

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

NO. 36.

IN THE DEBATABLE LAND.

BY EDWARDS S. ELLIS.

Copyright, 1899, by the Author.

CHAPTER XVI.

One of the curious features of that night's stirring incidents was that, from their opening to the close, the good Mrs. Eldridge slept uninterruptedly. Not until the following day did she learn of the alarming experiences of her friends. The same can be said of Aunt Marcie and her lively son Rastus, though in their case the fact perhaps was not so remarkable, since they were further removed from the turmoil.

As Lieutenant Oakman drew near the humble home of Pete, the faithful servant of General Eldridge, a burning point of light and pungent smell of tobacco brooding in the air apprised him that, despite the lateness of the hour, the slave was seated on the bench in front of his cabin, smoking his pipe. It may have been that what he had passed through rendered the old man restless, and he was seeking to soothe his nerves before lying down for rest.

Naturally he was astonished when he recognized the Union officer approaching him. It required several minutes for Oakman to make clear that he had returned to avail himself of the offer of Miss Eldridge. Pete knocked the ashes from his pipe and gave a grunt of disgust.

"Kin yo' explain," he asked with surprising frankness, "why yo' was borned sich a debbilish fool?"

That parting with Miss Eldridge had put Lieutenant Oakman in a frame of mind that made it impossible for him to be offended with anything in which she was interested. Still there was imminent need of haste.

"I admit, Pete, that I have acted foolishly, but it is not good manners for you to refer to it. Besides, a number of Captain Wilkins' cavalry are near the house looking for me, and if I don't get away in short order I shall be killed."

"De Lawd bless me! Yo' doan say!" gasped the scared Pete. "If dat am so, yo' ve got to scratch grabbel!"

In his affright he moved as if he were a young man again. With the officer at his heels he led the way across the old cotton field, or rather along its margin, for he fully comprehended the peril that threatened the young man for whom he had formed a strong attachment. Then they penetrated into the woods until they came upon a tumble down structure that had been converted into a rude stable, where the beautiful thoroughbred Jack had long been kept closely looked after by Pete.

He was again saddled and bridled, and then by a long, circuitous route was conducted to the highroad at a point about half way between the home of General Eldridge and the forking of



The slave was seated smoking his pipe, the ways a careful reconnaissance having failed to reveal any sign of danger, the lieutenant placed himself in the saddle, Pete helping to fix his boots in the stirrups. Then the slave doffed his hat and wished his friend well.

As Oakman leaned over the side of his horse to shake the hard, honest hand he left in the palm every greenback with a single exception that he owned. Then, twitting the rein, he went down the highway like a thunder-bolt.

It was a brief gullup to the fork, where he reined up his superb steed. Hesitating but a minute, he turned to the right, and pausing briefly in the highway at the opening of the lane that led to the home of Mrs. Benware and her sister, he drew near the house with his animal on a walk.

It would be supposed that he had had a sufficiently alarming experience to make him shy of that place, but he appeared to be satisfied that everything was tight, for, tying his horse, he walked up the steps and again sounded the knocker. Several minutes passed before the summons was answered, and he knew from certain sounds that the ladies were taking cautious observations. If so, it did not require long to identify him. Shortly after he was seated in the identical chair which he occupied when made prisoner earlier in the evening, with the sisters trembling with pleasure and misgiving and the fire burning on the broad hearth.

His first inquiry was "What became of that fellow that I partly choked. Is he gone?"

"He is gone. Oh, my, my! I thought you had killed him," said the good Mrs. Benware, with a shiver at the recollection.

"If I could have been sure of two or three more minutes, I might have brought about that happy consummation. Did he make any remarks?"

"Remarks!" exclaimed the horrified Miss Davis. "You have no idea of the shocking things he said."

"I can very well imagine. I can't find it in my heart to criticize him. Then he didn't linger long after his friends left?"

de bawn eatin like blazes. Co'se he ain't."

