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GLASS DAGGER.

By WETHERLEY CHESNEY.

rate, control, if nothing more.

untarily as she looked round.

not carry to hospital."

unbidden within her.

lected than its neighbors.

there for her to enter.

she had come.

tected treachery.

Duncan be there?

conductor

der false preteuse?

him?"

then asked her to descend. It was a

horrible, dirty street in a dirty and hor-

rible locality, and Mabel shrank invol-

Her companion divined her thoughts.

before one dirtier and even more neg-

"Yes, this is the one, I think-No.

of her. Had she done wisely in coming,

unaccompanied, to the place? At any

rate she should have left word at home.

Who was the man? Suppose it were not

true? Yet why should she doubt? Dun-

can was hurt. He had sent for her, and

The door swayed to behind her, and

its clash reverberated through her

"This way, madam," said her guide,

and in the very tone of the man she de-

"Can I see the woman of the house?"

she asked unsteadily.
"Why, certainly," said her compan-

ion, and his voice made her tremble.

A slatternly woman made her appear

"Sally, there's a visitor come to see

terror. Where was she? Who were these

dreadful people? But, still, might not

"Where is Captain Brett?" said she

"Capt'n, miss! There's a Salvation

capt'n as lives next door, but I 'ardly

thinks you'd take kindly to 'im. He

ain't a washin man, ain't Billy-least-

The coarseness of the woman came as

a knell on Mabel's ears, yet she dare

not give up hope. She turned to her

"You came with a message, sir, from

Captain Brett. Will you take me to

"Afraid he's not here, madam. Sud-

den recovery-taken up his bed and

walked," said the man, with a hideous

chuckle in enjoyment of the girl's dis-

"Then am I to understand, sir, you

have deliberately brought me here un-

"That's about the size of it, miss."

The terror that now filled her gave

her strength to make one bid for free-

dom. She turned rapidly, rushed past

the man and dashed to the door. Her

fingers were already on the latch before

his rough hand was laid on her shoul-

der. Her despair gave her unnatural

strength, and she struggled to achieve

her purpose with the power of a fren-

zied woman. The man was unable to

hold her and loudly called for the as-

sistance of his female accomplice, who

"Stop that yellin!" said she, plac-

ing her filthy paw over Mabel's mouth.

"Now, then, Rich, tie her hands, if you

ain't man enough to hold 'em. Ah,

fingers she dealt her a blow that com-

They dragged their almost inanimate

flung her on to a sofa, tied her hands

and feet with a couple of antimacas-

In a few minutes her eyes opened.

She glared round with terrified, implor-

ing eyes. In sober truth her situation

was enough to daunt her heart. Here

was she in a dirty house in the east end

of London, entirely at the mercy of a

pair of scoundrels. She had not left the

elightest clew at home whereby she

could be traced. She was absolutely

friendless and alone, and what was the

purpose of her captors she dared not

"Now, madam," said the man,

cruel satisfaction, "kindly listen. So

long as you behave no harm will hap-

-er-this lady"-pointing to the slat-

edgment of the description-"but once

attempt to escape or arouse the atten-

tion of neighbors and you will find out

"This treatment is infamous," Mabel

And as Mabel's teeth closed over her

aided him with fiendish glee.

pletely stunned the girl. ·

handiwork.

vour mistake."

ways, not in summer time."

to the woman. "Is he yet conscious?"

"Why, certainly-certainly."

ance at the end of the passage.

is madam from the west end."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. In order that new readers of THE EN-QUIRER may begin with the following in-

stallment 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:

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 has 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 the murderer, and he is marched to the station. Brett proves his innocence and is discharged. George Fenton endeavors to escape, but after a long flight is a last arrested, charged with the murder of 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 resolvest overshights George's innocence. 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 Harriet Staples' 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 finds a visitor in his room, Mr. Vandel-eur, 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 Van-deleur, Brett gets on the track of Arthur Durant and is led to believe that the mur-dered woman was disreputable. Brett consults Arabella Pridgett and learns more of the murdered woman, as Lady consults Arabella Pridgett and learns more of the murdered woman, as Lady Florence Mostyn, which 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

had stolen the photograph from the album and substituted another. Gates, knowing that Brett is trying to implicate him in the murder, bribes Dr. Fitzgerald to kidnap Mabel Fentou. CHAPTER XV.

murdered woman. At Scotland Yard Brett, is informed that Keighley Gates

THE ABDUCTION OF MABEL FENTON. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a cab drove up to the door and a sharp | The woman sniggered. ring followed.

Miss Fentor man in a hurried tone.

"Yes, sir."

