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THE WELDON ESTATE.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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CHAPTER XVI.

We left Henry Kyle in charge of Bouton's camp. Scarcely had Bouton departed when Kyle went to Alice Blanchard and informed her that he was about to leave. He advised the sisters to depart with him, but they resolutely declined to trust to his good faith.

Going to where his saddled horse stood waiting him, Henry was in the act of mounting when he heard some one creeping toward him. A flash of lightning from an approaching storm revealed Patch. The report of Henry's pistol and a clap of thunder followed simultaneously. Then he mounted and galloped for the mountains.

Henry Kyle's shot unfortunately did not take effect on the would be assassin. Patch was untouched, but thoroughly frightened. When the horse galloped off, Patch sat on the ground and felt all his limbs to make sure he had not been hurt. When he became satisfied on this point, his spirits and his courage rose wonderfully. He was saved a job that from the first he did not like, not because he would hesitate to do murder, but because, like all men of his class, he was at heart a coward. He went directly to the place where the sisters were sitting, and when within a few feet of them he threw himself on the ground, saying at the same time:

"This is a mighty dark night, ladies."

The ladies made no reply, whereupon he repeated:

"It's a mighty dark night, ladies, and looks as if we mout have right smart of a storm."

Still no reply.

"Don't you hear me?" he asked angrily.

"We do," replied Alice.

"Then why don't you speak?"

"Why should we speak?"

"Because it's perlitte, and when I ax a civil question of a man or woman, blow me, but I like a civil answer."

"But you did not ask a question. You simply volunteered an opinion," said Alice with the calmness of tone that distinguished her.

"Waal, we won't quarrel about p'intns like that. I ain't much on the talk, I'll confess, and mebbe young ladies like you uns mout think me a bit rough, but when you git down under the husks, even if I do say it myself, thar ain't many better fellows than me."

After exchanging a meaning glance with her sister, Alice Blanchard became more gracious to Patch, and that monster, delighted at the change, then and there declared that if they would trust him he would take them to their friends "without a cent of pay." In response to Clara's question he told how this could be done, nor did he dream that the sisters had themselves planned to get away from the outlaws that night.

When, at length, Patch left, the sisters, with more light on the question, renewed the conversation. Their horses were below the camp, and, believing that it would be safer and easier to ride than to walk, Clara proposed that they should attempt to secure them. She had the Weldon decision of character. Securing on their persons a few necessary articles from their saddlebags, including a knife, they waited for the storm to break with as much eagerness as those in profound darkness wait for the light. At first the fury of the storm alarmed them, but they soon became calm and hailed its roaring as the voice of a friend. The rain fell in a deluge, but this they did not mind. It shielded them from their foes. At first the lightning was so vivid and continuous that it kept the camp and the surrounding landscape lit up. It revealed to them the horses, and, joy! two of them were saddled with their own saddles and another near by bore a man's.

"If they follow us on horseback," thought Alice, "the danger will be increased. I must free all the animals."

She made Clara wait in the bushes by the river, and, knife in hand, crept forward and began to cut the ropes that held the uneasy horses to the stakes. Every one was freed. She secured the two on which she and Clara were to ride and hastily led them to the river. Both were expert horsewomen. To avoid the camp, Alice decided to cross the river. They were in the act of descending the bank when the lightning again flashed out, and they heard a maddened shout behind them. Alice looked back, and not ten yards away she saw Sim Bliss gesticulating like a madman and shouting all the time. Answering shouts came back from the camp. The horses, discovering they were free, went snorting and plunging madly about. Pistols were discharged, and the whole camp was in an uproar that drowned out the crashing of the storm.

"Keep close to my side, Clara. Now for liberty, in God's name!" said the heroic Alice.

They turned their horses to the river and boldly dashed in. The banks on both sides were low, but the rain had already swelled the bed, and the cold current rose to the girths and soon began to float the manes of the horses. It was so dark that they could not see the opposite bank and so had to be guided wholly by the frantic shouting and shooting behind them. The instinct of the horses served them well. The animals, though forced to swim down 200 yards by the mad current, kept their nostrils pointed to the opposite shore and went on till they stood dripping on the other bank.

