

Scraps and Facts.

Many American soldiers in the vicinity of Santiago have been made sick by eating tropical fruits. After investigating the matter and getting information from the Cubans, the surgeons issued orders that the troops must leave all fruit alone except the milk of green coconuts. This is said to be healthful.

Up to Friday morning there was still no information as to whether or not the Manila expedition had arrived. There have been several reports from Dewey recently. He says that everything is progressing nicely, with the insurgents in almost complete control of the situation. The Spaniards are in desperate condition, and have about given up hope. Admiral Dewey does not refer to the probable intention of the German fleet to interfere with his operations; but mentions the fact that there are seven German ships at Manila. The authorities at Washington are anxious as to the whereabouts of the military expedition.

It is reported that, on Sunday, a body of insurgents and American troops, from General Lawton's command, moved cautiously to within two miles of Santiago, and during the night took up a 600 foot section of the 24-inch pipe through which the city gets its water supply. Next they diverted the pipe across a hill so as to pour the water it carried into a stream that flows near the American camp. The idea was to cut off the water supply in Santiago and increase the supply of the American army. It has been reported that, aside from the supply of water received through this pipe, the city was dependent on a comparatively small number of cisterns that are more or less contaminated.

A correspondent cabling from Siboney, Cuba, under date of last Monday, said that the line of march from the transports at that place to the camp before Santiago, is literally strewn with heavy rolls of blankets, blue uniforms and heavy camp paraphernalia. On account of the terrific heat the soldiers threw these things by the wayside. Many regulars retained only their rifles, cartridge belts and shoes, and so appeared at the front. The officers tried to prevent the throwing away of these things at first; but soon gave it up as a bad job, and with the exceptions stated, including chews of tobacco, hundreds of men are on duty in about the same condition as when they came into the world. It is believed that, relieved of the burdensome accoutrements required by regulations, the men will do better fighting when once they get into it.

General Julio Sanguilly and staff, with an escort of 25 cavalrymen, were on June 20, three miles from the Cuban seat of government, La Esperanza, province of Puerto Principe. They landed at Banes from the first Florida expedition and were on their way to report to President Maso, after which they expected to join General Gomez at Las Delicias, in the district of Remedios, province of Santa Clara. General Gomez is in urgent need of clothes, rifles and ammunition. Colonel Bernabe Boza, General Gomez's chief of staff, who is in Key West, brought from his commander a list of supplies needed by his army. He asks for each of his three brigades 900 infantry rifles, 600 cavalry rifles, one dynamite gun and 1,500 machetes. These arms, General Gomez says, are needed for unarmed men. He also asks for shoes, clothes, medicine and food. For 13 months General Gomez has received practically nothing from the filibustering expeditions, owing to the difficulty of landing on the Santa Clara coast as compared with Santiago de Cuba.

A second case of an attempt to transfer coal from an American vessel to a Spanish merchantman in Mexico has brought out the old time pluck of an American sea captain. The 600 ton American schooner Clara A. Phinney, of New Bedford, some days ago, was authorized to clear with 700 tons of coal from Mobile to Vera Cruz, on affidavits of reliable citizens of Mobile that the coal was destined for railroad purposes. On reaching Vera Cruz, Captain Phinney was directed by C. L. John Blanc, his consignee, to place his vessel alongside the Spanish steamer Maria Herrera. In the presence of a group of excited Spanish sympathizers, Captain Phinney bluntly refused, declaring with emphasis that no vessel in his charge should ever lie alongside a ship bearing the flag of his country's enemy, much less supply her with ever a pound of coal. The captain, with a crowd at his heels, marched to the American consulate and notified the consul, and wrote at once to General Spaulding, acting secretary, that he placed himself under American protection. Exports of coal to Mr. John Blanc, of Vera Cruz, will cease, and the government will undertake to fix the responsibility and punishment for the deceit.

One of the problems met in the investment of Santiago is the wire fence, and how our troops will dispose of it is a matter of anxiety. The Spaniards have before the city a number of parallel rows of wire fences, and behind these are rifle pits and trenches. The fences are composed of a dozen or more strands of wire each, and loose pieces of barbed wire have been left between. Army officers who were in Cuba while the fighting was only between the insurgents and Spaniards, took note of the efficacy of the wire fence as an obstruction, and as one means of overcoming them, it was arranged that a certain number of men in each company be provided with wire-cutters, so as to permit the advance of charging troops. But it is clear that this will not altogether remove the difficulty. The Spaniards will have to be shelled out of the trenches and rifle pits. Otherwise, it will be impossible to avoid being tan-

gled up in the loose pieces of wire during the hasty rushes that will be necessary. The barbed wire is murderous business; but of course, there is no grounds for complaint on the American side. Shafter has with him 150 tons of barbed wire intended for the same use.