The man entered.

"No name—she does not know me. Say a message from Captain Brett-im-He was shown into the library, and a

few minutes later Mabel entered. "Miss Fenton?" said the man inquir-

ingly. "Yes."

"Deeply grieved to be bearer of bad news. Don't be alarmed, but Captain Brett met with slight accident. Unconscious when I left. Asked for you." Mabel turned deathly white.

"An accident? How? Where?"

"Near the docks. Cannot say howbad knock on the head-came to for a few minutes and gave your name and address. Total stranger-but I thought you would wish to know-insensible when I left." A few hours before Mabel had broken

down, and it might have been expected that a further blow would have crushed her altogether, but she faced the situation bravely. Duncan was burt-how grievously she dare not think. He had sent for her; she must go.

"I can only thank you for your kindness," she said. "If you will tell me where Captain Brett is now, I will go at once.'

"My cab is at door-allow me to drive you there-time important."

For a moment she hesitated, but it curse you!" was for a moment only. The vaguest, indefinable suspicion of doubt crossed her mind, but the next instant it was overwhelmed with the thought that Duncan was hurt and had sent for her. "I will keep you scarcely a minute,"

she said. It hardly needed longer for ner to put sars, and then stolidly surveyed their on a hat and gloves, and without leaving any message with a servant she flew down stairs and hurried to the cab.

"Will you allow me to accompany

you?" said the stranger. "I may be of some use."

Mabel thankfully accepted the offer, and together they drove off.

It was a long drive, and the cab seemed to have more than its share of the troubles of four wheelers. Buses blocked the way, pedestrians hampered its pace, drays threatened to overturn it, and policemen checked it in its mad career, yet its driver, steadfast, if not as silent as the sphinx, held on grimly for the final goal.

At Hyde park corner they turned pen to you. Meals will be brought in by down Constitution hill, and then on the Mall to Charing Cross, and so to ternly hag, who grinned in acknowlthe embankment. So far Mabel knew the route well enough, but when upper Thames street, with its discordant jumble of traffic, was reached, she sank back in otter weariness. She seemed to be in a dream—a waking nightmare of gasped, "simply infamous. Why have Brett's head with bewildering rapid- very day, but after your insulting reunreality. George a prisoner, a sup- you done it? What is your motive?"

of speech.
"Meaning best left alone. No good telling secrets. You've come for the good of your health. Isn't it so, Sally? treatment. Perfect cure guaranteed." "And you call yourself a man, and

can be so brutal—so diabolical!" gasped

"Never call names—on principle." "But how dare you bring me to this dreadful place and keep me? How could posed murderer, Duncan hurt, perhaps you tell such a cruel lie? They will dying, or even dead, and she a helpless trace you and find me here, and the law woman, torn by conflicting emotions of will punish you. Look, I'll make you feared. hope and despair! From the outside an offer! Release me and let me go were borne in upon her the shouts of now, and you shall hear nothing about touts and cadgers, the bellowing of this matter."

"Eloquent-young-lovely. Hard to draymen, the ceaseless grind of wheels, the endless rumble of traffic. She closed deny beauty anything. Sorry obliged to her eyes. Her sight she could, at any refuse-deeply grieved," said Dr. Fitzgerald, with a mecking bow and a cynical smile. At last they stopped. Her companion

Mabel saw it was hopeless to try to got out hurriedly, paid the driver, and move him, so she turned her piteous eyes to the woman, who, with arms akimbo, stolidly surveyed her.

"Oh, you-you are a woman! Surely -surely you can feel for another woman's dreadful distress!" she pleaded. "Very sorry, Miss Fenton, to bring 'Have you no pity for me?"

you here. We took him to the likeliest "This is as good as a theayter. Bless house. Drayman volunteered to take your lovin 'art, I does as I'm told, and him to his home-case urgent-dare asks no questions. If Rich tells me to take a patient for the good of 'er 'elth, The girl reproached herself for the feelings of revulsion that had arisen I takes her, and as long as the coin comes in for the grub and lookin arter "Yes, I understand. Is this the I ain't upset by no pity.' house?" For her conductor had stopped

"Oh, if money will do anything," cried the girl. "See, here are my watch and these rings. Take them-they are valuable, and you can sell them. And 15." He threw open the door and stood there is a note in my purse and some gold. Take it—take it all, only let me An instinctive suspicion seized hold

"Best keep still," said the old wom-an immovably, "and not upset yourself. 'Tain't worth it.''

"Pretty baubles," put in Fitzgerald -"dangerous weapons-weak woman. Better keep them safe myself."

