

Humorous Department.

BOOTH AS A VEGETARIAN.—The elder Booth was at times the victim of strange fancies.

"Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?" "No, I thank you, friend," replied the actor.

AN ARMY STORY.—The following true bit from the anecdotal knapsack of a member of the 16th Maine is related by the Brookline Chronicle.

"Where is Oscar?" questioned the new foreman of Grace Millen, the pretty widow heretofore mentioned.

"Why should he fear arrest?" she asked, faintly. "Because of the murder of Hod Bates."

"I will tell you nothing, sir, nothing. Oscar is not guilty of this crime. I warn you not to appear against him. I shall hate you if you do."

On one occasion, when a well-known wit was listening to the band on the pier at Brighton, England, some medical students who happened to be there thought they would have a joke with him, and accordingly one of their number went up with outstretched hand and said, "Ah, good morning, Mr. —! How do you do?"

COLOR BLINDNESS.—Two ex-conductors of the Missouri met in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their discharge.

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him, asked him the price of it.

The Story Teller.

THE FASCINATING WIDOW.

A TRAGEDY IN A LUMBER CAMP.

I.

"I will kill you, Horace Bates!" Two men stood in front of a forest shanty, facing each other with scowling brows and flaming eyes.

They were Oscar Fortine and Horace Bates, the former booking clerk for the big lumber firm of Wolvorton & Sayers. Bates was the foreman of the shanties, and ranked Fortine, although the latter was by far the more intelligent man of the two.

The two men had quarreled, ostensibly over the discharge of a friend of the bookkeeper's, but really, as everybody in camp knew, over a pretty widow, whose presence had graced Sayers' camp during the last week.

Fortine's face was bleeding. He had been knocked down by the foreman, and, realizing that he was no physical match for the burly Bates, he had swallowed his anger for the time, giving expression, however, to his feelings in the words opening this narrative.

Six days later the slender bookkeeper was avenged. The body of Horace Bates was found in the edge of the woods with a bullet in his brain. Murder had been done, and suspicion, amounting almost to conviction, was fixed upon Oscar Fortine.

The bookkeeper was away at the time the crime was discovered. Hugh Warden, a friend of Bates, took charge of the camp and ordered everything necessary to be done. Warden was a tall, dark-browed man of unsocial disposition, not at all liked by the logging crew.

It seemed natural enough, however, for him to take charge of the camp, since he was a distant relative of the senior member of the firm, and a man of considerable business ability.

"Where is Oscar?" questioned the new foreman of Grace Millen, the pretty widow heretofore mentioned. "I'm sure I do not know," she replied, with wonder-open blue eyes.

"I think you do," retorted Warden, rudely. "He was last seen with you. Has he run away to escape arrest?" The black eyes of Warden searched the face of Mrs. Millen earnestly.

"That he suspected more than his words implied was evident. Her face grew pale, and for one brief instant she seemed embarrassed. "Why should he fear arrest?" she asked, faintly.

"Because of the murder of Hod Bates." A sudden dash of color fluttered to the cheeks of the widow.

"Was he murdered, Hugh?" she asked, with assumed calmness. "Yes; there can be no doubt of that. Fortine was with you late last evening. You need not deny it; I saw the little tableau by the brook, madam—"

"Stop, Hugh, stop!" she interrupted, with a fierce, angry gesture. "It is useless for you to attempt to shield him, madam," Warden went on, in a low, tense voice. "I have not been blind; I have seen it all, and I tell you he shall hang. You have been imprudent; the man is a villain. You must have no more to do with him—his doom is sealed. Tell me where this lover of yours is, Grace Millen."

He seized her plump arm and held it so closely that she screamed with the pain. Her blue eyes took a fierce defiance into their depths on the instant, however, and she jerked free from his clutch with a low, angry cry. "I will tell you nothing, sir, nothing. Oscar is not guilty of this crime. I warn you not to appear against him. I shall hate you if you do."

But Hugh Warden was not to be moved by a woman's threats or a woman's tears on an occasion like the present. He quitted her presence, and set about looking up evidence against the murderer. But little was found, however. Nevertheless, the new foreman felt justified in procuring the arrest of Fortine.

