ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1913.

THE MIDLANDERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Author of The Day of Souls, My Brother's Keeper, Etc. (Copyright 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.) 

"You are!" he cried. "And you can

Her white face stirred a bit. Then

with the direct simplicity of her down-

river years, she muttered: "Mr. Cur-

Mr. Curran sat down and rubbed the

who had walked alone and known the

to her shoulder. He was trying to be

lieve he had a great fatherly pity for

walk the trail home. It's beautiful-

we can see the river in a moment-

there you came from, didn't you? I

of my heart there among your people

You're something of a savage, and

you'll never get rid of what the wil-

bless you! People will never under-

She sighed. "I wish you'd take me

away, Mr. Curran-and let me do

something. Just like Uncle Mich said:

"You shall!" he cried riotously

"Why, what a chance you've got, Au-

relie! You're the little rebel done

come up the river to occupy the land!

You must come to the office tomor

row, for two men are coming from

Chicago to see you. The Sunday edi-

tor of the Chronicle, and an artist to

draw you. And the Chronicle will give

you a prize. One hundred dollars. It's

not much. It's all an advertising

scheme with the Chronicle, of course

but for you-Aurelie, you'll be rich

and famous one of these days, just see

She rubbed the bloody little bandage

on her wrist and stared over the town

"I just will! And I just love you, Mr.

Curran! You're all the friend I got!

and then the smile again:

Mr. Curran gasped again. "I sure

When Mr. Curran left her at Lind-

"Wasting my life," he muttered,

He did. He fumbled around until

and come back to the prosy old town,

scure country studio had caught an

arch stateliness, a breathing grace, a

spiritual purity that made the town

then declare it could not possibly be

"The dear kid," he murmured, and

Aurelie went about the next morn

ing in a dream. She helped Mrs. Lind-

strom with the breakfast dishes and

then carried the baby out on the sun-

shine of the porch to play with him.

Neighbor women came and went. Al-

hubbub, she the calmest of them all-

Old Michigan's astounded questions,

John's suspicious fanaticism, the wife's

silly comments, the boys' puzzled awe.

Aurelie a-going to have her picture

Well, it was like Aurelie. To Knut-

and Peter she was ever the princess

off on amazing adventures, a fairy

not of them. From the porch she

watched them milking a lean-hipped

ing with their barefeet in the steam

of her bed to avoid the frosty grass

chattering voice retorted to Peter:

Knute shivered in his cotton shirt;

"Aw, Aurelie, she ain't a-goin' to

Later she went past them in the

cheap fantastic circlet of brass in her

boys yelled their friendly derision at

"clean upset" by Aurelie's fortune

relie'll get us all in the papers. Ain't

Aurelle went on, a slender scarlet

my man had enough hard luck without

She was

"Lord

who played with them and yet was

ready they were discussing her, she

The household had been in a

kissed the picture and laid it away.

wake up and do something, too!"

stand, but I do!"

if you're not!"

burning.

he found a match.

"To occupy the land!"

'Way off

The Mississippi!

go away, too, and show 'em!'

hadn't been for you!'

SYNOPSIS OF THE MIDLANDERS. Aurelie was stolen from the Holy Family Orphanage in New Orleans, when a tiny child, by Uncle Michigan. and taken to the swamps to Master Captain to be brought up to lead the people back to their own-for he was a Confederate who had not surren-dered. But he died, so Aurelie and Uncle Mich' started out to see the world, eventually sailing up the Mississippi, and landing at Rome, Iowa, small town with large ideas of class town with large ideas of class caste, and family precedent.

Here Aurelie grows up, an elfish, gypsy-like child, scorned and misunderstood by the townspeople; she and Uncle Mich' living in the Pocket Quar-ry with the Lindstroms. John the ather was a fanatic, and after losing a stonecrusher, he became rabid against the laws and the town. Aurelie's only friends were Harlan Van Hart, son of the Judge, and her lover, and Wiley Curran, editor of the News the weekly News, the weekly paper, a romantic dreamer who shocks everyone with his

radical ideas. Wiley Curran sends her pictures to derness put in you-never, never-God and to everybody's surprise, she wins it. Such publicity and vulgarity shocks the people of Rome. Harlan is incensed, and their love affair is brok-

> CHAPTER VI To Occupy the Land

Aurelie sped up the narrow road that skirted the rocky face of Eagle Point bluff, on one side the creek shrouded with laurel and sumac, or the other the uncouth board fences of the rear lots of the town. She did not heed her steps. Once, on a rise of the path, she stopped and gazed stonily back at the lights of the house. At last she seemed to understand that she had been bowed out, dismissed in a manner so marvelously gracious that she, the little fool, had not known it-she had stood with a heart so full of gratefulness that she had not dared trust her voice; she had given all with an inexplicable rapture of renunciation. She was burning with a fear that she had been outrageously tricked, and then a knowledge that, in got no use for either of us. We're the some desolating way, the mother was

"She never shook hands with me." the girl whispered and climbed on, her smile had to come. And after it a sob; smiled! And had her way! Oh, wish I could do that-that's being lady!" Then she turned fiercely to look back. "I hate 'em-all of 'em! They're different. Harlan's different-I see now!"

