

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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

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 42.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1896.

NUMBER 60.

THE WELDON ESTATE.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Copyright, 1896, by American Press Association.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Brandon and Alice Blanchard were admiring the scenery from the top of a hill overlooking their camp when Howard came up and informed them that a young man had come into the camp who wished to see the captain. They descended the hill and made their way to the place where the pillars of smoke marked the sight of the camp. As they neared the tents and huts a young man of graceful form and strong, handsome face came out to meet them. He extended his hand to the captain—the other hand held his hat—and asked: "Are you Captain Brandon?"

"I am," was the reply. "I have ridden fast to see you, sir," said the young man. "My name is Louis Kyle." Louis Kyle released Captain Brandon's hand, and a blush of modest confusion covered his handsome face as he felt the eyes of Alice Blanchard were on him. "Kyle! Did you say your name was Kyle?" asked the captain, his hand to his ear and his head bent forward. "Yes, sir." "You look as if you might be a brother of Henry Kyle." "I am," replied Louis, and the blush on the down covered cheeks deepened. "You live with your father far back in the heart of the mountains?" "Yes, captain, and I have lived there since my earliest recollections."

"And you say you have ridden hard?" "Very hard, sir." "Then you must eat and rest. After that you can tell me the object of your visit. In the meantime let me say that you are welcome to our camp, no matter what your object may be." Captain Brandon turned and introduced the doctor and his children, Clara having joined them as they entered the camp. Unaccustomed to the forms that rule in society, but with a courtliness that was natural and graceful, Louis Kyle shook hands with each, and if he held Alice's hand a little longer than he did the others it was because he was so magnetized by the touch, so fascinated by the beauty of her form and face, as to be wholly unconscious of the act. Bowing by way of apology for what he was about to do, he said to the captain: "Could I speak with you privately?" "Certainly," replied the captain. "Come this way."

"I have come to warn you of a great danger. It is one that you may be guarded against, but I doubt if the ordinary precaution will meet it. Bouton's gang and fully a score of renegade Indians are in the mountains to the south, and they are hastening this way with all the speed of their horses." "How do you know this?" "I cannot explain it to you now," said Louis Kyle, averting his face. "But you should give me your reasons for your fears as well as the warning," urged the captain.

"Do not ask me to do that. I want you to believe in my integrity. To explain all might lead you to doubt all, for the honor of one's own name should be very precious." "I understand you. Here, give me your hand again." The captain took the young man's hand and continued, "It is a terrible thing, a very terrible thing, for brothers to be arrayed one against the other." "I would die to save my brother," said Louis excitedly, "but better that he and all of the name should perish than that a great wrong should be done."

"I agree with you. Better that all should perish than that a wrong should be done. Better the name should be blotted out if its purity cannot be maintained. But pardon the digression. When men reach my age, they are apt to philosophize. I do not want to be considered garrulous." "Nor are you. Your thoughts, Captain Brandon, are such as I daily think. But you have warned me not to speak of myself when more important matters are concerned."

"You mistake me," interposed the captain. "But the young man waved his hand and continued: "From the fresh trails I passed not two hours ago I am certain that we are now under the eyes of Bouton's gang." "You could not be mistaken?" "No. His Indian allies are scouting within rifle range and waiting for their leader to come out."

"And when do you think they will be here?" "Before another sun rises." "And what would you advise?" The captain spoke in a lower tone than usual, and, bending forward, he anxiously watched the young man's face. "If there were time, I would advise you to push rapidly to the west and to shake these hounds from your trail." "But do you think, if we were to break camp now and push on with all speed, that we could do this?" "I do not."

"Until all our provisions are exhausted?" "Yes, if you cannot get help in the meantime."

"But where can we look for help?" "I will find it," said Louis Kyle, clenching his hands, while his eyes blazed with resolution.

"But where can you find it?" asked the captain, who still maintained his quiet but deeply interested manner.

"My father will come to the rescue." "He is only one man."

"Aye, but he is a giant in strength and a lion at heart. We have a dozen Indians and half breeds on our place, on every one of whom we can count to the death. These are all armed. But I should not wholly rely on them. I should send couriers asking for aid to the mining camps, 60 miles to the northwest, and to the military posts at Keogh and on the Yellowstone."