He went to the nearest town, swore out a warrant, and put it into the hands of an officer. This was a week after the death and burial of the late shanty foreman. Fortine was found at a dance, in company with Grace Millen.

mean part, but it shall not avail you; remember that."

Warden smiled grimly, and stroked his tawny mustache. I was a young lawyer at the time, and had been retained to defend the prisoner by the Widow Millen. A more fascinating creature I never beheld, and I was not surprised that so many of the sterner sex fell victims to her smiles.

Hugh Warden told me frankly that Mrs. Millen had turned the heads of half the men in the country, and that his was one of them. Fortine seemed to be the favored one, however, and he (Warden) was in the dumps over it.

My first interview with the pretty widow impressed me with the frivolity of her nature. She was keen and cutting in her remarks about Hugh Warden, and assured me that the arrest of Fortine was planned for the purpose of ridding him (Warden) of a dangerous rival.

"But, madam," said I, "somebody murdered Bates." "Yes, I agree with you there," admitted she. "I have not been idle while Hugh Warden has been at work to ruin Oscar. I have found the weapon from which the bullet was fired, and it is not Oscar's pistol."

"Go on," said I, as she came to a full stop. "What about the pistol?" "I did not know that it had been found." "Yes, it has been found. I am to be a witness at the trial, and the weapon shall be produced, never fear."

When the trial came off Mrs. Millen was a witness, and a most important one, as she had intimidated her would-be. By this time I had discovered that Grace Millen was infatuated with Fortine, and that she hated his accuser, Hugh Warden.

The evidence against the prisoner was purely circumstantial, yet it was very strong, and might have prevailed had not Mrs. Millen torn it to shreds on the stand at the last. The widow's testimony was of a truly astounding nature.

She had been a veritable sleuth in hunting up evidence to save her lover, evidence that could not fail of its effect. She produced the revolver from which the fatal shot had been fired. One chamber alone was empty, and the bullet taken from the brain of the murdered man was shown to be of similar calibre to that of the weapon. This in itself would not have proved much, but when the witness followed this with testimony to show that the pistol was the property, not of the man on trial, but of his jealous rival, Hugh Warden, there was a sensation.

More than this, she stated that on the evening in question Horace Bates called on her; that while she was entertaining him Warden looked in and went away muttering. When Bates quitted her presence she heard high words without, and looking outside saw that the two men were quarreling. She became frightened, and decided to go to the house of a neighbor, half a mile distant, to spend the night. She had entered the woods on a well-beaten path when the sound of voices fell on her ear. She would have fled back to the house had not her name been mentioned by one of the speakers. She went cautiously forward. The moon was shining brightly, and she saw two men standing beneath a tree.

She recognized them easily as the foreman and Hugh Warden. They were quarreling and bandying her name. Suddenly Bates sprang at the throat of the other, and was shot through the head for his pains. She saw Warden fire, and then she fled back to her room once more. She was too terrified to speak of her night's adventure for a long time. Recently she had kept the secret, intending to speak at the trial as she was now doing.

As I have said, the widow's evidence was astounding. I watched the face of Warden, and saw it blanch to a deathly hue. He rose to his feet and walked to the side of the speaker, saying as he reached her: "My God, Grace, why have you done this?"

She did not reply or look at his startled face. Her evidence fell like a bombshell. The accused was set free, and Hugh Warden was soon behind prison walls to answer for the crime of murder. It is not necessary to dwell on the case. Warden was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

III

People in general seemed satisfied with the outcome. Warden was not a congenial man; he had few friends, and was morose and vindictive by nature. Not many doubted. When Hugh Warden was taken away not a person accompanied him to the train; not one soul among his late companions was there to bid him farewell.

Oscar Fortine made friends everywhere, and it was a relief to the public in general to know that he was an innocent man. He remained at the camp until the following spring, when he and the pretty widow were married and quitted the woods for a nearby city, where the bookkeeper had secured a better position.

I was living in the city at this time, and Fortine and his wife became my friends. The former gave me great credit for clearing him at the trial, but I never felt that any great credit was my due, nor was I quite satisfied with the termination of the case. I did not believe for a single moment in the guilt of Fortine. He was in every way an honorable man. But was Hugh Warden really guilty?

