

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, THREE CENTS.

VOLUME 41.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

NUMBER 84.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

Copyright, 1894, by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER IX.

When Captain Armitage left the cottage that night, he did not go at once to his own room. Brief as was the conversation he had enjoyed with Miss Renwick, it was all that fate vouchsafed him for that date at least. The entire party went to tea together at the hotel, but immediately thereafter the colonel carried Armitage away, and for two long hours they were closeted over some letters that had come from Sibley, and when the conference broke up and the wondering ladies saw the two men come forth it was late—almost 10 o'clock—and the captain did not venture beyond the threshold of the sitting room. He bowed and bade them a somewhat ceremonious good night. His eyes rested—lingered—on Miss Renwick's uplifted face, and it was the picture he took with him into the stillness of the summer night.

The colonel accompanied him to the steps and rested his hand upon the broad gray shoulder.

"God only knows how I have needed you, Armitage. This trouble has nearly crushed me, and it seems as though I were utterly alone. I had the haunting fear that it was only weakness on my part and my love for my wife that made me stand out against Chester's propositions. He can only see guilt and conviction in every new phase of the case, and though you see how he tries to spare me his letters give no hope of any other conclusion."

Armitage pondered a moment before he answered; then he slowly spoke:

"Chester has lived a lonely and an unhappy life. His first experience after graduation was that wretched affair of which you have told me. Of course I knew much of the particulars before, but not all. I respect Chester as a soldier and a gentleman, and I like him and trust him as a friend; but, Colonel Maynard, in a matter of such vital importance as this, and one of such delicacy, I distrust not his motives, but his judgment. All his life, practically, he has been brooding over the sorrow that came to him when your trouble came to you, and his mind is grooved. He believes he sees mystery and intrigue in matters that others might explain in an instant."

"But think of all the array of evidence he has."

"Enough and more than enough, I admit, to warrant everything he has thought or said of the man, but"

"He simply puts it this way. If he be guilty, can she be less? Is it possible, Armitage, that you are unconvinced?"

"Certainly I am unconvinced. The matter has not yet been sifted. As I understand it, you have forbidden his confronting Jerrold with the proofs of his rascality until I get there. Admitting the evidence of the ladder, the picture and the form at the window—aye, the letter, too—I am yet to be convinced of one thing. You must remember that his judgment is biased by his early experiences. He fancies that no woman proof against such fascinations as Jerrold's."

"And your belief?"

"Is that some woman—many women—are utterly above such a possibility."

Old Maynard wrung his comrade's hand. "You make me hope in spite of myself, my past experiences, my very senses, Armitage. I have leaned on you so many years that I missed you sorely when this trial came. If you had been there, things might not have taken this shape. He looks upon Chester—and it's one thing Chester hasn't forgiven in him—as a meddling old granny. You remember the time he so spoke of him last year, but he holds you in respect or is afraid of you, which in a man of his caliber is about the same thing. It may not be too late for you to act. Then, when he is disposed of once and for all, I can know what must be done, where she is concerned."

"And under no circumstances can you question Mrs. Maynard?"

"No, no! If she suspected anything of this, it would kill her. In any event, she must have no suspicion of it now."

"But does she not ask? Has she no theory about the missing photograph? Surely she must marvel over its disappearance."

"She does, at least she did, but—I'm ashamed to own it, Armitage—we had to quiet her natural suspicions in some way, and I told her that it was my doing; that I took it to tease Alice, put the photograph in the drawer of my desk and hid the frame behind her sofa pillow. Chester knows of the arrangement, and we had settled that when the picture was recovered from Mr. Jerrold he would send it to me."

Armitage was silent. A frown settled on his forehead, and it was evident that the statement was far from welcome to him. Presently he held forth his hand.

"Well, good night, sir. I must go and have a quiet think over this. I hope you will rest well. You need it, colonel."

But Maynard only shook his head. His heart was too troubled for rest of any kind. He stood gazing out toward the park, where the tall figure of his ex-adjutant had disappeared among the trees. He heard the low toned, pleasant chat of the ladies in the sitting room, but he was in no mood to join them. He wished that Armitage had not gone, he felt such strength and comparative hope in his presence, but it was plain that even Armitage was confounded by the array of facts and circumstances that he

had so painfully and slowly communicated to him. The colonel went drearily back to the room in which they had had their long conference. His wife and sister both hailed him as he passed the sitting room door and urged him to come and join them—they wanted to ask about Captain Armitage, with whom it was evident they were much impressed—but he answered that he had some letters to put away, and he must attend first to that.

