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NO. 25.

GLASS DAGGER.

By WETHERLEY CHESNEY.

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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:

Commander Duncan Brett, R. N., having been accepted by Mabel Fenton, on his way home finds her brother George bending over the dead body of a woman in her hand is the broken off hilt of a glass dagger—a curio which hung in George's room—the blade buried in the woman's heart. A man, Fitzgerald, endeavors to take possession of the woman's jewelry. Brett interferes, whereupon the man denounces him to the police as a murderer, and he is marched to the station. Brett proves his innocence and is discharged. George Fenton endures or Harriet Staples, a woman to whom he has long been known to be attached. Mabel Fenton has faith in her brother's innocence. She tells Brett that if George is guilty she will never marry him, being the sister of a murderer. Mr. Keighley Gates is heard talking about the glass dagger. Brett resolves to establish George's innocence. George describes the murder of Harriet Staples as he witnessed it. She refused to marry him. He turned from her, heard her fall and saw a man running away, the dagger being in her breast. Brett gets a photograph and discovers that it is the likeness of Lady Florence Mostyn, daughter of the Duke of Lundy. Brett calls upon Keighley Gates and notices in a drawer of Gates' desk a photograph of a woman which he recognizes as one he had seen in Scotland Yard over the name of Lady Florence Mostyn. Brett finds a visitor in his room, Mr. Vandeleur, an actor who tells him that he had played with Lady Florence Mostyn, or Mary Western, or Harriet Staples, or whatever she might be, and through Vandeleur, Brett gets on the track of Arthur Duman and is led to believe that the murdered woman was disreputable. Brett consults Arabella Priggett and learns more of the murdered woman, as Lady Florence Mostyn, who makes her appear as a receiver of stolen goods. It is discovered that the father of Lady Florence Mostyn had married a widow with a son, who had gone to the bad. Brett visits Keighley Gates and meets Dr. Fitzgerald, whom he recognizes as the man who attempted to rifle the body of the murdered woman. At Scotland Yard Brett is informed that Keighley Gates had stolen the photograph from the album and substituted another.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLANNING AN ABDUCTION.

Most of what follows I learned afterward from various sources, but for sake of continuity it is told here.

Yes, one or two little incidents had served to annoy Mr. Keighley Gates that morning. His letters, in the first place, had been far from satisfactory, and then there was Dr. Fitzgerald's visit. He had not come by appointment, and it was evident from his reception that he was not welcome.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mr. Gates, ungraciously, when he entered. "I did not hear you knock."

"No more did I—knuckles out of order—umbrella handle loose—all sorts of reasons if required."

"I've not the slightest doubt of it. Well, what do you want with me? Don't beat about the bush."

Dr. Fitzgerald gave his silk hat a loving polish with a gaudily colored handkerchief and then deposited it gingerly on the table. He hung up his umbrella on the mantelshelf, carefully pulled off his gloves, folded them up and pocketed them, and finally, after some deliberation, deposited himself in the easiest chair in the room, from which, with elbows resting on the arms of the chair, hands clasped in elegant manner and one leg swung negligently over the other, he blandly surveyed Mr. Keighley Gates.

"I hope you are quite comfortable now," said the latter, politely.

"Perfectly, Bob. Delightful room—perfect chair—genial host—what more? Congratulations—excellent taste in furniture—hire system?"

"When you are quite ready perhaps you will tell me what you want," said Mr. Gates, ignoring Dr. Fitzgerald's flattering remarks.

"E. S. D.—friend of my youth—only too delighted to assist—Q. E. D."

"Then you've come to me for money?"

"The dear boy! Guessed it first time."

Mr. Keighley Gates unlocked a drawer and produced a book.

"Look here, Richmond; this is my bank passbook. Do you see the balance—£500 on the wrong side?"

"Why, bless my soul, so it! Who'd have thought it?" said the imperturbable Dr. Fitzgerald.

