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THE JUCKLINS.

By OPIE READ.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

The old man was waiting at the foot of the stairs. "But, we are gone over to the station right after we eat a bite," he said. "We can't take a lot of things, and we'll leave the most of them in the car. We'll get some more. Take care of that horse you were riding—he don't belong to us; we left him to a man some time ago; tell that man to go away of somewhere to see his folks. So, you just keep him till he called for; and I've left you plenty of corn out there to feed him on. You can study your books here about as well as you can in town, and I wish you'd sort of look after the things Parker will drive us over to the station." "And am I to go also?" I asked.

"No, I believe not. It's Guinea's arrangement and not mine. Let her have her own way. All women love to get their whims, the whole kit and 'billion' of 'em, and you might as well reason with a weather cock. Wait a minute before we go in. As soon as we get half way settled Guinea will write to you. I will have no idea where I'm going, but I will be away every time I meet a man that I know, and I'd bet a horse that if I was to meet a cross-eyed fellow I'd fight him. If Alf gets clear he can come to us. And you—I'm sorry you have decided to go in with Conkright, for I wanted you to come with Alf."

"I will come. Nothing shall stand in the way. Mr. Jucklin, have you noticed—"

"Yes, I've noticed everything. And I've noticed that Alf has noticed everything and it's all right with her. There never was a prouder human than Guinea, sir; the old general's pride is rain water compared to her'n. And she's got an idea in her head—I don't exactly understand it, but she's got it there and we'll have to let her keep it till she wants to throw it aside. I was over to the general's before sun up this mornin'."

"He swore that he wouldn't take the money, but I left it under a brick on the gate post and he came away. Well, everything is settled, and all I can say now is, God bless you."

We were silent at breakfast, and we dared not look at one another. A wagon came rattling through the gate, and Parker shouted that he was ready. No one had said a word, but the old man struck the table with his fist and exclaimed: "I insist on everybody's showing common sense. I don't want anybody to speak to me. I'll fight in a minute. Git in that wagon without a word. Hush, now."

I wanted to lead Guinea to the wagon, to feel again her dependence upon me, but she pretended to be looking away when I attempted to take her hand, and so she walked on alone; but I helped her into the vehicle, and I kissed her hand when she took hold of the reins. She gave me a quick look and a smile; and the wagon rattled away. I stood on the log step, watching it, and as it was slowly sinking below the hill I saw the flutter of a handkerchief.

I went up to my room and sat down, and said that I had seen her going away from me, yet happy to know that she had left her heart in my keeping. But the foolishness of this separation struck me all now, and for a time I felt toward the old man a hardness that not even a keen appreciation of his kindness and his droolery could soften. Gradually, however, the truth came to me that Alf had drawn the plan, and with my arms stretched out toward the hill-top that had slowly arisen between me and the fluttering handkerchief I foolishly thought of the old man. I did some foolish things that day. I improvised a hymn and sang it to Guinea—a hymn that, no doubt, would have been immeasurably funny to the cold-hearted and the sane, but it brought the tears to my eyes and rendered the rafters just above my head a world of lace, far away. And at these devotions I might have remained for hours had not a sharp footfall smote upon my ear. I hastened down stairs, and at the entrance of the passage stood Chyd Lindford looking at me, slowly raising his legs with a switch.

"Hello! Where are all the folks?" "They are gone, sir," I answered, stiffly bowing to him.

"Gone? I don't know that I quite catch your meaning."

"If it be illusive you have made it so. I said that they were gone, which means, of course, that they are not here."

"I understand that all right enough, but do you mean that they are not present or that they have really left home?"

"What?" He took a step forward, but he stepped back again and stood there, looking at me with the switch. "My father tells me that you are a scientist," he said.

"And you may safely accept your father's opinion of me," I answered. "But you are not striving, sir, to make that opinion good."

"A good opinion needs no bolstering up."

"This bantering is all nonsense. I've got nothing against you; I have simply asked you a civil question."