The Yorkville Enquirer.



YORKVILLE, S. C.: SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

The Charlotte Observer mentions the fact that the Associated Press has increased its weekly charges to its patrons 25 per cent., on account of the heavy expenses incident to the collection of war news. People generally have the idea that the war is a great thing for the newspapers. This is natural; but, of course, they look at only one side of the question. With hundreds and thousands of papers, the expenses of collecting the news is more than doubled. Even the expenses of THE ENQUIRER are largely increased. For instance, the other day when we thought there was a York county man missing after the La Quasina fight, we considered it incumbent upon us to find him if we could. We found the man, and although he turned out not to be the individual for whom we thought we were hunting, all the same the effort was not conducted without expense. And this is not nearly all of it. When our South Carolina troops go to the front, those of our newspapers that are real newspapers, will be subjected to considerable expense to keep up with them. So nobody need not be especially worried about the papers making too much money out of the present situation. The really enterprising newspapers will be fortunate, indeed, if they manage to come out even.

An exchange complains that as the result of the all-absorbing interest in the telegraph war news, the daily papers are sapping to death the country weeklies. We have no doubt that in many instances this is true; but there is no reason why it should be true. The situation proves that, after all, the newspaper is only a commodity that must exist upon its own merits. There is really no competition between the daily and the weekly. Instead of clipping from the dailies, wholesale, until he has enough matter to fill his columns, the editor of the weekly must strive to make his paper a comprehensive history of the week just as the daily is a comprehensive history of the day. Let the weekly editor throw away that which is worthless and out of date, and still further elucidate that which is more important. Then his paper will be of interest even to the readers of the dailies. This is the plan THE ENQUIRER has all along been pursuing, and we venture that there is not a paper in the state—daily or weekly—which is read more closely by its subscribers. Indeed, we find that much of the matter that is prepared for THE ENQUIRER, is reproduced in other weeklies and semi-weeklies. So, after all, there is no cause for complaint at the dailies—not if the county weeklies will fill their field as it ought to be filled.

THE INGENIOUS YANKEES.

Quickly Repaired a Locomotive That Had Been Disabled by the Spaniards.

An interesting incident of the march through the village of Demoyaybo on Wednesday of last week was the capture of a locomotive left by the Spaniards standing on the track with steam up. Before they scurried away they attempted to disable the engine, but their efforts merely served to illustrate once more Spanish lack of mechanical skill, and the ingenuity of the Yankee invader. The railroad employees had hurriedly taken off the connecting rods, throttle gear and other important pieces of the machinery, concealing them behind fences and under cars and even burying some of them. Then, after blocking the piston guides with pieces of wood, they ran off in the firm belief that they had put the locomotive permanently out of commission.

But in the Yankee forces were half a dozen old railroad engineers and mechanics who shouted with joy when they saw the engine. In a few moments they were clambering all over the machine, and it didn't take them long to discover its condition. A search was started for the missing parts, some of which were found; clever makeshifts were resorted to to supply those that were not found. The blocks were knocked out of the slides, fresh coal was dumped into the firebox, and in a space of time that must have astonished the Spanish railroad men the locomotive was puffing away in the direction of Juragua drawing a train of ore cars filled with Yankee soldiers.

Until January 1st, 1899, for \$1.04. THE TWO-A-WEEK ENQUIRER, filled with the best and most reliable up-to-date news, will be furnished from the date of this issue until January 1899, for \$1.04.

BRAVE ROUGH RIDERS.

Their Fighting Was Simply Amazing.

MANY ACTS OF INDIVIDUAL HEROISM.

Wounded Men Continued to Fight, Instead of Seeking the Rear—When Almost Decimated They Charged the Spaniards—A Battle That Will Figure in History.

