

# YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE-A-WEEK---WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME 43.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

NUMBER 79.

## EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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### CHAPTER XXVIII. SHIFTING SCENES.

Six feet beneath the level of the flat top of the fortress, on the eastern side facing the sea, extended a paved stone wall, 20 feet broad. On the outer edge of this rose a massive parapet deeply embossed and pointed with frowning cannon that pointed their gaping muzzles day and night on the shipping in the harbor. Seven grating windows directly beneath the roof faced this paved wall, and the middle grating admitted a feeble supply of light to the cell wherein Paul Platoff was confined.

Five minutes before the alarm occurred that roused Maurice from his sleep two sentries were patrolling before the row of windows, now back to back as they neared the angles of the fortress, now face to face as they approached and met before the middle window.

Three lanterns, placed at regular intervals, threw a bright light on the scene, and, shining out on the sea, mingled with the wavy reflections from the shipping.

"Have you a light, Ivan?" said one sentry to the other as they met before Platoff's window.

"Yes," was the reply. "Here is my pipe. Hurry and finish your smoke, though, for the night officer will soon be here."

They halted a moment to exchange fire, and as they moved off again neither heard a sharp crack that came from a point close at hand.

The distance between them gradually widened, and they were close to the angles of the fortress when suddenly the grating dropped from the middle window with a tremendous crash, and they wheeled round in time to see a dark figure slip nimbly to the ground and dash toward the parapet.

Crack! crack! rang the two rifles simultaneously as the sentries rushed forward, but the dark figure gained the top of the parapet unchecked and leaped wildly into the darkness. A heavy splash told that he had reached the sea, 50 feet below.

The alarm gun standing ready primed and loaded was touched off instantly, and as the loud boom roused the inmates of the fortress and drew an eager crowd of officers and soldiers to the spot the figure of the escaped prisoner was seen for an instant striking boldly out into the harbor.

A score of rifles belched out flame and lead—with what effect none could tell—and a few moments later four boats manned with armed soldiers were gliding to and fro over the harbor. From midnight until morning they hunted Paul Platoff in vain, and when daylight came a Russian corvet watched the mouth of the harbor, while the commandant of the fortress, armed with the czar's authority, searched every vessel in the port—German, Danish, Italian, English and American.

But Paul Platoff could not be found, and when night came again it was officially reported that the daring revolutionist had found a resting place at the bottom of the sea.

The two negligent sentries were put in irons, the gratings at the six other windows were strengthened, and the fortress settled down to its usual routine again.

Colonel Jaroslav informed the boys of the sad occurrence. Phil burst into tears, and Maurice, throwing himself on the bed, hid his face in the pillow. When the door had closed behind the colonel, he sprang up.

"Phil," he exclaimed excitedly, "don't you believe it. Platoff is not drowned. It can't be true. He has escaped, and we shall see him again some day. I am sure of it."

Phil was inclined to be skeptical, but Maurice remained true to his convictions and steadfastly refused to credit his friend's death.

Two days later, in custody of Colonel Jaroslav's own guard of Cossacks, the boys commenced the long 6,000 mile journey back to St. Petersburg—first by sea to the mouth of the Amur, then successively by river, carriage and rail.

On the night of the 10th of July Vladimir Saradoff was sitting at his library table, a cigar in his mouth and the Moscow Gazette on his knee. It was quite unusual to find him in St. Petersburg at this time of year, when the neighboring mansions on the Nevskoi Prospekt were boarded up and their owners scattered over the continent, but he had merely dropped in on his way to Paris from one of his northern estates and preferred the comforts of his home and the ministrations of his faithful Ivan to the gloomy solitude of the club.

If any remorse for his fearful crime lurked in his heart, he did not show it. His calm, haughty features expressed self complacency and content plainer than words would have told.

"Katkoff's paper ought to be suppressed," he muttered, tossing The Gazette over on the table. "It's tone is becoming decidedly dangerous."

"Is everything packed?" he added, turning to Ivan, who was standing motionless by his chair. "We take the Berlin express at noon tomorrow."

"All is ready," said Ivan quietly, "except the money. I shall go to the banker's in the morning."