"You are a born soldier; but your plans involve a long time, do they not?"

"Yes, to a man starving it would be a long time, but it would not be so long to strong, well fed men battling for their lives and the honor of their women," said Louis Kyle with an increase of energy and earnestness.

"When do you intend returning?" "Not till my horse is rested."

"About dark?" and the captain looked out at the sun sloping westward.

"It will be better after dark."

So expeditious were Alice and her sister that in a very short time Louis Kyle was set before the very best dinner that the camp afforded and large enough to satisfy the appetite of a starved giant. Had his real purpose in coming been suspected, the women—they were nearly all young—would not have stood there laughing and declaring that the stranger was one of the handsomest men they had seen since leaving home.

The sun seemed resting in a canopy of opaline clouds on the crest of the western mountains when Louis emerged from the tent. So great was the change wrought in these few hours that he could scarcely credit his eyes. The tents were down and the arbors scattered about.

The corral was up in a semicircle by the river's side, and all the stock were inside of it, with the wagons chained about the central point, where the stockade was being erected. The people were working like beavers and with a coolness that surprised and delighted the young man. The tent in which he had been sleeping was down and removed within the stone inclosure five minutes after he had left it.

"You see we are acting on your advice," said the captain without stopping in his work of rolling and lifting the stones into place.

"I hope the precaution may not be necessary," said Louis, lending a hand, "but I do not think the work will be finished too soon."

"And you are determined to leave us tonight?"

"I must."

"But think of the danger!"

"I do, but it is of the danger to you, not to myself. You will need help, and it must be forthcoming."

"Help is desirable. But what if you fall into the hands of these desperadoes?"

"I must guard against that," said Louis coolly.

"But is not the danger great?"

"Very great, captain; but it will be no greater tonight than it was when I came here in the full blaze of the sun. Those fellows know where I am. Let them get me if they can."

"You cannot travel as well by night."

"I can travel better. My horse and I know every rock, stream and defile from the Yellowstone geysers to the place where Custer and his gallant fellows died on the Big Horn. Trust me for that."

As they conversed the sun went down, and it became so dark that work on the nearly completed structure had to be suspended. It is surprising how soon the most inexperienced will perceive the necessities of such an emergency. No one thought of starting a fire or making a light. Even the children hushed their prattle as they lay on the blankets inside the defense. As soon as the stars were out Louis Kyle shook hands with the immigrants—Alice's was the last hand he took—and bidding

them be of good cheer he sprang on his horse, forced him at the corral wall and flew over.

A dead silence fell upon the camp. Men and women bent to catch the rapid beating of the horse's hoofs along the face of the mountain behind them.



Alice's was the last hand he took. Men and women bent to catch the rapid beating of the horse's hoofs along the face of the mountain behind them.

Ten minutes passed. To Alice it seemed an age, for to her the most prominent figure of the day was missing.

"Hark!" cried one. "What was that?" No answer was given. There was no need of an answer to tell them what it was. The honest heart stopped for an instant, then beat more rapidly with dread as shrill cries and the roar of rifles came from the direction which Louis Kyle had taken.

CHAPTER V.

The shouting and firing along the mountain side continued for some minutes, during which time Captain Brandon and his friends listened in breathless silence. When the sounds died out, Alice Blanchard, who was standing beside the captain, said to him: "Do you think harm can have come to our friend?"

"He told me that if he were attacked and passed through the line of the outlaws successfully, he would signal me from the high mountain ten miles to the south."

"Signal you ten miles away through the blackness that hangs over valley and hill?"

"Yes. Wait and you can see it if he has succeeded," said the captain, realizing that a more than common interest agitated the girl by his side.

The long minutes dragged by, painfully measured by the audible beating of Alice's heart. Nearly an hour had passed since the firing—to her it seemed an age. Her hands were becoming cold, and she compressed her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Was that a light?"

It was Alice who cried out. She thought she saw a flash—it might have been a meteor—far away to the south. But it passed so quickly that she could scarce say such a thing had been.