Then a last faint note of the pian came on the night wind, and she shut her ears with her hands and fled on to gain the cliff, up, anywhere, to silence and to freedom. She burst around the buttress of rock where the road ended in Eagle Point trail, and there, directly behind the News office fence, a man in shirt-sleeves was emptying a bas ket of bottles down the creek bank The girl almost struck him as she sped across the foot-bridge. He stopped his task, looked up, cried after but no matter! He took a photograph her, and then followed. She reached out of his desk a dozen times to study the trail and heard him toiling on it. Some careless miracle of an ob-

among the boulders. "What's th "Aurelie!" he gasped:

matter?"

She did not answer and he leaped on. But the girl gained swiftly on him, steep as the ascent was, until he the bootlegger's girl. Mr. Curran saw her slip on a pinnacle of rock, groped for the entrancement; yes, it heard her cry out and pitch down into was she-he had seen her face so in a hollow filled with dry leaves. He the moonlight. dashed on to find her a prisoner in the Pocket, waist deep in the leaves, sullen, breathing hard, her hair disorder ed. She would not look at him. "Aurelie-what on earth's the mat

"I fell and broke my arm." He leaped down and struggled to

her. They both were panting. "You're suffering!" Mr. Curran gasped. She laughed and flung a bloody lit tle hand up to him. He saw her tense and tragic figure; there was more mortal hurt there.

He took her arm and she rebelled pulling it away until she writhed with pain. But he made her sit, and tore his handkerchief to bind the cut, after examining it.

"It's not broken, Aurelie! Only gashed-maybe sprained."

"I wish it was broken-everything! He could hear her heart beat as he heifer which they had aroused, standbent to bind the wrist. "You little savage-running off wild like this. And the prize winner, Aurelie! The most beautiful girl in all the west,

She stared dumbly at him. Perhaps he, too, was mocking her, playing or get stuck up! She'll come out and go her full heart, her heedless generosirabbit huntin' with us fellers even if ty, her hungry soul, her love. There she does get her picture in the paper!' was none of her small poses and airs about her now, but the Celt's romance varda dressed in her best gown, a stirred in him at some wild beauty in her. When he had bound her arm she hair which Uncle Michigan had given quivered, and he had a sense she was her years ago. She rarely wore a hat about to leap from him like a creature for she had none to her pride. The of the woods at the chance of freeher finery. From the porch Mrs. Linddom. Then she turned to him. strom whined her fright. "She fooled me; and I'm going

away." "Fooled you?"

But maybe it meant a job. knows we need it. John laid up with "His mother. And I said I'd give him up to her, but now I see she only his arm and Albert not workin' steady. Maybe Aurelie would get a job I hate them now-and in the News office, but Lord knows

"Aurelie!" Mr. Curran was bewilwhat would happen to a girl who got her name in the paper." She sniffled dered. "I never knew of this affairon to the neighbor woman, and Aureyou and Harlan. It's astounding"he rubbed his forehead-"impossible!" "You think so, too?" she blurted. "All right. I'm a fool, I guess. But I'll show 'em." She came directly to face could stir this beaten labor woman of the cities. "Lord knows Au-

Oh. Mr. Curran, I want to go away! I told 'em I'd give up this prize thing, if he wanted me to. But now it's different. Mr. Curran, I want to be

somebody!" She was staring at him in the moon light. Mr. Curran could not stand that; his own vagabond heart throbbed mightly. He, too, was the exile, the rushing water. A red squirrel the outlander. To be somebody! Right scolded her from the willows, and she day editor, "and they don't pass bad then and there. Mr. Curran knew he

from a safe tree, she laughed again, slouches either. There was Pixley of and then suddenly remembered that yet rebelling against it with all her

When she came to the neat houses of High street the eyes of early housevives airing their rugs caught her gipsy figure; they whispered to the usehold, and noses flattened against the panes to watch her pass. Already lespite Mr. Curran's effort to hold the story for the Sunday papers, the town was buzzing with Aurelie Lindstrom's notoriety. It was aghast, it was incredulous: but when she passed it ran to see and whispered. When she neared the square and passed a shop where the cheerful anvils rang, she was consclous that the work stopped, and the smiths came out of the blue haze in ran, I could just love you. I never their leather aprons to stare after her: would have been a beautiful girl if it and when a farm wagon came along,

man hailed her; and when she passed bald spot on his head. He was a man the Hub Clothing Store. a dapper clerk called: "Hello, Aurelie!" And sorrow or evil. He put a kindly hand all the other clerks and the proprietor gathered open-mouthed, to whisper, She set her shoulders straighter and narched on into the News office. The editor arose hastily and stared at her. "Now, little girl," he said, "let's Then he sighed and came to her with

> his hand out. "Aurelie, I see it now!" "What?" she asked innocently. "The beauty winner! Oh, we're lot of chumps around this old town! Here you grew up among us and nobody ever suspected. You're the most

beautiful girl I ever saw!" She sat down perplexedly. Jim his case. Aleck, the press boy, stopbroken-down ball-player, stuffing old for this?" papers into the stove, lifted his derby

awkwardly: "Morning, Aurelie!" All the world seemed radiant with friendliness! The editor had her hand and refused to drop it. His eyes were bright with eagerness.

