

The People

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A Tale.....
of the.....
Anglo-Indian
Secret Service



By.....
Henry.....
Seton.....
Merriman.

CHAPTER V.

Continued.
"Well, then," he urged, "wait; wait and watch him. We may even get to know him. They are different from us, these Englishmen, for they can throw aside their work entirely for a time, and take it up again where they dropped it when the moment comes. He will probably be doing nothing now for some time, and then you know what his next mission may be? They are a universal people, these, and try many things; they have no discrimination in their judgment of men. Do they not make statements of their generals, and naval lords of their men of letters? Mistle may go into Parliament, and do nothing more in the world."
"If he went to Parliament," said the girl, frowning, "he would be more dangerous still."
"Well," urged the young man, with pleading eyes; "but at all events give him a week or a fortnight."
"Then I must leave this forsaken place and live in London," said the girl, with determination.
"Yes; I will take lodgings in Bedford Place, and you will join me there. You will be my sister again, Marie."
"Yes, Ivan," she said, with a little weary ring in her voice, as she laid her hand on his; "I will be your sister again."
He raised the cool, lifeless fingers to his lips, and left her alone in the darkened room.

CHAPTER VI.

An Amateur Villain.
To Colonel Wright this home-coming was full of delight and sweet anticipation. His life had been broken up by many wanderings, many campaigns, and many separations. All that was now to be left behind, and before him lay a prospect of active leisure, a life of intellectual ease, of pleasure and loving companionship. He had passed so many years in the East that he brought home with him an Anglo-Indian freshness and energy for home pleasure. He was young enough to be still of an active mind, and leisure with him by no means meant idleness.
That first breakfast was an event to be remembered. So clean, so bright, so home-like was everything. Surely there never was a cloth so white, no silver ever shone so brilliantly as those forks and spoons. And never had happy father so fair, so dainty, so sweet a daughter to pour out his coffee, with just a little movement of shyness in the curve of her rounded arm.
"Then they are coming this evening?" remarked Lena, when they were seated, looking across the table toward her father without ceasing her occupation of filling a coffee-pot, which maneuver successfully directed the nourishing beverage into the saucer.
Mrs. Wright noted this result, and immediately gazed intently at the ceiling with a marvelous expression in her face, which distinctly gave one to understand that she saw the coffee in the saucer, knew how it came there, and from the entire proceeding deduced that it is always well to look before one pours.
"Yes," replied the colonel. "They are coming this evening, the sailor being included."
"Mother," said Lena, presently, "have you told papa about the invitation to Broomhaugh?"
"Oh, and he is quite ready to go."
"Oh, I am so glad! Papa, it will be simply lovely. Charlie has told me all about it. It is a melancholy old house, built by some remote Mistle, who was a cattle-lifter, or a Borderer, or something romantic. The Mistleys have lived there ever since—in the intervals between their wanderings. Great, bare hills all round, and a little colony of pine-trees round the house, which is bleak and gray, like an old fortress. Below the house, at the foot of a sort of cliff, there is a trout-stream, where you can fish all day; Charlie knows every inch of the stream, and talks very wisely about flies, 'March-Browns,' 'professors,' and all sorts of imposing names. Then we are going to get up some theatricals; we have arranged it all, and chosen the piece. Charlie says that his brother acts splendidly."
"Oh, yes! He can do that," replied the colonel, smilingly wagging his head. "He is always acting. In fact, it is very hard to say when he is and when he is not. I have watched him listening to a long story, which he knew to be a fabrication from beginning to end, and the child-like innocence of his expression was a perfect study. He is the very man for theatricals; he was always stage-managing something or other out in India."
"Perhaps he will be too good for us," suggested Lena; "but it would be very nice to have a really good actor for the principal part, because

turned again to her flowers, which she continued to arrange thoughtfully for some moments.
"I know," said Lena, partly to herself and partly to her mother, when the colonel had left the room—"I know I shall be disappointed in him."
Mrs. Wright said nothing. She was standing near the window with the newspaper in her hand; but she was looking over it into the sunlight street. She was thinking of the lives of two women who had married soldiers—lives that had not been quite a success—lives made up of weary waiting and anxious watching; and running through these thoughts was a vague desire that this visit to Broomhaugh might yet be avoided.