"See! There it is, captain. There it is!" exclaimed Howard Blanchard, and, unmindful of the danger, all rose to their feet. The light on the distant mountain side rose and fell, at times threatening to go out, but rising to a greater height and burning with greater clearness after each threatened relapse, until at length it sent a steady, inspiring glare across the darkness.

"He has gone through safely," said the captain.

"Thank God!" cried Alice.

And the others, according to temperament, expressed their delight at Louis Kyle's success.

Alice Blanchard forgot the surrounding danger in the joyous relief from the anxiety that had been weighing her heart, and a reaction set in that made her fearless for the time.

"Halt! Who goes there?" demanded Captain Brandon in a ringing voice as he saw a dusky form moving swiftly between the corral and the neighboring cliff. The figure disappeared, and no reply came back.

"Watch!" said the captain. "Stand every man carefully at his post. I think I hear them coming this way."

The neighing of a horse and the impatient stamping of hoofs 100 yards off attracted the captain's attention.

"Why not challenge them?" asked Howard, who, though as brave as steel, was naturally very nervous in this novel situation.

"We know they are there. They have no doubt as to our whereabouts. Let us leave the initiative to them," replied Captain Brandon.

The wisdom of this suggestion was soon manifest. From the cliff above the spring a voice—it was Bouton's—called out:

"Hello, down there!"

"Well, what do you want?" asked the captain.

"I want to know whose camp that is."

"I am known as Captain Brandon, and you are known as the murderer and desperado Bouton," replied the captain.

"If I come as a foe, you will soon know it. There are men enough with me to sweep over your work as a buffalo herd would over a bank of reeds. But we want no fight."

"Ah, now you are getting nearer to the truth than is your habit! You like best to rob and plunder where the gain is great and the danger small."

"There is not enough plunder in your outfit to tempt us."

"Then why do you come?"

"We come this time as the friends of law and justice."

"Indeed!"

"We do, sir. You have with your party a man named Dr. Blanchard."

"What of that?"

"He and his family are fugitives from justice, and we come to demand them. We are working for the reward. Now, give these people up and we will go away and leave you in peace."

"The man that says I or any of my family are criminals or fugitives from justice," broke in Dr. Blanchard, who up to this time had been a model of coolness, "lies in his throat!"

Now, it so happened that Tom Bliss was standing beside Bouton during the parley and it was he who prompted the desperado to put the following questions:

"Are you Dr. Blanchard?" "I am," replied the indignant doctor.

"Do you know of any murder in your family?" "I do not."

"You are sure?" "I am certain."

"You married John Weldon's granddaughter, Mary?" "I did."

"Who killed Frederick Weldon?" "I do not know that he was killed."

"What has become of Valentine Weldon and his wife and two sons?" "I do not know."

"Now, let me tell you, Dr. Blanchard, that since you left West Virginia your wife's body has been exhumed, and it has been discovered that she died from the effects of poison supposed to have been administered by you."

"Who brings such news?" asked the doctor, shocked at the horrible charge and astounded at the man's knowledge of his relations.

"Two young lawyers," replied Bouton. "Their names?"

"I do not care to give them, but they are with full authority to take you back."

"You say they are lawyers?" interposed Captain Brandon.

"I do."

"Tell them to bring their authority to me, and if it is authentic I will aid them in their efforts."

A fire had been started and about it the outlaws and renegade Indians were reclining and smoking as calmly as if the night's work were an ordinary occurrence. Close by, the horses and pack mules were staked in the long bunch grass, many of them lying down, fatigued by their long drive. Henry Kyle, with a cloud on his handsome face, sat back in the shadows talking to Font Robb.

"I did not think I could do it, Font, but he ran his horse at me and I had to fire. I fired, though I knew the man on that horse was my own brother. But, so help me God, I did not want to hurt him," said Henry Kyle, evidently much excited by his own words.

"But didn't Louis fire at you?" asked Font Robb.

"He could not distinguish me in the darkness. He fired at the crowd that leaped out to tear him from his horse. There is not another man in the mountains could have stuck to his saddle and plunged through as Louis did. I almost felt proud that he was my brother when he hurled me to the ground and shot down a Sioux by my side."

