

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER VIII.

Griswold Emergent.

Half an hour had passed after the hue-and-cry runaway from the curb in front of the saloon two doors above, Mr. Abram Sonnenschein, dealer in second-hand clothing and sweatshop bargains, saw a possible customer drifting across the street, and made ready the grapping hooks of commercial enterprise.

There was little suggestion of the tramp roustabout, and still less, perhaps, of the gentleman, about the person who presently emerged from the Sonnenschein emporium. A square jawed, clean-shaven man, with a well-cut suit, a high-collared shirt, and a pair of well-worn shoes, he strode past many brilliantly lighted shops until he found one exactly to his liking. A courteous salesman caught him up at the door, and led the way to the designated departments.

By this time Mr. Sonnenschein's hesitant and countrified customer had undergone a complete metamorphosis. No longer reluctant and hard to please, he passed rapidly from countenance to countenance, with selections with a bargaining not at all when he was furnished a generous traveling wardrobe; a head-to-toe change in garments with a surplus to fill two lordly suitcases; so he bought the suitcases also, and had them taken with his other purchases to the dressing room.

All traces of the deck-hand Gavit, and of the Sonnenschein planter-customer having been obliterated, there remained only the paying of his bill and the summoning of a cab. Oddly enough, the cab, when it came, proved to be a four-wheeler driven by a little wizened-faced man whose thin, high-pitched voice was singularly familiar.

"The hotel Chouteau?—yes, sorr. Will you please hand me the grips? I can't leave me harras." The driver's excuse instantly tied the knot of recognition, and the man who had just cremated his former identities swore softly.

All things considered, it was the Griswold of the college-graduate days—the days of the slender patrimony which had capitalized the literary beginning—who presented himself at half-past nine o'clock on the evening of the Belle Julie's arrival at St. Louis, wrote his name in the guest-book and permitted an attentive bell boy to relieve him of his two suitcases.

The clerk, a round little man with a promising bald spot and a permanent smile, had appraised his latest guest in the moment of book-signing, and the result was a small triumph for the Olive street furnishing house. Next to the genuinely tailor-made stands the quality of versatility; and the keynotes of the clerk's greeting was respectful affability.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Griswold. Would you like a room, or a suite?" "Neither; if I have time to get my supper and catch a train. Have you a railway guide?"

"There is one in the writing room. But possibly I can tell you what you wish to know. Which way are you going?" Without stopping to think of the critical happenings which had intervened since the forming of his destination, Griswold named the chosen field for the hazard of fresh fortunes, and its direction.

"North; to a town in Minnesota called Wahaska. Do you happen to know the place?" The clerk smiled and shook his head. "Plenty of time is there?" Griswold asked.

"Oh, yes. Your train leaves the terminal at eleven-thirty; but you can get into the sleeper any time after eight o'clock."

Seated at a well-appointed table in the Chouteau cafe, Griswold had ample time to overtake himself in the race reconstructive, and for the moment the point of view became frankly Philistine. The luxurious hotel, with its air of invincible respectability; the snowy napery; the cut glass, the shaded lights, the deferential service; all these appealed irresistibly to the epicurean in him. It was as if he had come suddenly to his own again after an undesired season of deprivation, and the effect of it was to push the hardships and perils of the preceding weeks and months into a far-away past.

He ordered his supper deliberately, and while he waited for its serving, imagination cleared the stage and set the scenes for the drama of the future. That future, with all its opportunities for the realizing of ideals, was now safely assured. He could go whither he pleased and do what seemed right in his own eyes, and there was none to say him nay.

In this minor city of his hasty selection he would find the environment most favorable for a re-writing of his book, and for a renewal of his studies. Here, too, he might hope to become by unostentatious degrees the beneficent god-in-the-car of his worthy ambition, raising the fallen, securing the helpless and fighting the battles of the oppressed.

Further along, when she should have quite forgotten the Belle Julie's deck-hand, he would meet Miss Farnham on an equal social footing; and the conclusion of the whole matter should be a triumphant demonstration to her by the irrefutable logic of good deeds and a life well-lived that in his case, at least, the end justified the means.

"The train of reflective thought was broken abruptly by the seating of two other supper guests at his table; a big-framed man in the grizzled fifties,

and a young woman who looked as if she might have stepped the moment before out of the fitting rooms of the most famous of Parisian dressmakers. Griswold's supper was served, and for a time he made shift to ignore the couple at the other end of the table. Then an overheard word, the name of the town which he had chosen as his future abiding place, made him suddenly observant.

