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## WHO'S WHO?

BY HUGO ST. FINISTERE, M. D.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

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 the portion of it which has already been published:

CHAPTER I and II.—Harmon O. Westcott an American born to humble fortune, learns that he is endowed with the strength of Samson, but that he must not use the gift except of necessity.

III.—The young Samson, who has tested his strength, meets in Harold O. Westcott, a physical double, born upon the same day. Harold is a bachelor of great wealth and without ties. Harmon reveals his secret and by way of example lifts an immense safe with ease, and taking a sword between the fingers of his left hand, snaps it in two like a pipestem.

IV.—Harold is an amateur boxer and learning that Harmon is somewhat skilled in the art, engages him as his substitute in a match with a noted pugilist. The young Samson is an easy victor, and his double makes a contract with him to masquerade in the plumage of Harold O. Westcott for one year. He is installed in Harold's quarters with a princely bank account, while the real Harold goes to Europe.

V.—The first day of his novel role the young Samson, at the immediate risk of an ordinary life, saves the mother of Harold's fiancée from a horrible death in the presence of her daughter, who recognizes the hero, as she supposes.

VII.—Harold's mail contains a letter which apparently implicates him in transactions in green goods and another from the girl begging him to call. The family has returned unexpectedly from Europe, and she had planned a surprise for her lover, now on the ocean to join her. Harmon summons Detective Cone to find the address of the girl, Jeanette, and that worthy lights upon a criminal cleft in the green goods letter, which he chances to see.

VIII.—Harmon calls on Jeanette and explains his delay by telling of injuries received at the time of rescue. The interview leads up to a point where the caller feels it his duty as a man of honor to declare that he is not Harold Westcott. Instead of fainting, Jeanette murmurs: "Dear Harold, you need rest. Think no more of this."

IX.—Harmon returns to the Westcott apartments to find that they are watched by Detective Cone. He suspects the absent owner of criminal associations. Jeanette's mother sends the family physician to advise Harmon to leave town for a week to recover his health and sanity.

### CHAPTER X

"BUDD."

The physician's prescription was a pleasant one and promised a relief from one of the dilemmas.

My old home was in central New Jersey, but it was not advisable to go thither, since I meant to bury myself from all who knew me. For several weeks at least I would not write to Jeanette, hoping that in the meanwhile she would learn the truth through the real Harold Westcott.

When the inevitable explosion came, I desired to be beyond reach.

With an endless number of refugees to select from, it did not take me long to fix upon my temporary home. It was advisable that it should be near the metropolis, so as to receive my mail at the earliest moment and be within quick call in an emergency.

I sent a note to the postmaster, asking him to forward my letters to Englewood, N. J. Neither he nor any of his clerks would reveal the address, while it might be wormed from one of the attaches of my apartments.

My present problem was to checkmate Mr. Covey Cone. There could be no question that he was shadowing me, and, if he suspected my intention, would follow me wherever I went. He must be dodged.

To escape awaking his suspicion, I took no luggage with me, except a few articles in my pockets. After reaching my destination it would be easy to procure what I needed.

Englewood (lately incorporated as a city) was at that time a small, pleasantly situated town in Bergen county, on the Northern railway, about 14 miles north of Jersey City, and famous as being the first settled portion of the state, a few Dutchmen having crossed over from Manhattan Island as long ago as 1618 and erected a few cabins back of the Palisades.

My resolve was not to leave the city if I discovered Cone or any one shadowing me. I may as well confess that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable over the Chicago end of the business. That the peril was a serious one could not be doubted. How deeply Harold was involved was to be learned, but surely it was to a grave extent.

And whatever threatened him threatened me. It might be 20 years in Sing Sing, or some United States penitentiary, for the laws against counterfeiting are severe. Suppose I were caught in the toils, Harold would take precious good care not to give me the opportunity to vindicate myself.

Resentful and timid, I ventured from the house on the forenoon of the bright May day, dressed in a business suit and swinging a light cane. I had previously looked out from my window and had seen nothing of Cone or any one who seemed to be watching the building.