I did not doubt that but Mrs. Millen testified to what she believed to be true, but there was a chance for her to be mistaken in the man she had seen fire the fatal shot. I had talked with her afterward on the subject, and she seemed just as positive that she had made no mistake as she was when on the witness stand. Of course this ended it, and I went about my business, and tried to forget the tragedy of the pine woods.

A year went by, and then I received a startling summons.

"Come at once to the house—my wife is dying!"

The note was from Oscar Fortine, and was delivered by a panting lad, who had darted away after delivering his message. Grace dying! Impossible! Only that morning I had met her tripping along, merry and hearty as a child. Here it was only two o'clock, and she was dying! I could not believe it. Nevertheless, I hurried to obey the summons.

Entering the home of the Fortines, I was at once conducted to the bedside of the mistress. Her face was ashen in color, and there was a look of such horror in her eyes as I shall never forget. She made several attempts to speak before the words came.

I sat down quickly, and took her hand. Her husband stood near, evidently stunned and oblivious of everything.

"I—I am dying," gasped the beautiful woman, struggling with an inward spasm. "He is—is my murderer!" She was looking straight at Fortine. What did it mean? I did not understand then.

"It was all a terrible mistake," said he, hoarsely. "I forgot the bottle of poison, and left it on the stand. She took some by mistake."

"Liar!" she hissed, her face livid. "He has tired of me. And it was for such a man as this I sacrificed Hugh! Hugh was my husband—but we had been divorced a year when he interfered between Fortine and me. I fired at Hugh, but hit the other—Bates! I am guilty; Hugh is innocent. I sent him to prison for the love I bore this other man, and now he has murdered me."

The doctor came, but he was too late. Grace Fortine was dead.

Her confession was a surprising one. Her last husband believed it to be true. Her drinking the poison was all a sad mistake, and Fortine was overwhelmed with grief.

After the funeral he told me that he did not know Grace Millen to be the divorced wife of Hugh Warden until after their marriage. "She was a strange woman, yet I loved her better than my life. It is our duty to tell of her confession, and set an innocent man free."

I agreed with him, of course. Two months after Hugh Warden had come out of prison he talked long and earnestly with me.

He knew that his divorced wife had fired the shot that killed the foreman, but refused to testify in his own behalf, partly because of a lingering affection he still had for Grace Millen, and partly because he believed his word would have no weight as against that of a beautiful woman.

HOW COLDS ARE TAKEN.

The London Lancet says: "A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of all causes of cold probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth loses two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily 'doing the season,' young children over-fed and with short allowances of sleep, are common instances of victims of cold."

These are very true sayings and show precisely how many persons usually contract colds. Every cause mentioned is one that can be avoided with the exercise of a little common sense and care. Of course there are a number of causes of cold that cannot always be foreseen or avoided, but most people are themselves responsible for the colds they contract. "Luxury is favorable to chill taking; very hot rooms, feather beds and soft chairs create a sensitiveness that lead to catarrh." It is not always the cold that is so much to be feared as it is the condition of body that gives the attack an opportunity of doing harm. Some of the most susceptible persons I have ever seen are those who seldom leave their houses; while on the other hand those who rarely have a cold are the ones who take a cold sponge bath every morning, who secure an abundance of good refreshing sleep, who are regular in their habits, who do not overload their stomachs, who do not sit in draughts unprotected and who preserve the tone of their nervous and circulatory systems. In the latter part of the day, when one has worked hard and when the nervous and physical forces are at a low ebb, he should not expose himself to cold draughts of air, should not eat too heartily, and should not sit or sleep in overheated rooms. One of the principal objections to partaking of the chief meal of the day in the evening is because the nervous system is generally heavily drawn upon by the duties of the day, and the powers of digestion are necessarily weakened. A hearty meal should never be partaken of when one is exhausted, because it will not only induce derangements of digestion, but is certain to open the way to the contraction of a cold.

MAKE YOUR WILL.—A man possessed of one dollar or a few hundred dollars has as much right to arrange for the distribution of his possessions as the man who has millions. It is also as incumbent upon the man of small means to properly dispose of his holdings as it is upon the one who has more. The lawyers of this country would lose many fat fees if those who have accumulated a portion of this world's goods, be it ever so small, would leave specific directions as to what disposition should be made of their property after death. Making a will is generally regarded as a very solemn affair. Surrounded by all the

gloom and sorrow of the death bed, where these important documents are generally made, the framing of a last will and testament is a very serious and unpleasant task.

