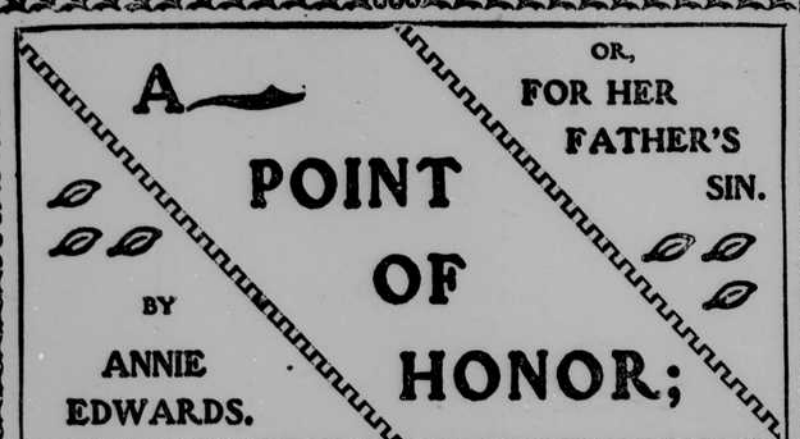


# The Yackin Ripple.

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YADKINVILLE, YADKIN COUNTY N. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1907.

NO. 26.



## POINT OF HONOR;

BY ANNIE EDWARDS.

### CHAPTER XVII. 19

And on that day Matty Ferguson cried till she was simply sick and faint; and for days, and for weeks afterward the girl wandered about hollow-eyed and white, along every alley and hill-side where she had once walked with Alexis; and when she began to lose her freckles and wear long dresses, and, in time, to go to balls and to be admired, she still clung to her first, and, as far as she was concerned, most pure romance of her life, and held all men immeasurably inferior to that of that black-haired, taper-fingered, emerald-faced little Russian of her Baden days.

And for him she had shed tears, and of his white face and taper-fingers, as compared with those of Mr. Mohun of Yattton, she had been thinking when Jane Grand came in, just now upon her dreams. And looking in Jane's agitated face the thought did cross her, and with something of pity, that in the vicille field had loved Gifford and might feel toward her as she, Matty, used to feel toward the grandly-dressed ladies who smiled upon Alexis in the Baden gardens.

"What a fool he is to marry me instead of her," thought Miss Ferguson. "She is of his age, and of his ways, and I—well, I am Matty Ferguson, and Mr. Mohun must learn to like Matty Ferguson when he is married to her." Then aloud, and for her, not ungenerally, "Miss Grand, you were very kind to ask me here. Thank you for your good wishes and"—and positively Matty Ferguson was at a loss—she hoped you won't think I have been ungrateful for your kindness."

"How ungrateful, child?"

"Miss Grand, I am going to marry Mr. Mohun."

Jane had known that very well all the afternoon; yet when the news came—put into words and spoken by her successor's palpable voice, not by her own fears—the blow was hard! She walked without a word to the fire and stood opposite it for some seconds; then she turned around abruptly.

"You love Gifford Mohun?"

"I have accepted him. Oh, Miss Grand, of course I love him!"

The girl's eyes faltered down under the falsehood.

"Be a good wife to him, Matty. He needs good companionship, and—I do hope, yes, and I do ask God to bless you, and to make you happy!"

And she stepped across and positively kissed Matty's cheek—immensely to that young woman's surprise—and neither shed a tear, nor showed any more signs of agitation than by her white and trembling lips, during the remainder of that evening that they spent in each other's company.

When night came, and she was alone, Jane took her wedding-ring from her neck, and then, with a dreary sense of heaviness, and of something clean gone out from her life, she held it between her hands and felt to wondering whether she would ever wear it on her breast again or not?

The ring had so become part of her life and of herself that it seemed to her as though no Matty Ferguson, Gifford Mohun even, had a right to part her from it now. It was a memorial of her own youth and of her own darkened hopes, of her own pure and faithful love far more than that it was a memorial of the man who had promised to take Matty Ferguson for his wife; and, after much of the fine casuistry which on every occasion so perplexed poor Jane's moral sense, and not a few tears, she decided at last that she might keep it and occasionally look at it, quite guiltlessly, till she died.

