The Press and Banner

BY HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C

NEVER SAW SUCH COTTON

GEORGIA AMAZED BY A NEW MID-AFRICAN PLANT.

A Story from Atlanta that Reads Like a Fake, and Which We Publish for What It is Worth—A Great Thing if True.

The Atlanta correspondent of the New York Sun says: It has been left to Adolph Kyle, an English Jew, who is now, if alive, in the Klondyke region, to revolutionize cotton growing in the South, to change the method of production of the greatest money crop in the world, that brings $36,000,000 annually to the producers aside from what accrues to the transportation companies, the factors, dealers in futures, manufacturers, and merchants.

From a few seed brought from the heart of Equatorial Africa three years ago enough cotton has been grown to prove beyond a doubt that he has been the means of solving the problem of profitable production, which has long puzzled the political economists of the country. In spite of all that has been said and written the fact is still patent to the thinking man that cotton is still king in the South, and the commercial monarch is more firmly seated on his throne than ever before in the history of the world.

One day in the autumn of 1894 a traveler, bronzed and bearded from the effects of the tropical sun and a long sea voyage, about 45 years old, robust and sinewy, signed "Adolph Kyle, England," on the hotel register at the Kimball House and ordered his somewhat cumbrous luggage carried to his room. He was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious colonels, who were anxious to learn what particular brand of spirits he affected, and, incidentally, something of his antecedents and whether or not he had any spare cash to invest in suburban lots or mining schemes.

Partly through natural garrulity and partly through a desire to gratify the manifest curiosity of the colonels, he began to relate scraps of his adventures among the jungles of Central Africa and of the remarkable sights and scenes that came under his observation. He regaled them with hunting stories, tales of the slave trade, which made their mouths run water, and of the wonderful vegetable productions of that region of eternal summer.

"In December, 1892, I joined a party of prospectors," said he, "and we set out on a tour of exploration to the country of the Congo. It was an arduous undertaking, full of perils and privations, but we were all young Englishmen who had started out to seek our fortunes, and we had all to win and little to lose, and for many months we wandered about the jungles of Central Africa, meeting with the savage tribes and passing through strange scenes innumerable, such as may be seen only in that wonderful land.

"One day along in 1893 we pitched our camp on the outskirts of an African village, about twenty miles south of the equator and 1,000 miles from the coast. I observed growing near the camp a thicket of enormous cotton plants, twenty feet and over in height, and covered from bottom to top with snowy pods and blossoms. It attracted my attention because of the abundance of the plant, which was limbless and bore its pods at the base of the big, broad, fig like leaves and only a few inches from the stem of the plant, which shot straight up from the ground and appeared like a young tree.

"I tried to learn of the natives what use, if any, they made of it, but they seemed utterly ignorant of its utility. I had seen cotton growing in Egypt, and the similarity of the plants caused me to think to myself that if this plant could be introduced into a civilized cotton growing country, and could be made to grow as luxuriantly and fruit as abundantly as it did there in the primeval wilds, it would make the fortune of the man who introduced it.

"I cut off a section of the plant that had more than six hundred pods on it by actual count, and was more than twenty feet in height. The section was about eighteen inches long, and had sixty five pods open on it, and I carried it away among my luggage as a curiosity. At first I carefully wrapped it in a piece of antelope skin and packed it among other souvenirs of our wanderings. We were then on the return journey to the coast, and on the way up we were upset in a turbulent stream by the overturning of a raft, and all our belongings were thoroughly saturated.

"In drying my cotton stalk I smoked it slightly, but I preserved it in a piece of dressed shark skin to protect it from the salt water and air on the voyage to the Cape. Arriving there I did not like the turn affairs had taken, so I resolved to visit America. The only relative in the world that I know of is in the service of the Baffin's Bay Company, and I am now on my way to that part the country in search of him. I inherited a little money, and having no home ties I have resolved to gratify my taste for travel.

"I noticed in travelling through this country that your principal crop is cotton. Now I have carried that piece of cotton for many months, and it has travelled 6,000 miles of land and sea, so that I doubt if the seed will germinate; but I want to give it to some good fellow, who will experiment with it and see if it can be naturalized in a cotton growing country, where civilized methods of cultivation are understood.

"There is a man living in this country who has devoted many years to the study of the cotton plant," said one of the colonels, who had heard the story, "and he can tell you in a few minutes whether it can be grown in this country or not."