Turning the corner, I sauntered toward Broadway, apparently unconcerned, but never more vigilant and alert. I glanced keenly at every person, male or female, whom I encountered and twice wheeled around as if I had forgotten something, but changed my mind about returning to the house.

If any one was on my track, he was managing it with amazing skill. I stood for ten minutes at the corner

of Broadway before hailing the cable car. I was the only one who entered at that place and felt hopeful.

It was impossible that any of the occupants should be interested in me, but all the same I scanned every face, even to that of the little girl sitting on its mother's lap. The result was satisfactory.

"It's not so hard after all to throw one of those sleuthhounds off the scent. Covey Cone doubtless thinks himself one of the best in the service, and possibly he is, but here I am slipping away from under his very nose."

At the corner of Chambers street I stepped from the car and walked toward the river, where I was to take the ferryboat to Jersey City. A lingering fear that after all I might have been deceived made me watchful, even after entering the cars at the station.

I take it that when an ordinarily intelligent person is on the alert against being followed it is impossible for any detective, no matter how skillful, to shadow such person without discovery. Of necessity some of his movements must give away his secret.

There was nothing of that nature in my case, and when I stepped from the cars at Englewood I was never more certain of anything than I was that not a person on the train held any earthly interest in me.

The fact that I carried no luggage caused some interest on the part of the landlady, which, however, was satisfied by the payment of a week's board and lodging in advance. Then, procuring some reading matter and a few articles, I was in a position to wait for that which was to come.

A week went by without incident. During that time not a letter or word reached me from New York. I felt as if immersed in some prison cell or in the jungles of Africa. At the end of a week, however, the world began revolving again on its own axis.

A letter from Harold was forwarded to me. It was postmarked in Liverpool and was written shortly after his arrival, so that it should have reached me sooner:

"I have only time for a word or two. Arrived here after an unusually quick passage for the unusually quick Lucania. Will not ask you to write, for I have no idea where I shall be when your letter arrives. Don't suppose you have anything to tell of moment. Fancy you have had some odd experiences, but since, for all intents and purposes, you are Harold Westcott you must handle 'em just as you think he would do if he were at home.

Don't be surprised if you don't hear from me for several weeks, though I hope I shall not keep you waiting long. But why did we agree to correspond when there can be nothing worth putting on paper?

I beg you to draw freely upon my bank account to whatever extent you desire. I place myself unreservedly in your hands, as you have placed yourself in mine, and we in each other, and so for Samson—hang it, what is the head and tail of this confounded business? This is something like theosophy, and yet it isn't either. H. O. W.

This was exasperating, for it postponed if it did not exclude the recourse upon which I had placed so much dependence.

But another fact was noticeable. No line had come from Miss Lawrence. That was hard to understand. Perhaps Dr. Shippen had advised her not to intrude until my freakish memory was able to serve me as it should.

The question now resolves itself into this: How long will it be before Harold Westcott discovers that Miss Lawrence is not in Europe, but in New York? For when that knowledge comes to him then the end will be near.

The last letter written by her had been received by him. It was sent from London shortly before she sailed for home. Naturally he would go to that city to find her. Failing there, he would soon obtain trace of her. Once the suspicion formed that she had returned with the purpose of surprising him it would be the easiest thing in the world to learn the truth, for the lists of passengers that had left Liverpool by the Cunarders would tell the story.

Thus the matter presented itself to me as I sat in my room in the Englewood hotel. But for that shadow of "Budd" in the background the whole problem would be solved, but what a baleful part was to be played by him in the drama beginning to unfold itself!

I was eager to do something, but could not. It was mine to wait until perhaps the demand would come with the suddenness of a cyclone.

On the following day another letter was forwarded to me, and it was a stunner:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1896.

H. O. WESTCOTT—Your telegram was a surprise, for it was the first time you had dared to address such a thing to Budd here at the Auditorium. It took some d— sharp lying for me to get hold of it, but I managed it at last.

