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DOCCOODO D DOCCOO THE ROOT OF EVIL

BY THOMAS DIXON

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BOOK II-THE ROOT. CHAPTER II.

An Intruder. On the night following Stuart worked late in his office, developing his great case. He was disappointed in the final showing of the evidence to be presented to the grand jury. His facts were not as strong as he expected to

make them. At 10 o'clock he quit work and hurried home to refresh his tired spirit with Harriet's music. He could think more clearly while she played for him. As he hurried up the steps he suddenly collided with a handsome young gem. She began cautiously.

fellow just emerging from the door. His first hope was that he had criptheir presence in the house an unpardonable intrusion. A second look showed him that the youngster who had hurried down the steps with profound apologies and much embarrassment was not a lodger. He was dressed too handsomely and he had evidently been calling on some one.

Perhaps on Harriet! A sudden fear gripped his heart. He felt like following him to the corner and demanding his reasons for such impudence.

Where had he seen that boy's face Somewhere, beyond a doubt. But he couldn't place him.

He let himself in softly and started at the sight of Harriet's smiling face framed in the parlor doorway. His worst fears were confirmed. She was dressed in a dainty evening gown and had evidently enjoyed her visitor. Stuart pretended not to notice the

fact and asked her to play. He fell lazily into an arm chair while the deft fingers swept the keys. As he sat dreaming and watching the rhythmic movement of her delicate hands, he began to realize at last that his little pal, stub-nosed, red haired and freckled, had silently and mysteriously grown into a charming woman. He wondered what had become of the stub-nose? It seemed to have stretched out into perfect proportions The freckles had faded into a delicate white skin of creamy velvet. And what once threatened to be a violent

gold.

But the most charming feature of her eyes, blue sometimes, gray and blue sometimes, but always with little brown spots in them which Nature seemed to have dropped by accident the day she painted them. Stuart always imagined she had picked up a brown brush by mistake. He thought with a sudden pang of the possibility of losing her. She was twenty-three now, in the pride and glory of perfect young womanhood, and yet she had no lovers. He wondered why? Her music of course. It had been the one absorbing passion of life. Her progress had been slow for the first years, while years of training every lesson seemed to tell. He had watched her development with pride and brooding tenderness. And her eyes had always sparkled with deep joy at his slightest word of praise. For the first time it had husband's hand while her dark eyes occurred to him as an immediate pos-

He resented the thought with unreasonable anger. Of course she must marry. And he would have to give her

lives drift apart.

he owed to her of peace and happiness during the past nine lonely years. A them deeper and more tender than the gonquin club for dinner two days latie which binds a brother and sister, ter. and he had taken it as a matter of He resented the idea of a petulantly. break in their relations. Yet why should he? What rights had he over the papers. Don't worry. I'll put the and Sam went over there to spend a er life? Absolutely none, of course.

He wondered vaguely if she were sly enough to have a sweetheart and let nobody know? Who was that fellow? where had he met him before? He rose with a sudden frown.

as fate-the very boy-the tall dreamy looking youngster who danced with her so many times that night ten years ago at her birthday party? She said mused. he was too frail-that her prince must Well, confound him, he his daughter under his very nose. The fellow who took Harriet would have to measure up to the full stature of a man. He made up his mind to that.

stood behind her a moment.

up, Stuart said, with a studied indifference:

tall young fellow I ran into on the steps?"

"Why, don't you remember my frail young admirer of long ago?" "Do you love him, girlie?"

Stuart bent low and looked searchingly into her eyes.

Her fingers slipped lazily over the keys in little touches of half-forgotten

songs. "When I was very, very young, thought I did. It makes me laugh now. It's wonderful how much we can out-

grow, isn't it?" "I'm glad you've outgrown this." "Why?" He's an awfully nice fel-

"Perhaps-but I don't like him." "What's the matter with him?"

"I just don't like him and I don't want you to like him."

"You see, little pal, I'm your guardian." "Are you?" "Yes, and I'm giving you due legal

"Oh!"

notice that you have no right to marry Nan refused to admit him when she without my consent-you promise to learned his views. Bivens secretly ake me your confidant?"

BARAGO O OCCOCO A soft laugh full of tenderness and her eyes upward for the first time: "All right, guardie, I'll confer with

> CHAPTER III. A Straight Tip.

you on that occasion."

Nan received the announcement o Bivens's failure to settle Woodman's suit with a grim resolution to win now, at all hazards. The sensational report of Stuart's action against the big financiers had given her quick mind the cue to a new line of strata

"You are no going to give up a thing I've set my heart on merely because pled a lodger. He hated the sight and old Woodman's a fool, are you?" she sound of them. He had always felt asked her husband, with a touch of scorn. "Jim Stuart is the best friend you ever had. He has become one of the most famous men in America. He would lend distinction to our house. want him at our next entertainment.'

> "The thing that puzzles me," Bivens broke in, "is why the devil he will not come to the house. When I meet him down town he's always friendly."