In the last issue of THE ENQUIRER was published the fullest account of the battle of La Quasina possible up to Tuesday. Since then there have come some more interesting and important details. According to official reports, the total number of Rough Riders engaged was only 244. The enemy numbered not less than 1,500—probably 3,000. Edward Marshall, the newspaper man is pronounced by two surgeons to be out of danger, while two others say his condition is very doubtful. Since the fight, the Rough Riders have been on active duty daily. The following account of the battle is from the New York Herald of Wednesday, having been written by Richard Harding Davis, the correspondent of that paper and of the London Times.

The first report sent you of the Rough Riders' fight was written soon after the firing ceased. It has since been possible to obtain many interesting details. A Spaniard who was in the fight and who later was captured by the Cubans, said of the volunteers: "They did not fight as other soldiers. When we fired a volley they advanced, instead of going back. The more we fired the nearer they came to us. We are not used to fighting with men who act so."

This comment touches a gratifying feature of the engagement. The volunteers, surprised on a narrow trail, successfully drove back four times their number under a fire which killed or wounded every tenth man. This is what is called a decimating fire, and one under which, according to military tactics, troops are expected to retreat.

The credit of the engagement, therefore, is all the greater for the reason that instead of a retreat there was a steady, cool advance, which only ceased when the Spaniards' base was taken and they were seen retreating, carrying their wounded. Forty dead Spaniards have since been found.

The Spaniards had selected their position with care. Trails from Siboney approached La Quasina like the two parts of a wishbone, the Spanish position being the meeting point. The enemy, accordingly, was so placed that they were able to see down the valley and cover the approach of the Americans whichever way they came.

General Young arranged to meet Colonel Wood at this spot and as his trail was longer he started from Siboney with the regulars half an hour in advance of the volunteers. His scouts saw the Spaniards on the ridge long before those in the bush were discovered by Colonel Wood. The losses in killed and wounded were for this reason greater among the volunteers and because of the ambush which brought the volunteers within about 50 yards of the enemy.

One feature of the fight which illustrates the spirit shown by the men was when one fell out of ranks wounded, three or four others did not fall out to help him to the rear, a service which as a rule is popular. On the contrary, the wounded lay where they dropped unattended, except by the hospital corps. In three cases men wounded in the arm or leg cared for others fatally wounded. There was no one else to help them for no one of the volunteers who was able to shoot did any thing else.

The spirit of Edward Marshall, the wounded newspaper correspondent, was as admirable as that of any soldier on the field. He was shot first in the firing line, and though the bullet passed within an inch of his spine and threw him into frequent, terrible convulsions, he continued in his intervals of consciousness to dictate an account of the fight and gave it to a wounded soldier to forward to his paper. This devotion to duty of a man who knew he was dying was as fine as any of the many courageous, inspiring deeds that occurred during the two hours of desperate fighting.

The conduct of all the men in the fight cannot be overpraised. It must be remembered that not for one minute during two hours did the strain slacken nor the officers call a halt. The movement was fast and incessant. The ground was uneven and the advance impeded by vines an inch thick, trailing bushes and a cactus plant, known as the Spanish bayonet, which tears the flesh and clothing. Through these the men fought their way, falling and stumbling, wet with perspiration, panting for breath, but obeying Colonel Wood, their commander.

The cowboys observed perfect discipline, and the eastern element in troop K, from clubs and colleges, acted with absolute coolness and intelligence. Among the cowboys, Rowland, from Deming, New Mexico, was shot through the thigh, the bullet coming in at the side and going out at the back. He limped to the temporary hospital and was told that nothing could be done for him at that moment. Accordingly he walked to the front again, and crawled along, firing with the others.

Colonel Wood, who was at the front throughout the action, saw a trooper apparently skulking, fifty feet in the rear of the firing line, and ordered him sharply to advance. The boy rose and hurried forward limping. As

he took his place he raised his carbine and said:

"My leg was a little stiff, sir."

Wood looked and saw that a bullet had ploughed alongside the trooper's leg for 12 inches.

One man had three bullets pass so close that he has marks in three places, as if a hot poker had been drawn across the flesh and blistered it.

Color Sergeant Wright, of Omaha, who walked close to Colonel Wood carrying the flag, had his hair clipped in two places, his neck scorched and three bullets passed through the flag.

Two officers, standing on each side of Colonel Wood, were wounded. Nothing seemed able to reach the colonel. He was cool, deliberate always, but more concerned and serious in manner when he made the move that won the fight, which was a piece of American bluff, pure and simple. The main Spanish position was in an old ruined distillery, shut in by impenetrable bushes. In advance of the bushes was a hundred yards of open ground, covered by high grass. At the edge of this grass Colonel Wood ordered the line to cease firing, rise and charge across. The men obeyed under a heavy, but fortunately misdirected fire.