"Right here in my old said, "is Cinderella!" She looked seriously at him. T. Curran. He seemed like a man who had produced a miracle when he merely meant to knock out his pipe. There it was, the sparks flew, and the fairy Irishman had to believe in them.

from the Parsons House. Those people sent Max Jerome down to sketch you-the top-notch illustrator in the

will help you, Aurelie. This old town's She had never heard of him. Two men came in: one fat, short, busyinsurgents!" And he took her hand gaily on the path and danced her looking; the other a lanky youth who along until, to her set pale lips, a laid down a flat case of card papers and turned a good-humored ironical

"And you're Aurelie Lindstrom," he "Well, well!"

strom's fence he went back in a dream said. The stout little man took her hand to his old print shop. He lighted the warmly at Curran's introduction. "The gas and took his pipe, filled it, sat Chronicle wants to congratulate you. down and drew aimlessly on it half an Miss Lindstrom. It's great! Curran. hour before he discovered it was not here, has been telling about you"-he looked flustered for a minute-"and "it's great stuff! But we don't want 'wasting my life! By love, that litthese state papers to get in on this tle girl's got me going! I'm going to until we spread on it Sunday-understand! Don't let 'em get your picture, or buzz you. And we got to make that eleven-twenty train from the Junc-The most beautiful girl perhaps in tion"-he looked at his watch-"and all America! Could the sentimental Max wants to sketch you. We're go-Mr. Curran sleep after that? His hair ing to run a three-color border on the was thin and he had swung the circle sup that's a pippin. Wait till you see that Carmen effect of yours in the Chronicle layout. It's going to make 'em sit up."

She didn't understand a word of it. she looked appealingly at Mr. Curran. Then she was conscious that Max, the gasp when it saw the thing-gasp, and artist, was sketching her swiftly, silently, glancing first at her and then at the light in the News' dingy windows and then at his board.

"Say," went on the assistant Sunday editor. "I'm mighty glad you got it, Miss Lindstrom. You see the Chronicle contest was straight- it was no frame-up for one of these show girls, who are always butting in on these things. I tell you I never was so pleased at anything as to find you didn't know a thing about it!"

"Not a blamed thing!" cried Mr. Curran, 'till I told her! Why, I even forgot I ever sent those pictures in. The most beautiful woman-" He stared at her, and then broke off mournfully: "Say, Dickinson, the grocer, telephoned this morning with an awful roar. Pulled his advertising out of the News and stopped the paper, because I sent, in his girl's picture! And she didn't get a look-in!"

The Sunday editor chuckled. Max smiled ironically. He came to Aurelie with a deft firm touch of his white "A little more to the light, fingers. Miss Lindstrom. Just that-there." He stopped thoughtfully and looked down "Your hair-you couldn't have again. it done better on Michigan avenue. Some women can, you know, and some above the singsong of the milking his can't-some can't even buy it." He went back to his sketches. "There's a curious trick about you-" he began to work, and then stopped and laid down

> "What's the matter, Max?" grunted the newspaper man,

Max was watching her strangely. H muttered; then he said, without regard to his companion: "Miss Lindstrom, do you know you interest me more than anything I've done since I did some girls in Algiers. Youthere's a bit of the Orient about youor Mexico."

"I'm a Creole, I think," she said pensively. "That's what Uncle Michi-

Chicago men exchanged The two "Oh, yes," the editor put in glances. -"Curran was saying. Your storyromantic, Miss Lindstrom. I've seen girls like you on Royal street. Not lie marched on with vast pride. Not many, but once in a while a Creole all the beauty of the October sun level with a beautiful face. But your story, from the hills against the filigree of Miss Lindstrom-great stuff-we're red and gold hung against the cliff going to flash it big." He looked at his watch busily. "Max, you better kick

in hard-" And in the silence she discovered again that the artist had stopped to watch her and his ironical smile was gone. Presently she heard him mutfigure on the leaf-carpeted creek road. ter and resume work, but ever and She wilfully passed the bridge to cross again he stopped to study her dream-

Sinsinawa on the mossy stones among ilv. "Got Max going," drawled the Suncharged him laughingly, her breath ones on Max. And the chaps who the squirrel barked his indignation thousands of 'em-why, they're no understand it.

