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NO. 14.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "A Bid for Fortune," "Dr. Nikola," "The Marriage of Esther," Etc.

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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:

Dr. De Normanville, an English physician at Hongkong, hears of a woman called the Beautiful White Devil making her home on an island in the Pacific which she is the sovereign and leading a piratical life in a white yacht on the ocean. Dr. De Normanville receives a call from a stranger who engages his professional services to go to an unknown place to treat an epidemic of smallpox. After an eventful voyage he finds himself on board the Lone Star, the yacht of the Beautiful White Devil. He is taken to her island home, where she bids the plague successfully and falls in love with him, the Beautiful White Devil. Alie informs Dr. De Normanville that a person in her employ at Singapore is about to betray her, and a plan is laid to kidnap him. The party meet at Batavia, where Alie personates an American girl. They go to Singapore, and Alie, as Miss Sanderson, induces Elizabeth, her enemy, to take a trip on the water. She transfers him to the Lone Star. Decoying a steamer, she sends a party aboard to induce another enemy, Barkmanworth, to come aboard the Lone Star. She begs Barkmanworth. Dr. De Normanville entreats Alie to marry him, and she agrees to meet him in England in one year, when, if his mind is unchanged, she will marry him. The year having elapsed, Alie appears in England. Barkmanworth recognizes her at a theater and causes her arrest.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLOTTING AND PLANNING.

Directly I realized who my guest was, I rushed forward and seized his hand with a show of delight greater than I believe I have ever felt at meeting a man before or since. If I had been given the pick of all men in the world at that particular juncture in my life's history, I believe I should have declared for him.

"We had no idea that you were in England," I said when the first excitement had somewhat subsided. "Both Alie and I thought you were 10,000 miles away. You have heard the awful news, I suppose."

"How could I help it when every board in the streets sets it forth and all the paper boys are bellowing the latest news of the capture of the Beautiful White Devil? But I want to know the real facts."

"You shall know everything directly. But first tell me what has brought you home in this providential manner?"

"I came because I heard that Barkmanworth was coming. I received a warning from Hongkong that he had applied for leave, and I knew that if he found out her ladyship was in England he would lose no opportunity of revenging himself for that affair outside Singapore. But he got away before me, and my welcome to London yesterday was the news of her ladyship's arrest. You did not see me at the preliminary examination this morning, I suppose?"

"No, I certainly did not, and I thought I scanned every face."

"And yet I was standing beside you all the time."

"Good gracious! How do you mean?"

"Pray tell me who stood next to you? Wasn't it a medium-sized, military-looking man in a much worn frock coat with a velvet collar?"

"Now I come to think of it, it was."

"Well, I was that man. I'm beginning to think my disguises are artistic after all."

"But why all this disguise? What are you afraid of in London?"

chase it. If not, well, then he must put on all his hands and make one, even if he has to work day and night to do it."

"But how will you explain the purpose for which we want it?"

"I have thought of that, and when I left you I sent the following telegram."

Here he produced a duplicate form from his pocket and read it aloud:

To the Lessee Olympic Theater, Manchester: What dates this month? Reply terms, Stragras, West Strand telephone office.

MAXIMILIAN STRAGRAS.

"But who on earth is Maximilian Stragras, and what has the Royal Olympic theater, Manchester, to do with our scheme?"

"Everything. In the first place you must realize the fact that I am Maximilian Stragras, the world renowned theatrical entrepreneur, and that you are his secretary, Fairlight Longman. Having received a reply from Manchester, I decide to open there with my wonderful and intensely exciting prison drama, 'Saved by a Woman's Pluck,' on the third Saturday in June. Here is the preliminary announcement. I had it struck off this afternoon."

He took from the small bag he had brought into the room with him a large theatrical poster, covered with printing of all colors of the rainbow. It read as follows:

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATER, MANCHESTER.

Lessee, Mr. William Carriefford FOR TEN NIGHTS ONLY, Commencing Saturday, June 25th.

Mr. Maximilian Stragras' World Renowned Standard Company in the Intensely Exciting Prison Drama,

"SAVED BY A WOMAN'S PLUCK." Detectives—Police—Bloodhounds—Real Horses and Real Prison Vans.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. Maximilian Stragras.

Secretary, Mr. Fairlight Longman.

"There! What do you think of that for a poster?"

