

# The Spanish Treasure.

A NOVEL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter.

(ISABELLA CASTELLAR.)

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## CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.

From the first Dolores had possessed a certain command over Mary Hamilton, who, although naturally self-willed and not lacking in strength of character, always submitted to the influence of this strange girl. She was aware of this, and did not resent it; and she was still thinking about it when Dolores returned to the carriage. The brief visit to her old abode had been painful, and she was pale and trembling, but she had evidently been successful, for she carried in her hand a little box of some old-fashioned Japanese workmanship, in which were contained all her worldly possessions.

"Yes," she said, in answer to Mary's questioning gaze, "I have everything safe. Let me show you the picture of mamma—it is so beautiful! Papa had it painted soon after their marriage. As you may see, the frame was once set with jewels, but they melted away, one by one, leaving only the lovely face—to me, the choicest gem of all."

She pressed the frame of the old-fashioned case, and, as the lid flew back, Mary could not repress a cry of almost startled admiration at the beauty of the exquisite face that was revealed to her. The likeness was a miniature on ivory, painted by the hand of genius. "The lily's snow and the blood of the rose" had met to form that exquisite complexion; the mouth, soft as velvet and crimson as a cherry, seemed really to unclose, so life-like were the smiling lips; the eyes were like dark violets, and were shaded by dark lashes that curled upward like a baby's, and eyebrows almost as dark lay in perfect curves upon a forehead white and clear as the silvery brightness of the new moon.

The final touch of color lay in the hair, shining like a shower of gold as it fell in unbound, girlish carelessness about the neck and shoulders.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Mary, almost breathless with admiration. "I never saw such a lovely face! I see where you get the ruddy, golden lights in your hair, Lorita, but—"

"I am not to be named in the same day with her," said Dolores, filling out the sentence that Mary left incomplete. "I know it, dear. There was no one—no one—so beautiful as my mother."

And the listener easily understood that love for her mother had been the one sole passion of this girl's life. She knew already how sad, what a mockery of destiny, had been the end of that beautiful woman; and she longed to change the thoughts that were pressing so painfully on the mind and heart of her lonely child, but she knew not in what words to begin, without seeming hard and unsympathetic. Dolores understood, and responded to the unspoken thought. Pressing her lips to the lovely, smiling lips of the picture, she closed the frame and returned the miniature to its place.

"Some day we will read the manuscript together, Maruja, though by this time, perhaps, you can guess at the most of it, since I have told you so much of myself and my ancestry. But it will be sweet to talk it all over with you as I used to do with mamma. What thrilling tales and wild romances we have built up on that legend! Many and many a time it has served us for dinner and supper, and often in the magnificent feasts of our heroes and heroines have we fed ourselves and forgotten that we were hungry."

As the carriage now turned into the avenue, on their rapid drive homeward, Mary suddenly leaned forward and waved her hand, in answer to a bow from a gentleman whom they had passed on their way.

"Did you see him?" she asked, with scarce repressed excitement, and turned her sparkling face to Dolores.

"I saw a gentleman—yes. He bowed to you, but I did not notice him particularly."

"It was Clarence Stanley—the Hon. Clarence Stanley in his own country, you know. Oh, Lorita, I—I like him—particularly. But no matter. You will have a better opportunity soon, for he will be sure to call on us to-day. I suppose he has only just come to town, for he has been in Chicago for some time. Lorita, dearest, were you ever in love?"

"Never!" returned Dolores, with the promptness of absolute conviction.

"I supposed you would say that," she said. "And, indeed, how could you, for you never had time; and, oh, my dear little Lorita, it does take such an awful lot of time! But I can't help wishing you had been, because—perhaps—you could enlighten me a little. I'm afraid—sometimes I'm awfully afraid that I am in love, Rita, and if I am and he is not, whatever shall I do, my dear?"

Dolores smiled, as mothers and elder sisters smile over spoiled children; the trouble that was agitating Polly Hamilton seemed then so trivial to her.

"Don't be disturbed about it, Maruja," she said placidly. "If you are in love, you will certainly find it out in good time; and I don't think any properly disposed young gentleman can fail to respond to such a compliment in the right way."

"What a comfort you are, dear!" exclaimed Polly. "Now, I had never thought of that till you suggested it! Of course, nothing could be simpler."

## CHAPTER V.

THE HON. CLARENCE STANLEY.

