

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

Entered April 23, 1903 at Pickens, S. C., as second class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XXXIV.

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY, 16, 1907

NO. 51.

The Pity of It.

There is a great subject for a sermon in the printed announcement that the home of Mrs. William Thaw had been mortgaged for \$100,000 to pay the expenses of her son Harry K. Thaw's trial for the killing of Stanford White. It's the old story of mother's love and the sacrifice nature so frequently demands from the woman.

Here was a youth with a great fortune at hand, and a yearly income sufficient to have enabled him to live in luxury all his life. But he squandered it. Not satisfied with ordinary luxuries, he sought for the abnormal satisfaction of inordinate cravings. The world was made, at all costs, to pander to his desires, and money sped from his fingers, for has not the adage been proven thousands of times: "The fool and his money," it's the old tale again. Harry Thaw spent all his gigantic income and was forced to rely upon his mother often to get him out of his debts. Then came the tragedy. His prominence in the world of wealth and the prominence of the man he slew, as well as the sobriety of the woman in the case, demanded that the trial be out of the ordinary. The best criminal talent in New York was arraigned against him, so that the continent had to be raked to find its equal. This cost money. Legal brains like all highly specialized products are not to be obtained cheaply, and somebody has to pay. Young Thaw could not, for his money was all expended in riotous living. Who could he expect to? Who but the mother, indeed?

It appears that her money, her ready funds, had been expended by the wayward man and, as the money had to be raised, the palatial home-straightway was mortgaged. We suppose that the embarrassment is only temporary, but the fact that there is any at all is pathetic. What a sorrow it must be to the man in the Tomb—if he is capable of the feelings granted to ordinary humans not afflicted with brainstorms—to know that his mother has been reduced to this strait and this embarrassment by his insensate, criminal folly.

Poor mothers, what a lot is often theirs!—[Augusta Chronicle.]

The Same Old Gag.

The Times-Democrat.

In discussing the chances of Democracy in the next campaign the Greenville News says: "Bryan has drifted away from the true principles of Democracy as they were taught and practiced by Jefferson." What are the true principles of Democracy as they were interpreted and practiced by Jefferson, and wherein do they differ from the Democracy of W. J. Bryan? Will the News please enlighten us. The News goes on to say that the party has too many false leaders, and it may be said to be drifting aimlessly. With true Democracy nailed to the masthead of the good old ship, with a leader at the helm who is willing to turn back into the old and tried path, the Democratic party could go out and meet the enemy and become the ruling power." This is the same old gag that we have been hearing since 1896.

Papers like the News seem to lose sight of the fact that the Democratic party suffered its greatest defeats in 1894 when Cleveland was President and in 1904 when Parker tried to be President. On both occasions the so-called safe and sound Democracy were in charge of things, and what they did, or did not do, about ruined the party. Under the matchless leadership of Bryan the party won a glorious victory in 1896, but was

swindled out of it by the Republicans with the aid of such so-called Democrats as Cleveland and those who aided and abetted him. What the Democratic party needs is a readjustment. There are many in its ranks who are Republicans, and they should be made to go where they belong. We are sorry to say that we have some such wishy-washy Democrats in South Carolina.

Oolenoy Items.

Mr. Van Jones celebrated his 86th birthday on the 13th instant. Quite a number of his children and grandchildren and friends enjoyed the day with him.

Mr. Demas Masters' little child is very sick at this writing. Dr. J. M. Crenshaw is attending it.

Little Lloyd Hendricks has been been very sick, but is better at this writing.

Misses Lenora and Bert Hendricks have returned home from North Carolina where they have been teaching, at Clyde and Burnsville respectively.

Miss Lila Harris of Greenville, is visiting her sister Mrs. Keith.

Mr. Herbert Jones and sister, Miss Bertha of George's Creek, visited relatives and friends around Oolenoy last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Welborn visited friends at Oolenoy Sunday.

Quite a number of the young folks of Oolenoy went on a fishing expedition to Saluda river last Saturday. The writer hasn't heard who was so lucky.