the whole piece depends upon it."
"Charlie!" suggested the colonel, with the ghost of a twinkle in his eye as he looked at his wife.
"Charlie won't take it," replied Lena, with perfect innocence. "He insists upon having a minor part, as he is to be stage-manager."
"What part do you act?" asked Mrs. Wright.
"Well, we have not quite decided yet. Charlie wants me to be the heroine, and a Miss Sandford, who lives close to Broomhaugh, to take the part of a sprightly widow. Now I think I would do for a sprightly widow much better than for a devoted heroine; but Mrs. Mistle says no. Let me see—if I were the widow, Winyard Mistle would be my son—a source of endless woe to his relations. If I were the heroine—Oh! he would have to make love to me!"
"Ah! he would do that," said Colonel Wright, with conviction. "He would do that well!"
"I think I would rather be his mother," said Lena.
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Wright, incredulously.
"I once saw him making love," began the colonel in a tone somewhat suggestive of a long story.
"Indeed!" said Lena, indifferently, and she extended her hand toward the morning paper.
"Yes," continued the colonel. "It was one of the funniest sights I have ever seen, and yet Mistle was as grave as a judge. She was a Russian; her complexion was of a dull yellow; she appeared to be ignorant of the primary use of water, and she smoked very bad cigars. Added to that, she was somewhat older than his mother!"
"Why did he do it?" asked Lena, smiling. She was more interested now in the little story, and had laid aside her newspaper.
"He wanted some information which he knew her to possess."
"Are you sure you did not make love to her, too?" asked Mrs. Wright, with a smile which the old soldier fully appreciated.
"I tried," was the candid reply, "but could not get on at all. The best of it was that she had suspected what he was about; but she was so anxious to get some information out of him, that she encouraged his love-making. In fact, it was a game of cross-purposes."
"And who won?" asked Lena.
"Oh, he did," replied the colonel; and he returned to his toast as if there could only have been one answer to that question.
Presently, after some moments spent in deep thought, Lena looked up with a twinkle of merriment hovering in her eyes.
"I think, papa," she said, "that he will do very well for the part we wish him to take. Your description of him sounds dark and mysterious, and that is what we want."
"Excuse me, little one. I never said he was dark and mysterious. As it happens, he is rather fair and the very reverse of mysterious, for he is open and almost boyish; though, indeed, his manner changes so much and so suddenly that it is nearly impossible to say when he is in earnest or in fun. Generally the latter, I think."
"Because," continued the girl, "it is a villain's part—a very nice villain, though!"
"The part he takes in life is that of the light comedian, I think," said the colonel, thoughtfully stirring his coffee. "He usually plays the light comedian to my heavy schemes, if I may put it thus; but then it is only because he has found it convenient to do so. People consider him a frivolous, light-hearted boy, and he is content that they should do so; but I know him to be different. The fellow is a born organizer, foreseeing everything, ready for every emergency, which he meets with that imperturbable smile of his, as if he were enjoying himself immensely."
"I am rather afraid of this paragon," said Mrs. Wright, rising from the table.
"My dear," replied the colonel, who was occupied in selecting a cigarette from a very polished leather case, "if it were not for this paragon, I should very probably not be sitting here now. You must not let my praises prejudice you against him, as praise is very apt to do. Winyard Mistle is a clever fellow, and what is better still, he is sincere. He does his work well, and he does it because he loves it. It is such men as he who get on in the world—provided they do not marry."
"Why should the poor man not marry, papa?" asked Lena, who was busy with some flowers at a side-table.
"Simply because marriage would completely spoil his career. You see, a man cannot go roaming about in disguise in the heart of Central Asia, when he has a young wife fretting her life away at home."
Lena looked around, and then

