year he lacked but few votes of being in the second primary with Capt. D. Clinch Heyward. The dispensary was not an issue in that campaign, but Mr. Ansel two years ago committed himself as favoring the idea of local county and district administration. A year ago he issued an address to the Democratic voters of the state in which he made public this portion of his platform.

Mr. Ansel's platform, upon which he sought the suffrages of South Carolina, was as follows: "I stand for the education of the youth of our beloved state. I would not take one cent from any of our institutions of higher education in this state, but bid them God-speed in the great work that they are doing in preparing the young men and women of our commonwealth to fit themselves for their life work. Still I stand for the advancement of the common schools of the state. It is in these schools that 90 per cent of the boys and girls of the state will receive all the schooling that they will ever get, and as most of the burdens of life will fall on this ninety per cent, we will prepare them, as best we can for the battle of life. Let us see to it that the common schools are provided with the best teachers, the best school houses and equipments and the longest terms possible.

In the second place, I advocate the making of better roads in our state, the highways that so many of our people are obliged to use to go to market, to church, to school and other places. I maintain that the general government should appropriate large sums of money for this purpose, with this and our convict labor, before many years, most of our roads should be macadamized, and what is done, the high tax that the farmer now pays in the wear and tear of his stock, his vehicles and himself, in traveling over the present bad roads would be very much lessened. I am glad to know that some of the best counties are doing good work along this line, but much remains yet to be done, and I believe that the general government should help in this great work.

In the third place, I am opposed to the system of the state dispensary. I am in favor of local county option, between county prohibition and county dispensaries. Let each county liquor should be sold in that county, or that it shall not be sold therein.

This system has been, and is now, the law in several of the states around and near us, and it is regarded with satisfaction, so far as I have been able to learn. You know that you had rather have in your

county, you should, therefore, have a right to say so, and not let other counties vote upon what your county should have. You manage your own county affairs in everything else, why not in this matter? I favor each county voting upon that question for themselves. If the vote is for liquor to be sold, then let a county dispensary be operated in that county under the restrictions now thrown around the sale of liquor with such other regulations as the legislature may deem best. Let the county board of control be so appointed, have charge of the whole matter for that county, said board to report to the judge hand that report to the grand court for that county of all its acting and doing, and then let the judge hand that report to the grand jury for their inspection and investigation, with such instructions that he may think proper. Whatever profit is made will go to the county. Let the dispensers be paid a salary and not a commission on what they sell. If the vote is for prohibition then allow no liquor to be sold in such county, and pass a stringent law providing for the punishment of all "blind tigers" and other violators of the law, and make it the duty of the county sheriffs, deputies, constables, marshals, policemen and other peace officers to see to it that the law is enforced, and all violators are brought to justice and punishment.

I would be glad if no liquor were sold as a beverage, but the conditions are such at this time, that I believe this to be the best way to deal with the question. Furthermore, I favor the enacting of all such laws as will be for the betterment of the people of the state; that will enable them to do better things for themselves and more for their neighbors, and that will advance the interests of the people of this beloved commonwealth of ours; and other violators of the law, and make it the duty of the county sheriffs, deputies, constables, marshals, policemen and other peace officers to see to it that the law is enforced, and all violators are brought to justice and punishment.

Examine this platform and if you think me worthy of your suffrage, I will promise to give to the state and her interests my best thoughts, talents and time.

Francis H. Weston, "R. M. Bryan, "W. D. Bryan, "W. E. Hyatt, "Walter Gregg, "W. J. Moore.

Russia's Grandiose Scheme.—One of the secret projects which have been openly defied the world of science in the iron trade of Russia. The secret of making Russian sheet iron is owned by the government, and when a workman enters the service, he bids a last farewell to his family and friends and whether he lives or dies all trace of him is forever lost. There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would-be traitor. In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and despite their protestations that they were unable to read, they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter. It was afterwards discovered that the guards had been paid to pass their lives within the works, and to this day the secret remains as hidden as the philosopher's stone.—Exchange.