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THE WELDON ESTATE.

BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Throughout all the trouble Captain Brandon had shown himself to be tireless and patient. If he ever felt fatigue, he never spoke of it, nor did he show it by any lessening of his amazing energy. If he ever lost heart, as he might well do in the face of the continued and ever increasing troubles, he succeeded in keeping his depression to himself. From the first he was hopeful, and when others got low spirited he cheered them up and strengthened them with assurances of final success. When he pushed his way to the place where he had seen Alice and Clara from the opposite side of the canyon and found them missing, he gave no sign of impatience.

To the doctor, who was nearly disconsolate, the captain said: "There is good reason for their leaving. Let us try to find their trail." They were engaged in this work when they discovered Black Eagle's Indians and at the same time caught sight of the two girls between the two lines.

They charged down and met Clara flying toward them. She was caught in the captain's arms, and Howard Blanchard was for pressing on, but the captain, seeing that the Indians outnumbered them three to one, called a halt and prudently got his men under cover of the rocks. They saw Alice being carried off, but they did not dare to fire on the men surrounding her for fear of doing her harm. As soon as it was dark Captain Brandon cautioned his little band to remain where they were while he crept down to ascertain the position and force of the enemy.

Clara was so much unmoved and fatigued that it was found impossible to go on with her that night, and so, making virtue of necessity, it was agreed to remain where they were till morning. Soon after dark, to the surprise and joy of all, the Prophet entered the camp, and in reply to John Clyde's question as to where he came from he replied:

"I have come up again from the valley of the shadow of death with no faculty impaired. I have been in the fiery furnace and come out unscathed. Yes, I have even been in the den of lions and heard them roaring, but they overpowered before my glance and did not dare to strike their hungry teeth into my flesh. I did not fear, for I relied not on my own strength. Nay, I courted the danger, and lo! I am here. What harm has befallen our people?"

The captain gave a verbal report of everything that happened. Then the Prophet, with more directness and much less ambiguity than was his habit, related his own adventures, to the great amazement of his friends.

"And how did you come to escape?" asked the captain when the Prophet told of his capture.

"I left in the darkness. Though the guards saw me as plainly as you do now, they dared not to raise their rifles against the Mountain Prophet. I held them as with a spell, but the spell would have been broken had I attempted to carry off Louis Kyle. Trust me, his rescue will come in good time," said the Prophet.

"Now, in truth," said the delighted captain, "I feel strong, and unless Bouton gets all his force together I will not shrink from giving him battle."

"Ah, my friends," cried honest John Clyde, "did I not say last night that things were on the mend? I am not a prophet, but I knew we could not be beaten all the time."

"A hopeful man is better than a prophet of evil. Let me clasp thy hand, my friend, for good words are next to inspired words," said the Prophet, and he took John Clyde's hand and shook it heartily.

The captain then told him what they had planned about Clara before he came up or they had thought of seeing him.

"And you planned right, but now it must be changed somewhat," said the Prophet. "Myself and the doctor will go on with the maiden to my retreat, and when we have left her with friends we will return with food, and maybe we may have more aid. I have called for it, and it may be forthcoming in time. Follow me on the trail of the foe and strike whenever he comes within reach of your arms."

The Prophet drew the herders to one side and talked to them for some time in low tones, and though they made no audible reply, it was evident from the way in which they nodded their heads that they were agreeing with him. He came back, leaped on his horse, and motioning to the doctor to take position on the other side of Clara, they rode off without leaving taking save a wave of the Prophet's long arms.

"That is his habit," said the captain to Howard. "The Prophet is strong in welcoming, but his feelings will not permit him to say farewell."

tion to robbing gangs and killing miners. Bouton's gang "did a large business in horses." The organization at one time numbered many hundreds of men, and its field extended from the Mississippi to the Pacific and from the plains of British Columbia to the plateaus of old Mexico.

The horse thieves were held together by awful oaths of fidelity and still more awful penalties for treason. Their camps were lodges, and one of their members could recognize a "pard" or make himself known wherever he went. But the great bond that held them together was mutual protection for individual gain. So perfect was this organization—and, no doubt, some of its branches still exist—that horses could be run through from Texas and sold in Colorado or be taken from Montana to Missouri without detection and with the certainty of finding a market.