"And I hope to be as civil as you are, but out of regard for the feelings of those old people and their daughter I cannot tell you which way you went. You couldn't overtake them, any way."

"Yes, you could have tried yesterday and the day before and a week ago, when they needed your sympathy."

"He dropped his switch, but he caught it up again, and his face was red. "I might say, sir, that what I have done is that which I have failed to do is no business of yours, but I feel that there is a measure of justice in what you say, and I acknowledge that I have been wrong. That is why I am here now—to set myself right."

"In matters of business we may correct an error, Mr. Lindford; we may rub out one figure and put down another, but a mark upon the heart is likely to remain there."

"I will not attempt to bandy sentimentalities with you, sir. I am a scientist, a scientist, if you wish; and I came here to tell that girl that my breaking off the engagement—you must know all about it—was wrong. I told my father to come, for just at that time I didn't feel that as a man who looks forward to something a little more than a name I could afford to marry her. But I was wrong; any living man could afford to marry her. It was wrong, and that ought to settle it."

"And I think, sir, that it does settle it as far as you are concerned."

"Do you mean that she won't marry me? Oh, yes, she will, not out of any foolish love, but because she would be proud of my success. Well, I may not overtake her, but I will write to her. That will do as well. She will want to know how things are getting along here, and I will write to you, and when she does I wish you would show me her letter. What are you laughing at? Haven't you got any sense at all?"

"I have no, but I am not so much of a scientist that I am a fool."

"No, but you are so much of a fool that you are not a scientist, by a d—d sight."

"He had me there, and it was his time to laugh, and he did. He so tickled me, that he roared, walking up and down the passage, and he was so pleased that he held out his hand to shake upon the merit of his joke. I was not disposed to be surly and I shook hands with him, and he clapped me on the shoulder, still laughing, and declared that it was a piece of wit worthy of the dissecting-room, and that he would join his fellows with it."

"I am glad you are so much pleased. I remain, sir, your obedient servant."

"Why, don't you think it good, eh? Of course, you do. Well, it's better to put laughing, anyway."

pay so heavy a price every time I en- the sheriff and get an order from him. "Why, my dear sir, that's unnecessary. Walk right in; but remember your promise not to say anything about that name. There are a lot of vegetarians in this town, and if they hear of my eating meat they'll hold it against me. Walk in, sir."

I found Alf in high spirits. Conkright had called and had assured him that his day of liberty was not far off. I told him that the old house was deserted, and he stood smiling, looking at me dreamily, as if his mind were now bringing over me scenes of his boyhood. I let him dream, for I knew the sweetness of a meekly reverie. Sometimes the soul is impatient of the body's dogged hold on life, and steals away to view its future domain, to draw in advance upon its coming freedom—now lingering, now swifter than a hawk—and then it comes back and we say that we have been absent-minded. Alf started—his soul had returned and he wanted you surprised to see them drive toward town?"

"Who, your parents and Guinea? They didn't; they drove toward the railway station."

"But they came to town, my dear boy—were here in this jail. They must have driven round to deceive you, for they knew that you would want to come with them, and they deceived you to spare you the pain of seeing us together. And I'm glad you were spared, though I expected it. Much as I hate to see you here, but this was because she firmly believes I'll be cleared. They haven't been gone a clear while—there's a station not far from this town. Father played another trick on you. Yesterday, when he came to town to deed over the land, he left you dozing in the wagon and slipped off round here. I was surprised, for I had positively ordered him not to come. But he set me to laughing before he got in. Open that door by the order of the sheriff!" he cried at the jailer.

"Here's the order; look at it, but don't you look at me. Fight you in a minute. And then he came in, and the first thing he told me was that they had grafted on. He said that he had fought hard to keep mother from coming, at night when the rest were asleep; and I swore that she must not come, but she did. Bill, you brought me a message that sent me to heaven; and now let me ask if you know that Guinea loves you. There, don't say a word—you know it. She told me, standing where you are now—told me everything where you and a talker she is when once she is started. But you must let her have her way, and she will come to you, holding out her hands. Have you seen Millie?"