Among those that had been shown to the captain, mainly letters from Chester telling of the daily events at the fort and of his surveillance in the case of Jerrold, was one which Alice had brought him two days before. This had seemed to him of unusual importance, as the others contained nothing that tended to throw new light on the case. It said:

"I am glad you have telegraphed for Armitage and heartily approve your decision to lay the whole case before him. I presume he can reach you by Sunday, and that by Tuesday he will be here at the fort and ready to act. This will be a great relief to me, for, do what I could to allay it, there is no concealing the fact that much speculation and gossip is afloat concerning the events of that unhappy night. Leary declared he has been close mouthed. The other men on guard know absolutely nothing, and Captain Wilton is the only officer to whom in my mistress of mind I betrayed that there was a mystery, and he has pledged himself to me to say nothing. Sloat, too, has an inkling, and a big one, that Jerrold is the suspected party, but I never dreamed that anything had been seen or heard which in the faintest way connected your household with the matter until yesterday. Then Leary admitted to me that two women, Mrs. Clifford's cook and the doctor's nursery maid, had asked him whether it wasn't Lieutenant Jerrold he fired at, and if it was true that he was trying to get in the colonel's back door. Twice Mrs. Clifford has asked me very significant questions, and three times today have officers made remarks to me that indicated their knowledge of the existence of some grave trouble. What makes matters worse is that Jerrold, when twitted about his absence from reveille, loses his temper and gets confused. There came near being a quarrel between him and Rollins at the mess a day or two since. He was saying that the reason he slept through roll call was the fact that he had been kept up very late at the doctor's party, and Rollins happened to come in at the moment and blurted out that if he was up at all it must have been after he left the party and reminded him that he had left before midnight with Miss Renwick. This completely staggered Jerrold, who grew confused and tried to cover it with a display of anger. Now, two weeks ago Rollins was most friendly to Jerrold and stood up for him when I assailed him, but ever since that night he has no word to say for him. When Jerrold played wrathful and accused Rollins of mixing in other men's business, Rollins bounced up to him like a young bull terrier, and I believe there would have been a row had not Sloat and Hoyt promptly interferred. Jerrold apologized, and Rollins accepted the apology, but has avoided him ever since—won't speak of him to me now that I have reason to want to draw him out. As soon as Armitage gets here he can do what I cannot—find out just what and who is suspected and talked about."

"Mr. Jerrold, of course, avoids me. He has been attending strictly to his duty and is evidently confounded that I did not press the matter of his going to town as he did the day I forbade it. Mr. Hoyt's being too late to see him personally gave me sufficient grounds on which to excuse it, but he seems to understand that something is impending and is looking nervous and harassed. He has not renewed his request for leave of absence to run down to Sablon. I told him curtly it was out of the question."

The colonel took a few strides up and down the room. It had come then. The good name of those he loved was already besmirched by garrison gossip, and he knew that nothing but heroic measures could ever silence scandal. Impulse and the innate sense of "fight" urged him to go at once to the scene, leaving his wife and her fair daughter here under his sister's roof, but Armitage and common sense said no. He had placed his burden on those broad gray shoulders, and though ill content to wait he felt that he was bound. Stowing away the letters, too nervous to sleep, too worried to talk, he stole from the cottage, and with hands clasped behind his back, with low bowed head, he strolled forth into the broad vista of moonlit road.

There were bright lights still burning at the hotel, and gay voices came floating through the summer air. The piano, too, was trumming a waltz in the parlor, and two or three couples were throwing embracing, slowly twirling shadows on the windows. Over in the bar and billiard rooms the click of the balls and the refreshing rattle of cracking ice told suggestively of the occupation of the inmates. Keeping on beyond these distracting sounds, he slowly climbed a long, gradual ascent to the "bench," or plateau above the wooded point, on which were grouped the glistening white buildings of the pretty summer resort, and having reached the crest turned silently to gaze at the beauty of the scene—at the broad, shallow bosom of a summer lake all flecked and silver from the unclouded moon.

Far to the southeast it wound among the bold and rock ribbed bluffs rising from the forest growth at their base to shorn and rounded summits.

Miles away to the southward twinkled the lights of one busy little town. Others gleamed and sparkled over toward the northern shore, close under the pole star, while directly opposite frowned a massive wall of palisaded rock that threw, deep and heavy and far from shore, its long reflection in the mirror of water. There was not a breath of air stirring in the heavens, not a ripple on the face of the waters beneath, save where, close under the bold headland down on the other side, the signal lights, white and crimson and green, creeping slowly along in the shadows, revealed one of the packets plowing her steady way to the great marts below. Nearer at hand, just shaving the long strip of sandy, wooded point that jutted far out into the lake, a broad raft of timber, pushed by a hard-working, black funne'd stern wheeler, was slowly forging its way to the outlet of the lake, its shadowy edge sprinkled here and there with little sparks of lurid red—the pilot lights that gave warning of its slow and silent coming.

