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## A MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," Etc.

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### CHAPTER IX.

His face was very pale, but his expression was calm and determined.

With a cry of horrified wonder I recoiled before him and stood gazing wildly into his face, while the old woman, trembling and muttering to herself, slipped past him and left the room. He approached nearer. I stood still, looking at him, my heart throbbing and all my blood boiling in indignation against him.

"My God," I murmured, "then it was you."

He bent his head, and his face grew paler still.

"Will you listen to me?" he said in a low voice. "I wish to explain everything."

"I will not listen," I said indignantly. "I have nothing to say to you. I wish to leave this house."

As I moved to pass him he turned to the door, closed it and stood with his back to it looking at me.

"You must remain where you are," he said, "at least tonight. Do so, and I swear to you that no harm shall come to you. For what I have done, Catherine, I ask your forgiveness. I was mad perhaps, but I took you for my word. It was my last chance."

I remained stupefied, at a loss to comprehend him, only conscious of a sickening horror and dread of him. He saw and understood the expression on my face and continued in his low, sad, musical voice:

"You remember what you said—that he who married you must win you even against your own will? The devil put it in my head to do it, and you are here. This is my house. Your person is sacred in it, but I wish you to remain as its mistress—as my wife."

"Your wife!" I repeated. "You coward, I will never forgive you, never again take your hand even in friendship, and for what you have done to me you shall be punished, be sure of that! Stand aside, sir, and let me go!"

"It is too late for that, Catherine, even if it were my will that we should part. It is not my will. You must remain!"

I struggled to pass him, but he stood like a rock. In my mad passion I struck him in the face with all my strength. He smiled sadly and looked into my eyes.

"You see, it is useless," he said. "What is done is done. I would gladly recall it, but regrets are always in vain. By this time the alarm has been given, and you are being sought for far and wide. It will be thought, no doubt, that you are dead—murdered perhaps. Well, apes? No one will guess the truth until I choose to reveal it. In the meantime I ask you to think it all over—to remember the love I bear you and to ask yourself if it is not better to resign oneself to the inevitable."

"You mean that I am your prisoner? That you will dare to detain me here? Think what you are doing! Suffer me to go now, and I will try to forget what you have done!"

"There is only one way now," he answered quietly. "You must consent to be my wife."

"I will never do that," I cried; "never, never! Even if I had ever cared for you, what you have done would make me hate you and despise you. I thought you were a gentleman—you are a scoundrel—a scoundrel and a miserable coward!"

"Whatever I am I love you, Catherine. That is all the defense I have to offer."

"Help, there! Help!" I cried. "It is useless," he said. "No one will heed you. The people are bound to me, and they have their instructions. If you are wise, you will remain here quietly. Whatever you need or ask for shall be brought to you. My old housekeeper will look after your comfort. You may assure yourself that you are perfectly safe under this roof. Rest here in peace and tomorrow I will come to you again."

Before I could answer him again he slipped out of the door, which he locked upon me. Convinced now that escape was impossible, I threw myself into the chair and fell into a passion of angry tears.

Presently I grew calmer. All my pride was aroused, and I determined, by one method or another, to be even with the man who had used me so infamously. Instead of struggling in vain to escape I would await my opportunity and seize it. There was nothing else to do.

Suddenly I heard voices through the window. I arose, looked out and listened. All was still very dark, but I distinctly heard the voice of Langford giving some directions. A gruff voice replied, "All right, your honor." Then I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs growing fainter and fainter. Some one was galloping away from the house.

I returned to my seat and sat looking at the fire.

Presently the door opened and the old woman appeared, carrying a tray covered with a white napkin. On the tray were a basin of broth, some biscuits and a glass of wine.

This time I made no attempt to escape, but remained seated, watching the woman, who placed the tray on a small table beside me.

"Will your ladyship eat and drink something?" she said coaxingly. "Sure

it's poor fare for a great lady like ye, but it's the best ould Nannie can offer ye this night."

"Where is your master?" I asked. "He's ridden away to Mulrany," was the reply. "I was to tell ye he'd be back at daybreak."

In a moment I leaped to my feet and ran to the door, which stood wide open, but on the threshold I was captured by two men who stood on the landing. One was old, the other young, but both were strong and powerful.

"You can't pass, my lady," said the older man. "We're to watch over you till the master comes back."

"For God's sake, let me go!" I cried. "Help me from this house. I am rich. You shall be well rewarded. You know I am a prisoner here. You know I have been kept here against my will, and"—

"Sure we know all that, my lady," answered the old man respectfully, "but we've our orders from the master. You don't leave here till it's his pleasure that you shall go!"