It was in her native city that Mary Hamilton first met the Hon. Clarence Stanley; and, although, as he had told her, he was an Englishman by birth and education, she soon perceived that he was also, as he claimed to be, an old Californian. He had come to the country when a boy, having quarreled with his father on the subject of his

vocation. The Earl of Windermere had wished him to study for the church—that time-honored step-mother of younger sons—and on his refusal to do so, words of anger passed between father and son, were spoken by the father, and the son, who would neither forget nor forgive, by right of inheritance he had not even a younger son's portion, for his father, who had never liked him, now hated him bitterly; but on the death of his mother, he had inherited the small fortune which she had possessed in her own right; and, with the whole amount in his portmanteau, he shook off, as he hoped, forever, the dust of his native land. One consideration only could induce him to return to England—and that was a contingency so remote as to be scarcely worth taking into account. In the event of his brother's death without an heir, he was the immediate successor to the estates and Earldom of Windermere. But, as Lord Appleby was in the prime of life and had been already engaged to marry when Clarence had left England ten years before, the succession was probably long since provided for; and for himself, he added, with a touch of pardonable pride, he was wholly independent of his father or brother, either; the small fortune inherited from his mother had already been doubled and trebled so many times that he could buy and sell and buy again the Windermere estates if they should ever come into the market. Not that he had any wish to become their possessor, by any means; for always in referring to his English home, Stanley spoke of it with repugnance as well as bitterness, declaring his wish never to see it again even if fate should make him its future owner.

This story, simple enough in itself, and, like many others he had heard, became especially interesting to Mr. Hamilton when he saw the acquaintance between his daughter and the young Englishman ripening into an intimacy that had already given rise to a rumored engagement between the two; and he was particularly glad to find, on investigation, that young Stanley's account of himself seemed to bear the stamp of truth in every particular. In regard to her future, Mary's father had but one ambition—that she should love the man she married, and that she should marry the right man. Through his many friends and correspondents abroad he had been able not only to substantiate Stanley's own story of his family but to add to it some facts as yet unknown to Clarence, who had held no communication with his father or brother since leaving England. The earl was still living, though advanced in years, but so hale and hearty that he might stand many years between Lord Appleby and the coronet, and as bitterly opposed as ever to his younger son. Lord Appleby was said to be in poor health, but his son, an only child, was a robust and splendid boy; and if the old earl should outlive his own son, there would be a grandson to succeed him.

Mrs. Hamilton gave one little sigh when she first heard all this from her husband. It would be very nice to see her daughter a countess if, in the course of human events, such a thing should come to pass, but it was a subject she was not going to allow herself to dwell upon; and when she heard of the little boy-heir, she was far too gentle and too much a mother even to think again of future possibilities.

As for Mary Hamilton—she cared for none of these things. She had never yet allowed herself to think very seriously of Stanley. They had drifted into the easy, half-fraternal intimacy of their age. They called each other Polly and Clarence; she thought him "very nice," and as she had said to Dolores, she "liked" him, and had even wondered sometimes what his state of feeling might be in regard to herself.

The acquaintances had progressed just so far when Mr. Hamilton suddenly announced to his family that business would make it necessary for him to spend a year or two in New York; and when they had been three weeks in their new home, Clarence Stanley one day called on them. He explained that he had business in Chicago, and by an original method of traveling, had chosen to get there by way of New York—just exactly how did not appear; but he supposed this roundabout route must be due to his English ideas of the country. Mr. Hamilton was disposed to jeer at him as a traveler, but Miss Polly declared she could see nothing; to laugh at, particularly as the Chicago business did not seem to be very pressing; and when, at length, the Honorable Clarence went there, he found that he could attend to his affairs much better by making New York his headquarters.

This last item of information he had just imparted to his admiring listeners, Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter—for Mary had been correct in her surmise that he would call on her before the day was over.

Looking at Clarence Stanley at that moment, it was natural enough that Polly Hamilton, or any other young girl, without experience or the unusual perception that may serve in place of it, should "like" him more than like him. He had the positive and unmistakable physical beauty that appeals at once to the feminine eye. He was tall and graceful, even elegant, in figure; he dressed perfectly; he was blonde, with hazel eyes—wonderful eyes in their changing variety of color and in a strange, steely glitter that sometimes shot into them, for the moment changing the whole expression of the face. His mouth was firm, almost cruel; and, though it was shaded by a long, silken mustache, he had a trick of passing his fine white hand over it occasionally, as if still further to conceal it. Young women

said this was merely to display his handsome hand; but perhaps it was a tell-tale mouth, for he could not always command the expression of it. It would have been an interesting face to a student of physiognomy, there were in it such possibilities for good or evil.