"Exactly. That's the state of my finances today. You'll have to apply elsewhere for assistance."

"Non sequitur—j'y suis; here I stop," said the other.

"Then perhaps you'll kindly explain how I am to advance you money when I haven't got any for myself?"

"No good at details. Ask another."

"Don't be an ass, Richmond. You can't bleed a stone."

"Got to be done. Send to Moses for particulars."

"Look here, Richmond, stop this fooling! I'm in a tight corner—a deucedly tight corner—and it's no use your applying to me today."

"Fur lined overcoat—gold repeater—diamond studs—ditto ring—large bouquets—must be in militia—or is it house of lords?" murmured Dr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Keighley Gates was in bad health, his prospects were dark, his assets nil and his visitor unwelcome. So he may fairly be excused a display of bad temper.

"Confound it, man, don't sit there muttering like a jackdaw. Take your traps and go."

Dr. Fitzgerald was equal to the occasion. He rose to his feet and towered over Mr. Gates, and from that eminence gave vent to his feelings. He was coherent enough in his remarks now.

"You confounded Sybarite, living here on the fat of the land while better men are starving. Sell your fur lined coat and your diamond studs—sell your large bouquets—sell your infernal soul if you can raise a stiver on it, but raise the wind for me you must or by the heavens above you'll rue it, and having got rid of this torrent of words he proceeded to put on his gloves with deliberate slowness, then gathered his umbrella and hat and stalked to the door."

Mr. Keighley Gates saw he had said too much and hastened to mollify his visitor.

"Confound it, Richmond, you'll drive me mad. Haven't I enough to worry me without your adding to my perplexities? You know perfectly well that if I had money you should share it. I don't forget old friends in a hurry. If you're short of a sovereign, take this. The two half dollars will see me through the day, and after that the deluge."

Fitzgerald waved him off magnificently.

"Keep your quid, Mr. Keighley Gates. You've insulted me, Dr. Fitzgerald, T. C. D., and County Waterford. I leave you now, but beware, the day will come! Meantime, good morning!" and with this eloquent peroration Dr. Fitzgerald closed the door behind him.

Gates gave a sigh of relief when he had gone.

"What does that infernal ass mean by threatening me, I wonder? Thank heaven, I have never trusted him very far. Now, who the devil's this? Come in!"

The door opened and Commander Brett entered, and the reader has already had an account of the interview that followed.

When Brett left the room Mr. Keighley Gates gave vent to his feelings.

"So, Commander Brett, V. C. R. N., you are still on the track of your mare's nest. You are a clever young man whose talents are simply thrown away on board ship. The late lamented Sherlock Holmes would have been pleased to finish your education for you, for it wants finishing. You are a deuced sight too clever, my young friend, and it's time you knew it. Your wings must be clipped, and that at once, or there will be trouble in the camp. But which is the best way to perform that operation—that is the first question to decide. You have been arrested once, and if that could be managed a second time—But how? Let me see. No, that won't do. Must find a weaker spot. The girl! Ah! that's it—must strike him through the girl! Jealousy? Too difficult. Bravo! I have it!" and Mr. Keighley Gates snapped his fingers.

"That is what I should very much like to know myself. As a matter of fact, he told me he had not done so—told me emphatically, and without being asked the question. Afterward I learned at Scotland Yard that he was the very man who did it."

"How strange! What possible interest could Mr. Keighley Gates have in the matter?"

"That I do not know—in fact, I know very little of the man. He was a friend of George's, was he not?"

"An acquaintance—hardly a friend. George met him at some club or other, and found him interesting. They had one or two tastes in common—fishing, big game shooting, and hunting, and Mr. Gates suggested a trip to the Zambesia for elephants; but I don't fancy George really liked the man, or he would have jumped at the idea."

"Then you know of nothing that would connect him in the faintest way with the present trouble?"

