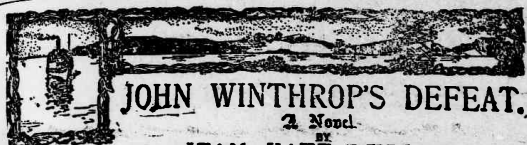


The Elm City Elevator.

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NO. 4.



JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A Novel.
JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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CHAPTER II. GATHERING STORM.

"Any news, Leland?" Gregory Bensonhurst and his friend Harry Dillingham were greeting one of the Zingara's passengers, a tall, fair-haired young man with a delightfully good-humored face, who was enthusiastically shaking hands with Dillingham, protesting his pleasure at seeing him safe returned from his camping excursion.

Lane Leland shook his head, shrugging his shoulders, and laughed. "There's never any news at this season," he said, lightly. "Everything's dead in the city—crowded out to breathe, you know. Duered unpleasant on the street. I went down to get a whiff of business and found it asleep, suffocated! Money too heavy to lift even for the having. By the way, though," he passed suddenly with a mysterious face. "There is news, Gregory, though I'll not vouch for the truth. A bad piece of news, too, if it is true. I'm inclined to doubt it, though, because common sense prompts me to doubt. Nevertheless, I heard—he spoke in a cautious tone—'I heard in Wall Street to-day that there's a big failure on the carpet. The last one, too, that you would guess.'"

"Whose?" Lane Leland shrugged his shoulders again and raised his eyebrows. "I hope it isn't true," he said gravely. "I don't believe it is—I simply won't believe it until it is proved beyond doubt—but I heard that Graham's gone under."

"Impossible!" Gregory Bensonhurst fell back a pace or two, pushing his cap up from his face blank with amazement. "Somebody lied to you, Leland. Graham's sound as a brick; no flaws in that firm! At the head, you know—worth millions. His wife's diamonds alone are worth a fortune."

"Well," again Lane Leland lifted his brows and shrugged his shoulders, with a gesture of one hand, as though he would set aside any responsibility in the matter; "I can't say, Bensonhurst; it was only a rumor, but I tell you, it gave me the shakes. If such a house as that goes under, who will be safe? I, for one, am utterly unable to earn my living, and I'd fight tooth and nail for what I possess. No poverty for me, thank you! I like the good things of life in full morocco, gold edges!"

Gregory Bensonhurst scarcely heeded him; he stood as though rooted to the spot, his eyes upon him in dazed surprise, unable to speak, the consequences of such a failure flashing electric lines through his mind. Graham, the proud, aristocratic, luxuriously generous man—his friend—gone down in a crash! Graham, the head of one of the wealthiest firms in the city, with a million at the scratch of a pen. Graham, the favorite in society, at the club, on Wall Street—everywhere—Graham—could he realize it?—fallen! He would not believe it; it was some hoax of Leland's; Leland was always up to some joke. He shook his head resolutely, and a flash dawned in his lazy eyes.

"Come, now, Leland," he said, rather sternly, turning away. "I'll take a good deal from you, but I will not believe this. It is out of all probability. Graham is as sound as he was last year. You know. He could not fall. Why, he has millions of dollars, man! Every creditor would be down upon him like tigers, if this were true. It is not so, I am satisfied. I tell you, Dillingham, he has one of the shrewdest business heads on his shoulders of any man in the city."

Leland's eyes flashed wrathfully. "I don't blame you for taking it roughly, Bensonhurst," he said. "I couldn't believe it, either, at first, but you needn't come down on me for it. I didn't originate the talk. If it is true, we will know it soon enough; if it isn't—well," that suggestive lifting of his shoulders and setting aside movement of the hands, as he also turned from them to the group of chatting ladies at the end of the pier, "all that I can say is that I hope to the deuce it isn't true."

"But, whatever you do, Leland," Bensonhurst laid his hand detainingly upon his friend's arm, as he was passing him, "whatever you do, don't tell this to any one else, until we know. Graham and his wife are here, you know, and it would not be pleasant to arouse such a suspicion."

Lane Leland's indignant face interrupted whatever else Bensonhurst might have said in his zealous defense of his friend. Lane Leland's flashing eyes were not particularly good-natured now, as he looked in the opposite lazy eyes of brown. "Whatever I may be, Bensonhurst," he said swiftly, withdrawing his arm from under the detaining hand with new hauteur. "I am not a fool! I was born with ordinary common sense. I believe, if Graham is never hurt worse than I hurt him, he will live and die pretty free from harm."