To Mary Hamilton it was rapidly becoming the most interesting and attractive face in the world, and she was just becoming aware of it, though she did not guess how fully her feelings were betrayed by her eager eyes and faintly flushed face.

"And this wonderful new sister that you have found, Polly," he said, for Mrs. Hamilton had been telling him all that had chanced in his absence—"am I not to see her?"

"Yes," Mrs. Hamilton answered, rising to leave the room. "I am going to send her to you, Polly, dear; and don't forget that the opera begins at eight. You will accompany us, Clarence? Californians never miss the opera, you know!"

"Certainly—it you will have me." And turning to Mary, when they were alone, he said:

"And what is her name—the new sister?"

"Oh, the loveliest name, like herself, and just suits her—Dolores Mendoza."

"Dolores Mendoza!" exclaimed Stanley, in a tone of uncontrollable amazement. His eyes suddenly glowed and flamed until Mary could have fancied that some strange, bright light leaped from them. That look passed, but a steely glitter remained that caused her an involuntary shudder.

"Yes," she answered, making no effort to conceal her surprise. "Do you know her?"

"Not at all; but the name is an unusual one, and I happen to have heard it before. It is in some manner connected with my family, but I don't know how."

"How very strange! But everything about my darling Lorita is strange. She has such a history! I may tell it to you some time, perhaps. Ah, here she is!" And hastening toward Dolores, who now appeared at the farther end of the long drawing room, Mary put her arm about the slender figure, looking now so very slight and tall in her clinging, black draperies, and drew her forward till they stood before Clarence, who had advanced to meet them.

While she pronounced the few words that made them known to each other, Stanley bowed deeply, never removing his gaze from the pale, high-bred, sensitive face; but as Dolores acknowledged the introduction with a rather formal expression of pleasure, Mary felt her supple form becoming rigid; a long, gasping sigh burst from her lips, and her head fell backward.

"She has faint!" exclaimed Mary, in the greatest alarm. "Oh, Clarence, help me! How terrible she looks! Her eyes are wide open, yet she doesn't breathe!"

"Call some one. Don't be alarmed. She has been ill, you know. A little water, perhaps, or ammonia. I must own I am not of much use, Polly, for I never before saw a young lady in a faint."

He was extremely self-possessed, however, to Mary's great admiration; and when they had placed the insensible girl on a lounge, she hastened away for the assistance and restoratives he had suggested. Stanley waited till she had left the room, and then, feeling that he was safe from observation, he stooped over Dolores and pushed aside the rich, waving hair from her brow. There, on the left temple, was a small heart-shaped mole, in color as red as a ruby and in shape as perfect as if traced by the pencil of an artist.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Clarence Stanley.

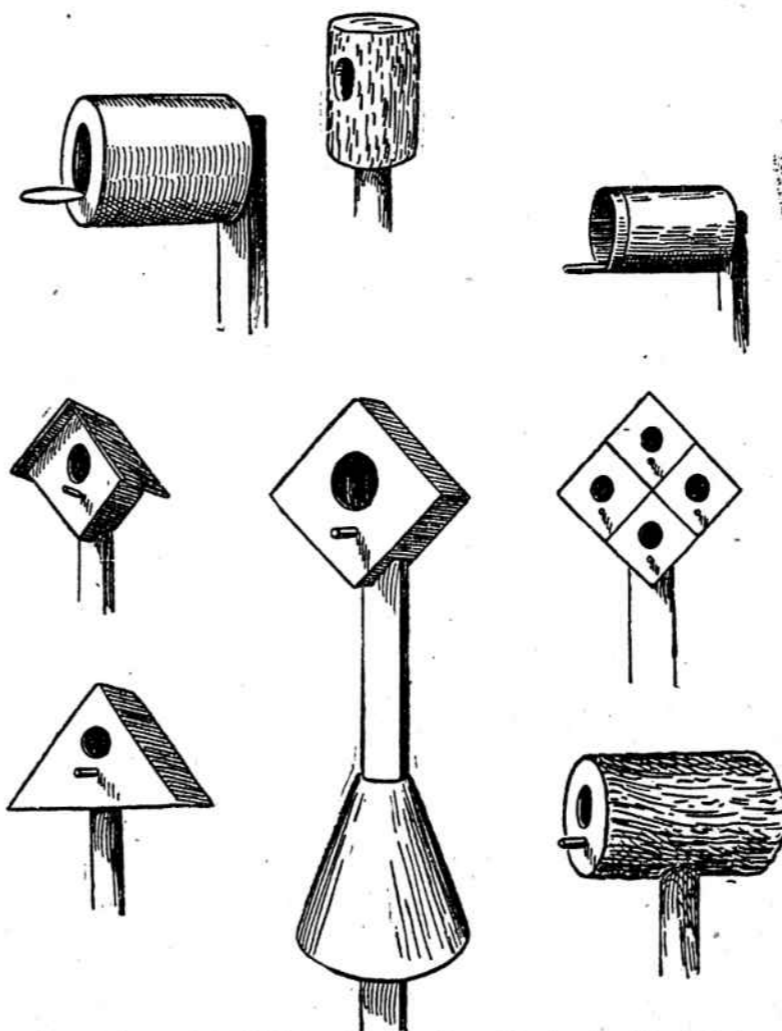
He turned to a mirror over the mantel-piece and raised his own blonde hair from his temple, on which Nature had painted the same heart-shaped mole, but its color was black as if cut from ebony.