"Don't let the boys hear you talk that way," urged Font Robb.

"I am not afraid of the boys, curse it! Can't a man admire address and courage—particularly in his own brother—without fellows getting mad at him?"

"But your brother has come out against us strong."

"He was always against us, but as we had never harmed him he did not bother. Now he'll give us trouble."

"And you and him is at outs forever?" "At outs forever, Font. From my earliest years he was my playmate, my bedfellow, my other self. Together we said our prayers by the same mother's knee—little good the prayers did me, but it doesn't hurt to remember them. Now Louis and I are foes."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

From The A. R. Presbyterian.

TO THE MEMORY OF REV. ROBERT A. LEE.

He will not come today! Ah! I never more
Parents, sisters, need not wait his coming;
He will not come again. Two weeks ago,
Faint and weary from the Master's vineyard,
He sought the needed rest and recreation,
'Midst mountain scenes, to drink of crystal
springs
In shady vales, and breathe the mountain air.
He will not come again. One week ago,
He sent his last and loving message, saying:
"A few more pleasant drives and climbs
To mountain tops; a day of loving service
To Savior given—feeding hungry sheep
In distant fold; and then expect me home."
But parents, sisters need not wait his coming,
For he is gone to his eternal home.
Around himself and lovely maiden charge
The storm clouds gathered; and from Heaven
high,
Borne on lightning's wing, the summons came;
And guardian angels, from the mountain top,
With "chariot of fire and horses of fire,"
Their pure and holy spirits bore to Paradise.

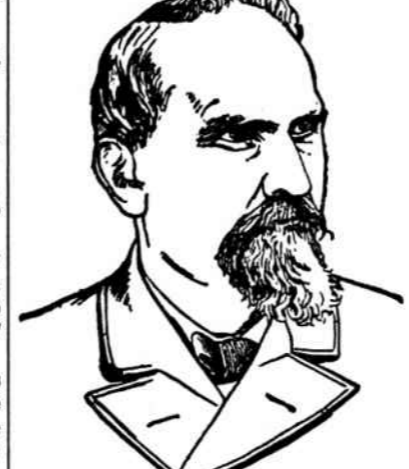
Church of the Good Shepherd, Yorkville, S. C.
Due West, S. C., July 20, '96.

DEMOCRACY'S GENERAL.

The Man Who Is to Wipe Up Mark Hanna in Political Battle.

Outside of the presidential nominees, the most important personages in the conduct of presidential campaigns, are the chairmen of the national executive committees, and to be fitted for the position of national chairmanship, requires a thorough knowledge of men and things, and political sagacity of the highest order.

It is not generally known, for the



JAMES KIMBROUGH JONES.

reason that he is a modest man who does not seek newspaper notoriety; but those who know him, say that Senator Jones is one of the best qualified men for the position of chairman of the national Democratic executive committee that could be found in the United States. He is a natural born leader, knows the capacity of every prominent man in both parties like a book, and is never at a loss to know how to act no matter what the emergency. Senator Jones is a native of Missis-

siippi and is 57 years of age. He went to the war from Arkansas and has been a citizen of that state ever since. In relating his history to the congressional biographer, he said that "during the late unpleasantness he was a private on the losing side." He was elected to the 43d congress in 1873, and was sent back for three consecutive terms. At the beginning of Cleveland's first administration, he went to the senate and has been there ever since. He was the leader of the silver forces in the famous fight against the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, and was also the recognized leader of the Democratic forces which had charge of the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill. Although he had long been looked upon as a man of unusual ability, it was during these trying times that it came to be universally admitted that he was, by far, the strongest Democrat in the senate.

Heretofore the headquarters of the national executive committee have furnished soft snaps for many political figureheads who got big salaries for little work. Senator Jones proposes not to have anything of the kind around the Democratic headquarters during this campaign. He has already put long faces on many of the old bums who were expecting to be treated as usual. But the committee this year is not going to have any money to waste, and Chairman Jones is going to see to it that all the money he spends will go where it will probably do the most good.

