

THE PEOPLE.

It isn't the streets nor the buildings
That are reared 'neath prosperous skies,
Nor the domes with their splendid gildings
That we truly revere and prize.
For houses may fall and their wrecks
May strew the ground;
The place 'neath misfortune's frown;
But a great voice cries "We will build
A new!"
It's the people that make a town.

It isn't the plain nor the mountain,
Nor the ocean that rolls afar,
Nor the waving field nor the fountain
That makes us the men we are.
When the shadows of want and grief
Expand,
It is then that we know the worth
Of a gentle heart and stalwart hand;
It's the people that make the earth.
—Washington Star.

IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

A True Incident of the Australian Bush.

By WILFRED FRENCH.

Never was I so near "beat out" as the night when I finally struck the trail and wallowed into the alleged "inn," a day's ride down from Kalgooey and two days up from the coast, in the wildest of the Australian mountains.

Rain? I never knew what rain was before, and have never seen it more than sprinkle since. You could not breathe without sheltering your nose, and I believe one could have drowned standing upright on the top of a rock. When it began I was out in the bush with two naked native helpers, plotting a possible path, through those infernally erratic defiles, for the new railway that was to connect Kalgooey with the coast.

Rain? Dear Heaven! The two natives crept into a cave and both were drowned there. Four solid hours I waded, swam, wallowed, gulped, then more dead than alive crawled into the inn, finding myself of a rat I once pulled from a mud-hole by the tail after holding him down with a stick long enough for him to have drowned twice over.

The railway is going in great shape now and Kalgooey is a place. Then it was only a mad mining corpse just coming back to life. It had become its boom and got its crowd together, with no end of saloons, a newspaper, and telegraphic communication with the coast; but there was no other connection except an evasive bridle-trail to transport necessities up and luxuries—dust and ore—down, without an apparent possibility of ever getting so much as a two-wheeled cart through those crazy intervening mountains. It was a death-warrant. The bottom fell out of the boom and Kalgooey died. Then Sir Robert Broadley, the millionaire, bought everything in sight, declared that possible or impossible a railway was about to be, and Kalgooey came to life.

Lord, how it did rain! I heard later that over in Sydney they had been praying for rain for one solid week. It came all right, but there was an error in billing, for in Sydney they never got a drop of it till goodness knows how long later.

The inn which I struck was no place like home. It was only a cook-while-you-wait shack for transients who were better used and satisfied to do their sleeping in the open. It was kept by a half-cast, a fellow cast half-way between a human effort and an ape, who had precious little variety in his larder and less in his vocabulary. There were two more fugitives from the injustice of the elements already established there. One was a young priest on his way to contend with the flesh and the devil up at Kalgooey, who gave his time to religious mutterings and paid little attention to the rest of us. But the other was a paragon! a marvel of good nature and unlimited resources. But for him there would have been hardly an obituary left of me by the end of the three mortal days and nights while the heavens stayed wide open and we huddled in the leaking inn. His other name was hard to remember, so I called him the Elixir of Life.

On my third afternoon at the inn, the fourth day of the storm, it received a knock-out from the northwest, and the mud-plastered postman stopped for a drink on his way—four days later—to Kalgooey. The Elixir and I contributed a bob apiece for an ancient newspaper he had about him and settled ourselves to read. Many a fresh Australian daily is a dead loss at a penny, but this was cheap at two bob. It startled us on our stagnation with a thunderbolt—the murder of Sir Robert Broadley, up at Kalgooey, four days before; telegraphed to the coast and printed, then brought back to us as vital news only a day's ride from where it happened. There was no evidence of robbery except that the assassin had cut off the little finger of his victim, upon which he was known to have worn a unique and beautiful diamond ring. The people looked upon Sir Robert as their deliverer. They were frantic and promised the criminal a real American lynching, spiced with aboriginal Australian tortures, when they laid hands on him, which was sure to be soon, for the man was murdered just before the storm broke and the villain could not have got far away. Every outlet from the mountains was now effectively guarded and a minute description was given of a stranger who had been seen following Sir Robert just before the deed and since had disappeared.