It was the young woman who had named Wahaska, and he saw now that his first impression had been at fault; she was not overdressed. Also he saw that she was piquantly pretty; a bravura type, slightly suggesting the Riato at its best, perhaps, but equally suggestive of sophistication, travel and a serene disregard of chaperonage.

The young woman's companion was undeniably her father. Gray, heavily-browed, and with a face that was a life-mask of crude strength and elemental shrewdness, the man had been a beautiful daughter; yet the resemblance was unmistakable. Griswold did not listen designedly, but he could not help overhearing much of the talk at the other end of the table. From it he gathered that the young woman was lately returned from some Florida winter resort; that her father had met her by appointment in St. Louis; and that the two were going on together; perhaps to Wahaska, since that was the place named oftener on the lips of the daughter.

It was at this point that the apex of Philistine contentment was passed and the reaction set in. He had been spending strength and vitality recklessly and the accounting was at hand. The descent began when he took himself abruptly to task for the high-priced supper. What right had he to order costly food that he could not eat when the price of this single meal would feed a family for a week?

After that, nothing that the obsequious and attentive waiter could bring proved tempting enough to recall the vanished appetite. Never having known what it was to be sick, Griswold disregarded the warning, drank a cup of strong coffee and went out to the lobby to get a cigar, leaving his table companions in the midst of their meal. To his surprise and chagrin the carefully selected "perfecto" made him dizzy and faint, bringing a disquieting recurrence of the vertigo which had seized him while he was searching for his negro treasure-bearer on the levee. "I've had an overdose of excitement, I guess," he said to himself, flinging the cigar away. "The best thing for me to do is to go down to the train and get to bed."

He went about it listlessly, with a curious buzzing in his ears and a certain dimness of sight which was quite disconcerting, and when a cab was called to take him to the hotel, he found the driver waiting for him with a promising bald spot and a permanent smile, had appraised his latest guest in the moment of book-signing, and the result was a small triumph for the Olive street furnishing house.

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Whereupon the porter broke his smile in the midst, picked up the carpet-covered step and climbed aboard.

(To be continued.)

TOWN AND COUNTRY LANDLORD

Editor Yorkville Enquirer:

The above subject has been discussed in my hearing practically ever since I was old enough to remember anything, and as a rule, has always met with the expression that smacks of disapproval, except those directly interested.

It has long been my observation that where you find an ideal rural community on its plantation, not a place containing 500 to 2,500 acres; but generally from 50, 60 and up to 200 acres.

Take, for instance, a country school district of about nine square miles, which, as you know, contains 5,760 acres. Let 50 to 60 white families own their different plantations within this district. Couple this with our modern way of farming and you will see, as a rule, a community that is prosperous—good roads, good schools, the Sunday school second to none, church attended regularly and social features up to the standard.

Everybody will be on an equality—no turning backs or heads, which is as good to say, "You are nothing but a poor old farmer, far beneath my notice, and I will not speak to you."

How often have I seen so-called ladies avoid speaking or showing any signs of recognition to their poorer sister neighbors in public. Think back a few years, you so-called aristocratic-looking ladies and gentlemen, and remember how often you have snubbed different dozens of deserving, but poorer people!

The big landlord, no matter whether he lives on his plantation or in a town, is entirely, as a rule, not as generous or public spirited in proportion, as if his holdings were divided up equally among a half dozen or more white farmers. The negro tenant suits his taste better, and how little does he think how much trouble his dusky tenant may give his poorer white neighbor.

In my experience, about 60 per cent of the negroes are unreliable as to word, act or anything else, and given the same per cent will steal, if about the smallest chance. Besides, the negro of the past kept one to four, the worthiest hounded, allowing them to run at large all the time and make their living from their white neighbor's hen nests, guinea nests, sloop tub or some other place where they are not wanted.

The crying need in most every section of York county, with which I am more or less familiar, is more land-owners, smaller sized farms, worked and controlled by the resident owner.

The big landlord, owning from 500 to 2,000 acres or more, no matter if he lives on his plantation or in town, is most invariably a hindrance to the community in which his farm is located. I could go further and say, in lots of instances that his farm is a menace to the community in which it is located.

Land will never be cheap in York county again. It has increased on the market value from 100 to 500 per cent according to location, in the past 15 years. In some cases it has increased 1,000 per cent during that period.