Nan's lips quivered with a quee little smile. "Will he succeed in this action against these men?"

"No."

"Why dangerous?"

"He can't get the facts." "If he could get them and did suc eed, what would happen?" "He'd shake the foundations of th

firrancial world." "You could get the facts, couldn't ou, dear?"

Nan spoke in the softest tones. "I have them already." "Why not give them to him?" "I had thought of that-but it's dangerous."

"It might bring on a panic." "What have you to lose by it?" "Nothing, if I'm wise." "I've never known anybody to cal

ou a fool." "A panic's a dangerous thing to onkey with."

"Nonsense!" Nan cried with enthu-"I'll back you to win when the siasm. red head had softened into beaten test comes. Bivens smiled with pride.

"Yes. I could win. I think, having a little inside information may happen." . "Why don't you do it, then?"

"It's dangerous," Bivens repeated, thoughtfully. "It couldn't injure Stuart?" his wife

asked cautiously. "No. It couldn't hurt him. On the other hand, I might make him the unconscious instrument of a great personal vengeance, double my fortune and possibly land Jim in the White

House." "You must do it, dear!" his wife cried, trembling with suppressed exat college. But during the past two citement. Bivens hesitated and shook

"It's playing with dynamite." "It's worth the risk of double your

fortune-do it for my sake!" Nan leaned close and pressed her found their way into his heart. The sibility that she might marry and their hard mouth smiled as he took her flushed face in his hands and kissed

> "I'll do it," he said with firm ac "I know you'll win-you never fail!"

He began to realize dimly how much she cried, "You'll not lose a moment?" "No. I'll 'phone him at once." Bivens called Stuart and made a sweet comradeship had grown between appointment to meet him at the Al-

> "Why two days' delay?" Nan asked "It will require that time to prepare

thing through now." When Stuart sat down with Bivens in one of the magnificent private din-

ing rooms of his millionaire club two and Sam hadn't been there a day bedays later, he was struck with the perfection of the financier's dress, and the easy elegance of his manners. "Nan has surely done wonders with

some pretty crude material!" he

As the meal progressed the lawyer's had gotten strong. That's why he had process of training through which she failed to place him at first. He made had put Bivens to develop from the up his mind to put a stop to it. He poor white southerner, the polished lit- then one of the searching party came the ill fortune that pursues so many Her tle man of the gilded world he now father was so absorbed in saving the saw. No flight of his fancy could imworld, any thief could slip in and steal agine the real humor of it all. He recalled Nan's diary with grim amusement.

While Bivens had really been way in her skillful hands since the day of He walked over to the piano and her marriage, the one task she found hard was her desperate and determin-When the last note died softly away ed effort to make him a well-groomed and she began turning the pages of a man. She was finally compelled to he had been carried home and cared pile of music sheets without looking write out instructions for his daily conduct and enforce them with all sorts of threats and blandishments. "Tell me, little pal, who was that She pasted this programme in Biv ens's hat, at last, and he was in mortal terror lest some one should lift the inside band and read them. They

who invented the thing Bivens bought

-only to find the scoundrel had in-

vented a new one and had it on the

In the midst of this agony of break-

ng him to the copious use of water,

Bivens found a doctor who boldly de-

the staff of his household doctors, but

clared that excessive bathing was

market three weeks later.

were minute and painfully insistent on thus made the excessive use of soap and water. They required that he wash and scrub They required that he wash and scrub "He got the pup, dragged it out and two and three times daily. Not only killed it and gave it a toss back from did they prescribe tooth brushes and mouth washes, with all sorts of pastes and powders, but that he should follow it with an invention of the devil the horse and he began to plunge for torturing the gums known as "den- about tal floss." To get even with the man

"His plunges caved in the bank on Sam where he lay flat in the ench. The falling stones and earth trench. him out and stopped its manufacture buried him. By a frantic effort he managed to

down into the hole under him so that he uncovered a breathing space, though he was almost smothered before he succeeded in accomplishing the task. The weight on him was so great that he could not move as much as a finger after that and succor had

Oklahoma where, he said, they didn't uilt him a hospital, endowed it, and such strenuous tests

Miscellaneous Reading.

BARRETT ON POLITICIANS.

It took two years to thoroughly break him so that she could always be surthat his nails were trimmed and his clothes in perfect style. He had long since ceased to struggle and had found much happiness of late years in vying with her in the perfection of his personal appearance until he had come to fit into the great establishments, which he had built at her suggestion as though to the manor born.

gave a fund to found a magazine

roclaim his gospel.

When the dinner was finished Bivens dismissed the walter, lighted one of his huge cigars and drew from a morocco case which he had placed beside joy came from the girl as she turned his chair a type-written manuscript. He turned its leaves thoughtfully a moment and handed them to Stuart.