"Away from the camp!" replied Alice in answer to her sister's question. "We know not a destination. We must only think of the place we fly from. Our destination cannot be worse than our starting point. The kind Providence that has so far aided us must still be our reliance and our guide."

They had no fear of immediate pursuit, for they knew that the horses were beyond the control of the outlaws and that it would be impossible for them to get them together before daylight. They also knew that Bouton and his men were in the mountains, as were Black Eagle and his warriors, but recapture would not, could not, make their condition worse. The sisters kept their horses close together--so close that they could have talked had not their hearts been too full for utterance.

They rode from the time they left the river at a quick walk. The tendency of the horses was to dash away, but they submitted to the restraint of the bit.

"We may have to test their speed," said Alice when starting off, "so let us reserve their strength."

They could tell when they entered the mountains by the movements of their horses. Indeed they reasoned that they were on a trail. Whether this trail led to friend or foe they knew not--only the future could tell. Just as the day was breaking both horses came to a halt and no urging could force them on.

"Let us dismount till the sun is up," said Alice, and she set Clara an example by springing from her horse and taking the bridle on her arm.

They had not long to wait. They could see the shadows rising from the mountains and the darkness multiply in the depths of the fearful gulf on whose brink they stood. They were on the edge of a chasm, or "canyon," as it was called in that land. It was one of those profound rifts peculiar to the mountains of western America. They had brought their horses to a convenient rock in order to get into the saddle again, for they were weary and their garments were heavy with moisture, when both were startled by hearing the tramping of horses and the sound of men's voices. Nearer and nearer came the riders--more and more distinct became the pounding of the iron covered hoofs on the flinty rocks.

"Alice! Alice!" cried Clara. "That is father's voice."

"Father's voice!" echoed Alice, her ears telling her that her sister was not mistaken.

"Yes, and Howard's and the captain's and John Clyde's."

"Yes, yes; I hear them." Then she raised her voice and with eager joy shouted:

"Father! Father! Howard!"

"My daughter!" came the impassioned response.

The pounding of hoofs became quicker, and now they could hear the jingle of bridles and the snorting of the approaching horses. The girls caught sight of the riders, but the awful canyon yawned between them.

CHAPTER XVII.

No language can describe Dr. Blanchard's joy at sight of his daughters. In his eagerness to clasp them to his breast he would have rushed into the canyon had not Captain Brandon restrained him.

"Let me go to my children!" cried the delighted old man. "See! They are reaching out their hands to me."

"The canyon separates us," said the captain. "Wait till we have spoken with them."

Alice saw at a glance the futility of attempting to join the party at that point, and she knew that the same obstruction prevented them coming to her side.

Mutual congratulations passed back and forth, and, at Captain Brandon's request, Alice told of their escape and the condition in which they left Bouton's camp.

"Remain where you are," said the captain when Alice had concluded the brief but thrilling story of their flight. "Hide in the shadow of that rock and we will come to you."

"How long before you can reach us?" said Alice.

"It will take till the middle of the afternoon to flank the head of the canyon, but keep up a good heart."

"Would it not be better for us to go and meet you?"

"No. Though if there were no danger in the way, I would consent. We know where you are now. Should you leave, we might not be able to find you."

"And what are we to do with the horses?"

"If you can find grass near by, let them graze. I see you have rias fastened to the saddles," said the captain.

With words of encouragement the party rode off, Dr. Blanchard remaining in the rear, and every few paces he turned to look back at his daughters and to wave his hand to them. A cloud seemed to come up from the canyon and settle on the landscape when the good white head disappeared.