To the Spaniards they looked like a skirmish line thrown out in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards could not believe so few men would advance with such confidence unless supported by force. So they turned and ran. What had looked to the enemy like an advance line was every man Colonel Wood had at his disposal.

As the Spaniards' fire slackened and ceased those far to the left saw them retreating. The Americans cheered; a long, panting cheer it was.

The charge was led by Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, some 20 feet in advance, and by Colonel Wood, who followed. That ended the fight.

At the place where the two trails met, and in the ground the volunteers won from the enemy, were buried the bodies of nine men.

COMMODORE WATSON.

Something About the Man Who Will Take the War to Spain.

From St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is no better blood in the navy than flows in the veins of Commodore Watson. He was born in Frankfort, Ky., August 24, 1842. His father, Edward Howe Watson, was a skillful and popular physician of the old school, and his mother, Sarah Lee Crittenden Watson, was a daughter of John Jordan Crittenden, the famous Kentucky statesman, rival of Henry Clay, governor at one time of Kentucky and attorney general in William Henry Harrison's cabinet.

Governor Crittenden's first wife was Miss Sarah Lee. Some years after her death he married the widow of John Harris Todd. By his first wife he had a large family, including General Thomas L. Crittenden, of the United States army. Among the children of his second wife was Harry I. Todd, a well-known Kentuckian and father of Chapman C. Todd, United States navy, now commanding the gunboat Wilmington, of Commodore Watson's squadron. Another of her sons was George R. Todd, former mayor of Louisville, Ky.

Commodore Watson was married in 1873 to Miss Elizabeth Thornton, a distant connection, and daughter of Judge James Thornton, of San Francisco. The result of this union was eight children, seven of whom are living. The eldest son, John Edward Watson, is an ensign in the navy, and is now attached to the cruiser Detroit. Commodore Watson's naval career has been a notable one. He entered the naval academy September 29, 1856, and was graduated in June, 1860, standing high in his class.

He was immediately assigned to the rank of midshipman, and August 15 joined the Susquehanna in that capacity for a cruise to Europe. While he was abroad the Civil war broke out, and he returned at once to take part in it.

He was promoted to the rank of master August 31, 1861. His career as a fighter did not really begin, however, until January 10, 1862, when he was ordered to the Hartford as navigator. This was Admiral Farragut's flagship. He was commissioned a lieutenant July 16, 1862, and in January, 1864, he was made flag lieutenant to Farragut. He was at the battles of New Orleans, Mobile Bay, Vicksburg and Port Hudson. In a letter to his son Loyal during the war, Admiral Farragut tells him of Watson's volunteering to slip off and blow up a blockade runner. Among other things, he says:

"It was an anxious night for me, as I am about as fond of Watson as I am of your own dear self."

The ship referred to by Farragut was burned—blown up as effectually and completely as was the Merrimac the other day by heroic Hobson and his equally heroic crew.

At the close of the civil war Lieutenant Watson was ordered to the Colorado, on the European station. He was made lieutenant commander July 26, 1866, commander January 23, 1874, captain March 8, 1887, and commodore November 7, 1897. During the last 30 years he has commanded a number of the best ships in the navy and held important posts on shore. His wife and unmarried children reside at the naval home in Philadelphia, of which institution he was governor for a number of years.

It is probably not remembered by many that it was this same Commodore Watson, then a young lieutenant, who lashed Farragut to the rigging during the battle of Mobile Bay, says the New York Herald. That incident of the great struggle between the states long since became historic, and poets and artists have found in it the inspiration for some of their best and most spirited work. This is the story briefly told:

The powerful Confederate iron-clad Tennessee attacked the Hartford fiercely. Farragut took up his position in the port mizzen rigging, the better to observe the progress of the fight and to direct and cheer his men. Lieutenant Watson, seeing the great danger to which the intrepid admiral was exposing himself, procured a rope and lashed him in his place. In a letter which Lieutenant Watson wrote to his mother after the battle, he mentions in detail the reckless bravery of Farragut, and adds:

"At length I lashed him to the rigging with my own hands, having in vain begged him not to stand in such an exposed place."

