

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE-A-WEEK---WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.

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FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER I.

A strange thing happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at 9 in the morning, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on No. 5 had fired at somebody or other about half after 3; that he had fired by order of the officer of the day, and that now he flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unusual number of officers were chatting about headquarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, too, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the colonel's quarters.

Guard mounting at the fort was not held until 9 o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army. Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if he had finished a leisurely breakfast before beginning office work of any kind, and neither the colonel nor his family cared to breakfast before 8 o'clock. In view of the fact that Mrs. Maynard had borne that name but a very short time, and that her knowledge of army life dated only from the month of May, the garrison was disposed to consider her entitled to much latitude of choice in such matters, even while it did say that she was old enough to be above bridled sentiment. The women folk at the fort were of opinion that Mrs. Maynard was 50. It must be conceded that she was over 40; also that this was her second entry into the bonds of matrimony.

That no one should now appear on the colonel's piazza was obviously a disappointment to several people. In some way or other most of the breakfast tables at the post had been enlivened by accounts of the mysterious shooting. The soldiers going the rounds with the "police cart," the butcher and grocer and baker from town, the old milk woman with her glistening cans, had all served as newsmongers from kitchen to kitchen, and the story that came in with the coffee to the lady of the house had lost nothing in bulk or bravery. The groups of officers chatting and smoking in front of headquarters gained accessions every moment, while the ladies seemed more absorbed in chat and confidences than in the sweet music of the band.

What fairly exasperated some men was the fact that the old officer of the day was not out on the parade where he belonged. Only the new incumbent was standing there in staturesque pose as the band trooped along the line, and the fact that the colonel had sent out word that the ceremony would proceed without Captain Chester only served to add fuel to the flame of popular conjecture. It was known that the colonel was holding a consultation with closed doors with the old officer of the day, and never before since he came to the regiment had the colonel been known to look so pale and strange as when he glanced over for just one moment and called his orderly. The soldier sprang up, saluted, received his message, and, with every eye following him, sped off toward the old stone guardhouse. In three minutes he was on his way back, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard in full dress uniform.

"That's Leary, the man who fired the shot," said Captain Wilton to his senior lieutenant, who stood by his side. "Belongs to B company, doesn't he?" queried the subaltern. "Seems to me I have heard Captain Armitage say he was one of his best men."

"Yes. He's been in the regiment as long as I can remember. What on earth can the colonel want him for? Near as I can learn, he only fired by Chester's order."

"And neither of them knows what he fired at."

It was perhaps 10 minutes before Private Leary came forth from the doorway of the colonel's office, nodded to the corporal, and raising their white gloved hands in salute to the group of officers the two men tossed their rifles to the right shoulder and strode back to the guard.

Another moment, and the colonel himself opened his door and appeared in the hallway. He stopped abruptly, turned back and spoke a few words in low tone, then hurried through the groups at the entrance, looking at no man, avoiding their glances and giving faint and impatient return to the soldierly salutations that greeted him. The sweat was beaded on his forehead, his lips were white and his face full of a trouble and dismay no man had ever seen there before. He spoke to no one, but walked rapidly homeward, entered and closed the gate and door behind him.

For a moment there was silence in the group. Few men in the service were better loved and honored than the

veteran soldier who commanded the infantry, and it was with genuine concern that his officers saw him so deeply and painfully affected, for affected he certainly was. Never before had his cheery voice denied them a cordial "Good morning, gentlemen." Never before had his blue eyes flinched. He had been their comrade and commander in years of frontier service, and his bachelor home had been the rendezvous of all general spirits when in garrison. They had missed him sorely when he went abroad on long leave the previous year and were almost indignant when they received the news that he had met his fate in Italy and would return married. "She" was the widow of a wealthy New Yorker who had been dead some three years only, and though over 40 did not look her years to masculine eyes when she reached the fort in May.

After knowing her a week the garrison had decided to a man that the colonel had done wisely. Mrs. Maynard was charming, courteous, handsome and accomplished. Only among the women were there still a few who resented their colonel's capture, and some of these, oblivious of the fact that they had tempted him with relations of their own, were sententious and severe in their condemnation of second marriage, for the colonel, too, was indulging in a second experiment. Of his first only one man in the regiment besides the commander could tell anything, and he, to the just indignation of almost everybody, would not discuss the subject. It was rumored that in the old days when Maynard was senior captain and Chester junior subaltern in their former regiment the two had very little in common. It was known that the first Mrs. Maynard, while still young and beautiful, had died abroad. It was hinted that the resignation of a dashing lieutenant of the regiment, which was synchronous with her departure for foreign shores, was demanded by his brother officers, but it was useless asking Captain Chester. He could not tell, and—wasn't it odd?—here was Chester again, the only man in the colonel's confidence in an hour of evident trouble.