The girls found a little space close by covered with nutritious bunch grass, and here they secured the horses, tying them so that they could graze. They found a rock walled cave in the gulf where they could sit, or, if they chose, lie down with comfort, but though much fatigued the novelty of the situation, the recent happy meeting and the de-

lightful anticipation of soon being with their father and brother again kept them awake. The same feelings prevented them thinking of food or the fact that the only water for miles around was roaring in the inaccessible depths of the canyon. The day was very hot. The rocks glistened along the volcanic summits as if they were becoming ignited and must soon burst forth in lurid flames. The heated air rose up in shimmering waves and looked as if it were panting. The distant landscape became fantastic and distorted.

"Can we not find some place where there is a little water or air?" asked Clara, her brow beaded and her cheeks crimsoned with the heat.

"We might," replied Alice, "but I feel it is better to endure where we are safe than to venture out where some of the outlaws may see us."

As in all things, Clara yielded to this opinion and drew closer into the strip of shadow made by the rock towering above them. They had just settled down again to endure with patience the sweltering heat when both were startled by the actions of the horses. The animals ceased to be languid, and now, with dilating nostrils, heads erect and frightened eyes, they looked up the walls of the gulf directly above where the sisters were sitting.

"What can it be?" asked Clara, looking anxiously about her.

"We cannot see from here," replied Alice. "Let us go out where the horses are."

They rose and were walking to the center of the gulf, when, to their amazement, the horses started back with snorts of alarm and tugged at the reins till they snapped like pistols. Alice saw the danger and ran forward to catch and soothe the animals, but before she could reach them they had turned and sped away as only frightened horses can.

"Can you see anything?" asked Alice, who ignored the loss of the horses in her anxiety to learn what frightened them.

"I think I see a man," gasped Clara. "That is a shadow," said Alice.

"But it moves. See! It comes this way."

As they watched the shadow it rose till it looked as if cast by a giant.

"That can't be a man," said Alice, who still retained her fine presence of mind.

"What do you think it can be?"

"It might be some animal. Better than that any of Bouton's people. It has disappeared."

"But why remain here, sister?"

"Why fly from a shadow, Clara?" asked Alice, encircling her sister's slender waist to give her confidence.

"It is not a shadow, sister. There it is! See its glaring eyes and hanging tongue!"

Alice looked up the rocks and saw coming down one of those mountain

to be continued.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LEE.

Our regiment (61st North Carolina) had been fighting around Cold Harbor for four days with almost nothing to eat, and the men were almost broken down when the welcome order came to march to the rear for rest and food.

We had drawn our rations and were scattered about under the trees resting, when a plainly dressed old gentleman came along and sat down on the root of the tree under which Anse Daniels, myself and half dozen others were lying. He seemed very social and was soon engaged in a brisk conversation with Anse. We were much surprised a little later when a courier addressed him as General Lee; but, as he had been so familiar with us, we were not much awed by his rank.

Wounded men were constantly being brought in, and a self-important young doctor ordered us all to leave as he wished to perform an operation under the tree. As General Lee seemed in no hurry to go, we paid little attention to the doctor until he ordered us away the second time using some very forcible language. General Lee said in a mild tone:

"Go ahead, doctor; these men have been fighting for four days, and there is shade enough for us and you, too."

The doctor replied that he didn't care anything about what we had been doing, that we had all better be off in short order. "And you, too," turning to General Lee.

The doctor now stepped off a short distance for something he needed, and met an officer who had heard the last part of the conversation.

"Doctor, do you know who you were talking to a moment ago?" said he.

"No, some impertinent old cuss," replied the doctor.

"You are mistaken, it was General Lee."

"General Lee! I'm ruined," exclaimed the doctor.

Back he came as humble as he had before been arrogant, and with the most profuse apologies. General Lee heard him quietly and replied:

"No apologies at all doctor; just go and attend to your work."

The singular punishment of bigamy in Hungary is to compel the man to live together with both wives in one house.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TO THE CROWD ON THE STREETS.

Eloquent Address to an Overflow Meeting Near Madison Square.