As he spoke Dr. Fitzgerald skillfully removed every article of jewelry. The purse he returned after carefully shakng out its contents.

He untied the antimacassars, replaced them smoothly on the only two chairs in the room and then repeated his threats in tones that left no doubt of his intention to fulfill them if necessary. Then, holding the door ajar while Sally passed out, he turned for a final injunc-

"Lady understands. No noise-no attempt to leave until cure complete. Mabel had risen from the couch and stood facing the open door. A shadow you. Madam, this is Sally; Sally, this fell across it. A man's voice exclaimed: Mabel crouched back in an agony of



"Stop that yellin!" said she. "Hello, Rich! What the deuce is

your latest?" "Lady indisposed," replied Fitz-

gerald-"convalescent home. Then the door closed, but not before Mabel Fenton had seen the newcomer

clearly and distinctly. Merciful powers, what did it mean? Was her reason giving way? A sandy man with a scar across his forehead and

with only one arm! "What can be be doing here?" she cried. "It is Lady Florence Mostyn's

CHAPTER XVL

MABEL MISSING. It was barely 4 o'clock when Captain Brett arrived at De Vere Gardens. He had hoped to find Mabel waiting for him and was surprised and disappointed when the footman told him Miss Fen. pause. ton was out.

"She got your message, sir," the man victim to the back sitting room and added.

"My message?" said Brett, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. The gentleman brought it about an hour ago, and Miss Mabel went away with him." "A gentleman brought a message

from me? What was it?" "I don't know, sir. He saw Miss Mabel in the library, and they both went out together a few minutes afterward." Brett was thunderstruck at this an-

nouncement. "What was the gentleman like?" he asked.

"Tallish, sir, and spoke in jerks." The description was short enough, standing over her and eying her with the man he had seen twice before-the where had they gone?

ity, but for an answer to them he marks further intercourse between us is

length, giving it up in despair, he stood which, Mr. Gates touched the bell. by the window, each moment fondly Whitechapel sanitarium. Renowned for hoping that the next would bring him the door. the sight of Mabel returning from a bootless errand.

The minutes passed with awful slowness. Five o'clock struck, but she had not arrived, and Brett turned hopelessly away from the window.

At a quarter past Mr. Fenton came in, and Brett at once told him what had occurred and something of what he

"Good God, Duncan! Who is there who could wish to barm her?"

"Heaven only knows, sir," said Brett. "I have been trying in vain to conjecture, but we must lose no more time. I am going at once to give information to the police, and I think it would be as well for you to break the news to Mrs. Fenton. At present she knows nothing."

Brett hurried off to Scotland Yard. He had been a frequent visitor there of late, but the mission that brought him this time was to him the most terrible of them all. He returned with a detective, who took minute particulars formation that may lead to saving the from Scames, the footman, about the life of an innocent man then God have strange visitor and what he had said, mercy upon you. For my part, I soland who learned from Mabel's maid emnly assure you that I will spare no what her mistress would be likely to be efforts to find out your connection with wearing. Armed with these scant par- the scoundrel I am at present looking ticulars the man took his leave, with for and to discover your motive for inthe assurance that every power the law terfering with the portrait of the murpossessed should be set in motion to dered woman." trace the missing one.

It was a terrible evening for that house in De Vere Gardens. The son was a prisoner, awaiting his trial for murder; the daughter had been foully desoyed. And who could tell of her fate?

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were in a state of utter prostration under the last terrible blow that had been dealt them, and Brett was almost beside himself with the knowledge of his impotence to help the woman whom he loved more than life itself.

Brett passed a sleepless night and by 9 o'clock next morning was again with the police. Their inquiries had been in vain. Every likely spot had been searched, all the hospitals had been visited, but without result, and the clew they had was too slender to hope for much success from it.

With a weary heart Brett turned away, determined to take a step which had occurred to him during the night. It was a bold and probably a useless one. In his calmer moments he would have at once dismissed the idea, but he had now worked himself up into a terrible state of excitement and had resolved to leave no step untaken that might possibly lead to a clew.

He walked straight to the Metropole and asked for Mr. Keighley Gates. He found that gentleman at breakfast in his dressing gown. He raised his eyebrows when he saw who his visitor was. "You are an early caller, Captain

Brett," said be. "I must apologize, Mr. Gates, for coming at this hour, but I feared I might miss you if I called later. The fact is, Miss Fenton has been abducted." "Indeed! I am sorry to hear it, but

you don't think I have had a hand in the matter, do you?" you know the man who did it. I have

every reason to believe it was the man I met coming from you the last time I "Really! Which man was that?" "The tall individual I spoke to you

you said he had given you another name and that he had been on a begging errand."

