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She held forth her hand, her eyes brimming with tears. Instinctively he

halted, the old respect and reverence for

'captain's lady'' checking the wild tor-

rent of grief and anxiety, but she caught

him by the arm and led him, wondering

and submissive, yet overwhelmed with

cruel dread, into her cool and darkened

parlor. There, with wild, imploring eyes, the old man half stretched forth

two palsied hands, his forage cap fall-

ing unheeded to the floor, his whole

"Don't give way, sergeant, don't be-

lieve it!" she cried, and at her first

words a look as of horror came into the

together in piteous appeal. "Listen to

you that some one had told you the ru-

mor. Captain Charlton will not believe

a word of it. He was at Laramie on

court martial or it would not have hap-

pened. He has hurried back to Red

Cloud to investigate, and he declares

that Fred shall have justice done him

I'll never believe it—never! Why, we

would trust him with anything we

"I—I thank the captain. I thank Mrs. Charlton," he brokenly replied.

"It's stunned like I am." He raised

his hands and pressed them against his

eyes, and one of them was lowered sud-

denly, feebly groping for support. She

seized his arm and strove to lead him

to a sofa. "You must sit down, ser-

"No, ma'am, no," he protested,

straightening himself with a violent

effort. "Now, may I hear what it is

they say against my boy, ma'am? I

and all the time the old man stood

there, his eyes, filled with dumb an-

guish, fixed upon her face, his hands

clasped together as though in entreaty,

his fingers twitching nervously. At

every new and damaging detail, con-

lope or explain it though she would,

he shuddered as though smitten with a

sharp, painful spasm, but when it came

to Fred's midnight disappearance-

horse, arms and all—in the heart of the Indian country, stealing away from

his comrades in the shadow of disgrace

and crime, the old man groaned aloud

and buried his face in his.hands. Some

time he stood there, reeling, yet resist-

ing her efforts to draw him to a seat.

She pleaded with him hurriedly, im-

pulsively, yet he seemed not to hear.

At last, with one long, shivering sigh,

he suddenly straightened up and faced

her. His hands fell by his side. He

cleared his throat and strove to speak.

"You've been good to me, ma'am-

so good"-and here he choked, and for

a moment could not go on-"and to my

boy"-at last he finished, with impul-

sive rush of words. "I know how they're

sometimes tempted. I know how, more

han once the little fellow would be

led away by the roughs in the troop,

just to worry me, but he never hid a

thing from me, ma'am, never, and if

see him, ma'am. But I must go-I

Blinded with tears, Mrs. Charlton

could hardly see the swaying, grief

bowed old soldier as he left the house,

but Nelson was waiting close at hand

and stepped forward and took his place

"I don't know what the trouble is."

he said, "but I'm going as far as the

headquarters with you, and if there is

anything on earth I can do to help you

That night, with a week's furlough

and a letter from his post commander

geant Waller was jolting eastward in

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHO WAS CINDERELLA ?-C'inderel-

a's real name was Rhodope, and she

was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who

lived 670 years before the common era,

and during the reign of Psammeticus,

one of the 12 kings of Egypt, says

The Jewish Messenger. One day she

ventured to go in bathing in a clear

stream near her home, and meanwhile

left her shoes, which must have been

unusually small, lying on the bank.

An eagle, passing above, chanced to

catch sight of the little sandals, and

mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit.

pounced down and carried off one in

The bird then unwittingly played

he part of fairy godmother, for, flying

directly over Memphis, where King

Psammeticus was dispensing justice,

it let the shoe fall right into the king's

lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness

immediately attracted the royal eye,

and the king, determined upon know-

ing the wearer of so cunning a shoe,

sent throughout all his kingdom in

As in the story of Cinderella, the

messengers finally discovered Rho-

dope, fitted on the shoe, and carried

her in triumph to Memphis, where she

became the queen of King Psammeti-

tale that was to delight boys and girls

Russian peasants eat sunflower

seeds in large quantities. You can

hardly find a man who has not some

Speak of men's virtues, says

own, and of their vice as if you were

Chinese moralist, as if they were your

sunflower seeds in his pocket.

liable to their punishment.