"No, not since that night. But I am going to see her."

"Then I told him that Chyd had come to the house—I reproduced the scene, and Alf's merriment rang throughout the jail. "Yes," he said, "you can go over there all right enough. The general likes you, anyway. I don't know what he thinks of me—still sizes me as a boy, I suppose; and if he were to come in here now I believe he would ask me what father was doing. But it makes no difference what he thinks. The judge tells me that you are going to study law with him. Jumped into an interesting case right at once, didn't you?"

We talked a long time and we laughed a great deal, for we were in a paradise, although in a jail. And I left him with a promise that I would soon bring him a direct word from Millie.

I found Conkright in his office, with his slippers feet on a table. He bade me come in, and he said nothing more, but sat there pressing his closed eyes, and with his thumb and fore-finger, for square a chin he had and how rugged was his face, trenched with the deep furrows of many a combat. His had been a life of turmoil and of fight. He was not born of the aristocracy. I had heard that he was the son of a Yankee clock peddler. But to success he had fought his way, over many an aristocratic failure.

"Judge, have you finally decided that you will come into my office?"

"Thought we settled that at first," he replied, without opening his eyes. "Yes, you may come in; glad to have you, and by the way, I've got some work I want you to do right now. A woman was in here today to see if I could get her husband out of the penitentiary. I don't know but I helped put him there—believe I did, I was busy when she came in, and when she left I don't remember how long she was in there, and I am afraid that I didn't speak to her as kindly as I should have. She lives at the south end of the street behind the jail, left hand side, I believe. Look in that vest hanging up there and you'll find twenty dollars in the pocket, right hand side, I think. Take the money and slip down to that woman's house and give it to her. But don't let anyone see you and don't tell her that she sent it. Might as well let the state see it as wages here, or overtime pay in by her husband. And you needn't come back this evening, for it's time to close up."

I looked back at him as I stepped out. He had not changed his position and his eyes were still closed. And this was my first work as a student of the law—a brave beginning, the agent of a noble desire. I found the lady without having to make inquiries, and a wretched but it was the woman; was shabby and two ragged children were lying on the floor. I gave her the twenty dollars—I did more, I gave her a part of the money which Perdue had given me. I explained that her husband had worked overtime and that the state, following his extra labor, had sent her the wages of his labor. She was not a very good-natured woman; she said that she had been in the penitentiary on the state and the rest of us ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having robbed her of her husband, and she declared that if she ever got money enough she would sue old Conkright and the sheriff and everybody else. I was glad enough to quit that wretched and depressing scene; and in the cool of the evening I strolled about the town. The business part of the place was mean, but further out there were handsome old residences, pillared and vine-clad. And in front of the most attractive one I halted to gaze at the trees and the shrubbery, dim in the twilight.

A boy came along and I asked him who lived there and he answered: "Judge Conkright."

"He deserves to live in even a better house," I mused, as I turned away; and just then I was clapped upon the shoulder with "Hello, my old friend!" I'll tell you before long, but now I shook hands with him, and at once he began to tell me of his affairs. "Getting along all right," he said. "Haven't got quite as much freedom as I used to have, but I reckon it's better for me. Wife thinks so much of me that she's jealous of the boys—don't want me to stay at home at night. Don't reckon there's anything more exacting than a nice dinner at home. Without any talk there ain't much real fun in this life. But enough of calf's society is about the enough enough a man can fetch up in his mind. Tell you what—I'll run on home and come back, and then you can go with me."

"No, I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

"Won't be any trouble. Simply don't want to surprise her, you know. I'll tell you before long, but now I must go to the tavern."

"All right, and if I can get off I'll come over to see you. And I'll tell you what we'll do about old Atcherson's store with a lot of telegrams and some eggs in the top of a paste-board hat box. Ever cook them that way? It's a good cat. Just break the eggs in the lid of the box and put it on the stove and there you are. Finest stuff you ever ate. But while you're eating you mustn't let that jug sturj. Couldn't eat a bite after that. Well, I leave you here."