There was an enjoyable dance given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lige Edens, Saturday night. Some of the young people looked a little sleepy Sunday but don't think they complained much.

Mr. Col. Rigdon and Miss Esther Chapman were happily married last Sunday evening. Mr. Avery Jones performed the ceremony. They have many friends to congratulate them. A number of the people around Oolenoy attended the May meeting at Griffin 2d Sunday.

The farmers of this section are about through planting corn, but most of them are having to replant their cotton. Blue Eyes.

Graustark.

There was a dead silence after this theatrical action.

"The interest on this loan is not all you ask, I understand," said Halfont slowly, his black eyes glittering. "You ask something that Graustark cannot and will not barter—the hand of its sovereign. If you are willing to make this loan, naming a fair rate of interest, withdrawing your proposal of marriage, we can come to an agreement."

Gabriel's eyes deadened with disappointment, his breast heaved and his fingers twitched.

"I have the happiness of your sovereign at heart as much as my own," he said. "She shall never want for devotion; she shall never know a pain."

"You are determined, then, to adhere to your original proposition?" demanded the count.

"She would have married Lorenz to save her land, to protect her people. Am I not as good as Lorenz? Why not give?"—began Gabriel viciously, but Yette arose and, with gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks, interrupted him.

"Go! I will not hear you—not one word!"

He passed from the room without another word. Her court saw her standing straight and immovable, her white face transfigured.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VISITOR AT MIDNIGHT.

BELOW the castle and its distressed occupants, in a dark, damp little room, Grenfall Lorry lived a year in a day. On the night of the 18th, or, rather, near the break of dawn on the 19th, Captain Quinnox guided him from the dangerous streets of Edelweiss to the secret passage, and he was safe for the time being. The entrance to the passage was through a skillfully hidden open-

ing in the wall that inclosed the park. A stone doorway so cleverly constructed that it defied detection led to a set of steps, which in turn took one to a long, narrow passage. This ended in a stairway fully a quarter of a mile from its beginning. Ascending this stairway one came to a secret panel through which, by pressing a spring, the interior of the castle was reached. The location of the panel was in one of the recesses in the wall of the chapel, near the altar. It was in this chapel that Yette exchanged her male attire for a loose gown weeks before, and the servant who saw her come from the door at an unearthly hour in the morning believed she had gone there to seek surcease from the troubles which oppressed her.

Lorry was impatient to rush forth from his place of hiding and to end all suspense, but Quinnox demurred. He begged the eager American to remain in the passage until the night of the 19th, when, all things going well, he might be so fortunate as to reach the princess without being seen. It was the secret hope of the guilty captain that his charge could be induced by the princess to return to the monastery to avoid complications. He promised to inform her highness of his presence in the underground room and to arrange for a meeting. The miserable fellow could not find courage to confess his disobedience to his trusting mistress. Many times during the day she had seen him hovering near, approaching and then retreating, and had wondered not a little at his peculiar manner.

And so it was that Lorry chafed and writhed through a long day of suspense and agony. Quinnox had brought to the little room some candles, food and bedding, but he utilized only the former. The hours went by and no summons called him to her side. What was to become of him? What was to be the end of this drama? What would the night, the morrow, bring about?

It was 9 o'clock in the evening when Quinnox returned to the little room. The waiting one had looked at his watch a hundred times, had run incessantly up and down the passage in quest of the secret door, had shouted aloud in the frenzy of desperation.

"Have you seen her?" he cried, grasping the newcomer's hand.

"I have; but, before God, I could not tell her what I had done! Your visit will be a surprise, I fear a shock."

"Then how am I to see her? Fool! Am I to wait here forever?"

"Have patience! I will take you to her tonight—aye, within an hour. Tomorrow morning she signs away the northern provinces, and her instructions are that she is not to be disturbed tonight. Not even will she see the Countess Dagmar after 9 o'clock. It breaks my heart to see the sorrow that abounds in the castle tonight. Her highness insists on being alone, and Bassot, the new guard, has orders to admit no one to her apartments. He

is ill, and I have promised that a substitute shall relieve him at 11 o'clock. You are to be the substitute. Here is a part of an old uniform of mine, and here is a coat that belonged to Damno, who was about your size. Please exchange the clothes you now have on for these. I apprehend no trouble in reaching her door, for the household is in gloom and the halls seem barren of life."