"Don't be angry with me, Lane," said Gregory Bensonhurst, quietly. "I would only save them unpleasantness."

of fellows," said Dillingham, as he and Gregory Bensonhurst walked up to the hotel piazza. "He meant no harm. If this Graham is the man you say, it isn't probable that this report is true, although the financial world is shaky just at present. His wife is a remarkably handsome woman!"

"But I cannot help thinking," said Bensonhurst uneasily, "that Graham did look pretty well done up when he came out to-night. I am afraid to believe either way. What a blow his failure would be to his wife; but she has a fortune in her own right. Graham would never lose that for her. Undoubtedly that is solid, and could carry them over even deeper sleepers than could come to him with the worst of failures."

Considerably cheered by this conclusion, the two passed out upon the ocean side of the piazza.

Just then, pretty Miss Bess Catherwood was querying as she leaned beside one of the posts of the pier, her black eyes wicked with the merry heart beneath:

"You look so wrathful, Mr. Leland. What was the matter in the city, that you came out with such an air?"

She was one of the sailing-party, and was tarrying to watch the sunset, effects upon the water, and the flashing out of the light-house lamps as she went in to dress for dinner. Pretty Miss Catherwood was inclined to be late and never in a hurry; but what could one urge against this element of character, when she declared that life was altogether too short, anyway.

"And you are so cool and charming, that I am already rested," said Leland, smiling.

She was such a charming woman, and so pretty in her dainty buff-and-blue boating dress, with the blue anchor upon her breast, and her tipped cap atop of the curly black hair, her yellow ties with their blue ribbons, one white hand twirling the buff parasol with its great blue bow of ribbon, round and round just over one spot in the boards of the pier.

"Oh, dear! Always pretty words! Why don't you say right out you are as mad as mad can be, Mr. Leland? I'll tell you."

He laughed, taking the restless parasol from her hand as tenderly as though it were worth its weight in gold. He was in love with wicked little Bess Catherwood, and that young lady knew quite well. She used this knowledge to his dire disadvantage, too, very often.

"Because," he made reply, "I am not mad any longer. I am happy. Miss Catherwood!"

"Well," she eyed him critically, not unkindly from his eloquent eyes. "I believe you do look better-natured, Mr. Leland. You came out with Mr. Graham, didn't you? What a handsome man he is! I don't wonder that his wife adores him. And the lovely, lovely things he lavishes on her—the dresses and diamonds—such dresses and such hats? I don't see why he didn't fall in love with me instead of Alicia Field. I'd have been so dreadfully glad to marry him—for his money."

Leland frowned. If he were happy, as he had just protested, his looks belied it. He possessed considerable of this world's good things, but it would not be possible for him to lavish "such dresses and such hats" upon his wife, when he should marry, as Harold Graham showered upon Alicia. Tormenting Miss Catherwood was forever declaring she would never, never marry without unlimited wealth.

"But suppose that you should happen to marry a man who lost his money—every cent—afterward. What, then, Miss Catherwood?"

She puckered up her brows and opened wide her eyes bewilderingly. She screwed her pretty red mouth into an emphatic protest.

"Oh, but he wouldn't, you know, Mr. Leland! He never could. I'd make him solemnly promise that he would, not because—she uttered the words with very pretty deliberation—"if he should, I would hate him. Why, of course I'd hate him. I couldn't help it," she added, as though the enormity of any other conclusion were beyond her power of comprehension. "And in the mean time, as the sunset is gone and it is late, I must go and dress for dinner. I'll get not a morsel if I am too late."

Lane Leland smiled, in spite of his anger. He was always either very happy or very miserable with this girl. He loitered beside her as they walked up the pier, still carrying the furled parasol, with its knot of broad ribbon. They were the last of the idlers upon the pier, for the last of a few minutes of the dinner-hour, and the light was revolving in the tower out to westward, and only the tenderness of twilight touched the sand and sea and sky beyond that line of sullen cloud. The world was so peaceful, how could one's heart retain tumult?

"After dinner, will you go with me to watch the moonrise upon the sands, Miss Catherwood? I have something that I wish to tell you—something that I must say to-night," said Lane, as they paused at the foot of the staircase.

A slight flush was upon his face. Miss Catherwood knew quite well what it was he would say; for he would be a pleasant story for her to hear—she knew that, too; but wicked Miss Catherwood could not live with-

out teasing even those whom she loved, and she could not refrain from tormenting this man.