Services at Bethel—Personal Mention—Delighted With the Daily Mail. Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

BETHEL, July 23.—The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered at Bethel on Sabbath; but owing to the inclement weather the congregation in attendance was small. There will be no preaching next Sabbath, as Mr. McAllister will be absent at Lincoln-ton, N. C., assisting Rev. R. Z. Johnston. The sabbath-school exercises will take place as usual. Mr. Samuel A. Glenn and his daughter, Miss Mary, are off at Cleveland Springs, where Mr. Glenn has gone for the benefit of his health. Mrs. Dr. Dulin, who has been quite sick for the past few weeks, is convalescent.

The crops of this section are better than at this time for several years past. The wheat crop thrashed out better than was expected, and almost everybody made more than they counted on. The fruit crop is a failure.

Mr. H. P. Stowe is in Robeson county, N. C., selling Planters' Registers for Mr. J. Hope Adams.

The Bethel band boys report that they enjoyed their visit to Yorkville last Saturday very much.

Our daily mail is working splendidly. Everybody is delighted with it. We don't see how we have gotten along so long without it, and nobody would be willing to give it up.

The school at Glendale is to be reopened again in a few days under the management of Miss Bessie Johnston. We are delighted to have Miss Johnston with us again.

Bethel church is being repainted by Mr. Floyd of Gastonia. F. E. C.

TORNADOES IN HISTORY.

For something over a hundred years, says the Atlanta Constitution, this country has been subject to visitations of this kind.

The first disturbance of this nature occurred on June 19, 1794, at Northford, Mass. There is no record of the damage produced by the storm, however, which was doubtless small, in view of the fact that tradition is silent in regard to the matter. Several years after this there was quite a severe storm in the neighborhood of Sparta, Ga., while in 1821 several towns in New Hampshire were almost completely destroyed by the force of one of these cyclones.

On the 16th of June, 1842, a destructive storm passed over the Mississippi Valley which surpassed in violence any previous disaster of the kind. Nearly five hundred persons were killed, while the loss of property amounted to over \$2,000,000.

A severe cyclone passed over the States of Illinois and Iowa in June, 1860, causing a frightful destruction of property. One of the smaller towns of Illinois was wiped completely out of existence. A town in Iowa was likewise destroyed.

St. Louis received her first visit from a cyclone in March, 1872. A large brick building, used as a market place, was hurled to the ground, while several other buildings were wrecked. In addition to this destruction of property, several lives were lost.

The frightful storm of 1873, which prevailed in the States of Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri, is still fresh in the memories of those who survived that bitter experience. In the fall of 1874 a severe storm swept over the State of Alabama, in which over a hundred buildings were destroyed and several persons killed. Erie county, Pa., received a visit from the tornado in 1874, in consequence of which 134 lives were lost and property amounting in value to \$500,000 dollars was converted into a mass of ruins.

In October, 1878, a storm passed over Philadelphia, entailing the loss of over \$2,000,000, together with quite a number of lives.

The State of Arkansas was swept by a cyclone in 1880, which resulted in the death of 110 persons and the destruction of property amounting to \$1,000,000. During the year 1884 storms occurred in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois, resulting in the total destruction of over 10,000 buildings. Over 800 persons were killed outright, while something like 2,500 were injured.

Not a year has passed since 1874 which has not been marked by destructive storms.

In 1890 St. Louis was struck by a cyclone, resulting in the death of 76 persons and the destruction of 900 buildings, entailing a loss upon the city of \$2,500,000.

These are only a few of the most notable visitations which this country has received from the tornado.

LETTER FROM SMYRNA.

The Supervisors Get a Picnic and All the Candidates Participated.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

SMYRNA, July 22.—The visit of the registration board last week was made the occasion of a big time here. Nearly all the candidates for county offices were on hand and the colored band of Hickory Grove was brought up to help make it lively.

There was no speaking; but each of

Howie Not Guilty. State Constable Howie, who killed a Negro in Greenville county, in November last, and in whose case there has been a mistrial, was tried last Monday and Tuesday. His plea was that the Negro put his hand to his hip pocket. The jury remained out an hour and returned a verdict of not guilty.