"Nothing. But stop! You remember he was here on the day of the murder—it was then, indeed, he noticed the dagger that led to suspicion falling on George. That day he spoke to George about his infatuation for Harriet Staples, and urged him to break with her. He had never alluded to the subject before, and George considered he had taken a great liberty in doing so at all, and he told him so. George was very much annoyed, I remember, and he spoke to me about it before he left the house that evening."

"Did Gates give any reason for mentioning the matter?"

"He said he did it out of pure friendship for George."

This was certainly news. Brett knew

nothing against Mr. Gates, except that he had told him about the photograph, if the police were to be believed. But he did not think he was the sort of man to interfere in a matter of this kind out of pure disinterested friendship. Still he might be doing him an injustice.

"Well, it is useless speculating on his reasons," said he. "There's the changing of the photographs to bring it home to him, but for the life of me I don't see how it is to be done. I can't very well tax him with it, for he has distinctly told me he did not do it."

"Never mind, Duncan. But we must be on our guard against him. If he is playing false, he will be sure to betray himself before long."

"I have had a letter from Wray this morning," said Brett after a pause. "He has sent me a description of Lady Florence Mostyn's brother—a sandy

"Town or country?"

"Town—De Vere Gardens."

"Both?"

"Yes, same place."

"Bad spot—police handy."

"Can't help it. Girl must go tomorrow, and you must take her."

"Where?"

"To a quiet house somewhere or other."

"Love?"

"No, Richmond. Downright solid hate."

"That's better. Let's have particulars."

"You know a naval chap—a Commander Brett?"

"Know him perfectly—for a cad."

"It's his girl."

"Good! Proceed."

"Brett is trying to implicate me in a serious affair, and—"

"South Audley street?"

"Yes—and a clumsy move on my part may put him on my track any day. Of course, I have no connection with the murder, but I am mixed up in the side issues, and it might be awkward if he got really on my scent. He must be stopped at once, and the only way to do it is by diverting his energies. Once get his girl away, and he will devote himself to her pursuit and leave the other affair."

"I see, and the pay?"

"Fifty pounds—£25 in the morning and the rest when you've done the trick. You should have the first £25 now, but I have not got it. I expect Glasher here tonight. I shall sell him my diamonds, and even the fur lined coat will go," added Mr. Gates, with a pleasant smile, "if the crib doesn't turn out well."

"Are they rich?"

"Fairly well off; solid family plate at any rate. The old man will be so out up at the girl's disappearance that he won't be able to sleep. So we must get up a scent for him. We'll run him down into Gloucestershire for a night and then do the trick."

"Um! That's your department. I've to tackle the girl. Any ideas?"

"Yes. Bowl up in a four wheeler—not a bansom, by the way—with the news that the gallant captain has met with an accident somewhere or other and is asking for her. She will be in a mortal funk and will never stop to think. Let it be afternoon, when the old sun is at his club. You can manage her all right."

Fitzgerald reflected. "Serious matter—abduction. Make it £100, Bob—£50 extra when the crib is cracked. We go halves there, I suppose?"

"All right," replied Gates. "You never found me a screw, did you, Richmond?"

"This morning, sir, you were a screw."

Gates smiled amiably, and Dr. Fitzgerald took his leave when a few of the details had been discussed.

About half an hour after he had gone a gentleman of the Jewish race, who gave his name as Glasher, waited upon Mr. Gates. As a result of two satisfactory interviews and Dr. Fitzgerald's prescription that worthy schemer finally fell into a profound sleep, as peaceful and untroubled as that of a child.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONSULTATION.

Commander Brett was not able to report his interview with Mr. Keighley Gates to Miss Fenton until the following day. The morning's post had brought a letter from his friend Wray, and with this in his pocket he proceeded to De Vere Gardens.

"Well, Duncan, have you brought any news?" Mabel asked anxiously, when lovers' greetings had been exchanged.