"Get 5,000 in large notes," said his master, "and a draft on Rotshild for the balance. Ah, a letter for me," as a servant entered with a sealed envelope on a silver salver.

Vladimir Saradoff looked carelessly

at the superscription and broke the seal. He drew out a folded paper, and holding it under the lamp read the following words, hastily written in a bold, dashing hand:

"Not unmindful of past favors, I assume the risk of requiring in some measure the debt of gratitude I owe you. A warrant has been issued for your arrest on a terrible charge. I have seen the proofs. I need say no more. Count Brosky is implacable and determined. He fears complications with the American government and will not spare you. The boys are now in the city. Flee at once if yet there is time. Even now it may be too late. Burn this note. Yours, Vorozow."

He read it through to the end, word for word, and then as the paper fluttered from his nerveless fingers he dropped heavily into the chair from which he had half risen. His lips mumbled, but no sound came, and his face was white as chalk.

Ivan, deeply alarmed by this sudden collapse, sprang to his master's side with a decanter snatched hastily from the buffet. A spasm passed hastily over Saradoff's features as he took the glass from Ivan, and the powerful stimulant brought a flush to his cheek. He glared wildly about the room and then sprang to his feet. In that brief five minutes Vladimir Saradoff had aged—had suffered the agonies of a lifetime.

"Read that," he cried, tossing the letter to Ivan. "It comes from Vorozow, private secretary to the count. His information may be relied on. Some person has played the traitor. But never mind. My vengeance will come. Escape is the first thing."

He shuddered and passed his hand over his forehead.

"Quick, Ivan," he cried with sudden terror, "quick, or I am lost. Escape by rail is out of the question. They will watch the stations. I must take to the yacht. It still lies at the docks of Vassili Ostroff. I lent it to Count Adlerberg. It waits his arrival in the morning. Do you hear me, Ivan? I must foil these bloodhounds. Call a cab at once. See if the street is empty."

The perspiration was standing in drops on his forehead, and his hands trembled.

Ivan, no less terrified than his master, hurried from the room, dropping the crumpled letter to the floor. Vladimir Saradoff picked it up and held it over the globe of the lamp. As the last fragment turned to ashes Ivan returned.

"I have been fortunate," he panted. "I found a cab close by. The street is empty. Go quick. They may arrive at any moment."

Without a word his master dropped into a chair, seized a pen and ink and checkbook and drove his hand rapidly over the paper.

"Here, take this," he cried. "You must remain behind. Disguise yourself and you will be safe. Go to the bank in the morning, get foreign drafts for this whole amount if you can and join me in Paris at the Hotel Bristol. Now a coat, Ivan—a light coat—and my pistols; don't forget them."

A moment later he was ready. A few brief injunctions to Ivan, a hasty farewell, and he hurried down the broad stairway, through the long, magnificently furnished hall, and passed into the street.

He turned with a bitter malediction on his lips for a last look at the stately front of his palace—the last time he



Crack! crack! rang the two rifles simultaneously.

would ever see it, he knew well—and then bolted into the cab, the obsequious driver holding the door open for him.

"Catherine's wharf, docks of Vassili Ostroff," he cried. "Twenty rubles if you get there in 15 minutes. Don't spare your horses."

The door closed with a bang. The driver mounted his box and lashed his steeds. The cab rumbled briskly over the cobblestones and then drew up with a jerk.

"Drive on, you idiot!" shouted Saradoff. "Go on, I say! Why do you stop?"

The cab started, moved a few paces and stopped again.

Vladimir Saradoff threw up the blind. A lamp across the way shed a yellow light on the street. The driver was standing on the ground. Two dark figures held the horses and a third was approaching the cab—a tall, bearded man in a blue uniform and a sword at his side.

A little distance off other figures were visible in the shadow, and the lamplight fell on gleaming rifle barrels.

The cab door was thrown open.

"Vladimir Saradoff, I arrest you in the name of the czar," said the officer. "Here is the warrant. Shall I read it?"