"Very startling," I answered. "But I must reiterate my former remark, that I do not understand in the very least degree what it has to do with us."

"Why, look here, it means that tomorrow morning we go to that coach builder I was speaking of and give him an order for a prison van. Incidentally we will show him this poster and state that owing to change of dates we must have the van delivered this day week. Don't you see? If he hadn't something to show, he might suspect. This poster, however, will set his mind completely at rest and at the same time be an excuse for haste. Now, you understand?"

"I do, and I must say I admire your wonderful resource. What next?"

"Well, the next thing will be to obtain two police uniforms and two trustworthy men, one to drive the van, the other to act as guard. That, however, will be easily managed. The next item will be rather more difficult."

"What is that?"

"Why, to find a sure and certain means of stopping the real van on its way down to the court."

"We couldn't waylay the driver and keep him talking, I suppose?"

"We could try it, of course, but it wouldn't be sure enough. He might be a conscientious man, you see, and not like to stop, or he might stop and afterward whip up to make up lost time. No, we must hit on something that will absolutely prevent him from going on for at least half an hour, and yet something that will not excite suspicion. I think I see a way to do it, but it will require the most minute and careful working out to insure its success. By the way, will it be convenient for you if I call here at half past 5 tomorrow morning? We must be at the coach builder's by 7 o'clock."

"Come at 3 if you like, you will find me quite ready."

"Then good night."

He went away and I to bed. At 5 o'clock I woke, had a bath, dressed and went down stairs. Punctually, almost to the minute, a slightly Jewish, black ringleted man, wearing a profusion of diamonds, put in an appearance, bag in hand. Though I should never have recognized him as Walworth, I felt certain it was he, so I let him in and we went into my study together.

"Now," said my friend, for it was Walworth, as I suspected, "I don't know what you'll say to it, but it's absolutely necessary for the success of our scheme that you should assume some disguise. As you are known to be the affianced husband of her ladyship, the police will be certain to have their eyes on you."

"Do with me as you like," I replied. "I am in your hands entirely."

"Then with your permission we will set to work at once. I have taken the liberty of bringing a few things with me. You have an old fashioned frock coat, I presume."

"A very old fashioned one," I answered, with a laugh.

"Then put it on, also a pair of light check trousers if you have them."

I went to my room and did as he desired. When I returned to the study, he had arranged a number of articles upon the table—crane hair, spectacles, a curiously low cut collar and a soft felt hat with a dentured crown. He gazed at me with approval and then said:

"The effect will be excellent, I feel sure. Sit down here."

I did as commanded, and he immediately set to work. As he was occupied behind me I could not of course see what he was doing, but after awhile he took off my own collar, put on the low one he had brought with him, cut up some crane hair and gummed it to my face with what I believe is technically termed "spirit gum," trimmed its exuberances with a pair of scissors and finally combed my mustache over it.

This accomplished, he placed the spectacles upon my nose and the soft felt hat rather rakishly upon my head, patted me on the shoulder and said:

"Look at yourself in the glass."

I rose and went over to the dressing table. But, though I looked in the mirror above the chimney-piece, I did not recognize myself. My mustache was waxed to a point and stood out above a close cropped chestnut beard, while over my coat collar hung a profusion of curls of a corresponding color. Indeed my whole appearance suggested a man whose aim in life it was to copy as nearly as possible the accepted portrait of the bard of Avon.

"It is wonderful," I said. "Nobody would ever recognize me. I feel a theatrical agent all over."

"Remember you are Fairlight Longman, the author of several farces, and my secretary. Whatever you do, don't forget that. Now we must be going. Come along."

We left the house unnoticed, and, having hailed a hansom, were driven to the carriage builder's yard at Vauxhall. Walworth had evidently written preparing him for our visit, for early as it was we found him waiting to receive us.

"Zis," began Mr. Maximilian Stragras in broken English, as soon as he had descended from the cab, "is it you dot are Mr. Ebridge?"

"That is my name, sir," said the coach builder. "And you are Mr. Stragras, I presume."

"Dot is my name. Dis shentleman is my secretary, Mr. Fairlight Longman. Now you know, and so we can our business begin to talk."

"Well, let them get to hear of it. If they suspect, they will call on Ebridge and make inquiries. He will then describe us and show the poster. They may then possibly telegraph to the Olympic, Manchester, and learn that Mr. Stragras has booked a season there of the sort completely."

"And what are we to do now?"