My personal interest centred in the effect it would have upon the proposed railway and I was pondering it when the coter door opened again. The storm was subsiding as rapidly as it came, but the fellow who entered had evidently been out in the whole of it. He grunted a kind of salutation and staggered to a rude bench before the open-fire, where he dropped like a dead log, calling to the ape-faced landlord:

"Hi! you black devil! Whiskey! A Jugful! Quick!"

It was a fresh opening for the Elixir, and he was in it in an instant, bending over the fellow and gently as a woman asking what he could do for him.

"Ye kin mind yer own business!" the fellow muttered. "I got into a landslide four days ago, comin' down from Kalgooey. Lost my horse and been clingin' by my eyelashes ever since till the postman give me a lift. I'm a bit done, same's you'd be, but I can't no odds from God or man and I don't take none from such as you. Hi, you monkey! Where's that whiskey?"

Undaunted the Elixir stood, his soulful eyes fixed on the poor fellow in unshaken sympathy. The half-caste was ambling slowly across the room with a bottle and glass. The man on the bench sat glaring with bloodshot eyes at the Elixir. Just as the innkeeper reached him he muttered:

"Didn't I tell yer to— Ye lobster-eyed—er—"

With words still gurgling in his throat he fell over on the bench unconscious.

"It is better so," the Elixir said, gently stuffing a blanket under his head for a pillow and lifting his feet to the bench. "Sleep will help him more than that hell-fire you call whiskey. Go heat up some of the stuff you said was soup this noon."

The Elixir returned to the window and his newspaper. I watched the unconscious face till the glint of the firelight across it dazzled me and the hypnosis of his steady snoring made me sleepy. I was beginning to doze when the Elixir touched my arm, pointing to something he had written on the margin of the paper opposite the description of the murderer: "Compare this with the man on the bench, and if you agree with me pass it on to Father Belcher."

The only thing which astonished me was that I had not thought of it before or that the man's own account of himself had not suggested it. The priest read it carefully, then went over to the bench and read it again. He crossed himself and muttered a prayer. Allowing for such days and nights as he had spent out in the storm the pen picture was perfect. The Elixir stood up and, looking out of the window, said:

"A red sunset and a fair tomorrow, so we shall part in the morning. Let's have a breath of fresh air together first."

We understood and followed him outside. Close upon the horizon the masses of gold and crimson cloud were following the sun away. The Elixir cast one admiring glance over the glorious wilderness, then his being changed to something entirely new, even after all that had been before. He spoke rapidly and earnestly:

"That fellow is stark mad," he said. "He was demented when he did it. It is like the work of a maniac. Perhaps he'd lost everything up there and charged it to Sir Robert. Besides he is helplessly ill. Do unto others as ye would, applies to us. If we leave him here and go our ways, the fiends from Kalgooey will tear him in pieces. If he is crazy he ought at least to have a show of justice, and we can secure it for him if you will help me. I have handled maniacs several times and always successfully. We two can easily get him to the coast if we are not overtaken by a mob from behind. You are starting for Kalgooey in the morning, Father, and will doubtless meet searching parties coming down. It will insure success if you will tell them that the man is already captured, in safe hands, and well on his way to the coast by way of the Lower Fork, where he will be given into custody. Keep them from following if possible. If not, then send them by the Lower Fork. The day after tomorrow give privately to some one you can trust. Say that the prisoner will be at Baldwin's by Friday noon. Tell them of his condition, so that they will be prepared to care for him properly."

After a little parley the priest consented and did his work so well that the plan worked out to the end. It did not rouse the man even when the Elixir made him drink the soup and relieved him of a rusted revolver, some cartridges, and an ugly knife with black-red rust spots on the blade. Then the moon rose in a clean-swept sky, and the Elixir proposed that we start at once, lest the people of Kalgooey do the same.