### CHAPTER XXIX. CONCLUSION.

But there was no reply. A few seconds passed in silence. Then a flash of

light lit up the darkness of the cab, a sharp report echoed through the gloomy street, and the horses, rearing in the air, made a desperate attempt to break loose.

The police dashed forward, surrounding the cab, and a crowd, sprung from no one knows where, quickly blocked up the street. A lantern was hastily brought and a surgeon summoned to the spot, but it was too late for medical aid. Vladimir Saradoff had evaded arrest and punishment.

He was taken back to his stately residence and borne through the startled group of servants to his chamber. There they left him alone, and an officer guarded the entrance.

The police took possession of the house and drove curious spectators from the door all night long, for the news had spread rapidly. The morning journals announced in startling headlines the crime and death of Vladimir Saradoff, and St. Petersburg from the highest to the lowest circles was wild with excitement.

That day the boys were brought before Count Brosky, minister of the interior. The proof and testimony that Colonel Jaroslav was prepared to offer were unneeded.

Ivan, Vladimir Saradoff's servant, who had been arrested while escaping from the rear of the house, came forward with a full confession, made on condition that his punishment should be mitigated.

He told all, how the plot had been laid, the false passports and nihilistic documents substituted for the boys' papers, and how finally, by bribing an assistant at the morgue, the genuine passports had been concealed on the persons of two unfortunate wretches found in the Neva.

At the close of the examination the boys were freed with a most profuse and elaborate apology from Count Brosky and went off in a carriage to the residence of Colonel Jaroslav, whose guests they intended remaining for a few days.

The colonel had promised to do all in his power for them—a promise which he kept to the letter. Vladimir Saradoff's affairs were at once taken in hand by the government, and through Colonel Jaroslav's influence the fortune of \$200,000 of which Maurice had been robbed was preserved from the wreck, subject, of course, to legal formalities connected with the lad's guardianship.

Colonel Jaroslav advanced him as much money as he needed, and Maurice's first act was to pay the fine of 20,000 rubles that had been imposed on Nicolas Poussin and to write that worthy merchant a long and grateful letter.

Phil meanwhile wrote home to his father, fearing the shock that a cablegram might produce.

During their stay in the Russian capital Maurice met Miss Melikoff, who had just returned with her father from the mines of Kara. They had a long and interesting interview, but the part which that young lady played in the boy's escape was kept a rigorous secret.

"Why, my father actually send me back to work in the mines if he knew what I had done," said Miss Lora. "He is so awfully strict, you know."

And the old general confirmed that opinion on meeting Maurice.

"And so you are the fellow that struck an officer," he said gruffly, "and rescued my daughter too? Well, young man, I would have shot you for the one and rewarded you for the other."

And then he graciously shook hands with him.

The boys greatly enjoyed their stay in St. Petersburg, for Colonel Jaroslav was a most delightful host, but their hearts yearned for America, and late in July they parted from their kind friend and the many other acquaintances they had made in the Russian capital and started by rail across the continent, sailing from Havre a week later.

It was a clear and beautiful August morning when the Grand Monarque steamed majestically up New York harbor.

At the foot of the narrow street which opened on the wharf a motley crowd was gathered, curious to see the two young Americans who had tasted the horrors of Siberian exile, for the papers had proclaimed far and wide their expected arrival.

Off the Battery a tugboat put out to the steamer containing a tall, gray bearded man, whose actions evinced great excitement. He was hoisted on board the Grand Monarque, and a moment later Phil was clasped in his father's embrace, to the manifest delight of the passengers.

"My poor boy, my poor boy!" was all he could utter for a long while, but presently he became more composed and extended Maurice an affectionate greeting.

"Your guardian is not here, my boy," he said as he clasped his hand. "Colonel Hoffman could not come. You will know all later."

Maurice detected the strange embarrassment in his manner, but before he could ask an explanation the steamer was at the wharf, and they hurried across the landing to a cab that was waiting.

A wild cheer burst from the crowd, and half a dozen reporters sprang forward, notebooks in hand.

Turning a deaf ear to the representatives of the press, the boys gained the cab, and Maurice already had one foot on the step, when a strong hand seized his shoulder, and he turned half angrily to meet the honest, tear dimmed face of Paul Platoff.