"Well, now, you had better come to breakfast with me, I think, at my lodgings. You can there resume your own everyday appearance. During the morning I am going to meet two men I have in my mind for the policemen. After that I shall visit a tailor's shop and order the uniforms as arranged. In the afternoon I'm going to hunt for a house."

"Can I do anything else to help you?"

"Not just at present unless you can find me a trustworthy lady who will consent to masquerade for a little while as a hospital nurse."

"That I think I can help you. My sister Janet, I'm sure, would gladly do so. I'll call upon her this afternoon and see."

I did so, and of course secured Janet's immediate promise of co-operation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

AGUINALDO THE "SAVAGE."

Filipino Leader Talks to General Otis About Civilized Warfare.

From letters written Major General Otis by Aguinaldo, and made public by members of the Filipino junta before they left Washington last week, it appears that previous to the breaking out of hostilities, General Otis threatened Aguinaldo with arrest if he persisted in his refusal to release Spanish civil functionaries and monks held prisoners by the Filipinos. General Otis advised Aguinaldo to surrender these people, and when Aguinaldo wrote explaining his reasons for holding them, General Otis made a stronger request. Aguinaldo refused to comply, and then General Otis made the demand for the release of the prisoners and threatened to arrest Aguinaldo if he refused. The first letter of Aguinaldo is as follows:

"General Otis: It is a pleasure for me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and I am persuaded that the observations made by you were learned in a free land. First let me tell you that it is not my policy to make prisoners of women or children. No nun has ever been held prisoner by the Philippine forces. If among our prisoners is found a child or woman, it is because these persons have elected to remain with their father or husband. Some prisoners of this class are supported out of this Philippine treasury. I know that this is apparently a violation of the rules and usages of war as practiced by civilized nations; but I think it is a policy dictated by principles of humanity. These women and children may have their liberty if they desire it."

"We declare that the Spanish civil functionaries and the Spanish monks may not be imprisoned without violation of the rules of international law. We have never made prisoners of the Spanish secular clergy; but have captured and imprisoned the monks. I feel that on this subject the foreign mind has been very much misled. I desire to remind you that Spanish civil functionaries and Spanish monks are such in name only. At the beginning of the war between America and Spain, General Augustin organized the civil employees into armed corps and they continued to bear arms against the Philippine people. It is true that they did not go much into the fields of battle; but they were useful to Spain in harassing and torturing unarmed and inoffensive Filipinos. These people subjected thousands of my people to cruel, unnatural and unnecessary tortures."

"In the matter of the Spanish monks, permit me to tell you that they have done more than any other class in enslaving our people. In times of peace this class has levied tribute from my people. The canon laws of the Roman Catholic church forbid that monks shall take up arms, enter the military service or actively participate in politics. The Spanish monks in the Philippines have done all these things. They have long deceived the Vatican. When the secular clergy, who are Filipinos, sought to bring the abuses to the attention of the high authorities in the church, they were persecuted and tortured by the monks and the powerful religious corporations. These monks pretended to be the Spanish authorities that to them was due in the main the subjection of the Filipinos and the maintenance of Spanish sovereignty in these islands. The Spanish functionaries who were cognizant of this deception did not disclose it, as they were in the hire of the rich ecclesiastical corporations. The leading cause of the Philippine revolution may be attributed justly to the machinations of these alleged men of God. They have kept closed the door to liberty and progress. All foreigners who have studied the Philippine situation will bear me out in this statement."

"General, in view of the history of these monks, and the power which by reason of their gold they are able to exercise over certain classes of weak and fanatical Filipinos, it is not good public policy that they should be allowed their liberty at this time. I believe that the Philippine republic must retain the civil functionaries till such time as they shall be deported, and shall keep the monks in confinement till they shall be forced by the Vatican to abstain from politics in these islands. It is neither hate nor revenge which impels me to maintain the persons in confinement. Their imprisonment is dictated by public policy. My people demand that these men be held as prisoners, and I can but obey their will."

"If you will present these views and reasons to the free people of America

sible the accepted portrait of the bard of Avon.

"It is wonderful," I said. "Nobody would ever recognize me. I feel a theatrical agent all over."

"Remember you are Fairlight Longman, the author of several farces, and my secretary. Whatever you do, don't forget that. Now we must be going. Come along."

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"Dot is my name. Dis shentleman is my secretary, Mr. Fairlight Longman. Now you know, and so we can our business begin to talk."