"By Jove! What's gone wrong with the chief?" was the first exclamation from one of the older officers. "I never saw him look so broken."

As no explanation suggested itself, they began edging in toward the office. The door stood open, a handbell banged, a clerk darted in from the sergeant major's rooms, and Captain Chester was revealed seated at the colonel's desk. This in itself was sufficient to induce several officers to stroll in and look inquiringly around. Captain Chester, merely nodding, went on with some writing at which he was engaged.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades, strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and with his hands sticking in his trousers pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accosted his absorbed superior:

"Colonel gone home?"
"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply, and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes.
"Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr. Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg and prodding the floor with the toe of his boot.

"Then that wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dab of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed features of the junior.

"No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall in an injured tone, while an audible snicker at the door added to his sense of discomfort. "What I mainly wanted was to know if I could go to town."

"That matter is easily arranged, Mr. Hall. All you have to do is to get out of that uncomfortable and unsoldierly position, stand in the attitude in which you are certainly more at home and infinitely more picturesque, proffer your request in respectful words, and there is no question as to the result."

"Oh, you're in command, then?" said Mr. Hall, slowly wriggling into the position of the soldier and flushing through his bronzed cheeks. "I thought the colonel might be only gone for a minute."

"The colonel may not be back for a week, but you're here for dress parade all the same, and—Mr. Hall!" he called as the young officer was turning away. The latter faced about again.

"Was Mr. Jerrold going with you to town?"
"Yes, sir. He was to drive me in his dogcart, and it's over here now."

"Mr. Jerrold cannot go—at least not until I have seen him."

"Why, captain, he got the colonel's permission at breakfast this morning."
"That is true, no doubt, Mr. Hall." And the captain dropped his sharp and captious manner, and his voice fell as though in sympathy with the cloud that settled on his face. "I cannot explain matters just now. There are reasons why the permission is withdrawn for the time being. The adjutant will noti-

fy him." And Captain Chester turned to his desk again as the new officer of the day, guardbook in hand, entered to make his report.

"The usual orders, captain," said Chester as he took the book from his hand and looked over the list of prisoners. Then, in bold and rapid strokes, he wrote across the page the customary certificate of the old officer of the day, winding up with this remark:

"He also inspected guard and visited sentries between 3 and 3:35 a. m. The firing at 3:30 a. m. was by his order."

Meantime those officers who had entered and who had no immediate duty to perform were standing or seated around the room, but all observing profound silence. For a moment or two no sound was heard but the scratching of the captain's pen. Then, with some embarrassment and hesitancy, he laid it down and glanced around him.

"Has any one here anything to ask—any business to transact?"

Two or three mentioned some routine matters that required the action of the post commander, but did so reluctantly, as though they preferred to await the orders of the colonel himself. Captain Wilton indeed spoke his sentiments:

"I wanted to see Colonel Maynard about getting two men of my company relieved from extra duty, but as he isn't here I fancy I had better wait."

"Not at all. Who are your men? Have it done at once, Mr. Adjutant, and supply their places from my company if need be. Now, is there anything else?"

The group was apparently "nonplussed," as the adjutant afterward put it, by such unlooked for complacency on the part of the usually crotchety senior



"Has any one here anything to ask?"

captain. Still, no one offered to lead the others and leave the room. After a moment's nervous rapping with his knuckles on the desk Captain Chester again abruptly spoke:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to inconvenience you, but if there is nothing more that you desire to see me about I shall go on with some other matters, which, pardon me, do not require your presence."

At this very broad hint the party slowly turned their legs, and with much wonderment and not a few resentful glances at their temporary commander the officers sauntered to the doorway. There, however, several stopped again, still reluctant to leave in the face of so pervading a mystery, for Wilton turned.

"Am I to understand that Colonel Maynard has left the post to be gone any length of time?" he asked.

"He has not yet gone. I do not know how long he will be gone or how soon he will start. For pressing personal reasons he has turned over the command to me, and if he decide to remain away of course some field officer will be ordered to come to headquarters. For a day or two you will have to worry along with me, but I sha'n't worry you more than I can help. I've got mystery and mischief enough here to keep me busy. God knows. Just ask Sloot to come back here to me, will you? And, Wilton, I did not mean to be abrupt with you. I'm all upset today. Mr. Adjutant, notify Mr. Jerrold at once that he must not leave the post until I have seen him. It is the colonel's last order. Tell him so."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT FRIDAY.