"Send for him and I will make him a present of the cotton," said the traveler.

A note was dispatched to old Thomas A. Jackson, who lives not far from the city, and on the next day he called on Kyle at his rooms in the Kimball. Farmer Jackson is an East Tennesseean, was an aid de camp to a Confederate general in the war and left his native land because of the hostility of the Brownlow faction immediately after the war. He is a man of large experience in cotton growing and has a liberal education and an enquiring turn of mind. He has been studying the history of the cotton plant for years, and as soon as he laid eyes on the withered stalk that had been carried so many miles he saw that it was of a different genus from the shrub cotton of South America or the annual plant of Australia.

He had a long talk with Kyle and, while the other colonels made light of the story, Jackson listened very attentively and finally carried off the dilapidated specimen to this poor little farm among the reddest of the red hills of Georgia. Carefully he picked the leaves from the silken locks of cotton, observing that many of the pods or bolls contained five cells each instead of four, which is the rule with the ordinary cotton. Out of the 265 seed secured fifty-seven germinated in the garden plot where he planted them in the spring of 1895.

The sturdy plants grew rapidly, each putting forth, at first, an ordinary pair of leaves, and immediately above them a second leaf, which grew out from the stem about two inches. Then followed a joint, at which a cluster of "squares" or buds appeared, the leaf stalk continuing and terminating in a broad, thick leaf, while the portion between the cluster of buds and the stalk thickened to the size of a lead pencil, forming a support for the heavy bolls. The plants grew to a height of twelve to fourteen feet, putting forth alternately the general leaf and the fruit-bearing leaf all the way to the top, and continuing in full foliage till the frost fell, except that the lower leaves dropped as the bolls matured, so that by the time the cotton was open and ready to pick the leaves had disappeared, leaving only the snowy balls ready to be gathered, free from trash or plant stains.

The discovery became noised abroad and cotton men from a long distance came to see it. Every seed was carefully picked out by hand, and in 1896 there were enough to plant half an acre, less thirteen square feet, as measured by a cotton expert from Baltimore. The land composing Jackson's little farm is not at all adapted to cotton culture, and the farm had been conducted as a grain growing and dairy establishment for years. But from that half acre Jackson picked a little over 2,000 pounds of seed cotton. It was not carefully ginned but it yielded 800 pounds of the finest lint cotton ever grown in Georgia, giving 40 instead of the usual 33 1-3 pounds of lint to the 100 of seed.

Experts said that it rivalled the finest of Egyptian cotton, and was superior in many respects to the far famed sea Island product. The Clark Spool Cotton Company sent an agent here and offered to gin the cotton on the special machinery operated by the company, so as to give the fibre a thorough test, but Farmer Jackson declined the offer, and saved the seed carefully, selling a few at the enormous price of 5 cents apiece in packages of one hundred to some enthusiastic planters who wished to give the seed a fair trial. He sold the lint for 15 cents a pound when other cotton was selling at 5 and 5 1-2 cents a pound. This year he planted six acres, and he has to-day the most magnificent field of cotton ever seen in Georgia. On account of the absence of limbs the cotton can be planted very closely, and the crop now growing is on poor land, with a stiff clay soil, thirty-inch rows and the stalks thirty inches apart. It stood a protracted drought of eight weeks, and the hard clods turned up by the plough in cultivation are still tumbled about the water furrows. But in spite of all that the stalks will average about six feet in height, and are heavily fruited from the ground up. On one were sixty fine bolls, of which forty-seven had five cells each.

Three rows selected at random in different parts of the patch showed fifty three plants in the three sections of ten feet each on an average of eighteen to the ten feet in distance. The fruit on one of these sections showed that there are nearly four and a half bales of cotton to the acre now on the ground, and the crop is not nearly made, it is still growing vigorously. The best stalk in a field of common cotton, growing nearby, was plucked up by the roots and set in a row with the mid-African exotic. The comparison was ridiculous, and the disparity in the appearance of the two plants was enough to dishearten the most inveterate mortgage broker in Georgia.

The cotton is creating a great sensation, and planters and mill men are coming from miles around to view the wonderful field of cotton that has the appearance of a bit of jungle transplanted from some tropical clime to its present location among the red hills of Georgia. It is probable that the Lowell mills in New England will purchase the entire crop and give it a thorough test in the manufacture of the finer grades of goods for which it seems pre eminently adopted.