2400 years later.

search of the foot that would fit it.

his beak.

to Major Edwards at Sidney, old Ser

the caboose of a freight train.

must go until I find my boy '

by the sergeant's side.

do not fail to tell me."

frame shaking

wned."

geant," she said.

ma'am; I can bear it."

NUMBER 81.



CHAPTER VI. CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Blunt turned sorrowfully away and began to pace slowly up and down the bank. Near at hand over a little campfire his coffeepot was bubbling and hissing enticingly, but even the aroma of his accustomed morning beverage failed to attract him. What was he to do? What could be do? Ordered to remain there to escort the captain safely to Red Cloud on his return from the court, it was impossible to pursue. Equally unwise would it be to send a small squad. Waller had taken his life in his hands when he rode away through the night, but he could cross the Rawbide and be in comparative safety, so far as the Indian attack was concerned, by sunrise of this day Now that daylight had come, Blunt well knew that every stretch of prairie from the Platte to the White river would be thoroughly searched by keen and eager eyes, and death would be the very least that any small party of whites could expect. He knew perfectly well that already he and his little troop were being closely scrutinized from the distant ridges. Had he not seen in the tepees of the Chevennes, but the week before, as many as three pairs of binocular fieldglasses, and had not Colonel Randall told him they knew their use and value as well as any one? If there was only some way of getting word to Captain Charlton at Laramie! There ran the single wire of the military telegraph, but there was neither office nor station nearer than Red Cloud Agency No man in the troop would thank him for being ordered to go either way with dispatches, though he knew the order would be obeyed.

Silently and gloomily, instead of with their usual cheery alacrity, the men had got to work with their currycomb and brushes and were touching up their horses while waiting for their own breakfast, and presently Blunt's orderly came forward, holding a tin cup of steaming coffee.

"Won't the lieutenant drink a little of this, sir, and try a bite of bacon? There isn't much appetite in the troop this morning, sir, but it ain't so much because the money's gone. I've known the old sergeant and the boy nigh unto ten years now, sir, and I never thought

Blunt thanked the soldier and sat down at the edge of the rushing stream, sipping his coffee and trying to think what to do. The drink warmed his blood and cheered him up a trifle. Ordering his horse to be saddled, he mounted and, taking his rifle, rode through the Niobrara and out upon the open prairie on the other side. It was not long before he found the hoof tracks made the night before, and without knowing why he slowly followed them out toward the low ridge at the southwest. For ten minutes he went at a quiet walk and with downward searching eyes as he reached the road, striving to decide which hoof prints were made by Waller's horse.

Suddenly back at camp he heard the ringing report of a cavalry carbine borne on the rising breeze and, whirling about, saw that they were signaling to him. Putting spurs to his steed, he galloped full tilt for the ford and then for the first time saw the cause of the excitement. Far up on the opposite slope and jogging easily down toward the troop came an Indian pony and an Indian rider, but not in war paint and feathers. As Mr. Blunt plunged through the stream he recognized the young half breed scout known to all of the soldiers as Little Bat, and Bat, without a word, rode up and handed him a letter. It was from the commanding officer at Fort Robinson and very much to the point. It read somewhat as follows:

"Captain Charlton telegraphs that he will be detained several days. Meantime you are needed here, as the Indians are again quitting the reservations in large numbers. Move immediately upon

receipt of this." That evening, therefore, the little troop once more rode down the valley of the White river, the "Smoking Earth," as the Indians called it, and by sunset were camped at Red Cloud. In much distress of mind Mr. Blunt called upon the commanding officer to tell him of the disappearance of the money and his trumpeter and to ask the colonel's advice as to the proper course for him to pursue. It was agreed that telegrams should be sent at once to the captain at Fort Laramie and to the commanding officer at Sidney barracks on the railway, notifying them of the crime and the desertion. Blunt begged for a moment's delay until he could hear from Sergeant Graham, whom he had sent to make certain investigations, and long before tattoo the sergeant came, and

with him the hospital steward. 'Lieutenant, the storekeeper says he sold just such a handkerchief as that to Trumpeter Waller last week, and the steward can tell about the chloroform." Both officers looked inquiringly at the steward.