"We two are the last of the Mendozas," he muttered under his breath; and his cruel mouth quivered strangely, fiercely, "and the sole heir to that fabulous wealth that lies buried in the Santiago Canon! But who shall discover the secret of its hiding-place?"

As he turned from the mirror and, bending over Dolores, smoothed the hair about her brow, both Mary and her mother hastily entered; followed by a servant, bearing in the way of restoratives everything her young mistress had been able to find.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## IMPROVED BIRD HOUSES.



One of the most delightful and suggestive of the teachers' leaflets issued by the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, for use in the public schools, is one entitled "The Birds and I," by L. H. Bailey. This is illustrated by a number of suggestions for bird houses, which may be copied by all the boys and girls who are always wanting to use hammer and nails and "make something useful." Some of the many forms which can be used are shown in the picture. Any ingenious boy can suggest a dozen other patterns. The floor space in each compartment should not be less than 5x6 inches, and 6x6 inches or 6x8 inches may be better. By cutting the boards in multiples of these numbers, one can easily make a house with several compartments; for there are some birds, as martins, tree swallows and pigeons, that like to live in families or colonies. The size of the doorway is important. It should be just large enough to admit the bird. A larger opening not only looks bad, but it exposes the inhabitants to dangers of cats and other enemies. Birds which build in houses, aside from doves and pigeons, are bluebirds, wrens, tree swallows, martins, and sometimes the chickadee. For the wren and chickadee the opening should be an inch and a half across, and for the others it should be two inches.

## The South's "All's Well."

By R. H. EDMONDS.

Ten years ago the South fought its first skirmish in the endless battle that ever rages for the world's commercial supremacy. Its pig-iron entered the markets so long dominated by Pennsylvania furnaces, and to the dismay of those who had affected to despise its rivalry, won a substantial victory. Alabama iron became a factor in every iron-consuming centre, and from this position it could not be dislodged. About the same time Southern cotton mills were forcing their product into successful competition with the output of New England mills. But as Pennsylvania iron and steel people took refuge in the claim that the South would never advance beyond the iron-making stage, that it could never become a factor in the higher forms of finished goods and in steel-making, so the New England mills lulled themselves into a sense of security on the claim that though Southern mills might make coarse goods, they could never acquire the skill and the capital needed for the finer goods. In the light of what has been accomplished within ten years, it seems very strange that such arguments as these should have done duty in so many newspapers and in so many gatherings.

A Prophecy.

Judge Kelley—"Pig-Iron Kelley," as he was familiarly known—had been wiser than his people. Nearly twenty

1880.	1899.
\$75,900,000.	\$359,000,000.

years ago he proclaimed the coming power of the South in all industrial pursuits, and heralded it not as a disaster to Pennsylvania and to New England, but as an added strength to the industrial power of the country. "The development of the South," said he, "means the enrichment of the nation." In this light the progress of the South should be watched, for while its industrial upbuilding may mean the changing of some forms of industry in other sections, there is versatility enough in our people and in our country to find a new avenue for the employment of brains and energy and capital for every one that may be closed by changing business conditions. New England may yield the sceptre of cotton-manufacturing to the South, to the vast enrichment of the South, but New England will find new openings for its tireless energy and its accumulated capital.