Bouton gave the prisoners into Font Robb's charge, enjoining him to guard them as he valued his life, and then turned to talk to the new arrivals. His



"If there's any little job you'd like to have pushed through."

pleasure at receiving so large a reinforcement was somewhat dampened when he learned that these outlaws had fled into the mountains to escape the troops and the vigilance committees that had been sent against them. Said one bearded giant, known to his companions by the misnomer Fairplay:

"This'll all soon blow over. The troops and vigilantes get tired and soon peter out. Men ain't a-goin to hunt us long without pay, and there's no pay for vigilance committees. I'm happy to say. Now, as we're all over here, Bouton, if there's any little job you'd like to have pushed through, and I have a hint that there is, why, just give the word, and no and all the boys will give you the very best we have in the shop."

"That's all right, Fairplay. I know I can count on you, and I'll confess I have a job on hand that I want to finish up, but isn't there danger that you'll be followed?" asked Bouton.

"Followed!" repeated Fairplay. Bouton nodded.

"There isn't any more danger of being followed than there is of the great Missouri runnin up hill in flood time. Why, I tell you, we've shook 'em all off."

"You are sure?"

"I'm sartin. Think I'd be such a fool as to leave 'em the ghost of a trail? No, sir, the hunt's up and here we are. Now, what's your private muss?"

Fairplay showed his entire self possession by biting a semicircle from a plug of tobacco and tendering Bouton a similar luxury.

"Do you remember Brandon?" asked Bouton.

"Captain Brandon?" Fairplay showed that he remembered this gentleman by drawing himself up to his full height and closing one eye.

"That's the man, Fairplay."

"The devil! Is he in these mountains?"

"He is."

"I do not wish to tell you of myself, only so far as my life is connected with yours. I knew your father before you were born, before he came to these mountains to hide from the world. I know why he did come, yet I have never tried to harm him, never thought of giving his secret to the world. There are others searching for your father, and if I went with them it was not because I wished them to succeed. You blame me, but on your knees you would thank me if you knew what I had done, what I have prevented being done."

"If you have been so very good," said Alice Blanchard, breaking in on his special pleading, "why is it you keep us and Mr. Louis Kyle prisoners?"

"That is a proper question and I wish I could explain it, for I do not wish to be misunderstood. But though I seem to be, I am not my own master. There are others who direct. I must pretend to submit to their wishes that I may be able to protect you both from harm."

"You cannot defend yourself with mystery," said Alice. "I cannot believe you unless you explain all."

"Explain all, Miss Blanchard?"

"That is what I said."

"Well, I am willing to explain all," he drew nearer to Nora and asked, in a theatrical whisper, "Are you willing that I should explain all?"

"No, no!" she half shrieked. "Leave me; for heaven's sake, leave me, or kill me!"

"I will not kill you. I would rather kill myself. I will leave you for the night. When we march on the morrow, Miss Kyle, I will speak with you again. I will tell you something that is near to my heart."

Bouton rose and bowed, then went back to where the men were lying around the campfire. He coiled himself up in a blanket and was asleep in a short time. Sim Bliss tried to imitate him, but though he had grown more and more weary every day since coming into this country, his narrow brain was too much crowded with thought for him to get much satisfactory sleep.

Before daylight the next morning the camp was astir. While some prepared food others loaded the pack mules and saddled the horses, duties that seemed to require a great deal of shouting and a deluge of profanity. The prisoners were served with food as before and Font Robb brought up horses for Alice and Nora, when Bouton offered to assist them to their saddles.

At Alice's request Louis Kyle was permitted to ride beside them. But before Bouton would agree to this request he made Nora promise that some time during the march she would drop back and talk to him for an hour or two. To this the poor girl consented for her brother's sake. She had the greatest honor of this man now that she felt he knew her father's secret. Innocent of the world's ways and fearful that Bouton had it in his power to legally destroy her father and all the family, she would willingly die if called on for the sacrifice to save them.