"Fearing that the operator's 'rag' might fail in the strict enforcement of the regulations that had been thrown about the night-time movements of her husband, that he might break out of the circle of his wife's fondness and go down about the town. In some distant place where the land was dry a shower of rain had fallen, for the air was quickened with the coming of that dusty, delicious smell, that reminiscent incense which more than the perfume of flower or shrub takes us back to the lanes and the sweet loitering places of youth. Happiness will not wear a close inspection; to be flawless it must be viewed from a distance—and I must look forward to something longed for, or backward to some time remembered, and my happiness on this night was not perfect, for a sense of loneliness curled it with regret, but here and there, as I walked along, I found myself in an ecstasy—my nerves thrilled one another like crossed wires, electrified. I knew that it might be a long time before I should hear from Guinea, but I was still drunk with the newness of the feeling that she loved me.

Prayer-muttering bells were ringing, and old men and old women came out of the dark shadow of the trees, into the light that burned in front of a church—hearts that with age were slow and heavy, praying for the blessing of an Infinite Mystery. I entered the church and knelt down to pray, for I am not so advanced a thinker as the man who questions the existence of God; but I must admit that my thoughts were far away from the numbing of the mutterings of my own lips; and so I went out and sniffed the prayer of nature, the smell of rain that came from far off the dusty road."

Early the next morning I went to Conkright's office, to tell him that for a time I preferred to study in the country. The old man was walking up and down the room, with his hands behind him.

"Did you find that woman?" he asked.

"Yes, and I let no one see me."

"Good. You gave her the twenty dollars, and—is that all you gave her?"

"Why, that was all you told me to give her."

"I know, but didn't you give her some of your own money? Speak out now. So shilly-shallying with me."

"Well, she was so wretched that I gave her five dollars of my own money."

"You did, eh? The money you borrowed from me, you mean?"

"No, money that old Perdue thinks I earned. He insisted upon my taking twenty-five dollars."

"It's all right, my boy. Yes, it's all right, but you'll have to be more careful. It is noble to give, but it is not wise to look for an opportunity. It is better to give to the young than to the old, in which the sale of the liquor is not prohibited. Virginia reports a string of victories for the anti-saloon element, as prohibition now exists in 80 out of the state's 100 counties."

In Texas, where more than half the counties have accepted prohibition, the voters soon will be called upon to vote upon a constitutional amendment for prohibition. In Arkansas, two-thirds of the counties are in the same position, and the question of state-wide prohibition is presented to the voters for decision.

Florida is partly "dry" through local option, and like some of the other states, the sale of liquor principally is confined to the cities. The results of prohibition generally are gleaned from reports indicating a great decrease in the record of arrests for drunkenness, an increase in the bank deposits of laborers, fewer cases of wife abandonment and a decrease in criminality generally. The difficulty in enforcing the prohibition laws, however, is conceded to be one of the chief obstacles to its absolute success in many states, and this phase of the question, together with a falling off in revenues, is to some extent baffling to the authorities.

MAINE'S LOG HARVEST.—Maine's annual log harvest is now in progress, said Philip D. Farrell of Boston, to a Washington Post reporter. "An army of 18,000 or 20,000 men is engaged in felling spruce, pine, hemlock and cedar for the supply of the sawmills and the pulp mills in 1909."

"In the olden time the lumbermen used to wait for snow to cover the ground before attempting to haul any logs," continued Mr. Farrell, who is registered at the Raleigh, "but now the crews are sent in months before snow falls, and millions of feet of logs are yarded on bare ground. About the middle of January yarding is supposed to be finished and hauling begun."

"On the Penobscot alone this winter about 6,000 men and 1,500 horses are employed. Years ago, there was always a good supply of woodsmen, but lately the natives have been seeking other employment. The young men of this day do not care to go into logging camps, with all sorts of associates, to cut beams and swing axes all winter for \$25 to \$30 a month. Therefore, great difficulty is often experienced in getting crews."