"And wear it till their wedding day," was her last thought, as she laid it in its usual resting place beside the little Bible on her dressing table. "Wear it till their wedding day, then lay it aside with all other things belonging to my youth, and only look at it at times, when life is very hard to bear, and it will do me good to bring back the years when I, too, had love and hope, and something in life worth living for, like other women."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The vicar's sermon that Sunday bore marked internal evidence of having been freshly written. Jane Grand knew nothing at all about good writing or good preaching, and was indeed quite incapable of judging of the intrinsic merit of any piece of intellectual work whatsoever; but she knew that this sermon was not taken from that heap which furnished the ordinary cut

and dried theological meat of the people of Chesterford, and she felt that her spirit answered and her heart expanded as she looked up in the vicar's face and listened to the vicar's voice.

Probably she was the only person in the church who understood Mr. Follett that day. Miss Ferguson, on principle, never listened to sermons, and occupied the time on the present occasion in planning her wedding outfit and calculating on the probable sum for which her relatives might safely battle in the way of settlements. Gifford Mohun, buried in the red curtain sanctuary of the Yattton pew, was by turns, wondering how the deuce he would get through his first meeting with Jane and asking himself in what fit of utter idleness he had ever been led in to promise marriage to Matty. For the rest—the farmers, as usual, were comfortably nodding in their places, the elder plowmen in deep sleep, with their heads buried over their arms; the younger ones staring aloft, with the sort of expression one might imagine in very stupefied young gorillas, at the knot of smartly dressed girls who formed the village choir in the gallery; the school children alternating between vertigo and resonant blows from the prayer book of the ancient women who presided over the Chesterford Sunday-school.

All the Chesterford St. Mary's congregation at its ordinary (for I leave unmentioned the few female orthodox censors, who, of course, found hidden footprints of the Beast—Broad Church—in every one of Mr. Follett's sentences), all except Jane. She knew the vicar's meaning well. She knew every faintest shade of that gray atmosphere through which to-day he bid them look at the picture of life. She knew every note throughout that minor key in which he spoke of the insufficiency and hollowness of human affection and desire. She could imagine—and here, where the vicar's words waded faintly, her heart carried them out with exceeding strength—how great shall be the rapture of looking on a picture no earthly mist can obscure and listening to a Voice in whose tones there shall be no more dissonance throughout all eternity.

The lingering remembrance of that sermon strengthened her wonderfully throughout the interview which took place in the course of the afternoon between Gifford and herself. Miss Ferguson had the grace to leave the room when she heard his ring at the bell, and so, alone and face to face, the two old lovers first met under the new aspect in which from this time henceforth they would have to regard each other.

Gifford was excessively agitated. He moved more than Miss Grand, and for some moments after he took her outstretched hand in his he was literally, and without affectation, too much moved to speak.

"I was a brute, Jane," he stammered out at last. "I lost myself altogether, and spoke to you like a cursed brute, as I was, yesterday! Can you ever forgive me for what I have said, or—forget it?"

"Gifford, I felt then as if I would like to die. I felt more cruelly wounded than I ever did before, even in all my bitter experience. But now—Gifford, I not only forgive you from my heart, but I feel it was well that you spoke to me of my birth as you did. Well, and, in the end, kindest to me."

"Kindest to you, Jane?"—and as her hand drew back, and her steady eyes rested on his, Gifford felt with a spasmodic pain that she had already ceased to worship him. "Best for you that I should insult you, after all our long years of friendship? That is the cruelest reproach that you could have devised for my punishment!"

But no tone of his could soften Miss Grand into agitation now. Her heart, that had been as wax to every unreasonable wish, or word, or look of Gifford Mohun's, was shut, close and cold, against this really natural and neither ungenerous nor unfeigned remorse of Matty Ferguson's lover.

"That blow from you was a hard one, Gifford, but it prepared me. I better bore what was to come to me afterward when I once felt that you did not—no, that in all your life you had never really loved me?"

"A harsh judgment, Jane, for a few words of hasty passion?"