CHAPTER VII.
Winyard Arrives.
It happened that Winyard Mistle heard Lena sing before he spoke with her; and in after years that first impression remained uppermost in his mind. He never afterward doubted the presence of a deep, true woman's heart beneath the gay and almost frivolous manner she chose to assume before the world. Perhaps he was judging in some degree from himself. He knew that the gay and somewhat shallow youth, known to the generally as Winyard Mistle, was not the true inner thinking man, who ambition was fortunately tempered with a whole-hearted sense of patriotism rarely met with in these self-seeking times.
When Winyard arrived at the door of Colonel Wright's house in Seymour street, the postman was just turning away from it, having dropped a letter into the box and given his recognized rap. Thus Jarvis, the old soldier-servant, saw the shadow of a visitor upon the ground glass of the door when he came for the letters, and did not wait for a second knock.
The old warrior knew who this stranger was at once, and stepped back, holding the door wide open.
Lena was singing in a small room immediately opposite the entrance, and the door of this room was wide open. The old soldier's movements were quick and noiseless, as a soldier's movements should be; but Winyard was quicker, and, with a touch of his hand, he stopped Jarvis from going forward to announce him.
"Wait a moment!" he whispered.
Lena sang on unconsciously. She had heard the postman's knock, and recognized it, but was not expecting any particular letter, and therefore did not interrupt her song.
The two men stood outside the door and listened in silence—the old soldier—whose fighting days were done, and the young man, whose time was yet to come. One—a sturdy, powerful figure, very straight, with a peculiarly flat back and square, honest face; the other somewhat taller, of lighter build, lean and wiry, active as a cat. They could just see Lena's shoulder, and the play of her white hand and wrist. Occasionally, as she swayed a little to one side with the rhythm of her music, they caught sight of her dainty head, with the soft, dry hair drawn well up and clustering down again.
When the last note of the accompaniment had died away, Lena swung rather suddenly round upon the music-stool, and found herself face to face with Winyard. He was standing with his overcoat still upon his arm, and at first Lena thought that it was Charles Mistle. So quick was her movement that she caught Winyard looking grave—a luxury he rarely indulged in.
Instantly Lena rose, and although she blushed, she smiled with perfect self-possession.
"Mr. Mistle," she said, extending her hand, "I never heard you come in."
Then they shook hands, and Jarvis vanished with Winyard's coat.
"I am afraid," said Mistle, looking a trifle guilty, "that I have been standing outside since the end of the first verse."
Lena gave a little laugh, which was not quite free from embarrassment.
"That was rather mean," she said. "I am afraid it was impertinent," said Winyard, quickly, "now that I come to think of it; but at the moment I hardly thought of what I was doing, and then, as soon as I stepped inside the door, I heard—you singing. I am afraid I prevented the man from interrupting you. You must make some allowance for a wanderer whose manners have suffered, Miss Wright. You see, I have not heard anything like that for three years, and I could not resist hearing it all. Do you think I should have said 'Ahem!' or banged my umbrella into the stand, so as to let you know that some one was listening?"
"No doubt," replied Lena, "that would have been the proper course to pursue; but it does not matter much, I suppose. If you like to listen to people practicing, there is no actual harm in it. Let us go upstairs to the drawing-room. Our respective mothers are there. Papa is dressing, and Charlie has not come yet."
Lena stopped rather abruptly, and led the way upstairs. It suddenly struck her that Charlie, whose name came so naturally from her lips was this man's brother, and that her easy manner of speaking of him must sound objectionably familiar.
Winyard gave her no time to think of it, however. He saw the passing embarrassment, and came to her relief at once.
(To be continued.)

4 HORRIBLE DEATHS

The Victims Literally Cooked Alive.

30 OTHERS SERIOUSLY INJURED.

By the Upsetting of a Metal Pot in a Pennsylvania Steel Plant Four are Killed Outright and Thirty Will Die.

Butler, Pa., Special.—An explosion caused by the upsetting of the metal pot in the No. 1 cupola of the Standard Steel Company here late Saturday caused the death of four men, fatally injuring 20, and seriously injuring 10 others. Nearly all of the men were foreigners.
The large wheel plant, 150 by 100 feet, was demolished, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000.
The dead are:
Nick Dorna,
Nicholas Blotar,
John Vereck,
Unknown man.

The condition of the 30 men injured is pitiable. Although still alive the features of a majority are mutilated beyond recognition. The hot metal was showered over them, causing horrible injuries. Arms, fingers and ears were torn, while a number of men had their eyes burned out. Several men are in the hospital with their legs burned to a crisp. At midnight the physicians attending the injured said that at least 20 of the men would die.