GOLF.—Old Golf Professional—No, we'll not mak' a golfer—we've begun, we're late and ye've over-muckle pot; but it's just possible if ye practice hard, ve'll hard, for two-three cars ye might—"

Jones (expectantly)—Yes? Professional—Ye might never ken the rudiments of the game.—Sketch.

law not because they are bright, but because they are stupid. I never see a jackass that I don't think of a judge—some judges that I know. Well, now, the first and one of the most important things to do is to go over to that tailor and have yourself measured for a suit of clothes. Did I say measured? Sure? Is the word," he added, looking at me from head to foot and then laughing. "Yes, I think that's the word. Well, go on now."

To Be Continued.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A GREAT "DRY" WAVE.

It is Steadily Rolling over the United States.

Washington, December 28.—A wave of prohibition has swept with such remarkable effect over the south and southeast as to crystallize against the issue, and its kindred evils, that the dawn of the new year opens upon a vast stretch of territory absolutely bereft of liquor, while the area where anti-prohibitionists have triumphed marks the outground for impending fights for and against the sale of intoxicants.

Significant of the magnitude this prohibition has assumed is the fact that in many states prohibition looms up as a political issue of chief concern to the voters, obscuring other municipal and state questions. Other states dispassionately, the issue, temporarily at least, by the passage of statutory laws, whose efficacy must yet be tested. In still other states, the will of the majority expressed at local option elections has restricted the sale of liquor to the larger cities, where the liquor men generally are fortified against attack from the temperance folk.

Reports reflecting accurately the political stage of the prohibition movement in the south show that more than half the south's territory is "dry" absolutely, and that in the remaining area listed as "wet" the sale of intoxicants is upon a restricted scale. It is evident that cities are the only remaining strongholds for the saloons and it is unlikely that this condition will be modified, except through a radical change in political thought, through failure to enforce the laws against the liquor traffic, failure to solve the problem growing out of deficits in county, municipal and state treasuries, from a loss of the whiskey tax, or inability to cope with the illicit sale of whiskey and perhaps other obstacles which follow in the wake of prohibition.

Georgia now holds the center of the stage and for a year has been experimenting in law, in what is strictly a "near prohibition" law, in that it forbids the sale of liquors containing more than 4 per cent of alcohol. State wide prohibition has become effective on January 1, 1909, in North Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, and in a majority of the other states where the sale of liquor is prohibited. The Prohibitionists assert that a state wide bill will pass the legislature which they expect to organize and control. With the backing of the state machinery, the local option forces are equally confident that such a bill will meet defeat.

Kentucky, the second largest distilling state in the Union, with 119 counties, has but four in which the sale of liquor is not prohibited. Virginia reports a string of victories for the anti-saloon element, as prohibition now exists in 80 out of the state's 100 counties.

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THE SEMINOLE INQUIRY.

What Was Done in the Stockholders' Meeting Last Tuesday, Charlotte Observer.

Columbia, December 29.—Much indignation was manifested at the convention today of the stockholders of the famous Seminole Securities company, held in the court house, to discuss the report of Messrs. White Jones, W. A. Clark and T. S. Bryan and President Garlington and his officers and the directors of the company, and the meeting, which was attended by about three hundred prominent men representing five neighboring states, took action looking not only to legal proceedings against the wealthy trustees, but to the prosecution of the directors and officers of the company.

President Garlington, who promoted and carried the scheme to completion through the assistance of the trustees, was called for; but nobody volunteered to say where he might be found. An attempt was made to include the trustees in the criminal proceedings, but this failed after a heated discussion. Where and at what hours of hot debate ended with adjournment for dinner after a committee of five had been appointed to nominate nine new directors to take the place of the present directors, whose resignations were accepted along with those of the trustees and officers.