"Perhaps you will be good enough, gentlemen, to step into my office first. We shall be more private there."

We followed him into the room he mentioned and took possession of the chairs he offered us.

"Now, Mr. Stragras, in what way can I be of service to you?" he asked, seating himself as he spoke at his desk.

"Zis! My secretary speaks de English better nor me. He will tell you."

I felt that it behooved me to do my best, so leaning forward in a confidential manner I said:

"My employer, as doubtless you are very well aware, Mr. Ebridge, is one of the largest theatrical entrepreneurs in England. His dealings are gigantic. And it is the business connected with one of those enormous productions that brings us here. In the first place, you must know that on the third Saturday in this present month he has arranged to produce the entirely new and original drama, 'Saved by a Woman's Pluck,' at the Royal Olympic theater, Manchester. By the way, have you the preliminary poster with you, Mr. Stragras?"

In answer Mr. Stragras produced from his bag the placard before described and spread it upon the table, at the same time looking at the coach builder as if to demand his opinion on such a fine display of color.

"You will observe, Mr. Ebridge," I continued when the other had read it, "that the whole production will be on a scale of unparalleled splendor—police, bloodhounds, live horses and one large prison van, all on the stage. It will be one of the greatest successes of the century. But we want your assistance."

"You mean, of course, that you want me to make you a van."

"Exactly."

"Just a makeshift affair for the stage, I presume?"

"Oh, dear, no! That is not Mr. Stragras' way of doing business at all. If he has a fire engine on the stage, as he has in his last production, it must be a real engine, with every detail complete and in proper working order. In the same way then, when he orders a police van, he wants it made in every particular just as you would make it for her majesty's government. There must be no difference at all in any one respect, neither the painting, lettering, nor the internal fittings."

"It will cost you a lot of money, Mr. Stragras," said the builder.

"Dot is no madder at all to me," replied Mr. Stragras pompously. "I will 'ave de thing perfect or nod at all. Vos is more, I must 'ave it at once."

"Mr. Stragras, I may point out to you, Mr. Ebridge," I continued, "is in a very great hurry. There has been a slight pushing forward of dates, and in order to insure a success he is willing to pay you handsomely if you will complete the work in a short space of time."

"How long can you give me, sir?"

"A week exactly. Not a day longer!"

"Impossible. It cannot be done!"

"Den we must go elsewhere, mine friend," said Mr. Stragras. "Dot is all. If you will undertake to do de work and to me over de van complete on next Tuesday evening at 12 o'clock, I will pay you twice de sum you ask me now."

The man looked up in surprise at this extraordinary offer and asked to be excused for a moment while he consulted with his foreman. While he was absent, Walworth whispered:

"I think he'll do it. And if we can arrange it that way we shall be able to get it safely up to the yard of the house unobserved."

Here the coach builder returned.

"My foreman tells me he thinks it can be done, sir. But you must see that it will mean night and day work for us all. And the charge will have to be on a corresponding scale."

"Dot is nodings to me. You do de work, and I will pay de money. You agree? Den it is arranged I shall send my men for de van 'ere on Tuesday night at 12 o'clock, and you will 'ave it complete. Den we can zend it on by rail vorst ding in de morning. But, mind you dis, if it is not done den, I will not pay you von farding. You agree?"

"I agree. I have given you my promise, Mr. Stragras, and whatever happens it shall be completed by that time."

"Dot is goot. You might, too, 'ave a tarbanlin to cover it mit, so dat de public shall not see it ven we take it away. Now, sir, I wish you goot morning. You will be paid for de van ven my men dake delivery."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning, gentlemen."

When we were once more in the cab and on our way back to town, Walworth discarded his German accent and resumed his natural tongue.

"So far so good. That bit of business is satisfactorily accomplished."

"You did not say anything to him about observing secrecy?"

"It wasn't necessary. That poster, which you will notice I have left upon his table, will account for everything."

"But supposing the police get to hear of it and it rouses their suspicions?"

I know that you will earn the love and good will of the people of the Philippine islands."