"There's a document, Jim, that cos me ten thousand dollars to prepare; for whose suppression a million dollars would be paid and no questions ask

"And you give it to me?" the district attorney asked, with a smile. "I give it to you."

"But why this generosity on your part, Cal?" The sarcasm which the lawyer threw into the playful banter of his tone was not lost on the financier. The mask of his cunning, dark visage was not slipped for a moment as he slowly re-

plied: "I have anticipated that question. answer it fully and frankly. There is enough dynamite in that document to blow up half of Wall street and land somebody in the White House."

"And many in the morgue?" "And some in the penitentiary. I'v watched your work the past nine years with genuine pride, Jim. You've said a lot of hard things about rich malefactors, but you've never touched me. "No, I think you're too shrewd to

be caught in that class, Cal." "I pride myself that I am. It's only the clumsy fool who gets tangled in the criminal law. But a lot of them have done it-big fellows whose names fill the world with noise. I've taken the pains to put into that typewritten document the names, dates, the places, the deeds, the names of the witnesses and all the essentia facts. Do what you please with it If you do what I think you will, some men who are wearing purple and fine linen will be wearing stripes before another year and you will be the big gest man in New York."

"And your motive?" "Does it matter?"

"It vitally affects the credibility of this story.

"You must know my motive?" "I prefer to be sure of it before taling so important and daring an action as you suggest."

Bivens rose and stood before his friend with his smooth hands folded behind his back. "You believe me, Jim, when I say

that my pride in your career is gen-"I've never doubted it." was the

uick answer. "Then two suggestions will Perhaps I wish to get even nough. with some men who have done me a dirty trick or two, and perhaps, incidentally, in the excitement which will follow this exposure of fraud and

that enough? "Quite." "And you'll make the attack a

crime, I may make an honest penny-is

nce?" Stuart glanced rapidly through the first page of the document and his eyes began to dance with excitement. "The only favor I ask," Bivens added, "is twenty-four hours' notice be-

fore you act." "I'll vet you know." "Stuart rose quickly, placed the doc-

ument in his inside pocket and hurried home (To Be Continued.)

TRAPPED IN A WOLF'S HOLE.

Sam Lawson's Adventure Shows the Kind of Men They Have In Okla-

homa. "The fact that Sam Lawson is alive

today," said Col. Joe Ellswell of Sweet Wells, in the Texas Panhandle, "shows the stuff they make their citizens of over in Oklahoma. Sam Lawson's brother-in-law, Miles Blodgett, lives in Deaf Smith county, grand old Texas week or so with Miles. Quite a few wolves keep up their bothering of folks in that chunk of the Panhandle fore he went out to hunt wolves.

He didn't come back that day and next morning the folks started out to have a look for him. They found his horse on the prairie, saddled, but without a bridle. Thirty men scoured the country all day but couldn't find imagination continued to picture the the missing Sam nor any sign of him. "The hunt was kept up until late

upon the feet and legs of a man stickfeet and legs were Sam Lawson's. The firing a final shot that gave him enhole in the ground was a wolf den trance to "that bourne from which no and Sam's body was covered three traveler ever returns." feet deep with dirt and stones. "His face wasn't buried. Sam was

alive and no time was lost in unearthing him from his living grave. was so much nearer dead than alive that it was not until some time after for that he could give any account of how he got into the extraordinary sit-"He had trailed a wolf to its

nd discovered that the hole contained a number of wolf whelps. der to get to them he had dug down on a slant as if he were making the entrance to a dugout. In the trench he lay down flat on his stomach to reach into the hole after

He had tied his horse to the James river in May, 1864, when one night Aaron woke his master up by and the dead wolf whelp fell directly throwing the heavy blankets on him. under the horse's nose. Aaron had been out with a party on

work with his hands enough

ruinous to the health—that water was made for fish and air for man. The or drink, two nights and nearly three

of Ruffin.

Can Best Serve Farmers By Staying Out of Politics. Charles S. Barrett, president of the National Farmers' Union, in his biest open letter to the organization, stresses unselfish service in both poli-

ganizations. It is interesting at this point to note that recently compiled statistics of the Farmers' Union show that the organization is growing steadily in numbers and influence, with the exception of very few states.

tics and within the farmers' own or-

It is perhaps the first time in the history of any purely farmers' organization this condition has prevailed. For a time the union appeared to be doomed to the same fate that has overtaken practically every similar organization-slow disintegration. While there was a sagging for a

time, the union has taken on fresh life and is unquestionably growing in strength, numerically and in influthe slaves, but that was not my in-

President Barrett's latest

statement: To the officers and members of the Farmers' Union: Selfishness is the bane of politics and of every organization, the Farmers' Union not excluded. We are gradually scourging it from the Farmers' Union. There's less of it among the leaders than ever before. But the purging must be complete before the order reaches the effectiveness destined for it by the na-

tional needs it seeks to supply.