"But still, harsh or not, the judgment that will always be mine," and Jane turned from him almost coldly. "My eyes are opened at last, and if I could I would not go back to my former blindness, Gifford. You will be happier far with Matty Ferguson than you would ever have been with me."

"You speak bitterly, Jane, but you don't mean what you say, no, by—! you can't, you don't mean it! If I had married you when I was a lad, as I ought to have done, I should be a different man to what I am now. You know that as well as I do; and you know, too, that I did love you better than I ever loved any one else—better than I ever shall love any woman on earth. If you hadn't been so cold and sanctified, you would have warmed to me, and have let me love you again

when I came back here, broken and miserable, a year ago, and I should have you by my side in Yattton now, and have something to look forward to, by—! and some chance of happiness in my life, instead of being entangled—cursed fool that I am! into this idiotic engagement with Matty Ferguson, d—n her!"

Gifford flung himself down sullenly in the arm chair beside the fire, and something very like tears gathered in his eyes. Regarded from my own point of view, this was just the one occasion in Mr. Mohun's life when he passed to the least advantage. His passion was that of a child allowed to have his own way, and then enraged because his own way had not made him happy. Still it was a natural passion—an impulse in the direction of good, giving

token, by its very weakness, that, taken early in life, and some day, something quite different to what he now was might have been fashioned out of Gifford Mohun's vacillating and unstable moral character. But Miss Grand always took the ideal, not the rational view, of every subject that was presented to her consideration (she was also looking at the conduct of Miss Ferguson's affianced husband); and it really and truly seemed to her that Gifford Mohun had never appeared in such a weak and despicable guise as now. As throughout, she had loved him unwisely; so in this last revision of feeling she judged him without equity. Having chosen Matty for his wife, he ought, she averred, to hold by Matty in all things. What did it avail now to make lament over his past inconstancy? How could he tell that he would have been different if he had married her in his youth? A man's strength should be in himself, not dependent upon the outward circumstances of his life. It was well, very well, for Mr. Mohun that he was to fall for the rest of his days into such hands as Matty Ferguson's! He would not lack counsel, he would not have to complain of hesitation or over-sensitivity with Matty for his wife!

I have heard that slaves, when set free, become cruel slaveholders; I know that gentlemen, who have submitted to the oppressor for years, are, when the tardy hour of insurrection comes, pitiless in their turn. The recollection of all her deserted youth, of her wasted hopes, her recent, her still throbbing heart, and steeled it against this man who—now that he had positively given her up—would, if he could, have talked covert sentiment to her still! And so her voice was steady, her eyes were tearless, every nerve in her face was unmoved, as she pronounced the following de profundis over the passion that had been the very food of her life during the last half-score of years:

"The past is dead and gone, Gifford. Let it remain so. We can never bring it back, and if we could I don't think we should do wisely to alter all that is gone before. You would not have been happy if you had been married to me. Your sense of the stain of my birth, and of what the world thinks of such a stain, would have weighed heavier than all the poor love and faithfulness that I should have brought to you. If you had loved me very fervently, you know, you would have taken me as I was—as I would have taken you, whatever ill fortune had chanced to come upon you. But you did not; and lacking such love, you would have had no strength to support you under the disgrace of having me for your wife. I have loved you, I think, as much as any human being can love another! Yes, I don't mind saying it now that all is over between us forever. During those seven years after you left me I just spent my life in a long, miserable thought of you, Gifford—of you and of the cause that had broken off our marriage. You say I have been sanctified and cold since I came back to Yattton. Do you know that every day till the last week I looked for your coming just as I did when I was a girl?—that I would have given up my life still to have been of the least use or happiness to you? Well, you don't know all that, but I will tell it to you now. I tell it to you, and I also say—well for me that the past is unchangeable, and that I am free again. Gifford, I hope you will be happy with Matty Ferguson, and I hope while you live you will count me as your friend."

It was the longest speech Jane Grand's lips ever put together—the longest, and certainly the cruelest. Gifford Mohun got quite white as he listened to her. Could this be Jane?—his Jane, who, through good and evil, had, through inconstancy, through desertion, had ever been so utterly and without a struggle his slave?