1880.	1899.
687,000.	5,000,000.

held its own during this period, but its iron-makers entered foreign markets, and demonstrated that the South could dictate the price of iron for the world. Alabama iron set the price in England and on the Continent, as well as in Japan, and even from Jerusalem came an order for it. This marked a revolution in the world's iron and steel interests. Henceforth the world was the market for Southern iron. When this point had been reached, the next step was to build steel-works commensurate with what has been accomplished in iron-making; and to-day two gigantic plants—one to make steel billets, and the other to make finished steel products—are nearing completion at Birmingham. They have cost about \$2,500,000. They have

1880.	1898-99.
431,000,000.	736,000,000.

The South will become enormously wealthy through the change, but New England will not be made the poorer.

The First Skirmishes.

Just about the time when the South was winning these first skirmishes, and when its people were dazzled by the new opportunities of employment and wealth creation which were open-

1880.	1899.
20,600.	50,000.

financial panic following the Baring failure. The South, suddenly brought down from its dizzy speculative height, had to face new conditions. The business world recognized that the supreme test of the South's inherent advantages and possibilities had come. It faced the situation—its iron-makers steadily reduced the cost of iron-making until furnaces which had been turning out \$8 and \$9 iron

1880.	1898-99.
233,865.	1,999,000.

were able to produce \$6 iron; its cotton-mill owners wisely abandoned old machinery, and, equipping their mills with every modern improvement, drove them to their utmost capacity night and day, in order to double the output on their invested capital and proportionately reduce the cost of goods; its cotton-planters, who had kept their corn-crisps and smoke-houses in the West, buying in the aggregate about \$100,000,000 worth a year of Western corn and bacon, commenced to raise their own food supplies, and in this way, returning to the old ante-bellum system, reduced the cost of raising cotton. While these changes, all revolutionary in their character, were in progress, the small bankrupt railroad lines were brought into compact systems, new and heavier rails laid, rolling-stock increased and necessary extensions made.

Thus the South passed through the long period of depression, standing the great test, which came so unexpectedly, in a way that strengthened the world's confidence. It not only

1880.	1899.
750,000.	2,000,000.

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furnace crowded to its utmost capacity, which will soon be the case, the output of Southern iron in 1900 promises to be nearly fifty per cent. larger than ever before. The demand for coal exceeds the production, though that is now at the rate of 40,000,000 tons a year. There is almost feverish activity in enlarging the output of old mines, in opening new ones, and

1880.	1899.
\$21,500,000.	\$125,000,000.

comotive Works are competing with the Baldwins in exporting locomotives; the Maryland Steel Company has been furnishing steel rails for Russia's Siberian Railroad; for Australia and other distant regions; Alabama coke has gone to Japan, and the export of both coke and iron is only limited by the fact that the home demand now exceeds the supply.

The South's Story in Statistics.

Statistics are often uninteresting, but the story of the South's progress cannot be told more clearly than in the comparative illustrations scattered through this article, in which reliable estimates are given where exact figures are not obtainable.

Surveying the whole Southern situation, what has been done and what is under way, it can be truly said that—"all's well,"—Harper's Weekly.

What One Hears in the Telephone.

It is very hard to realize that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person who is talking," said an electrician, chatting about the oddities of the business, to a reporter of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It seems exactly like the real tones, drawn out thin and small and carried from a long distance by some mechanical means, but it is not. When one speaks into the instrument, a little diaphragm, like a drum-head, begins to vibrate, and each vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a mimic vibration in another diaphragm at the opposite end, which jares the air and produces an imitation of the original voice. That's not a very scientific explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a fac-simile of handwriting, is a fair parallel. You write your message with a pen, attached to a special electric apparatus, and a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, but it's merely a first-class counterfeiter. It's the same way exactly with the voice in the 'phone."

Fashioned a Chinese.

Ah Yu, of Shanghai, China, has been granted the first pension ever issued by this Government to a native of the Celestial Empire. This Chinese, who served with Admiral Dewey, although he was not in the battle of Manila, has been a faithful servant of Uncle Sam since July 23, 1884. Ah Yu served as landman, mess assistant and cabin steward, his last active being in 1897, when he was attached to Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia. In September of that year Ah Yu was sent to the hospital at Yokohama, suffering from lung trouble. Since then he has been operated on several times, but as his health did not improve he was discharged from the service. Shing Wu and Wong Soon Doo, of Shanghai, certify to the identity of Ah Yu, and the examining surgeon says the sailor Chinese is totally disabled for the performance of any labor. Ah Yu served on the Olympia, Baltimore, Charleston, Monocacy, Omaha and the Palos. The pension granted is for \$30 a month, with back pension amounting to \$510.