"Yes, sir, it was pay day that young Waller handed me a penciled note from Sergeant Graham, saying that he had a veteran passed in at the gate.

stricken old face, and the hands clasped bad toothache and asking for a little just come, and I was sure when I saw

chloroform, and I gave it to him.' "I never wrote such a note, sir, and never sent him on such a message,' said Graham.

CHAPTER VIL

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES. Bad news travels fast. Captain Charlon at Fort Laramie was stunned by the tidings flashed to him by telegraph from Red Cloud. Despite the array of damaging evidence, he could not bring himself to believe that Fred Waller was a thief, but he was sore at heart when he thought of the misery and sorrow the news must bring to the dear ones at his army home, above all to the proud old sergeant, whose life seemed almost bound up in the boy.

Well knowing that it could only be a day or two before the story would make its way to the posts along the railroad and would reach Sanders, doubtless in a more exaggerated form, the captain decided to warn his wife at once, and by the stage leaving that very night a letter went in to Cheyenne, and thence by train over the great "divide" of the Rockies to Fort Sanders, giving to Mrs. Charlton all particulars thus far received, but charging her to say nothing antil further tidings.

"I cannot believe it," wrote he, "and am going at once to join the troop and make full investigation. Meantime I have written by the same mail to Major Edwards, who commands at Sidney barracks, to make every effort to trace the boy should he have come south of the Platte, and you must be sure to see, when the news reaches Sanders, that the sergeant is assured of my disbelief in the whole story, and of my determination that Fred shall have justice done him. It will be several days before you can hear from me again."

And the news reached Sanders, as he feared, all too soon. Telegraph offices 'leaked" on the frontier in those days. The operators at the military stations were all enlisted men, who were not bound by the regulations of the Western Union, and who could not keep to themselves every item of personal interest. The Sidney office wired mysteri ous inquiries to Sanders; Sanders insisted on knowing what it meant, and presently Laramie, Sanders, Sidney, Russell, Red Cloud and even Chug Water were clicking away in confidential discussion over the extraordinary theft and flight. And Mrs. Charlton's letter came none too early to save old Waller from despair. It was a woman, a gabbling laundress, who first told him of the rumor, and Mrs. Charlton saw him hastening to the telegraph office just as she had finished reading the letter.

"Mr Nelson, quick!" she called to young officer just passing the gate Stop Sergeant Waller at once. Don't let him go to the office. Make him come here to me. He will hear and obey you.'

And Mr. Nelson touched his cap, leaped lightly across the acequia, and his powerful young voice was heard thundering "Sergeant Waller!" in peremptory tones across the parade. "Sergeant Waller!" echoed a half dozen voices as the loungers on barrack porches took up the cry, "Lieutennt Nelson wants you!" And the soldier instinct prevailed. The old man turned and hastened toward the officers' quarters.

"What is it, Mrs. Charlton?" asked Nelson "Has there been another fight? Is Fred killed? It will break the old

man s heart. "Oh, Mr Nelson, I can't tell you she almost wailed.



Stop Sergeant Waller at once," she called.

There's bad news, and I'm afraid the old man has heard it. Stay here near me a moment, can you? Oh, look at his face, look at his face! He has heard."

White, livid, trembling from head to foot, the old soldier hurried toward the young officer and dumbly raised his hand in the mechanical salute.

"It is Mrs. Charlton who wants you, sergeant," said Mr. Nelson kind. j.
"Go to her." And without a word the

Miscellancous Reading.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE. BY E. B. HARDIN.