"All that being so," said one of the men with a laugh, "there won't be any harm in our taking a look around."

He rose to his feet and moved toward the open door, leading to the rear apartment, where Oakman had risen and was listening to the conversation.

"Doan go in dar!" called Dinah in comical consternation.

"Why not?" asked the man, stopping short and looking inquiringly at her.

"Dat's my room. Ain't yo' nough ob a gemman not to intrud?"

"But yo' re not in there," was the supercilious remark of the man, who was getting a good deal of fun out of the situation.

"But I'll be dar when bedtime comes."

"And we'll be somewhere else. So long as the lady of the house is not in her retiring apartment, there is nothing improper."

There is no saying how the situation would have ended had it not been unexpectedly solved by Lieutenant Oakman himself. After a moment's attention he recognized the same voices of the two visitors, who were having some quiet amusement with the simple-minded couple. Without hesitation, therefore, he strode from the darkened chamber at the rear and, advancing into the front room, extended his hand toward the visitor who stood in front of the entrance.

"Hello, Jim, I'm glad to see you! And there's Tim too. How are you boys?"

The callers at the negro's cabin were his old acquaintances, Tim Masters and Jim Ackers, the same who had made him prisoner on the plantation of General Eldridge weeks before.

The meeting was not a surprise to the two Confederates that Oakman anticipated. They had heard of his departure for the Union lines. They knew the circumstances and, understanding his danger, set out to find him, that they might offer their services. This was the urgent request of Captain Trenholm, who censured himself intensely because a suitable escort had not been furnished his "exchange."

Masters and Ackers were finely mounted, but it took the greater part of the day before they could overtake Oakman, because of the speed of the matches Jack that had borne him to the friendly negro's cabin. The shrewd Confederates knew that when he halted it would be at such a place, and, by keeping track of him, through inquiries from those whom they occasionally met, they finally ran down the fugitive.

When the delighted Oakman began to explain matters, Ackers interrupted with a wave of his hand.

"We know all that, lieutenant, so you can cut it short. We don't want to see that letter of Captain Trenholm, either, for he told us about it. He feels mighty mean that you should be left alone to grope your way back to your lines, while it was all plain sailing with him."

"The captain is one of the bravest and most honorable of men. He would have been glad enough to provide me with an escort, but there was none at his command."

"Yes, there was," remarked Tim Masters, with a twinkle of his hazel eyes.

"How was that?" asked Oakman.

"He could have given you a squad of Wilkins' cavalry."

"Of course," added Ackers, "and there wouldn't have been left anything for us to do."

"Nor for any one else, except the undertaker," added the lieutenant grimly. "Those fellows were very pressing in their intentions."

"Well," said Tim, as he proceeded to light his pipe, "Jim and me are going to see you through this time. After un-

DER MISS ELDRIDGE—Thanks to your kindness in loaning me your splendid horse Jack, I was soon placed beyond all danger from pursuit. Then Ackers and the brave men they are, accompanied me all the way to my own lines. Ackers placed me under additional obligations by returning my own animal to me and by taking your horse back to you. I trust that no accident befell him or Jack, for I could not forgive myself if you failed to have your pony restored to you. If you will be good enough to drop me a line stating that he is with you again, it will be a vast relief to me.

The lines are so out of joint that this note may be a long time in reaching you and possibly may fail to find you at all. I give my address below, so that if the spirit moves you to write me a few lines I think they will eventually come to my hands. It will be a great pleasure to receive such an expression from you.

In closing I beg you to express my fervent thanks to Captain Trenholm for his chivalrous friendship, and I venture to hope that at no distant day I may have the pleasure of clasping his hand. Please say to him for me that no reason why we are pushing the war for the Union so hard is that the south is so full of glorious fellows like him that we are too selfish to let 'em go. They've got to stay with us.

But there are a few things to which pen and words are unequal. One is to express my gratitude to you for your acts to which my life is owing. Probably I shall soon pass from your remembrance, but you can never be forgotten by me.

