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NO. 99.

FORT FRAYNE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

Author of "From the Ranks," "Foes in Ambush," "A Soldier's Secret," "The Deserter," "An Army Portia," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I--Royle Farrar disgraces himself at West Point, deserts the school and leads a wandering life, sinking lower and lower, marries his employer's daughter and then commits a forgery.
CHAPTER II--Colonel Farrar, father of Royle, is killed in a battle with the Indians.
CHAPTER III--Royle Farrar's younger brother Will graduates at West Point and falls in love with Kitty Ormsby, whose brother Jack is in love with Will's sister Ellis.
CHAPTER IV--Will is made lieutenant. They all return to Fort Frayne, accompanied by a certain Mrs. Dauntion.
CHAPTER V--It has been reported that Royle Farrar is dead; but he turns up at the fort in the guise of a common soldier under the name of Graice. Ellis Farrar and Jack Ormsby quarrel over Helen Dauntion.
CHAPTER VI--Helen Dauntion has an interview with Jack Ormsby, in which it transpires that she is Royle Farrar's much abused wife, whom Ormsby has before befriended.
CHAPTER VII--Helen Farrar discovers her husband.
CHAPTER VIII--Ellis Farrar witnesses another interview between Helen Dauntion and Jack Ormsby.
CHAPTER IX--Trouble arises between the cowboys and Indians.
CHAPTER X--The garrison is ordered out to protect the Indians.
CHAPTER XI--Helen Dauntion makes preparations to get her husband away from the fort.

severity of manner. "I gave you permission to remain here, sir, and you'd better jump at the chance. Here's my nice telling me that you are engaged to dance with her, and at this moment it seems you are about to leave the room. Off with that overcoat, or it's your saber that will come off, sir, in arrest. What, slight a member of your colonel's household! Lord bless me, sir, it's tantamount to mutiny!"



Unslung the heavy weapon, he handed it submissively to his imperious queen.

The long expected Christmas ball was in full swing, but the late comers entered snow covered and buffeted, for a howling blizzard was sweeping down from the gorges of the Rockies and whirling deep the drifts about the walls of old Fort Frayne. Leale had come in about tattoo, grave and taciturn, his fine face shadowed by a sorrow whose traces all could see. He had come for no festive purpose, was still in undress uniform, and, after a brief low toned conference with his colonel, had turned at once in search of Helen Dauntion, who, ever since the dance began, had hovered near the windows that looked out toward the guardhouse, barely 100 yards away, yet now, even with its brilliant light, only dimly visible through the lashing storm. Twice had Mrs. Farrar essayed to draw her friend into the little circle by which she was surrounded, but Helen had speedily shown she was unable to give her attention to what was being said or to take any part in the conversation. It was at the window Leale found her and gently but firmly drew her to one side and closed the shade.

"I have felt in every fiber," said he, "how you were waiting, watching and agonizing here for news from--from him. There is no news, Helen, except--you know the man he stabbed--who gave his life for me--is dead?"

"I know," was the shuddering answer. "Has he heard? Does he realize?"

"Possibly not. He seems to be sleeping. But he will know it soon enough. Helen, do you know this--that tomorrow we must give him up?"

"Give him up?" she asked, unable to comprehend his meaning and looking with new dread into his compassionate face.

"Yes, to the civil authorities. He has--I cannot choose words now--he has committed murder and must be tried by a civil, not a military, court."

"You must give him up," she moaned.

"Oh, what can we do--what can we do?" and fearfully she glanced to where Mrs. Farrar was seated, chatting blithely, even joyously, now with her garrison friends.

"Yes," he answered, "and well I know now why you gaze at her. I know all the miserable truth. Ormsby told me when he came to ask my counsel and my help. He has only left me a short time since. I was pledged to help your husband, Helen, and I am doubly pledged to help that dear, dear woman's son. I must protect Royle Farrar to the utmost of my power; but, Helen, in this last hour, by the bedside of the brave fellow who gave his life for me, I have looked life and my own soul in the face. I know what I must do and what I cannot do. I am not strong enough to play at friendship with the woman I love with all my soul. I can only be your friend by serving you from far away. When what is coming to Royle Farrar has come, I shall take leave of absence and go over the sea. It is goodbye between us now. Tonight I look my last upon the face of Royle Farrar's wife. What? You want me, Will?" he suddenly turned and asked, for at this moment, throwing back the snow matted hood of his overcoat, Farrar entered and came quickly to them, unseen by his mother.