"You love some one else, Jane, or you would never cast me off like this. I know you too well to think you would be so bitter with me—even after all my brutal conduct to you yesterday—if I was first with you still as I used to be!"

Intensely mean and selfish minds do occasionally show keenest insight in their judgment upon noble natures. Till Gifford spoke out his singularly coarse view of the case a suspicion of her own capability of change had never crossed Jane's thoughts. But as he spoke a ray of light dawned upon her mind; and ditheringly confirming Mohun in his suspicious a blush, guiltily deep as she had ever blushed in her young days for him, rose into her cheeks and brow, and neck. She knew that another voice than Gifford's had haunted her for months past; she knew by what standard she had mentally measured Gifford in his frequent shortcomings; she knew what feeling had made her linger shyly in the sunset by the vicarage gate.

"You are very wrong to speak so, Gifford," but she said this with faltering lips and downcast eyes. "You know that what withheld you will also withhold any honorable man from wishing to marry me his wife. You know that your lips are the only ones

that have ever spoken to me of love." "And you will never listen to love from any other, Jane?"

She stood silent and confused, her face by this time like a girl's her frail hands clasped with the nervous gesture so familiar to Gifford in the old days of her youthful love for him. He felt at this moment how fair, how excellent the woman was whom he had lost; he felt—and Matty's foot was already on the stair—that he would sooner marry Jane, with all her inheritance, at this moment, than that any other man than himself should have the chance of possessing her.

"Jane," starting to her side, "say only one word. Say that you love me better than any one else still, and I'll break up my engagement with such people as the Fergussons—and I'll marry you!"

But Jane shrank away from his clasp, and her face flushed deeper and deeper.

"Don't say these things, Gifford, they pain me dreadfully. The time is past when you could have made this sacrifice with honor. Yes, the time is past!"

"Say only what I ask you, Jane! Say only you don't love any one but me, and leave the future in my hands—"

"I cannot say what you wish, Gifford. All is over between us, and—I don't think you have any right to ask me such a question now."

And Miss Matty Ferguson entered the room.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Repentance at the eleventh hour, however commendable as an abstract virtue, is one that avails men little in the majority of their practical, earthly concerns. When the train is once fairly laid, some chance hand is generally ready to apply the match, whatever the tardy vacillation of him who originally projected the mine. Gifford Mohun might remember all the grace, and fondness, and long suffering of Jane Grand now—might feel sharpest regret at having lost her—might feel that to call her his wife would be to insure the abiding happiness of his life. But, in a moment of mingled plume and vanity, Gifford Mohun had given his word to marry Miss Matty Ferguson—and Miss Matty Ferguson was not a young person to allow so very large a prize as the possessor of Yattton to escape from her net.

The tender love scene on poor Jane's little lawn took place on Saturday. Monday's post brought letters from Ferguson mere. She prayed that the man who had been fortunate enough to win her Matty's love might prove worthy of her. She cared not for the worldly possessions of Mr. Mohun; she thought of him but as of her departed father's friend, of her little Matty's future husband, and she longed to press his hand in hers, and express to him the fervent outpourings of a mother's heart.

N. B. from Miss Fan—"And mamma thinks it would be a good thing for you to get home as soon as possible, because Cousin Hartley is here now, and he would manage with Mr. M. about settlements, etc. You can easily contrive to make him escort you on the journey, and once here, mamma will undertake the rest."

In accordance with which excellent diplomacy Miss Matty was seized with girlish longings to be under her dear mamma's roof at once. She was sure she had already troubled Miss Grand a great deal more than she ought to have done; but hoped, some day, to have it in her power to ask her to come and visit her in her own house, and—(looking up under her long eyelashes at Gifford) how much she would like him to see mamma and Fanny, if only for a day, and did Miss Grand think there would be any harm in Mr. Mohun's escorting her back to Cheltenham?