"After dinner?" How slow and soft her voice was, and what a charming pucker came between the level black eyebrows! "Why, after dinner—let me see—I am almost afraid that I have an engagement, Mr. Leland; but—I will see and—let you know."

He was, manlike, too blind to know that this was her acceptance of his invitation. He was too angry to ask. "You are always unkind to me!" he protested, wrathfully.

"Then why don't you leave me alone?" demanded Miss Catherwood, swiftly, her voice struck with a sharpness born of contrite tears.

And a rustle of skirts, the flash of a buff-and-blue gown, the click of light boots heels upon the stairs, and Lane Leland comprehended that he and Miss Catherwood had once more quarreled.

"What is a fellow to do?" he demanded of himself, with great fierceness, as he followed slowly up the stairs to his room. "She puts one always at a disadvantage. If she doesn't want to marry me, let her say so—when I ask her. I haven't asked her yet!"

He continued exceedingly wrathful during his toilet; and went down to dinner fully determined to have no more to do with such a wicked coquette, but to fall in love directly with Anita Grant!

The tables were as lively as usual with bright eyes and wit and laughter, mingled with the clatter of dishes and the distant thunder of the surf across the sand-hills. For who among them could believe that brilliant Alicia Graham and her handsome husband, liveliest of them all, hid a wolf under their cloak of pride, and would vanish out of that gay world as a star that falls with a flash of light into darkness and oblivion. For not one of them saw the anxiety under light laughter. The cry of the ocean should be drowned in gaiety; the beat of happy hearts should defy the beat of broken hearts; the stars were steadfast; the sea a lake of molten silver breaking to glistening fragments along the sands. Time enough to be terrified when the storm should break!

"We will bear our sorrows, Harold," Alicia said, slowly and bravely, as she sat in a low chair by the open window of their room, some time later, facing the ocean. "Because trouble has come to us, is no reason why we should lay it upon others. Besides," she turned for a moment from the exquisite world without to smile upon her husband, leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes seeing nothing before him—"beside, it helps one wonderfully to laugh when things go contrary. I feel a great deal stronger for tomorrow, after the music and happiness down stairs. One is ashamed to be gloomy, you know, when every one else is bright, and so one has to polish one's face and voice and manner until the shine is sort of rubbed in, you see?"

Her husband made no reply. She expected none, and turned again to the window and the shimmering silver sea, the round moon riding royally in the upper ocean; only a solitary sail in the far distance struck into shadow as it sailed away. She clasped her hands around her knees, her hair let down about her shoulders, and nodded sturdily.

Still no reply. Still she expected none. The solitary sail down on the horizon had turned, and the moonlight struck it into gold. Her eyes were upon it.

"I shall go with you to the city in the morning, if you will take me, Harold," she said, presently. The sail was out of sight. Before her, beyond the low sand-hills, was only that great vast waste of silver, with a path along that, looked fashioned for a heavenly road. The moonlight was full in her face. "There need be no excuse to these people. We have few friends here. Business calling you away is all that we will need to explain, and I go with you from choice."

"What is it to them? Together we can arrange our actions far better than apart, when we know the worst, and begin the new life. You have so many friends—"

Her husband interrupted her now. He took down his hands from behind his head and leaned forward, his elbows upon his knees, his eyes upon her face, as he answered slowly, striking one hand lightly with the other to emphasize his words. She turned her face to his, waiting.

"Even yet you do not comprehend this thing, Alicia. You would soften the blow for me, but instead of doing so, you make it infinitely harder, because you force me to explain added humiliation. I have many friends—yes—to-day. To-morrow there is not one will help me. When the thing is known, and that my liabilities far exceed my power to meet them, every one will clamor for his due. Not one of my creditors will allow me to compromise or again enter business. I should not, if they would! I could not endure to feel that what I should gain would be swallowed up ere it were mine. I could not endure to meet these men every day. I hate every one of them; I hate myself more. When all is over, we will go away, and begin life in a new city. I have decided that. California is an open field for one who is ambitious. We will go there. In a new country I will make a new name. Never here."

The slim fingers around her knees tightened their hold. The red lips pressed down one upon another for a moment. The violet eyes dilated ere her emotion was conquered. Then she said very softly and sweetly, her voice like music through the room, a note of the sea's deeper undertone touching it:

(To be continued.)