In reply to the demand of General Otis for the delivery of the prisoners Aguinaldo wrote as follows:

"In my previous letter I explained to you my reasons for holding the persons indicated as prisoners of war. You say that according to the rules of international law, men should not be held as prisoners of war unless they have actually borne arms in the service of the enemy. This is my contention. The Spanish civil functionaries and the monks have borne arms against my people. My conduct has been conformable to the principles you lay down. In addition to actually bearing arms the civil functionaries and the monks have aided and abetted in every way within their power the enemies of my people. If you will read the Spanish newspapers printed at Manila you will find therein verification of what I tell you with regard to the conduct of the monks and civil functionaries during the Philippine revolution. The monks threw away their sacred robes, violated our women and made slaves of defenseless Filipinos. They confiscated the property of my people. In my treatment of these men I am not moved by motives of vengeance. It is a notorious fact that these monks served as officers of volunteers. They were one volunteer corps recruited together from monks. Convents and monasteries were transformed into forts and arsenals. Many arms and much ammunition were taken from these places by my troops."

"I have followed the principles of international law as laid down by Fiore, Martens, Bluntschli and others. These writers hold that any person who goes forth to war as a part of the force of an enemy may be held as a prisoner. The Encyclopedia Hispano-Americana says:

"All who form a part of the enemy's force, even including newspaper correspondents and troops of the commissary department, may be held as prisoners of war."

"Reprisal is an admitted right by the cultured nations. I recall that during the war of American independence the great Washington, to avenge the execution of an American colonel taken prisoner by the British, ordered the execution of a British colonel held prisoner by the Americans. This order was not carried out, thanks to the intercession of the Queen of France."

"Even if I have no right under the rules of international law to hold these people as prisoners, I certainly have this right under the rules of reprisal, as I wish to compel the Spaniards to release the Filipinos held prisoners and to avenge the horrid tortures inflicted on Filipinos who fell into the hands of the enemy."

"As I said in my previous letter, the rules of international law must be silent before the just and righteous cause of a people engaged in the struggle for their independence. Although the Filipinos have not been recognized by the cultured nations, they have the glory of having obeyed all the rules of war as practiced by those high nations."

TWO LIONESSSES AND A BULL FIGHT.

A Madrid Spectacle Seen by Thousands and Pronounced Disappointing.

New York Sun.

MADRID, January 23.—Today all Madrid was excited and young and old turned out in thousands to witness a sight seldom seen in a civilized town—a fight between a bull and two half-tamed lionesses. The eagerly awaited event was to have taken place yesterday (Sunday), but the rain, which came down in torrents, kept people indoors. But today, when the sun was shining brightly, the streets leading to the Plaza de Toros were, long before the opening of the arena, thronged with excited crowds eagerly discussing the merits of the combatants. Pandereto, the bull, was described by connoisseurs as a beauty, a worthy son of his sire, Perdigon, who immortalized himself by going to death the noted torero, Espartero, some years ago.

Yesterday, in spite of the rain, some 10,000 people visited Pandereto in his stable and a workman, who had wagered a bottle of wine that he would enter the stable and face the brute alone, was promptly pitched over the partition by the ferocious animal, though he was lucky enough to get off with a few scratches. There was no fear, therefore, that the bull would prove a coward. On the other hand, Sabina and Nemea, the two lionesses, who three months ago were disputing themselves in the sands of the Sahara desert, were backed by their tamer to make a raw steak of the bull in less than 10 minutes; the animals having been kept without food for two days.

There had been an unprecedented run on the ticket office, and when the bugle sounded for the first act, the vast amphitheater showed one compact mass of heads. A young torero, who entered the arena and successfully despatched two bulls; but the applause was merely perfunctory. On a sign from the manager the cage containing the two lionesses and the box with the bull were wheeled into the ring. The odds rose quickly in favor of the latter, as he immediately, on being released, made a rush for Sabina, who, crouching and snarling viciously, received him with a terrible blow of her fore claws. Pandereto shook himself free, and tossed her high in the air. Nemea bounded aside at the bull's approach, but the latter, quick as lightning, wheeled round, and in a fraction of a second sent her too, flying into space. Charging afresh, the bull took Nemea up and drove his horns through her body against the bars of her cage. The public yelled itself hoarse with enthusiasm, and it was clear that the bull was going to carry the day. Sabina then was for a few minutes successful in dodging the furious onslaughts of her opponent; but, presently, she too was caught on the ter-

rible horns and fell in a heap almost on top of her wounded sister. The spectators alternately hissed the lionesses and cheered the bull to the echo.