"Come now, honey, and ate a bit," said the old woman softly.

I looked at the men and saw that they were determined, and with an angry cry I walked back to my prison.

How the rest of the night passed I scarcely remember. I was again left alone to my own wild thoughts, and at last, worn out and hopeless, I must have fallen asleep.

I awoke shivering. The fire had gone out, and the cold, gray dawn was creeping in through the window. I arose wearily and looked out. The room I occupied was at the top of the house. Below it was a large paved yard, with stable and outbuildings, and beyond that a dreary prospect of bog and mountain.

A man was in the yard whistling and polishing some harness. He was a young and stalwart peasant, and I had never, to my knowledge, seen his face before.

He looked up, and our eyes met, but he immediately turned his face away. I opened the window and called to him. He paid no attention whatever. I looked around on every side and saw only the dreary landscape lighted by a rainy dawn, but suddenly I heard the sound of a horse galloping, and immediately afterward Mr. Langford, wet and mud-bespattered, rode into the yard.

He alighted and handed his horse to the man, who said something to him, and he looked up toward the window and waved his hand.

I turned away from the window and waited quietly. In a few minutes I heard a footstep on the landing, and there was a knock at the door.

"May I come in?" said the voice of the master of the house.

I made no reply. After a brief pause the key was turned in the lock, the door opened, and Mr. Langford appeared.

"Good morning, Catherine," he said. "I sat silent and did not even look at him."

"I hope you have rested?" he continued. "I shouldn't have disturbed you had I not seen that you were up and awake."

I remained in the same position, my face averted, my eyes on the empty fireplace, but when he approached and bent over me I sprang to my feet.

"Do not touch me," I cried. "Forgive me," he said. "I was merely anxious on your account. Believe me, I would give my life to undo what I have done."

"Have you come to set me free?" I asked, panting and gazing fiercely into his face.

"No," he replied, and while I uttered an angry cry he continued: "I have come to tell you that they are searching for you far and wide. Close to the bridge at Mulrany they have found your cloak and a blood-stained handkerchief, and the impression is that you have been killed, thrown into the river and swept out to sea. I myself, as in duty bound, have been assisting in the search, and I have offered a reward of £100 to any one who will explain the mystery of your disappearance."

So saying he drew forth a printed placard which offered the reward in question. I looked at it in wonder, and from him to it. There was a strange smile on his face, but his lips were quivering and his eyes kept their usual sadness.

"You see I am thorough," as you once called it. Thanks to my ingenuity, no one will ever think of looking for you here. No one will suspect that Philip Langford, who offers a reward for your discovery and is himself so active in instructing the police, is really the prime agent in the whole affair."

I gazed at him in terror. The whole scheme seemed so cold-blooded, so diabolical.

"God will punish you," I exclaimed, "even if I can't."

The smile faded away, and he replied wearily:

"God has punished me already. I have staked my soul on this hazard and I fear that I have lost."

I fell at his feet, clinging to him and looking up into his face.

"Let me go!" I sobbed. "Let me go now, and I will pardon everything. No one shall know what you have done—I will be silent! Only let me go! For God's sake let me go!"

He bent over me and took my face between his hands. I did not resist, for I thought that his heart was yielding.

All my thought was how to escape from this man, for whom I felt an ever increasing terror.

"My poor Catherine!" he said, and I saw that his eyes were dim with tears. "If you knew how my heart has bled for you, if you knew how I have cursed myself for seeming so unkind to what I love so dearly! Can you forgive me after all?"

"Yes, yes," I murmured eagerly. "I will forgive—I will forget—only let me go. I am sure you do not wish to harm me. You have been mad, but it is over now—and—and—"

My voice died away in sobs as he said, bending down and kissing me on the forehead:

"You are right. I have been mad, but I am mad still, and I feel sometimes as if I should never be sane again. Yet I love you. I love you."

I think he would have lifted me and folded me in his arms, but I rose quickly and drew myself away.

"You will do as I wish?" I cried. "I cannot," he replied. "If I did that, I should lose you forever."

"Do not speak of that, but do as I entreat, as I command. You have done evil enough already. Do not add to it. Do not make me hate you even more."

He turned from me and paced the room in gloomy thought. I watched him anxiously. At last he turned to me again, saying:

"Will you promise to become my wife?"

"I will not promise what I can never perform," was my reply.

"You said you hated me. Is that true?"

"I don't know. I can only think of one thing—how to leave this dreadful place. Don't torture me. Prove your love and set me free."

"You must remain a little longer," he said at last. "My mind is swept this way and that, and I cannot decide. You shall hear from me tonight."