One hour after this missive had passed beyond his control, Captain Oakman took a series of frantic efforts to obtain possession of it again.

It is the most preposterous stuff that ever was written. "What is his humiliating thought? Those last lines are a virtual declaration of love! They are impertinent and unpardonable! They will make her despise me! She will give them to him! I shall never dare look in her face again! What possessed me? I found it!"

Nevertheless, some months later, a dainty missive wound its way in and out of the wreck and remnants of the Southern Confederacy, and finally was opened by the trembling hands of the young veteran in his faraway northern home.

Lieutenant Ledyard Oakman (she didn't know of his promotion):

DEAR SIR—Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness in returning Jack, who, through the kindness of Mr. Ackers, reached

me in due time, much benefited, I think, by the cutting which he received.

I was glad to learn of your safe arrival among your friends without further mishap and trust that now that the unhappy war is over you will find full enjoyment and happiness with your dear ones in the north.

My brother, Captain Trenholm, asks me to send you his congratulations and good wishes. He insists on saying that if ever in the future inclination should lead you to visit the south, now sitting in her sackcloth and ashes, you will be welcomed at the home of General Eldridge, where we can promise that your visit will be more quiet and less exciting than the former one. Very sincerely,

ADELDE ELDREDGE.

Captain Oakman actually gasped for breath. Then with a rapidly throbbing heart he reread the precious letter.

"Captain Trenholm, her brother!" he repeated. "How can that be? Impossible! And yet that is what she writes. What can it mean?"

In his bewilderment and mystification he turned the letter over. Lo, on the other page was the inevitable female postscript:

P.S.—It is occurred to me that you may be puzzled by my referring to Captain Trenholm as my brother. When General Eldridge married my mother, she was the widow of a banker named Trenholm of New Orleans. Her only child was a boy, Wager. She therefore is the mother of him and me, though General Eldridge is my father, but not the father of Captain Trenholm. In law I suppose we are half brother and half sister, but you will agree that I am warranted in insisting that such a noble, brave man is my full brother and shall be such so long as he and I live.

A. E.

When Captain Oakman finally grasped the height, length, breadth and depth of this momentous truth, his feelings were "peculiar." And I am sure the reader will grasp the height, length, breadth and depth of that statement.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

The wooing and winning of Miss Adelaide Eldridge by Captain Ledyard Oakman would form a delightful story of itself, but it is not our purpose to dwell upon it. In due time he found the necessary pretext for journeying southward, and when he presented himself at the home of General Arthur Eldridge he was warmly welcomed by the old veteran, his stepson, Captain Trenholm, the latter's mother and lastly by the young lady herself.

One piece of good fortune was in the hands of the ex-Union officer. He possessed abundant means. His southern friends, like the vast majority in that section, were impoverished by the war. Oakman could not offer them pecuniary help, but he did persuade Captain Trenholm to join him in a business venture in which the knowledge and experience of the ex-Confederate formed a fair offset to the capital invested by Oakman. Then, too, a valuable iron deposit was located on the plantation of General Eldridge, which, being developed, the soldier, before he was aware, found himself in comfortable circumstances. And then the wedding followed in due course.

But several years passed before the happy husband dared to tell the happy wife the secret of that first visit of his to the old plantation in Georgia.

It is a fact which may not be generally known that among the most valuable spies in the south were numbers of northern women who went thither and engaged in teaching when it became clear that war would soon break out between the sections.

This statement was made to me by General Sherman himself, and in my sketch of that great Union leader I have given a typical incident as it fell from his lips. One of the most daring and valuable female spies was Marian Harriman, from New England. As has been stated elsewhere, she secured an engagement as governess and companion in the family of General Eldridge, with the real purpose of gathering information for the Union armies. General Sherman knew her exact location, and when he started on his march from Atlanta to the sea an approacher her neighborhood he detached Lieutenant Oakman and one of his scouts to communicate with Miss Harriman and bring back whatever she might have to send to him.