SHOT FOURTEEN MEN

Bo'd Crime of a Bad Pair of Colored People.

MAN AND WIFE FIRED ON OFFICERS

After Shooting a Trespasser, Negro Resisted Arrest, But Was Finally Captured.

New York, Special.—Jerry Hunter, the negro who shot a number of policemen and set fire to his house, in Queensborough, in an effort to escape, was captured Tuesday and locked up in the Asatira jail. In the fight between Hunter and those who tried to arrest him eleven policemen, three citizens and Hunter and his wife were injured. Hunter's wife, who was helping her husband in his efforts to escape, was taken to his house, where, it was said that she was in bad condition. Her husband was badly beaten in the struggle when he was caught. John McKenna, a patrolman, was shot in the head and face. Both his eyes were destroyed and the wounds in his head are so serious that his recovery is doubtful. The injured were men who had been called upon by the police to aid in subduing Hunter.

A list of the wounded follows: John O'Neill, New York, shot in the back and shoulder; Wm. Ordman, Corona, L. I., shot in the shoulder; Wm. Thorpe, printer, New York, gunshot wounds in face; John McKenna, policeman, both eyes shot out, lips shot off, head filled with buckshot, wounds likely fatal; Arthur Brill, policeman, one eye shot out, head, face and arms full of buckshot; Thos. Cassidy, policeman, cut on head and shoulders by sabre wielded by Hunter's wife; Police Captain Thos. Darch, slight gunshot wound in ear; Police Sergeant Dowey, face filled with buckshot; Thos. Grogan, policeman, shot in the leg and head; Policeman Healy, shot in right leg; Thos. Rigney, policeman, shot in right leg and thigh; M. J. Ward, policeman, shot in left leg; John Hunter, aged 70, negro, beaten about the head and face by policemen; wife of Hunter, shot in head, scalp wounds and body bruised while resisting arrest.

Hunter was employed as caretaker of a large tract of land near North Beach, L. I. Yesterday he saw a man digging sand worms on the property and he shot at the intruder, who ran away and told Policeman McKenna what Hunter had done. McKenna ran to Hunter's home, and was shot by the latter as he was entering. Hunter then and a siege was begun which lasted until after 2 o'clock this morning. Every time a policeman moved from cover a shot would be fired. Fortunately for the police Hunter is said to have had only a shot-gun. Shortly after 2 o'clock this morning the siege was ended. Hunter was taken to the hospital and a wife carried an old cavalry sabre and with this she fought until overpowered, inflicting severe wounds on Patrolman Cassidy. Hunter ran for a patch of woods near the house, but was caught and subdued after a desperate struggle in which he was badly wounded.

Mount Pelee at its Worst.

Castries Island of St. Lucia, B. W. I., Special.—The zone of destruction of Saturday night's eruption of Monte Pelee, island of Martinique, paralleled that which destroyed the town of St. Pierre in May last, but it spread some five miles eastward. The projection of destructive matter southward from Monte Pelee was almost identical with that of last May. The inhabitants were removed from this area and also from the villages of Lorrain and Basse Pointe, at the base of Monte Pelee, after the May catastrophe, but they were sent back by the government, and the last night's eruption of the volcano officially reported that 1,060 persons were killed and 150 injured by the latest showers of fiery hail. Warships and steamers are taking the inhabitants from the coast villages, where people from inland places have also gathered for safety. Survivors who have reached Fort-de-France describe the eruption as being the most violent yet experienced. The detonations were heard at the island of St. Kitts. The St. Vincent volcano, the Soufriere, was in eruption simultaneously. Awful detonations were heard along the southern islands of Trinidad.

President Cannot Interfere.

Washington, Special.—Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, was designated by the President in June last to investigate and report to him the causes and conditions accompanying the present controversy between the Pennsylvania anthracite operators and their miners. Twelve days later Mr. Wright submitted his findings to the President. After carefully going over the report, the President submitted it to the Attorney General, who, after giving it full and careful consideration, reported that the executive has no power whatever to take action in the matter.

Too Lives Lost.

Vienna, Special.—News has been received here from Tiflis, Trans-Caucasus, Russia, of a landslide which occurred August 17 in the vicinity of Mount Kasbek, and which resulted in the destruction of some twenty villages and the loss of nearly 700 lives. Seismic disturbances seem to have started a glacier, which swept down a valley and destroyed everything in its path.

NORTH STATE CROP CONDITIONS.