With a cry of joy he staggered back and would have fallen, but the sturdy Russian caught him in his arms, and they wept together, unmindful of the excited spectators, who cheered again

and again and pressed forward so impetuously that the indignant policemen could not drive them back.

Between the mingled embraces of the two boys and the jostling of the crowd Platoff was well nigh suffocated, but finally they were all bundled into the cab and were soon rattling up noisy Broadway.

In husky, broken sentences Platoff related how he had gained the shelter of an American sailing vessel on that terrible night of his escape, and how the noble captain, on learning his story, hid him so securely that the Russian soldiers failed to find him. Two days later the vessel left for home, and after a long voyage arrived safely at Boston.

"I knew you were safe," he said, "and I saw afterward by the papers that you were coming home on this steamer."

"I knew it," said Maurice. "I knew you were not dead. What did I tell you, Phil?"

That night Mr. Danvers' up town residence was brilliantly lighted in honor of the boys' return, and many friends called to offer their congratulations and to shake hands with the brave Russian whose heroic conduct was now being discussed throughout the city.

One thing marred Maurice's pleasure. Colonel Hercules Hoffman had been thrown from his horse in Central park a week before and died two days later, leaving a sealed packet for his ward.

This Maurice opened on the first opportunity and read with sorrow the shameful confession that threw still more light on Vladimir Saradoff's crime. The story of the malchite box of jewels, the interview at the Hotel Bristol in Paris, the later correspondence of Vladimir Saradoff, all was told without reserve, and the writer ended by expressing a hope of forgiveness and willing his fortune to Maurice as a partial restitution.

It must be remembered that Colonel Hoffman, at the time of writing this, knew that the boys had been rescued from their fate, and it must have been a great relief to his burdened conscience to discover that they were not dead, as he, no doubt, had believed.

Maurice generously determined that his guardian's reputation for honesty and uprightness should not be blotted with this foul story, so he burned the confession and locked up the secret in his own breast.

He was now possessed of a handsome fortune, for Colonel Hoffman had been worth nearly \$100,000 himself.

With great difficulty he compelled Paul Platoff to accept a sum that would make him independent for life, and, indeed, it was only through the most dire threats that the brave fellow could be induced to listen to such a proposition.

Platoff was, as we have stated, a man of education, refinement and ability, and these attainments, which his own government spurned, he now devoted to his adopted country, becoming a true American at heart.

And now we must leave our heroes—happily freed from their perils—to enjoy the new life that opens before them under the shadow of the stars and stripes, a flag unstained by tyranny or despotism.

To Paul Platoff, who has passed through the furnace of oppression, our government will always be all that is noble and just, while Maurice and Phil, who have seen and realized for themselves the oppression and misery that lurk beneath the flag of autocratic Russia, will, we venture to think, be enabled more and more to reach and realize the truest ideal of young American manhood.

### THE END.

### Palmsistry.

By palmsistry one is supposed to be able to discover the character. Each little line or lump upon the palm, it is said, stands for some quality or attribute of the individual. It is even asserted that destiny itself, not just the fate insured by character, but the positive facts of the future, may be read in the hand. Whether this be directly so, however, it is without doubt true that in the practice of palmsistry one may indirectly arrive at many safe and sound conclusions concerning character. Just notice, the next time you happen to be present where palm reading is in full blast, how easily you can detect the wishes and vanities of each subject—how conscious they all, the most composed of them, look at the mention of certain alleged revelations, how hopeful at the hint of future opportunities, and how invariably downcast they appear when the oracle goes against the grain of their aspirations in any way. The lines on the palm may be liable to misinterpretation, but there's no mistaking the emotions that they arouse.