I know, personally, several farmers who are now past the meridian of life and have been renters from the beginning of their career. The rent paid by them would in the aggregate, buy each one a handsome farm. They know, have known it all along, but have failed to take advantage. They have a chance yet. Every renter in all of York county has a chance to own a farm of his own. The chance lies in the doubling of energy, better management. Cut out the loafing and live at home.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I have no particular individual in mind in this discussion; but should there be anyone who wishes to take exception, I trust The Enquirer will give them space in its columns.

Wistar Keller, Yorkville, R. F. D. 1, July 19, 1915.

"World Without End"

"Daddy," asked the young hopeful, who, relates the Kansas City Star, was stretched out on the floor with the daily paper in front of him, "where's P-e-t-r-o-g-r-a-d?"

"Why, that's the capital of Russia, son."

"I thought that was St. Petersburg."

"Well, St. Petersburg used to be, but Petrograd is now."

"Why did they change?"

"Well, they didn't really change capitals. They changed the name of the capital. What used to be St. Petersburg is now Petrograd."

"Why did they do that, daddy?"

"Well, you see, Russia and Germany are at war and it made the Russians mad to think their capital had a German name. So they changed it."

"Was it a German city?"

"No, St. Petersburg was the German name. It meant Saint Peter's city. Petrograd is a Russian name. It means Peter's city in Russia."

"Don't they have saints in Russia?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"Then, why isn't it St. Petrograd?"

"Well, because—well, perhaps because the czar didn't want his capital named after St. Peter. Perhaps he wanted it named after Peter the Great."

"Was Saint Peter a German?"

"No, Saint Peter wasn't a German. He was a Greek, or a Russian or a Jew."

"Then why was St. Petersburg named German after Saint Peter?"

"Well, Peter the Great, who built the city named it St. Petersburg to honor St. Peter."

"Then Peter the Great was a German?"

"No! He was a Russian king or czar or whatever they called them then."

"Why didn't he name it St. Petrograd, then?"

"Well—well—confound it. I don't know. Mary, forgive me. Why don't you entertain your child awhile. I want to read a minute."

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FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes were prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permitted. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and instruction of the older generation and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

14TH INSTALLMENT.

The Surrender of Lee.

We copy from the City Point correspondent of the New York Times the following particulars of the surrender of General Lee. The letter is dated April 17th.

I am able to lay before you the highly interesting and important details of the surrender through the courtesy of Col. Tal. P. Shafter, the eminent telegraph engineer who was an eye-witness of the whole scene.

It will be recalled that Gen. Grant's first letter to Lee was dated the 7th (Friday), the day of the battle of Farmville, and the correspondence was kept up during the following day and up to 11 o'clock on Sunday, as already published. In response to Gen. Grant's letter, General Lee appeared on the picket line of the second corps, Miles's division with a letter addressed to Gen. Meade, requesting a cessation of hostilities while he considered Gen. Grant's terms of surrender.

Gen. Meade replied that he had no authority to accede to the request, but that he would wait two hours before making an attack. In the meantime Gen. Grant sent word to Gen. Meade that he would be up in half an hour and the matter was turned over to him. A flag of truce proceeded to Appomattox Courthouse shortly after noon, and at about 2 o'clock p. m., the two generals met at the house of Mr. Wilmer McLean. Gen. Lee was attended by Gen. Marshall, his adjutant general; Gen. Grant by Col. Parker, one of his chief aides-de-camp. The two generals met and greeted each other with dignified courtesy and proceeded at once to the business before them.

Gen. Lee immediately alluded to the conditions of the surrender, characterized them as exceedingly lenient and said he would be glad to leave all the details to Gen. Grant's own discretion. Gen. Grant stated the terms of the surrender, that the arms should be stacked, the artillery packed and the supplies and munitions turned over to him, the officers retaining their side arms, horses and personal effects. Gen. Lee promptly assented to the conditions and the arrangement of surrender was engrossed and signed by Gen. Lee at 3.30 o'clock.

Gen. Lee asked Gen. Grant for an interpretation of the phrase "personal effects," and said many of his cavalrymen owned their own horses. Gen. Grant said he construed it to mean that the United States government Gen. Lee admitted the correctness and justice of the interpretation, when Gen. Grant said he would instruct his officers to allow these men who owned their horses to retain them as they would need them for the purpose of tilling their farms. Gen. Lee showed a generous consideration, and said it would have a very good effect. He subsequently expressed a hope that each soldier might be furnished with a certificate of his parole, as evidence to prevent him from being forced into the army until regularly exchanged.