We borrowed a cob from the half-caste for the prisoner, who was evidently an old horseman for he sat the saddle by instinct. He would not pay the slightest attention to me, but heeded every suggestion of the Elixir, to whose watchfulness he owed his life many times over during that rapid and dangerous journey.

The officers with a physician met us at Baldwin's, but for the first time the prisoner became obstreperous. He clung to his deliverer, fighting and yelling, and kicking every one else, till for the sake of peace they persuaded him to continue with them, and we

parted abruptly, I at least never more reluctantly.

Two weeks later, back in the bush, a letter came to me by way of Kalgooey.

"Before you open this I shall have left the Convict Isle for quarters undiscoverable, as it was I who killed the demon at Kalgooey. Finding myself in a trap, and, worse, that I was recognized by the fellow who came in on us, looking so like the printed picture of my so-different self, I was forced to utilize him, and incidentally saved his life by getting him to a hospital in return for his getting me out of the trap. I must make this unfolding to you, that you may stand by him again if by remotest chance the suspicion should cling to him. I did it; but, lest you smite yourself for having helped me unwittingly, let me add: if you had been in my place you would have done as I did to the fiend who wore that ring. I have kept it as my only consolation through whatever years are left. If I could tell you the story of the ring, you would not regret having aided—
"Your Friend of the Mountain Inn."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

THIS HOUSE FIREPROOF.

Concrete Walls, Floors, Roofs, Stairs, Porches and Pergola.

There has been built at New Dorp, Staten Island, a concrete house which is in many respects a pioneer in fireproof residence construction.

With walls and partitions of hollow concrete blocks and roof of reinforced concrete, it is the first building of this character to be constructed in New York city, says the Fireproof Magazine, the first in which hollow concrete blocks were used as supporting walls.

The New York building code is very strict upon the subject of concrete blocks, and apparently treats them with the greatest suspicion, believing that where there is such a chance to make poor blocks or blocks without sufficient quantity of cement it is wiser to condemn them all at the start than to permit them to be used in such a manner as to jeopardize the lives of the inhabitants of the buildings.

Three sizes of blocks were used in the New Dorp house; 12 inch for the basement walls, 8 inch for the walls above the basement and 6 inch for interior partitions.

The floors were supported by 3x10 inch concrete beams reinforced with bars, and over these is laid a concrete floor in one continuous slab, having embedded in it nailing strips for the finished floor.

Where partitions occur in the second story other than over first story partitions, they are carried by reinforced concrete girders, which show below the ceilings of the first story. The faces of these partitions, as well as the walls and ceilings, are in the main plastered with pulp plaster, which has a soft and pleasing effect, and can be tinted or adapted to various applied decorations. Some of the walls are covered with burlap tacked to half inch strips, put in after the walls and partitions were completed.

The house stands by itself on a large corner lot, the two principal sides being flanked by a terrace, the walls of which is built of blocks with rock faces. The front entrance is covered with a porch built entirely of concrete, the braces and roof being reinforced with plain round rods.

On one side of the house is a veranda, the columns of which are built up of large blocks and carrying a balustrade of interlaced blocks. On the same side of the house is a pergola, the columns of which are built up square, with girders to reinforce concrete carrying rafters of small poles left with the bark on.

The roof is of a somewhat novel construction, the fireproofing system being also carried out here. The rafters are reinforced with bars, over which is laid a slab of concrete reinforced with plain round rods placed both vertically and horizontally on the roof surface. The slab forming the roof extends down to form a cornice, thus completing the frame without a single piece of wood. The gutters are formed in the roof by embedding a wire mesh bent to the proper angle and the concrete trowelled around and through this. The services of the tinner were required only for the running of the roof leaders.

The steps to the rear entrance are cast in one piece in place, a few rods being sufficient reinforcement for the purpose. The interior stairs are also of concrete and there are two cement fireplaces in the dining room. The house is as nearly fireproof as is possible.

Good Lesson in Forestry.

There is a pretty sentiment in the selection of a seventy-five foot white pine liberty pole, to be erected on the campus of the Iowa State Agricultural College here, says the Ames (Iowa) correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch.