"Ab, I remember the man." "Can you tell me anything about

"I'm afraid I cannot. I had never seen him before."

"Can you tell me the name he gave to von? "I have even forgotten that."

Mr. Gates gave these replies in an icily polite voice. Brett saw the interrogations did not please him, and he himself was annoyed at his own want of success. But he had got it into his

information he had it in his power to give, and he grew reckless. He stared at Mr. Gates incredulously. "Do you doubt my words, Captain

Brett?" said the other after an awkward

"I do, Mr. Gates. You have deceived me once and may be doing so now." Mr. Gates bowed with an absolutely expressionless face, got up and moved toward the fireplace.

"Before I ring the bell for the servant to show you out, Captain Brett, perhaps you would be kind enough to specify the occasion on which I deceived vou."

"You told me you did not take Lady Florence Mostyn's photograph from the Scotland Yard album and substitute another for it. I have the best reason for believing it was you who did this."

"Thank you. As you believe I deceived you then, I cannot see why you came to me for accurate information today. You are somewhat illogical, Capbut it at once brought to Brett's mind tain Brett, but I believe the navy is not conducive to accurate thought. As a first time by the side of the murdered matter of fact, you have come here this woman in South Audley street, and the morning with the deliberate intention second time coming from Mr. Keighley of picking a quarrel with a man who Gates' rooms in the Metropole. Why was doing his best to aid you in your should this man have come with a mes- difficulties. After our previous conversage purporting to be from him, and sation I took the trouble to cable to how could be have induced Mabel to the States for information about Arthur accompany him from the house, and Durant, and this morning I received news that would undoubtedly interest These thoughts flashed through you. I was going to send it to you this

down the room, striving to find some Captain Brett, and I am afraid I canclew to this fresh mystery, and at not congratulate you on them." Saying Brett jumped up and walked toward

"Mr. Keighley Gates," said he, "if

you deliberately intend to withhold in-

'God have mercy upon you.'

Saying which he left the room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAIFS FROM WARREN. Heavy Windstorm-Progress of the Farn

Work-No Blackberries This Year-Notes About People. rrespondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

WARREN, March 29 .- A considera-

wintery again today. pose there is an average of over two or well concealed positions, and stubdays' plowing done to the farm in this bornly contesting the ground with our vorable there would have been a larger positions, and at every call the gallant area sown than has been for several boys have responded enthusiastically. years. When it does clear up, there Sometimes the Filipinos would stand will be a great deal of plowing to be done in a very short time. The gentleman from Old Point may be right about this being a soft snap; but he which is indented by shallow lagoons,

that there was about as much bought was quickly repaired by the Ameri-

as any year previous to this. "Hardly, Mr. Gates, but I do think and plums. Those who have exam-bridges were built across some of the ined the briers say there will be no rivers.

blackberries either. done yet.

when I met him some weeks ago, but able to be up and about some days, is as looking like a cyclone bad passed still in very feeble health. Mr. D. S. Bates, of Charlotte, is ary 4 up to March 28, the American

down with his father to take a few loss was reported at 157 killed and 864 weeks' recreation. His brother, Mr. wounded. E. L. Bates, will superintend his grostay here.

QUIRER'S premium watches, of which battle would be a very bloody one. he seemed to be quite proud.

There was another wedding at Warhead that Mr. Gates was withholding lives of the bride and groom, they Great Britian, the United States and Here they were met, according to pre- Germany stands alone. ous life together. S. K. J.

CAN HE DO IT?

Colonel Neal Is Trying to Raise the Money to Make Good His Shortage.

Columbia Record.

Just before the penitentiary investigation took a recess, it was hinted by Chairman Cunningham that arrange- there is much feeling against the Germents were being made whereby Colonel Neal would pay up the shortage aid to the rebels. against him. No particulars were given and the committee did not insist Wrecked By a Storm. upon a revelation as to the plan which was on foot, if it would in anyway in- R. P. church at Bessemer, N. C., was terfere with the state getting back its wrecked in a storm last Sunday night. money.

In round numbers, the shortage is is possible that it can be straightened something over \$10,000 up to date. up without the necessity of taking it This amount includes the hire of con- to pieces. victs under the Neal-Watson agreement, with some incidental matters in connection therewith which amounts is responsible for the convict hire while ance to the amount of \$30,000.