The final action of the morning session was the almost unanimous adoption of the following resolution offered by ex-Speaker of the House W. F. Stevenson: "Resolved, That the board of directors to be elected today proceed at once to collect all evidence of criminal action on the part of any agent, officers or employees of the Seminole Securities company and lay the same before the state's attorney general and request that, wherever the evidence justifies, criminal proceedings be instituted; and that the directors do give careful attention to pushing the prosecution."

The afternoon was still more profitable of sessions. After the election of nine new directors, who were empowered to negotiate with a committee of the Southern Life Insurance company to effect the best settlement possible with that concern and wind up the affairs of the company if they deemed best, the convention listened closely to the reading of the financial statement, hurriedly prepared by Charles H. Helley of Helley & Co., whom the trustees employed to go to Chattanooga and investigate the books of the Seminole company.

The new directors are: R. T. Caston, Newark; Campbell Courtney, Newry; T. W. Berry, Latta; E. J. Etheridge, Leesville; L. M. Kennedy, Williston; J. B. Watkins of Florida; Julian S. Carr of North Carolina; S. M. Smith of Athens, Ga. These were the names suggested by the nominating committee.

During the reading of Mr. Helley's report inquiry was made for the books carried to Chattanooga. Mr. Helley said that as he was about to leave Chattanooga, Mr. Garlington told him he was sending in his resignation as president and asked Mr. Helley to carry the books along and turn them over to the proper authorities at Columbia. On arrival at Asheville Mr. Helley said he missed the suit case containing the books, which he had placed by the side of his berth in the Pullman, and the most diligent search through the train failed to recover it.

Voices: "Was Garlington on the train?" Mr. Helley: "No; I recognized no one I knew on the train. Fortunately, I had my report in another traveling bag. I immediately wired Garlington to institute search at his end."

Voices: "I understand Garlington was in Asheville today?" Mr. Helley said the officers made no pretense to keeping books. From check stubs, in different records of money paid out and records of stock issued, the records at Chattanooga and elsewhere showed \$70,672 shares of stock. Of the money received over \$120,000 went to agents for commissions on sale of stock. Among the assets, totaling \$146,075.31, the company had 1,500 shares of Southern Life stock, \$224,935.75. The next largest item is \$75,000 worth of stock in the Carolina Agency company, which holds the general agency for this state of the Rome, Ga., Mutual Life. Mr. Clark is president of the agency company.

Committee of Experts to Meet in Connection with the Standardization of Cotton Grades.

Definition of the standard for the different grades of cotton shortly will be undertaken in Washington by a committee of the leading cotton men of this country and Europe in co-operation with the experts of the bureau of plant industry of the department of agriculture.

The proposed standardization of the various grades of cotton, which already has made splendid progress, has been undertaken in accordance with a provision of the last agricultural appropriation act requiring "the secretary of agriculture, through the bureau of plant industry, to establish a standard for the different grades of cotton, calling to his assistance for that purpose expert cotton classifiers, by fixing a standard of nine different grades to be designated 'midding fair, strict good midding, good midding, strict midding, midding strict low midding, low midding, strict good ordinary and ordinary and good ordinary, which shall be the official standard of cotton classifications. These standards are to be regarded in practical form and furnished upon request to any person, the cost to be paid when delivered, by the person requesting the standard."

At the present time there is a great diversity in the method and practice of grading cotton as no definite standard exists.

In order to secure the most reliable information as to the present accepted grades, the secretary of agriculture has secured from authoritative sources in the United States sets of grades under seal which are now held under seal for examination by the special committee of experts.

"It is proposed to base the new official standards on the old, more or less heterogeneous standards of the cotton exchanges, departing therefrom only in so far as will be necessary to secure uniformity," said Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry, today.

This Castro succeeded in crushing by defeating the Matos forces on October 25, 1902, with great slaughter at La Victoria, not far from Caracas. President Castro's strong and revengeful hand made him probably the most hated of recent Venezuelan presidents, and under his control the business and commerce of Venezuela has suffered incalculably. It is said of him that he did not loot the government treasury, as has been the custom with his predecessors, but that he acquired the wealth which he is said to have sent to Europe before him by taking into his own hands and shutting out all competition some of the most profitable enterprises and industries in the country. He governed hard and for the benefit of the clique at Caracas who were his favorites.

