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tutions, they have to live on the busi-

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THE SERGEANT OF THE CUARD.

### BY P. Y. BLACK.

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CHAPTER II. Mother Revell, old campaigner and fearless of weathers, pulled on a warmly lined pair of rubber boots that showed honestly beneath her sensibly short skirts, wrapped a warm shawl over her head and shoulders and ventured boldly away from her little cottage by the creek, plodding through the knee deep snow. The blizzard which the teamster had scented afar had blown past, and again the wind was stilled, so that the drifts lay motionless, freezing crisply in the moonless night. No. 1 on the guardhouse porch, beyond the lines of barracks and officers' houses, lonely in its grimness, saw her coming, a cloth covered basket on her arm, and challenged her with smiling ceremony. "Who comes there?" he cried, and

she answered cheerily, "A friend." "You bet you are, Mother Revell," said the sentry and helped her on to the

porch. "Want to see the sergeant?" He opened the guardroom door and pushed her gently in.

"Another prisoner for you, sergeant." he said and grinned.

"Hello, mother!" cried the sergeant of the guard, coming forward from his into odd corners for something she little office bedroom. "What brings you frowningly sought. At last she found out in the snow?"

"It's Mother Revell," the troopers called out, throwing aside cards and jumping from their bunks, "and a basket. What's in the basket?"

"I thought," said the little, gentle eyed woman, who for all her long, rough life with the army could yet blush pleasantly. "I thought as it was Martin's first guard as a sergeant you boys were weary, and those not out on post wouldn't mind if I just fixed you all a lunch, seeing it's so cold.'

The sergeant laughed and gave the little woman a boy's hard squeeze. "You ought to be brevetted colonel,"

screeched the young trumpeter. "Ach! Mutter Revell! Why vas you

not secretary of var made alretty?" Dutchman grunted. No. 1 poked his head in at the door

anxiously. "Make them keep some for me, Mrs.

Revell," he cried earnestly. "I've half an hour yet to freeze out here." Hot mince pies and a can of better

than messroom coffee came from the big basket, and the soldiers ate with boisterous good humor. Mrs. Revell sat on the edge of a trunk and eyed them comfortably. She knew them all, knew many of their secrets, as she had known recruit and veteran, private and sergeant of the old troop for 20 years and more. Her quick gray eyes glanced from

with a shiver. "Don't call him that. It all right, Martin. Are you off duty towas only the dark and the cold of that day? lonely cell that frightened me." He shook his head.

'Ha, ha!" the troopers laughed. "A veteran of the war frightened by the dark! Oh, Mother Revell!" The delicate flush, so readily provoked

bled. on Mrs. Revell's cheek, saved her pallor from being again noticed. "Has the major seen him?" she asked

last.' quietly of her son. "No, only the adjutant; but the fellow's cute. He won't talk. Nobody is allowed to see him. Angels of mercy

sick, Foley's acting sergeant major, McMillan's on detached service mending telegraph wires, Fairleigh's provost are, of course, excepted." sergeant and so on. There's only Bob He patted his mother's cheek, and she Otis and I for duty—one night in." "It's a shame!" she cried, jumping tried to laugh, then took her basket and bade them all good night and a quiet up in a passion of fear. "You can't! guard. She walked steadily home, You must not!" tramping bravely through the drifts, "Why, mother?"

major!"

ed, and bent hungrily over his plate.

"It'll tire you out."

"That hangdog road agent is to be

She sat, stunned, until the bugles on

answering cheerily enough the greetings of a party of officers she met as they came out of the club; but, once home, she locked and barred the door, put out the light, and sat, her face hidden in the five years. Don't get excited." her hands, until morning by the stove. Before the bugles sounded reveille cry. round the white counterpaned parade ground she was up and busy, poking

it, a little steel tool, and she slipped it in the bosom of her dress. She fed the send you down a tonic, and don't you stove and made coffee again and filled move from your stove today. I'll run her can. Then, while the dawn hung up and see you at dinner time. Now, I timorcusly in doubt and the sky in the must hurry and clean my belts a bit." east was very slowly trembling from violet to gray, she pulled on her boots ed at the open door. and took her shawl and once more started for the guardhouse. There the men sent to the railway tomorrow. The sheriff will take charge of him there." were sleeping. The young sergeant was

Mother Revell huddled up in her wrapped in his blankets, sound and chair as the door closed behind her and snoring, and a drowsy corporal was in became a nervous bundle of anxious charge. He brightened at sight of Mothfears. er Revell's can.

"Begum, but you'll spile the ser-geant with yer coddlin!" he said. "Shall I wake him?" Mother Revell shook her head and

And if he succeeds Martin will be tried poured out a mugful for the grateful corporal. "Is he asleep?" she asked, nodding chance of promotion. Oh, oh!"

toward the prisoner's cell. "Nop. Just now he was swearin at

the parade ground announced guard the cold. mount. She stole to the window and "It is horribly cold in there," she watched. Crash went the band. All the said. "Won't you give him a cup?" familiar, stirring maneuvers were per-"Shucks, Mrs. Revell, ye're all heart formed in the bright winter sun. The Twas him killed the paymaster." band ceased, the adjutant and sergeant

"That's not certain yet, " said Mother Revell, suddenly shaking. "But it major saluted, the shrill bugles adwould be cold for a dog in there. Let vanced, and the new guard marched on

me. "The corporal shrugged his shoulders.

"Mother, can you give me something while the hole was narrow. The moon to eat?" he cried. "They've detailed a glanced upon him, and she saw the glitnew cook, and he can't either bake ter of his excited, determined eyes. Inch beans or make coffee. The mess break- by inch, without a sound, he dragged fast was ruined. This is something like. himself to freedom, and No. 1 continued Nobody, alive or dead, ever made hash to tramp the wooden porch unsuspectlike you, mother, and this is coffee, not ingly. The man was out and on his bootleg. Say, mother, you're pale. feet, stooping low, glancing here and What have you been doing to yourself?" "I?" she answered, and the soft, sweet pink spread on her cheek. "I'm there to make sure of the right direction to run.

"Quick, quick! Oh, man, be off with you quick!" murmured Mother Revell. As if he heard her, he started to run

through the deep snow, soundlessly. "No such luck-guard," he answer-One step he took, and Mother Revell closed her eyes in despair. The man's legs, cramped by confinement, were un-Mother Revell paled again and tremcertain. His toe struck a rock in the "Guard !" she said at last. "Why, snow, and he fell, noisily bumping Martin, you were on the night before against the wooden wall. At that he forgot himself, or became at once reci-"Can't help it. Schiedermann's gone less, and swore aloud.

"Sergeant of the guard!" the sentry shouted and dashed round the house, while inside tumult and clashing of steel resounded. The prisoner picked himself up, buf slipped and slid again before he could start afresh, so that No. 1, carbine loaded and cocked, was on his heels. It was no intention of the

sentry's to kill, but rather to recapture "You-I'll go and speak to the alive. He brought the butt to the front swiftly and thrust viciously to knock his man over like a rabbit. The running "What on earth-mother, you know such things often happen. It's all in blow missed, and in an instant the prisoner turned, a shaggy, wild eyed image "You-you'll be ill." She began to of desperation. They closed, but for a second. The next instant the sentry lay "Mother," he said, stepping to her side on the snow, and the prisoner had the carbine. He was off again with a dash, and petting her, "yon are ill. Why, you, of all people, know one night in is no but now the guard came running out, hardship. It won't last. Look here! I'm Sergeant Revell ten paces in advance, going to ask the hospital steward to revolver at the ready.

"Halt, or I fire!" he yelled. The prisoner swung about and brought the carbine to his shoulder. A scream came from the spring, and Mother Rev-He left her shaking silently, but turnell ran out, wringing her hands.

"No, no! Both of you! Don't shoot!" She rushed to her son and flung herself entreatingly on his breast, but not before his revolver had cracked. The prisoner was a second later. Unhurt by Martin's bullet, he returned the fire as Mother Revell clasped her boy. Martin

heard his mother cry out in pain and "Tonight!" she muttered. "He must cape tonight and Martin on ground 1 If escape tonight, and Martin on guard! If rescuing arm. The guard rushed past, he should fail, if the guard shoots him carbines ready, in pursuit of the fugi--a son shoot his father down! Oh, oh! tive, but the sergeant of the guard paid no attention to them. He picked the litfor allowing the escape, for neglect of the unconscious woman up in his arms duty, and be reduced. It will ruin his and dashed away to the post hospital, terror in his eyes.

> CHAPTER IV. "How is she?"

"Is she better?" "Is there any chance for her?"

All day long the men came slipping up to the hospital and whispered their

anxious inquiries in the attendants' ears and went off in gloom when the to the guardroom, the tall and bright steward pursed his lips and shook his eyed young sergeant in command. She head.

could hear his clear voice even when he Toward evening she became sensible

"I want to hear the bugles," she said. let her friends know how she figures in priations, they are not endowed instithe great social swim. Soon they sounded-the last, last, friendly, loving call to rest-taps. told, a newspaper printed a long story agree among themselves as to the about the celebration of a military method of doing business. Every THE END.

## Miscellancous Reading.

owing graphic statement ; but he was evidently some one who had "been worth, according to prices prevailing there" himself. Moreover, he was the at that time, exactly \$7.50. Besides editor of a "country newspaper," as the expense of writing up the celebra. we are assured by the New York Trition, the newspaper was asked and exbune, and if he had written for a year pected to contribute \$7.50 to the adhe could not have stated the case more miration fund of the company. clearly, and with such a wealth of When men die who have occupied a

philosophy:

prominent place in the community, The editor has a charter from the state o act as doormat for the community. He will get the paper out somehow, and stand state or church or society in their day whill get the paper out somehow, and stand up for the town, and whoop it up for you when you run for office, and lie about your big-footed son when he gets a four-lollar-a-week job, and weep over your



### VIEW OF THE CHARLOTTE ROAD.

In the above picture is a view of the macadamized section of the Charlotte road rom a point just beyond the incorporate limits of Yorkville and looking this way. During a portion of the winter of 1896 97, this road was, at times, practically Fitzhugh Lee, a few days ago, gave npassable by two horse wagons carrying more than a one-horse load. To out an interview with regard to the go over it with a buggy was almost agony. Now the above picture gives a occupation of Cuba. He said : fair idea of what is to be found for a distance of more than two miles beyond the incorporate limits of the town, and the good work is extending onward. The to be a big police force, the duty of history of the change is the story of broad-minded liberality on the part of a which will be to maintain order from number of Yorkville business men and thoroughly intelligent appreciation on one end of the island to the other. We the part of country people living along the road for a distance of five or six will garrison it and see that every one niles out. One day in January, 1897, a citizen of Yorkville, who had just been behaves himself, and then not only

company. It filled a great deal of weekly newspaper in South Carolina, space, and cost a good deal of money we venture to say, would be able to to put it in shape for the entertainment of the reading public. It would seem that the newspaper had done its full share in writing up the the celebration; nothing, and for which the newspapers but the next morning, all the same, a do not receive so cheap a reward as request was made for 150 copies of the sincere thanks. paper containing the story for general GENERAL WOOD'S FINE WORK. distribution, and 150 copies were

Several years ago, as we have been ness that they do, and they should

He Has Greatly Improved Health Conditions In Santiago.

In a long personal letter to Secretary Alger, General Leonard Wood, military governor of Santiago, outlines the work he has accomplished since he took charge of the city. He says that when the American forces entered the town the sanitary situation was some-thing frightful. Unburied dead lay in the houses, 3,000 Spanish sick and wounded crowded the hospitals and barracks, a horde of 20,000 half famished people walked the streets, the water supply had been cut off, and the streets were full of dead animals and filthy materials. Because of the advance of decomposition, the dead were burned. Yellow fever was raging, 20 or more cases being in the Spanish hospital alone and the charity hospital was filled with dying persons.

General Wood began systematically to improve the situation. He has 170 men constantly at work and the death rate is only one-fourth what it was in July. The sick are given careful medical attention and the worthy poor are fed, 15,000 rations being distributed every day. The garbage is taken out-side the city and burned, and the unhealthy parts of the city have been drained. The police force in the city and the lighthouse system in the harbor have been re-established. The courts are not in operation yet, but General Wood sits each day as a police judge. Since the Americans took the city the customs receipts have been \$100,000. The present expenses attending the work of operating the city, which are in some extent extraordinary, are about \$5,000 a week. By the effective measures adopted by General Wood a general epidemic of yellow fever has been averted. The general hopes soon to start the schools and thus get the children off the streets.

# THE FUTURE OF CUBA.-General

"The army in Cuba is simply going

"THE LORD ONLY KNOWS." ome Every Day Troubles of the Average Country Newspaper. rom the News and Courier. We do not know who made the fol-

one to the other motherly.

"Brown," she said, "are those your best boots? Mind you draw a new pair next clothing issue. You'll be on the sick report with pneumonia if you don't take care. Billy McNab, how's your arm? Thought you knew better than let your horse throw you. Have you got enough coffee, Martin, boy?"

"How, mother?"

Mrs. Revell glanced at the barred and closed door of the common prison room. "Mayn't they have some, poor things?"

"Oh, we're empty tonight, mother. There's only old Barney Constable-the usual thing-and he's sleeping it off."

"Poor old Barney! I doubt but they'll bobtail him in the end. Where's the-the stage robber?" she whispered.

"Sulking in his cell there. I guess they'll ship him off to the civil authorities soon, if the roads open up. If it hadn't been for the blizzard, they'd have sent him before this. We've had him five days now, and the adjutant don't like the responsibility of keeping such a desperate murderer in this old wooden shack."

Mother Revell had a little of a woman's curiosity, and a great deal of a woman's tenderness.

"He must be cold in that dark cell," she murmured. "Won't you give him a mug of hot coffee?"

"He'd only growl and refuse it." "Let me," said Mother Revell, with innate Red Cross proclivities.

She took the tin cup and filled it steaming full and took as well a piece of pie. With these she stepped lightly along the dark corridor to the farthest cell, a dark and chilly dungeon, utterly lonesome, securely barred. She paused timidly a foot away from the grating. By the smoky light of the oil lamp in the corridor she made out to see a bundle of blankets in the far corner.

"Would you like a cup of coffee and a piece of hot pie?" asked Mother Rev-

The blanket was slipped from a shaggy, gray haired, gray bearded head and two eyes, red shot, stared out.

"I've brought you a cup"-The blankets were tossed aside and the prisoner made a spring at the bars. His lips were apart in surprise; his hands shook; his eyes were eager.

"Good Lord! Are you still with the boys?" he whispered.

The mug of coffee shook in Mother Revell's hand until much of the draft was spilled on the wornout boards, but Mother Revell had courage and wit and You and I remembered him as a big presence of mind, developed by her un- buck private when I was a sergeant in usual training. She neither screamed the war. Say, is he-is he stuck on you nor fainted, but her breath came pant-

ingly. "You again!" she whispered at last, and marry him. and they were silent, staring at each other, the man with an astonished, half pleased smile, the woman white and you to name. Get away from here as dazed. At last she found herself and quick as you can, and remember thispushed the coffee and pie between the there's only one thing I love in the bars.

"Drink it !" she murmured. "I shall see you again."

He nodded to her and gulped the hot drink down and took the pie.

Mother Revell had been gone but two rim. minutes when she came back to the guardroom.

"Did that brute frighten you?" cried Martin. "You are white as your aprou." "Hush, Martin," said the old lady, mor.

It was hard to refuse Mother L'evell anything. So again she slipped along the corridor. The prisoner must have heard her voice, for he was already at the bars.

"Bessie," he hoarsely whispered. 'You're the same as ever-a good old girl And you haven't forgotten the old found her so white he resolved to bring man A corner of your heart for him the post surgeon in the morning. Darkstill. eh?" ness, but she lit no lamp, and at last

She shrunk from his bloated face for came tattoo and taps to usher in a windy a moment; the next she stepped deternight, with white clouds swiftly crossminedly to the grating. ing the half moon. Night-the final

"Listen," she murmured hurriedly. click of the billiard balls in the club, 'Don't touch my hand. I'm going to the final song at Captain West's evenhelp you, but not for your sake-for the ing party, the first silent round of the same reason I helped you before, when, officer of the day. The sentry at the in your drinking craze, you shot the guardhouse lifted up his voice, "No. 1, cowboy in Dodge. I wanted to save my 12 o'clock !" and from the corral, from boy the shame of hearing his father was the cavalry stables, from the haystacks

hanged. I want to save him again." and from the distant sawmill came the "'Little Martin-the baby. Bessie, swift replies of lonely sentinels, is he here? Let me see him-Bess." 'Twelve o'clock, and all's well !" "Never," she cried fiercely. "He's Mother Revell rose up, unable to wait doing well; he's a boy to be proud of. longer, to bear suspense. She stole from He studies and will pass for a commisthe house. Well she knew the old post sion in time. He knows nothing of your and how to hide in the shadows and life, of you, and never shall. I'd die

first. Do you think I'd see the boy creep about in shame for his father, a deserter twice a murderer? Could he hold up his head among his comrades when he's an officer and a gentleman, as he will be, as he deserves to be? See you! Never! You must go away-escape, else there are some here will recognize you.'

ed the steaming coffee sulkily. The men snored; the corporal nodded over his stove. "What name have you gone by? You

She was trembling now, and he galp-

dare not call yourself Revell?" "Hardly." he grinned.

"Take this," she said, and gave him the tool from her dress. "It's all I could find-a gimlet. You bore hole after hole in the planking of the floor until a piece is loose. It's slow, and you must be cautious of the guard seeing you. Get through by night after next if you can, for they are eager to send you to prison. There's a foot and a half between floor and ground. You can crawl

out. It was done once by a man at Fort how to avoid the sentries. Unseen, fill-McKinney. Look out for No. 1. He ed with a shuddering disgust at herself at having so to hide, she gained the passes round the guardhouse every quarrear of the guardhouse. There, there

ter of an hour." stood a little clump of scrub oaks by a He took the tool eagerly and she spring of clear water, and in their turned away. shadows the little woman crouched and

"Bessie!

watched. She paused. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to the end of "I saw in a paper that Pollock was the porch; to the rear, march, and made a major. He always had luck. tramp, tramp, tramp to the other end. Shift carbine to the other shoulder, and it's time to patrol round the guardhouse. So went No. 1, monotonously, distractstill? I cut him out for fair then, didn't ingly. Once, twice, thrice and four times I? I half thought you'd get a divorce he passed round the building, and it

She looked at him fiercely.

"The major's a good man, not fit for sentries' calls, "All's well!" felt no cold. Her eyes sought continuworld and that's the boy.'

She slipped quickly from him and through the guardroom, past the drowsy corporal and regained her home before the sun was yet above the plain's far

CHAPTER IIL

The young sergeant came to his mother's little breakfast table in a poor hu- and shook and watched. Inch by inch although it was very cold, and they he came-the murderer, a big man, did so.

and found Martin in the room with the was out of sight at the distant guardhouse: "New guard! Present arms!" doctor, and a tall mustached figure in Evening stable call and the troopers the shadows of a corner.

in white stable dress, trotting at double "Martin," she whispered, "are you time through the frosty air of the failhurt. boy? ing day-supper call-retreat and the

"I wish I were, dear little mother," he cried. "so that you were safe!" sunset gun. Martin ran in to see her and

"Hush! None of that now, sergeant, or you'll have to get out," the doctor said as the lad flung himself on his knees by the bed.

Mother Revell petted her boy's hand weakly, and her eyes sought the corner. "Is it you, major?" she asked softiy, and the officer commanding came silently to her side.

"Mother Revell," he whispered, 'don't you wish to speak to me?' She paused, closing her eyes, and then opened them upon the doctor. "I've seen many of the poor boys go,

doctor," she said. "Tell me.' And he told her. The doctor took

Martin by the shoulder and pushed him out before him gently, and the major and Mother Revell were left alone. At once she asked:

"He was caught?" "He was shot down, dead, Bessie." "And you recognized him?"

"But nobody else, Bessie. Nobody shall know he was Sergeant Revell." "Thank you, major," she sighed, with

content that almost stifled her pain. 'Martin will never know when-when he's an officer and a gentleman. Major, you've been very, very good and kind.' "I'd have done more if you'd let me, Bessie, " he answered.

"Do it for-for Martin," she pleaded. "He's not like his father." "No, no, Bess-like you, dear girl,

like you, Bess." She looked at him with a faint shake

of the head. "Bess, give me a right to be a father dead."

"For your sake, major. I'm only a laundress. '

'I don't want to think that the rascal who spoiled your life won to the end. I've been patient. Let me remember are sold ; but they ask the price of the you as my wife-take my name."

Again she motioned "no." "I've money, Bess, and Martin will be my son. I have influence, and Martin, as my son, will draw on it natural-17

"You attack the weaker wing, mashe answered, and pressed his jor." hand.

"Yes?" "Yes."

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He stooped and kissed her and hurried out to send his orderly for the post chaplain. Martin, bewildered, was there, and the doctor, and these alone was 1 o'clock. Again he sang the hour saw Mother Revell acknowledge the and again came back the distant echoing mistake of her hasty girlhood and marry at last the man who had patiently Mother Revell was in a fever. She waited.

ously the yawning blackness between After that she lay in pain, sinking the walls of the old guardhouse and the swiftly, and grew a little delirious and waw into the future, speaking of her boy snowny ground. Again the faithful senas "Captain Revell, a gallant officer try passed around and went back to the porch. A minute passed, and something and gentleman." At 9 o'clock she was very weak, but sensible, and sent mesprotruded from beneath the guardhouse. sages to a number of her children-the reaching out to the white snow, stealthily, on its belly, like a great, sneaking grief stricken troopers. Shortly she cat. Mother Revell clasped her hands whispered to them to open the window,

toiling through the mud of a country road, came into THE ENQUIRER office and charitable work but private enterprise stated he would be glad to be one of ten citizens to bind themselves to subscribe and and our own government's plans repay \$100 a year each, for five years, and that the aggregate sum be expended in the garding the restorarion of the island mprovement of some road leading into Yorkville and to be selected by a can be carried forward without danger

majority of the subscribers. The proposition created some interest, and the of interruption or antagonism. "I have no information as to Presigentleman continued to agitate it privately and through THE ENQUIRER. At last the matter began to provoke discussion. Various plans of operations were dent McKinley's intentions; but this is proposed, and finally there was raised in Yorkville a subscription to be used on my idea of what is going to happen: We will send 60,000 troops to Cuba the road the people of which should furnish the largest co-operative amount. Thirty-four subscribers in Yorkville raised \$714, and on the day fixed for the and scatter them over the island. We will garrison it from end to end-not awarding of the sum, the people of the Charlotte road carried off the prize with \$681, to take possession of it; but to see that subscribed by 28 subscribers. As the next step, the county board of commissioners agreed to allow the use of the county road plant and convict gang for five miles, peace and good order is maintained and that society reaches a settled and provided the Charlotte road people would furnish the stone that would be comparatively satisfactory condition. "We will let the insurgent governrequired to macadamize that distance. With this understanding the subscriberstown and country-put their interests in charge of a committee consisting of ment set itself, and we will teach it Messrs. G. H. O'Leary, J. H. Riddle, W. H. Herndon, L. R. Williams, M. L. Thomasson and W. S. Gordon. Under direction of this committee the subscribers, during July and August, 1897, paid their subscriptions either in cash or by delivering rock on the side of the road, and during September the chaingang commenced the work of grading and macadamizing. Up to this time about two miles of the best road in the county have been completed, and very nearly one mile more is graded ready for the macadam. The condition of the road has easily been improved not less than 100 per cent. The best evidence of this is to be noted in the fact that where last summer, people who came to market over the plans, and recognize them in their adthe Charlotte road, brought three and four bales of cotton at a load, are this year bringing, with the same team, seven and eight bales. The advantage this winter, when all the other roads leading into Yorkville are almost impassable on account of the mud, will be still more apparent.

shrivelled soul when it is released from its grasping body, and smile at your wife's second marriage. Don't worry about the editor, he'll get along. The Lord only trows how but soundow." there are societies and orders and or-

knows how-but somehow.' ganizations that would also like to all over. The country newspapers in make some public announcement lows in the New York Sun : touching the esteem in which the deservice for their respective communiand of how deeply they wonder at the fessional sharps and gentlemen of inscrutable decree of Providence which by one of your constant readers, I was lessional sharps and gentiemen of had removed their deceased friend and struck to hear him say that it gave purpose, we suppose. They work associate, and their words of appre- him a pain to read the word Afroearly and late, and 90 per cent. of strung out in tributes of respect which "nigger." their work goes without reward. It is the newspapers are expected to print

Customers go into a store and pay for the newspaper attaches money value nigger is improper. what they get. They do not ask for a pound of crackers, a bunch of cigars, It is in the release.

a box of candy, a bolt of cloth, or any of the many thousand things which for his talents, and his work of "em- nigger that don't. articles which they think they would balming" the memory of the dead has

price is about what they can afford to the religious papers have been com- add a g, don't place an r where an o pay for them, they pay for them in cash, or "have it charged." It is not so with newspapers. If John Jones make a unsubsected to the set of the

make a great speech, and it is reported terian : at length by a man who is paid for doing the work, and is printed in a over five lines, five cents per line. newspaper which has to pay for put-

has a tea and her parlors are crowded which there is nothing cheaper, even of great timidity, and said : "Mr. with the elite of the land, and the in these days of 5 cents cotton.

account of the delightful social func- weekly and daily contemporaries that help smiling, and Mark took advantage

mail to her out-of town friends, and upon their work. Newspapers are she would be shocked if anything business enterprises just as mills, and humorist met again, General Grant, should be said by the young man at factories, and stores, and their stock with a twinkle in his eye, said, before the desk about so common a thing as in trade is the paper which they sell Twain had the chance to utter a word : money in exchange for the papers, to their customers, and such space as "Mr. Clemens, I don't feel at all emwhich she would obtain for the grati- they offer to advertise. Newspapers barrassed. Do you?"-October Lafication of her own amiable wish to are not supported by public appro- dies' Home Journal.

how to levy and collect taxes, how to run its schools, how to maintain necessary sanitary and quarantine regulations, and how to develop the wonderful country that is back of it. I think that we will let the Cubans establish themselves accoording to their ministrative positions. But the fact that we have placed them in power not only gives us the right to see that they exercise that power judiciously, but we are morally bound to watch over them until they are able in every sense of the word to govern themselves."

NIGGER VERSUS NEGRO.-A gentleman of color expresses himself as fol-

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir :

After reading in your morning issue an article headed "A Plain Speech," ciation and sympathy and sorrow are American, as his preference is

You will do a great favor to one of dignation when they have found that American is improper, then the word

Negro is good enough, and if he It is in the religious press that the wants to be called nigger there are obituary writer finds the amplest scope others who know the meaning of

Please teach him the word Negro, like, and if the articles suit and the been pursued with such activity that and say to him don't dot the e, don't

RASTUS JECKSON.

WHEN MARK TWAIN FELT EMBAR-Obitmary notices not exceeding five RASSED.—When Mark Twain was first lines inserted without charge. Excess introduced to General Grant the latter shook hands in a perfunctory manner And it is a remarkable thing how and immediately relapsed into his custing the story in type, Jones would many obituaries are published that do tomary attitude of reticence. There like to get a half dozen copies of the not exceed five lines. Otherwise our was an awkward pause; it grew longer paper for distribution among his church contemporaries would doubt- and longer as the humorist tried to riends, and Jones generally tries to less be compelled to double the size think of something bright to say. of their papers in order to hold such Finally, as if in sheer desperation, President, I-I feel a bit embarrassed.

Ten years later, when statesman and

to the boy. Thrice I've asked you, and you refused, though Revell was good as dead." "I rose from the ranks," he replied.

get them for nothing.

If the lovely Mrs. Brown-Robinson wordy manifestations of grief, than Twain looked up with an assumed air

society reporter writes a charming We would like to suggest to our Do you?" The president could not

tion, Mrs. Brown-Robinson would like possibly they are to blame for the of the chance the incident presented to have 10 or 20 copies of the paper to value which the general public places to give place to others.

