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## MARY HAMILTON'S ROMANCE.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

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### CHAPTER V. SHIPWRECK.

Mary Conway forgot in an instant all the weariness and heart-sickness which had possessed her when she entered the house. She cast but one glance at the helpless figure lying on the hearth rug, then ran to the bell and pulled at it hard, an eager peal such as brought the two maidservants running in to see what was amiss.

"Mouncey—my mother! How long has she been left?" Mrs. Conway gasped.

Mouncey with a scared face knelt down on the other side of the unconscious woman. "Lor, ma'am," she said in trembling tones, "it's not ten minutes since I carried tea in. I came twice, and Mrs. Hamilton said she'd rather wait for you, and at last Foster made the buns hot, and I brought tea in without saying anything. And Mrs. Hamilton, she says, 'Why, Mouncey, she says, 'you do spoil me.' And I say to her, 'Lor, ma'am, misses will be vexed if you go any longer past your teatime.' And then she says: 'There's the newsboy. I'd like a paper, Mouncey.' So I went out and got one, and I give it to her and—why, poor lady, she's never had any tea at all!"

"We must get her up to bed at once," said Mary anxiously. "Can we carry her among us?"

"Lor, yes, ma'am," answered Mouncey promptly. "A little bit of a thing like her! Here, Foster, take her feet. I'll take her head. No, ma'am; we can do better just the two of us."

She was right, and Mrs. Hamilton, who was very small and slight, and was soon safely laid upon her own bed.

"I'd better fetch the doctor, ma'am," asked Foster.

"Oh, yes, yes, at once! We must get her into bed, Mouncey."

"Yes, ma'am, but there's no need to hurry. Poor lady! I'm afraid it will make very little difference to her!"

"Hush-sh!" cried Mary fearfully.

"Nay, ma'am; she hears nothing. If I was you, I would just cover her over with the eider quilt till the doctor has seen her. Anyway I wouldn't undress her till the fire has burned up. I was just coming up to light it."

She covered the old lady with the warm, gay colored quilt as she spoke, and taking, after the manner of housemaids, a box of matches from her pocket set light to the fire, which soon burned up cheerfully, casting a bright glow over the pretty room.

"I'll fetch you a cup of tea now, ma'am," she remarked, "for I'm sure you need it."

The protest which instinctively rose to her lips died away under a newborn realization of her intense weariness. "I am very, very tired, Mouncey," she said helplessly.

The good natured girl drew her into a chair by the fire. "Sit here, ma'am, until I bring your tea. You can't do anything for the poor lady, and you may want all your strength for later on."

She sped away, returning in a very short time with the tea tray, on which were a pot of fresh tea and a covered plate of hot buns, which had been on the stove awaiting the mistress' return. These she arranged on a little table by the fireside and then poured out the tea and held the inviting little cakes that Mary might take one.

In truth Mary was too tired to refuse such ministrations, which were doubly welcome just then, and Mouncey fairly stood over her until she had eaten enough to satisfy her sense of what was necessary and right. Then she went down stairs, leaving her mistress sitting in the big armchair wondering what the end of it all would be.

"Poor mother!" her thoughts ran. "Poor, poor mother! Are you going this time, and have I made the sacrifice for nothing? No, not for nothing, for I shall always be able to say, 'The end of her life was peace.'"

She rose restlessly from her chair and went to the side of the bed, where she stood looking down upon the drawn, gray face already so deathlike in the immobility of unconsciousness. "I wonder what caused her to have an attack!" Mary said to herself. "She was so bright and well this morning. Could there have been anything in that paper? Where is it? What did Mouncey do with it?"

She looked about for it, but without success, and then she remembered that possibly it was still in her mother's hand. So it proved to be, and Mary was obliged to tear the sheet a little in order to release it from that viselike grip.

A glance was sufficient to tell the cause of Mrs. Hamilton's seizure. As she smoothed the crumpled page her eye caught the heading of the latest telegraphic news—"Reported loss of the ocean liner Arikhama, with over 300 lives!"

Mary Conway was still staring wildly at the paper when Mouncey came in with the doctor in her wake. "What is it?" she asked, seeing the horror on her young mistress' face.

"Oh, Mouncey—the paper—the news—my poor mother!" was all that Mary could say ere exhausted nature gave way under the strain and she dropped to the ground as dead to all sound and feeling as the poor lady stretched upon the bed.

"Dear, dear, dear," said the doctor, "but this is a pretty kettle of fish!

Dear, dear, a bad seizure this time! I was afraid it might happen before long. My good girl, is there bad news in that paper?"

"Lor, sir—master's ship—loss of the Arikhama with 300 souls. That's master's ship—he's the captain! Oh, my poor missis, my poor, poor missis!"

"Good heavens! Are you sure?"

"See here, sir—oh, it's true enough! Oh, my poor, poor missis!"

"Well, help me to get her off the floor. In her case it's no more than a simple faint. Yes, in that chair; undo her gown—a few drops of brandy. There, there, my dear lady, you'll be all right now."

"What has happened?" asked Mary, struggling up, but sinking back again as her head began to swim. "Oh, I remember! It doesn't matter about me, doctor, but my mother—she is very ill. The shock was too much for her. Do attend to her, please."

"If you will lie still the maid and I will attend to Mrs. Hamilton," said the doctor soothingly. "Little or nothing to be done," he murmured to Mouncey, as they turned to the bed. "She is not likely to live the night out. She must be got to bed, of course. What strength have you?"

"Oh, I'm very strong, sir!" replied Mouncey, in a matter of fact tone.

"No, no; I mean how many of you are there?"

"Me and cook, sir."

"What is she like?"

"As strong and sensible a young woman as you could wish to see in a day's march, sir," replied Mouncey promptly, "and I'll do anything in the world for the missis."