If there is one thing above another that a person should take time to do well, and to use his best judgment in doing, it is making his will. A clear brain and an unprejudiced frame of mind are necessary for so important a work. These conditions can only be found when the body is in the best of health. The importance of not postponing this matter until the last moment is very apparent.

Of the 451 colleges and universities in this country, only 41 are closed to women. But, to make up for this lack, there are 143 schools of higher learning open to women only, and having 30,000 students. The University Courier says: "Will it not soon be time to raise the question why men should be shut out from the advantages of these 143 schools of higher education which now are open to women only. Forty-one institutions are closed to women, and 143 are closed to men. Why?"

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—The Rev. Dr. Mayo has declared that "the 16 southern states are today paying as much for the public schools as the British parliament votes every year for the public school system of the British islands—between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000." And he adds that since the war the south has expended "\$250,000,000 of its own money for education—\$75,000,000 of it for the children of the colored people."—New York Tribune.

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OHIO RIVER AND CHARLESTON R. R.

TIME TABLE of the Ohio River and Charleston Railway company, to take effect Monday, May 5th, at 7.30 a. m.

STANDARD EASTERN TIME. GOING SOUTH No. 12. Leave Marion 4:45 pm, Leave Rutherfordton 6:20 pm, Leave Forest City 6:50 pm, Leave Henrietta 7:10 pm, Leave Mooresboro 7:25 pm, Leave Hickory Grove 8:20 pm, Leave Patterson Springs 8:40 pm, Leave Earls 8:45 pm, Arrive at Blacksburg 9:00 pm.

GOING NORTH. No. 32. Daily Except Sunday. Leave Blacksburg 8:40 am, Leave Smyrna 9:05 am, Leave Hickory Grove 9:20 am, Leave Henrietta 9:35 am, Leave Tazewell 9:45 am, Leave Newport 10:20 am, Leave Leslies 10:35 am, Leave Catawba Junction 10:40 am, Leave Henrietta 11:25 am, Leave Lancaster 12:05 pm, Arrive at Camden 1:00 pm.

GOING NORTH. No. 33. Daily Except Sunday. Leave Camden 2:00 pm, Leave Kershaw 2:45 pm, Leave Lancaster 3:25 pm, Leave Catawba Junction 4:00 pm, Leave Leslies 4:10 pm, Leave Newport 4:30 pm, Leave Tazewell 4:45 pm, Leave Yorkville 5:05 pm, Leave Sharon 5:20 pm, Leave Hickory Grove 5:40 pm, Leave Smyrna 5:50 pm, Leave Blacksburg 6:20 pm, Leave Earls 6:35 pm, Arrive at Shelby 6:40 pm.

GOING SOUTH. No. 31. Daily Except Sunday. Leave Blacksburg 8:10 am, Leave Earls 8:30 am, Leave Patterson Springs 8:40 am, Leave Shelby 9:10 am, Leave Mooresboro 9:25 am, Leave Forest City 10:20 am, Leave Rutherfordton 10:50 am, Arrive at Marion 12:20 pm.

CAROLINA & NORTHWESTERN RY.



Schedules in Effect from and After May 2, 1897.

CENTRAL TIME STANDARD. GOING NORTH. No. 10. No. 60. Leave Chester 6:20 a.m., Leave Lowryville 6:43 a.m., Leave McConellsville 6:58 a.m., Leave Guthrieville 7:13 a.m., Leave Yorkville 7:28 a.m., Leave Clover 7:53 a.m., Leave Gastonia 8:25 a.m., Leave Lincolnton 8:40 a.m., Leave Newton 10:05 a.m., Leave Hickory 10:50 a.m., Arrive Lenoir 11:55 a.m.

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The Yorkville Enquirer. Published Wednesday and Saturday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Single copy for one year, \$ 2 00 One copy for two years, 3 50 For six months, 1 00 For three months, 50 Two copies for one year, 3 50 Ten copies one year, 17 50 And an extra copy for a club of ten.