"Yes, sir. The news of Crow Knife's death is all over the garrison, and the men are fairly mad over it. They won't try lynching, but the sentries at the guardhouse are double, front and rear. Graice is sleeping yet or else snoring. I don't think he's too drunk not to realize what would happen if Crow Knife's people got at him."

"Then your duty is doubled, lad," was Leale's low toned answer--"to hold the prisoner and to protect him too."

"I understand," said Will firmly. "The man who gets at him tonight, sir, will have to go through hell first."

And then he turned to find Kitty standing, smiling in saucy triumph, at his elbow, leaning on the colonel's arm. Still angered against her and deeply impressed with the importance of the duties devolving upon him, Farrar would have hastened by them with only brief and ceremonious salutation, when Fenton stopped him.

"Where did I understand that you were going, sir?" said he, with mock

"Ah, well," answered Lucretia, "you know it is so very difficult to reckon from, because that was the 29th of February, and that coming only once in four years, you--"

"Ha!" Wayne laughingly interrupted and then suddenly fell back again into his old moaning way. "And yet, you know, there was something I wanted to ask you that night, and I was so confoundingly absentminded--"

"Oh, very," said she, "for you mentioned that there was something you wanted to ask me, and I've been wondering what it could be for 20 years."

"Do you know," said he delightedly, "so have I, so have I. And here he leaned beamingly over her, and his eyes glistened with joy and dangled at the end of their cord. "It was only tonight, it went on, "it came to me that it was something connected with this ring--my class ring, you know. It's odd I can't think what it was. Why, your hand is trembling!" Coyly she upraised it to meet the coming ring, and then again he faltered.

"I remember, I was holding the ring just like this when somebody called to me that I'd better hurry."

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "Indeed you'd better hurry." But he was still wandering in the past.

"It seems to me--oh, they'd sounded officers' call, and that meant the devil to pay somewhere, don't you know. But Lucretia was willing now, despondent again, for still he went on: "You know, I fancied until the very next day that I'd left the ring here." And, sitting on her finger. "And yet the very next day, when I was on scout, I found--I found it here." And with that he again replaced it on his own finger. Lucretia's face was a sight to see. There was an instant of silence, and then, failing to note the expression of her face, looking into the dim recesses of the past, he again wandered off.

"Of course I might have known I couldn't have left it on your finger without even seeing--without even seeing if it would fit--without--" And here he lost the thread of his language entirely, and, groping for his glasses, finding them, distractedly he tried to fit their spring on Lucretia's finger. Fenton, who had joined the group of on-lookers, could stand it no longer. Bursting into a roar of laughter, he came toward them, and, thus interrupted, poor Wayne dropped both hand and eyeglasses, and Leale, noting his embarrassment, stepped to his aid.

"I am going to the guardhouse, Will, and I will look after your duties there. Have your dance and return at your convenience. The colonel will let you go after awhile."

And then Kitty resumed her sway. "I shan't dance one step with you until you take that dreadful thing off," said she, indicating his dangling saber and as utterly ignoring his protest that, as officer of the guard, it was an essential part of his uniform and equipment. Her only response was that he was to remember that he was then on duty to her. "Take off that sword, sir, and bury it about it, for there goes the hand."

And so, unslung the heavy weapon, he handed it submissively to his imperious queen, who promptly stowed it away under the wooden settee against the wall and then, courtesying to her partner, indicated to him that at last he was at liberty to lead her to the dance.

And now, smiling, joyous and once more thrilling with mischievous delight as she bore her sulky prize across the room, Kitty came suddenly upon the major, standing moaning and preoccupied, gazing apparently at the portrait of Colonel Farrar, yet, as was equally apparent to the little knot of laughing lookers on, seeing it not at all. Kitty was on the point of accosting and bringing him to himself; but, with eager whisper and gesticulations, Amory, Martin and others called her to them.

"Don't wake him," they murmured. "Do let Aunt Lou have that comfort. See, she's coming to him now." And, as what Kitty most wanted at that moment was an opportunity to restore her interrupted dominion over her angered lover, and as he was blind and deaf to anything but the consideration of his own grievances, personal and official, Wayne was left to become the central object of interest, while Kitty drew her deposited officer of the guard to a distant corner.