She wanted an opportunity to tell Louis that Bouton knew their awful secret, but Bouton staid so near that she

could not speak to him about it, and even if Bouton were away she dared not speak to him on this subject in the presence of Alice Blanchard. As the long cavalcade wound down through the narrow valleys it looked like a small army expecting a battle, and such it certainly was. To avoid the inevitable dust as well as to prevent an attack on the head of the line, if Captain Brandon should see fit to ambush them, Bouton placed the prisoners to the front. After they had gone some miles Bouton whispered to Nora, "Remember your promise and drop back beside me." With pale face and compressed lips she obeyed him. "You must not think me harsh," he began. "Think of how long I have kept the secret. I knew it before you were born."

As it was evident he did know the secret and impossible for her to tell how long he knew it, or how he became possessed of it, she was forced to believe him, though, as the reader knows, his knowledge was of a very recent date.

"If you are going to use it now," she managed to say, "better that you had used it before."

"Did I say I was going to use it now?"

"You talk as if you might," she said nervously.

"Then I fail to make myself understood. My French is better than my English. Shall we talk French?"

"I do not understand French."

"Very well. We shall keep on as we have been doing. You see many men have been doing. You saw my hand back at the cavalcade, and Nora nodded."

"They want to catch your father and get a large reward."

"And if they catch him what will they do?" she asked with a shudder.

"They will hang him."

"Yes. Hang him up by the neck till he is dead. And they will put your mother in jail and your brothers, and keep them there till they are dead."

Nora believed this. If she did not, she had neither the courage nor knowledge nor strength to refute it, so awfully did the picture impress her.

"You do not want this to happen?" he asked after a painful pause.

"Why should you ask me?"

"Only to show that I think as you do, and to tell you that it is all in your hands."

"In my hands?" she said eagerly.

"Yes. That is what I say. You can save them and make all right again. Will you do it?" He turned in the saddle and tried to look under her downcast lids.

"Yes," she replied, "I would gladly die to save them."

"But you need not die."

"What then?"

"A thousand times better than dying. You can have them all together again if you say to me the one word 'Yes.'"

"If I say 'Yes?'"

"If you say it to my question. But you must not say it now. I will give you time to think."

He hesitated and looked into her face again, and to avoid his gaze as well as to learn his object she asked:

"What is the question?"

"It is—Bouton drew nearer and whispered—"It is, will you consent to become my wife?"

She looked at him with horror in her eyes and a "No" trembling on her lips. But he wheeled his horse aside and said:

"I do not want the answer now."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CANCER CURED BY ERYSIPELAS.

A Chance Discovery That May Lead to Beneficent Results.

A patient in the New York Cancer hospital accidentally became inoculated with the virus of erysipelas several weeks ago. As the disease progressed it was noticed that the patient's cancerous condition improved. This fact suggested to Dr. William T. Bull the advisability of inoculating other patients with the poison of erysipelas. Accordingly several cases were set apart and experiments were begun and carried out by Dr. W. B. Coley under the direction of Dr. Bull. The inoculations were made not only on patients with carcinoma (commonly known as cancer), but also on others who were suffering from sarcoma, which is a much more malignant form of tumor than the ordinary cancer. The results in both forms were very satisfactory.

For inoculating purposes a pure culture of the streptococcus was used. Of the cases of carcinoma about 25 per cent were reported cured, while in the sarcomatous cases the results were even better, showing as many as 40 per cent of those experimented upon to have become well and free after the attack of erysipelas.

It has been said that whatever good has resulted was due to the local reaction. This theory is apparently disproved by the fact that inoculations made at a distance from the tumor have been known to cause it to disappear.

The injections as a rule were made into the tumor itself and were repeated every 48 hours. The reaction produced was almost identical with that produced by true erysipelas, though in most of the cases it was milder in degree, passing away within 24 to 48 hours. The dangers attending this form of treatment are insignificant when one considers the usual outcome of a case of cancer, or sarcoma, which is almost invariably fatal. The subject of cancer is not generally understood. What is popularly known as cancer includes many different forms of tumors, such as carcinoma, of which there are four varieties—the spheroidal celled, which includes the hard and soft cancers; what is known as epithelioma, the form usually seen affecting the lip; the cylindrical celled, and the colloid.

Of sarcomata the surgeons also make four subdivisions—the round celled, spindle celled, mixed celled and the myeloid, or giant celled. For other than scientific purposes the subdivisions are hardly necessary, as the various forms of sarcomata are all said to be very malignant.