the Art Institute, and Martineau who she was trying to be miserable, and has charge of the Philadelphia collection, and Benny Booth, who does that girl stuff for the syndicate. Three guys who ought to know. And they picked

you!" She sighed luxuriantly and said nothing. Wiley was aghast at all this complacence. He followed her eyes. which were fixed on the morning peace of the court house lawn under the maples. Up the bluff she heard the bob-whites calling, and the gleam of a dove's wing came before the win-

The most beautiful woman! duties in a gray little world; at times hungry, chilled, hurt with rebuff, undershot with sadness. One may wander the world striving for gain or have been depending on "pull." The heaped with frosted corn, the hired fame, dig for treasure, grow old, dimeyed, seeking applause, admiration love-but here, at once, without asking, seeking nothing, knowing nothing, the jinnee had come and broken the

> She sighed again her luxuriou peace. The garrulous Sunday editor' voice came faintly through her dream When you come to Chicago the paper will entertain you. The old man himself is crazy about that picture—wants a special wire as to what Max thought of you. When you get some clothes er-Miss-Miss-

magic vase at her feet!

"Not a bit," retorted Max. would be a sin to put anything on her. Look at her! . In the door-frame-the Mims, the tramp printer, toothless and maples on the bluff beyond her—the whisky-soaked, grinned at her over sun on that sumac! That little gown, the circlet in her hair, the flowerped his work. Rube Van Hart, the good God, girl, did you get yourself up 1913. Entrance salary \$720 per an-

> She smiled complacently, "The make fun of me." she murmured, and Max growled an unintelligible anathema on Rome, Iowa.

And while she sat there with the eyes of the silent men upon her, a step sounded upon the sidewalk. Harlan 1913, and is to secure bookkeepers came past. Her face grew rigid when and accountants for the interstate he saw her.. He appeared about to had never known anybody like Wiley swing into the News office in his old be of special interest to young men in genial fashion to see Wiley. Then he the service of the railroads. There met Aurelie's blank gaze and gazed as are two grades and the salaries are blankly at her. She saw his big sen- \$1860 to \$2100 and \$2220 to \$3000. per sitive nose quiver, he stared furiously stood on tiptoes smiling at him! An at Max and his work, so furiously that she was frightened and tried to speak "Miss Cinderella," went on Curran, to him. But her voice failed her, and there come the Chronicle men now Harlan, looking now at her, spoke doggedly.

"Aurelie, are you going into this?" "Into this?" "This abominable contest-going

have your picture in and all the stuff printed about you!" He was mad with despair, it seen ed; he almost leaped in the doorway.

"You shan't!" he roared. "Yes, I shall!" She looked fixedly "I just made up my mind. I'm him. just going in for everything and

omebody!" The young man stared at her. Then he whirled about, looked at her from the sidewalk and went on withou answer. And Aurelie turned a pale face back to Max and tried to smile. "Who," said the Sunday editor, "is that damned fool?"

Wiley mumbled awkwardly, "Judge's son . . . best family. Sort ofwell, gone on her."

"Good done," commented the news paper man laconically. "Got his pic ture about your shop? Heart interes and all that sort of thing-big as house! Get us a come-on story to fol low Thursday." Aurelie stared at him. Then she

umped down and walked before the Sunday sup man and shook her fist under his nose. "His picture in the paper? If you ever do that, I'll go to Chicago and tear up every paper in your old shop!" And turning around she walked out

and up High street with the air of an empress "Well, I'm jiggled!" murmured the

Sunday editor. "Help!" (To be Continued.)

How It Works .- It was a hot sum ner day. It was also dusty. One hundred and fifty men were riding from town to town in central Kansas, in autos, on a trade extension tour. They were Kansas men-merchants, lawyers doctors, editors, clerks, mechanics bankers, farmers. From time to time

they stopped at thirteen towns during the day's run. No one in the crowd spoke of beer No one had any beer. No one at the thirteen towns offered anyone any peer. At most of the towns there were creat, deep, stone jars of iced lemonade on the sidewalks with bright tincups hanging from the jars, and a sign up, "Welcome, Emporians," There was no whisky, beer or wine in the crowd.

No one missed it. No one spoke of it. For these men, ranging from 30 t 60, had lived in Kansas thirty years under absolute prohibition. Most of them had never been in a saloon in their home town in their lives. Booze was as remote from their conscious ness as carbolic acid. Booze is not in the Kansas scheme of things. No one thinks of it. Its presence or absence is not considered by the Kansas mind .-Emporior Gazette.