Far down along the southern shore, under that black bluff line, close to the silver water edge, a glowing meteor seemed whirling through the night, and the low, distant rumble told of the Atlantic express thundering on its journey. Here, along with him on the level plateau, were other roomy cottages, some dark, some still sending forth a guiding ray, while long lines of white-washed fence gleamed ghostly in the moonlight and were finally lost in the shadow of the great bluff that abruptly shut in the entire point and plateau and shut out all further sight of lake or land in that direction. Far beneath he could hear the soft splash upon the sandy shore of the little wavelets that came sweeping in the wake of the raftboat and spending their tiny strength upon the strand; far down on the hotel point he could still hear the soft melody of the waltz. He remembered how the band used to play that same air and wondered why it was he used to like it. It jarred him now.

Presently the distant crack of a whip and the low rumble of wheels were heard, the omnibus coming back from the station with passengers from the night train. He was in no mood to see any one. He turned away and walked northward along the edge of the bench, toward the deep shadow of the great shoulder of the bluff, and presently he came to a long flight of wooden stairs, leading from the plateau down to the hotel, and here he stopped and seated himself awhile. He did not want to go home yet. He wanted to be by himself, to think and brood over his trouble. He saw the omnibus go round the bend and roll up to the hotel doorway with its load of pleasure seekers and heard the joyous welcome with which some of their number were received by waiting friends, but life had little of joy to him this night. He longed to go away, anywhere, anywhere, could he only leave this haunting misery behind. He was so proud of his regiment. He had been so happy in bringing home to it his accomplished and gracious wife. He had been so joyous in planning for the lovely times Alice was to have, the social successes, the girlish triumphs, the garrison gayeries, of which she was to be the queen, and now, so very, very soon, all had turned to ashes and desolation! She was so beautiful, so sweet, winning, graceful. Oh, God! could it be that one so gifted could possibly be so base? He rose in nervous misery and clinched his hands high in air, then sat down again with hiding, hopeless face, rocking to and fro as sways a man in mortal pain. It was long before he rallied, and again he wearily arose. Most of the lights were gone. Silence had settled down upon the sleeping point. He was chilled with the night air and the dew and stiff and heavy as he tried to walk.

Down at the foot of the stairs he could see the night watchman making his rounds. He did not want to explain matters and talk with him. He would go around. There was a steep pathway down into the ravine that gave into the lake just beyond his sister's cottage, and this he sought and followed, moving slowly and painfully, but finally reaching the grassy level of the pathway that connected the cottages with the wood road up the bluff. Trees and shrubbery were thick on both sides, and the path was shaded. He turned to his right and came down until once more he was in sight of the white walls of the hotel standing out there on the point, until close at hand he could see the light of his own cottage glimmering like a faithful beacon through the trees, and then he stopped short.

A tall, slender figure—a man in dark, snug fitting clothing—was creeping stealthily up to the cottage window.

The colonel held his breath. His heart thumped violently. He waited—watched. He saw the dark figure reach the blinds. He saw them slowly, softly turned, and the faint light gleaming from within. He saw the figure peering in between the slats, and then—God, was it possible?—a low voice, a man's voice, whispering or hoarsely murmuring a name. He heard a sudden movement within the room, as though the occupant had heard and were replying, "Coming." His blood froze. It was not Alice's room. It was his—his and hers—his wife's—and that was surely her step approaching the window. Yes, the blind was quickly opened. A white robed figure stood at the casement. He could see, hear, hear no more. With one mad rush he sprang from his lair and hurled himself upon the shadowy stranger.

"You hound! Who are you?"

But 'twas no shadow that he grasped.



He saw the figure peering in between the slats.

A muscular arm was round him in a trice, a brawny hand at his throat, a twisting, sinewy leg was curled in his, and he went reeling back upon the springy turf, stunned and well nigh breathless.

When he could regain his feet and reach the casement, the stranger had vanished, but Mrs. Maynard lay there on the floor within, a white and senseless heap.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SOUTH CAROLINA DAY.

A Notable Event at the Atlanta Exposition—Tillman and Evans.

Last Thursday was South Carolina day at the Atlanta exposition. It was also Atlanta Day, Savannah Day and several other days. It had been previously designated as South Carolina Day, and the other days were afterward tacked on. It was by far the biggest day of the exposition and South Carolina has full credit for making it such.