In the report written by Dr. Coley he concludes: First, that the curative effect of erysipelas upon malignant tumors is an established fact; second, the action upon the sarcoma is invariably more powerful than upon carcinoma in about the ratio of three to one; third, the treatment of inoperable malignant humors by repeated inoculations of erysipelas is both practicable and not attended with great risk; fourth, the curative action is systemic and probably due chiefly to the toxic products of the streptococcus, which products may be isolated and used without producing erysipelas; and fifth, that the method of inoculation should not be employed indiscriminately until further clinical experiments have proved its limitations.—New York World.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE EMBLEM OF PURITY.

The custom of wearing orange blossoms in the hair by a bride upon her wedding day is in France a matter of much pride and importance, inasmuch as it is a testimonial of purity, not only of the bride herself, but of the integrity and morality in the character of her relatives. In the province of Franche Comte its adornment is considered a sacred right, obtained by recitance of character, and as such proudly maintained. Should any act of imprudence in early life, implying even a suspicion of a taint upon the chastity of the maiden be known, the use of the orange blossom is sternly forbidden; indeed, should the female attempt to wear it on the day of her marriage, she would be encountered at the church door by the village lads, violently seized, and the emblem of purity degradingly torn from her hair; nor would the ceremony be allowed to proceed until all trace of the flower thus profaned had disappeared from her person. In almost every village or small town in France the bride entitled to wear the crown of orange blossoms has this beautiful certificate of her purity either framed or placed under a glass shade; and it is religiously preserved, if possible, even through generations, as an indisputable testimonial of undoubted morality. The mother of a natural child never dares assume, not only the orange blossom crown, but even the white dress and veil, upon her wedding day; these habiliments being considered to belong only to the pure. Should an attempt be made, the most bitter ridicule, the most unmerciful sarcasms would accompany her and her unfortunate husband to the altar.

OFFER BETTER TERMS.—Messrs. Phil Armour & Co., Chicago, Illinois, Friend Phil: Your offer of 50 cents' worth of meat and a Mexican dollar in exchange for an American dollar received, but I can do better with our home butcher. He offered me 50 cents' worth of meat and \$2 worth of Portuguese 3 per cent. bonds in exchange for a silver dollar.

Our butcher says the bonds must be good as Portugal has been on a gold standard basis since 1853, 20 years before the other enlightened nations of Europe, and its national debt has only increased 100 per cent. since that date. Average wages paid all artisans in Portugal is 17 cents per day.

In your former letter you told me that all we needed was a little gold, "improved banking facilities" and "confidence."

Portugal has a "little gold" the world has had its "improved banking facilities" since 1853, and I can supply the "confidence," so the bonds are certainly good.

Our home butcher says he will continue to give 50 cents' worth of meat and \$2 of Portuguese gold bonds for Bryan is elected. Will you continue to give 50 cents' worth of meat and a Mexican dollar after Bryan is elected?

Yours truly,
Tom Fairplay.

P. S.—I see the London Times quotes Mexican bonds at 94; Portuguese 3 per cent. gold bonds at 26.—From an Exchange

PAY AS YOU GO.—What Mr. N. J. Shepherd says in the following article is just as good advice for the printer or any other business man, as the farmer:

"I think one of the worst evils the farmer has to contend with is going into debt. Many and many of them are always in debt for their machinery from year to year, and to their blacksmith and their merchant from one year's end to another. Men of this class always have to sell their wheat as soon as they can thrash it and haul it to market, their corn as soon as it is ripe enough to gather, and their stock as soon as it is salable. They have no choice. They cannot wait for a better market, because, if they keep the merchant waiting too long, they know there will be no chance of getting credit another year, and it takes all they have got this year to square up old accounts. As a rule, such farmers are obliged to sell at low prices and pay the highest price for what they use, and, therefore, lose on both sides. Most farmers will find it far easier, and a great deal more profitable, to pay as they go. There is no question but that they can get goods cheaper for cash. Any merchant will tell you he can afford to sell goods for less money if he can get cash every time instead of waiting six months. Precisely the same is the case with all with whom the farmer deals, and it will pay any one to live close for one year in order to afterwards be free from the galling pressure of debt. Do without everything you can possibly live without. Do not buy a new plow, or a new harrow, or any other new implement, simply because you can buy it on credit. Wait, and wait patiently, until you can pay as you go, and you will be surprised how much you will save in a year; for I honestly believe any farmer will buy more when he is buying on a credit than he will if he pays cash every time. It is those who are in debt, head over heels, that feel the hard times so severely. We farmers who are out of debt now, are the most independent class of men in the country. Keep out of debt."