The relations which existed between Admiral Farragut and his flag lieutenant were of the most affectionate description. In his official report of the Mobile battle, Farragut showed what he thought of young Watson.

"Lieutenant Watson," he wrote, "has been brought to your attention in former times. He was on the poop attending to the signals and performed his duty, as might be expected, thoroughly. He is a scion worthy of the noble stock he sprang from, and I commend him to your attention."

SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES.

Some Candidates Charged With Buying Up Newspapers.

The Manning meeting has been the most interesting of the campaign, writes J. W. Gibbes, to the newspaper syndicate on Wednesday:

The reception of the candidates, the editorials of "My Dear Appelt," the denunciation thereof by Colonel Watson, the details of an apparent deal for the Spartanburg vote told by Mr. Archer, and the unusually warm set-to verbal between the railroad commission candidates to interest the crowd of 200 persons from start to finish. Editor Appelt had used all his "meat-axe wit," as characterized by one of the candidates, in greeting some of the campaigners in today's issue of The Times, and Colonel Watson resented it, as did Mr. Featherstone. He said Gantt had tried to get \$250 from him last spring in order to buy out Stannard Wilson's interest in The Piedmont Headlight, as Wilson had tampered with the voting returns. Gantt said that Wilson would not allow the mention of Archer's name in The Headlight in a complimentary way. Later, one of Gantt's special friends came to him, telling him that he needed a newspaper to advance his candidacy, and that he could buy Gantt out for \$1,500. Declining to do so, he was told that Ellerbe and Neal would do it. Neal and Gantt had conferences, and the result was that Neal and Ellerbe and others put up \$1,500 and got Gantt's interest in the paper and kept Gantt to edit it for them. "And," said Mr. Archer, "if you keep your eyes open you may soon see something else about this in the papers." (Great laughter and applause.)

This correspondent offers it as a close guess that Mr. Archer's reference was to the service of papers on Governor Ellerbe, Mr. Neal and the others, supposed to be McLaurin and Stokes, by Mr. Thackston, of The Headlight, in a suit which he has brought against them for some \$2,300, as the result of failure to purchase his interest in the paper after alleged agreements.

If Ellerbe chose to give Appelt some of his money to edit his paper for him, it was all right, but it was strange that he should invest his money in Spartanburg, where there were some 5,000 votes.

Of course Ellerbe was sharp enough to get Neal to make all the promises and agreements. There were candidates in the hall who had been approached by Neal and invited to take stock in The Headlight, in the hope of making a combination to carry Spartanburg county. Governor Ellerbe said he had \$275 invested in newspapers in South Carolina. His money was his own, and he used it as he pleased; but he had no money in the Manning Times.

MERE-MENTION.

The government has decided to publish, weekly, the whereabouts of the different regiments for the benefit of relatives and friends of the soldiers. The first South Carolina regiment is still at Chickamauga, and the second regiment is being organized in Columbia. Judge Hobson, father of the hero of the Merrimac, has received a cablegram from his son at Santiago. It reads: "My health continues good. Feel no uneasiness about me." The probability of the immediate annexation of Hawaii has caused a big rise in the value of sugar stocks. Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation calling upon the people to celebrate the Fourth of July. This is the first Fourth of July proclamation that has been issued by a southern governor since the war. The president has issued a proclamation declaring blockaded the port of San Juan; also the remaining open ports on the southern coast of Cuba. A bill is pending in congress to grant the franking privilege to army officers with a view to allowing soldiers to send their mail free. The senate has passed a resolution extending the thanks of congress to Hobson and his men by name. This is the first time that the thanks of congress have been extended, by name, to men below the rank of commissioned officers.

Rufus Marks, not "Knox," as previously stated, is out of his trouble. His father was not able to settle with town and county on his first trip; but afterward got more money, and by paying \$21 to the town and \$25 to the county, squared off accounts. Had the Negro known enough to come down with one dollar in the first instance, he would not only have saved his pompadour; but would have been \$45 ahead on the transaction.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Grist Cousins—Offer \$100 Monarch bicycles for \$41.75, and \$75 wheels for \$36.50. R. M. Carroll—is suggested as a candidate for the house of representatives.

PRISONERS IN JAIL.

The following prisoners—all colored—are in jail awaiting trial on the charges mentioned, at the next term of the court of general sessions, which convenes on Monday:

Joe Williams, arson; James Garrison, violating dispensary law; Tom Truesdale, murder; Eli Patton, assault and battery with intent to kill; Rufus Adgers, violation of the dispensary law; John White, violation of the dispensary law; Rufus Moore, grand larceny; Jim Howse, burglary; Allen Barnett, assault and battery with intent to kill.