It was on a cold October day when e opened the gate in front of Mr. William Willard's magnificent residence. One had only to look at him once to tell that his earthly career was nearing an end. His back bent under the weight of many years, his hair was as white as snow, and time and are's impressions were on his face.

and, with some difficulty, clambered up lief that storms may be expected about the stone steps and rung the door September 21 and March 21. So long what the captain says. His letter has bell. A few seconds passed, and then a brisk step was heard within the storms are certainly to accompany the common sense, thank the fates that house, and the door was opened by a

boy of about 12 years of age. "Hello! Santa," he said to the old nan : "what'll you have ?"

The old man, without replying to his question, asked, "Is your father at home?"

"Yes; want to see him?" "Yes.

"Papa, papa! come here; somebody vants to see you." "Good morning," said Mr. Willard,

is he came to the door. "What will ou have?"

traveler began, feebly. "I am without a home or friends, and I feel that my so far as it concerns the occurrence of wives not to eat in public, not to days on this earth are few. Could you give me a home? Just any kind March 21 and September 21 there is such crimes." Hypatia was not a of place will do me. I don't think I nothing whatever to support the popmyth; she possessed one of the bestshall need it long."

"No; we have no place for you." "And you can give me no kind of

want every word. Don't be afraid, place to stay?" Then, with infinite sympathy and pity, she told him, softening every detail, suggesting an explanation for every country." circumstance that pointed to his guilt,

The old man made no reply to this teps and walked away.

"Whew!" said young Willard, "it he poorhouse."

to give anybody a home just to get to on what shall constitute a storm. The A big religious congress gravely dispay their funeral expenses. That old wind velocity and amount of precipi cussed the question whether or not

home."

he window at the bent figure of the old man trudging slowly along. "Yes," replied Mr. Willard.

"Poor old fellow," said Mrs. Willard, I expect he has seen better days, William; you ought to have given him The results of the investigations made dictator. home.

me to do something absurd. Such people as him ought to be in the poor try, and took into consideration every

He has gone in at Mr. Blake's, Mrs. Willard said, still looking out of minds of many intelligent persons, who statistics, crossed the ocean with Colothe window.

along.

with pity the moment he had looked tion points of the planets. When it is at the worn, haggard features of the considered that equinoxes are based old outcast, and as soon as the old on wholly imaginary points in the sky, man began to tell of his helpless condition, tears came in Mr. Blake's nary lines, the equator and the path oig blue eyes, and he told the old man of the sun, no adequate reason appears o enter his house and he should have home as long as he wanted it.

Mr. Blake was an industrious Chrisian man, and some people said that he around and the night is lengthening would accumulate something if he vere not so charitable.

Soon after the old traveler had eninto his pocket and drew out a silver Blake's little son Bob, "run out to the village and get me a pound of tobacco, to June, and decreasing proportionand you may have all the change they rive you back."

Little Bob donned his little ragged coat and hat and started for the railroad station, which was near by.

As he passed the Willard residence he was accosted by young Willard, "Say! Bob," he said, "wait; I want to

see you." "Be quick then," said Bob; "I'm in hurry.'

"Don't talk so big about it," return ed young Willard. "Bob, are you all goin' to keep that old man?"

"Yes; why?" mighty foolish." Pa said he never could turn an old

man like that away from his door.' money he can get to pay that \$200 he and New York to San Francisco, were young girl at once rushed toward her, borrowed from us. Papa said if you made. The period examined was six- and breathlessly asked what time it all did not pay him this winter he teen years. The general results are was. Somewhat astonished, the wo-would sell your farm." would sell your farm." A grave look suddenly came over port:

Bob's face, and with his little ragged coat sleeve he brushed a tear from his eye, and started on to the town. The old traveler had been in Mr

Mr. and Mrs. Willard were in their cozy sitting room, when their son came cus, and the foundation of the fairy dashing in hatless and breathless. "What do you reckon has happen

Blake's home about a month.

ed?" he panted. "That old man over at Blake's is

old coat and all it contained to Mr. the 21st." Blake. What do you reckon it had in | Connected with Professor Hazen's "An old corn cob pipe and—" began series of charts, showing by curves on stood to include the six principals na-Mr. Willard.

blowing you," cried Mr. Willard.