Wayne was a study. That he was struggling to recall some important matter was evident to all who had long known him, and for the time being he was lost to all consciousness of surrounding sights and sounds and had floated off into that dreamland of reminiscence in which only he was thoroughly at home. One or two of the ladies who were at the moment resting from the dance stood leaning on the arms of their attendant cavaliers and watching with them the result of Lucretia's timid yet determined approach. Almost tiptoeing, as though afraid that her noiseless footfall might rudely awaken him, she was stealing to his side, and presently they saw her lay her hand upon his arm and peer trustfully up into his face. Thinking only of him and for him, she, too, then, was almost unconscious of any observation, kindly and good natured though it was.

Unwilling to interrupt too suddenly the current of his meditations, she hesitated before speaking. Then, half timidly, she suggested, "You like the picture, major?"

Slowly his gaze came down from the flag draped portrait, and through his eyeglasses Wayne benignly regarded her. Finally his wandering wits returned, and he aroused himself to a faltering answer to her repeated question. "It makes him look too old," he said. "I can't bear anything that looks old, don't you know." Then, dimly conscious of something he might have put in far happier form, he quickly strove to recall his words. "I--I don't mean women, of course--I like old women. You know I liked you 20 years ago."

"You left me to guess it, then," murmured she, vaguely grateful for even this admission and desirous of encouraging avowals even thus late and lukewarm.

"Yes," he went on, "you know, it seems to me--wasn't it that last night we danced together at Jefferson barracks? That was every day of 20 years ago."

him. Sergeant Grafton was confident that Graice hoped in some way, by connivance perhaps of members of the guard, to slip out of the building and take refuge among the outlaws at the grocery across the stream. Having killed an Indian he had at least some little claim, according to their theory, to a frontiersman's respect.

Returning to the guardhouse, as he had promised Will, Malcolm Leale was in no wise surprised at Grafton's anxiety and even less to learn that Graice had begged to be allowed to have speech with his captain.

It was a ghastly face that peered out from the dim interior of the little prison in answer to the officer's summons. At sound of footsteps on the creaking stairway Graice had apparently hidden in the depths of the room and only slowly came forward at the sound of the commanding voice he knew. Hangdog and drink sodden as was his look, there was some lingering, some revival perhaps of the old defiant, disdainful manner he had shown to almost every man at Frayne. Respect his captain as even such as he was forced to do, look up to him now as possibly his only hope and salvation, there was yet to his clouded intellect some warrant for a vague sentiment of superiority.

Outcast, ingrate, drunkard, murderer though he was, he, Private Tom Graice, born Royle Farrar, was legal owner of all that his captain held fairest, dearest, most precious in all the world. Leale's love for Helen Dauntion was something the whole garrison had seen and seen with hearty sympathy. It would be something to teach this proud and honored officer that he, the despised and criminal though, was, after all, a man to be envied as the husband of the woman his captain could now only vainly and hopelessly love. It was his plan to bargain with him, to invoke his aid, to tempt the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, but for a moment, at sight of that stern, sad face, he stood abashed.

"You wish to see me," said Leale, "and I will hear you now."

"I've got that to say I want no other man to know," was the reply after an interval of a few seconds, "and I want your word of honor that you will hold it sacred."

"I decline any promise whatever. What do you wish to say?"

"Well, what I have to tell you interests me more than any man on earth, Captain Leale. I'm in hell here; I'm at your mercy perhaps. My life is threatened by these hounds, because by accident that knife went into that blind fool's vitals. It was only self defense. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"No. I was the object, I clearly understand," said Leale. "Go on."

"Well, it's as man to man I want to speak. You know I never meant to harm him. You can give me a chance for justice, for life, and I--I can make it worth your while."

"That will do," was the stern response. "No more on that head. What else have you to ask or say?"

"Listen one minute," pleaded the prisoner. "They'd kill me here if they could get me, quick enough--Indians or troopers either. I must be helped away. I know your secret. You love my wife. Help me out of this--here--this night and neither she nor you will ever--"

"Silence, you hound! Slink back to your blanket where you belong. I thank God my friend, your father, never lived to know the depths of your disgrace! Not a word!" he forbade, with uplifted hand, as the miserable fellow strove once more to make himself heard.

"For the sake of the name to which you have brought only shame you shall be protected against Indian vengeance, but who shall defend you against yourself? I will hear no more from you. Tomorrow you may see your colonel, if that will do you any good, but if you have one atom of decency left, tell no man living that you are Royle Farrar, and with that, raging at heart, yet cold and stern, the officer, heedless of further frantic pleas, turned and left the spot.

But at the porch the captain turned again. Wind and snow were driving across his path. The sentries at the front and flank of the guardhouse, muffled to their very eyes, staggered against the force of the gale. It seemed cruelly to keep honest men on post a night so wild as that for no other reason than to protect the life of a man so criminal. The members of the guard, who had resumed their lounge around the redhot stove the moment the captain disappeared, once more sprang to attention as he re-entered and called the sergeant to him.

"I am tempted to ask the officer of the day to relieve those sentries and let No. 1 come up into the hallway," said he. "I believe that, with the watch we have on the Indians, there is no possibility of an outbreak on their part."

"There isn't, sir," was the sergeant's prompt reply. "But every man in the garrison knows by this time that it was the captain that blackguard aimed to kill, and it is not the Indians alone that would do him if they could. I find that whenever I have had to leave the guardhouse some of the men have talked loud for him to hear, swearing that he would be taken out and hanged at daybreak. Others want to tempt him to try to escape, so that they can pursue him over to town and hammer him into a jelly there. The tower is the only place where he can be unmoored, sir. I couldn't guarantee his safety from some kind of assault, even if I had him right here in the guardroom."

And just then a corporal came from the little office.

"Sergeant, it's 10:25. Shall I form my relief?"

The sergeant nodded assent. "I'll inspect it in the guardroom," said he, and as Leale turned shortly away, intending to go in search of the officer of the day and the sergeant opened the door to let him out, Graice could be heard on the upper floor, savagely kicking at his bars.

"That man has more gall than any man I ever met, sir," said Grafton. "He's kicking because we refused to send to the barracks for his share of the Christmas cigars."

"Did you search him before he was sent up there?" asked Leale. "Has he matches or tobacco?"

"Nothing I could find, sir, but other and sharper men have been confined there, and I'm told that somewhere under the floor or inside the walls they've hidden things, and he's hand in glove with all the toughs of the garrison."

"Very well. I'll notify Captain Farwell," said Leale briefly, "and he'll attend to it," and he left the building on this quest just as the second relief came tramping out into the storm, leaving the guardhouse, its few minor prisoners on the lower floor and that one execrated criminal, his old colonel's first-born and once beloved son, cursing at his captors in the tower, all to the care of the members of a single relief, and the sentry on No. 1 set up his watch cry against the howl of the wind, and no one a dozen yards away could have heard, nor did it pass around the chain of sentries, nor was there other matter to call off the hour that memorable night. For long days after men recalled the fact that the last hour called from under the old guardhouse porch was half past 10 o'clock.

Meantime, having had two dances with his now pleading and repentant sweetheart and having been cajoled into at least partial forgiveness, Will Farrar had sought his colonel to say that he, really ought now to return to his guard, at least for a little time, but Fenton, conscious of the shadow that had overcast the garrison earlier in the evening, seemed bent on being joviality itself.

He bade the boy return to his immediate commanding officer and obtain her consent before again coming to him, and Kitty flatly refused. She was dancing with Martin at the moment, and that left Will to his own devices, and, after a fond word or two from his mother, he had stepped back of the seat occupied by her little circle of chosen friends and was standing watching the animated scene before him. Close at hand, not a dozen feet away, stood Helen Dauntion, partially screened from observation of the dancers. It was at this moment that Leale again came striding in, glanced quickly around until he caught Will's eye, and the young officer promptly joined him.

"Is Farwell here?" he asked.

"He came in a moment ago. Yonder he is now, sir," answered Will, indicating by a nod the figure of the officer of the day in conversation with some one of the guests at the other end of the room.

"Then ask him if he will join me in five minutes at the guardhouse. I need to see him," said Leale, and the youngster sped promptly on his mission.

The music had just sounded the signal for the forming of the sets for the lancers, and with soldierly promptitude the officers, with their partners, began taking their positions. Floor managers had little labor at a garrison hop. Ellis Farrar, who had reappeared upon the arm of Captain Vinton, mately bowed her head and accepted Ormsby's hand as he led her opposite Will and his now radiant Kitty, and Malcolm Leale, half-

clamor, nearer came the sounds; then the added rush of many feet in the adjoining barracks of K troop, the quick, stirring peal of trumpet, sounding some unfamiliar call. Overstrained and excited as were her nerves, fearing for him against whom the wrath of the garrison was roused, she could only connect the sounds of alarm and confusion with him and his hapless fate. She started forward to call the colonel's attention, for among the dancers the sound was still unheard.

Again the shots and shouts, the rush of hurrying feet on the broad veranda without. Again and nearer, quick and imperative, the thrilling trumpet call. Then, close at hand the loud bang of the sentry's carbine and the stentorian shout of "Fire!" And then, just as the music abruptly ceased in response to the colonel's signal, bursting in at the door, followed by a couple of troopers, came Rorke, rushing for a ladder that had been in use during the day.

"It's that madman, Graice, sir!" he cried in answer to the look in his commander's face. "He's fired the tower, and he's burnin' to death."

Springing to the window, Helen Dauntion dashed aside the curtain, and, all one glare of flame, the guardhouse burst upon the view. A black ladder, silhouetted against the blaze, was being raised at the instant the curtain fell from her nerveless hand. Will seized his cap, made one leap to the door, despite Kitty's frantic effort to seize him; then, missing his saber, whirled about and rushed from point to point in search of it. Divining his object, the girl threw herself in front of the settee, behind which she had concealed it, and, when he sought to reach around her, desperately, determinedly fought him off. Seizing a cap, the colonel vanished into the night. Throwing over his shoulders the first mantle he could lay his hands on, which happened to be Lucretia's, Wayne followed his leader. Will, de-layed and maddened, only succeeded in capturing his saber by forcibly springing it out of the way; then he sprang to the doorway to join the men hurrying from distant points to the scene. Ormsby, too, had rushed after the colonel, and only women were left upon the floor. These, horror-stricken, yet fascinated, had gathered about the eastward window, where Helen Dauntion crouched, unable to look again upon the frightful spectacle. It was Ellis who hurried aside the curtain, just as old Rorke, re-entering, sprang to the middle of the hall.

"Come away, ma'am! For the love of God, miss, stand clear of that window! The poor devil's climbed to the top, and the cannon powder's in the tower."

With a moan of despair, Helen burst through the group and toward the open doorway, as though she herself would die to the rescue. Rorke, with one leap, regained the threshold and thrust her back.

"My God, can no one save him?" she cried.

"Save him, ma'am! It's sure death to the man that dares to try it. Any moment it may blow up. They're rushing in clear of it now. The colonel's ordered them all back. No! God of hivin, some one's climbin' the ladder now! It's Captain Leale! Oh, don't let him, men! Drive him back! Oh, what use is it? Did man ever live that could turn Malcolm Leale from the duty he deemed his own?" And away rushed poor Terry. Ellis sprang to her mother's side just as, to the accompaniment of a shriek from Kitty's lips, there came a dull roar, followed by a sudden thud and crash of falling timbers and the hoarse shouts of excited men. An instant later, Ormsby, nearly breathless, leaped in at the door.

"They'll have to bring him in here. Leale would have saved him if he had not jumped. Ellis, your mother must not see his face. Take her into the dressing room."

"And why?" cried Ellis. "The lives of our best and bravest have been risked to save that worthless life! This is no place for him. He shall not be brought here."

"Hush," said Ormsby in a low, intense tone. "In God's name, Ellis, hush! The man on that ladder is your mother's son, your own brother, Royle Farrar. That is the secret I was guarding for Helen Dauntion, your brother's wife."

A moment later as the women gathered about Mrs. Farrar, obedient to Ormsby's murmured injunction to keep her from seeing the face of the dying man, lest it prove too severe a shock to her weakened heart, the men came solemnly, bearing a stretcher, on which lay the blanket covered form, followed by a silent group of officers. The doctor simply touched the wrist, gave one glance into the scorched and blistered face, shook his head and drew the blanket. Kitty, sobbing, clung to Willy's arm, their quarrel forgotten. Helen, who had thrown herself almost hysterically upon her knees at the stretcher's side, turned in added terror at the words of the colonel. "Another patient, doctor," for at the instant, supported by Wayne and others, Malcolm Leale was led within the doorway, a handkerchief pressed to his eyes.

"He got the full flash of that explosion in his face," murmured the old soldier as the doctor met them. Then, in the solemn presence of death, in the hush and silence of the throng, Mrs. Farrar stepped forward and laid her white hand gently, reverently upon the lifeless breast.

"Reckless and hardened he may have been," she said, "but somewhere, somewhere, I know a mother's heart is yearning over him and a mother's lips are praying for the boy she loves."

And so it happened that only one or two could hear the single, whispered word with which the doctor turned to his commander after one brief look into Malcolm's eyes.