Of course Miss Grand thought there would be no harm in the world; and of course Matty's lover had to express his desire of renewing his acquaintance with his future wife's family. The truth was, that having got so hopelessly far, Mohun felt he would rather hasten on than retard the inevitable fate into which he had been entangled; also that it irked him horribly at every hour of the day to have Jane's quiet eyes upon him during his courtship of Matty Ferguson. For Jane, she simply longed for the hour when Matty's voluble tones should cease to ring in her ears, and the little cottage should have gone back to its accustomed quiet, and she herself should have time to breathe and think over the strange new emotions which during the last few days had never ceased to throng her heart. But in deep earnest or in light jest, in simple country cottages or in Belgravia, when is anything dimly approximating to truth told in such matters as marriage or giving in marriage?

If the most cynical minded man living had witnessed the farewell that took place between Miss Grand and the lovers, he would, I think, have guessed little of the different positions in which these three persons really stood to each other, with so florid a decoration of good wishes from Jane, so much of hand-pressing and kissing and tear-shedding from Matty, so much rather over-acted high spirits from Mr. Mohun, with that departure overlaid.

(To be continued.)

Not White Mules. W. F. George, of Gunn City, was in Holden Saturday. It is said Mr. George has the largest span of mules on earth, they weighing over 4000 pounds. The mules were raised on Mr. George's farm and he may exhibit them here during the big sale.—Holden (Mo.) Progress.

Enormous Prices. The sale at Stone, Staffordshire, England, of rare duplicate orchids selected from the Walton Grange collection resulted in some enormous prices being realized. In the case of two orchids the figures were 270 guineas apiece, and others realized as much as 240 guineas and 200 guineas.

## WILLIAMS A WINNER

But It Required Official Count to Settle Mississippi Primary

## YARDAMAN ACCEPTS RESULT

State Executive Committee Meets at Jackson and Declares Result of United States Senatorial Contest, Friends of Vardaman. Seconding Motion to Declare Williams Nominée After Short Caucus Between Two Factions.

Jackson, Miss., Special.—The Democratic State executive committee met at noon Thursday and declared Congressman John Sharp Williams the party nominee for the United States Senate.

The canvass of the returns showed a majority of 648 votes for Williams the totals being as follows: Williams 59,436; Vardaman 58,848. There will be no contest over the result.

After a short caucus between the two factions it was finally agreed to accept the semi-official returns as furnished Secretary of State Power from the various counties and which show that Mr. Williams has a majority of 648 votes. This motion to declare Mr. Williams the nominee was seconded by the friends of Governor Vardaman. The committee then formally declared Mr. Williams nominée as United States Senator. This is considered the final settlement of the celebrated contest.

Governor Vardaman conceded the nomination of Mr. Williams by sending the following note to the committee: "The Democratic party, through its executive committee, has declared Mr. Williams the nominee and I accept the arbitration of that tribunal without a tinge of resentment or regret for anything done or said by my friends for me during the campaign."

"I am for the nominee and hope that he will make the people of Mississippi a great United States Senator. I have made the campaign upon living important and pertinent principles and while I have lost the nomination, I am thoroughly convinced that the large majority of the white members of this State agree with my views upon public questions, and I will continue to fight for those principles as earnestly in the future as I have in the past."

"No man was ever blessed by more loyal and more faithful hands than those who favored my fortunes in this contest. I want them to feel as I do, that we have not been defeated, but that the victory is only postponed for a season. I have been a candidate several times in my life, and lost the fight, but never have I felt the sting of defeat, and I am not defeated today."

All Memphis Will March. Memphis, Special.—The Executive Committee of the Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterways Association, local branch, held a meeting last week and appointed chairman for the various committees to take charge of the big convention. One of the chief features of the convention will be the mammoth parade which will take place on the day the President and the Governors arrive. Gen. George W. Gordon, a Confederate General and member of Congress from this district, will be chairman of this committee. The parade will be led by mounted police officers, followed by Company A and other Confederate companies, members of the United Commercial Travelers from several States, members of the Lakes to the Gulf Deep Waterways Association, and chairmen of committees in carriages, prominent business men and club members and companies of the State militia. It is planned by those interested to make the parade one of the features of the big convention.