OUR FARMING AREA.—Some idea may be obtained of the extent of the farming area of the United States by consulting the figures given by the United States geological survey. The total land area of the United States, according to this report, comprises 1,900,800,000 acres, of which 627,415,680 are still vacant; that is to say, belonging to the government; 609,520,000 acres of this uncultivated land lie in the arid belt west of the Missou-

ri river, and only 74,000,000 acres are susceptible to irrigation. The fact that the arable land yet held by the government is small in amount has caused some of our thinking men to consider what will be the effect of the rapid increase in our population as regards our country being self-sustaining in the matter of food. It is said that between the Mississippi river and the 100th meridian and Texas and the other southern states there is a large amount of lands that can be made very productive by irrigation.

A TRUE STORY OF A STORK.

A writer in Our Animal Friends relates a curious incident about a stork which made its nest upon the roof of a house in northern Germany, and having been perturbed by the children, became very tame and companionable.

At the first signs of approaching cold weather the stork prepared to fit to a warmer clime. The children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the bird would surely return the next spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being cared for during the long winter, consulted together, and evolved a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution. They wrote a little note in their best German script, stating that the stork was very dear to them, and begging the good people in whose country it might spend the winter to be kind to their pet and send it back to them in the spring.

They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon, tied it round the bird's neck, and tucked it under its wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder skies. The snow and ice came. Christmas time brought the children gifts and fresh amusements but their summer pet was not forgotten. When the spring came round again, their little feet used to climb to the roof day by day, looking and longing for the stork's return; and, behold! one fine morning there it was, tame and gentle as ever.

Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover round its neck and under its wing another bright band, with a note attached, addressed to "the children who wrote the letter the stork brought." The ribbon was quickly untied and the missive opened. It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork, and thought that the young people whose good hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter would be willing to help clothe and feed the destitute boys and girls of his mission. A full name and address followed. The German children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note won a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them, until by and by the children learned to know the missionary and his little wails almost as well as they knew the beloved stork that had proved so trusty a messenger.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Saturday Review (English) tells this strange story: A young man, walking to the house of his brother, a yeoman, found the inn at a neighboring town very full. He shared the room of a merchant who was openly counting out his money. Having occasion to visit the garden, and also to borrow a knife, he accepted the loan of a knife from the merchant. On returning to his room, he found the merchant gone; he went to bed, slept, rose early and walked to his brother's, and was arrested in the afternoon for murdering the merchant. In his pocket was that tradesman's knife and between the blade and the handle was a guinea of Mary and William. At the inn the merchant's bed was stained with blood, and though the merchant's body was nowhere to be found, the young man was condemned for murder, and hanged in chains on his brother's farm. Here a swain observed that the body moved; it was cut down, life was reanimated, and the youth fled to sea. Taken by Spaniards in South America, he rose to be warden of the jail, and while in enjoyment of that office recognized among some English prisoners the person for whose murder he had suffered.

The fact was that the merchant, while the youth was absent in the garden, discovered that he was bleeding freely from a vein which had been opened that day. He hurried to the surgeon in the dark, was seized by a pre-gang, served His Britannic Majesty in a ship-of-war, was taken by the Spaniards, and at last met, in a jail in South America, the very man who had been hanged for murdering him in England.

A little anecdote about Sarah Bernhardt may throw some light on the matter of stage kissing, or at least demonstrate that there are kisses and kisses on the stage as well as off. This emotional actress was recently performing in a new play, and at the close of the last act she had to rush upon the stage, kneel down by her dead lover, who had been shot by the villain, and passionately kiss his forehead. It is said that French noblemen, poets, authors, and artists wrote to her, offering to serve as the corpse; and she, not wishing to offend any one had a fresh person every night. The news of the scheme got abroad, to the vast advantage of the box office.

A gentleman traveling in England, some years ago, while walking near a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. Nodding to one of the lunatics, he said, "Where does this railroad go to?" With a scornful look, the lunatic replied, "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it here to run train on."