"Indeed I have, dear, and somewhat surprising news too. It was Gates himself who substituted the photograph for Lady Florence's in the album."

"Mr. Gates! What in the world did he do it for?"

"That is what I should very much like to know myself. As a matter of fact, he told me he had not done so—told me emphatically, and without being asked the question. Afterward I learned at Scotland Yard that he was the very man who did it."

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Miscellaneous Reading.

CUBA AND THE CUBANS.

ANOTHER INTERESTING CONTRIBUTION FROM SERGEANT DEAL.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES.

Feeling—Extremes of Cruelty and Kindness—Commercial Dishonesty and Social Hospitality—Miscellaneous Notes and Comments—The Visit of Senator Tillman and Party—The Boys Are Home-ick.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

CAMP COLUMBIA, Havana, Cuba, March 20.—I have been intending for some time to write a letter descriptive of our life and the things we have seen in Cuba; but there is so much to tell—so much that can hardly be comprehended by our civilized, human people—that I was at a loss as to how far I might trust their credulity, and as to what would be of most interest to them. To begin with, the men are about all pretty anxious to get home. It is thus in all the volunteer regiments. They have become accustomed to the beauties and attractions of the island, and aided by the desire to go home, these have naturally become commonplace.

Then it is not very inspiring to see human beings fishing in our filthy slop barrels for bread and eating slop like greedy hogs; nor pleasant to continually view physical contortions and enormous swellings of body and limbs caused by excessive hunger or the ravages of some loathful disease.

Many of the men really gave up lucrative positions to enlist, and they feel now that they have done all that should be required of them, and that they should not be longer sacrificed to the policy of the government; but allowed to return to the dear ones at home.

Another mustering out petition was circulated sometime ago and signed by a good many; but the occasion was not marked by outbursts of dissatisfaction and disorder as is usual in such cases.

Colonel Jones' only remark when he heard of it was: "Well, these boys are great on petitions," he having received two long ones himself, when it was rumored that he intended to resign, earnestly begging him to remain with the regiment.

Senator Tillman and party came out to the regiment yesterday to visit the camp and address the men; but it was just after "pay day," and many preferred a trip to Havana. A stand was erected in front of the colonel's tent and several of the party made brief speeches.

Our camp, under the efficient charge of Major Hager, as sanitary officer, is in excellent condition, it being considered one of the best in the corps.

Since the several layers of rock have been removed and the other necessary work done, the duties of the men have been light. They are allowed to explore the surrounding country and little towns to their hearts' content, or seek such other diversions as best suits their disposition.

Only last evening, as I came up the company street, I saw several warm games of "craps," and in another tent a less exciting and noisy, but no less interesting game of poker.

One crap game seemed to be of particular interest, being more noisy and having a larger crowd, and so I stopped to watch it. There were continued cries of "shoot de dime," "shoot de quarter," "shoot de half," "shoot de dollar," and occasionally "shoot de bill," for we had been paid only the day before and the men still had plenty of money.

As I came up, one little fellow had the dice and was rattling off a perfect stream of crap slang, which would be punctuated by a chorus of graduated grunts as a "shot" was made. I cannot attempt to describe it, for the slang itself, mixed with the numerous army terms and military orders that the men weave in, though ludicrous, is nothing. It is the peculiar rising and falling intonation of the voice of the "shooter," his alternating pleading and commanding tones as he "con-jures" the dice; the constant bantering and bickering for a fake (bet); the strained attention of men down on their hands and knees in a circle; and the excited chorus of "ugh's," and the earnestness of it all that lend the scene its interest and make it novel and picturesque.

Several attempts have been made to stop gambling among the men; but they were so unsuccessful, the men going off in groups to the shade of some big tree in the country, or to the gambling dens in the towns, and it seemed to be such a great part of their lives, that now they are not molested.