Farmer Jackson planted with the expectation of gathering eighteen bales, and his neighbors laughed at him. It now looks as if he were good for twenty-four bales, and if the present crop at harvest time fulfills half the promise of the growing plants and turns out half what its admirers hope for, this legacy of the wandering Jew will revolutionize cotton growing in the South.

Adolph Kyle left here with the expressed intention of visiting Baffin's Bay and Alaska. He has not been heard of for more than a year, although during his stay here he made the acquaintance of many influential citizens, to whom he promised to write.

Farmer Jackson is not saying much about his future intentions, but he enjoys a rush of distinguished visitors, cotton growers, expert cotton buyers and mill men from all over the country during these summer days, and more than one exhaustive magazine article is in the course of preparation, with elabrate illustrations, discussing the peculiarities of the wonderful cotton plant from the Congo jungles.

Some idea of this prolific cotton, as compared with the old sort, may be had from the fact that ten bolls to the stalk is regarded as a fair crop of the old cotton on the Georgia uplands, and these will yield 1,100 pounds of seed cotton to the acre, generally two and a half to three acres being required to produced a 500 pound bale. The new cotton, on the other hand, promises to yield from three to four bales to the acre with careful cultivation, and a very simple calculation will show the difference between planting 22,000,000 acres to get a 9,000,000 bale crop and the planting of 4,000,000 to secure the same result. One of the stalks grown in 1895 was fourteen and a half feet high, and bore 185 bolls. Speculation is wild in regard to the possibilities of the new cotton, and Jackson's little patch of ground is the most fascinating spot in Georgia these summer days.

THE COTTON IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A few days ago The News and Courier received a letter from Mr. A. Plumer Burgess, a prominent druggist, of Summerton, S. C., Mr. Burgess said:

"Mr. J. R. Furse, living within two miles of this place, has some of the famous Jackson African cotton. The seed was given him by his brother, Mr. W. G. Furse, of Appleton, S C, who got it in person from Mr. Jackson, of Atlanta. So the pedigree is all right, and the 'goods are straight.' I went out to see it yesterday, and inclose you a sample of the staple. The cotton is now in pretty condition, growing in Mr. Furse's garden. On one stalk, which is now eight feet high and has seven big limbs at the bottom, there are now ninety well developed grown bolls, and enough young bolls and shapes to make with a late frost 150 bolls. On another stalk, with two branching limbs, there are seventy grown bolls. A stalk not so well developed has no branching limbs at all. The limbs are all right at the bottom and are several feet long; they seem to be very easily detached from the parent stem, as was shown where one had been knocked off. This would be unfavorable to crowding or late ploughing. The rest of the stalk has no limbs as such, but bolls are on little stems from one to three inches long, three and four bolls putting out from the end of this stem.

"The bolls are of average size, and to all appearances are similar to the usual cotton. There is nothing new or unusual in either stalk or foliage. The habit of growing limbless varies with kind of cultivation. One stalk having 'gotten in the grass' having no limbs at all. It seems that if given room and good cultivation it will throw out several limbs, and degenerate into a usual limb cotton.

"The test made this year is not a fair one for farming purposes, as it must be grown in large quantities and with some fertilizers to prove its qualities, compared with our Peterkin cotton. The idea that it will do better in proportion on poor land seems dispelled, as the stalks getting the best cultivation, and in a better part of the garden are much better fruited and devoloped than those nearer the edge, where it is always poorer."

TILLMAN NOT VERY DEAD.

THE LATE SENATORIAL PRIMARY STRENGTHENS HIS HANDS.

Rid of Evans and Irby—Two Loads have been Taken from his Shoulders—McLaurin not a Tool, but a Friend; that's Better.

Joe Ohl, writing to the Atlanta Constitution, in speaking of the late primary, says Tillman is far from being politically dead. In reference to the question, "Where does this Senatorial race leave Tillman?" he says:

There are indications that the question as being asked pretty generally throughout the country. Able correspondents here at the Capital of the State have had that question fired at them from inquiring managing editors whose sanctums are located in different cities of the North, and some of these inquiries have been so worded as to indicate a belief on the part of the senders that McLaurin's endorsement was a black eye to the doughty chief, whose power in South Carolina has been so great.