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES.—Arkansas is the Bear State; California, the Golden State; Colorado, the Centennial; Connecticut, the Nutmeg State; Delaware, the Blue Hen State; Florida, the Peninsular State; Georgia, the Empire State of the South; Illinois, the Sucker State; Indiana, the Hoosier State; Iowa, the Hawkeye State; Kansas, the Garden State.

Kentucky is the Corn-cracker State; Louisiana, the Pelican, an allusion to the coat-of-arms, while a similar reason has inspired the nickname given to Maine, the Pine Tree State; Massachusetts is the Old Bay State; Michigan, the Wolverine State; Minnesota, the Gopher State, the zoology of both furnishing the designations. Mississippi is the Bayou State, an allusion to a geographical feature. Missouri is poetically known as the Pennsylvania of the West.

Nevada is the Sage Hen State; New Hampshire, the Granite State; New York, the Empire State; North Carolina, the Tar State; Ohio, the Buckeye; Pennsylvania is the Keystone; Rhode Island is the little Rhody; South Carolina, the Palmetto State; Tennessee is the Big Bend State; Texas, the Lone Star; Vermont, the Green Mountain; Virginia, the Old Dominion; West Virginia, the Panhandle, and Wisconsin, the Badger State.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.—Mrs. Hammond—Mrs. Hasbroff was bragging again today about keeping her boarders so long. Mrs. Forawick—She doesn't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they actually are.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

Considering the Suffrage Plan—Tillman and Irby Have a Bout. THURSDAY.

The most interesting developments of the convention took place on Thursday. Tillman and Irby locked horns on the suffrage question. The fight was long and hot, but Tillman got the best of it; if not in the argument, at least in the vote. Irby was snowed under and the report of the committee was adopted.

Irby attacked the report of the committee in vigorous language. He said, in part:

"I say now, notwithstanding some slurs cast upon me in my absence, that I am not an ingrate, and would not accept the highest office in South Carolina from the poor and illiterate white men, and then trample them beneath my feet. They have been my friends, sir, and so help me God, I intend to be their friend, and endeavor to protect them from what I believe to be a political iniquity. I say that by way of preface. Fearing to trust myself to speech, indisposed as I have been, I have written what I conceive to be a protest against the perpetration of this outrage. I have to say, sir, that I am not governed by what other men may do. Thank God, I think and act for myself, and I stand here today to tell the members of this convention that I will vote with the Negroes when they propose to indefinitely postpone this bill, if we leave the conditions of this section as they are. I shall vote against the whole report if I am the only white man on floor who does so. I conceive that to be my duty, sir, and in spite of anything to the contrary, I am willing to go before the people of South Carolina and their verdict I will abide by; but I cannot be frightened, or ridiculed, or driven from my position of honesty and gratitude because the members of this convention think otherwise."

"Mr. President, I dare to say not one-tenth of the Reformers of this convention could have been elected if they had had this plan and advocated it before the people on the stump. This may be a guide to you. Ask yourselves as honest men: 'Could you have been elected if you had frankly and boldly told the people this was your scheme of suffrage?'"

"Mr. Patton, in his argument the other night, said it was to be honestly administered behind the dead line and be disfranchised, and there is no use for any intelligent man to deny it. It puts it in the power of the supervising officer appointed by the governor of the State to disfranchise any man, white or black, who is not able to interpret every section of the constitution. When the report says 'any,' it only means, sir, that the supervisor may see fit to propound. If the man who presents himself belongs to the same political faction that the supervisor does, when party lines are strictly drawn and partisan spirit runs high, it will matter little whether he explains or not, he will get his certificate."

"The provision of being able to read and write is intended for the protection of that class who are educated. It is constitutional beyond a doubt. If you qualify the 12,000 or 20,000 people in this State who cannot read and write under your understanding clause, honestly or dishonestly, your supervisor may be enjoined. This question may be carried before the supreme court of the United States, and will be, and the supreme court may strike it out as unconstitutional. Then where, sir, is the promise that not a single white man should be disqualified? It will be too late then, because this convention will have adjourned. I do not think the people of this State will ever have another one in the next 100 years."