Another test of character that palmsistry provides concerns her who does the reading. Of course under strictly professional conditions this doesn't appear to such telling advantage, but in the drawing room atmosphere, with her own friends or at least her social conferees as subjects, there it is that the true nature of the palmist is revealed. If she be a bit of a diplomat, how it shines forth, while tact, savoir faire, and, above all, the ability to flatter, play a by no means insignificant part. There are, of course, drawing room palmists who are devoid of those qualities, whose love for scientific accuracy is such as to interfere with any ulterior or personal motive, but this shines forth just as plainly as the other thing. The only thing, though, is that it does not often get the chance so to shine, as, very naturally, she is rarely to be seen. It's the tactful diplomat of a palmist who is the most popular.—New York Sun.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### JACKSON'S LIMBLESS COTTON.

It is a Fine Thing, But Is Not What Is Claimed.

In THE ENQUIRER of last Wednesday was published an article about Jackson's limbless cotton that reads very much like a fairy tale. But the story is not altogether true. The following self-explanatory letter, published in the Greenville Mountaineer of last Wednesday, throws additional light on the subject:

GEORGIA EXPERIMENT STATION,  
September 25, 1897.

Mr. John Ferguson, Greenville, S. C.

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of the 23d, I beg to say that I have repeatedly published replies and interviews in regard to the so-called African limbless cotton. I have the same cotton growing on this station from some of the same seed that Jackson used, having secured it from a partner of Jackson's last year. I have also examined Jackson's six-acre field of the so-called African cotton. When the patch I planted on this station commenced developing fruit, I soon suspected that it was none other than a comparatively old variety, known as "Welborn's Pet," introduced and sold (principally in the west) for seven or eight years past, by Jeff Welborn, now of Kerrs, Ark. After it commenced to open its crop, I became convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the African (!) cotton is identical with "Welborn's Pet." I had grown the "pet" in 1890 and 1892, and remembered its peculiarities. I exchanged specimen sections of stalks with Mr. Jeff Welborn a few weeks ago, he sending me a section of a stalk of his pet grown last year. The result was that no doubt whatever is left in his or my mind of the identity of Jackson's "African" and "Welborn's Pet." Our trial test of 21 varieties does not show much to the credit of the Jackson cotton. It will not yield as much as any one of half the other varieties.

I saw Jackson's patch. It is growing on land that originally was thin upland, but it has been manured and improved for many years until it is now what we understand when we say a "dunghill" spot; besides this previous manuring it has been loaded down with cowpen manure from the adjoining cowpen of 60 cows. It will possibly make 1 to 1½ bales of cotton per acre, if the frost holds off reasonably late. The staple is ordinary, no better than the average selected varieties of upland cotton and will bring no more in the market.

The whole thing is simply a scheme to sell the seeds of a fairly good variety of cotton at an unconscionably exorbitant price. Welborn sells them at \$2 per bushel, or possibly less. Jackson wants \$1 per hundred seeds, or \$60 per pound! The tale about the seed having been introduced by a "Wandering Jew," who found them on a bush growing wild on the banks of the Congo, in Central Africa, is simply a yarn. If a single farmer, after reading this, is humbugged about these seeds he deserves to be humbugged. I have no interest in it except that I believe it to be my duty as director of the Georgia Experiment station to expose all such attempts to impose on the farmers.

You can make such use of this letter as you may desire, for the benefit of your farmers.

Very truly,  
R. J. REDDING, Director.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.—The secret of longevity is a perennially interesting one, but the explanation of it is by no means uniform. One centenarian gives one reason for his long life, another assigns a diametrically opposite cause. Total abstainers cite instances of persons who have passed the one hundred year mark and who never tasted alcoholic liquors, used tobacco, or indulged in profanity. On the other hand, the ungodly bring forward the cases of men who have done all these things and who, in spite of them, have flourished like green bay trees, to an extreme old age. William Cookson Carpenter, the oldest practicing lawyer in New York, who died recently in his 95th year, attributed his long life and good health to regular habits, "plenty of sleep and plenty of good whisky." The regular habits and the sleep no doubt had much to do with his longevity, but it is possible that he might have lived to one hundred if he had omitted the whisky.

As to plenty of sleep, there is no question as to the importance and value of that. Poet and scientist alike testify to the potency of nature's sweet restorer. Tesla, the great electrician, is quoted as saying that the more people sleep the longer they live. Cheerfulness will probably do as much to prolong life as any other prescription.