Candidate Bryan is never at a loss for something to say, and somehow it seems that he seldom repeats himself. In the Madison Square garden at the notification meeting, there were between 15,000 and 20,000 people. They all heard the great speech of acceptance which was printed in our last issue. But outside the garden there were 10,000 or more other people who were unable to crowd into the building. These also wanted to hear the great Democratic idol, and realizing the fact, Mr. Bryan mounted the balcony of an adjoining hotel, immediately after closing his other speech and spoke as follows:

"Fellow citizens: I cannot do more than to express to those who are assembled here our deep appreciation of the interest which the people of New York are taking in the campaign which is now formally opened. [Great applause and cheers.] When I left home I told the people at the depot that I was coming to open the campaign in what was thought to be the heart of the enemy's country. [Applause and cries of "Oh, no."] but which I hoped before the campaign was over would be our country. [Cheers and applause.]

"Our hopes have been realized sooner than we expected [enthusiastic applause,] and wherever the enemy goes after this he will be in our country, no matter where he is. [Tremendous applause and long continued cheering.] Some of our financiers have boasted that they were in favor of gold, but you shall teach them that they must carry their ideas far enough to believe not in gold, but in the golden rule that treats all men alike. [Great applause.]

"I commission you all as soldiers to fight and as missionaries to preach wherever you go from now until election. [Cries of "We will! We will! and great applause.] Our opponents in the Democratic party have been threatening to organize a gold standard Democratic party. [Hisses.] But be not afraid; you will search the pages of history in vain to find a battle ever won by any army of generals. [Great applause and laughter.] They have not a private in their whole ranks. [Laughter and cheers.] Now, my friends, I want you to set to your opponents an example which they have not set to you. They have said that they represent the respectable element of society. Teach them that respectability cannot be manifested by slandering every man who differs from them in opinion. [Applause.]

"And now, my friends, I leave with you just one injunction. In this government every citizen is a sovereign [applause,] and those upon whom the responsibilities of citizenship rest owe it to themselves, to their country and their God to exercise the right of suffrage for the benefit of their country. [Great applause.] I beg of you to do it. [Applause.]

"I beg you to do it, not only to investigate, but find out what is right, and I beg you every one to have the courage to vote your sentiments and let your ballot register a free man's will. I thank you for your kind attention." [Tremendous applause and long-continued cheering.]

THE METEORIC SHOWER IN 1833.

"It was certainly not only the privilege of a life-time, but of a millennium to be an eye witness of such a stupendous and resplendent spectacle." So says Rev. J. W. Scott of Atlanta; and so say I, who was 8 years old at the time of its occurrence, November 13, 1833, though a septuagenarian in 1896. Perhaps all persons have seen at times a darting meteor shoot across the sky, leaving a streak of light in its course. Multiply such a scene by the number of stars visible on the clearest night, and then multiply this by the moments and you have a grand product indeed. Such was the spectacle on the night in question. The "falling star" as my boyish fancy took them to be, were descending in all parts of the heavens, as if the whole crop of stars were shaken down at once, to be followed by another crop each moment of time. Truly it was a most magnificent scene, as the hour slowly wore away, till Aurora paled the meteor's light and the "king of day" shut out the view forever!

Astronomers have much to say about this unparalleled exhibition. We do not propose in this paper to enter into their disquisitions and speculations on the subject, but to show some effects the phenomenon produced among the children of men on that occasion. Under the impression that the day of final judgement had come, many persons were strangely wrought upon. One good woman left her home, and with hasty steps made for the graveyard, a quarter of a mile away, shouting hallelujah as she ran and exclaiming, "Now I shall see my children rise, and we'll go to glory together."

Thousands were reported as having been led to prayer, and some conversions occurred, followed in after years by a holy life and a happy death. Some were thrown into convulsions and in rare instances death ensued. A rich slaveholder was reported to have been aroused by the noisy tumult among his hundred Negroes, some shouting and others frantic with terror. Alarmed himself, he resorted to strate-

gem to compose his people: "Uncle Joe, you are a preacher, do you watch the 'seven stars' and the 'ell and yard,' and when you see them fall, come into the 'big house,' and we 'will have a word of prayer.'"