The ever present typhoid fever has its usual number of cases; but so far as I know, only two deaths—a comparatively small number—have occurred in the regiment since we have been in Cuba. There are, however, numerous cases of malarial fever, but of a very mild character that generally lasts only a few days. Something of the kind that Colonel Coward, at the Citadel, used to designate with his cutting sarcasm, "malaise." This malaria seems very strange to me, for we are up in the hills, and there is no dead vegetation around, and although it is beginning to get very hot in the sun or with exertion, yet under the shade of a tent, with the walls rolled up so that the strong breeze, or rather wind, can sweep through, it is cool and positively delightful.

Every sanitary precaution, however, has been taken, and about 100 bushels of lime is scattered daily throughout the camp, causing a thin white coating to cover the ground, somewhat resembling snow or frost on a cold morning; but how unlike when the wind blows it in your eyes.

A few cases of yellow fever have

also developed, and I understand—Dame Rumor says; but I do not know how truly—that if it becomes at all prevalent, and the southern ports closely closed against us, we will be sent to Montauk Point, N. Y., there to be quarantined and mustered out. Texas and Louisiana already have orders to leave for the states, so that they will not be held up by the general quarantine which, I hear, begins the first of May, and it is reported that we are to leave next Saturday. At any rate it appears that it will not be long now until we return to the states; and although all are anxious to go, they have no doubt all enjoyed the trip and the opportunity of seeing the country and the people at this time.

I have myself made many excursions through the surrounding country and spent several glorious days rambling through the dilapidated but grand old city of Havana. But I have seen little that favorably impressed me with the character and customs of the people. I have tried not to become prejudiced against them; but I suppose I am too much of an American and seen too little of the world to be a fair judge, for where I find one thing to admire, I find a dozen to condemn.

The people though are courteous, hospitable and seem to have the kindest feelings for the Americans; but they are lazy, will swindle you unmercifully, and are cruel to a degree that is barbarous—that will rival the stories we have read of the ancient Assyrians and Romans.

Passing through Marianna one day, for instance, I saw what I at first took to be three dead gashes, completely encircling an ankle of one of the little ponies, the two outer gashes circling toward the middle one at the front and rear, and the space between thickly studded with little round holes. On looking closer, I saw that they were indeed gashes; but that they had been burned and that the leg was much swollen and could bear no pressure. Stopping to enquire what disease could merit such heroic treatment, I found that it was merely a fancy brand. Brands are quite common and they are usually on this lavish style.

In plowing they use two and four oxen, for the soil is very hard, and a plow very primitive, and that I should imagine could be used very well for a railway snow plow. "Cal" Collier, one of the wits of the regiment, described it as, "De same i-den-ti-cal plow dat Elisha was 'sen when dey called him to de prophesy." One man attempts to guide the plow, while another, or a boy, with a goad, a long pole with a sharp piece of iron on the end of it, does the driving. From the frantic movements of the tough, lazy oxen, when jabbed with it, I imagine its effects must be fearful.

I have often seen a little donkey staggering along with his legs quivering beneath him, under a burden of six five-gallon kegs of water—240 pounds of water alone—the big boxing and padding to hold the heavy kegs, and sitting on top of all this, the driver singing and cracking a long whip.

We see daily passing our camp, from one to six of the little mules or ponies, strung out in single file, tandem fashion, straining away upon a load twice as large as would be put upon an equal number of big strong mules in America. Immense two-wheeled carts, with tires about six inches broad and wheels six feet high, are generally used, and when they come to a rough place in the road, the shaft mule is often lifted bodily and set several feet to one side; but the lead mules soon jerk him straight and the grind goes on.

There are plenty of big, fine oxen, and they balance and draw the immense, heavily loaded carts with the yoke strapped to their horns.

Their savage treatment of the Spaniards, and vice versa, when they fell into each other's hands, is well-known.