- Spartanburg, July 12: On com plaint of C. D. Fortner, a member of the general assembly, Magistrate Porter J. Gantt today issued a warrant for the arrest of D. L. Poole, a merchant of Enoree, charging him with uttering and circulating false statements concerning Mr. Fortner. with malicious intent to injure has character and reputation. This constitutes a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year. In his affidavit, Mr. Fortner allege that on July 6, near Antioch church Mr. Poole, in the hearing of severa people, declared that Fortner had been convicted of an offense in Woodruff and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 or serve thirty days, and that he was serving the time by working in favor of the new county proposed to be formed of the southern part of ble technical school. Spartanburg and northern part of Laurens counties, with Woodruff as the county seat. Mr. Fortner declares the course of instruction in technical in his affidavit that Mr. Poole's al leged statement is untrue.

use The doctor may use hieroglyphics

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Only Way to Get Certain Posi-

CIVIL SERVICE REGULATIONS

Hundreds of South Carolinians have written their senators and congressnen begging for positions. Practically everything worth having is under the civil service and an examination is necessary before one can get an appointment. In these days "political pull" is worth very little, in fact nothing, in filling the various positions in One does not easily grasp it, if one the government departments. The has lived an obscure life of common people from the northern states have known this for some time and consequently have been taking the examin-

tions regularly, while our people result is the south has a very small representation in the government service in Washington and elsewhere. In talking with Senator Tillman re cently he called attention to the fact that fust at this time there are a great many fine positions to be filled. Look

over this list which he has given your stand the examination. It will cost you nothing but a little time and may get you the position. Here they are:

Stenographic clerk, departmental service. Examination to be held at

eight points in South Carolina on July 22, 1913. Entrance salary \$840-\$900 per annum. Fireman. Bureau of standards. Ex-

amination to be held at Charleston. Columbia and Greenville on July 16,

Architectural designer (male). Ex amination to be held on July 21, 1913. Salary \$1800 per annum. This examin ation is for service in the Philippines Examiner of accounts (male). This examination will be held on July 28, commerce commission. This ought to annum. If you are thoroughly familiar with railroad accounts, it would probably pay you to investigate this

Nautical expert, (male). This exam ination will be held on July 16, 1913, at Columbia, Charleston and Greenville. Entrance salary \$1000 per annum.

Seed warehouseman (male). On July 16 an examination will be held in Coambia, Charleston and Greenville to fill a vacancy in the bureau of plant industry, agricultural department, Salary from \$900 to \$1200 per annum. has a vacancy to be filled by examination on August 6 and 7th, 1913, at a salary of \$1380 per annum. The examination will be held in Charleston,

Columbia and Greenville. Tinner's helper (male). In the of fice of the secretary of agriculture there is a vacancy in the above position to be filled by an examination on July 21, 1913. The salary is \$720 per annum.

Shop apprentice (male). The bureau of standards wants a young man between 16 and 20 to fit himself for advanced work as a mechanician. Exmination will be held at Columbia, Greenville and Charleston on August 6, 1913. Salary is \$480 to \$540 per an-

Assistant in cotton seed marketing and utilization (male). The new office of markets, department of agriculture, announces an examination for the above place on August 4, 1913. The salary is from \$1800 to \$2000 per annum. An experienced cotton seed oil man is wanted and he must have had at least three years' experience in an oil mill.

Assistant in co-operative organiza tion accounting (male). On August 4, 1913, an examination will be held for the above position. Salary is from \$1800 to \$2400 per annum. The duties of this position will be to devise suitable forms and system of accounting for the use of co-operative producers' and consumers' organizations, and the appointee must be able to adapt such systems to the needs of individual organizations or communities as particular conditions may require.

Specialist in transportation of farm products (male). The new office of markets, department of agriculture, wants a transportation expert and is to pay \$3000 a year. Practical experience in the service of a common carrier involving responsibility not less extensive than that of division freight agent, is a prerequisite for consideration for this position. The examination will be held on August 4.

Civil engineer student (male). office of public roads, department of agriculture, announces an examination to fill above place on August 6, 1913. Salary \$720. Age 20 years or over. The interstate commerce commis sion calls the attention of railroad en-

gineers to the following: Senior structural engineer (male) Salary from \$3000 to \$4800 per annum. Examination on July 21. Men are wanted with thorough training, and several years' practical experience in connection with designing and supervising the construction of railway bridges, buildings and other struc-

Structural engineer (male). Salary \$1080 to \$1500. Examination on July 23. Applicants must have had not less than four years' experience in engineering of which not less than two shall have been spent in structural work.

Senior civil engineer (male). Salary \$3000 to \$4800 and \$1800 to \$2700. Examination on July 21st. It is desired to secure eligibles having a thorough technical training and several years' practical experience in railway location, design, construction or maintenance work, and having a thorough acquaintance with the methods of apraisal and cost-estimating of railways. Must be graduate of a reputa-

Civil engineer (male). Examination on July 23. The questions will cover schools in civil engineering, and cover fundamental principles and practice only.