Just what have been the replies of these several correspondents I am not in a position to know; but the "where does this leaves Tillman?" phrase of the South Carolina situation is interesting to the people of the South, as well as to the Northern editors.

The answer is natural and pertinent; the question is clear to one who will study the conditions here.

This endorsement of McLaurin strengthens Tillman's hands.

A great many people will not agree with this analysis of the situation. Tillman's enemies talk of it as the beginning of the end of Tillmanism, and point to the indignant outbursts of Evans and Irby as evidences of this. They tell you that McLaurin's friends have been suspicious of Tillman all the time, and that the latter stayed here and fought for some one man instead of going out of the State to keep from taking part in the fight. They talk of opposition from the Evans and Irby factions as well as the Conservatives, and point to Senator McLaurin's statement in the Constitution as meaning a declaration of war from the new Senator.

This is the analysis which some people will give the South Carolina situation, and with these the wish is father to the thought. They are talking from the purely surface indications and are arguing from wrong premises. They are all wrong in the conclusions which they draw with regard to the McLaurin attitude, for they are all wrong in their premises. True there was a disposition on the part of some of McLaurin's friends to wonder if Tillman was going to keep hands off as he had promised, particularly in view of the strong effort Evans was making to create the impression that he was the chosen one; but the returns very promptly dispelled all doubts on that score. They show that Tillman certainly let Evans paddle his own canoe and they show that Tillman's endorsement of McLaurin's tariff position helped the junior Senator. True, Tillman did not openly endorse McLaurin, but he did strongly defend his own tariff votes, and did say that McLaurin's position on that question was identical with his own. Not an open endorsement, but more valuable to McLaurin.

Nor was McLaurin's reference to the "men who shouted loudest for Tillman and reform" in any sense a criticism of Tillman, as some of the latter's enemies have constructed it to be. He was not criticising Tillman, but the little fellows who have attained some sort of prominence by hanging to Tillman's coat tails. That was legitimate criticism of McLaurin's opponents, and the people of South Carolina have endorsed it.

True—reverting again to the theory of the Anti-Tillmanites—Tillman will lose the support of the Evans and Irby "factions." For this sad blow he has good reason to be profoundly thankful. These are two political sins which the people of South Carolina have held against Tillman, and he is well rid of them. To have had to carry them in the past has been a burden, and I am sure Tillman feels a load has been taken from his shoulder in their retirement from public life. Neither man would have been heard of but for Tillman; neither can hope to be a political factor in the future. They may fight Tillman all they choose; their opposition will benefit, rather than injure, him.

In a broad sense it is far better for Tillman to have as his colleague in the Senate a man who is there because of his own merits rather than a "me too." No political tool can ever be of much real value to his maker. It is the rule, though there may be exceptions, that the tools are men of little power, though they may be men of merit; that when they utter wisdom they are criticised as being mere mouthpieces, and whatever they say adds nothing to the weight of the same declaration when it falls from the lips of their principals; that whatever of folly they may utter, of whatever mistakes they may make are at once charged up against those principals.

The "me too" is an element of weakness, not of strength, to the political boss, however strong he himself may be. Conkling would have won his fight against Garfield but for the cartoonists who made Platt a "me too" puppy tagging at his heels; now by the same token Davenport is make Platt ridiculous by me-tooing him with with little Quigg.

Tillman had a "me too" in Irby, and tried a year ago to make one out of Evans. If he is a devout man he should miss no opportunity to send up thanks to the throne of grace for his failure. That was the best thing that has happened to him—being, as it was, the forerunner of the utter annihilation of Evans in this primary. This should complete Tillman's happiness. Evans says Tillman advised him against making this race. That is but another evidence of Tillman's wisdom, and his failure to take that advice is but another evidence of Evan's weakness.

McLaurin is nobody's "me too." He says in the Senate the tool of no man. He is to be a real factor in South Carolina affairs, and his friendship will be valuable. McLaurin is friendly with Tillman. This does not mean that the two men are to be allies in everything, but to have the friendship of McLaurin will be of more value to Tillman than would be the fawning worship of men like Evans and Irby. Tillman retains this friendship for McLaurin, and his friends know that while Tillman was true to his promise to keep "hands off," so far as active participation went, whatever of incidental influence he exerted was for McLaurin; he gets rid of Evans and Irby, which is again worth counting as such.

Of the three things which his enemies hold most against him, he is well rid of two. The third—and the chief sin in the eyes of those who fight him most bitterly—is the dispensary. That is a very live issue in South Carolina, but in no way did it enter into this campaign. Some Conservatives who are not at all conservative in their dislikes or their actions refused to vote for McLaurin because he voted with Tillman for what is known as the Latimer bill, and in doing that they simply showed their ignorance of the provisions of that amendment to the already existing Wilson law; but with that exception the dispensary question did not in any way enter into the campaign. What figure it may cut in Tillman's future campaigns it is for the future to say.

Old Prof. Galphin, who was the most famous educator of South Carolina before and following the war, and whose fame extended throughout the South was wont to brag greatly of the famous public men who had received their education at his hands. It was a long list of Senators and Governors and leaders of the old regime, and he had good right to be proud of the names. "But," he would always add, "the smartest boy I ever had is living on a farm in Edgefield county. His name is Ben Tillman."

McLaurin's splendid victory is a handsome endorsement for Gov. Ellerbe, who appointed McLaurin to fill the place made vacant by the death of Senator Earle. He was able to make a high class appointment and at the same time confer an honor on a friend, and was naturally deeply interested in McLaurin's success.

The Senator's physical break-down undoubtedly made him many votes. The character of the fight that was being made on him was understood by the people, and that desire to see fair play which is so strongly imbedded in the heart of every Southerner created a feeling in his behalf with many people who had been indifferent as to the result. When he fell, and it was seen that his life had been endangered by this prize fight, campaigning, his opponents came in for much criticism. Just now there is much discussion of knock-down-and drag out campaigning which has been so long in vogue in South Carolina, and if there is any substance to what is being said now, that style of campaigning is doomed. Certain it is that the man who resorted not only to misrepresentation, but to the lowest of mud-slinging and vilification, were turned down; he who conducted a clean campaign, using the weapons of the others only when absolutely necessary in self-defence, was honored.

South Carolina has seen much of this campaigning in the past. The fashion is to charge it all up to Tillmanism, but these methods far antedate Tillman, and a knowledge of that fact makes the prediction that the end is in sight a rather hazardous one. Just now the people are talking that way. The joint debates were slimly attended and there was no such interest in mud-slinging and hurling of epithets that there has been in other campaigns. Still this tendency toward peace is probably temporary. There are men here willing to prophesy that the end of such campaigning is in sight, but the millennium has not been reached, and these prophets will probably forget all about it by next year.

However, one thing is certain. It would be well if these prophets were honored—and followed—in their country.

WEATHER AND CROPS

The Conditions of the State's Farming Interests.

The following weekly statement of the crop and weather conditions for this section has been served by Director Bauer:

TEMPERATURE.

The temperature conditions during the past week were slightly above the normal, but the departures were small on any day. The normal mean temperature for the State will decline during the present month at the rate of 2 degrees a week, caused, chiefly, by cooler nights. The mean temperature for the week was 79, and the normal is about 76. The highest reported was 100 on the 29th of August at Beaufort, and the lowest 59 on the 30th of August at Cheraw. At a few stations the maximum temperatures reached to or above 90 on several days and the minimum temperatures ranged generally between sixty and seventy.

The rainfall for the week was generally light and confined to scattered showers over various portions of the State during the first part of the week, the latter portion being without rain, except a light shower on the coast. Rain is needed over the greater portion of the State.

Twenty-one places reported measurements of less than 1 inch, ten of from 1 to 2 inches, and one more than two inches, the latter being Kingstree with 2.48. The approximate normal for the week is 1.30, and the mean of all measurements 0.69. The greater portion of the State received no rain or merely light and insufficient amounts.

Hail accompanied the rains of the 20th over much of Berkeley, Colleton, Charleston, Hampton and Beaufort counties, doing considerable injury to cotton and rice. On August 30th hail fell at Blackville, Greenville, Hope Station and Liberty; on the 31st at Camden.

There occurred few high winds, but they did no material or wide-spread injury.

The sunshine was generally in excess of normal and averaged 82 per cent. of the possible, but cloudiness increased over the eastern portions of the State during the latter portion of the week.

CROPS.