The tree was planted forty years ago by Mr. Ames, whose name this city bears, is one of as fine a grove as can be found in the pine forests, and is frequently used as an object lesson by the agricultural college professors as indicating what the thoughtfulness of one man has done for posterity and the State, and pointing the way of beautifying and protecting the prairie homesteads and of furnishing lumber and fuel to future generations.

The Lackawanna Railroad Company has just retired from active service "Ben" Knox, one of the old-time engineers. Knox worked for this company thirty-seven years and has run nearly every train on the road. He has driven his engines more than 1,000,000 miles

Palmetto State News

Selected Charleston Teacher.

The Atlanta board of education unanimously decided upon the selection of Miss Elizabeth Getz of Charleston to succeed Professor Utterback, resigned, as supervisor of drawing and manual art in the public schools of that city. Miss Getz is conceded to be one of the most efficient instructors in the country, and is said to be eminently qualified to assume the duties of the office to which she has just been elected.

Mill Elects Jennings President.

At the recent meeting of the stockholders of the Beaumont Manufacturing Company, held in Spartanburg, for the purpose of electing a president to succeed the late James H. Sloan, D. L. Jennings was chosen. He has been connected with the management of the mill for a number of years and is thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the company. The selection is considered a wise one and the business of the mill will go on in its successful course.

To Probe Whipping of Woman.

The alleged whipping of Mrs. H. H. Burn, which is said to have been near the Spartanburg-Union line, is being investigated, and it is probable that arrests will be made. Solicitor Sease has instructed Magistrate Hogan of Union to proceed and issue warrants which he may deem proper after investigation.

Just at present, however, no one seems willing to sign the warrants, but it is expected that this step will be taken by some one residing in the vicinity where the outrage was committed.

Theater At Auction.

The opera house building at Spartanburg will be sold on October 1st, to the highest bidder, with an upset price of \$10,000, this being the effect of a resolution passed by the city council of that city. The building will be dismantled and a portion of the site will be devoted to the straightening of Main street.

The council also accepted the proposition of the C. and W. C. railroad, of \$5,500 for the colored cemetery, near its depot. The railroad company will defray expenses incident to the removal and re-interment of the bodies and provide another cemetery. The money will be placed on deposit and the interest used in keeping the new cemetery in repair and good order.

Unique Booze Advertisement.

In the middle of his recent speech in Laurens, Senator Tillman stopped and took from his hand-satchel a small cardboard fan, on which appeared the picture of himself and Chicco, the famous Italian "blind tiger" of Charleston.

"Tillman-Chicco" appeared at the top of the fan and just below the two men's photographs "The Determined" is printed in bold type, advertising the famous Chicco's bar, advertising beer and whiskey for sale by the chief of blind tigers.

Senator Tillman showed the fan to the crowd, explaining that it had been sent to him by a newspaper man, who said that the fans were freely distributed among the press association at its meeting.

The senator declared that he was going to send the fan to Governor Heyward, and dismissed the subject by saying it was a gross insult to him and his high office, linking his name with a blind tiger advertising scheme, and severely criticizing the governor for not enforcing the dispensary law in Charleston.

Truck Growers Happy.

The past truck season was the largest and probably the most successful that the farmers about Charleston have had. The profits above expenses of making and marketing aggregated \$1,297,000. The acreage under cultivation was 24,200, and the largest net profit per acre was \$53, as against a normal profit of about \$30. The net returns to the farmers of this section from their produce during the past year were \$5,717,000, and the cost of making the crop \$2,420,000, practically all of which was spent in Charleston.

A comparison of business this year with the average of the past five years makes an interesting showing. The average number of acres under cultivation for five years was 26,400, against 24,000 for this year; value of product, \$2,787,000, against \$3,717,000; cost of making, \$2,112,000, against \$2,420,000; net profits, \$675,000, against \$2,420,000, and profit per acre, \$25, against \$53 for this season. The greatest of the crops was the cabbage, which returned nearly one and a half million dollars from 6,600 acres, producing 1,180,000 crates. As a profitable crop, Irish or white potatoes came next, with a return of \$864,000; cucumbers, \$562,000; beans, \$275,000; strawberries, \$135,000; asparagus, \$105,000; green peas, \$50,000; sweet

potatoes, \$10,000, and other vegetables, \$300,000.