Here is an illustration: I know politicians high in favor and in office who could have served the people with twice the efficiency had they stayed out of office. The minute a man begins to run for office, his nobler and broader qualities are likely to suffer He finds himself compromising with his convictions, when they run counter to his opportunities. He finds his closed in denouncing abuses that work to the harm of the people because those who perpetuate them may be able to injure him. He makes countless enemies of powerful and good individuals that otherwise he could have kept in line for the public good, had he not injected the bitter virus of partisanship.

The man who would serve the farmer can most often do it best by re-maining out of politics. You will have no difficulty recalling men of powerful mentality who could have been of instimable service to the public weal had they not tied themselves to the

wheel of politics. There is such a thing as statesmanship in private life. The leader of the farmer, in or out of organization, must train up to that sort of statesmanship, the first requisite of which is the submerging of selfish ambitions for the general welfare.

You leaders among the farmers, have you kept this faith? Has your every effort and energy been directed toward bettering the condition of the farmer or yourself? Would you make made for yourselves? If you have not, and would not, it is unlikely you will ever be able to give the brand of service that will be truly effectual and that will write your name in history to met him during the early part of are going to read New York newspapers and see what editors do here. They are to visit a linotype factory and a type foundry, and they are to the service that will write your name in history to met him during the early part of the war and he was faithful to the early part of the war and the war and he was faithful to the early part of the war and the war a that will write your name in history Are you in the order for glory and elfish advancement, or to so strengthen it by your devotion and abilitie will further the interests of the farming masses of this country? would not allow yourself to become easily discouraged if you were work-ing for your own aggrandizement or

Will you allow yourself prosperity. to become discouraged when you are working for the aggrandizement and prosperity of the farmer? Here is this man of the acres who has suffered and been neglected these centuries, and who is just coming into is own. Are you able to point out to him his frailties, and have you the courage to do it? Have you the bravery to stick to his cause when, in misunderstanding and temporary pettish-ness, he smashes you? Are you broad enough to remain fighting by his side when you believe he is in the wrong but know he needs you none the less

We have solved some big problems for the farmer in the past six years We will need to solve still larger one in the future. You must strip for the Unselfishness must be your guidon. Hanging on in the face of deeat and keeping your head in

flush of victory must be your programme the programme is a hard But when you consider the imnensity of the field you are working in, and that in this particular vine vard the "laborers are indeed few you will understand more thoroughly

the necessity of the qualities I have outlined. CHARLES S. BARRETT.

FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

Edmund Ruffin, Who Started The Struggle, Later Committed Suicide.

There is always a fascination about the first, whether it's a baby, a pair of trousers, a high hat or the discoverer of the north pole. And so it is that, with the fiftieth anniversary of the civil war, there is a

particular interest attaching to the man who fired the first shot. There has been some dispute about it, but the consensus of opinion has settled upon Edmund Ruffin as the one who "fired the shot that freed the n the afternoon of the next day, and slaves." Certain it is that he suffered benefactors of the human race, being out of a hole in the ground. The cause he ended a career of misery by

> Withal, he was an unwilling benefactor, because he was such an ardent secessionist that when he saw the blue would win he ended his life rather

than endure "Yankee rule." A book that the passing of years has made interesting is in the possession of Captain Noble D. Preston of Philadelphia. It is a history of the American revolution, and was the property Edmund Ruffin.

Captain Preston will never forget the day that his servant Aaron handed him the book, for with it came a handsome pair of heavy blankets. Preston, with his comrades of the Tenth New York cavalry, was near

a foraging trip. But he never told where he got the articles. As Captain Preston never allowed his men to enter a house except to get eatables, he took the negro boy sharply to task. But when the captain looked at the blankets he noticed the initials "U. S." "Well, whoever had these blankets stole them, so you're all

right, Aaron," he remarked.

The history has since been in the relic chest at Captain Preston's home, he didn't take it out until a few days made for fish and an incomplete of days.

Or urition to days.

Ittle millionaire made him chief of days.

"He was able to get around in a that he had been first delegated to fire the household doctors, but "He was able to get around in a that he had been first delegated to fire the household doctors. than two years ago. couple of days and went right back to that first shot. The captain pasted call on a fellow to put his makeup to this recent newspaper clipping in the back of the book beside an old, yellow for gold as for grace.

clipping which chronicled the suicide

The book is the first volume of a history written by David Ramsey, M. D., and was published by R. Atkin & New York Herald. Son in Philadelphia. Besides the signature and bookmark of Ruffin there are two other signatures on the front covers. One is "Alexander Mitchelson, London," and the other "W. Harrison, January 14, 1804." The first clipping on the back cover

reads as follows: "Old Edmund Ruffin, who fired the first gun on Ft. Sumter, committed suicide on Saturday last near Danville, Va., by blowing his brains out with a musket. He had become very ow-spirited since the capture of Rich mond, and did not wish to live under Yankee rule. He left a note saying 'I cannot survive the loss of the lib erties of my country." Then, after 46 years, another clip-

ping throws a different light on the firing of the first shot. It is this statement of General Roger Atkinson Pryor, the soldier, editor and lawyer It reads as follows:

"The first shot on Ft. Sumter freed

ention when I viewed the cannon' fuse, prepared to touch it off. "I was then a lawyer of 33 from Virginia, and had make a speech in Chareston just a few days before the 12th of April, 1861, in which I said: 'Strike one blow and Virginia will secede in an hour by the Shrewsbury clock.' It was in compliment for this speech that General Beauregard bestowed upon inc the honor of firing the first shot. Ruffin had a paper, of which he had been editor for many years. He was the first advocate of secession as distinct 'rom Calhoun's doctrine of nullification. Virginia did not favor Ruffin'

notion strongly. That is why Ruffin went to South Carolina to propour his doctrine. He went to Charleston in April. Charleston was beleagured with 3,000 to 4,000 young southern gentlemen, all in fighting trim. With these boys Ruffin enlisted. He was present when General Beauregard asked me to fire the first shot. I introduced him to the general and told the general what Ruffin had done to further the cause of the south, and persuaded him to allow Ruffin to fire it. The general was persuaded. Ruffin fired the first shot. Virginia thereup on seceded, uniting the entire south." Ruffin's name would hardly be known oday if General Pryor had obeyed the

first instructions. The taking of the old book from hi chest has brought back old memories to Captain Preston, and once again he wonders what became of his faithful boy Aaron. Aaron always said that was his only name and he never had another one.

Like Topsy, Aaron didn't know any-When Captain Preston recovere rom serious wounds near the close of the war and went to Washington on

his way north, Aaron stuck with him. Aaron walked with his master to the of the Edgefield Advertiser and E. H. rain shed, wearing his saber and belt. Noticing how down-hearted Aaron was the captain asked him if he wanted to go "north." "Golly, master, I'd like to.' But Aaron forgot a satchel and wen

back to the headquarters to get it The train went off without Aaron, and Captain Preston arrived in Philadelphia minus the faithful servant. He stayed in Philadelphia for several days visiting friends prior to going to his home in New York.

Before going to the old Kensington depot to catch his train he went down to the Washington Avenue depot Inere he was amazed to see Aaron walking wildly up and down the street with the satchel, saber and belt There was a grand reunion, but it wasn't to last long. Aaron stopped to talk to some negroes and the captain lost track of him But he got his belt

and saber, and still has them. Aaron, it appears, was arrested when he went back to the quarters and was brought before General Aberrombie. The officer commanded him to give up the belt and saber, but the plucky little fellow refused to do it. He explained that "a bullet went clear hrough that belt and through Massa Preston's body, and Massa Preston youldn't part with it for a mint." The general admitted the boy's nerve and

was also impressed with the story and gave him a pass out of the city. To Aaron the "north" was a definite place, (and he thought that if he boarded any train going north he would find the captain. So it was entirely by accident that Captain Pres-

ton got his mementos. Aaron, if he is living, is the only one that can explain where Ruffin's book came from.-Philadelphia North

American.

Cheating the Dead. To steal pennies from a dead man's eyes has been held for ages as the most contemptible form of thievery. But modern days have developed a meaner depth of larceny-the betraydefrauded of the few feet of earth to which they are entitled as a last resting place. No walk of life is free of

away and shirk responsibility.

oack yet.—Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Smith-who is in this instance composite person-was a fairly prosperous New York business man, amber the traffic grew with the east, His wife died in 1906. He mourned her with every indication of sincerity, and had her body kept in the receiving vault of a high-priced cemetery near New York City for nearly a year. Then he learned of a less expensive place farther away, and had the coffin emoved to it. The bereaved man was so overcome with grief that he could of immediately select a burial plot. white or red agat months he revisited hours looking cemetery and spent hours lookin over the grounds. With tears in hi over the grounds. With tears in his eyes he told the salesman who showed nim about how beautiful his wife had used. That they were much admired een; what a sweet, lovable character by our European and Asiatic foreshe had; how devoted she had been to him. Indeed, he became so sad, as he once more realized his loss, that he ould not proceed with the melancholy business of choosing a plot. He went away, still overwhelmed with emotion The emeralds of China and of Indi and saying he would return when he was more composed. That was more

chemistry. All these wonders in colored stones When he really needs it, the Christian has as much right to pray

EDITORS IN NEW YORK. Paper Tells of Visit of South Gotham Carolina Press.

"This is where the reporters get in Not so fast there! Not the New York reporters. Oh. dear, no. They're in all the time-in bad. No. New York editors never go away in a bunch and leave the newspapers to the reportorial staff. If they did there'd be something new, as well as something good, in newspapers, but-that's an other story.