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW. Bishop Horne said: "The follies, vices and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a desperate suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than an auction of estates, houses, and furniture? 'Talk they of morals?' There

is no need of Hutcheson, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee." And yet a Boston journal editor says: "Only last Sunday we heard a clergyman of ability, a man of views and reading, denounce newspapers that do not dismiss a crime with a line. His denunciation approached hysteria. He said, in effect, 'Why do our newspapers publish columns about a murder and say little or nothing about a charitable or noble deed? Must we read each day about repulsive episodes in the lives of the most degraded human beings?'"

### SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

Chester O. P. Concern Closed.

On Wednesday, at Chester, the original package store run by Joseph Groeschel, the agent of Bluthenthal & Bickart, of Atlanta, who are protected by Judge Simonton's injunction, was closed up by the state constables and the stock seized. The state authorities say that the place was not closed up with any desire to be in contempt of the injunction; but for the best reasons, which will appear later on.

### Two Men Poisoned.

Samuel Parker and Lawrence Parish, the last named a young man and a member of one of the best families in the town of Tatum, Marlboro county, died last Saturday after having imbibed moderately of an "original package" that had come from Smithfield, N. C. Shortly after drinking the liquor, both men were seized with violent pains which speedily resulted in death. The suspected liquor will be analyzed for poison.

### Hearing on the Ninth.

Columbia State: In speaking of the case brought by Bluthenthal & Bickart in Atlanta against the Southern railway before Judge Newman, to compel that system to transport liquor shipped in bottles loose, in carload lots, in which collusion is charged against Governor Elerbe, Attorney General Barber said that Judge Newman had issued a rule to show cause on the 9th of October in Atlanta; but that the judge still had under advisement the matter of issuing a temporary injunction. Mr. Barber will attend the hearing on the 9th. He does not seem to think that the temporary injunction will be issued in the meantime. Besides, the attorneys for the liquor dealers have asked for an order to restrain the Southern from putting its circular in regard to the matter into effect, whereas the circular had already been put into effect before the proceeding was instituted.

### Death of General Farley.

General Hugh Legare Farley died at his home in Spartsburg last Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, of kidney trouble, after a long illness. General Farley was born in Laurens county in 1844. He entered the Confederate service at 16 years of age, and by his many acts of conspicuous bravery won promotion to a captaincy. Among the battles in which he took part were Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Days Fights Around Richmond, Winchester, Fredricksburg, Chattanooga, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and others. He was wounded many times; but fought through to the surrender. Since the war, he has been very conspicuous in state politics, and suffered several grave injustices at the hands of the party. He was the right hand of Tillman in the political uprising of 1890, and was elected adjutant and inspector general. At the time of his death he was working up an authentic register of the troops which South Carolina sent to the war.

A STORY OF HAMLIN.—Frank Sanborn recalls the following amusing anecdote in his Boston letter to the Springfield Republican:

Hannibal Hamlin in his own Maine town, half a century ago, was a gold Democrat, and his party was at almost as low an ebb as the Maine Democracy now is. He called a caucus to choose delegates to the Maine conventions, state county, and congressional; two persons came, Hannibal himself and John Smith. They elected a full list of delegates; but when it came to their credentials a difficulty arose. Hamlin was chairman of the caucus, and Smith secretary; but how was the gathering to be described? Hamlin said: "Mr. Smith, write, 'At a large and respectable caucus of the Democrats of H., so-and-so were chosen delegates to the state convention,' and then put the names."

"But, Squire Hamlin, can we call this caucus large and respectable, only you and me?"

"Why not, Mr. Smith? You are large and I am respectable; what's the difficulty?" And the credentials were so made out.

The colored orator, Booker T. Washington, in a recent speech, told a yarn of an old Negro who wanted a Christmas dinner and prayed night after night: "Lord, please send a turkey to this darkey." But none came to him. Finally he prayed: "O Lord, please send this darkey to a turkey." And he got one that same night.

A Mormon elder states in The Church Economist that in the Eastern States' district there are one hundred elders and about three thousand communicants of the Mormon faith. There are also in the Northern States one hundred and thirty elders.