Farmers Blue Over the Outlook.

A Columbia news item says: South Carolina cotton growers are blue. The showers that began six weeks ago continue. There is an occasional dry day, but as frequently a general rain. In July there has not been one cloudless day, and latterly the nights have been too cool for cotton. Considering the frequency of the rains, little water has fallen, the excess over normal in six weeks being within a fraction of six inches, but it has been enough to keep the ground wet and prevent grass killing. This is particularly noticeable on heavy lands. On the other hand, growers on sandy land are complaining of the weed "firing."

Estimates on the condition of the cotton crop vary greatly when given in percentages, running all the way from 50 to 75, according to localities, but there is less variation in the estimate of state yield. Allowing for improved conditions from this time forward, it is believed 850,000 bales will be produced—it may not exceed 800,000. If the former estimate is correct the reduction compared with last year's crop will be 200,000 bales. At this time that looks like a conservative estimate for South Carolina.

Except in low lands and heavy soils, the conditions that have militated against cotton have benefited corn, and the prospects are that the habit of buying western corn will be broken on many farms next winter. The Williamson method of corn growing is being given a thorough test in this state. It promises well and if successful will be generally adopted and take South Carolina out of the column of corn buying states. The main features of this method are starving the corn stalk and feasting the ear, the fertilizer being applied late in the growing period.

Excessive rains have been injurious to the fruit, particularly peaches, and have also afflicted the quality of watermelons.

DIRE FATE PURSUES FAMILY.

Halsted Smith Alleged Shortage Recalls Surtlet of Tragedies.

The alleged shortage of the late Halstead Smith, who was city clerk of Rome, Ga., for twelve years, is the last chapter in a somber succession of misfortunes by which Smith's family has been oppressed for years.

Halstead Smith, Jr., lost an arm by the falling of a shot gun. Later he was knocked on the head by foot-pads, which deranged his mind, and, it is said, killed himself while on a visit to Texas.

Will Smith fell from a trolley car and was seriously hurt. While getting on a train at Rockmart the young man met with another accident receiving such injuries that he has to use crutches.

A few months ago Mrs. Smith, while handling a pistol, fell, the weapon being discharged, the ball entering her head and killing her almost instantly.

Last week the country home of the Smiths near Rome was destroyed by fire and Norris Smith had a narrow escape for his life.

Mr. Smith's short time ago met an untimely death. He was found unconscious in his room. Physicians were hastily summoned and worked hard to save his life. He never regained consciousness and died a few hours after he was found. His death was caused from poisoning, superinduced by acute indigestion.

It is alleged Mr. Smith, during his term of office, embezzled about \$35,000. The affair has been kept a secret, and only became known a few days ago. None of the city officials will give out anything until a more rigid examination of the books are made.

TRAIN HITS LANDSLIDE.

Flyer Plunges Into River, Killing Two and Injuring Fifteen.

Pacific express train, No. 37, of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, which left the Grand Central Station, in New York, at 9:32 o'clock Sunday night, was wrecked shortly before midnight, 11 miles below Poughkeepsie by running into a landslide, which had been swept down from a high embankment by a terrific rainstorm. The engine of the flyer was thrown from the rails and plunged into the river.

Fireman Mills was killed outright. Engineer Wells, whose home is in the Bronx, N. Y., was so badly injured that he will die. Fifteen passengers were seriously injured, and a score of others received minor hurts.

DOUBLE LYNCHING IN FLORIDA.

Mob Hangs Two Negroes Charged With Murder of Turpentine Operator.

John Black and Will Hagin, negroes, were lynched by a mob of two hundred men near Fort Gardner, Polk county, Florida, Thursday night. The negroes killed Ed Granger, a white turpentine operator, and were captured by Sheriff Wiggins and deputies near the scene of the killing a few hours afterwards.