The explosion was caused by the upsetting of a metal pot in the cupola, which contained 5,000 pounds of molten metal ready for casting. A span in the pot broke, allowing the liquid iron to spill over the wet sand. An explosion followed so quickly that none of the workmen in the building had a chance to escape. Streams of the burning metal poured out on the workmen who were literally cooked. Twenty men near the cupola had every shred of clothing blown off by the force of the explosion. Many were buried under the wreckage and were not rescued for an hour after the catastrophe. When the flames shot from the burning car works fully 10,000 people rushed to the scene blocking streets and interfering with fire companies and ambulances. Through lack of room many of the injured were compelled to lie for an hour on cots in street cars before it was possible to take them to the hospital a mile and a half away. Members of the fire department and citizens assisted in caring for the men who were totally naked and suffering intensely with the cold.

The Rowlands Acquitted.

Raleigh, N. C., Special.—The trial of Dr. and Mrs. Rowland for the murder of engineer Strange, closed on Saturday night after one of the hardest fought legal contests in the history of the State's criminal prosecutions. The work of counsel for both the State and the defense was particularly able. The trial closed on Saturday night and after the judge's charge the case went to the jury. Sunday morning a verdict of complete acquittal was reached and the prisoners were dismissed. They received the cordial congratulations of their friends.

Dr. H. T. Inge Buys Shreveport Franchise.

Mobile, Ala., Special.—Dr. H. T. Inge, president of the local baseball organization holding the Cotton States League franchise, announced the purchase of the Shreveport Southern League franchise conditional on being able to get out of the Cotton States League next season. Dr. Inge appears to think there will be no trouble about this.

Cannot Pay Immigrant's Fare.

New Orleans, Special.—Louisiana cannot legally pay the fare of immigrants to this country, according to a ruling received from the immigration bureau. The decision was rendered in the test case of Geronimo Garcia, whose fare the State paid from Cuba. The grounds of the ruling have not yet been received.

Engineer Killed in Wreck.

Rocky Mount, Special.—Passenger train No. 82, running on a shifting engine Sunday morning on the outskirts of South Rocky Mount at 2:20 o'clock and Engineer George Boney, on the passenger train was killed instantly. His fireman was badly injured. The train crew on the shifter jumped. Both engines were demolished and the mail coach was broken into shreds. Five mail clerks were slightly wounded. The baggage and one passenger car were demolished. No passengers were injured.

Rev. Dr. A. H. M'oment Dead.

Raleigh, N. C., Special.—Rev. Alfred H. M'oment, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, died Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock of typhoid fever. Dr. M'oment was a native of Canada. He was born in 1852. He was a graduate of Princeton prior to coming to Raleigh was pastor of churches in New York and Brooklyn. The funeral was held Sunday and the burial was in Oakwood cemetery.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Berlin reformers now have a "réa suicide" agitation.

Japan has subjugated a part of the Island of Formosa.

The cost of Illinois public schools is more than \$25,000,000 per year.

The Peace Conference at The Hague promises to be barren of material results.

Great Britain agrees with the rest of Europe in regarding the peace conference as a fiasco.

The latest and most exciting form of sport in France is the chasing of airplanes by automobiles.

Frank B. Kellogg and his associates assert that their case against Standard Oil is complete.

Argentina, it appears, has 245,000,000 acres of land that it will give to those who will occupy it.

Many of the German troops engaged in army maneuvers were overcome with fatigue and heat.

Representative Sereno E. Payne, of New York, wishes the United States were well rid of the Philippines.

General William Booth, Salvation Army founder, in an interview at Boston talked of the organization's worldwide work.

Five departments in the South of France are suffering from floods, and the damage in Herault alone is estimated at \$4,000,000.

More than 500,000 Jews, according to figures compiled at St. Petersburg, have emigrated from Russia to the United States since 1889.

Publishers in discussing the war on the paper manufacturers for the advance in news paper asked the removal of the tariff on wood pulp.

A resolution was offered at the session of the American Bankers' Association, proposing that each denomination of bank notes be made of a distinguishing color.

Murder and Suicide.

Key West, Fla., Special.—Austin Griffin shot and killed his wife at the breakfast table, then committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. Mrs. Griffin was separated from her husband but he refused to leave the house demanding half of the property. Sunday morning the husband demanded an understanding and she refused to converse with him. He drew his revolver and shot her in the back of the head, causing instant death. He survived her one hour.