And here is another phase of the heartlessness of the race. Going to Havana on the train yesterday, I struck up with an American gentleman who said to me: "I had a contract to move 600 Spanish troops from the hospital to a ship. They were generally about your size, and by G—d, I don't believe there was a single one of the privates that would have weighed 60 pounds, and the officers, damn 'em, were fat and sleek. They called it fever. I called it starvation."

But the people have a better side. They have numerous, and apparently unconscious, nice little courtesies that are pleasing. For instance, if you take out a cigarette or cigar, they will instantly offer you theirs, with a polite little bow, for you to get a light.

And several times, when on returning from a ramble rather late in the afternoon, in passing through their yards, viewing their hog tied with a rope around his neck and other curious customs, we have disturbed a family at their supper—of sweet potatoes. As soon as they saw us they would rush out in their excited, enthusiastic way and by excessive gestures insist that we come in and share their little all. And when we had declined, as best we could, with bows and smiles, they would rush back and bring us some of the big potatoes, which are, I am told, a kind of cross between the Irish and sweet potato; but which, boiled and then baked until they peel off in strips, are simply delicious. And then bowing and smiling and saluting with many a wee-us ta-die (good evening) and ah-de-ah (good bye) we would take our departure, wondering more and more at these strange people who would not hesitate to torture a dumb brute and swindle or crucify a man; but would treat you in the nicest manner, and insist upon your partaking at their scanty board or helping yourself freely to the bananas and oranges in their orchards.

On February 15, I went to Havana with a party and went through the U. S. cruiser Brooklyn, seeing Captain Cook and many of his officers and men who did such gallant work on that

never-to-be-forgotten Sunday morning, when the formidable fleet of Admiral Cervera was completely destroyed. We rambled through the ship at will seeing her big guns which did such terrible execution at Santiago; her honorable scars of battle, now barely visible; the spot where the Seaman Ellis was killed by a 6-inch projectile which struck him in the mouth while he was taking the distance to one of the enemies ships, at the command of Admiral Schley; the ship's mascot, "Billy Boy," the goat, and laughed heartily at an honest tar's confession as to how he felt over a 6-inch shell whirred just over his head.

From here we sailed over to the wreck of the Maine. The flag on the tilted mast was at half-mast, and the fighting top profusely decorated with floral naval emblems, as it was the anniversary of the day upon which the ship was fatally destroyed by some mysterious explosion.

I looked at the blackened, pitiful ruins, and thought of the time when I had seen her in all her pride and glory, spotlessly white, fitted with every appliance of destruction, "A Mistress of the Sea, A Goddess of War."

The wreck was covered with soldiers and sailors, and as we came within a 100 yards of it, we could plainly hear the blows of hammers, for the men had come prepared, as every loose piece of iron or wood that escaped the fire, has long since disappeared. We scrambled over the ruins, collecting relics for about half an hour, and I would have gladly remained longer, but some of the party got hungry, and, of course, had to return.

I send you a piece of wood, charred as you can see by fire, which I cut myself from the burned, twisted and almost submerged deck of the Maine.

Yesterday I tried for the third time to go through Morro Castle; but the cleaning out of the cells, dungeons and passages, left clogged with filth by the Spaniards, had not been completed, and besides several cases of yellow fever had broken out there, and so we were again disappointed; but I am going again tomorrow with a party of officers, and this time trust to meet with better success.

I will write again in a few days, telling of what I saw at a Cuban all-day cock main, at the Christol Colon cemetery, and at the funeral of General Garcia.

SPANISH JUSTICE.

A Remarkable Instance Given By a New York Lawyer.

"Talk of Spanish devotion to form and formality, said Counsellor J. A. Beal, of No. 150 Broadway, the other day, "it is in their courts that you may look for the perfection of it."

"A friend of mine gave me this instance of it which he vouched for on personal knowledge of the case: A rich Spaniard who had a spendthrift son made a will leaving all his wealth to the local chapter of the Jesuit order and directing them to give to his son, after his death, as much of it as they desire."

"He died and the estate was found to be half a million of pes