The mob halted the sheriff and posse, and took possession of the prisoners. Both confessed, and were hanged to a nearby tree, being afterwards riddled with bullets.

CHILD LABOR LAW SURE.

Georgia State Senate Passes House Bill, With Slight Amendment, Without a Dissenting Vote.

Without a dissenting voice and by a viva voce vote of 27 to 0, the child labor bill which will prevent the employment of young children in manufacturing except under certain conditions passed the Georgia state senate Monday morning.

In the legislative branch of the general assembly which has generally heretofore defeated all measures of its kind, there was not one word spoken against the bill which had been already agreed to in committee.

There was no call for the yeas and nays, the senators present voting unanimously in the affirmative.

The bill with its amendment will be sent back to the house and when it is concurred in, it will become a law.

The measure as passed by the senate provides that no child under ten years of age shall work in manufacturing under any circumstances. Children under twelve years of age may be allowed to be employed provided they are the only support of a widowed mother, a disabled father, or an orphan. Then an affidavit to this effect must accompany the application presented by parent or guardian.

No child under fourteen years of age can be employed unless he or she can write simple sentences and has had three months schooling during the preceding year of employment.

During the employment of all children under 14 years of age, they must attend school three months each year, (six weeks' time being consecutive) until the public school age limit has been passed. Sworn statements must accompany the applications of all children under 14 years of age as to their schooling.

The bill further provides that no child under 14 years shall be employed between the hours of 7 p. m. and 6 a. m. The bill virtually throws around children under 14 years old the protection of the law.

DIABOLICAL FIEND ARRESTED.

Negro Boy Confesses to Murder of Woman and Two Children.

Elmer Dempster, a nineteen-year-old negro, was arrested at Canonsburg, Pa., Monday morning for the murder of Mrs. Samuel Pearce and two children and the shooting of a third child Sunday evening. Dempster was taken to the Washington county jail at Washington, Pa.

While no blood stains were found on the negro, suspicion rested on him when it was learned that he was the last person seen about the house before the tragedy. Dempster was a helper on the Pearce farm and after the departure of Samuel Pearce with his sister, Miss Fanny Pearce, for the Canonsburg railroad station, Dempster is said to have been at the scene of the tragedy, looking after the stock.

He was taken from his bed at 2 o'clock Monday morning and put through a course of sweating, which lasted until daylight, when, it is alleged, he made a complete confession. According to the story told in his confession, the negro attempted an assault on the four-year-old daughter after the departure of Mr. Pearce, but was frustrated by the mother, who went to a bureau to get a revolver to shoot him.

The negro says he secured the gun first, and after killing the mother and shooting the children, set fire to the house to hide the crime.

The officers had an exciting trip from Canonsburg to Washington. Two attempts were made to take the negro from them.

NEGRO FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Alabama Colored Republican Announces His Candidacy.

Ad Wimbs, of Greensboro, Ala., one of the well known negroes of Alabama who was a delegate to the last national republican state convention, has addressed a letter to Chairman J. U. Thomason, of the republican state committee, announcing his candidacy for the office of lieutenant governor at the approaching primary.

PALMA PARDONS AMERICANS.

Prisoners Held on Isle of Pines Promise to "Sin" No More.

President Palma of Cuba Wednesday evening pardoned Miss Millie Brown, L. C. Gilmer and William Augustine, Americans, residing on the Isle of Pines, as the outcome of efforts of Charge d'Affaires Sleeper, who obtained the promise of Secretary of Justice O'Farrell to recommend clemency if the trio would promise not to again violate the military order prohibiting private telegraph lines.

DRANK WOOD ALCOHOL.

Poisoned Chemical Whiskey Caused Death of Cochran.

As the result of drinking whiskey made from wood alcohol or other chemicals, W. H. Cochran died at his home in Banks county, Georgia, Friday. An ante-mortem statement of the deceased and the circumstances attending his death go to show that he was poisoned in this manner.