He threw the bundle on a chair, and Lorry at once proceeded to don the contents. In a very short time he wore instead of the cellkeeper's garments a neat fitting uniform of the royal guard. He was trembling violently, chilled to the bone with nervousness, as they began the ascent of the stairs leading to the chapel. The crisis in his life, he felt, was near at hand.

Under the stealthy hand of Quinnox the panel opened, and they listened intently for some moments. There was no one in the dimly lighted chapel, so they made their way to the door at the opposite end. Before unlocking the door the captain pointed to a fance which stood against the wall near by.

"You are to carry that lance," he said briefly. Then he cautiously peered forth. A moment later they were in the broad hall, boldly striding toward the distant stairway. Lorry had been instructed to proceed without the least sign of timidity. They passed several attendants in the hall and heard Count Halfont's voice in conversation with some one in an anteroom. As they neared the broad steps who should come tripping down but Harry Anguish. He saluted Quinnox and walked rapidly down the corridor, evidently taking his departure after a call on the countess.

"There goes your hostage," said the captain grimly. It had required all of Lorry's self-possession to restrain the cry of joyful recognition. Up the staircase they went, meeting several ladies and gentlemen coming down, and were

soon before the apartments of the princess. A tall guard stood in front of the boudoir door.

"This is your relief, Bassot. You may go," said Quinnox, and with a careless glance at the strange soldier the sick man trudged off down the hall, glad to seek his bed.

"Is she there?" whispered Lorry, dizzy and faint with expectancy.

"Yes. This may mean your death and mine, sir, but you would do it. Will you explain to her how I came to play her false?"

"She shall know the truth, good friend."

"After I have gone twenty paces down the hall do you rap on the door. She may not admit you at first, but do not give up. If she bid you enter or asks your mission, enter quickly and close the door. It is unlocked. She may swoon or scream, and you must prevent either if possible. In an hour I shall return and you must go back to the passage."

"Never! I have come to save her and her country, and I intend to do so by surrendering myself this very night."

"I had hoped to dissuade you. But, sir, you cannot do so tonight. You forget that this visit compromises her."

"True. I had forgotten. Well, I'll go back with you, but tomorrow I am your prisoner, not your friend."

"Be careful," cautioned the captain as he moved away. Lorry feverishly tapped his knuckles on the panel of the door and waited with motionless heart for the response. It came not, and he rapped harder, a strange fear darting into his mind.

"Well?" came from within, the voice he adored.

Impetuous haste marked his next movement. He dashed open the door, sprang inside and closed it quickly. She was sitting before her escritoire, writing, and looked up, surprised and annoyed.

"I was not to be disturbed—oh!"

She staggered to her feet and was in his arms before the breath of her exclamation had died away. Had he not supported her she would have dropped to the floor. Her hands, her face, were like ice, her breast was pulseless, and there was the wildest terror in her eyes.

"My darling—my queen!" he cried passionately. "At last I am with you! Don't look at me like that! It is really I—I could not stay away—I could not permit this sacrifice of yours! Speak to me! Do not stare like that!"

Her wide blue eyes slowly swept his face, piteous wonder and doubt struggling in their depths.

"Am I awake?" she murmured, touching his face with her bewildered, questioning hands. "Is it truly you?" A smile illumined her face, but her joy was short lived. An expression of terror came to her eyes, and there was agony in the fingers that clasped his arm. "Why do you come here?" she cried. "It is madness! How and why came you to this room?"

He laughed like a delighted boy and hastily narrated the events of the past twenty-four hours, ending with the trick that gave him entrance to her room.

"And all this to see me?" she whispered.

"To see you and to save you. I hear that Gabriel has been annoying you and that you are to give up half of the kingdom tomorrow. Tell me everything. It is another reason for my coming."