It is the unanimous opinion of all correspondents that the cotton crop will be much smaller than the condition of the plant during July and the first two weeks of August promised. The loss in condition is greatest over the central and eastern counties where the August squares and young bolls nearly all drooped off, and where the plant is, for the most part, apparently dying, with no appearance of a top crop, and where rust was most prevalent. There is, however, less shedding and rust this week than last. Over the western counties, the injury to the crop was not so marked and many fields continue to bloom and put on fruit to a limited extent, especially on late cotton. Cotton is opening rapidly and picking is general, with labor enough available, generally, to keep cotton picked out as it opens, except in places where laborers are scarce, and the lint is liable to damage from storms should any occur. A heavy rain in Union county damaged open cotton materially. The September picking will be large and in places include about half the crop on the stalks. Sea Island cotton continues to look very promising with comparatively little shedding during the last week.

Corn is maturing rapidly and late corn is turning out better than anticipated. As yet no corn has been housed. Fodder pulling is about finished except from very late corn. The weather favored curing and housing the fodder in the very best condition.

Cutting pea-vine hay made favorable progress and the crop is a heavy one generally, although in places the leaves are falling off excessively. Cutting grass for hay is also well under way and large yields are reported of good quality and nicely cured.

The rice harvest is being pushed and much of the early crop is cut and stacked. Some report rice ripening irregularly with many unfilled heads, but on the whole the rice crop approximates a full average. First new milled rice received at Charleston on September 21 from the Georgetown district.

Much rye is being sown in Chester for winter pasture.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

New Rules That are Now Applicable For First Time.

The examinations of applicants for teachers' county certificate will be held througout the State on Friday, September 24. The following rules adopted by the State board of education are applicable now for the first time:

Every applicant for a county certificate shall stand a satisfactory written examination before the county board of education, on uniform questions prepared and furnished by the State board, the examination to be held in all the counties on the same day, or he shall present to the county board a full diploma from some reputable chartered college or university of this State, known to be of good standing. No certificate shall be issued on a diploma showing that the holder has only completed the course of some particular department of a school; the diploma must show that the full college course has been completed.

Only two grades of examination questions shall be prepared and furnished for the county examinations.

There shall be but two grades of teachers' county certificates—a first grade and a second grade, the latter being divided into class A and class B—this not to affect any certificate now outstanding.

To obtain a first grade teachers' county certificate, the applicant shall stand a written examination on first grade questions, prepared and furnished to the county board of education by the State board, and shall make a general average of not less than 80 per cent. and not less than 50 per cent. on any one branch. The county board may also impose oral tests in reading and language.

To obtain a second grade teachers' county certificate, the applicant shall stand a written examination on questions prepared and furnished to the county board of education by the State board, and also such oral tests in reading and language as the county board may impose. To an applicant standing an examination on first grade questions and failing to obtain a first grade certificate, a second grade certificate class A, shall be issued if the applicant makes a general average of 70 per cent., and not less than 45 per cent. on any branch; and, if the applicant makes a general average of not less than 60 per cent. and not less than 40 per cent. on any one branch, a second grade certificate, class B, shall be issued. In estimating for a second grade certificate on first grade questions, Algebra need not be included; if it would be to the applicant's advantage, it may be included. To an applicant standing an examination on second grade questions, a second grade certificate, class A, shall be issued if the applicant makes a general average of not less than 80 per cent. and not less than 50 per cent. on any one branch; and if the applicant makes a general average of not less than 70 per cent. and not less than 40 per cent on any one branch, a second grade certificate, class B, shall be issued.

No person shall be permitted to take an examination who is not at least 18 years of age, and before taking an examination each applicant shall pass such oral tests in reading and language as the board may impose.

A first grade certificate may be renewed by the county board from which it was issued. If, however, a teachers' institute or summer school is held in the county, a first-class certificate shall not be renewed unless the holder attends the institute or summer school, or shows some satisfactory reason for not doing so.

A second grade certificate, Class B, shall not be rewarded unless the holder attends a teachers' institute or summer school, and in such case it may be renewed.

A second grade certificate, Class B, shall not be renewed.

The county board shall issue to each applicant making the required per cent. a certificate signed by each member of the board and under the seal of the office of the county superintendent of education of the county, and showing on its face the per cent. made on each branch and the general average. The certificate shall run for two years from its date, and the holder shall be deemed competent to teach in the public schools of the county. No certificate of qualification shall be granted by any county board under any circumstances to any person who is under 18 years of age.

The county board of one county may recognize a certificate issued by the county board of another county, but in such case they shall register the name of the holder, county from which issued, date and number of the certificate, and when so registered it shall have the same force as if issued in that county.