"Blind!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.

A Pittsburg, Kan., man advertises his business thus: "Don't let whisky get the best of you, for you can get the best of whisky at my place."

Miscellaneous Reading.

TO RESTRICT THE SALE.

Prohibition Committee Issues an Address to the People.

In accordance with the instructions of the Prohibition conference recently held in this city the following address to the people has been issued:

A mighty evil dominates the land. The state of South Carolina is in league with this evil and every man, woman and child, by virtue of their citizenship, has been made a partner in this crime of crimes and will so remain until an open and avowed hostility to the same by him or her has been declared and every advantage taken to put this evil away.

It is because of this that the recent state conference of prohibitionists met in Columbia and organized themselves into a society to be known as the Prohibition League of South Carolina, and by resolution requested that the executive committee prepare and issue an address to the Christian citizens of the state. In pursuance of this resolution, the committee makes this address and appeal in the name of God to the consciences of our people:

We need not here recount the magnitude of the evil, how to deal with this great question is the perplexing thought that engages the mind of the Christian patriot of today. It is a moral question and therefore addresses itself with tremendous force to the ministry and lay membership of the Church of Christ.

Alas, we have been lax, our members in many instances have voted with and patronized the traffic, become bondsmen and rented warehouses to the traffickers in human souls. Without our aid the state would have been powerless to pass the law that resolved herself into a great barkeeper and her Agricultural Hall into a state liquor saloon. Our resolutions at our conferences, associations and presbyteries defining the enormity of the evil of the liquor traffic and the proper attitude of the church, has fallen short of the remedy. They have only shown our inconsistency in failing to use our pulpits, our discipline and our organizations solidly against the liquor devil.

If, therefore, as a church or as a citizen simply, we would repudiate the dishonor brought upon us by the state of which we are citizens, there must be an open and declared hostility to the liquor traffic that means a war of extermination, at least so far as selling it for beverage purposes is concerned.

This declaration must go beyond mere words, resolutions and such like. The church must organize on lines of opposition or use her present organization and discipline, and work actively against this demon that proves the greatest hindrance, and work actively will by her silence and inactivity increase the measure of her complicity with the state in this foul wrong and eventually be robbed of her spiritual power.

There are others without church affiliations; their obligations and responsibilities are equally great. It is likewise their duty to be organized against this evil if they would be effective in meeting their responsibility.

We believe it is the will of God that Prohibition should be the watchword of those organized, and that prohibition should mean no compromise with evil.

The committee will seek to secure the passage, at the next session of the legislature, of an amendment to the present laws of the state that will prohibit liquors being sold for any purpose other than medicinal, mechanical and scientific. They earnestly request the co-operation of all good men by prayer and work to aid them in bringing to a successful issue the task before them. To the ministers of the Gospel especially, do they extend the request for their invaluable aid by discursing upon and otherwise laboring for the prohibition of the liquor traffic as only a Christian minister can do.

The committee will be charged with a great burden involving many duties. They will certainly need the encouragement and help of all who are with them in this righteous war.

(Signed) L. D. Childs, C. D. Stanley, Rev. G. H. Waddell, T. J. Lamotte, F. H. Hyatt, Rev. J. G. Dale, committee.

FINDING WHERE THE WIND IS FROM.--How many of our boys and girls know how to find the direction of the wind? Of course if it is blowing a gale any one could tell. But suppose only a gentle breeze is stirring--hardly enough to make the fickle weathercock decide which way to point--then what would you do?

In such a case an old woodsman or hunter will thrust one finger into the wind, wetting it well, and then hold it up in the air. The side which feels coldest shows which direction the wind comes from. The reason of this is plain. The more rapid movement of the air from one direction causes the moisture on that side of the finger to evaporate with greater rapidity, thus giving the sensation of coolness. Try it and see.

TOUGH ON GORDON.--We learn from the Abbeville Medium that some friend of General John B. Gordon, probably anxious to get him out of the "Old Glory" waving business, has suggested him as president of the South Carolina college. We agree with The Medium that the present president of that college is as good a man as it can get, and that General Gordon is not at all fitted for the place. We would, however, like to see the Confederate veterans vote General Gordon a sufficient salary to make it unnecessary for him to hawk the sacred memories of the Confederacy for sale, or any longer wave Old Glory to the tearful delight of the alleged veterans at the north, most of whom probably never smelled powder in their lives.--News and Courier.