"No, the reporters and even the devils who do get in are the reporters and devils of South Carolina. They've been in for a week, and there's still another week coming to them. One week ago the editors of Ben Tillman's state quit business, they began to convene, they did convene, and yesterday they arrived in New York for a week's recuperation. Meanwhile the newspaper public of South Carolina is having newspaper stories served up to them as they should be-even as this one. The editorial blue pencil is being stayed in its deadly work for two whole weeks-in South Carolina.

"Now for the story, for, after all this is a tale about editors and not reporters. Fifty editors from South Carolina arrived in New York yesterday on board the Apache, of the Clyde line. They left Charleston Sunday, after three days in convention at Co lumbia, S. C.

"Editors! They are of all kindsbig editors, little editors, weekly editors and daily editors and a few semiweekly editors. There are married and unmarried editors; wives, families and other women friends, too. Quite happy party this editorial outing from South Carolina.

"What are they going to do in New York, these editors from South Carolina? What aren't they going to do in New York? is more like the question. Some of them have been here before, and they are going to show the rest how much they have done for them in bringing them up here. begin with, by way of getting their bearings, they are going around the town in sightseeing automobiles, and they are going to walk in a body down Broadway, at night.

"Then they are going up the Hud-son and coming down again as quickly as the steamboat will bring them. have already decided that New York is much too good to be away from long. Then there are the theatres. Some of them have figured that by taking in matinees whenever possible, as well as all the evening performances they'll be able to see 10 different shows. They don't figure on the moving picture shows. They have noving picture shows themselves in South Carolina. The editors have been invited to

the banquet of the Cotton Seed Crushers' association at the Produce exchange, and they hope to be able to But the editors are not goaccept it. But the editors are not go-ing to forget business entirely. They and a type foundry, and they are to Altogether, the visit of the South Carolina Press association will be a The officers of the association in charge of the party are

August Kohn of The News

presidents. FAMOUS ROYAL JEWELS.

rier, Columbia, president; J. L. Mims,

Regalia of England Kept Under Guard In the Tower of London. The men of western countries leave

the wearing of fewels to women, but it is not so in the east, where, especially in India, the princes vie with one another in the magnificance of the iewels worn in turban necklace belt and sword hilt and sword scabbard. Their fingers are often covered with peautiful rings and great gems flash

rom their state dress. No one knows how ancient may have been the fondness of gems in Asia and India, but the prehistoric man can have had but little use for them, for he could not appreciate their beauty where richness of color could only be got by cutting with instruments of which he was ignorant. There must always have been some stones which without artificial preparation showed fine coloring. Of these the chief seem to have been the turquoise, the carne-

lian and lapis lazuli. In the most ancient of the Egyptian sepulchers we find the mummies of the dead kings and queens and of the great ones of the nation wearing these simple stones with the gold beads, plates chains and rings, which have their value today as of old. One would imagine that with a people so full of learning and of such wondrous civilization other colored crystals to be found not far from the Nile would occasional discovery of an emerald the evidence tends to show that the beauties of Pharaoh's court had little but

gems which in our eyes have comparatively small value. Our ancestors in Europe had, in the bronze age, at least, to content with enamels. The knowledge of the use of glass probably came to them from lighting fires on sands and rocks that could be melted with heat. Then the red colors always visible where iron al of trust whereby poor bodies are exists must have given the first hint how to mix this red tint with the vitreous glaze. From the employment of red from iron ores and springs they these plunderers, the relatives or heirs advanced to use the green of copper who succeed to comfortable fortunes in the same way, and boxes and being quite as apt to rob their dead plaques of enamel of these colors took penefactors as poor men are to run their place on shield and casque, breastplate and brooch. Then both for bronze and tin and gold, and for colored glass, used in beads, and for

I have seen the mixed colored glass beads of Carthage dug up on highland moors. These were often regarded as charms by the peasantry, and kept as possessing properties that might cure disease, for none knew whence they came, and they were superstitiously regarded, as were also any balls of white or red agate from old regalia

Pearls are so short-lived that we cannot know when they were first fathers is certain from the ancient sculptures which show them in use. They, with amber and with crystal, are The emeralds of China and of India are emeralds in color, but have more of the composition of rubies, a fact known only to modern students of

were too costly and rare for the west- as an oasis,"-Manchester Guardian. years," the keeper said.

ern and northern monarchs of old. The plain diadem or band of gold they were as a sign of their rank seems to have been followed by the diadem with spikes or rays of gold, and gems and enamel on the gold next appeared,

copied from the eastern art. But in the east also the plain gold circlet was long retained, and the change made to imply power is seen ometimes in a duplication or triplication of the diadem or circlet. Thus the papal tiara and the crown of Theodore of Abyssinia, now at South Kensington, are examples of the raising of the height by repetition of the lower design. The early spikes or lily being the usual model. Then came the arch over the open circlet, and the expression, "He has closed his crown." came to mean that a king had assumed imperial or royal power.

There was a new crown made for a perfect constellation of jewels, the four arches to close the dome of the crown meet to support in the center the jeweled orb, and above that again, an equal armed cross, each arm like a battle ax, placed back to back. The cap of violet velvet within is copied from a crown of Henry VIII.