It is estimated that there were in the city between 10,000 and 15,000 Carolinians. They were from all parts of the State, and they gave the occasion an importance that it would not have otherwise had. Among the distinguished visitors were a large number of the members of the constitutional convention, Senator Tillman, Governor Evans, and nearly all of the most prominent military men, together with three or four regiments of State troops.

And South Carolina was given a royal welcome. As the long procession was on its way to the exposition grounds, the people cheered and cheered. Tillman and Evans came in for their share, and in his speech, Governor Atkinson said the two South Carolinians had elicited more applause than had President Cleveland and his cabinet.

Governor Evans was the next speaker, and begun with entertaining pleasantries about Georgia as the promising daughter of South Carolina whom the Palmetto State had nourished in infancy and protected from the Indians and the Spaniards. Very soon he got on to the line of State pride, saying that South Carolina had never had much brass. She had never needed it as she had always had brains and integrity. He spoke of Georgia as if it were a part of the same State, quoting the words of Grady that the Savannah river was more a bond than a boundary. It was in this part of his speech that the governor exclaimed, "The Southern States are in the Union for good, and they are going to control it." Then he said: "And as for Democracy (we ought to be thankful for what is left of it) I want to say to you that the only Democracy in America is in the hearts of the agricultural population of the Southern States."

Senator Tillman's speech was short and a little more conservative than that of the governor. He amused the audience very much by saying at the outset: "I did not come over here to brag. I will leave that to our young governor. He is young and green you know." After some pleasantries and witticisms for which the stern senator showed much aptitude, he began a comparison of Northern and Southern capital in the Southern States. Alluding to Governor Atkinson's statement that Southern development was the result of Southern capital almost entirely, he said that he was not prepared to say that this was wholly true, but the pension tribute which the South had paid to the North exceeded many times the amount received from the North. He said that in the past 30 years the United States government had paid in pensions \$1,860,000,000 and of this he said \$1,650,000,000 were paid to people in the Northern States. Of this \$1,650,000,000, between a fourth and a third was contributed by people of the South. "I don't know," said he, "how much money they have invested with us; but I do know that it is not a tithe of the amount we have given them in pension tribute."

Senator Tillman then went on to speak of the tariff tribute and the financial tribute paid by the South to the North, saying it was many times as great as the amount which the Southern States had contributed to the North in pension money. Here he remarked: "I know that the Southern States can never again control the Union; but they can be the balance of power between the gigantic West and the greedy North and East in their great struggle over the financial question, and if we wield this power right, we can bring the agriculturists of this section to a better condition, where they will have something more than a bare existence, and in this we should have the help of all the merchants and bankers who are not domi-

nated by Eastern sentiment through the subsidized press. There are some so far infatuated that they think all the financial wisdom of the country is monopolized by the East, and they say 'me too,' every time the New York World speaks or Cleveland grunts. I would not have said anything about the president, as I expect to get a better chance at him with my pitchfork in Washington; but it did my heart good to hear the governor of Georgia say that these two crank reformers from South Carolina had evoked more applause than the president of the United States."

HOW THEY DIFFER.

A man is a creature of eastern habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances; this is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything, from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors; if she does not succeed readily, she pushes the cork in the bottle since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple pie order; pen, paper and ink must be just so, a profound silence must reign while he accomplishes this important function. A woman gets any sheet of paper, tears it perhaps from a book or portfolio, sharpens a pencil with the scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on the chair, and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting paper is not conveniently near, a woman dries the ink by blowing it, waving the paper in the air, or holding it near the lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman rereads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

A man can cut a book only with the paper cutter; a woman deftly inserts a hairpin, and the book is cut.

For a man "goodbye" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy. Which is the superior?—Minnie J. Conrad in Lippincott's.

WHY THE NEGRO'S HAIR CURLS.

The flat nose of the African and his large nostrils result from the necessity of inhaling larger draughts of tropical air to produce the same degree of vitality, because of its greater expansion; thus the increased exercise produces increased expansion of the nostrils or a larger nose.

The curling of the African's hair, while universal on his continent, is common in every country of the globe. Perhaps this has its scientific solution in the fact that the curls deflect the rays of the tropical sun, thus preventing their more severe penetration into the brain. In the transmission of light it is a law that every intervening object with which a ray comes in contact bends and diverts it another direction.

Heat curls every kind of hair, and that which is provided in nature for the protection of the brain from injury by the rays of a tropical sun is a created endowment, which by degrees is becoming naturally transmissible and inherited.