Each county board shall keep a register, in which shall be recorded the name, age, sex and postoffice of each person to whom a certificate is granted, and also the date and grade of the certificate.

Furman's New President.

The board of trustees of Furman University met Wednesday night at the Columbia Baptist church, and unanimously elected Professor A. P. Montague, of Washington, D. C., president of Furman University of Greenville vice Dr. Charles Manley, who resigned several months ago. Professor Montague is a Virginian by birth but is now a resident of the national capital. He is a celebrated educator and a scholary gentleman, and the university has added lustre to the time-honored institution by the addition of Professor Montague to its faculty. Professor Montague was born in Virginia, and is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Columbian University of Washington. He is 43 years old.

A Bad Mosquito.

David Pearce, a well known ranchman near San Gabriel, Col., is dying from poison from the sting of a mosquito. He was cleaning an irrigating ditch at nightfall on his property and was frequently stung by mosquitoes. He continued at his work and went home. A mosquito sting back of his left ear irritated him more than others. Next day it became somewhat painful and on the following day the pain increased. From that time the wound grew worse, and for the past few days Mr. Pearce has been unconscious. His head has swollen and the back of his neck is much enlarged. It is believed that the mosquito must have come from the malarial spots in the ditch.

A Brutal Assault.

Miss Sallie Chapman, aged twenty, living with her brother in-law, J. C. McInvale, in Macon, Ga., was assulted and brutally outraged in her bedroom before daylight Wednesday morning. A nine year old girl was in the room with her, but was so frightened that she could not give alarm. Miss Chapman does not know whether the man was black or white. She was so frightened and so terribly hurt by the man's brutality that she became insensible and has not yet recovered her wits. The police are working, and the whole town is wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. This is the second assault of a like nature in the last two weeks in this city.

Burned to Death.

Two children of Joseph Creery, a boy and a girl, aged, respectively, ten and twelve years, were burned to death Wednesday afternoon at Fairmont, a suburb of Richmond, Va. They were playing in an outhouse, where a lot of hay and shucks were stored. In some manner this became ignited and death ensued before assistance could reach them.

P. T. Barnum once said: "If you have ten dollars to put into business, spend one for the article and the other nine for advertising. I can out-talk any man but a printer. The man who can stick type and the next morning talk to a thousand people while I am talking to one is the man I am afraid of, and I want him for my friend."

Whiskey Still Raided.

The Columbia Register, of Tuesday, says that Revenue Officer Hal Richardson returned to Columbia Monday night from Swansea on the Southbound Railroad where he made a successful raid of an illicit whiskey distillery. The Register goes on to say that at the last term of the United States court, a party living eight miles west of Swansea was indicted for running an illicit still, but he was acquitted of the charge. Officer Richardson went to Swansea, and proceeding to the place where it was alleged that an illicit distillery was in full blast. It was soon discovered that the still was in complete operation. The owners of the illicit still were not present when Maj. Richardson made his appearance. Investigation developed the fact that new tanks and copper lined vats were largely in evidence, and the revenue officer proceeded to capture the entire outfit. The distillery had been in operation for some time, and twenty gallons of apple and peach brandy were distilled every day. Ready customers in Lexington were patrons of the illicit concern, and the evidence is that steady sales have been made.

The Price to be Reduced.

The statement is made that the State Board of Control intends to reduce the price of liquor to a minimum with as small a profit as is consistent with the management of the business, and operate affairs on this basis for awhile, and if the sales of the original package agents increase to such an extent as will materially interfere with the conduct of the business, then the board will recommend to the next legislature an elimination of the profit feature of the law.

HUNDREDS MAY PERISH

IN THE MAD RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

Great Suffering, Starvation and Death Inevitable if the Present Rate of Influx Continues any Longer—The Situation Described as Appalling.