"I am no coattail swinger, thank God. I never hang on to any man's coattail and sneeze every time he takes snuff. I would rather be a man than an officeholder. The people of Louisiana county thought enough of me to send me to the legislature in 1886 when Mr. Tillman's highest ambition was only to be a trustee of Clemson college, until the people of South Carolina sent me to the United States senate. I have always tried to be honest and sincere. I would not swing to the coattail of any man to be president of the United States. When the people at home took me from the plantation and elected me, against my will (the newspaper men can report that if they wish) I admitted upon the stump that I did not think that I could be elected; but that I would make the fight. There are delegates here who know that this is the truth. I went to the legislature and my record was consistent throughout, and I will not now, though I am a Reformer, and I believe that my record as a Reformer will size up with that of any other man in South Carolina; but as a Reformer and a true man who wants to represent the people whose votes put him in office, I prefer political death, even a natural death, before I would strike the poor man this cruel blow."

After Irby concluded his speech, numerous amendments were offered to the suffrage report; but they were rapidly voted down, one after the other, and nothing that was calculated to affect the committee plan in the least, was allowed to go. The convention took a recess, and, on re-assembling,

Irby got the floor again. He moved to take up the report on education, and in support of the motion, made a speech. Senator Tillman said that this motion was nothing but a pretext to prevent him—Tillman—from speaking. Irby said he did not have Tillman in the back part of his head, and did not know that Tillman wanted to make a speech. The convention refused to postpone the suffrage plan, and Tillman got the floor and commenced his great speech in reply to Irby. The speech consumed upwards of two hours. The first part of it was devoted to an exhaustive review of the condition of affairs existing in this State during reconstruction times. There were copious extracts from the official investigations of the great saturnalia of crime, debauchery and robbery that existed in the State under Radical rule. Before the reading of the extracts was concluded, Wigg jumped up and said all the guilty parties were white men.

"I'll give you plenty of nigs after awhile," said Tillman, and he did. Before he got through, he showed up thoroughly the very dark record of Whipper and Smalls.

The purpose of this mass of facts and figures, explained Senator Tillman, is to justify ourselves before the world for what this convention is about to do. That government, while largely composed of native and carpetbag whites, was based on black votes and sustained by them, and the purpose of this body is to eliminate those votes as far as the 14th and 15th amendments will allow.

Next, Senator Tillman began to reply to Senator Irby. Senator Irby had charged that Governor Evans had fled the State in a grave political emergency. On one occasion of moment, when the existence of this convention was threatened by the fierce opposition to its being called, Senator Irby was nowhere to be found.

Irby jumped up and explained that at the time mentioned he was detained at home by family reasons. When Evans had turned up after all efforts to locate him by telegraph or letter had failed, he explained that he had been to see his girl.

Tillman charged Patton with hypocrisy. Patton jumped up and pointing his finger in the senator's face, demanded that he either make good his words or retract. Tillman told how Patton had kept the wires hot during the last campaign asking Governor Evans to remove the Republican managers of election in Richland county, for fear he could not get to the convention if they were allowed to hold office.

McGowan charged Tillman with breach of faith in repudiating the action of the Tillman-Hemphill-Barnwell conference.

Bob Smalls made a sweeping denial of the charges against himself and others, and implored Tillman that while he was applying the lash to his white colleagues, "For God's sake spare the six poor Negroes who sit here in a miserable minority, and try to refrain from offending anybody."

FRIDAY.

The discussion of section 4 of the suffrage plan was continued all day and far into the night. The last sub-section of the section was adopted by a vote of 67 to 37, and the whole section was adopted as follows:

Section 4. The qualification for suffrage will be as follows:

- Residence in the State for two years, in the county one year, in the election district in which the elector offers to vote four months, and the payment six months before any election of any poll tax then due and payable: Provided, however, That ministers in charge of an organized church and teachers of public schools shall be entitled to vote on six months' residence in the State, if otherwise qualified.

- Registration, which shall provide for the enrollment of every elector once in 10 years, and also an enrollment during each and every year of every elector not previously registered under the provisions of this article.

- Up to January 1, 1898, all male persons of voting age applying for registration can read any section in this constitution or understand and explain it when read to them by the registration officer, shall be entitled to register and become electors. A separate record of all persons registered before January 1, 1898, sworn to by the registration officer shall be filed, one copy with the clerk of court and one in the office of the secretary of state, on or before February 1, 1898, and such persons shall remain during life qualified electors, unless disqualified by the other provisions of this article. The certificate of the clerk of court or secretary of state shall be sufficient evidence to establish the right of said citizens to any future registration and the franchise under the limitations herein imposed.

- Any person who shall apply for registration after January 1, 1898, if otherwise qualified, shall be registered: Provided that he can both read and write any section of this constitution or can show that he owns and has paid all taxes collectable during the previous year on property in this State assessed at \$300 or more.