STARTING TROUBLE.

Mr. Jawback—Let's celebrate our golden wedding.
Mrs. Jawback—How silly! We've only been married six years.
Mr. Jawback—That's all! How'd I get it into my head it was fifty?—Cleveland Leader.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

George Mayhew Moulton will be the first major-general of the Illinois National Guard.

The late John Bright went as far as a brother when he spoke before Parliament of the death of Cobden.

In Richmond, Ind., Secretary of State Root stated emphatically that he has no Presidential aspirations.

Allan A. Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan, will, it is said, build a summer home at Suffern, N. Y., to cost \$1,000,000.

Thomas T. Crittenden is the oldest living ex-Governor of Missouri. The State has had thirty-one Governors, of whom five survive.

General Botha, the first Prime Minister of the Transvaal, is forty-four years old, and speaks Dutch and English with equal fluency.

Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell, of the Labrador Deep Sea Mission, has been created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Ferdinand Bonn, the eccentric Berlin actor manager, accuses the author of Sherlock Holmes of plagiarism from Poe, Gaboriau and many others.

Sir Langdon Bonython is one of Australia's journalistic knights. From the position of reporter he worked his way up to the editorship.

Frank B. Kellogg, the special attorney for the Government in the Standard Oil prosecution, began life as a farmer's boy in New York State.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, the "dean of the world's royalties," celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday at his summer home at Ischl.

Sir W. S. Gilbert, a London Magistrate, said the other day to a little boy as he entered the witness box: "Do you know what will happen to you if you tell lies?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Then you know more than I do," remarked the Magistrate.

New York State Prosperous.

Albany, N. Y., Special.—State Treasurer Hauser's report for the fiscal year ending at midnight Monday will show a substantial increase in receipts and expenditures. The receipts for the year aggregate in round numbers \$46,000,000, an increase of \$7,000,000 over last year. The total expenditures were \$40,000,000, an increase of \$7,000,000. The largest increase in receipts came from mortgage taxes, nearly \$2,250,000 more being paid into the State treasury than in the preceding year.

THE RESTFUL SORT.

"She is a nice girl, isn't she?"
"Very. The kind of girl you'd like to marry, after you've gotten through falling in love."—Life.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

In Detroit Jennings is regarded as the Napoleon of baseball.

Lou Ritter has been Brooklyn's mainstay behind the bat.

Cleveland has several minor league first basemen in view for try-out.

The Cincinnati team has dropped thirty games this season by one run. Chesbro still has a thing or two up his sleeve. Ask Mack and Jennings.

Pitcher Mullin, of Detroit, eats but two meals a day, but weighs 230 pounds.

Alexander Shields, owner of Go Between and trainer of Hermis, died of typhoid.

Catcher Tom Madden, the New England recruit, has joined the Boston team.

Games with time limit attachments will be tabooed by the Detroit Club in the future.

Chester Wagner, of the Boston Americans, seldom says a word while on the diamond.

All the new recruits were taken with the Boston Nationals on their last Western trip.

Dan Brouthers, the Giants' scout, has his eye on pitcher Frank Reed, of the Albany Club.

It is something for the Boston Nationals to have landed two double-headers this season.

It may be accepted as a settled fact that Lajoie will again manage in Cleveland next season.

Ed Hanlon says that "Duke" Farrell was the most valuable catcher in the business in his day.

The Philadelphia Athletic Club has secured pitcher Charles Fritz, the New Orleans Club's southpaw.

Had the Pittsburghs held on to Beaumont it would have meant at least eight more victories for the Pirates.

Former Archduke to Marry Plebian.

Vienna, By Cable.—Herr Woeffling formerly Archduke Leopold Salvatore, of Austria is engaged to marry Maria Ritter the daughter of an humble Silesian. Herr Woeffling has telegraphed confirmation of this fact from Zurich. He adds in the dispatch that he tried to dissuade his sister the Countess Montignoso from marrying Enrico Tonelli the singer on account of the disparity of their ages.

A Jersey woman whose husband was attacked by a bull saved him from injury by throwing pepper in the bull's eyes. She also vindicated her sex, notes the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and refuted the slander that a woman cannot hit a bull's eye.

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