Summary of Reports For the Past Week.

Except in a few western counties where beneficial showers occurred on the 28th and 29th, the past week was extremely dry throughout the greater portion of the State; at most places, indeed, hardly more than "traces" of rain occurred. The mean temperature was about normal, with warm days rather cool nights. The amount of sunshine was abundant, and the weather very agreeable, but showers are much needed for all late crops, especially corn, peas, potatoes, late cabbages, clover and turnips. Excellent progress in pulling fodder, curing tobacco, picking cotton and haying was made under the very favorable conditions that prevailed for farm work. The ground is now so dry and hard that fall plowing and preparations for winter wheat and oats are backward.

Dry weather has caused the growth of cotton to cease, and top bolls are not forming; some fields look as brown as they usually do in October. Cotton is opening very fast, and is said to be nearly half open, but the absence of very high maximum temperatures has prevented much premature opening; complaints of rust and shed-bugs continue and some correspondents report short crops on account of the small size of the bolls. Picking is progressing, but is behind on account of rapid opening and scarcity of labor. Late corn continues to do well and in many sections will be the best crop gathered. Pulling fodder continues actively. Tobacco is ripening in northwestern counties; while the crop planted was short, the yield has been above the average in quality. Digging sweet potatoes and peanuts has commenced and also cutting rice with favorable prospects for these crops. Peas are promising a large yield of hay but are not fruiting heavily. Crimson clover and late seeded turnips have not come up on account of drought.

Government Report.

Washington, Special.—The weekly summary of crop conditions made by the Agricultural Department. The temperature conditions in the northern districts east of the Missouri Valley during the week ending September 1 were more favorable for maturing crops than in the previous week, but in the two weeks immediately preceding the excessive high temperatures prevailed in the Central and West Gulf districts, including Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Continued absence of rain has intensified the drought in the West Gulf districts and rain is generally expected in the Missouri Valley and the coast districts from southern New England to the Carolinas. In the States of the Missouri Valley and in portions of the upper Mississippi Valley corn has made fair progress, but has not matured rapidly, owing to the low temperatures and excessive moisture. Dry, warm weather is greatly needed in the Missouri Valley for the maturity of corn.

But little rain has fallen over much the greater part of the cotton belt westward from the Mississippi river during the past month, and the last few weeks of which have been excessively warm. The week ending September 1, being practically rainless over the greater part of Louisiana, portions of Arkansas and Oklahoma and through Texas, with the exception of a few light showers in the north central and northeastern portions, the rise of which, with the ravages of insects, has been a steady deterioration in the condition of cotton during the second and third decades. While favorable weather conditions in the near future would cause a marked improvement in the condition of cotton in Texas, the reports indicate that, under the most favorable circumstances, they would be such short of an average crop. The central and eastern districts of the cotton belt, with the exception of portions of the Carolinas, where the drought continues, have received abundant rains, but too late to be of material benefit, while causing considerable injury to open cotton.

Thinks Strike About Over.

New York, Special.—The Evening Post has the following: "Senator Platt refused today to give any further information about his statement of several days ago that the coal strike would be ended in two weeks. 'I stand by the same and I know what I'm talking about,' he said, 'but I can't quite satisfy your curiosity any further just now.'"

A Contest.

Asheville, Special.—J. M. Gudger has made preparations to contest the nomination of J. M. Gudger, Jr., who, his friends claim, is the duly nominated candidate for Congress in the Asheville and tenth district. Mr. Campbell, co-leader of the Democracy failed to make a nomination at Hendersonville and has appointed direct to headquarters, which is in his opinion the national congressional committee. Chairman Griggs has recognized the receipt of the papers in the case prepared by Mr. Campbell, but has made no formal reply. It is presumed that the congressional committee will not act until Mr. Gudger has been given an opportunity to present his side of the controversy.

Shooting at Hamlet.

Hamlet, Special.—J. H. Jordan, wanted for murder in Virginia, was fatally shot at this place by Special Officer Felts. Felts, in company with L. B. Brewer, a policeman of Sanford, who was also on the trail of Jordan, overtook him near the S. A. L. depot, and informed him that he had papers for his detention, whereupon Jordan attempted to pull his gun from his coat pocket, or was endeavoring to shoot from under cover. Felts was too quick for him and fired first.

REPLIES TO CRITICS.

President Roosevelt Makes Some Remarks Concerning Trusts.