The bull, now master of the arena, stood snorting defiance, while the lionesses, panting, their manes on end with fear and blood flowing from their wounds, crouched beside each other. Their tamer, furious at the bad showing his pupils were making, approached cautiously and prodded them repeatedly with a pointed iron to action, until, maddened by pain, the queens of the desert rose again as if to recommence the attack; but scarcely had Pandereto seen them move when he rushed upon the wretched beasts, pinning them to the ground, not without receiving a severe mauling from Sabina, who appeared to be the pluckier of the two.

The spectacle was nearing its end. The public howled execrations at the lionesses and their tamer. The latter, who stood to lose a good deal of money, was beside himself with rage; but no amount of goading with pointed sticks, nor even pistol shots fired repeatedly close to their ears, could make the poor beasts move. They lay trembling close against each other, and, famished though they were, pieces of raw dripping flesh temptingly displayed failed to arouse them. Nemea, with her limbs broken and deep wounds all over her body, breathed but faintly, and Sabina was in a scarcely better plight.

The bull, contemptuously turning aside from his fallen enemies, now fixed his attention on the wild beasts outside the arena who were cheering vociferously, and, pawing the ground, made sundry movements as if to charge upon the spectators.

The lionesses were eventually chained to the bars of their cage—quite a superfluous precaution, owing to their exhausted state—while the bull was enticed to the other side of the ring, when he was with great trouble led away to his stable amid thunderous applause, the blood dripping from an ugly wound in his neck, and badly lacerated about the eyes.

"Poor sport after all," was the public verdict.

MOONSHINING BEAR STORY.

When Joe Stewart was first appointed deputy United States marshal for this district a year ago, says a Williamsport, Pa., correspondent, one piece of information transferred to him by his predecessor was concerning a moonshine whisky plant suspected to be in operation somewhere in the Kettle creek region of Potter county. From a cook at one of the lumber camps Stewart learned that whisky was brought to the men in gallon demijohns by an old man named Reeser, who lived near New Bergen, on the headwaters of Kettle creek. Consequently he visited Reeser's home to trace the whisky if possible. He was met at the door by as pretty a young woman as he ever set eyes on. This was Reeser's daughter Priscilla. She said her father was down the creek on an errand. It was a cold, blustery day, and Deputy Stewart hinted that a man needed something to warm him in such weather. Priscilla seemed to understand, and from a shelf back of the stove took down a long-necked bottle, poured about five fingers into a tumbler and handed it to Stewart. The whisky was raw, and obviously moonshine, although Priscilla said as she pushed the bottle back on the shelf that they got it at Coudersport so as to have a little in the house in case of sickness.

Having traced the whisky so far, Stewart left the cabin and hunted around for the still. He soon got into a trackless waste of snow and laurel and hemlock. There was no sign of track or path, and he was about to give it up in disgust when he heard the loud chattering and squealing of black bears. In a few moments, out on the snow from a hemlock thicket, came two nearly full-grown bears. As soon as he clapped eyes on them Stewart saw that something was wrong with them. They were staggering, and one of them was carrying a small demijohn.

"By thunder!" thought Stewart, "those bears have found old Reeser's still."

Presently the bears stopped to take a drink. The one with the demijohn raised it to his mouth, and the pull he took was so long that the other bear, becoming impatient, grasped the demijohn and soon was getting on the outside of copious draughts of whatever in hiding back of a big maple, and when the drunken bears went shambling off into the forest he couldn't help laughing at his queer luck and the queer sight of two bears out on a jam-boree. It was the easiest thing in the world for Stewart to back track the bears through the hemlock thicket, and, although the course taken was somewhat wobbly, he succeeded in following the trail. It led back to the foot of the mountain, along the side of the mountain to a deep but narrow ravine, in the bottom of which was a little stream. He followed this ravine for nearly half a mile, when suddenly, at a sharp turn, where an overhanging ledge of rock formed a sort of cave, he found the still. It was evident that somebody had been at work there not many days before, for tracks were plentiful. One of the tracks, too, was that of a woman—a pretty, slender foot—and visions of Priscilla helping her father at the still flitted through the head of Deputy Stewart. And here, too, pushed further back under the rocks, were eight demijohns full of whisky, drunken bears were carrying.

Reeser and Priscilla have been held for trial at court on the charge of illicit distilling. But Stewart's most valuable witnesses refuse to obey his subpoena—the bears who drank the moonshine cannot be brought into court.