He left abruptly, and I still remained a prisoner.

The day passed, and I saw no more of Mr. Langford. By this time I had made up my mind that escape was impossible, but feeling convinced that no further violence would be attempted I resigned myself to my captivity. Still eager for some means of evading my jailers I conversed freely with the old crone and even at her request partook of a little food. Most of her talk consisted of warm panegyrics on her master, whom she regarded as the greatest and best of human beings.

Her name, I found, was Nannie Conolly. The old man was her husband, and the two younger men whom I had seen were her sons. All of them were devoted to their master, as was clearly shown, indeed, by the risks they had run in exposing themselves to the punishment of the law.

Just after midnight Nannie brought me a letter.

It was written by Mr. Langford and ran as follows:

I will not visit you tonight, for it is torture for me to refuse you anything. I loathe my self for what I have done, but I am like a ship without helm or sail, driven along helplessly at the mercy of the storm. It is right you should know that the police have arrested Patrick Blake on suspicion of being concerned in the matter. The man is a worthless rascal, but in this respect, as you know, he is quite innocent. What a coward you will think me to stand by silently and hear another man accused of my crime! Do not judge me too harshly, however. No harm shall come to him through me, although I cannot yet make up my mind how to set

This communication only served to deepen my sense of shame and horror. I sent a message to the writer, demanding to see him immediately, but he refused to come. All my anxiety now was for my unfortunate cousin. I could not bear to think that he should be suffering so unjustly.

The night passed, and for the first time I slept soundly, though my sleep was troubled with feverish dreams.

Why enter into the dismal particulars of the rest of my captivity? As every one now knows, I was kept at

"Then I am at liberty to depart?"

"Yes. My boatman will row you across the bay, and you will alight close at your own door."

He was so calm, so inscrutable, that I was puzzled.

"As to your account of what has taken place," he continued, "you will use your own discretion. I deserve no consideration and expect to receive none. I have played my last card and lost the game. Be assured that no evil tongue will ever injure you while I am alive to justify you and to condemn myself."

Thus it happened that I returned to my home in the very boat which had conveyed me away on the memorable night of my abduction. Old Nannie wrapped around me a warm peasant cloak of her own and parted from me with many blessings.

Mr. Langford followed me to the shore and helped me to my seat behind the rowers—old Michael Conolly and his two sons.

The boat pushed off, and I did not speak a word. As we rowed away Mr. Langford stood on the shore bareheaded watching me depart.

I shall never forget the expression of his despairing face.

Unseen by any one, I quitted the boat on the shore of my own estate. No one saw me, for thick woodlands screen the seashore from the castle.

As I turned to go the old man, Conolly, stood hat in hand with the tears streaming down his face, but he was not thinking of himself.

"God bless your ladyship," he said. "Don't spake against the poor master. His heart is broke intirely."

Thus, to the surprise of my servants, I re-entered my home, and, going at once to my boudoir, wrote the letter which Mr. Langford showed to the magistrates. During the row home I had quite made up my mind not to say one word which could implicate the really guilty person. I needed no one to tell me that his shame and misery were already deep enough, and in spite of my indignation at his conduct I pitied him with all my soul.

Before closing this page of my life forever I wish to mention only one more circumstance. Shortly after my liberation I paid a visit to my cousin Patrick Blake, and, as some compensation for the indignity and annoyance to which he had been subjected on my account, offered him a considerable share of my inheritance, to be paid to him regularly through my bankers. He accepted this gift without hesitation, pledging himself in return to forget all past misunderstandings.

CATHERINE POWER.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

PAYING FOR POOR PATIENTS.—A unique charity, established by a rich woman of San Francisco, is described by the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A San Francisco doctor performed a successful operation for a rich woman, and when asked for his bill presented one for \$50. The woman smiled and said, "Do you consider that a reasonable charge, considering my circumstances?" The doctor replied, "That is my charge for that operation; your circumstances have nothing to do with it."

The lady drew a check for \$500, and presented it to him. He handed it back, saying, "I cannot accept this. My charge for the operation is \$50."

"Very well," the woman replied. "Keep the check, and put the balance to my credit."

Some months afterward she received a bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, rendered to all sorts of odds and ends of humanity, male and female, black and white, who had been mented at her expense. She was so delighted that she immediately placed another check for \$500 to her credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same way.