POSITION HAS BEEN MISCONSTRUED

The Evil Combinations Should Be Singled Out For Prosecution—Legitimate Trade Should Not Suffer.

Fitchburg, Mass., Special.—The first important stop of President Roosevelt after he had resumed his travels through Massachusetts was in this city, where he found the people keeping a general holiday. A stop of an hour was made here and the President delivered an address, thousands of persons being assembled to hear him. In his address he devoted himself almost exclusively to the trusts, in answer to his critics. He said in part:

"If some of those who have seen cause for wonder in what I have said this fall on the situation of great corporations, which are popularly, although with technical inaccuracy, regarded as trusts, would take the trouble to read my messages when I was Governor, what I said on the stump two years ago, and what I put in my first message to Congress, I think they would have been less astonished. I said nothing on the stump that I did not think I could make good, and I shall not hesitate now to take the position which I then advocated. I am even more anxious that you who hear what I say should think of it than that you should applaud it. I am not going to try to define with technical accuracy what ought to be meant when we speak of a trust. But if by trust we mean merely a big corporation, then I ask you to ponder the utter folly of man who either in a spirit of rancor or in a spirit of folly says, 'Destroy the trusts,' without giving you an idea of what he means really to do. I will go with him if he says destroy the trusts—the trusts—gladly. (Applause.) I will try to find out that evil. (Much applause.) I will seek to apply remedies, which I have already outlined in other speeches. But if his policy, from whatever motive, whether he be a fanatic or a statesman, is to destroy the trusts in a way that will destroy all our prosperity, no. Those men who advocate wild and foolish remedies which would be worse than the disease are doing all in their power to perpetuate the evils against which they nominally war, because if we are brought to face with the naked issue of either keeping or totally destroying a prosperity in which the majority share, but in which some share improperly, why as sensible men we must decide that it is a great deal better to have some people prosper too much than that no one should prosper enough. So that the man who advocates destroying the trusts by measures which would paralyze the industries of the country all in at best a quick and at worst a permanent enemy of the public."

"Now it does not do anybody any good and it will do most of us a great deal of harm to take steps which will check any proper growth in a corporation. A big corporation may be doing exactly the work for the whole country, and you want above all things, when striving to get a plan which will prevent wrong-doing by a corporation which desires to do wrong, not at the same time to have a scheme which will interfere with a corporation doing well if that corporation is handling its affairs equitably and honestly. Now what I am saying ought to be treated as simple, elementary truths. The only reason it is necessary to say them at all is that apparently some people forget them. I believe something can be done by national legislation. Note my words, I say I believe it. It is not in my power to say I know. When I talk to you of my own duties, I can tell you definitely what will and what will not be done. When I speak of factions or any one else I can only say that I believe something more can be done by national legislation. I believe we will do it. I think we can get laws which will measurably increase the power of the Federal government on corporations; but gentlemen, I believe firmly in the end there will have to be an amendment to the constitution conferring additional power on the Federal government to deal with corporations. To get that will be a matter of difficulty, and a matter of time. I want you to think of what I have said because it represents all of the sincerity and earnestness that I have, and I say to you from this platform, nothing that I have not already said and nothing that I will not say at private table with any big corporation managers of the land."

Died From Hydrophobia.

Asheville, Special.—About three weeks ago T. J. Harris, of this city, took his five-year-old son to the Pasteur Institute in New York, the little fellow having been bitten by a supposed mad dog. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Harris received telegrams from Mr. Harris saying that the lad was dying, and that he would arrive in Asheville Wednesday. The boy was terribly ill ten about the face and head but at first the New York physicians expressed the opinion that the young patient could be saved from the dreaded hydrophobia. But a change for the worse, however, came Sunday.

No Choice in Vermont.

White River Junction, Vt., Special.—Election returns from 150 cities and towns out of 246 do not show a majority over all of any one gubernatorial candidate. The returns include cities of St. Albans, Barre, Vergennes, but do not include the large cities and many large towns. If the remaining cities and towns give a vote there will be no election for Governor and Lieutenant Governor.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL

Third New Mill.

Another large mill is announced as to be established at Anderson, S. C., and is the third one projected there this year. The other two are under construction at present. The new company has applied for incorporation under the title of the Toxaway Mills, with capital stock placed at \$25,000, the incorporators being Messrs. D. F. McBrayer, J. A. Brock, F. G. Brown, E. A. Ledbetter and T. C. Jackson. Immediate arrangements will be made for the erection of buildings and the installation in due time of an equipment for the production of brown sheetings. The textile machinery will include about 10,000 spindles and 300 looms. Messrs. McBrayer and Brock are already presidents of successful mills at Anderson. Mr. McBrayer has promoted this latest enterprise, and that he proposes organizing another company was mentioned June 12 by the Manufacturers' Record.