Your story of having received a thump which knocked what little brains you had due gaily vest would have been too thin but for your telegram. That showed you were the d— fool that Jake always insisted. But I suspect you are trying a little trick to get out of sending me the money you owe us. However, it won't work. As soon as I got your message I wrote to you explaining matters and said if the money was not sent by return mail I would be in New York by the limited to hear what you had to say about it.

The money hasn't been sent. So I'll be there. T. D.

Here at last was something definite. I had learned the initials of "Budd" even if I did not know his Christian or given name. Furthermore, I was correct in my supposition about the letter which Detective Cone was clever enough to divert from my hand.

Evidently, too, Mr. T. D. felt pretty certain of his man. He indulged in no argument or appeals, but wrote as if he had no doubt of his mastery of the situation. Inasmuch as I had failed to comply with his demand he had started for New York to find out the reason why and to compel me.

The date of the letter and his announcement of taking the limited made it probable that he was already in the metropolis.

What would he think and do when he went to my apartments and was told that I had gone away for an indefinite time? He would believe I fled to avoid him and his anger would be intensified.

"But there is no way that he can get trace of me," I reflected. "I don't know whether I would prefer to meet him or not. On the whole, I fancy I would like to encounter him in some place where we would be free from interference, but it would help matters greatly if I knew something more about the confounded business."

A tap, tap, sounded on the door.

"Come!"

The boy who gingerly entered handed me one of the hotel cards.

"Man down stairs wants to see you."

The card contained the single word: "Budd!"

How in the name of the seven wonders had he traced me to my hiding place? I was stupefied and stared at the bit of pasteboard as if doubting the evidence of my own eyes.

"What shall I tell him, sir?"

"Send him up! Send him up!"

"This means business," I muttered, glancing round the room. "Budd" would not come all the way from Chicago unless he thought it worth his while. I shall have some trouble in pacifying him, but if I don't do it in one way I will in another.

I knew from the rapid, heavy tramping along the hall that the man was angry. He rapped sharply on the door and hardly waited for my response before he shoved it open and strode into the room.

He was fully a head taller than I, with a massive frame, broad shoulders, thin build, but evidently an unusual powerful man. He was handsome, with his dark mustache and short brown hair, well rounded face, fine teeth and glittering eyes. His square jaw disclosed his bulldog determination and I could well understand why Harold Westcott would go to Europe to avoid meeting with this dangerous individual.

The glitter of his light gray eye showed that my caller was mad "clean through." He paused in the middle of the room, and, without offering his hand, looked me fiercely in the face, as



"Well," he exclaimed in a bass, guttural voice.

if he expected to hypnotize me, but I coolly surveyed him without any evidence of fear.

"Well!" he exclaimed in a bass, guttural voice.

"Did you com' all the way from Chicago to say 'Well'?" Sit down and say what you have to say or get out, or if it suits you better I'll take you by the neck and heels and throw you out."

The gray eyes flashed fire.

"You'll throw Tom Discoe out, eh? It's worth coming 1,000 miles to hear you say that. It gives me just the excuse I wanted."

### TO BE CONTINUED.

The wife of the coolie in Guiana is a woman who is very much to be envied. Every gold or silver piece her husband receives for his services is beaten into personal trinkets to be worn by his better half. In this condition it constitutes the cash wealth of the family. It is perfectly safe, as it is as much as any man's life is worth to touch them so long as the woman wears 'em. These same women are also noted for their beauty. Their features are straight and perfect, their eyes beautiful in color, and their forms perfect models of symmetry and grace. Dressed in soft, flimsy materials, rich in color and eastern figures, they present strangely Oriental and fantastic appearances.

BETTER TREATED IN AMERICA.—Widows in Japan seldom remarry. They dedicate themselves to the worship of the memory of their husbands and spend the rest of their days as semi-servants in the homes of their father-in-law. When a woman erects a tombstone to the memory of her husband, she has her own name carved upon it. The husband's name will be gilded. The inscription that refers to her will be distinguished by red ink. That is a sacred pledge that she will not marry again. When she dies and is buried by her master's side, the red is replaced by gold.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### TILLMAN AND CHANDLER.