The United States Treasury Department has made public the following letter from a government official now at Dyea, on the way to the gold fields, stating at the same time that the writer whose name is withheld, had been twelve years in the service and was thoroughly reliable. The letter says:

I deem it my duty to write you on a subject that does not come strictly withing my line of duty, as it trenches somewhat upon the functions of the treasury department. I have had a long talk with Mr. Ivey, collector of customs for Alaska, who is at present at Skaguay, three miles below here. The Skaguay trail is the most largely used overland route (though by no means the best) to the Klondike. Mr. Ivey informs me that there are now between tidewater and the lake something like 4,000 people and about 2,000 horses. The commander of one of the vessels now at Skaguay states that sixteen vessels are chartered to land cargoes at that place between now and the 15th of September and that the number of passengers will average 200 to each vessel, making 3,200 more people who will attempt to go in this fall. I have talked with some of the most experienced traders and miners in this vicinity, and they are unanimous in the prediction that not over 20 per cent. of this vast number will get through to Dawson before winter sets in. The other 80 per cent. will be caught on the trail, and those who survive and get back to tidewater will have to winter at Skaguay or return south. If the rush continues two weeks longer, hundreds will inevitably perish on the trail, which is extremely dangerous after the first of October.

The postmaster and Indian trader at this place (Mr. Heron) states that more than 5,000 men have gone up the Chilcootpass during the past thirty days, and that 700 of them are still this side of the lake (24 miles from here.) Vessels are arriving every day or two, and at the present rate of influx another thousand will enter the trail by September 10. Mr. Heron is of the opinion that not more than 20 out of 100 will get through, and he says this trail is far more dangerous than the Skaguay after the snows set in. He says if the rush continues another week the resultant loss of life will be appalling. I attach the greatest importance to what he says, for the reason that it is to his pecuniary interest to have as many as possible come this way; yet he advises an immediate stoppage of the stampede.

It is difficult to suggest a way to stop this in-rush of people, but Mr. Ivey intimates that if the inspection rules of the treasury department were properly enforced it would materially decrease the number of passengers on the incoming vessels. Nearly every vessel that arrives here brings twice as many passengers as the law allows it to carry, and many of them are condemned craft which have been fitted up for this trade. Mr. Ivey will no doubt at once present the facts outlined above to the proper authorities, and I merely give them to you for your information.

The situation is appalling, and it is impossible for me adequately to describe the mad rush for the gold field. I had no conception of its immensity until I saw it. I have talked with several men who have recently arrived here from the Klondike, two of whom left there less than thirty days ago. They unanimously agree that while there is a rich gold field there, the facts do not justify the present stampede, and they say there is bound to be much suffering and actual starvation. Provisions are already scarce and the prices of many articles absolutely prohibitory in the case of a man of ordinary means.

My usual good luck has attended me here. Mr. Heron, the postmaster, is an old Montana friend, and he has made it possible for me to go forward by Indian carriers at the prevailing rate (37 cents per pound), taking precedence over hundeds, many of whom have been here two or three weeks, awaiting their turn. He assures me he can make the way easy for me at the lake in securing a boat, etc. So I feel comfortably sure of going right through.

The mail facilities are very bad here, as the postoffice department has not made any allowance for the rapid growth of postal business. The postal authorities here are powerless to cope with the mass of mail matter, and I have doubts as to whether this letter will reach its destination. I am forced to close this letter to catch a boat which is about to leave, I am leaving unsaid some things which I shall have to include in my next letter.

The Deadly Crossing.

A Philadelphia and Reading wrecking engine crashed into a wagon at a grade crossing at Frush Valley, a few miles above Reading, Pa., Tuesday night, and three lives were lost. The dead are: Evans Heister, aged 45 years; Warren Faust, aged 10; Leon Faust, aged 7. All were instantly killed. The boys were sons of Allen Faust, a miller of Berkely, this county, and Heister, who was in his employ, was driving them in a covered wagon, with a load of flour for delivery. The presumption is that he did not hear the approach of the engine. The bodies were horribly mangled.

Confessed on His Deathbed.

A special from Bancroft, Mich., says that Harry F. Leadley, of Rochester, N. Y., died there Wednesday. Before his demise he stated that he had been guilty of killing a Miss Emerson in Rochester, and of embezzlement from a Rochester fire insurance firm. A correspondent in Rochester interviewed Charles T. Leadley, father of the deceased. He acknowledged that the man was his son, but knew nothing about the crimes committed.

Wild Horses a Nuisance.

Wild horses have become so much of a nuisance in Northern Arizona that Attorney General Francier has been asked if they cannot legally be slaughtered. That vicinity has been overrun by several large bands, hundreds in number, unbranded and unclaimed by any one. They have rapidly increased in number and have become wilder than deer and vicious as well. The matter has been referred to the live stock board.