Fitzgerald resumed his usual manner | sought in vain. Fie paced up and | impossible. Your methods are singular, | the latter holds that Colonel Neal is responsible. It is not known how this matter is to be settled, and further testimony will have to be taken on the subject. But should it be decided that Mr. Watson, who made the contract with the penitentiary, is responsible for the hire, then so much would be

taken off Colonel Neal's shoulders. Be that as it may, The Record learns that Colonel Neal has already deposited some \$3,500 or \$4,000 to make up for a part of the shortage, and that more is to come. It is understood that his friends are aiding him in this matter, and that the state will lose little, if anything, by the very irregular transactions which have been brought to light.

Colonel Neal said in his testimony that he intended to pay back every cent, and The Record's information tends to confirm his statement.

WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES. Americans Still Advancing on the City of Malolos.

The movement of the American army from Manila toward Malolos, the Filipino capital, commenced on March 24, is still in progress, and although the Americans have been advancing steadily, the advance has not been nearly so rapid as the American public had been led to believe that it would be.

Malolos is about 20 miles distant from Manila in a northwestern direction, and as already explained, the two cities are connected by railroad. The main body of the Filipino army has been stationed at Malolos for some months, during which the Filipinos have also had control of the intervening country. The advance of the line of the railroad, through swamps, jungles and open fields and between lines of Filipino entrenchments.

The advance of the Americans since ble wind and rain storm; also some March 26, has been at the rate of from hail last Sunday night, followed by about two to five miles a day, and another storm of wind and rain yes every mile of the march has been enterday evening has lowered the tem- livened by stubborn fighting. Thorperature somewhat, and it is quite oughly familiar with the country and apparently well armed and abundantly Owing to the continued rains farm supplied with ammunition, the Filipiwork is badly behind. I don't sup- nos have been choosing well protected; section. The wet weather has also forces. All reports indicate admirable interfered with the sowing of spring behavior on the part of the Amerioats. There has been very few sown, cans. Time and again it has been wherein if the weather had been fa- necessary to charge strong Filipino

had better make good use of it, for extending often to within a mile or two when we do have some fair weather of the railroad. American gunboats there will not be anything soft in it are cruising into these lagoons and making it warm for the Filipinos with-The farmers of this section have got in reach. At Marialo, half-way betheir fertilizers hauled, and although a tween Mauila and Malolos, the Filigreat many announced it as their in- pinos partially destroyed the railtention to use less this year, it seems road bridge across the river; but this cans, who dragged their heavy artil-Fruit will be very scarce in this sec- lery across the bridge. The Amerition this year. There will not be any cans were also provided with numerpeaches. There may be a few apples ous pontoons, with which temporary

Pursuant to the terms of a procla-Gardens will be late this year. mation of their government, the Fili-There has been very little gardening pinos are burning their towns, cities and villages as they evacuate them, Mr. J. A. Parish, who has been in leaving to the Americans only smokhad health for sometime, although ing ruins, and the country is described

The latest dispatches indicated an cery business in Charlotte during his early decisive battle with the main body of the Filipinos at Malolos. The We saw a gentleman a few days ago opinion seemed to be that unless the who was carrying one of THE En | Filipinos should decide to retreat, the

TROUBLE IN SAMOA.-Dispatches ren today. The contracting parties of the past few days from the island of were Mr. J. W. Scoggins and Miss Liz-Sa noa, out in the Pacific, indicate the zie Hopper. Early in the afternoon, existence of serious trouble there. accompanied by a few friends and rela- Samoa is under the joint protection of drove to the home of Mr. J. F. Isom Germany. Great Britain and the in Rock Hill, an uncle of the bride. United States are operating together. vious arrangements, by the Rev. J. B. two great political parties among the Harris, who proceeded to perform the natives, based upon the rights of two ceremony which made them husband different claimants to the throne. The and wife. Then they returned to Mrs. United States and Great Britain sup-Frances A. Kidd's, grandmother of the port Malietoa, and Germany is leanbride, where a bountiful supper was ing toward Mataafa, although in acawaiting them. We extend to the cordance with an agreement arrived happy couple, our congratulations and at some time ago, all three powers wish them a long, happy and prosper- should recognize Malietoa. It seems that the adherents of Mataafa are in rebellion, and they constitute so much the stronger party that Great Britain and the United States have found it necessary to interfere for the restoration of order. The latest information is that British and American vessels are bombarding towns along the coast that are within range of the sea, and mans, who are represented as giving

> The Gastonia Gazette reports the A. The building is in a bad shape; but it

FIRE IN COLUMRIA .- The Columbia operahouse was destroyed by fire to a sum in the neighborhood of \$6,000. last Thursday night. The loss is esti-Colonel Neal claims that Mr. Watson mated at \$80,000. There was insur-