"No sir, papa ; I saw the money !" "I will declare, how unfortunate we were in not taking in that old man. It is just that Blake fellow's luck." heart," said Mrs. Willard.

AN OLD THEORY UPSET. Washington Post.

The man who feels called upon to those down with fever. predict equinoctial storms twice a year is abroad in the land. The weather for the past few days has inspired him After he had opened the gate, he with the requisite supply of confidence weiked slowly up the graveled walk, and has strengthened the general bepicnic for September 21. Farmers in ness was looked upon with contempt. dry seasons always say, "Wait till the Women were weak physically, and the tattered remnants of many anoth- the orders were right or wrong.

er time honored fallacy wave.

"This matter of so-called equinoc-"I am a helpless old man," the old tial storms has been thoroughly inveshold them down to any particular date. killed her, tearing her limb from limb, "No," said Mr. Willard. "I think Of course there are only two days in instead of honoring and encouraging the poorhouse a better place for you the year to which the term equinox her studies. than wandering around over the applies, March 21 and September 21, but the defenders of the equinox traditions want a latitude of three or four emark, but turned, descended the days or a week on either side of the 21st of these months.

makes him mad to talk to him about noctial cannot be properly applied to by her husband, who is recommended equinoctial storm theory wants to be burst, to the equinox."

This matter has been investigated in the United States are compiled in "Pshaw! You are always wanting a report of Prof. Hazen's The investigation here covered the entire counelement going to make stormy conhouse."

element going to make stormy conYou are so unsympathizing, Wilditions. This belief in equinoctial ject of good roads says: well grounded in the storms is fairly "O, I guess they will keep him," said not generated, by the seeming passage the whole truth, even if it broke us both down. I'll not believe it till I Mr. Blake's big heart was touched storms on our earth and the equinocor the intersections of the two imagiweather of this earth. The day is when September 21 arrives.

These conditions are directly contrary to each other, and present no ered the Blake home, he put his hand reason for supposing that they produce similar effects. When the days a half minutes daily from December ately from June to December, no adequate reason appears as to why the advent of any particular day in this Borea and his brother winds or throw wide the floodgates of heaven.

In the absence of any apparent reathe equinoctial periods, investigations "I thought if you were, you were the 21st, so in 14 years there was only modity of all. 1 rightly so called equinoctial storm in Great Britian. In the United States "Your 'paw' had better save all the tending from St. Paul to New Orleans,

report is a very graphic and complete "Had what! Somebody has been cipitation and pressure, and other more sia, Austria and Italy.

technical features. If a confirmed believer could see the line of storms for September as shown by the records of 16 years, and observe how smooth and straight it runs over all the dates "No it is not; it is his sympathizing he is accustomed to connect with furious rain storms, he might be induced to pack this theory away with the practice of bleeding patients suffering from weakness and refusing ice to

FOR THE DISCONTENTED GIRL.

This is intended for the eyes of the woman or girl who fancies she is oppressed and abused and deprived of her glorious rights, says the Chicago News. After she has read and rehas it been accepted as a fact that flected she will, if she possesses good equinoctial period that probably no she is on earth at the present day inone but a member of the Thirteen stead of some years previous. A few, club would ever think of getting up a centuries ago strength ruled and weakequinox and we are sure to have their status was thereby determined. rain." This belief was mentioned to In Sparta, although girls were taught Prof. Hazen, official forecaster of the the same thing as boys, at a certain weather bureau, who proceeded to age they returned to their homes, nail this tradition to the tree of ex-ploded theories from whose branches father, brother or husband, whether

The Athenian girl was taught only to spin wool, be submissive and ask no questions. Xenophon assigns to husany unusual number of storms on speak in a loud tone or commit "other ular theory. The trouble with the developed intellects of her time, but people who insist that equinoctial men could not bear that woman should storms are a fact is that you cannot be superior and teach them, so they