Gen. Lee assented to the suggestion and the printing presses were soon put to work to print the documents required. In regard to the strength of his army, Gen. Lee said he had no idea of the number of men he would be able to deliver up. There had been so many engagements and such a heavy loss by desertion and other causes within the last few days and the reports had been made since leaving Petersburg, but it is generally believed by the best informed officers that he surrendered eighteen or twenty thousand men. Of the army, horses, wagons, and there is yet no official count. Gen. Lee informed Gen. Grant that his men were short of provisions whereupon Gen. Grant ordered 25,000 rations to be distributed to them. Thus subsequently ended the interview. Both generals were the impersonation of dignity and courtesy in their bearing. Lee is in fine health and thought apparently impressed with the vital effect and importance of what he was performing, he was cheerful and pleasant in his demeanor. The house where the stipulation was signed was a fair brick structure with neat grounds and quite neatly furnished. The room in which the interview took place was a comfortable parlor about 15 by 20 feet and adorned by the usual furnishing common to the average Virginia house.

Both generals were in full uniform. Lee wore a very fine sword. Grant wore no side arms, having left camp the day before with the intention of being gone only a few hours, but on the contrary, being gone all night. When the two generals first met they were attended only by the staff officers already mentioned, but during the interview several of our officers entered and were introduced to Gen. Lee, who received them cordially and made no objections to their presence. They were Maj. Generals Ord and Sheridan, Brevet Maj. Gen. Ingalls, Brig. Generals Williams, Rawlings and Barnard and Lieut. Col. Parker, Dent, Badeau, Bowers, A. G. A. Porter, Babcock, and Capt. Lincoln. Tal. P. Shafter, Esq., was the only civilian present.

It should be said that Gen. Grant had anticipated the surrender for several days and had resolved beforehand not to require the same formalities which are required in a surrender be-

tween the forces of two foreign nations or belligerent powers; that they were our own people and to exact no conditions for the mere purpose of humiliation.

After the interview, Gen. Lee returned to his own camp, about half a mile distant where his leading officers were assembled awaiting his return. He announced the result and the terms whereupon they expressed great satisfaction at the leniency of the conditions. They then approached him in order of rank and shook hands, expressing satisfaction of his course and their regret at parting, all shedding tears on the occasion.

The fact of surrender and the liberal terms were then announced to the troops and when Gen. Lee appeared among them he was loudly cheered. On Monday between 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., Gen. Grant and staff rode out in the direction of the rebel lines and on a hill beyond the courthouse where a full view of the rebel army could be obtained. Gen. Lee was met, attended by one staff officer and orderlies. The generals halted and seated on their horses, conversed for nearly an hour upon the prospects of the future, each seeming to realize the mighty influence which the events of the present were to have upon it.

Gen. Lee signified very emphatically his desire for a cessation of hostilities and indicated his intention to do all in his power to effect that end. The best of good feeling prevailed and this was the last interview between the two commanders. Gen. Grant returned to McLean's house and soon after Gen. Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett and Heth, with a number of staff officers arrived, and after recognitions and introductions, an hour of very friendly intercourse took place during which many scenes and incidents of by-gone college days and days of service together in the regular army were recalled and retold with much good nature.

Gen. Grant gave Gen. Lee and his principal officers passes to proceed whither they wished. The parties soon separated and early on Tuesday morning, Gen. Grant and staff left the scene of the great event for their headquarters at City Point, arriving at 4.30 p. m., today. Gen. Meade was left in command to superintend the details of the surrender, which would occupy several days, the work of providing each man and officer with an individual parole being a slow and tedious affair—part of them written and part printed, by portable printing presses which accompany the headquarters.

The completeness of the destruction of Gen. Lee's army may be inferred from the fact that two weeks ago his army numbered not less than 65,000 men, that we have captured from him 25,000 prisoners; that he killed and wounded are not less than 14,000 and the balance of the army deserted on the retreat or fell into our hands at the surrender.

The congratulations at headquarters this morning were very hearty. As the various gentlemen on the staff appeared at their homes and as commemorative of their triumphant return, Brady, the eminent photographer of New York, preserved the group general and all for the admiration of all their friends in this and future generations.

(To be Continued.)

POWDER

Something About the Material that Now Has Right of Way.

The lady who asked at the country store for "powder" was met with the polite query, "Face, gun or flea?" The first and third varieties are still what they were of yore, but the gunpowder is really powder no longer, except when it is used for the manufacture of fireworks. That used for the modern high-power artillery is in the form of cylinders, sticks or blocks, some of them of considerable size.