Textile Notes.

Randleman Manufacturing Co., of Randleman, N. C., has decided to add 2,500 spindles and complement of carding machinery. Contract has been signed for the machinery, and an additional building has been begun to accommodate the new equipment. It is probable from \$40,000 to \$50,000 will be expended for the improvements. The company's present equipment is 7,000 spindles and 350 looms.

It is proposed to organize a company at Gaysburg, N. C., for the establishment of a cotton mill. A capital stock of \$50,000 is contemplated, and about one-third of this amount has been subscribed by local investors. W. T. Joyner is promoting the enterprise, and will endeavor to interest outside capitalists. Gaysburg is located at a junction of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line railways, in a section that produces large quantities of cotton. It is said there is no cotton mill at present in Northampton county, in which Gaysburg is located.

Jas. P. Gossett, president of Williamson Mills of Williamson, S. C., has returned from New England, where he placed contract for machinery to double his plant. The new equipment of 5,376 spindles and 150 looms. The improvements will about double the investment. Announcement of the decision to enlarge to this extent was made in the Manufacturers' Record, August 7.

Messrs. W. D. Mayfield, W. S. Monteth and C. S. Bearden, all of Columbia, S. C., have applied for incorporation of the Broad River Manufacturing Co., with capital stock of \$100,000. Their purpose is to develop the water-power at Bookman, on Broad river, and use the power for manufacturing cotton products. No specific location for the plant has been announced as yet.

It is announced that W. J. Harbison agent for the industrial department of the Southern Railway at Chattanooga, Tenn., has arranged for the location of \$150,000 textile mill in that city. Site has been purchased, and erection of the necessary buildings will be begun soon. The names of the projectors are not as yet announced.

Ware Shoals Manufacturing Co., of Laurens, S. C., is soliciting bids on construction of its proposed dam across the Saluda river in connection with its proposed water-power developments recently mentioned. Messrs. W. B. Smith, Whaley & Co., of Columbia, S. C., are the engineers.

Lydia Cotton Mills of Clinton, S. C., is pushing the construction and equipment of its plant, and expects to have its 5,000 spindles and 150 16-harness dobby looms in operation by November 1. The company's capital stock is \$50,000, as previously stated.

It was stated last week that C. A. Withers, Jr., H. H. Hoot and E. C. Charlotte, N. C., were reported as to build a cotton mill. This report was an error, as they have organized C. A. Withers & Co., merely to conduct a general cotton business.

The efforts to organize a cotton-mill company at Ringgold, Ga., will probably be successful. About \$20,000 has been subscribed by the leading business men. Messrs. J. E. Satterfield, W. H. Odell and others are interested. Stanford Cotton Mills, Stanford, N. C., are installing the additional looms previously reported. Company expects to have 280 looms in operation within sixty days. Original equipment is 3,000 ring spindles and 300 looms.

Monaghan Mills of Greenville, S. C., will probably decide upon additions to its plant next spring. The company has 20,000 spindles and 720 looms at present.

Lumber Notes.

The Hardware Novelty Co., of Sandersonville, Miss., has been incorporated, with a capital of \$25,000. The incorporators are W. J. Bailey, W. L. Williams, and W. H. Reon.

The Kerlin Lumber Co., of Kerlin, Ark., has been incorporated, with a capital of \$10,000. The incorporators are J. T. Kerlin, T. J. Kerlin, J. F. Floyd and E. F. Kane.

The Southern Furniture Co., of Washington, N. C., has been chartered, with a capital stock of \$10,000. The incorporators are John W. Ogden, Frank C. Kugler, H. Susman and Stephen Brasaw.

It is understood that the Menzel Company of Louisville, Ky., will build a large veneering plant and two saw-mills at Hickman, Ky., for which it has purchased fifty acres of ground. The plant when completed will employ 150 to 200 men.

A fire occurred last week in the shipping shed of the Hazelhurst Lumber Co., about one mile north of Hazelhurst, Miss., which destroyed an immense quantity of lumber ready for shipment. The loss to the company is estimated at \$25,000; partly insured.