Senior inspector of car equipment

at least five years' experience in car construction as master mechanic master car builder, general car foreman or in similar service. Age 23 to

Inspector of car equipment (male) Salary \$1200 to \$1500 per annum. Examination on July 23d. Three years' experience in the employ of a railway in the department of equipment or with a company manufacturing car equipment is required for admission to this examination. Graduation in mchanical engineering from a technical school of recognized standing will be accepted in lieu of two years of these three.

Senior inspector of motive power (male). Salary \$1900 to \$3600 per annum. Examination on July 21. Applicants must show that they have had at least five years' experience as master mechanic, road foreman of engines roundhouse foreman, locomotive shop foreman or engineman.

Senior railway signal enginee (male). Salary \$3000 to \$4800. Examination on July 21st. It is desired to eligibles having a thorough technical training and several years' practical experience in connection correspondent and take his advice and with the design, construction, operation maintenance of railway signals and interlockers, and having a thorough acquaintance with the methods of appraisal and cost estimating of

railway signals and interlockers. Railway signal engineer (male Salary \$1080 to \$1500 per annum. Ex amination on July 23. Three years experience in the employ of a railway in the block signaling or interlocking system department or with a company engaged in the manufacture of this special feature of railway equipment is required for admission to this ex

Senior electrical engineer (male) Salary \$1800 to \$2700 and \$3000 to \$4800 per annum. Examination on July 21 It is desired to secure eligibles having a thorough technical training and sev eral years' practical experience in connection with the design, construction maintenance and operation of electric railways, power plants and equip-

Electrical engineer, (male). Salary \$1080 to \$1500 per annum. Exami nation on July 23. Three years' experi ence in electrical engineering work will be required for admission to this examination. Graduation in electrical engineering from a reputable technical school will be accepted as equiva lent to two years of this experience. Senior mechanical engineer (male) Salary \$1800 to \$2700 and \$3000 to

\$4800. Examination on July 21st. It is desired to secure eligibles having thorough technical training and sev eral years' practical experience in connection with the design, construcoperation and maintenance of railway machinery, motive power as equipment. Mechanical engineer (male). Salary

\$1080. to \$1500 per annum. Examination on July 23. Three years' practical experience in mechanical engineering will be required for admission to this examination. Senior architect (male). Salary

\$1800 to \$2700 and \$3000 to \$4800. Examination on July 21st. It is desired to secure eligibles having a thorough technical training and several years practical experience in connection with the design of architectural struc tures, especially of railway structures the supervision of the construction and maintenance of buildings. Architect (male). Salary \$1080

\$1500. Examination on July 23. Applicants must have had not less than four years' experience in architecture

COTTON

The Money in the Crop and a Boston Paper's Idea of It. In 1911 the United States raised

cotton crop of over 16,000,000 bales as against 11,500,000 bales in 1910 and 10,000,000 bales in 1909. This crop broke all records and although it seem ingly oversupplied the market, th prices obtained were in the mair good. In 1912 the production was over 14,000,000 bales, but the smaller crop brought a cash return of something like \$100,000,000 in excess of that received for the larger. This indicated among other things, that the market was not actually overstocked by the record crop, but that it lacked facili ties for absorbing it. At all events the planters were not deterred from increasing the acreage this year and government statistics show that the 1913 yield will in all probability exceed 15,000,000 bales. Should July and August prove favorable to the staple, the crop of this year will bring the cotton production of the southern states for the three years up to at least 45,000, 000 bales. What does this mean in mone

value? It is but a reasonable expecta tion that an average price of 11 cents a pound for the producer will be ob tained this year. This would bring the value of the growing crop to the farmer up to \$825,000,000, exclusive of the seed, or about \$900,000,000 in all Taking 1913 as the average year of the period, the total value of the raw cotton crop fo rthe three years would be \$2,700,000,000. The southern states are enjoying

creat prosperity. The south, from its enlarged income, has been able to provide for development that must in crease its productive capacity tremen dously. Among its conservative peo ple there is still a strong disposition t warn the planters against continuou cotton planting, but despite numerous predictions of failure, the land con tinues to yield abundantly of the staple, and, as has been seen, its selling value is well maintained. More skillful farming will explain one phase of this happy result, an ever-broadening market the other. The south, in view of its experience in recent years, is and has a right to be, optimistic with regard to the future. It has learned severe lessons; its confidnce is due i very large part to its belief that it has learned them well.-Christian Science Monitor.

- Miss Gertrude Mordecal, daughter of T. M. Mordecal, Esq., of Charleston, was killed in an automobile ac cident near Lake George, N. Y., Sat urday afternoon. The car was running at a speed of fifty miles an hou at the time of the accident.

then and there, Mr. Curran knew he charged him ladgrangers have been already he lecture came, and people were attracted general attention a few mould lead any forlorn hope for her, would lead any forlorn hope for her, and people were attracted general attention a few picked your picture, Miss Lindstrom, but he doors and windows. The greatness is possessed only the lecture came, and people were attracted general attention a few picked your picture, Miss Lindstrom, but he doors and windows. The greatness is possessed only the lecture came, and people were attracted general attention a few years ago. Otherwise there is little to understand it.