Sitting beside him on the divan, she told of Gabriel's visit and his dismissal, the outlook for the next day, and then sought to convince him of the happiness it afforded her to protect him from an undesired death. He obtained for Quinnox the royal pardon and handed him to the skies. So ravishing were the moments, so ecstatic the sensations that possessed them, that neither thought of the consequences if he were to be discovered in her room, disguised as one of her guardsmen. He forgot the real import of his reckless visit until she commanded him to stand erect before her that she might see what manner of soldier he was. With a laugh, he leaped to his feet and stood before her attention. She leaned back among the cushions and surveyed him through the glowing, impassioned eyes, which slowly closed as if to shut out temptation.

"You are a perfect soldier," she said, her lashes parting ever so slightly.

"No more perfect than you!" he cried, she remembered, with confusion, her own gasping, but it was unkind of him to remember it. Her allusion to his uniform turned his thoughts into the channel through which they had been surging so turbulently up to the moment that found him tapping at her door. He had not told her of his determination, and the task grew harder as he saw the sparkle glow brighter and brighter in her eye.

"You are a brave soldier, then," she substituted. "It required courage to come to Edelweiss with hundreds of men ready to seize you at sight, a pack of bloodhounds."

"I should have been a miserable coward to stay up there while you are so bravely facing disaster alone down here. I came to help you, as I should."

"But you can do nothing, dear, and you only make matters worse by coming to me. I have fought so hard to overcome the desire to be near you, I have struggled against myself for days and days, and I had won the battle when you came to pull my walls of strength down about my ears. Look. On my desk is a letter I was writing to you. No, you shall not read it. No one shall ever know what it contains."

She darted to the desk, snatched up the sheets of paper and held them over the waxed taper. He stood in the middle of the room, a feeling of intense desolation settling down upon him. How could he lose this woman?

"Tomorrow night Quinnox is to take you from the monastery and conduct



"You are a perfect soldier," she said, you to a distant city. It has all been planned. Your friend, Mr. Anguish, is to meet you in three days, and you are to hurry to America by way of Athens. This was a letter to you. In it I said many things and was trying to write farewell when you came to this room. Ah, what peril you are in here! You are innocent, but nothing could save you. The proof is too strong. Mizox has found a man who swears he saw you enter Lorenz's room."

"What a damnable lie!" cried Lorry lightly. "I was not near his room?"

"But you can see what means they will adopt to convict you. You are doomed if caught by my men or theirs. I cannot save you again. You know now that I love you. Could you not have been content with that last goodbye at the monastery? It is cruel to both of us, to me especially, that we must have the parting again." She had gone to the divan and now dropped limply among the cushions, resting her head on her hand.

"I was determined to see you," he said. "They shall not kill me, nor are you to sacrifice your father's domain. Worse than all, I feared that you might yield to Gabriel!"

"Ah! You insult me when you say that! I yielded to Lorenz because I thought it my duty and because I dared not admit to myself that I loved you. But Gabriel! Ah!" she cried scornfully. "Grenfall Lorry, I shall marry no man. You I love, but you I cannot marry. It is folly to dream of it even as a possibility. When you go from Graustark tomorrow night, you take my heart, my life, my soul, with you. I shall never see you again—God help me to say this—I shall never allow you to see me again. I tell you, I could not bear it. The weakest and the strongest of God's creations is woman." She started suddenly, half rising. "Did any one see you come to my room? Was Quinnox sure?"

"We passed people, but no one knew me. I will go if you are distressed over my being here."

"It is not that, not that. Some spy may have seen you. I have a strange fear that they suspect me and that I am being watched. Where is Captain Quinnox?"

"He said he would return for me in an hour. The time is almost gone. How it has flown! Yette, Yette, I will not give you up!" he cried, sinking to his knees before her.

"You must, you shall! You must go back to the monastery tonight! Oh, how I pray that you may reach it in safety! And you must leave this wretched country at once. Will you see if Quinnox is outside the door? Be quick! I am mad with fear that you may be found here, that you may be taken before you can return to St. Val."

(To be continued)