HASTY WORDS.—We are told that we ought to think twice before we speak. Sometimes we are advised if we are feeling unkindly, to count ten before we open our mouth. Yet hasty words oftentimes fly from our lips, in the moment of excited feeling, and before we have time to think twice or count half of ten, the harm is done, the keen word has flashed like a dart into some gentle heart. These hasty words are spoken, too, most frequently between those who love each other. We control our speech fairly well when it is with strangers or ordinary acquaintances we are speaking; but with those we love best we are less careful. We let our worry or our weariness make us irritable, and then we utter the hasty words which, five minutes afterward, we would give all we have to recall. But such words never can be recalled. They may be forgiven, for love forgives till seventy times seven times; but the wounds, the scars, remain.

THE WEST'S COAL OUTPUT.—The 23,000,000 tons annual output of western coal is plainly insufficient to supply the local western demand. The higher price it commands shows not only this, but also that while the output on the whole is increasing, the increase is not commensurate with the increase of population in the trans-Mississippi region. There are coal beds throughout the western states amply able, when worked, to supply more than the home demand, and the anthracite area of Colorado and Wyoming is bound in time to rival that of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The development of the western coal industry offers one of the most promising fields for the investment of capital.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### DOWN IN SANTIAGO.

An Interesting Letter From the Captured Cuban City.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer. SANTIAGO DE CUBA, August 24.—We had a good trip across and have now been here eight days. I have seen so many strange and wonderful things that I hardly know where to begin to tell about them. However, I will try to write a little about everything.

It was a little after sunrise on Wednesday, the 17th, that we passed Morro Castle. About three or four hundred yards off the channel, we passed a sunken Spanish gunboat that had been riddled with shot and shell, and a short distance beyond it lies the Merrimac, longways, with the channel on the right hand side. Her smokestack and masts are sticking out of the water about four feet.

How any man in his right mind could have conceived the idea of taking this vessel into such a place, passes my comprehension. After you pass Morro Castle, the channel makes a turn, and there are guns on both sides, in front and behind. The range from Morro Castle is point blank, and that the Merrimac was not literally torn to pieces is little short of a miracle. This is as well as I can describe the situation. To thoroughly understand what I am trying to get at, it is necessary for one to actually see the surroundings.

After we passed the Merrimac we ran aground; but got off in about an hour and proceeded on up to the city of Santiago. We passed on the way numerous Spanish batteries. All these have been dismounted. The Stars and Stripes are floating over them and United States soldiers have charge.

We disembarked Wednesday night, put up our small tents, and slept. Of course, when I got up next morning, I saw many things that were strange and many that were familiar; but I was not struck with any one thing so much as I was with the large number of buzzards. They are in droves—just thousands of them. I have never seen the like before.

During Thursday I was detailed to duty in the health department, and have since been quartered in the famous bullring in Santiago. My company left the same day for Guantanamo, 65 miles up the coast, to do garrison duty. Since then I have been kept quite busy looking after health statistics and disinterring and shipping back home the remains of the United States soldiers who have been buried here.

You have heard many horrible stories about starvation in this city, and you have probably believed that these stories were exaggerated. I thought so. I was mistaken. No man can picture the horrors that have existed here. The situation is still terrible. My duties take me into the houses and backyards of the people, and every day, at sundown, I have to go to the gates of each of the three cemeteries and get from the guards stationed there the number of corpses interred or burned during the day. During the time I have been on duty, the average has been 142 per day, and it is no wonder. The filth and nastiness which prevail everywhere is horrible.

The hauling of corpses through the streets of the city in carts is an hourly occurrence. I have seen 17 corpses piled on a single ox cart. There were no coffins or even boxes. Some of them were but scantily clothed, and they lay one on top of another. Nearly every dead cart carries from 7 to 9 at a time. Some are buried; but most of them are burned.

The poorer class of people have been having a hard time of it. They are having it yet. On all sides are men, women and children who are literally starving to death. Their stomachs are swelled out of all proportions, and the balance of their bodies are pitiable bunches of skin and bones. They stand about all day begging for scraps of food. Why this is so I do not know. It ought not to be so. There are cattle and goats here in plenty—big droves of them—and also thousands of chickens. It seems to me that there is plenty of food for everybody if it were only distributed properly. But we are doing a good work. The improvement of conditions are easily noticeable. The principal need is the cleaning up of the city. Properly cleaned there is no reason why this city should not become as healthy as any other anywhere, especially in the same climate.

In the discharge of my duties I have been over most of the ground where the fighting around Santiago took place. The wonder to me is not that so many were killed; but so few. The Spanish positions were all on the tops of steep hills. They were well protected with trenches. The hills are bare. Our men had to charge over hundreds of yards, exposed all the while to the fire of the Spanish riflemen, and, under the circumstances, their fighting was something to be proud of.