The skull of the African with its peculiar thickness, affords another feature of protection to the brain.

It is evident that it is the outdoor exposure of the working classes that makes their skin so black. It must also be remembered that it is not the skin alone of the men of Africa which manifests deep color, but this characteristic is noticed in all the birds, fish, beasts, reptiles and plants.

Another fact in relation to this phenomenon is, that everything grows less deeply colored as we approach the polar regions. There the white bear is found, and nowhere else; while the black bear lives and is now native to almost every other climate.

MONEY IN CELERY.—The latest horticultural report of the government states that the largest celery farm in the United States, if not in the world, is at Greentown, O. The place is a hamlet 15 miles south of Akron. The farm is owned by the Borst heirs and managed by C. H. Borst, one of them. Under cultivation and devoted entirely to celery are 125 acres. Mr. Borst employs the members of seven families, all of whom reside on the farm, in operating the place. Much of the celery produced is shipped to Chicago. The value of the annual product is about \$20,000, but this year it will fall some \$8,000 short of this. The very dry weather and frosts in October are responsible for this. The farm 12 years ago was a worthless swamp. Today it is valued at \$75,000. Mr. Borst is authority for the statement that six acres devoted to celery culture

will net a farmer as great an income as he would derive from 125 acres of ordinary farm land.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—When the constitutional convention adjourns we think there will be a long, unanimous sigh of relief in every part of South Carolina. Everybody is tired of it, the delegates worst of all, and everybody will be glad to know that it is at an end. Best of all no serious harm has been done and some distinct improvements have been accomplished. The more we see and the longer we live the more implicitly we trust the mercy of the Almighty and the common sense of the people. By methods and developments and conditions which no mortal could or did foresee and which disappointed the expectations of everybody, the State of South Carolina has been brought from the very vortex of confusion and wrath and desperate danger to a good hope for peace and safety. The convention has defeated all the plans of all the leaders and factions and done well, generally speaking. There are flaws in its work, but they will be lost sight of in the general excellence. We believe the new constitution ought to be submitted to the people. We believe the people can be trusted and that they would vote for it. It would be ten thousand times stronger than it is with the votes of the majority of the people behind it.—Greenville News.

WHAT WATER CAN DO.—The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief.

A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of 50 or a 100 feet.

The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it, the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance.

By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of a couple of hundred feet.

At 200 feet from the nozzle of a 6-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe.

Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank, it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves, and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.

HOW TO CURE MEAT.—Dr. Irby, of Laurens, cures the finest hams we have ever tasted, and they have a State-wide reputation. They are cured after the old ante-bellum Virginia fashion. The doctor says to save meat you must use coarse Liverpool salt, for the American salt won't answer if the weather turns warm. Dr. Irby trims his hams and joints close, when they are thoroughly salted. About March, he covers with a thin coating of molasses, and then sprinkles black pepper over them. When smoked, the molasses and pepper seem to enter the meat, and impart a delicious flavor. Besides, they exclude all insects. Do not cover the skin; but only the portions of the ham that have been cut. If you try this recipe, you will find the nicest and sweetest hams you ever tasted. Dr. Irby says if you will follow his directions, and use coarse Liverpool salt, you will never lose your meat, unless the weather turns off warm and rainy after killing.—Piedmont Headlight.

THE "STATE OF FRANKLIN."—The "State of Franklin" was born 110 years ago, but died after a life of two and a half years. The residents of what is now East Tennessee, but which formed in 1785 a part of North Carolina, whose western boundary was the Mississippi, were told by the North Carolina legislature that they could be independent if they wanted to. Almost impassable mountains separated them from the regions to the east, and they fancied that the people living there were regardless of their interests. So they formed a government for themselves, and named their State after Ben Franklin. Then they applied to the congress of the Confederation for recognition; but it was slow to act, and North Carolina took back her consent to the separation, and suppressed the State of Franklin by force of arms.

NINE FIGURES FOR 111 YEARS.—The figure 9, which came into the calendar on January 1, 1889, will stay with us 111 years from that date, or until December 31, 1999. No other figure has ever had such a long consecutive run. The 9 itself has only once before been in a race which lasted over a century—that in which it continuously figured from January 1, 889, until December 999, a period of 111 years. The figures 3 and 7 occasionally fall into odd combinations; but neither of them has ever yet served for a longer period than 100 consecutive years in our calendar since the present mode of calculating time was established. It is also clear that from their relative position among the numerals, it is an impossibility for either of them to appear in reckonings continuously for a longer period than a century.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.