A merchant, wellknown to the writer, had broken with his partner in business. There was a fearful want of agreement, in their accounts. But when he saw the heavens aglow, he got out the ledger, saying, "I and Nick must settle; I and Nick must settle!" As he passed out of his door he met his lame Negro, Jim, and said, "Jim, you are free, yes, Jim you are free." And on he went to settle with his late partner. This he did speedily by correcting some false entries he had made. But when morning came, and the sun shone out as at other times, he again met Jim and said, "Jim, the weather is cold, you had better go to the woods and cut a few loads; the wagon will be out by-and-by." Nick, however, was happy over his settlement.

THE WORLD'S TALLEST STRUCTURES.

The tallest chimney was built at Port Dundas, Glasgow, Scotland, 1857 to 1859, for F. Townsend. It is the highest chimney in the world (454 feet), and one of the loftiest masonry structures in existence. In Europe there are only two church steeples that exceed this structure in height--namely, that of the Cologne Cathedral (510 feet), and that of the Strasburg Cathedral (468 feet.) The great pyramid of Gizeh was originally 480 feet, although not so high at present. The United States out-tops them all with its Washington monument, 550 feet high, and the tower of the Philadelphia public buildings, which is 537 feet high.

The Eiffel tower at Paris, France, surpasses all other terrestrial metal structures, with its altitude of nearly 1,000 feet. The "great tower" for London, England, in course of construction from designs of Henry Davey, C. E., will out-top all metal structures, being built of steel, and its extreme height will be 1,250 feet when finished.

The highest and most remarkable metal chimney in the world is erected at the imperial foundry at Halsbrucke, near Freiberg, in Saxony. The height of this structure is 452.6 feet; it is 15.74 feet in internal diameter, and is situated on the right bank of the Mulde, at an elevation of 219 feet above that of the foundry works, so that its total height above the sea is no less than 711.15 feet. The works are situated on the left bank of the river, and the furnace gases are conveyed across the river to the chimney on a bridge through a pipe 8,227 feet in length.

The highest office building in the world is the Manhattan Life Insurance company's of New York city. Its height above the sidewalk is 347 feet, and its foundations go down 53 feet below the same, being 20 feet below tidewater level, making a total of 400 feet. The foundations consist of 15 masonry piers, and are carried by the same number of steel caissons. The latter were sunk to bed-rock by the pneumatic process. The cantilever system was used for the foundation.--Machinery.

DO YOU KNOW?--Do you know that every cruelty inflicted on an animal in killing or just before death poisons to a greater or less extent its meat?

Do you know that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow poisons to a greater or less extent its milk?

Do you know that fish killed as soon as taken from the water by a blow on the back of the head will keep longer and be better than those permitted to die slowly?

Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, that without the birds we could not live on the earth, and that every little insect eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects?

Do you know that a checkrein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to when going up a hill is a cruel torture to the horse?

Do you know that the mutilation of a horse by cutting off his tail compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives?

Do you know that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only the animal but yourself happier, and not only make you happier but also better?--Geo T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals.

SLEEPLESS DRAUGHTS.--An English doctor, writing about sleep and sleeplessness, observed that the state narcotics produce is not sleep, but a condition of narcotism that counterfeits sleep, adding, "When a man says, 'I want a quiet night, I will take a sleeping draught,' he speaks in parables. To express the fact plainly, he should say, 'I want a quiet night; I cannot obtain it by going to sleep, or I am afraid to trust to the chances of natural rest, so I will poison myself a little, just enough to make me unconscious, or to slightly paralyze my nerve centres, not enough to kill.' If this fact could be kept before the mind, the reckless use of drugs which produces a state that mocks sleep would be limited." The state of inaction which is brought about by natural sleep is very different from that which is produced by paralysis of any degree.



It was too late to retrace their steps.