Previous to the visit of the officer, Sam Borland, the scout, apprised her of the situation, so that she was expecting the visit of the lieutenant. The two knew each other when they met, and it will be conceded that they played their parts well. The woman was so bitter in her sentiments that she was rebuked by Mrs. Eldridge and her daughter. She refused to remain under the same roof with the Union officer, which was a convenient arrangement, since it gave her the opportunity she needed to carry out her farragoing schemes. She made her home with Mrs. Benware and her sister, they being the only two persons in that section whom the trust did not fear. Thus located only a few miles distant, she was able to meet Oakman now and then secretly and maintain a perfect understanding with him.

Her well known sympathies enabled her to gain the confidence of several of the Confederate leaders, from whom she obtained valuable information. She proved her nerve by riding a considerable distance to their headquarters, and through arts intuitive with her sex she wove together in the form of drawings and memoranda on the sheet of paper that which Lieutenant Oakman declared General Sherman would pay a fortune to obtain.

The chief difficulty with the female spy was to get the paper to the Union commander. It was imprudent for her to undertake its delivery, and the visit of Oakman to that section, therefore, was to secure it from her.

It will be understood that when he was captured in the home of Mrs. Benware the call was a close one, not only for himself, but for Miss Harriman. Had the all important document been traced to her, despite every effort of the young man, and it often happens in time of war that the sex of a spy does not render her an "immune."

The ledgerman used on that occasion would have done credit to the latest Herrmann. Lieutenant Oakman passed



Several years passed before the happy husband dared to tell the happy wife.

ing consciousness on the part of the half straggled soldier warned her that it was prudent to do so.

"By this time," said Captain Oakman, in recalling the incident, "I had begun to feel that I was the meekest man between the Atlantic and the Pacific."

"And why?" asked his wife, turning her eyes reproachfully upon him.

"They say all is fair in love and war. And I know that both sides employed hundreds of spies. I had no compunction in turning off to your plantation to obtain what Miss Harriman was preparing for us. When, however, I saw how thoroughly you trusted her and the advantage she was taking of your confidence, my conscience troubled me."

"But can a spy be successful through employing any other means for gaining information?"

"I presume not. Such was the reply I made to the upbraiding of my better nature. I shut my eyes and kept at it until the time came when I could stand it no longer."

"When was that?"

"After your brother stood alone in front of the men who were thirsting for my life and held them at bay, and you came forth and made me take your horse and use him in my fight. I felt as I galloped off in the moonlight that I was a despicable wretch without the first spark of gratitude. Miss Harriman had betrayed your confidence, but she could not bring the betrayal to full fruition without my help, and I was giving her that help at the risk of her life and my own. True, I was in the uniform of the Union army, and therefore it might be claimed technically that I was not a spy, but that made my meanness the more atrocious. I was taking advantage of the trust placed in me by your brother. Unable to provide me with an escort, he did everything in his power to save me from danger and annoyance."

"Well, to cut my story short, I turned off from the highway and rode straight to the home of Mrs. Benware, where Miss Harriman had left the letter for me, though she herself was absent. I made sure that the document was the right one and then threw it into the fire and waited until it changed to ashes. Then, with the help of Ackers and Masters, I reached our lines, and the incident was closed, so far as I was concerned."

"What became of Miss Harriman?" asked the wife after a moment's silence.

"She left the south at the close of the war. Since she has no intention of ever returning, and the war is over, I have no hesitation in telling you her secret. She was paid a generous sum for her services, and I suppose what she did may be looked upon as legitimate. All the same, however, it is an unpleasant recollection, and I am sure, wife, that you despise her."

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because she consented to become a hypocrite. And what can be more despicable than such a person?"

"Nothing, and for a time I was one."

"No, never! Or," added the wife, with a twinkle of her fine eyes, "if you were, you repented in time, and then, too, hypocrisy is sometimes pardonable in a man, but never in a woman, for his motive may be commendable, while hers cannot be."