Castro is known to have been ill for several years, but just what was the matter with him never has developed. He was killed in a sudden attack on the kidneys. He has at times been so ill that his life was despaired of. His going to Europe for medical treatment was absolutely unexpected. He made the announcement of his departure twenty-four hours before he left Caracas. It has been said that the idea of medical attention was a blind and that the president realized that the wind was blowing in Venezuela and had decided to get away safely while there was still time.

Upon arriving in France there was a question as to how the French government would receive Castro, as diplomatic relations between France and Venezuela were nonexistent. France finally allowed him to land as a private citizen seeking the restoration of his health. He stayed but a day or two in Paris, proceeding at once to Berlin. There is no arrangement between the governments of Germany and that of Venezuela. In Berlin Castro took accommodations at one of the leading hotels and lived extravagantly until he moved to a private sanitarium, where he is being treated by a famous Berlin specialist.

The first outbreak of the populace against Castro occurred in Caracas December 13. This was followed by serious anti-Castro rioting on the 14th. Since this date no news has come from the city. The next largest item is \$75,000 worth of stock in the Carolina Agency company, which holds the general agency for this state of the Rome, Ga., Mutual Life. Mr. Clark is president of the agency company.

TO STANDARDIZE THE GRADES.

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At the present time there is a great diversity in the method and practice of grading cotton as no definite standard exists.

In order to secure the most reliable information as to the present accepted grades, the secretary of agriculture has secured from authoritative sources in the United States sets of grades under seal which are now held under seal for examination by the special committee of experts.

"It is proposed to base the new official standards on the old, more or less heterogeneous standards of the cotton exchanges, departing therefrom only in so far as will be necessary to secure uniformity," said Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry, today.

This Castro succeeded in crushing by defeating the Matos forces on October 25, 1902, with great slaughter at La Victoria, not far from Caracas. President Castro's strong and revengeful hand made him probably the most hated of recent Venezuelan presidents, and under his control the business and commerce of Venezuela has suffered incalculably. It is said of him that he did not loot the government treasury, as has been the custom with his predecessors, but that he acquired the wealth which he is said to have sent to Europe before him by taking into his own hands and shutting out all competition some of the most profitable enterprises and industries in the country. He governed hard and for the benefit of the clique at Caracas who were his favorites.

Castro is known to have been ill for several years, but just what was the matter with him never has developed. He was killed in a sudden attack on the kidneys. He has at times been so ill that his life was despaired of. His going to Europe for medical treatment was absolutely unexpected. He made the announcement of his departure twenty-four hours before he left Caracas. It has been said that the idea of medical attention was a blind and that the president realized that the wind was blowing in Venezuela and had decided to get away safely while there was still time.

Upon arriving in France there was a question as to how the French government would receive Castro, as diplomatic relations between France and Venezuela were nonexistent. France finally allowed him to land as a private citizen seeking the restoration of his health. He stayed but a day or two in Paris, proceeding at once to Berlin. There is no arrangement between the governments of Germany and that of Venezuela. In Berlin Castro took accommodations at one of the leading hotels and lived extravagantly until he moved to a private sanitarium, where he is being treated by a famous Berlin specialist.

AFRICA'S GREAT GAME.

Still Plentiful, But Not So Numerous As Formerly.

Of some of the wild beasts that remain to be hunted by the sportsman in Africa, a writer says: "The quagga, most graceful of all the horse tribe, has disappeared entirely. The millions which once inhabited the high plateau of South Africa, were killed off in sheer wantonness, and today not a single specimen survives unless it be between the Crocodile and Sabi rivers, where, according to native reports, a small herd was running six years ago. As with the quagga, so with the swart wildebeest, the white tailed gun of the naturalists. Once the most common of high veldt buck, as well as the most grotesque and harmless, it is now represented by a few stragglers in various zoological gardens. It was very easy to hunt,