## Priest Kills Hotel Man.

Pittsburg, Special.—Ludwig Sezeziel, said to be an unattached Polish priest, of Chicago, walked into a South Side hotel at 1111 Carson street and without warning, it is said, whipped out a 38-caliber revolver and opened fire upon the two proprietors, twin brothers named Steven and Andrew Starzynski. Steven died within an hour and Andrew was not recovered. The cause of the shooting is unknown.

## Big Fire in Baltimore.

Baltimore, Special.—Fire Thursday destroyed the gigantic grain elevator of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, with a loss to the building alone of \$175,000. No estimate of the loss to the contents of the building is yet obtainable. Many firemen had narrow escapes. Later fire started in the big stables of the Baltimore Transfer Company, spreading to the chair factory of Hechinger Brothers. The flames spread rapidly and it is feared both buildings have been entirely consumed.

## True Bill Against Kline.

Beaufort, N. C., Special.—Soon after the opening of Federal Court Judge Purnell announced that the foreman of the grand jury had returned a true bill of indictment for perjury against E. A. Kline. Attorney Clark, for defense, stated that he understood the bill contained 96 counts. Counsel for the defense asked the privilege of examining the bill to enable them to prepare their defense.

## POSTAL'S MEN QUIT

Telegraphers in Chicago Walk Out By Hundreds

## BUSINESS SERIOUSLY CRIPPLED

Resolution Adopted in Meeting of Strikers That Every Operator in the City Holding a Card Shall be Called Out—Postal Men Demand 25 Per Cent Increase, 3-Hour Day and Recognition of Union With Ultimate Aim of Aiding Western Union Strikers.

Chicago, Ill., Special.—The 500 operators of the Postal Telegraph Company struck Friday night at 6 o'clock. This, with the 1,100 men out from the offices of the Western Union throughout the city, makes 1,600 men now on strike in Chicago.

At a meeting of the operators held in the afternoon a resolution was unanimously passed declaring that every operator in the city having a union card should be called out.

A short time after the meeting had dissolved demands were presented to the officials of the Postal company asking for an increase of 25 per cent in wages, an 8-hour day and recognition of the union. If these were not passed upon the strike was to follow. It was the general feeling among the operators that the demands could not be granted at once and the move was evidently intended to bring about the strike at the present time in order to aid the Western Union men if the demands were not granted. Under the working of the order all the operators working for brokers and commission houses will be called out in the morning and business generally will be badly handicapped.

It was said by some of the operators who were present in the meeting that the intention of the union was to cripple the telegraph facilities of Chicago in every direction, and to do so completely that public sentiment would be brought to bear heavily on the two telegraph companies, and in this manner force a settlement between them and the operators.

The strike at the Chicago office of the Postal company was attended by no sign of disorder. When a whistle was blown, the operators rose from their keys with a cheer and walked out. There was not the slightest evidence of ill-feeling on either side. The men after reaching the street gave repeated cheers and then dispersed.

The strike throughout the day has been marked by absence of trouble of any kind. Chief of Police Shippen informed the leaders in the afternoon that he would not allow any picketing or violence, and he was informed that none was intended, and that every effort would be made to keep the men peaceable.

The general situation throughout the West became more serious as the day lengthened.

When the strike of the Postal employees, Chicago is left with about 35 commercial telegraphers, who are endeavoring to transmit the business of both telegraph companies, whereas under normal conditions 600 to 1,500 men are necessary to do the work at Chicago.

Other Western Union offices which became involved in the trouble together with the number of men who quit work are:

Salt Lake City, 36; Helena, 40; Kansas City, 33; Dallas, 105; Fort Worth, Tex., 49; Colorado Springs, 10; Denver, 83; New Orleans, 60.

## Four Dead; Three Badly Hurt.

Dalton, Ga., Special.—Four persons are dead and three seriously injured as the result of a head-on collision between a southbound local freight and an extra freight train on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, one mile north of this place at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

## Dr. J. F. Ensor Dead.

Columbia, S. C., Special.—Dr. J. F. Ensor, for the past ten years postmaster at Columbia, superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane during reconstruction, former chief surveyor of the port of Charleston and for several years deputy collector of internal revenue, died at his home here Friday afternoon in his 72d year. He was a native of Maryland and served six years in the Federal army in the war between the States as surgeon. He came here in 1868 and served as medical purveyor for the Freedman's bureau in this State.