A single grain of the powder, for instance, were not 16-grain gunpowder to be set up at Panama it is as big round as a broomstick and three inches long. Germans make their powder in strips that look like thick tape. They cut it off in lengths and tie it up in bundles which fit into the breeches of their big guns. The British powder is made in long sticks which look like macaroni without the large single hole, while the French powder looks like flat pieces of chewing gum.

The bigger the gun the bigger the grain of powder. The grains are half as big as a pinhead; for the largest guns they are three inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick. Every grain is perforated lengthwise. Small grains have a single hole, while the larger sizes have seven.

These holes regulate in a wonderful way the rapidity with which the powder will burn. If you light a scrap of paper all around the edge it will burn toward the center and the burning surface will steadily decrease. If, however, you make a hair in the center of the paper and start the conflagration there the flame will steadily grow, and the most rapid burning will take place just before the fire has reached the outer edge. This is the exact principle which governs the arrangement of the perforations in big gunpowder. The burning starts along the surface exposed by the perforations, and spreads always faster as the hole is enlarged, burning faster at the instant it is consumed.

It is not intended that the charge in big guns shall exhaust its force instantly. The beginning of the explosion starts the projectile on its way. The explosion continues, and as the projectile gains speed the force behind it continues to push. The powder is burning faster and pushes hardest at the instant the projectile reaches the mouth of the gun. At that instant also it burns out and exhausts itself. Its work is done.

It is wonderful to reflect that gunpowder is almost pure cotton. It requires but little juggling—scientific juggling, to be sure—to convert the harmless rock of the cottonfield into the most effective of modern smokeless powders. Those big grains of cotton powder which look like pieces of stick candy are but cotton refined to this form and treated with nitrate.

All nations make their powder of the same materials, the only difference being in the mechanical form the product takes.—Landon Tit-Bits.

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings in Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Chester Reporter, July 19: Mr. Earle Stevenson, who was wounded at the shooting in Wimboboro on June 14th, and who has been at the Magdalene hospital since that time for treatment, will be able to leave this week. Mr. Stevenson was badly wounded in the left arm, and had a close call, but is now mending rapidly, and will soon have his strength back. County Treasurer S. B. Wylie reports that the tax on commercial tax collected in Chester county this year amounts to \$4,482.50. Last year the total collected was \$3,270, which shows that this year's collections are off about 50 per cent. Mr. John Dove, one of the county's oldest citizens, died Friday afternoon at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Weir, on the Key place, three miles east of Chester, and was buried Saturday afternoon at Bethlehem M. E. church near Cornwell. Mr. Dove was a member of Co. F, 23rd South Carolina regiment, and made a brave and faithful soldier. Mr. E. Dye, a well known citizen of the county, died at the home of his brother, Mr. J. C. Dye, six miles south of Richburg, Saturday evening, and was buried yesterday afternoon at Mt. Prospect M. E. church, after funeral services by Rev. J. B. Davis. Mrs. J. A. Hafner, who is sick with typhoid fever at her home on Pinckney street, is progressing satisfactorily. Mrs. H. M. Williams, who also has fever, has thus far failed to manifest typhoid symptoms, but is believed likewise to be a case of typhoid fever. At a meeting of the county board of education Thursday evening, it was decided to organize two new school districts, Lando district, No. 31, and Pryor district, No. 32. The former will comprise the territory around the town of Lando, and the latter will consist of several miles of territory around Dr. S. W. Pryor's central farm on the Lancaster road. Dr. S. W. Pryor was elected a member of the board of trustees of Courthouse district, No. 1, to succeed Dr. J. G. Johnson, resigned.