BELL IS SAFE.

The D. W. Bell, who was missing after the battle of La Quasina, and was supposed to be D. W. Bell, of York county, has been found. Wednesday, in answer to our previous inquiry by wire, the New York Journal telegraphed as follows:

"Sergeant Bell is officially reported safe and well. He has rejoined his troops."

Since, of course, the missing man was not from this section as there seemed to be good reason to believe, the matter is of no special interest; but had it been our Mr. Bell, then the information would have brought joy to a great many hearts. It was because there was reason to believe that the missing soldier was a York county man that THE ENQUIRER undertook to hunt him up by telegraph.

ABOUT PEOPLE.

Miss Jennie Hart is improving nicely. Dr. J. D. McDowell is recovering steadily.

Miss Maggie McCorkle left Thursday for Cleveland Springs.

Mr. James B. Allison, Jr., has fallen into a relapse and his fever is quite high.

Rev. E. S. Reaves preached at Hickory Grove last Wednesday night by special invitation.

Miss Hulda McNeel is still very ill, although there is some slight change toward improvement.

Mr. John R. Ashe returned Tuesday from a visit north in the interest of the York Cotton Mills. He was pleased to find that the reputation of the mill north is nearly as satisfactory as it deserves to be.

Charlotte Observer: The first german of the season took place at Cleveland Springs last Tuesday evening. It was beautifully led by Mr. Paul McCorkle, of Yorkville, S. C. The band did themselves proud and inspired even the older ones to join in the grand march.

Candidate Boyce, who is running for auditor, was in Yorkville yesterday, and called on THE ENQUIRER. He said he felt some embarrassment at first in being in the home and stronghold of three brother candidates, but this soon wore off and he was made to feel quite comfortable.

THESE GET CERTIFICATES.

Superintendent of Education Shurley has furnished the following list of applicants to teach in the public schools of the county, all having successfully passed the recent examination:

FIRST GRADE—Miss Mamie Jackson, Tirzah; Miss Nora Boyd, Leslie; Miss Emma McGill, King's Creek; Mr. Brainard Dobson, Yorkville; Miss Annie V. Miller, Newport; Annie Barber, colored, Rock Hill.

SECOND GRADE—white—Mr. S. F. Massey, Fort Mill; Miss Julia Thornwell, Fort Mill; Miss Maggie Edwards, Rock Hill; Miss Clabie Hagry, Rock Hill; Miss Lillian Anderson, Rock Hill; Miss May M. Moore, Delphos; Miss Bessie Giles, Leslie; Mr. W. Lee Hart, Yorkville; Mr. W. W. Barron, Clay Hill.

SECOND GRADE—colored—Lucretia Brumfield, Rock Hill; Ida Barber, Rock Hill; R. H. Comer, Fodder; J. M. Barber, Rock Hill; F. D. Sims, Rock Hill; Martha Hill, Rock Hill; Hettie Crockett, Rock Hill; F. H. Robinson, Rock Hill; J. H. McCauley, Rock Hill; William Rice, Gastonia, N. C.; Pearl Bratton, Smith's Turnout; J. M. Miller, Sharon; J. M. Van Buren, Gould; Allen White, Fort Mill.

SOMEWHAT EXAGGERATED.

The story of the finding of dead animals in the well at King's Mountain Chapel seems to have been somewhat exaggerated.

Mr. T. J. Thomasson, one of the stewards at the Chapel, called in THE ENQUIRER office on Thursday and gave the facts in regard to the matter.

He explained that it was the custom of the stewards to have the well cleaned out at least once a year. This was attended to on June 11 by himself and Messrs. G. E. Thomas, Jos. A. Smith, Frank Lynn, James White and J. W. Smith.

"We found in the well," said Mr. Thomasson, "the remains of a squirrel; but no cats or rabbits as has been reported about. In fact, there was nothing else that was calculated to contaminate the water."

Mr. Thomasson went on to remark as a matter of information, that not only the Chapel congregation, but the people who work the adjoining lands, have been using the water all winter and spring, and, so far as he knows, there is not a single case of fever in the neighborhood.

THE ENQUIRER's original information was based on reported individual statements about dead cats and rab-