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### ROB McGREGOR.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

CHAPTER I.—Life in Walnut Creek, in Tennessee, centers around Topmark's store. Magnolia Tubbs, a mysterious newcomer in the neighborhood, not without attractions of a coarse type, is a nocturnal caller on Topmark.

CHAPTER II.—Mrs. Topmark dies from the poison of herbs brought to the store by a charm working Negress; ostensibly to kill mice. Gossips and a managing mamma are trying to bring about a match between Topmark's niece, Alice Winfold, and aristocratic Colonel Talbot's son Jack. But spirited Rob McGregor, heiress of Roscoe, has been before Jack's eyes from childhood.

CHAPTER III.—Topmark covets the

childhood.

CHAPTER III.—Topmark covets the Roscoe acres, which are heavily mortgaged and adjoin his own. Rob is the mainstay and comfort of her widowed and blind father.

CHAPTER IV.—Jack Tafbot is a frequent caller at Roscoe. So is the newly made widower Topmark. Jack proposes to Rob and meets with a good humored repulse.

CHAPTER V.—Magnolia Tubbs holds a mysterious land claim of value, and Top-mark seeks to control it.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Miss Winfold found the blind man alone in the wide hall. He turned his head at her knock, saying, with a pitiful little smile:

"My ears cannot tell me names, though they say my visitor is a lady and young. Come in, please. My daughter will soon great many times before repeating what be here. She has gone this morning to look at the crops for me."

"Oh, howdy, Mr. McGregor!" Alice said, shamed by the fine, transparent old face into something like cordial heartiness. "It's me-Alice Winfold. I haven't come to see Rob, at least I shall tell her so. Ma was tellin me this mornin about your weddin-she was there, you know-an says you an your wife were the handsomest couple she ever saw. Then I just wanted to see youan Rob, of course-so bad I said I was comin right over. An I shall tell Rob it was on purpose to see you."

"Sit down, my dear. I am glad truly you have come, all the gladder that I cannot see you," Mr. McGregor said, with a laugh more pitiful than tears. "But I saw you among the last things,' he went on. "I remember it well. You were at the store with your motherthe chubbiest, neat little girl, with dimples all over her hands. Let me see. Are the dimples there still? Yes, every are no doubt the dearest girl in the the least bit in the world."

of life! Alice, I shall like you awfully for a stepmother. But, oh, dear, how surprised I am! I thought I had this young man," laying a light hand on embrace and beginning to clip roses so could trust him, even with the belle of "The flowers will only wither if I leave the neighborhood."

in with Rob's whimsical humor. But she would not take off her hat and stay to dinner. "I must go in a minute," she said. "Mommer has oceans of work laid out to do. I just ran away from it. Come an give me some roses, Rob, by way of reward."

'First you must eat some peaches," "And tell your mother the White Heaths are nearly ripe. She must send and get all she wants next week."

"You have such lots. Why don't you sell some?" Miss Winfold asked incautiously. At once Mr. McGregor sat very upright.

"We have not more than enough for ourselves and our neighbors, black and he said. "And, Miss Alice, white," even if there were a great surplus, I should hate to think that the sale of it had maybe cheapened the price of some poor neighbor's wares."

Rob flushed deeply and gave Alice an appealing glance. That young lady opened her eyes very wide, but said nothing, only rose and walked beside Rob to the garden.

"It looks like witch work-the way your flowers bloom," she said, glancing along the borders. "Everybody else's are all dried up. But wait a minute, Rob. I didn't come out for just the flowers. I-I want to ask you somethin -somethin important-that I can't mention to anybody else.'

"Why, Alice, I am the last person for serious matters, and if it's a secret please don't tell me," Rob said, with a half smile. "Not that I can't keep one, but some one else might not, and then the one who had trusted me might think I was the traitor."

"But you are the only one I can tell," Alice said, dropping her eyes. "You are my age an all that. I-I can't talk about this with mommer. She wouldn't understand."

"I'm sure I shall not understand either," Rob said, her smile broaden-"You may tell me if you choose. But I warn you it is no use.