The great Kohinoor diamond, the chief ornament of the crown, was part of the treasure taken at Lahore, in India. When it still graced the native sovereign collection of gems, it used to be shown with other jewels at great assemblies, or durbars.

The Great Ruby of the kingdom of Bohemia, captured by the Black Prince at Agincourt, is a wondrous stone. The regalia of crown jewels of England, which may be seen in the Tower of London, where thousands of Americans have viewed them, are as fol-

crown, the Queen Consort's crown, the you must give me a pinch." Queen's diadem, a circlet of gold made for the coronation of Mary D'Este, consort of James II., St. Edward's staff maining; the golden saltcellar, the baptismal font and the silver fountain presented to Charles II. by Plymouth

of the Gaffney Ledger, vice trustees of parliament had got possession of the jewels from the upper jew-

that the crown had no great value. In another account, written in 1625, the king's jewel office was said to contain an immense quantity of jewels, gold plate of divers forms, such as feathers, flowers, collars composed of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, etc. There were also basins and ewers, "bolls,"

cups, saltcellars and dishes. And now the old Tower of London holds the regalia of England. You may see there the stones which have given cause for endless intrigues and strife set in new gowns. So the fame and glory of older civilization, old before ours began, are renewed to lend luster to our empire of today. These gems and grandeur are all symbols of the ever-shifting aspects of all human power-gone today, to be found tomorrow, and again to fade and appear over and over again in ever

altered form .- Youth's Companion.

SOME ORATORICAL BULLS. Mixed Metaphors By Even Careful Speakers In the House of Commons. The ex-Irish attorney-general's deightfully mixed metaphor at Bootle a moment in mild antonishment beabout the milch cow which distilled golden sovereigns is another proof have had their place. But beyond the that one should not use a metaphor unless one really means it. The house 'Gentlemen,' he said, taking out a silof commons produces a rich crop of these weeds of oratory. When Mr. fer you a pinch of my father's very Bryce, our ambassador at Washing-

ton, was Irish secretary he amused the house by describing the Irish local government board as "a malignan fairy which steps in off its own bat." It was an Irish member who after out that the Irish Land league was losing public support and had to practise economy went on to say: "But sir, the well is running dry, and they think that by putting in it being computed that one pinch was knife they the pruning more grist to the mill." Another Irish Inionist described a concession to the Nationalists as "the first stitch in the pinch, with the incidental circumdismemberment of the empire Field, who has something of reputation for this sort of thing, once "The right honorable gentleman

oing of cattle across the Irish sea he begged look at the subject from a live stock point of view. But even the most practiced speakers sin in this esent prime minister, usually countof debators, once affirmed that "retribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling or it will tread on somebody's toes," and the leader of the Unionist party once spoke of "an empty theatre of unsym

speaking of a bill relating to the ship-

Even Mr. Gladstone, replying to a opponent in the house who shook his head at some statement attributed to 'No. no: it will not do for the in the teeth of his own words. Lord Curzon, another extremely lucid speaker, was once betrayed into saying "Though we are not yet out of the wood, yet we have a good ship," and Sir W. Hart Dyke, in complimenting Mr. Lowther, said that he "had caught a big fish in his net—and went the top of the tree for it." Lord idleton, then Mr. Broderick, in-Lord formed the house of commons, when it was settling down to discuss the af-fairs of the army, that "among the succeeded."

pathetic auditors.

RETURN OF THE SNUFFBOX.

It is stated that snufftaking is once

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Battles Have Been Fought and Sermons Preached Through Aid of Powdered Tobacco

more showing signs of returning popularity. Aforetime it was a great art, and practiced by all sorts and conditions of men and women. It was then ordained that, in order to take a pinch in a graceful manner, it was absolutely necessary to go through a set ritual. Having taken the box in the right hand, it was tapped and opened. and after it had gone the round of the company, its owner gathered up the rays became changed to flowers, the snuff in the box by striking the side with the middle and forefingers and then took a pinch with the right hand, It was held two or three moments between the fingers and then carried to the nose. It was then sniffed in with precision by both nostrils This done, Queen Victoria, and in this, which is the box was closed, the performance concluding with a sneeze and the vigorous application of the handkerchief to the nose. But that was the procedure on ceremonial occasions-in private it was taken haphazard, and almost unconsciously. "The consumption of snuff at the

gambling table was considerable, as the players believed it cleared their heads, stimulated their intellects and soothed their nerves-attributes that accounted largely for its almost universal use. Napoleon was a great believer in the virtue of pinches of snuff oft repeated for the same reasons, though they availed him nothing at Waterloo, where he is said to have applied himself incessantly to his snuffbox. Other soldiers, too, have been addicted to a pinch amid the roar and din of conflict. For instance, during a battle in Holland a general implored one of his officers to allow him to dip St. Edward's crown, made after the into his box. At the very moment pattern of that crown broken up and the latter was presenting it he was sold during the civil war, although far carried off by a cannon ball. Not in more richly embellished; the new state the least disconcerted, the general crown made for the coronation of turned to the other side and said quiet-Queen Victoria; the Prince of Wales's ly to another officer: 'Well, sir, then