THE LOST SLAYER OF BOOTH Case of Boston Corbett, Who Went t Kansas, Then Vanished.

Years ago before Gomer Davis or even the central branch had come to town, Concordia, Kan., vaunted itself pon the possession of a wild man. The wild man's name was Boston Corbett though he wasn't a prize fighter at all, and he had the further distinction of having killed John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Also he was a dead shot with an army revolver, wore his hair long and suffered under the delusion that he was a muchwronged man

To begin at the beginning, however, which was a good many hundred miles from Concordia, When the Civil War broke out Corbett, who was 33 years old and a hatter, joined the Sixteenth New York cavalry regiment Corbett was converted by a street preacher in Boston before he joined the army; all during the war he spent much of his leisure time attempting to evangelize his fellow troopers.

Then, before the war was over, came the assassination of Lincoln, and Booth's flight on horseback south through Maryland. Corbett, who had been promoted to the rank of sergeant for bravery during the war, was one of the twenty-five troopers who went south on Booth's trail under command of Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty. There are a good many different versions of what really happened after Booth was surrounded in a barn near Bowling Green, but none of these versions has ever disputed the fact that was Corbett who shot Booth.

The actor, supporting himself upon rough crutch, was standing in the niddle of the barn floor, refusing to urrender, and he held a carbine, with which, in the growing light of the barn which two civilian detectives had set on fire, he took aim at Doherty. Boston Corbett, who had been standing guard at a small opening in the side of the barn, saw the move, thrust the muzzle of his revolver through the aperture and fired, wounding Booth at the base of the skull. Booth was caried outside and died two hours later. Now, it had been no part of the army fficers who had set out after Lincoln's

slaver to have him shot down there in Maryland. They wanted to bring him back to Washington and have him hanged in due state, and many people who knew Corbett afterward, say he army because he killed Booth. At any rate, Corbett always felt af-

erward he was a much wronged man. He had slain Booth: therefore, it was only right that he should have a large part of the \$75,000 reward that had been offered by congress for the capture of Booth, alive or dead. Instead, got only \$2,545 of the money, of that, he was held up by footpads and robbed of the whole roll.

Congress granted him a trifling pension, and he went to Camden, N. J., and applied for the job of assistant postmaster there, was refused, and made up his mind to come west. He come to Concordia and applied at the land office there for a claim.

Eighteen miles from Concordia there was a little hillside "eighty" of no especial value to any one, and there Corbett built a cabin. He trenched his cabin, and there were loopholes in the walls out of which he might shoot. Some one had told him that Booth had pelonged to a secret order, and that the members of the order had taken a

vow to avenge his death. Mounted on a pony and riding his old army saddle, he spent his time wandering about aimlessly enough, now and again coming to town, but generally suspicious and keeping to himself. Judge Sturgis, one of Concordia's pioneers, is one of the men now living in the town who knew the

strange little soldier. "Often enough, as I was driving long," he says, "I have seen this Boston Corbett slip quickly off his horse as he caught sight of me and lie mo tionless in the grass, his long revolved in one hand, waiting to see what was coming. He never made any attempt to hurt me, or, indeed, to hurt any

ne, but he was always wary. "He was a strange, solitary fellow nd he had not been on his claim long before he succeeded in quarreling with number of chaps who were in the habit of riding across his place. They meant no harm, but Boston had the curious, precise English notion of property rights, and he warned them not to set foot on his claim. One thing led to another, and finally they had him arrested, charged with threatening to kill them. That court room scene was the sort a man remembers.

"There was Boston Corbett, a little, slender, dark-eyed chap, his hair hanging down long behind, sitting there quietly, while those fellows told how he had threatened to shoot them. Suddenly he jumped up, whipped out his humors of the law, relates the followarmy revolver and began pointing it at one man after another.

"'That's a lie, a lie, a lie,' he shrilled. 'I'll shoot any man who says such things about me.'

"I can tell you there was scattering. Most of the town had come in to listen to the hearing, for Boston Crobett was a notorious chap. They trampled each other getting to the doors and windows. One old attorney, who was crippled up with rheumatism and knew run, crawled under a small table, and it was with difficulty that we got him

"But Boston didn't shoot, and nothing was done to him either. They quieted him down and talked to him and he went back to his hillside eighty, the cabin and the pony. "Of course we realized before long

the chap was crazy. He would go along quietly enough and then break out in some new and unexpected way. I remember, for instance, the time Judge Dan Brown, of the probate court, got up a scheme to have Boston give a lecture on his life and his killing of J. Wilkes Booth. Here was Boston, a elebrity, who had been living right in our own county and nobody thought to capitalize him.