The Spanish war seems to have given promise of benefit in a direction entirely unexpected in stimulating the study of tropical products. A plant has been "discovered" that promises to become to the Gulf states what wheat is to the North. For years this plant, which resembles a gigantic beet, has been a staple product of Brazil and other South American countries, and has recently been grown in Jamaica with remarkable results. In Eastern tropical countries it is known as "manioc," in Brazil it is called "mandioca," in Colombia it is known as "yuca," and in the West Indies the name "cassava" or "cassada" prevails. The gigantic roots

produce a flour that rivals the best of wheat. They give a juice that makes an excellent table preserve. They yield an abundance of starch of a superior quality. They also make a remarkable showing in fattening cattle. If one-half of what is claimed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Jamaica Agriculture Society be realized, the problem of what to do with the vast areas of almost arid lands of the Gulf states is to be solved by "cassava."

Had It in Various Assortments.

It was in one of the big department stores.

"What do you wish to-day, madam?" asked the courteous floor-walker.

"Nothing, I—"

"Sixteenth floor. Take the elevator. We have nothing there in large and varied assortments. James, ring the bell for the lady."—Harper's Bazar.

Remains of an Old-Timer.

The skeleton of a prehistoric sea monster resembling a shark was unearthed recently at the quarry of J. H. Davis, who lives ten miles south of Bonham, Texas. Its jaws were about four feet in length, and, though buried several feet in solid limestone, were in a good state of preservation, the enamel being plainly visible on the teeth.

COAL MINED—TONS.

1880.	1899.
6,000,000.	40,000,000.

revelment in new gold regions. Ten years ago the South's output of phosphate rock was not more than 750,000 tons; this year it will be 2,000,000 tons. What this means in the diversification and improvement of agricultural conditions is too broad a subject for treatment here.

The Forests.

Possessing one-half of the standing timber of the United States, the South is building up immense lumber and wood-working interests, and throughout the entire lumber region business is as prosperous as in the iron districts.

Cotton is Still King.

Though the value of the grain now raised in that section exceeds on the farm the value of the cotton crop, cotton is still the dominant power in the business life of the South. No other country has such a monopoly of any agricultural staple of such world-wide influence as the South has of cotton. Cotton and cotton-seed bring to Southern farmers an average of \$300,000,000 a year. The comparatively new industry of cotton-seed oil making now employs over \$40,000,000 of capital, and yields an annual product of upwards of \$50,000,000. From Galveston alone the foreign exports of cotton oil and cotton-seed meal are averaging nearly 1,000,000 tons a day. Of this industry the South has almost as much of a monopoly as it has of cotton-growing, but in the manufacture

1881.	1898-99.
5,750,000.	11,274,810.

of cotton goods this section, though making marvelous progress, is still only getting well started. There are about 100,000,000 cotton-spindles in the world. The South furnishes the cotton for about three-fourths of these, or 75,000,000 spindles, but has only 5,000,000 spindles. To consume in its own mills its crop of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales would require the investment of over \$1,500,000 in new mills, and long before that point could be reached, even at the present rapid growth, the world will annually require of this section from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 bales. In 1880 the South started on its cotton-mill development with a basis of 667,000 spindles, representing a capital of \$21,500,000. By 1890 it had \$61,000,000 capital in this industry and 1,700,000 spindles. To-day it has 5,000,000 spindles and about \$125,000,000 of capital invested in cotton mills, while mills under construction represent about \$25,000,000 more. The most significant sign of the times in this industry is that New England mill-owners, recognizing that the South is bound to win, are transferring large capital to Southern mills. A number of the leading mill companies of the former section have, during the last few years, built branch mills, costing from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each, in the South; and now one of

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held its own during this period, but its iron-makers entered foreign markets, and demonstrated that the South could dictate the price of iron for the world. Alabama iron set the price in England and on the Continent, as well as in Japan, and even from Jerusalem came an order for it. This marked a revolution in the world's iron and steel interests. Henceforth the world was the market for Southern iron. When this point had been reached, the next step was to build steel-works commensurate with what has been accomplished in iron-making; and to-day two gigantic plants—one to make steel billets, and the other to make finished steel products—are nearing completion at Birmingham. They have cost about \$2,500,000. They have

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