## Georgia Capitalist Dead in Hotel.

Atlanta, Ga., Special.—Halcombe Bacon, of Albany, Ga., aged 35, capitalist and prominent business man, was found dead at the Aragon Hotel here and on a table at his bedside were bottles partly filled, labelled chloral hydrate, bromide and bromidia. Appearances indicate that he had been dead many hours. The result of the inquest has not been announced.

## Late News

In Brief

## MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST

A strike of sailing-ship masters is on in Australia. There was a new explosion in the Hartje divorce case. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw declared she had forsaken the stage. Russian troops killed 30 persons in Russian Poland strike riots. The Georgia Legislature passed the Hardman Prohibition bill.

A section of the Erie canal gave way, causing heavy loss. Earle Irven of Indianapolis rescued four persons at Colon and was drowned.

Mrs. Eddy's witnesses in the Christian Science leader's suit refused to testify.

Two strangling cases, with women as the victims are puzzling the New York police.

The Richmond grand jury reported that it could not find any ice trust in that city.

Senator Pettus of Alabama was buried at Selma with distinguished honors.

Mrs. Youtsey contradicted her husband's confession in the Caleb Powers case.

Acrimonious arguments were made in the matter of taking depositions in the Eddy case.

The Culgoa is to be fitted up as a repair ship for the battleship fleet on its voyage to the Pacific.

Rev. Levor Maroogessian, the Armenian priest concerned in the recent New York agitation was arrested.

The Virginia rate matter has been settled by compromise until the higher court can decide the issues involved.

The crime wave in New York city grows in magnitude and the whole city is alarmed at the numerous murders being committed.

The candidacy of Secretary Taft was endorsed by the Ohio Republican State Committee, despite Senator Foraker's protest.

After a stirring speech by Mr. Choate delegates at the Hague said the Peace Conference had just begun, so far as results were concerned.

The Charlotte, N. C., board of aldermen has determined not to repeal the ordinance against Sunday selling of soft drinks, in cream and cigars.

In riots in Seoul a large number of Koreans were killed by Japs. Three Korean delegates to the Hague came to New York to appeal to America to save their country from Japan.

Army investigators are said to have exonerated Lieut.-Col. William J. Tucker of the charges brought against him by his wife, who was Miss "Dolly" Logan.

Government attorneys state that the dissolution of the Dupont company, of Delaware, will not affect the suit against the Powder Trust.

Mr. A. Caperton Braxton, president of the Virginia Bar Association, is out for Senator John W. Daniel for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

The trial by special court-martial of Chaplain Harry W. Jones, United States Navy, upon charges of scandalous conduct, was begun at the Norfolk Navy Yard.

John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil Company, made a statement Monday in which he declared that the company was not given an opportunity to be heard or to submit data in the preparation of the report prepared by Commissioner of Corporations Herbert Knox Smith, and made public.

Primary election returns indicate that Charles T. Lassiter was nominated for the Virginia Senate for District 20.

Stephens S. Walsh, a New York policeman, was dismissed for alleged cowardice and ejected from the office in which his trial was held.

Four indictments have been found against Rev. Levant Martoogessian, the Armenian priest, under arrest in the New York conspiracy cases.

Attorney-General Bonaparte is expected to appear personally in the suits against the Dupont Powder Trust.

E. H. Harriman, in the face of a heavy decline, declared stocks would soon go up again.

The plant of the York Felt and Paper Company at York, Pa., was burned, with \$100,000 loss.

Capt. G. W. Kirkman was denied his petition for release from the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth.

Six hundred striking miners in Hocking, Mich., were turned back from a march intended to intimidate nonunion men.

A rate war from Chicago to New York is expected after passenger agents refused to attend a conference.

The Interstate Commerce Commission decides that in the equitable distribution of cars to coal miners private cars must be considered as part of the quota.

Admiral Evans conferred with naval officials regarding the autumn maneuver program and the trip of the fleet to the Pacific.