I have been through the trenches that were dug by our men and occupied by them. In some places there are still to be seen small straw shelters, constructed to protect the men from the terrific heat. Strewn along in the trenches there are also numerous meat cans, blankets, and other things that were thrown away by the brave fellows when they left their

shelters and charged up those long exposed hillsides through a hail of death. There are several men here in the bullring with me who went through it all and who have told me all about it.

While the hillsides are bare of vegetation, the valleys are tangled and matted wildernesses of tropical growths. The first evening I rode through there every stitch of clothing was torn from my body. On that trip we found the skeletons of two American soldiers. We knew that they were our men by the accoutrements that were lying near them. I found also many relics, including buttons off of Spanish coats, a pair of spurs, cartridges of every description, a machete, and a pack of playing cards.

There has been a great deal of controversy as to whether the Spaniards used explosive bullets. They did. I have quite a number that I picked up in the Spanish trenches. I also have two cartridges with brass bullets. One of them I took out of a gun that I found in a Spanish blockhouse, and the other I picked up from the ground near by. There is no doubt of the fact that the Spaniards used these savage missiles of mutilation and gangrene whenever they had the opportunity.

It is my desire to ship THE ENQUIRER some relics as soon as I learn what will be most acceptable. I am kept very busy with my duties; but when I find time, I will write again about such matters as may appear to be of interest.

F. A. GOSMAN.

### THE PRIMARY.

Method of Nominating Candidates May Become an Issue.

Columbia Record.

There are signs of a purpose to attack the primary system of selecting Democratic nominees. Every now and then there is an outcropping of opposition to the primary. There has been no concerted fight upon it yet, and probably if any is made it will not be begun until the session of the legislature in 1900. But the primary will withstand all attacks, for, in spite of all inevitable drawbacks, it has demonstrated its superiority to the old convention plan. But for the primary, Earle would never have defeated Evans, and but for the primary it is doubtful if there would have been any or much opposition to Ellerbe this summer. As straws showing how the wind is blowing, The Record publishes editorials on the primary published by two Sumter papers. The Sumter Herald, which supports Ellerbe, says:

"The primary system of making nominations is fast falling into disfavor, and that too by the very men who so loudly clamored for it. A charter member of the Reform movement remarked the other day that a return to the old convention plan was advisable; that we always got better officers under it. Many are thinking and talking the same way."

On the other hand, the Sumter Item, which opposed Ellerbe, defends the primary thus:

"There is much complaint from all sections of the state that the primary is unsatisfactory, and there is a growing demand for some change for the better. We candidly admit that the primary is not perfect and leaves much to be desired; but what better substitute do the kickers offer? Not a suggestion has been made. The primary is infinitely to be preferred to the old convention plan and we prefer holding fast to the primary. It is thoroughly Democratic, and when fairly managed is the best means ever devised for ascertaining the wishes of the members of the party. What is needed is a clearer and more explicit set of rules, a law requiring the rigid and impartial enforcement of those rules and suitable penalties for fraud or failure to carry out the rules."

And so it goes. But, while the primary has lost some of its friends, it has converted many of its enemies and is today stronger than ever. The candidate who opposes it exposes his unwillingness to trust the people.

YOUR ANCESTORS.—Nearly every one has more or less ancestors, and a mathematically inclined genealogist has figured that even a fellow that couldn't join anything but a church has had during the last 25 generations no less than 45,476,862 ancestors, of whom 22,738,432 were living at the same time 25 generations back. Calling the average lifetime of a generation 33½ years, that would take us back to the year of the Norman Conquest, 1066. Each of us had at the time of that historic event something like 20,000,000 of ancestors roaming about the various principalities and jungles of Europe, Asia and Africa, not to mention the South Sea Islands and Australia, and of these it is a reasonable certainty that at least one participated in the battle of Senlac, either under Duke William or King Harold.

—New York Sun.

There are no drays or express wagons in the City of Mexico. The natives use a kind of cart with enormous wheels, but for carrying around town the "transportation" is all done on the back of natives. If you want to have a trunk moved you have a "cargador," and for 25 cents he will carry a 300 pound trunk on his back two miles. In the country everything is carried on the backs of small mules. Drovers of them come into town with produce on their backs.



As we rowed away Mr. Langford stood on the shore bareheaded.

Langford House for three long weary nights, in spite of my constant entreaties and prayers. No one suspected my hiding place, for few creatures at any time approached that lonely dwelling, and the police regarded Mr. Langford as above suspicion.

From time to time my captor appeared before me, but the result of our interviews was invariably the same, until the morning of the third day, when he appeared before me booted and spurred, and said quietly: