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## LOST MAN'S LANE.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

As Lucetta Butterworth, who has done clever detective work, is called upon by Mr. Gryce, a professional detective, to take up an interesting case. He tells her that in a certain village several persons have suddenly disappeared. In this place lives a family of the name of Knollys, the children of a former friend of Miss Butterworth. Mr. Gryce desires Miss Butterworth to enter this family for detective work. Miss Butterworth goes to visit the Knollys' home, finding there Miss Lucretia and Loren Knollys and their brother William. She dines with the family and is taken to her room. She remains awake during the night, and hearing strange noises, goes into the hall to investigate. She finds a man in a dark suit and calls Lucetta, who gives unsatisfactory reasons for the disturbance. Mr. Trohm, a neighbor visits the Knollys. Lucetta is terrified at seeing him and faints. Miss Butterworth receives a letter from Mr. Gryce telling her that if she is in danger to blow upon a whistle he sends her. An old croak called Mother Jane appears. Miss Butterworth gives repeats a combination of numbers. Miss Butterworth leaves the house and hears of a young girl formerly leaving the Knollys house in a carriage and being married before her mother could overtake her. Since then a phantom carriage is said to go through Lost Man's lane at midnight, suggesting that the carriage may carry away the persons mysteriously disappearing. Mr. Trohm drives Miss Butterworth in his wagon. Returning to the house she witnesses a parting between Lucetta and a lover, whose request for an answer to his suit Lucetta is endeavoring to put off. He leaves without getting a favorable reply. Miss Butterworth gets from Loren the key to a chamber which she finds her way into. In visiting it she discovers that he is a vivisectionist. Miss Butterworth passes an uncomfortable night. She is locked in her chamber and loses her whistle which she keeps to call the police, but recovers it. Making further explorations, she finds two shutters tied together with a knot of crape, indicating a death in the house.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### QUESTIONS.

I kept the promise I had made to myself and did not go to the stables. Had I intended to go there, I could not have done so after the discovery I have just mentioned. It awakened too many thoughts and contradictory surmises. If this knot was a signal, for whom was this signal meant? If it was a mere acknowledgment of death, how reconcile the sentimentality which prompted such an acknowledgment with the monstrous and diseased passions lying at the base of the whole dreadful occurrence? Lastly, if it was the result of pure carelessness, a bit of crape having been caught up and used for a purpose for which any ordinary string would have answered, what a coincidence between it and my thoughts, what a wonderful coincidence, amounting almost to miracle!

Marveling at the whole affair and deciding nothing, I allowed myself to stroll down alone to the gate. William having left me at my peremptory refusal to drag my skirts any longer through the briars. The day being bright and the sunshine warming even the gloomy recesses of the forest before me, the road, I thought, looked less ominous than usual, especially in the direction of the village and Deacon Spear's cottage. The fact is that anything seemed better than the grim and lowering walls of the house behind me. If my home was there, so was my dream, and I welcomed rhaps more than I ought to the sight of Mother Jane's heavy figure bent over her herbs at the door of her hut, a few paces to my left, where the road turned.

Had she not been deaf, I believed I would have called her. As it was, I contented myself with watching the awkward sways of her body as she pottered to and fro among her turnips and carrots. My eyes were still on her when I suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the highway. Looking up, I encountered the trim figure of Mr. Trohm, bending to me from a fine sorrel.

"Good morning, Miss Butterworth. It's a great relief to me to see you in such good health and spirits this morning," were the pleasant words with which he endeavored, perhaps, to explain his presence in a spot more or less considered as under a ban.

It was certainly a surprise. What right had I to look for such attentions from a man whose acquaintance I had made only the day before? It touched me, little as I am in the habit of allowing myself to be ruled by trivial sentimentalities, and though I was discreet enough to avoid any further recognition of his kindness than was his due from a lady of great self respect, he was evidently sufficiently gratified by my response to draw rein and pause for a moment's conversation under the pine trees. This for the moment seemed so natural that I forgot that more than one pair of eyes might be watching me from the upper windows back of us—eyes which might wonder at a meeting which to the foolish understandings of the young might have the look of premeditation. But, pshaw! I am speaking as if I were 20 instead of 1—let the family record say I never could see that it was a weakness for a woman to keep certain secrets to herself.

"How did you pass the night?" was Mr. Trohm's first question. "I hope in all due peace and quiet."

"Thank you," I returned, not seeing why I should increase his anxiety in my regard. "I have nothing to complain of. I had a dream, but dreams are to be expected where one has to pass a

half dozen empty rooms to one's apartment."

He could not restrain his curiosity. "A dream!" he repeated. "I do not believe in sleep that is broken by dreams, unless they are of the most cheerful sort possible. And I judge from what you say that yours was not cheerful."

I wanted to tell him. I felt that in a way he had a right to know what had happened to me under this roof. And yet I did not speak. What could tell would sound so perle in the broad sunshine that enveloped us. I merely remarked that cheerfulness was not to be expected in a domicile so given over to the ravages of time, and then with that lightness and versatility which characterize me under certain exigencies I introduced a topic we could discuss without any embarrassment to himself or me.

"Do you see Mother Jane there?" I asked. "I had some talk with her yesterday. She seems like a harmless imbecile."

"Very harmless," said he; "her only fault is greed; that is insatiable. Yet it is not strong enough to take her a quarter of a mile from this place. Nothing could do that, I think. She believes, you see, that her daughter Lizzie is still alive and will come back to the hill some day. She wouldn't be away then for all the bank holds. I know, for I have tried to tempt her. It's very sad when you think that the girl's dead and has been dead nearly 40 years."

"Why does she harp on numbers?" said I. "I heard her mutter certain ones over and over."

"That is a mystery none of us has solved," said he. "Possibly she has no reason for it. The vagaries of the witless are often quite unaccountable."

I felt him looking at me, not from any connection between what he had just said and anything to be observed in me, but from—Well, I was glad that I have been carefully trained in my youth to pay the greatest attention to my morning toilets. Any woman can look well at night and many women in the flush of a bright afternoon, but the woman who looks well in the morning needs not always to be young to attract the appreciative gaze of a man of real penetration. Mr. Trohm was such a man, and I did not begrudge him the pleasure he showed in my neat gray dress and carefully adjusted collar. But he said nothing, and a short silence ensued, which was perhaps more of a compliment than otherwise. Then he uttered a short sigh and lifted the reins.

"If only I was not debarred from entering," he smiled, with a short gesture toward the house.

I did not answer. Even I understand that on occasion the tongue plays but a sorry part in such interviews.

He sighed again and uttered some short encouragement to his horse, which started that animal up and sent him slowly pacing down the road toward the cheerful clearing toward which my own eyes were looking with what I was determined should not be construed even by the most sanguine into a glance of anything like wistfulness. As he went Mr. Trohm gave me a bow I have never surpassed in my own parlor in Gramercy park, and upon my bestowing upon him a short return glanced up at the house with an intentness which seemed to increase as some object invisible to me from where I stood caught his eye. As that eye was directed toward the left wing and lifted as far as the second row of windows I could not help asking myself if he had seen the knot of crape which had produced upon me so lugubrious an impression. Before I could make sure he had passed from sight and the highway fell again into shadow—why, I hardly knew, for the sun certainly had been shining a few minutes before.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### MOTHER JANE.

"Well, well, what did Trohm want here this morning?" cried a harsh voice from amid the tangled walks behind me. "Seems to me he finds this place pretty interesting all of a sudden."

I turned upon the intruder with a look that should have daunted him. I had recognized William's countenance, tones and was in no mood to endure a questioning so unbecoming in one of his age to one of mine. But as I met his eye, which had something in it besides anger and suspicion, something that was quizzical if not impertinent, I changed my intention and bestowed upon him a conciliatory smile, which I hope escaped the eye of the good angel who records against man all his small hypocrisies and petty deceits.

"Mr. Trohm rides for his health," said I. "Seeing me looking up the road at Mother Jane, he stopped to tell me some of the idiosyncrasies of that old woman. A very harmless courtesy, Mr. Knollys."

"Very," he echoed, not without a touch of sarcasm. "I only hope that is all," he muttered, with a sidelong look back at the house. "Lucetta hasn't a particle of belief in that man's friendship, or, rather, she believes he never goes anywhere without a particular intention, and I do believe she's right or just should be coming spying around here just these two days when"—he caught himself up with almost a look of terror—"when—when you are here?" he completed lamely.

"I do not think," I retorted, more angrily than the occasion perhaps warranted, "that the word spying applies to Mr. Trohm. But if it did, what is

there to gain from a pause at the gate and a word to such a new acquaintance as I am?"

"I don't know," he still persisted suspiciously. "Trohm's a sharp fellow. If there was anything to see, he would see it even from his place down there. But there isn't. You don't know of anything wrong here, do you, which such a man as that, hand in glove with the police as we know him to be, might consider himself to be interested in?"

Astonished both at this blundering committal of himself and at the certain sort of anxious confidence he showed in me, I hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment, since if half my suspicions were true this man, above all others, must not know that my perspicacity was more to be feared than ever Mr. Trohm's was.

"If Mr. Trohm is interested in this house," said I, with a heroic defiance of ridicule which I hope Mr. Gryce has duly appreciated, "and since a period of two days, I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that on yesterday morning he came to deliver a letter addressed to me which had inadvertently been left at his house, and that this morning he called to inquire how I had spent the night, which, in consideration of the ghosts which are said to haunt this house and the strange and uncanny apparitions which only three nights ago made the entrance to this lane hideous to one pair of eyes at least, should not cause a gentleman's son like you any embarrassment. It does not me, I assure you."

He laughed. I meant he should, and, losing almost instantly his air of doubt and suspicion, turned toward the gate from which I had just moved away, muttering:

"Well, it's a small matter to me anyway. It's only the girls that are afraid of Mr. Trohm. I am not afraid of anything but losing Saracen, who has pined like the dunce at his long confinement in the court. Hear him now; just hear him."

And I could hear the low and unhappy

at her with a rude gesture. "If the will come to the house at sunset. My sisters have some work for her to do. They will pay her well."

Going toward her, I passed a rocking chair, in the cushion of which a dozen patches met my eye. This drew my eyes toward a bed, over which a counterpane was drawn made up of 1,000 pieces at least of colored calico, and noticing their varied shapes and the intricacy with which they were put together I wondered whether she ever counted them. The next moment I was at her back.

"Seventy," burst from her lips as I leaned over her shoulder and showed her the coin which I had taken pains to have in my hand.

"Yours," said I, pointing in the direction of the house, "if you will do some work for Miss Knollys tonight."

Slowly she took her head before burying it deeper in the shawl she wore wrapped about her shoulders. Listening a minute, I thought I heard her mutter: "Twenty-eight, seven, but no more. I can count no more. Go away!"

But I'm nothing if not persistent. Feeling for her hands, which were hidden away somewhere under her shawl, I touched them with the coin and cried again:

"This and more for a small piece of work tonight. Come, you are strong; earn it."

"What kind of work is it?" I asked innocently, or it must have appeared innocently, of Mr. Knollys, who was standing at my back.

He frowned, all the black devils in his heart coming into his look at once.

"How do I know? Ask Loren; she's the one who sent me. I don't take account of what goes on in the kitchen."

I begged his pardon, somewhat sarcastically I own, and made another attempt to attract the attention of the old crone, who had remained perfectly calm to my allurement.

"I thought you liked money," I said. "For Lizzie, you know, for Lizzie."

But she only muttered in lower and

more seen no change in her management of the kitchen that I feel justified in attributing to my influence. But I know human nature well enough not to have expected it. Had the kitchen been farther from the door of the flower parlor I might not have thrown away so much energy.

I did not effect an entrance into the flower parlor, however, nor did I succeed in seeing any one else enter it. Neither did I succeed in making Hannah talk on any other topic than ordinary domestic concerns, but I saw certain things.

I had formed a plan for the night that required some courage. Recalling Lucetta's expression of the morning, that I might expect a repetition of the experience which, if a dream, had had the appearance of a most formidable reality, I prepared to profit by the warning in a way she had certainly never meant that I should. Satisfied that if there was any truth in my suspicions there would be an act performed in this house tonight which, if seen by me, would forever settle the question that was agitating the whole countryside, I made up my mind that no locked door should interfere with my opportunity of doing so. How I effected this result I will relate in a few minutes.

After an evening more solemn than the day, but characterized, as the two previous ones had not been, by a long talk with the two girls together, I went to my room in a state of seeming fatigue that evidently met with the approbation of Lucetta, who had accompanied me to my door with a lighted candle.

"I hear you had some trouble with matches last night," said she. "You will find them all right now. Hannah must be blamed for some of this carelessness." Then as I began some reassuring reply she turned upon me with a look that was almost fond, and, throwing out her arms, cried exultingly:

"Won't you give me a little kiss, Miss Butterworth? We have not given you the best of welcomes, but you are my mother's old friend, and sometimes I feel a little lonely."

I could easily believe that, and yet I found it hard to embrace her. Too many shadows swam between Althea's children and myself. She saw my hesitancy (a hesitancy I could not but have shown even at the risk of losing her confidence), and, paling slightly, dropped her hands with a pitiful smile.

"You don't like me," she said. "I do not wonder, but I was in hopes you would for my mother's sake. I have no claims myself. That you must be sure I am thoroughly convinced of."

"You are an interesting girl, and you have, what your mother had not, a serious side to your nature that is anything but displeasing to me. But my kisses, Lucetta, are as rare as my tears. I had rather give you good advice, and that is a fact. Perhaps it is as strong a proof of affection as any ordinary caress might be."

"Perhaps," she murmured, but she did not encourage me to give it to her notwithstanding. Instead of that she drew back and bid me a gentle good night, which for some reason made me sadder than I wished to be at a crisis demanding so much nerve. Then she walked quickly away, and I was left to face the night alone.

Knowing that I should be rather weakened than helped by the omission of any of the little acts of preparation with which I am accustomed to call my spirits for the night I went through them all with just as much precision as if I had expected to spend the ensuing hours in rest. When all was done and only my cup of tea remained to be quaffed, I had a little struggle with myself which ended in my not drinking it at all. Nothing, not even this comfortable solace for an unsatisfactory day, should stand in the way of my being the complete mistress of my wits this night. Had I known that this tea contained a soporific in the shape of a little harmless morphia I would have found this act of self denial much easier.

It was now 11. Confident that nothing would be done while my light was burning, I blew it out, and, taking a candle and matches in my hand, softly opened my door and after a moment of intense listening stepped out and closed it carefully behind me. Nothing could be stiller than the house or darker than the corridor.

"Am I watched or am I not watched?" thought I, and for an instant stood undecided. Then, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, I slipped down the hall to the door beyond mine and, opening it with all the care possible, stepped inside.

I knew the room. I had taken especial note of it in my visit of the morning. I knew that it was nearly empty and that there was a key in the lock which I could turn. I therefore felt more or less safe in it, especially as its window was undarkened by the branches that hung so thickly across my own casement, shutting me in, or seeming to shut me in, from all communication with the outside world and the unknown guardian which I had been assured constantly attended my summons.

That I might strengthen my spirits by one glimpse of this same outside world before settling down to the watch I had set for myself I stepped softly to the window and took one lingering look without. A belt of forest illumined by a gibbons moon met my eyes; nothing else. Yet this sight was welcome, and it was only after I had been struck by the possibility of my own figure being seen at the casement by some possible watchman in the shadows below that I found the hardihood necessary to withdraw into the darker precincts of the room and begin that lonely watch which my doubts and expectations rendered necessary.

This was the third I had been forced to keep, and it was by far the most dismal, for though the bolted door between me and the hall promised me personal safety there presently rose in some faroff place a smothered repetition of that same rat, tap, tap which had sent the shudders over me upon my sudden entrance into the house early in the morning. Heard now, it brought a weakness upon me which I did not

know existed in my nature, and while with this recognition of my feminine susceptibility to impressions there came a certain pride in the stanchness of purpose which led me to restrain all acknowledgment of it by any recourse to my whistle, I was more than glad when even this sound ceased and I had only to expect the swishing noise of a skirt down the hall, and that stealthy looking of a door I had taken the precaution of leaving.

It came sooner than I expected, came just in the way it had the previous night, only that the person paused a moment to listen before hastening back. The silence within must have satisfied her, for I heard a low sigh like that of relief before the steps took themselves back. That they would turn my way gave me a momentary concern, but, no, I had too completely lulled their suspicions, or let me be faithful to the possibilities of the case, they put perhaps too much confidence in the powder with which they had seasoned my nightly cup of tea for them to doubt that I was soundly asleep in my own quarters.

Three minutes after I had followed those steps as far down the corridor as I dared to go, for since my last appearance in it a candle had been lit in the main hall, and faint as was its glimmer it was still a glimmer into the circle of which I felt it would be foolhardiness for me to step. At some 20 paces then from the opening I paused and gave myself up to listening. Alas, there was plenty now for me to hear.

You have heard the sound, we all have heard the sound, and few of us in a desolate structure such as I stood listening in at the hour and under the influences of midnight. The measured tread of men struggling under a heavy weight and that weight—how well I knew it; as well as it had seen it, as I really did in my imagination.

It came from the adjoining corridor. From the room I had found no opportunity of entering that day, and it approached surely and slowly the main hall near which I was standing, but in such a position it would be impossible for me to see anything if they took the direct course to the head of the stairs and so down, as there was every reason to expect they would. I did not dare to advance, however, so concentrated my faculties anew upon listening, till suddenly I perceived on the great white wall in front of me—the wall of the main hall, I mean, toward which the opening looked—the outline of a shadowy pass and realized that the candle had been placed in such a position that the wall must receive the full shadow of this passing cortege. And so it was I saw it, huge, distorted and suggestive beyond any picture I ever beheld, the passing of a body to its long home, carried by six anxious figures, four of which seemed to be those of women.

But that long home! Where was that likely to be? It was a question so important that for a moment I could think of nothing but how I could follow them without running the risk of discovery. They had reached the head of the stairs by this time, and I heard Miss Knollys' low, firm voice enjoining silence. Then they began to descend.

Ere they reached the foot a doubt struck me. Would it be better to follow them or to take the opportunity of every member of the household being engaged in this task to take a peep into the room where the death had occurred? I had not decided when I heard them take the forward course from the foot of the stairs to what I to my straining ear seemed to be the entrance to the dining room corridor. But as in my anxiety to determine this fact I slipped far enough forward to make sure that their destination lay somewhere within reach of the flower parlor, I was so struck by the advantages to be gained by a cautious use of the trapdoor in William's room that I hesitated no longer, but sped with what swiftness I could toward the spot from which I had so lately heard this strange procession come.

A narrow band of light lying across the upper end of this long corridor proved that the door was not only ajar, but that a second candle was burning in the room I was about to so daringly invade, but this was scarcely to be regretted since there could be no question of the emptiness of the room. The six figures I had seen go by embraced every one who by any possibility could be considered as having part in this transaction—William, Mr. Simebury, Miss Knollys, Lucetta, Hannah and Mother Jane. No one else was left to guard this room, so I pushed the door open quite boldly and entered.

What I saw there I will relate later, or, rather, I will but hint at now. There were a bed with a sheet thrown back, a stand covered with vials, a bureau with a man's shaving paraphernalia upon it, and on the wall such pictures as only sporting gentlemen delight in. The candle was guttering on a small table upon which, to my momentary astonishment, a Bible lay open. Not having my glasses with me, I could not see what portion of the sacred word was thus disclosed, but I took the precaution to indent the upper leaf with my thumb nail, that I might find it again in case of future opportunity. My attention was attracted by other small matters that would be food for thought at a more propitious moment, but at that instant the sound of voices coming distinctly to my ear from below warned that a halt had been made at the flower parlor and that the duty of the moment was to locate the trapdoor and if possible determine the means of raising it.

This was less difficult than I anticipated. Either this room was regarded as so safe from intrusion that a secret like this could be safely left unguarded, or the door which was plainly to be seen in one corner had been lately lifted that it had hardly sunk back into its place. I found it, if the expression may be used of a horizontal object, slightly ajar and needing but the slightest pull to make it spring upright and remain so by means of some mechanical contrivance I will not attempt to describe. The hole thus disclosed was filled with the little staircase up which I had

partly mounted in my daring explorations of the day before. It was dark now, darker than it was then, but I felt I must descend by it, for plainly to be heard now through the crack in the closet door, which seemed to have a knock of standing partly open, I could hear the heavy tread of the six bearers as they entered the parlor below still carrying their burden, concerning the destination of which I was so anxious to gain a clew.

That it could be here I knew to be too improbable for consideration. Yet if they took up their stand in this room it was for a purpose, and what that purpose was I was determined to know. The noise their feet made on the bare boards of the floor and the few words I now heard uttered in William's stolid tones and Lucetta's musical treble assured me that my own light steps in the softest of felt slippers would no more be heard than my dark gown of quiet wool would be seen through the narrow slit through which I was preparing to peer. Yet it took no small degree of what my father used to call pluck for me to put foot on this winding staircase and descend almost as it were in the midst of what I must regard as the last wicked act of a most cowardly and brutal murder.

I did it, however, and after a short but grim communion with my own heart, which would persist in beating somewhat noisily, I leaned forward with all the precaution possible and let my gaze traverse the chamber in which I had previously seen such horrors as should have prepared me for this last and greatest one.

In a moment I understood the whole. A long square hole in the floor, lately sawed, provided an opening through which the plain plank coffin, of which I now caught sight, was to be lowered into the cellar and the grave which had doubtless been dug there. The ropes in the hands of the six persons, in whose identity I had made no mistake, was proof enough of their intention, and, satisfied as I now was of the means and mode of the interment which had been such a boundless mystery to me, I shrank a step upward, fearing lest my indignation and the horror I could not now but feel for Althea's children would betray me into some exclamation which might lead to my discovery and a similar fate.

One other short glance, in which I saw them all ranged around the dark opening, and I was up out of their reach, Lucetta's face and Lucetta's one sob as the ropes began to creek being the one memory which followed me the most persistently. She, at least, was overwhelmed with remorse for a deed she was perhaps only answerable for in that she failed to make known to the world her brother's madness and the horrible crimes to which it gave rise.

I took one other look around his room before I fled to my own, or, rather, to the one in which I had taken refuge while my own was under lock and key. That I spent the next two hours on my knees no one can wonder. When my own door was unlocked, as it was before the day broke, I hastened in there and lay my head with all its unhappy knowledge on my pillow. But I did not sleep. The oddest thought of all this was that I never once thought of giving a single note from the whistle which would have brought the police into that abode of crime. Perhaps it was a wise omission on my part. I had seen enough that was horrible for one night without beholding Althea's children arrested before my eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### OUR SULU ISLANDS.

Number 150 and Do Not Promise to Be Very Valuable Additions.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Sulu Islands, which the United States is to acquire, are in the Indian Ocean, between the Mindoro or Sulu sea on the north, the Celebes sea on the south, the Island of Borneo on the southwest and that of Mindoro on the northeast. Their length is about 200 miles.

The archipelago consist of nearly 150 islands, most of them small and divided into three groups, named after the three principal islands. Baecelean, is of oblong form, about 42 miles long by six miles broad. Sulu stretches 35 miles from east to west, with a breadth of 10 miles. Tawee-Tawee is about 35 miles long.

The other chief islands of the group include Pata on the south, and a small group called the Tapool Islands on the southwest.

Among the trees that grow on the islands are teak and sandal woods, and among the fruits are the coconuts, bananas, mangoes and oranges. Wild boars and deer are common. Oxen, swine, goats and poultry are abundant. The islands were formerly noted for piracy. The whole of Sulu archipelago was under the sway of a despotic sultan, who claimed sovereignty over a large part of Borneo; but the Spaniards conquered the islands and annexed them to the colony of the Philippines. The aggregate population of the islands is estimated at 75,000.

Sulu, also called Song, the principal town of the archipelago, is situated on the northwest coast of the island of that name, has a good roadstead, and, though chiefly composed of huts, has some houses of more ambitious appearance. Its population is about 6,000.

DIPHTHERIA IN GASTONIA.—Two other cases of diphtheria are reported by Dr. J. M. Sloan. They are the 3-year-old son of Mr. Tow Rhyne, on North Marietta street, and the 4-year-old son of Mr. G. C. Hopper, out near the Southern railway's pump. The latter is a mild case. The anti-toxin treatment is used and both cases are doing well.—Gastonia Gazette.

"I wish I was a little fish," said Jack. "Papa says the ocean is full of currants, and I like currants better than any other kind of fruit 'cept bananas, apples, oranges and sweet potatoes."