"Yes, it is some use," Miss Winfold flytime." persisted. "It is. Oh, I shall never get it out. It's about—Jack Talbot, you the father said, stroking her hair softly. sent through her.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. | know. He wants me to-to be engaged to him, an I don't know whether it would be right while he has to take

care of the family, you know." Rob was bending to clip an especially choice rose. She snipped the stalk with a clean cut and got up steadily, the flower in her hand, as she said, with a careless accent: "By all means be engaged to him. The family will be delighted. And as to taking care of them, the debts are almost paid now. I reckon Jack will soon have a place of his own."

"It is not that so much. I know he'd give me everything heart could wish. I had better tell you all of it," Miss Winfold said, with a bashful smile. "You see, he came to see me, an mommer was away, so we got to talkin about-well, about ourselves. An then he took my hand an said he-he loved me; never had loved anybody else; would I be engaged to him? Then he broke out: 'Maybe I haven't got the right to ask it. You don't know, Alice, how weak a

young fellow can be nor how he lets himself get entangled. But you are my salvation. Say you'll have me after awhile. But-but don't tell anybody I have asked you, not for six months Wasn't that a strange way to talk?"

"Very, but hardly so strange as your telling me about it," Rob said, waving her rose idly to and fro. "At least," she went on, "it seems to me had any one spoken so to me I should think a



"He wants me to-to be engaged to him." one," touching her plump hand. "And had been said. Still, if you want my drawing up there was a tig roll of them I hear through my friend Talbot that opinion, it is that you may do whatever above each ankle. The left foot was you are the best daughter in the world. | Jack wishes. I dare say he is morbidly You know, I cannot quite agree to that, self conscious over some of his flirtathough he says his wifethinks so. I have | tions, and no doubt thinks some one is a girl of my own. Aside from her you dying for him who really does not care

"Oh, I am so glad you say that!" "Well, I must say this caps the cli-max," Rob said from the door back of her arms about Rob's neck. "Of course them. "Daddy! To think of your blos- I wouldn't let Jack know it for the soming out into a gallant at this time world. But, oh, Rob, I do love him better than anybody!"

"I wish you all happiness with him," Rob said, shrinking a little from the her father's head, "so well trained I lavishly that her visitor made protest. them," she said. "That is why they Alice laughed brightly, falling easily bloom so well for me. I never let them waste their energies."

"An you love to give them away, you dear, generous thing!" Miss Winfold cooed, taking the sheaf of blossoms. In a little while she rode away, a figure of fun, with a small black boy up behind set it to compunction for past neglect her, a basket of peaches upon one arm and the roses, safely bundled in paper,

filling her lap. Rob watched her out of sight, singing gayly. Then she gave her father his dinner, talking to him throughout of their caller and sundry bits of gossip she had let fall. Yes, Alice was rather nice, Rob agreed, very nice, considering her mother. She seldom talked scandal and was in the main truthful, things none could allege against Mrs. Winfold. But for all her popularity Rob thought she herself would not care to be like her. Popularity was very well, but to keep it one must efface oneself far more | controlled merriment.

than was agreeable. a smile: "You do not need to be like her or anybody. Times have changed, I amusement. "What a monopolist he know, but you must never forget that must think I am! And, oh, what a joke the heiress of Roscoe is among those on Mrs. Winfold it is that he has asked who set social regulations rather than

those who perforce follow them.' "At any rate; she does not follow them," Rob said, jumping up to fetch her father another bowl of cream. When

asleep. Instead he grew restless. said. "Little daughter, was not your tale had there not been fact behind it. walk this morning too much for you? No doubt Jack had hoped she would Go and lie down. I can amuse myself come. Perhaps even now he was- But perfectly for a little while."

toes. His ear took note of all her mask- her friend, perhaps was still her friend. ing. "So this is what comes of fall- He was impulsive. It might be his ing in love with Miss Winfold!" she compassion had carried him too far. said mock tragically. "I am to be set Yet she had not willfully appealed to aside, done without, as of no conse- his sympathies. No, she could not acquence! Never mind, sir! You may quit him of deliberate triffing. How need me yet. Remember what Mam Li- glad she was to remember that she had za says, 'Cow want her tail ag'in in spoken as she did! Yet how her cheeks

Rob gave his ear a dainty tweak and pushed him back among his pillows.

"Lie there," she said. "To prove how wrong, you are I mean to go all over the place again. Here, Lion! Guard, boy! On your life, take care till I come back."

She had got half across the orchard when the dog's deep baying recalled her. She turned and hurried toward the house, noting, in spite of her heavy heart, the cool, delicious shadow about it, the orioles flashing in and out of the leaves, the sifting sunshine falling in golden flecks upon the twisted grass and the untidy stretch of gravel before the front door.

A ruffling wind blew from the orchard full of ripe, fruity scents and the tang of hedgerow flowers. Rob bared away from her because his mother did her brow to it and insensibly let it comfort her. As she looked anxiously down the road she said under her breath: "I nothing concerning him could touch her wonder what else can be coming. If it any raore. She was grieved, half heartis any fresh trouble, I think I must run away, or pappy will surely find me

"It must be somebody wanting land," she thought, still peering anxiously down the roadway. It was the time of year when would be tenants pestered them most, men who wanted to begin fallowing for next year's wheat. She

could not keep them from her father—it was his province to say them yea or nay-yet they kept her on tenter hooks, fearing that by some incautious word they would topple down the beliefs she took such pains to establish and keep

"It is odd, little daughter, but very kind people will try to profit by a neighbor's trouble," Mr. McGregor said often when he had put their offers aside. "They say you are too much burdened; that the place of mistress is too hard for you. But depend on it, dear child, such hardship is education, and so long as you yourself do not complain I will have nobody coming between us and our land. We love it, and it loves us. Eh, little girl? Besides, with our own people doing so well, why should we

So Rob had been nerved to persist in her brave and loving untruth. Tcday her heart misgave her strongly. Love, faith, everything, seemed slipping away from her. Yet she had a wild inclination to laugh, to shout aloud. And she did laugh consumedly when, as she reached the rough stone steps before the porch, she saw little Peter Smith getting down from a tall, sleek mule. He was black and impish looking, with bushy hair wrapped in a hundred little tails that stood out about his head and gave his face the look of being framed in caterpillars. His ragged straw hat made a halo back of the tails, and his thin black neck was lost in the collar of a man's shirt, very stiff and dazzlingly white. Trousers that almost matched the shirt in size were gallowsed quite under the armpits and had been patched to the degree of high art. In spite of bare, except for a broken with twine. . The right had been thrust into a woman's ragged shoe.

He came toward her as though he were a hundred years old, dropped his hat upon the ground, pushed back his to her a note in a cream laid envelope with a red and gold B upon the flap of

"How you does, Miss Rob, an how's de ole marster?" he asked mournfully. "Please, marm, tell Marse Ben I ain't don't he gwine gimme er feeshin hook."

hook, Peter," Rob said, twirling the missive between thumb and finger. She had no thought that it related to aught save the result of the inquiries Mr. Topmark had volunteered to make. Far from taking his visit to herself, she had awakened by present sorrow. Now her mind said: "Mr. Topmark is recover-ing from his grief. I dare say this fine stationery will very shortly be in use for other things than friendly business." Peter broke in, "Miss Rob, please, marm, write er answer ter dat dar 'case he-Marse Ben-say ef I note. don't fetch one back he gwine tan me erlive."

about that," Rob said, unfolding the missive. Next minute her hand fell. She was laughing aloud in real and un-

"So he wants the pleasure of my com-To that Mr. McGregor answered, with pany for the whole big meeting," she said, eying the sheet with disdainful me! I have a great mind to go with him, once, just to see how green she will turn.

A quick thought shot through her and

brought the red to her face. Something he had finished it, she led him to a whispered that thus she could show couch, made him lie down and read to Jack how little she cared for his treachhim until he ought to have been fast ery. It was treachery of the blackest sort. Alice Winfold was truthful. She "You are tired, too tired to read," he would never have come to Rob with her she would think no worse of him than Rob got up, twirling about on her she could possibly help. He had been burned, remembering his warm clasp S. WITTKOWSKY, and the quick, delicious tremor it had President Blacksburg Land & Improve-

"I, too, can amuse myself," Rob said very low. Then she said to Peter: "Go on to the kitchen while I write my note. It will not take long, just long enough for you to eat a watermelon. Mam Liza will give you one. Do you think 'you care about it?"

Peter vanished like a shadow. Somehow the note took a long time, though when finished it was but a line. Rob scrawled it upon a scrap of paper, folded it narrowly and tied it in a cocked

"Teddy Barton will likely say that is a true love knot," she said, with a low laugh. Then she sat holding it fast, thinking, thinking over all the week had brought. Jack-Jack did love her after a cowardly fashion. He had fallen not like her. She did like Alice Winfold best of all the world. Anyway broken indeed, but 'it was at finding him so much less noble and manly than she had thought, not through any feeling personal to herself.

She had lost her friend, the friend who had made so large a part of life. That was harder than losing a hundred lovers. But she did not sigh over it. She seemed indeed to herself to stand above and outside herself, looking curiously at the turmoil within an alien With senses tensely alert, she noted the dips and wheelings of the humming birds about the honeysuckles and how delicately the red of the woodbine trumpets melted into the gold of their tips. The vines had but sparse flowers. Rob broke a near cluster and thrust it in her hair, then walked lightly down the long hall and paused in the back door to hear Mam Liza say:

"My Lawd, li'l' Peter, 'pear lek ter me you all at de sto' gut metty heap er took an fetched you yere, rigged up dat erway, wusser'n er skeercrow?"

"Bill mule, he fotched me ober de groun, but I s'pec' it's Miss Rob whar at de bottom er my comin," Peter said, with a grin. "I s'pec' dat er lub letter Marse Ben Topmark took an sont her by me. Lordy, I hopes de answer gwine tek long er jough fer me ter eat nodder watermilli m."

"Peter you can go now. The note is ready," Rob called from the piazza. The lad jumped as though he had been shot, took a strangling last gulp of red, juicy melon, then darted away, as grotesque a messenger as ever bore the decree of a human fate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Beading.

SENSIBLE ADDRESS. President Wittkowsky Invokes the Spirit

of General Co-operation. OFFICE OF BLACKSBURG LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,

BLACKSBURG, S. C., February 13, 1897. To the Citizens of York county and especially those of Blacksburg and vicini-

I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure, to address you. The stockholders of the Blacksburg Land and Improvement company met in your town on the 4th instant and elected me president of the comenormous surplus of sleeve and held out pany for the ensuing year. The attendance was large, bringing together men of means from several states of the Union who had, in good faith, invested large sums of money in the enterprise in which

we all should manifest a deep interest. To you the success of the company fergot ter ax you dat, 'case he say ef I means the success of Blacksburg; the dedoes fergit he gwine whup me, an ef I velopment of her resources in which the restless arm of enterprise must extend "I'll see to it you get that fishing beyond her boundaries and benefit the whole county by contributing to its revenue and increasing its population, and incidentally, the enhancement in value of your property. The holdings of the Land company lie within your borders and are an integral part of the territory which gives you local sovereign rights. Thus it appears our interests are identical, for we cannot move in the direction of success without your participation in the gain, and to this must be added the permanent nature of results, should we have the hearty co-operation of those whom I return of life, activity and the develop- village. ment of the material resources of the country in the near future, and the revi-"Oh, I reckon he was only joking can be the more readily assured, if we Those who come in your midst, drawn thither by the salubrious climate, the rich deposits in Mother Earth in your vicinity, the healthful reputation of the county, the hospitable record of South Carolinians, must be impressed with the fact that you are ready to aid with moral support at least, in all laudable enterprises, and that what you and we claim for Blacksburg and vicinity, are indisputable facts.

Let me happily illustrate what enthusiastic communities can do. With pride I point to you to my own city-Charlotteand to Atlanta on the west of you, and Rock-Hill in your own county. These places are progressive in the most flattering sense. The people sing the praises and inspire others with the faith in their

respective cities, which is in them. Kindly pardon me for now making some personal allusions. For nearly 40 years I have been in touch with you through my business career in Charlotte, and now the pleasant tie draws me nearer through my official position, and I do ask your hearty co-operation-the assistance of every man, woman and child in York county, in the furtherance of our mutual interest in this cause. In conclusion, beg to say that Blacksburg has golder In conclusion, I the child as tenderly as though it had opportunities, and in bringing about the barvest from these, may I not look for loyalty from every direction? to the house, the long line of searchers

Your most obedient servant,

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Brief Summary of What Is Being Done by House and Senate.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16. The college appropriations were discussed and the members showed a disposition to be more liberal than heretofore. It was agreed to give Winthrop \$30,000, the South Carolina college \$25,000, and the Citadel \$20,

The annual supply bill was submitted. It fixes the state levy at 5 mills, and the York county levies were fixed as follows: Ordinary and past indebtedness, 3½; in Catawba township, 1; and mud for the past week has made Cherokee, 1; Ebenezer, 1; York, 4½ outdoor work and travel very unfor bonds of Three C's. railroad.

IN THE SENATE-The Cherokee county bill was passed with an amendthe county on March 1. The bill will aged 81 years and 3 days. become a law without delay.

for the bill

the bill to repeal the anti-free pass law. The bill had been passed by the ious to pass it also. It was killed, about quieted down. There was no however, 17 to 16, a majority of only occasion for the "rucus" it raised. however, 17 to 16, a majority of only one vote. Mr. Love voted against the repeal of the law.

for the members of boards of township lock's creek. Henry can't stand Chercommissioners, and the chairman of okee county. said boards of commissioners, was passed to a third reading.

The bill to provide for the transpor-

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

eral assembly of a banking and insur- nellsville. In addition to these, the business dis yere way in short. Whut ance commission at a salary of \$2,500 leading characters were Messrs. Wylie a year, and prescribing the duties of Reeves, Captain Jim Montgomery, the official. The salary is to be paid "Jackey" Hemphill, Green and Hu-

of the day were devoted mainly to the York never has had such a corps of consideration of new county bills. mischiefs as they were. There was consideration of the vote whereby the pranks, and all took it in good humor, anti-free pass repeal bill was killed; and better friends never lived. Uncle but it failed.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18. The house and senate went on a junketing tour to Charleston.

BLOODHOUND ON A TRAIL. Tiny Shoe Guides Him to the Watery Grave of a Lost Tot.

In the state house of correction at

more, in certain emergencies, than the before the work began. pense; but never did a greater change of sentiment take place.

A year ago several prisoners escaped was purchased by the state that he Keown is the commander. SIGMA. might track and assist in bringing back any one who in future broke jail. But nobody ran away, and natu-

rally there was nothing for him to do. A few days ago, however, Bertha, the pretty 4-year-old daughter of John C. Putnam of the little settlement of Mill village disappeared. All the ing to stir the people on the subject of neighbors joined in the search for her. better public roads. It has come to Night and day the hunt continued, the conclusion that the best way to do but not a trace of the little one could anything is to do it, and hence the be discovered. The parents were in best way to get better roads is to get despair; it was feared that the child them. It gives as an illustration of had been kidnapped. Finally the this, that a number of years ago a father, in desperation, suggested that congregation desired to build a stone possibly Pilot could find some trace. wall around a cemetery, and an old Anxious to do anything that would member suggested that a day be ap-So she was a trifle startled when little now address. The close student of the in the least relieve the father's mind, pointed, and all the members of the signs of the times can already discern the the officials took the dog to Mill

val of the prime object of our company day before she disappeared. This he much the same plan be tried with the stand together, shoulder to shoulder. he dropped it and sniffed the air. He will make better roads in York county were beginning to remark that they tried here. knew the hound would not be of any use. It really seemed as if the animal section of four or five miles call a understood their words, for he sudden- meeting of all the neighbors, and enter ly put his nose to the ground and was into an agreement that next summer off like a shot, dragging his keepers when the crops are laid by they will all after him.

> and timber stretches, until he reached washed away by the first big rain, but Devil's camp, a point about a mile be- macadamize it. A few weeks work all low Rutland, where there is a small through the county would accomplish mill stream. Here the animal sud- a great deal of good, and the taxpaydenly brought up at the edge of the ers would be fully compensated for water, gave one bark and refused to their labor by having better roads. go farther.

of the stream was thoroughly searchfused to obey the voice of his keeper. the problem. Toward night the body of the missing child was found. As it was drawn to the shore Pilot sprang forward, took the slimy dress in his mouth, raising

following. the body in the home of the unhappy long walk in high heels or tight boots.

parents, he walked to his keeper' side and was taken back to Rutland. But all the people of that region

honored the dog, and one of the chief mourners at the funeral was Pilot, who had a coach all to himself, his keeper sitting on the box with the driver .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

LETTER FROM UNION COUNTY.