- Managers of elections shall require of every elector offering to vote at any election, before allowing him to vote, proof of the payment of all taxes, including poll tax, assessed against him and collectable for the previous year.

- The general assembly shall provide for issuing to each duly registered elector a certificate of registration, and

shall provide for the renewal of such certificate when lost, mutilated or destroyed, if the applicant is still a qualified elector under the provisions of this constitution, or if he has been registered as provided in subsection c.

All of the York delegates, except Mr. Wilson, who was absent, voted for the section as it appears. Senator Irby and George Tillman voted with the minority.

After the section was adopted and clinched, the convention took a recess until Tuesday night, November 5.

MERE MENTION.

The treasury deficit for October, is \$6,300,000. The fighting between the Armenian Christians and the Mahomedans has taken the shape of a regular war. China paid her first installment of \$8,000,000 last week on account of the big war indemnity to Japan. It is reported that Mahomedans have overrun a Chinese province with a view to setting up an independent kingdom. Since the opening of the Atlanta exposition, three people have been ground to death under the railroad trains, and a dozen or more have been injured. The Atlanta Constitution says that during the past year, there have been nine murders in Atlanta and only one arrest. It is a foregone conclusion that Tom Reed is to be speaker of the next house of representatives, and it is reported on what appears to be high Republican authority, that he has decided to appoint Seno E. Payne, of New York, as chairman of the committee on the ways and means. The First National bank of McGregor, Tex., was robbed of \$10,000 by burglars one day last week.

McCONNELLSVILLE NOTES.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

McCONNELLSVILLE, November 4.—Our community has again been visited by death which, on Thursday, October 31, claimed as a victim Mrs. P. M. Burris. Mrs. Burris was a lady of a most lovable disposition and had a host of friends. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at this place. She leaves a husband and three children who have the deep sympathy of the entire community in their sore bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Love went to Atlanta last week.

Miss Bene Walker, of Chester, has returned to her home after an extended visit to relatives here.

Miss Cora Kuykendall, of Yorkville, has been visiting Mrs. Adeline Williams.

Mr. and Miss Bailey and Mrs. Littlejohn of Union, were here last week to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Burris.

The people around here seem to prefer THE ENQUIRER twice-a-week to once-a-week. The twice-a-week paper does not give us so much news at once, but gives it fresh, and leaves us all the more keen for more.

All Three Convicted.

Ed Green, Fannie Carson and J. L. Page, were tried in Spartanburg last week for the murder of J. M. Carson last July. It will be remembered that when the murder was first discovered, it was thought that it was a case of suicide. This view prevailed generally and was strengthened by the verdict of the coroner's jury. Afterwards, however, it developed that Green had, for a long time, been intimate with Carson's wife, and there were suspicions of foul play. Further investigations led to the arrest of Mrs. Carson, Green and Page. A short time ago, Mrs. Carson broke down and confessed to the foreman of the grand jury that the murder was committed by Green, assisted by Page, and she was fully aware of their purpose before the murder was committed. There was other testimony; but the confession of Mrs. Carson was sufficient for the jury. The jury took the case at 9 o'clock Saturday night and remained out until 10 minutes after 5 o'clock Sunday morning, when it returned with a verdict of guilty as to all three of the accused; but recommended Mrs. Carson to the mercy of the court. The court sentenced Green to be hanged on December 27, and Mrs. Carson and Page to a life imprisonment in the penitentiary.

THE NATION OF JONES.—"There was a government in existence within the limits of my State during the late war that I find no mention of in the histories," says Mr. F. M. Holden, of Mississippi. "In the early days of secession the county of Jones, through its leading citizens, withdrew from the Confederacy, declared themselves a free and independent people, organized a government, adopted a constitution, modeled after that of the United States, called this new government 'the republic of Jones,' elected a president and a full quota of officials, and refused to furnish men or money to the Southern cause. On the approach of Confederate troops they would retreat to the swamps and other inaccessible places, and remain in hiding till the danger had passed. They kept up this queer attitude of hostility to their own brethren, so far as I am informed, to the close of the war; but the republic of Jones passed out of the memory of men with the event of Appomattox, and the mention of it now in that locality is only a cause for smiles."

The Oldest Engineer.

Abbeville Press and Banner: Mr. Jo. Hadden, of Abbeville county, is perhaps the oldest engineer in the world. He came from England when he was only 17 years of age, and ran an engine on the South Carolina railroad when the track was elevated by means of piles. He expects to meet the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, in Atlanta, during this month.