South Carolina and New Hampshire Have an Interesting Bout.

There was an interesting bout in the senate last Tuesday between Senators Tillman and Chandler. The debate was on the tariff bill, of course, and the Associated Press correspondent tells the story as follows:

Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, was then recognized for a speech in support of the following amendments to the bill:

"That there shall be collected a head tax of \$100 on all immigrants coming to the United States by land or water.

"That it shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for any alien who does not intend to become an American citizen, or who retains his citizenship in a foreign country, to enter the United States for the purpose of engaging in any mechanical trade or manual labor within the borders thereof; provided that this section and the one immediately preceding shall only remain in force until silver shall be admitted to our mints for coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, on the same condition with gold."

Mr. Tillman spoke of the rapid spread of pauperism, as shown by the statistics of the jails and prisons. It was time, he said, to keep platform promises, to do something for labor, to keep back the half million immigrants arriving annually and to place a value on American citizenship.

"To sell it at \$100 a head," suggested Mr. Chandler, ironically.

"Oh, if the senator wants a colloquy at me he can have it before I get through," answered Mr. Tillman.

Mr. Tillman spoke of the miserable condition of the coal miners of Pennsylvania, and read from official reports, saying many of the miners were compelled to live like beasts.

"And this," exclaimed Mr. Tillman, derisively, "when senators were framing their laws for the protection of American labor and American industry."

Mr. Quay remarked that the report from which Mr. Tillman read was made by a Republican committee, appointed by a Republican legislature.

"And I am asking a Republican congress to protect these people against competition," declared Mr. Tillman. "Will you do it? Dare you do it? or will you be satisfied with giving labor lip service?"

"He gave the extent of the slum element in New York, Baltimore, Chicago and other cities, and said that showed where the big Republican majorities came from last year.

The senator dealt more in statistics than usual, although he added the characteristic vehemence of voice and gesture to his remarks. He closed with a gloomy prediction that if the tide of immigration was not turned back, the country would be torn by revolution and bloodshed and a repetition of the Paris commune.

Mr. Chandler briefly responded to the South Carolina senator, and asked why it was that the immigration bill passed by Republican majorities in the last congress had been defeated?

"Because your Republican president, Grover Cleveland, vetoed it," shouted Mr. Tillman, amid laughter.

Mr. Chandler protested against having Mr. Cleveland designated a Republican when the senator from South Carolina (Tillman) had joined other Democrats in electing that president as a Democrat.

"Yes," observed Mr. Tillman, while the galleries roared, "I ask forgiveness for that, and I promise, so help me God, I'll never do it again."

Mr. Chandler went on to say that the failure of the only recent amendment to the immigration laws was defeated by a Democratic president.

"And the senator should have turned the times of his pitchfork on Grover Cleveland and left the Republican party for another day," continued the senator, in droll tones.

Here Mr. Tillman insisted on setting himself straight on Grover Cleveland, and in spite of protests he proceeded rapidly to assert that in 1892 he went to the national convention at the head of the South Carolina delegation, after the state convention had declared Mr. Cleveland to be a "prostitute of Democracy."

Mr. Chandler here interposed a protest, and with mock seriousness convulsed the senate by refusing to yield longer. "I cannot permit," he said, "such language against the president of the senator's party." He would yield only in case this senator adopted "his usual courteous and respectful style toward the late president."

Mr. Tillman started to review the circumstances of his support of Mr. Cleveland. The senator said the South Carolina delegation had voted against Mr. Cleveland up to the time of the national convention, being four years in advance of their brethren of the south in learning his character. But after he was nominated, South Carolina accepted the result, having participated in the convention, and gave Mr. Cleveland one of the biggest majorities in the history of the state.

So that if there was prostitution of his high office, exclaimed Mr. Tillman, the blame rested on the president individually and not on those bound by party ties, who had supported him. "And now," concluded Mr. Tillman, as he took his seat, "I hope the senator will not twit me again for having made a fool of myself once."

Mr. Chandler, continuing his mock serious manner, insisted that now that the president was gone, the members

of the Democratic party were responsible for all his acts, good and bad.

The senator was speedily involved in another colloquy with Mr. Tillman, during which the South Carolina senator referred to Mr. Chandler as "you."

"I must object to this unparliamentary action," interposed Mr. Chandler, "as the senator's direct use of 'you' frightens me more than he is aware of."

"I have no pitchfork," called back Mr. Tillman, who added that he recognized Mr. Chandler's purpose to ridicule him.

The vote was then taken on Mr. Tillman's amendments, and they were rejected, 3 to 48. The three votes in the affirmative were Butler, Quay and Tillman.

When Mr. Quay voted for the amendments there was a hearty laugh, in which the senators joined.

The tariff bill was then laid aside, and at 5.30 p. m., the senate went into executive session, adjourning soon after.

### MORMONISM EXPOSED.

Something About the Novel Creed Promulgated by Joseph Smith.

Editor Yorkville Enquirer:

I have just noticed that in your issue of June 6th, you give considerable space to a presentation of what has already been shown in the highways and hedges of our country by "Traveling Mormon Elders" as their "Articles of Faith." You also furnish (or have them to furnish) in the same article, a great deal of other information concerning the nature and object of their work in this country as well as how they are now living at home, etc., all of which to those of your readers who know nothing of the fraud upon which the sect is founded and the elements that have conspired to keep it alive, sounds wonderfully good and reasonable, and reasonably good and wonderful. Some are almost ready to say within themselves after reading this fair tale in THE ENQUIRER, "Poor Mormons; they have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. What times they have seen! How they have been persecuted and abused! And all for what?"

Now, Mr. Editor, I am glad that York county has advanced in intelligence since the days to which you refer, and I hope there is now no danger of the whip nor tar and feathers. It is a wonder that any community has ever escaped the penalty of such conduct, if indeed it has. Severe and harsh persecution was the main thing that insured the success of Mormonism in the days of Joseph Smith. Had it not been for that the thing would have died when the so-called "Book of Mormon" was proved to be a reproduction of the old MS. novel written by Solomon Spalding. Harsh persecution is always wrong; it reacts upon itself and produces sooner or later, an effect that was never intended nor desired. But as the matter is brought so prominently before the people of our country at this time, I do hope they will not be misled by a one-sided presentation of the subject.

I wish to say to your readers that during the last three years I have made a careful investigation of the subject from its beginning until now, and prompted by a sense of duty to those of this generation who are, or may be exposed to the danger of this delusion, and at the request of a large number of truth loving people, I have recently published at my own expense a small pamphlet entitled "Mormonism Exposed." I will take pleasure in sending a copy of this book free to those who are not able to pay for it. To those who are able to pay for it the price is 10 cents a copy. I will send one dozen to any address upon receipt of only 60 cents. The book gives a brief history and exposition of the fraud upon which the sect is founded, a glance at their pernicious doctrines and principles, and some recorded examples of how they preach at home. Also the story of a recently returned family.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. MAHAFFEY.

June 29, 1897.

### IRBY AND EVANS.

Both Are Nosing About With Reference to the Senatorship.

Columbia Register Wednesday.

Senator Irby dropped into the city yesterday from Laurens, a circumstance which gave the political gossips a sweet morsel to roll around in their mouths. He went to the Grand Central hotel and during the day received many of his old friends and acquaintances, reminding one somewhat of the time when he was the political power in the state.

The reporters, of course, called and asked him about that senatorial race—whether he was going to be in it or not. Parenthetically, it may be said that Colonel Irby is most pleasant and affable to newspaper men and will talk most entertainingly to them on almost any subject, whether, crops, cotton mills, anything, but when it comes to South Carolina politics, especially as to his connection with it or what he may intend to do in the future, he "saws wood and says nothing."

Yesterday was no exception, for he would neither deny nor affirm that he would be at Sumter Monday. He said he thought a great many people would be there and he let it go at that. However, in talking generally it was very plain that Colonel Irby has not been carried away from the moorings of old time tariff for revenue only

Democracy, and he believes mightily few of the people of the state are going into this new fangled Democracy some are trying to take them.

In the course of further conversation he said he thought the dispensary was certain to be an issue in the campaign, but as to results he did not speak. All efforts to get him to make some definite statement as to whether he would enter the senatorial race or not utterly failed; but there seemed to be a general feeling in the air among officials and friends of the ex-senator that he would be at Sumter Monday.

Ex-Governor John Gary Evans is in the city and is stopping at the Jerome. When asked to make some statement as to the senatorial race, he laughed and said he had nothing to say yet! which indicates that something will be forthcoming soon.

### JUDGES NOW APPOINT.

Congress Makes a Change in the Matter of United States Commissioner.

Columbia Register:

By an act of the last congress, every commissioner of the United States circuit court is legislated out of office today—June 30—and they are required to send to the clerk of that court all records, papers, etc., pertaining to their office. Heretofore, these officials have been appointed by the circuit court, but henceforth they will be appointed by, and will hold their offices subject to the will of the district court. Now, Judge Brawley will appoint such and so many of these functionaries and at such places as he may deem meet and proper. In this regard, his powers are sovereign. When he came into office he ascertained that gross abuses existed on the part of some commissioners, which provoked from him violent invectives from his place on the bench in charging juries.

It was obvious that certain of them were prostituting their positions by encouraging frivolous and vexatious prosecutions, to the decided hurt of the national treasury and the improper interference with the liberty of the citizen. But under his construction of the law, he was powerless to remove them. But now, since his task has been performed for him by an act of congress, and he possesses plenary powers of appointment and removal, it is to be presumed that he will have such men in office that will afford no cause of complaint along this line. If he fails to do so, the fault will be his and the people will know where the responsibility rests.

### MYSTERIOUS DEFECTS IN ENGINES.

Says The Locomotive Engineering: Defects often develop in steam engines and other machines that are very mysterious in their origin, and call for great ingenuity in detecting the cause.

Unless a man in charge of an engine develops habits of close observation, he is likely to be easily beaten when anything unusual takes place.

We read lately of a tendency to run away of a Corliss engine, which was a great mystery for a time. The engine would speed up for a few moments without any apparent cause, and drop back to its normal speed without anything being done; the engine was taken apart and examined carefully, and particular attention was devoted to the governor, but nothing wrong could be found. One day, while the engineer was looking at the engine, it suddenly speeded up about 50 revolutions above the normal, and before the steam could be shut off it dropped back to the regular speed. The engine was stopped, the governor again taken apart, and a minute inspection made over the whole machine, and nothing could be found the matter.

Some of the people about were beginning to think this erratic engine was acting outside of natural laws, and that a real mystery surrounded the tendency to run away. By accident the engineer grasped the governor belt, and was surprised to find that the pulley was of the common kind, made in two pieces and bolted together, being held to the shaft by the friction of the parts. The bolts had worked loose, and permitted the pulley to turn on the shaft at short intervals.

When hearing about this mystery, the surprise we experienced was that the engineer did not thoroughly examine that pulley after he had looked at the governor.

"VERY SINGULAR."—"It's berry singular," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper, and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers, as they reposed on the guardbar of the cylinder stove, "it's berry singular dat of a man lives to be ober fifty, an' 'cumulates stamps, an' dies gen'ally admired an' 'spected, dat one-half ob his survivin' friends is a most certain to prove in de courts dat he was of unsoun' min', an' dat he wasn't fit in his later years to plan out a v'y'ge for a mud-scow. But you'll fin' de papers full ob stories ob ole fellars dat die 'bout a 100 y'ars ole in de poorhouse, an' dey is al'ays sensible to de las'!"

And Uncle Joe shook his head solemnly, as if there were some thing in this world which modern science has not yet investigated.

At the inquest: "You say you knew this man. Is there any particular sign by which you recognize the corpse?" "Oh, yes, your Honor; he was deaf."