Mr. H. B. McDaniel Will Come Back to York-Interesting Reminiscences-Other Notes.

rrespondence of the Yorkville Enquirer. ETTA JANE, February 15 .- The rain pleasant.

Mrs. Sibbie Donald died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sallie Mitchell, ment providing for the organization of on Bullock's creek, on the 4th instant, I regret to hear through THE EN-

Mr. Epp's cigarette bill was killed QUIRER that my life long friend Rufus by a vote of 25 to 8. Mr. Love voted G. Whitesides is no more. Truly a faithful friend, a worthy citizen, a There was a lively discussion over gallant soldier and a pure gentleman s gone to his reward.

I am glad to learn that the school house, and the senators seemed anx- difficulty in the Hopewell section is

H. B. McDaniel has built, and will move back into York county into the The bill to provide compensation old "Benton" neighborhood, on Bul-

About 45 years ago, "Benton" was the most noted place in Western York. A jolly set of fellows lived there, who tetion of bicycles as baggage was were constantly playing pranks on

each other. Only two of them are living now that I know of-Messrs. IN THE HOUSE—A bill was passed James Scoggins, of Hickory Grove, providing for the election by the gen- and William A. Robinson, of McConby the banks and insurance companies.

A bill was reported to prohibit the manufacture of alcoholic liquors in the state, except wine for domestic use.

Whitesides and "Big Bill" Wilson IN THE SENATE-The proceedings thrown in for good measure. Western An effort was made to secure a re- nothing mean or dishonorable in their Jackey Hemphill had a nickname for every man in five miles around.

The grip, which has been very common in this section, has subsided, and our people are enjoying much better

Very few oats have been sown yet, and but little ploughing has been done. It seems as if the state is making Rutland, Vt., there is a huge dog very little progress in getting up the which is just now a center of attrac- corrected lists of the troops it furnished tion. It is Pilot, the bloodhound, and the Confederate army during the war.

so many people go to see him every For more than a year, this work has day that it has been found necessary been on hand, and ought to have been to set aside certain hours for the pur- finished up long ago and ready for the ose.

The cause for all this admiration is delayed that we cannot expect full the fact that Pilot has just proved to justice to be done it now, as so many everybody that he is really worth of the old soldiers have passed away The state entire police department of the town- owes it to every man she furnished to though in Rutland the police are few. inscribe his name on some small tablet, Heretofore Pilot has been looked upon and if possible tell what became of as a sort of nuisance, a worthless ex- him. The rolls of some companies are very imperfect as yet.

A camp of U. C. veterans was formed at Wilkinsville last Wednesday. It from the house of correction, and Pilot is called Camp Jefferies. G. W. Mc-

#### PERMANENCY IS THE THING.

Work the Roads Right and Be Done With It For Good. Winnsboro News and Herald:

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER is trychurch come with their wagons, tools, etc., and go to work and build it. The dog was then given a tiny shoe They soon had the wall completed. that had been worn by the child the THE ENQUIRER suggests that very held in his mouth for a minute; then roads. It is not a bad idea, and what seemed puzzled, and the knowing ones will make better roads in Fairfield, if

Suppose that all those living on a work a section of five miles. Not sim-On he went, crossing roads, fields ply throw a little dirt in the ruts to be When the roads are once macadamized, Then the men got to work. They it will require a great deal less labor procured hooks and poles, and the bed to keep them in repair than is now expended on them. We agree with THE ed. All this time Pilot stood by the ENQUIRER; the way to do anything is waterside, though attempts were made to do it. Let our people improve the to drag him away. For the first time roads, and stop talking so much about since he had been in the state he re- the bad road problem. This will solve

WHY SHE WALKS BADLY .- Verv often a woman's gait is ruined by the wearing of tight boots or very high heels. The latter produces a rolling been in its mother's arms, trotted back motion. Always wear a pair of boots to the house, the long line of searchers which do not pinch, and that have low heels, when going for a walk. When once the animal had placed Nothing is more fatiguing than a