"Spoken like a woman, and like the truest, best wife either north or south of the late Mason and Dixon's line."

THE END.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WORK OF THE FIRE FIEND.

General Wade Hampton Burned Out of House and Home.

Columbia Record, Tuesday.

The residence of General Hampton, just east of the city, was burned to the ground this morning between 2 and 3 o'clock.

The flames were discovered by the sleeping inmates by reason of the smoke and heat; but luckily in time to save themselves as well as some of the furniture and household effects.

The aged general had been unwell for several days and had to take to his bed. He was unable to walk and had to be carried out of the burning house by colored men who had been aroused.

The people in the neighborhood were aroused as quickly as possible, and they assembled and gave all the assistance in their power; but it was evident from the beginning that the building was doomed to destruction.

The fire originated at about the same place it did twice recently—kitchen part—one of which incipient fires the aged warrior himself stopped. This morning the first thought was to get him to a place of safety. He was carried out and placed in a chair at a safe distance away, where he sat and witnessed the flames slowly destroy his dwelling and much of its valuable contents.

The neighbors in the meantime were saving furniture and succeeded in carrying away a considerable portion of it. The general had a very valuable library, the collection of years. Every effort was made to save as many of these books as possible; but many of great value were lost. The fire may have been of incendiary origin, though it is thought that more likely it originated from a kitchen fire. A colored woman had been ironing in the place during the afternoon and it may have caught the building from a defective chimney.

The greatest sympathy was expressed by everybody over the serious loss to the general, and some enthusiastic old Confeds immediately began talking of building him another house, showing the deep regard they have for their old chief.

The fire was first discovered by the general, who saw a light which at first appeared to him as being the break of day. He hobbled to a door and found the whole house ablaze.

Among the losses were some valuable historical and personal papers kept in a desk. The library consisted of about 6,000 volumes and some of the books destroyed cannot be replaced.

Among them was a printed a few years after the invention of the printing press. The general had a very valuable English saddle which he used throughout the war, and which he prized very highly. This was lost. About 4,000 books were saved, they being stored in another building close by. Much of the family silverware was lost. In a trunk were family jewels. It could not be taken out; but water was poured on that portion of the house constantly and they were saved with comparatively little injury.

There was not a cent of insurance. General Hampton is living temporarily in a small house on the premises.

CHESTNUT.—Mr. Joseph Jefferson attributes the introduction of the word "chestnut" in its slang sense to the late William Warren, the veteran comedian, of Boston. "There is a melodrama," says Mr. Jefferson, "but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon and called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it—one a Captain Zavier and the other the comedy part of Pablo. The captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and in telling of his exploits says, 'I entered the woods of Coloway, when suddenly from the thick boughs of a cork tree— Pablo interrupts him with the words, 'A chestnut, captain; a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the captain. 'Booby, I say a cork tree.' 'A chestnut,' reiterates Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these 27 times.'"

William Warren, who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a 'stag' dinner when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. "A chestnut," murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play. "I have heard you tell the tale these 27 times." The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And that," concluded Mr. Jefferson, "is what I really believe to be the origin of the word 'chestnut.'"

WRITING ON THE TRAIN.—Travelers on railroads have long hoped for the invention of an appliance which would enable them to write without difficulty on board a train in motion. A German railroad has just been equipped with an appliance which is said to work well. It is a board suspended from the ceiling by strong, but elastic cords, which not only prevents vibration, but the swinging motion of the car is not communicated. A small charge is made for the use of this swinging desk.

The shops in Paris for the sale of fuel by retail are almost as numerous as the bakeries. They are always neat; and the wood, coal, and kindling are arranged in a most artistic manner. The wood is piled so as to show the evenly sawed ends; the samples of coal are arranged in glass dishes; and in some of the shops, where orders are taken for the wholesale places, wood is arranged in the windows and decorated with growing moss and ferns. Indeed, the chief aim of the French shopkeepers is to make his shop attractive.