In the Middle Ages women were taught to "pray and obey." In Russia, where one of the proverbs is that "a hen is not a bird and woman is not a human being," the woman of the Mid-"As a matter of fact, the term equi- dle Ages was instructed in all things any storm that does not occur on the in a book of the time to impress his "Don't care if I did. I'm not going 21st. Then, too, they refuse to agree orders upon her with the aid of a whip. tation constitute a storm only when women had souls. Four hundred man will not live long."

tation constitute a storm only when women had souls. Four hundred "Who was it?" asked Mrs. Willard they exceed certain limits, but the years ago, when woman's position had of her husband, as he entered the man who has been brought up on the somewhat improved, she was conventbred and taught the catechism, em-"O, nobody but an old man wanting allowed to attribute everything that broidery and lace-making, and usually may occur on the 21st of September or could read. But even in the Eight-"Is that him going down the road?" March, from a sailing breeze to a hur-asked Mrs. Willard, looking through ricane and passing shower to a cloud-Rousseau denied the necessity of education for women, while Napoleon shared the same idea. Even today very thoroughly in England by Prof. Tolstoi thinks if a woman understands R. H. Scott, of London, and by the the Bible she has sufficient education, weather bureau of the United States. but, happily, Tolstoi is not an absolute

AN EXPENSIVE DISGRACE.

That Is What Bad Roads Are In This Country. A well-informed writer on the sub-

Robert P. Porter, who is gre believe that storms are influenced, if nel Pope in the latter part of July, and he acquired some figures and facts about roads that are worth repeating.

More money is lost in one year by bad roads than is levied by all the dutiable articles imported, and more than all the money that is collected from all the internal taxes levied by the general government. The bad roads of this country cost the public \$300,000,000 a year. The yearly freightage of all the ships, canal boats for any consequent effect upon the and railways in the country is far less than the freightage that passes along lengthening when March 21 comes the country roads. There is hardly a pound of freight hauled upon the railways of this country which does not have to first pass over some highway designed for the use of vehicles and horses. American railway freight rates, though they are the lowest in dollar. "Here Bud," he said to Mr. are increasing in length about two and the world, are frequently grumbled at, but does the complainer ever think, queries Mr. Porter, that it has cost nim more to haul 40 bushels of corn or wheat over 10 miles of bad roads than to ship it 100 miles over a railway? progression should break the chains of These are the things that the people who are most interested in good roads seldom think of, because, as they do not have to pay in cash upon the spot son for regularly recurring storms at the loss that results from carting their products over roads deep with mud or were made to ascertain whether there dust, or full of loose rocks and deep was such a recurring storm period. ruts, they imagine that they have lost Prof. Scott, after an examination of nothing. In reality, they have lost the English records for 14 years, found labor, horse flesh, wagons, and, worst that out of 45 storms in March, not of all, great quantities of time, which one occurred on the 21st, and out of to every man who makes the most of 18 storms in September only 1 was on his business is the most valuable com-

A woman who was traveling an elaborate series of observations, ox- alone, not long ago, wandered one evening into a hotel parlor. A pretty and repeated the hour. "Oh, thank "Wind was lower after the March you," said the stranger, but without equinox than at it. During the Sep-tember equinox there is a tendency to you think it queer my asking that," decrease of wind on the 21st. At the she burst out, a moment later; "but, autumn equinox there is nearly the to tell the truth, I didn't want to know minimum amount of rain for the the time at all; I just had to speak to month. For March the maximum somebody. You see, I'm on my wednumber of storms fall on the 8th, the ding trip, and for a whole week I next highest number on the 21st. In haven't spoken to a soul but my hus-September the highest number of band. Why, I've hardly heard the storms occurred on the 9th, and almost sound of anyone's voice but his. It dead. He made a will, and willed his the minimum for the whole month on was really a question of my speaking to someone or going wild."

The term "Powers" is undera divided and numbered surface the tions of Europe. They are at present "No sir; it had \$10,000 in gold in it." relative force of winds, amount of pre- Great Britain, France, Germany, Rus-