"A more famous soldier won probably the greatest battle of modern times, it is asserted, mainly through of beaten gold, the royal scepter, a the influence of snuff. All through the scepter with the cross, the rod of Prussian advance Von Moltke continequity, or scepter with the dove, the ually took pinches. When he was told Queen's scepter with the cross, the that MacMahon was marching north-Queen's ivory scepter made for Mary ward he exclaimed, 'Mein Gott! surely D'Este, an ancient scepter made for he's mad!' and forthwith nearly emp-Queen Mary, consort of William of tied his snuffbox as he retired to his Orange (III. of Great Britain), the tent to organize the plans which culorb, the Queen's orb, the Kohinoor minated in the tremendous conflict of diamond, the sword of justice, the Sedan. At the end of the war he rearmulee or coronation bracelets, the ceived a bill from the military stores, royal spurs, the ampulla for the holy 'For one pound of snuff supplied to oil, the gold coronation spoon-the General Von Moltke, one thaler!' The only piece of the ancient regalia re- great soldier paid it without a mur-

mur. "Had these timely pinches of snuff not been taken Von Moltke might not have crowned his career with such a "One would think that as the king's triumphant victory. But be that as it treasury was so nobly furnished some may, he would most certainly have of the largest and finest jewels would suffered if he had been deprived of the have graced the principal regalia." great solace of his favorite small So wrote a gentleman after he had Anent the agonies of snuff takers in counted up the great treasure in jew- the absence of snuff one remembers a els and plate which was sent over to story of Dean Ramsey. A severe snow-Holland, "privately, by the king's spe- storm had cut off all communication cial warrant to the Duke of Bucking- in a Highland district for some weeks. ham." This was in the reign of and every snuffbox in one village was Charles I., and yet in 1649, when the exhausted, with no hope of replenishment. The minister in particular was so starving for a pinch that study was el house in the tower, it was found out of the question. At last the beadle suddenly rushed off and returned The imperial crown and other re- in a few minutes with an exultant cry galia of the realm at the time of of 'Hae!' and a resupply box. "Whaour Charles I. were valued at only £2,000. did you get it, John?' asked the minister, after a long, deep pinch. I soupit (swept) the poupit,' replied John. The minister's continual spillings of snuff Sabbath after Sabbath had proved of

value in the days of famine.

"That minister's replenished box

brought much benefit to those who ap-

plied themselves to its contents

There is, too, on record a tale of a

pinch of snuff that turned enemies into friends. A well-known tobacco and snuff manufacturer's son entered one of the crack cavalry regiments, to the great disgust of the aristocratic 'gentlemen and officers' thereof. It was privately decided to make the intruder feel that he was not wanted in that exclusive unit of the service, and a neat plan was formed with that obect. As soon as the dessert was over. and the wine was on the rounds on the first night he appeared at mess his brother officers simultaneously took out their pocket handkerchiefs, and then ensued what was more like a sneezing competition than anything else. The one for whose benefit this little hint was intended looked around fore taking in the import of the display. Then he rose, dignified and calm, and with the politest air in the world: ver mounted snuffbox, 'allow me to of-

best snuff.' From that moment all an-

tagonism was at an end.

"By the way, some idea of the great popularity of snuff in the old days may be formed by the fact that a calculation was once made that the inveterate snuff taker in 40 years occupied no less than 24 months in taking pinches, taken every 10 minutes. This is how the result was arrived at: Every stances, consumes 11 minutes-11 minutes out of every 10, allowing 16 hours to a snuff taking day, amounts to 2 shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hours and 24 minutes out of every na-hear it," and on another occasion tural day, or one day out of 10. One tural day, or one day out of 10. One day out of 10 amounts to 36 days and his fellow members "not to a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in 40 ears, two entire years. Altogether, although the cult of the snuffbox had its pleasing amenities, it does not seem ed among the most lucid and logical one whose revival would bring in such immense popularity as it enjoyed in the good old times."-London Globe.

Caught the Lion's Eye .-- A middle aged man stopped in front of one of the lion cages in the Central Park menagerie and gazed intently at the head of the old animal that was lying honorable member to shake his head down near the iron bars, prefaces the New York Sun. After keeping his eyes on the inmate of the cage for several minutes he made passes with his hand toward it. The lion's head gradually went down onto his paws and he appeared to be asleep.

"Great is science!" the visitor said. The books say one can hypnotize any wild beast if near enough to hold his eye while casting the spell, and I have "Hypnotize nothing! That old lion

many jarring notes heard in this house this subject at least must be regarded has been blind in his near eye for