Gaffney Ledger, July 20: J. P. Burgess, a mill operative 35 years of age, died at his home on Railroad avenue Saturday morning after several months' illness. Death was the result of a complication of diseases. He is survived by his wife and four children. L. D. Bonner of the Goucher section of the county, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$10 or to serve ten days on the public works of the county by Magistrate Phillips upon being convicted Friday of having sold the flesh of an animal that had not been slaughtered in the regular manner. Mr. Bonner had a calf that was injured by a mule kicking it while it grazed in the stable. He immediately slaughtered the animal and sold a part of the meat to the county chain-gang, neglecting to tell the circumstances of the calf's death. According to the state statute, the flesh of an animal that has met accidental death may be sold, providing the manner of its death is told the purchaser at the time of the sale is made. Mr. Bonner neglected to state the facts to Mr. L. F. Allison, the chain-gang boss, who made the purchase, and the latter filed complaint against him. Mr. Bonner has given notice of appeal from the magistrate's decision. He plead ignorance of the law requiring him to state the nature of an animal's injury before being slaughtered, and says his infraction of the law was of the letter and not the spirit. Mr. G. W. Speer has been appointed a referee for Judge J. T. Johnson as referee in bankruptcy for Cherokee county. Mr. Speer held this position for several months, until it was abolished by Judge H. A. M. Smith when he consolidated Spartanburg, Union and Cherokee counties into one district. A new Federal district was recently made up by Mr. Johnson as judge, and he has appointed a referee for each county. Talmage Moore, the 19-year-old son of Mrs. Robert Moore, Branard street, died Friday night in a Charlotte hospital, following an illness of about four months. He is survived by his mother and two sisters, Misses Paoclet and Bonnie Moore. All of Gaffney was saddened when it became known that Mr. W. D. Cooke had died in a private sanatorium at Columbia Saturday, following a short illness. Death was due to a complication of diseases.

Rock Hill Record, July 19: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Douglas have returned from their bridal trip to the mountains of North Carolina, and are at home to their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Black on Academy street. Rev. C. Fritz Beach filled the pulpit of St. John's M. E. church yesterday morning for Dr. P. B. Wells and he preached a splendid sermon. There are many farmers in York county and Julius Friedheim is one of them. Last week he harvested his millet from a plot one and one-half acres. He got 3,240 pounds from this plot and four tons and an eighth. This shows what York county land can do, provided it is well drained and in good shape. This crop was sown on April 18, and he expects to get another cutting from the same stand.

Gastonia Gazette, July 20: At a congregational meeting held Sunday at the Loray Baptist church, a call was extended by that congregation to Rev. G. P. Abernathy to become their pastor. Mr. Abernathy lives at Dallas and is at present pastor of Long Creek and High Shoals Baptist churches. At a recent meeting of the city school board the following teachers for the city schools were elected for the session of 1915-16: Principal, Central school, W. P. Grier; principal, Loray school, Boyce M. Weir. Teachers: Mrs. M. L. Lasey, Misses Gertrude Boland, Emmie Roberts, Mary Huey, Marie Horton, Carrie Roddey, Della Nolan, Pearl Gall, Mary Powers, Rebecca Adams, Winnifred McLean, Lute Lee Owen, Jean Withers, Mar-

garet Tiddy, Bessie Pegram, Maude Wilkins, Jane Morris, Claudia Cashwell, Edith Mason, Mary Rice, Minnie Lee Peden, Pearl Gallant, Carrie Potts, Carrie Morris, Ella Lewis, Cora Hart, Mildred Rankin, May Withers, Eleanor Reid, Ella Bradley, Sallie Sumner, Florence E. Mitchell and Vada Pettit. Billy Hamick, a well known negro wood-chopper living on Mr. Luther Bees' farm near Fawcett's Mountain, accidentally shot and killed himself last Friday. He was cleaning and oiling a .38 revolver when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking him in the side. The accident happened about noon and death followed about midnight. Mr. R. A. Love, a former Gastonian, who now holds a position as general manager of a large cotton mill at Trenton, Tenn., is spending a few days in the city on business. Mr. J. A. Gallick of Belmont farm has been critically ill from typhoid fever for the past three weeks. He is now improving rapidly. He is thought to be out of danger.

Lancaster News, July 20: Shortly after 3 o'clock this morning the alarm of fire awakened many of our citizens. A dense smoke hung heavy over the business section of town, so dense that the fire could not at first be located. It soon, however, was found to be issuing from the Moore building on Gray street, occupied by Mackorell's grocery store, and must have been smoldering for some time before it was discovered for it had gained such headway that great damage to the stock of goods resulted before the flames could be extinguished. Much of the goods that was not burned was water-soaked. It is thought that the fire had its origin in the ceiling and defective wiring has been suggested as a possible cause. Superintendent Lingle tells us that ten or twelve schools in Lancaster county re-opened yesterday. We hope they are well attended and that community interest will be centered upon the school in each neighborhood. "Aunt Nancy" McIlwain, a respected colored woman, who has been suffering from pellagra for the past year or more, died last Thursday in the city of Washington, where she had been taken by one of her daughters for treatment. She was one of the old regime, and was held in high esteem not only by the people of her