"The first lecture, they agreed was to be in Concordia, and I think every one in town must have bought a ticket. At any rate the Presbyterian church, the biggest building in town,

NO. 57. his protege—the famous Boston Corbett, the man who had killed Lincoln's slaver, and who would now give his own story of just how it happened

"And then Boston stood up, his long hair brushed and oiled and pulled back from his forehead, and launched into his speech-or sermon, rather. For he told them never a word about himself, never a word about Wilkes Booth or the war, or anything else he was advertised to speak upon. He talked religion to 'em, shouting, ranting, street preacher religion, 'Repent and ye shall be saved!"

"Dan Brown was so mad he could did neither. He talked to him quietly and gently, and finally they agreed to wait awhile and then he would lecture again-this time out of town.

"So Judge Brown took his notable down to Junction City, advertised, sold tickets-and Boston did the same thing over again. That was the last time he ever appeared on the lecture platform.

per of years; the same sort of a record of wild eccentricity. He rode and shot, and he was a wonderful shot. I swallow with his revolver, or one of these circling prairie birds that we call 'bullbats,' and people around Concordia had a wholesome respect for his shooting talents. Every now and then he would make one of his wild. foolish gun plays here in town, but he never shot any one and everybody understood he was not just accountable

so nobody tried to shoot him. "A good many folks were friendly with him, and finally one of our local Republican politicians got him a job as door-keeper at the legislature in To-

That appointment took Boston Corbett away from Concordia permanently. For one day in February, 1887, he revolver, shouting that he meant to kill the speaker of the house. Doorkeepers and sergeants-at-arms fied; legislators scurried down the corridors like frightened tackrabbits. Corbett caught up with one man who resembled the

neaker and shouted to him: "You can discharge me, Mr. Speak-

er, but you can't scare me." The legislator assured him that he wasn't the speaker and Corbett let him go. Finally the crazy doorkeeper was captured by Topeka policemen and was sent to an asylum in Topeka. He staywas practically drummed out of the ed there a little more than a year and seemed to be improving distinctly; his whole bearing was so gentle that he was allowed the freedom of the grounds, along with the harmless pa-

One morning, while the guard was paying no special attention, he dropped out of line to pick a flower. before he had a chance to spend any and his pony was tied near one of the gates. Corbett untied it, clar and was away down the road, lost in a cloud of dust. A few attendants rode after him, but they were too late.

A week later a letter from a man in Neodsha, who had known Corbett during the war and who had repeatedly protested against his impriso told how the prisoner had co him, had received aid and money and had started for Mexico after "shaking the dust of the United States from his feet." The pony was left behind to be returned to its owner. And that is the last news that has ever been received from Boston Corbett. If he is alive today he is 81 years old. Numerous impostors have turned up at one time and another, trying to palm them-

gis was called on a few years ago to refute one such claim. The little hillside eighty changed hands years ago, and today is pasture land, and the fort Booth's slayer built is crumbling fast.—Kansas City Star. Abraham an Inventor.—The University of Pennsylvania has just discovered that it owns a picture of a plow invented by Abraham, centuries ago.

While plows undoubtedly were used

before the time of this invention, the

Abraham plow is a combination plow,

selves off as Corbett and Judge Stur-

seeder and harrow, and, according to the inscription on the picture, three men were necessary to operate it. The picture was made upon a Babylonian brick, which was the custom in those days. The apparatus had a tubelike attachment into which the seeds were poured. A vessel above the ground facing the frame of the plow was used as a receptacle for the seed and then the harrow was attached to

the back of the plow. The Babylonians sowed and tilled according to Abraham's commands, and with his invention they feared neither the ravens nor any other birds that devoured their grain.—Exchange.

"Men of Straw."-Mr. Engelbach, an English author, in a new volume on

ing queer bit of history: "Some years ago men used to walk about openly in Westminster Hall with a piece of straw in their boot. By this sign attorneys knew that such persons were in want of employment as false witness, and would give any evidence required for money. For instance, if an advocate wanted an obliging witness he would go to one of these men and show him a fee, which, if not sufficient, the witness would not take any he couldn't make much showing in a notice of. The fee was then increased until its weight recalled the power of memory to a sufficient extent. By this they derived their name, 'Men of Straw.' "-Harper's Weekly.

Pellagra In Spartanburg.-A statement in the local columns of the Spartanburg Herald that "there are over 400 pellagra sufferers in this county and others are being added to the number with alarming rapidity, conveys some idea of the grave prob-lem which pellagra has become. It also indicates the tendency of the disease to develop special prevalence in some localities. Thomson-McFadden commission soon have a temporary hospital n, a consequence of subscriptions now ht in ing made. It is pursuing with had ergy its efforts to obtain some knowledge of the origin of the dis-ease. How much it is doing for individual sufferers and how much can be done elsewhere we gather from the authorized statement that the ma lority of patients are either greatly helped or completely cured by a few weeks of careful nursing. Pellagra was crowded full when the night of seems to have become noticeably the lecture came, and people were milder, on the average, since it first