"That's good. If Mrs. Hamilton lingers there must be a nurse got in, of course, but for tonight there will be little or nothing to do, only she must not be left. I'll help you to get her into bed."

"We can manage, sir."

"It is not so easy as you think. Besides, I'd like to see her safely into bed before I leave."

The desired end was soon accomplished under the skilled hands of the doctor and the willing ones of Mouncey. Then the doctor wrote down a few simple instructions and went, promising to look in again the last thing.

"Mrs. Conway," he said gently to Mary, "I must beg of you to try to eat your dinner. You have had a great double shock, and you will need all your reserve of strength. I have given your maid all instructions. There is little, almost nothing, to be done while your mother continues in this state."

He went away then, and Mary sat down again in the big chair. The cook was busy with the dinner, and Mouncey, after clearing up some imaginary litter, disappeared with the tray, promising to come back in a few minutes. So she was left alone with her dying mother and the knowledge of her own widowhood, left alone to face the fact that she was practically free; that all the horror and wretchedness which had but a few hours before lain directly facing her had suddenly been removed. The tears gushed out from her sad eyes as she realized how this had come about; but, although she wept, the sense of relief was there, involuntary, yet very, very strong.

It was a wretched night which followed. Mary honestly tried to eat the dainty little dinner which Foster served to her, while Mouncey mounted guard in the sick chamber. But all the time the sound of rushing waters was in her ears and the vision of drowned faces before her eyes, and she turned loathingly from the lonely meal, which would have been thoroughly enjoyed by the poor soul up stairs fast drifting into eternity.

The pretense of dinner over, she crept back again to the sickroom, sending the two maids down to supper and staying alone to keep the watch by the dying beloved for whom she had worked so hard and suffered so much, to watch the outward passage of that frail and feeble little bark which would leave her tossing to and fro upon the ocean of life with none to counsel or guide.

It was a terrible night, and it was followed by a still more terrible day. Mary received from the owners of the great ship full confirmation of the news which the newspaper had taken to them in the first instance.

There was not the smallest doubt that the large vessel was gone, that she was many fathoms under water. There was little or no doubt that Captain Conway had gone down with her, and, so far as was known, only five persons of all her goodly company had lived to tell the tale of her disastrous end. Two of these were passengers, two were ordinary sailors, the fifth was the ship's purser; all the rest of the 300 souls who had sailed aboard of her had found a watery grave and would be seen no more.

All through the long hours of watching and suspense did Mary Conway try to battle down the overwhelming sense of relief which had taken possession of her. She cared not, did not feel the very smallest grief for the husband who had forgotten his manhood and her womanhood alike, but she hated herself for not feeling it. Her heart was torn in twain. One half was singing a psalm of thankfulness for deliverance; the other was bursting with a sense of her own impotence and helplessness to avert

the sword then hanging above the head of her sick mother as the sword of Damocles hung suspended by a single hair.

She was glad in her heart that her care and anxiety for her mother would naturally account for the absence of any exhibition of great or noisy grief for her husband. The doctor spoke of the loss of the Arikhama once or twice, and Mouncey brought her the latest details that were published in the papers, but Mrs. Hamilton was during those first few days the object of paramount interest. Captain Conway was gone! All the love or loathing in the world could not affect him any more. For him all was over; he had already passed among the things that have been and shall be no more. But Mrs. Hamilton was still alive and still needed the most minute care and the closest attention. She was, in spite of that terrible tragedy of the sea, the most important person of that small household.

In health she did not improve. At times faint flashes of understanding came back, but they were only feeble and flickering efforts of the clouded brain to re-establish its mastery of what was going on around her. If she knew any one definitely, it was Mary, but that, even, they were none of them very certain. The nurse who was in charge said positively that Mrs. Hamilton knew no one. Mouncey, on the other hand, insisted that she had seen the poor lady's eyes follow the mistress as she moved away from the bed. This, however, was a question which no one could decide positively, but in discussing it the onlookers, although it is proverbial that onlookers see most of the game, never realized that in anxiety for her mother Mrs. Conway suffered no grief for her husband.

On the fourth day after the coming of the news Mary received a visit from two gentlemen. One was the managing

director of the company to which the Arikhama had belonged; the other was by him introduced as the lawyer to the company.

"You are perhaps," said Mr. Lawson, the managing director, "not aware, Mrs. Conway, that your husband made a will three days before the Arikhama sailed from London."

"I did not know it," said Mary.

"Such, however, was the case," he said suavely, "and, moreover, his last instructions were that should anything happen during either of these voyages Mr. Mannington"—indicating his companion by a gesture—"should at once seek you out and make you acquainted with as little delay as possible with his last wishes with regard to the property he had to leave."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SITUATION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.—The home of our first parents is generally believed to have been situated in the highlands of Central Asia, but it has been found quite impossible to locate the exact spot. Many futile attempts have been made to reconcile with modern belief the mythical geography of the garden's situation, as described in the second chapter, of Genesis, verses 10 to 14. The river which went out of the garden is there stated to have divided into four heads: Pison, comprising the land of Havilah; Gihon, comprising the whole of Ethiopia; Hiddekel, going east toward Assyria, and Euphrates. The Euphrates is well known. Hiddekel is supposed to be the name of the Tigris; but as to the other two rivers, opinions have been almost as varied as the number of writers on the point, whose name is legion. Havilah is the general designation of South Arabia, Abyssinia, and perhaps India; Cush is the name for Ethiopia, and the southern lands of Africa and Asia generally. Schrader, following the early tradition, which goes back as far as Josephus, identifies Gihon with the Nile, and Pison with one of the great rivers of India; Ewald and Dillmann find the two rivers in the Ganges and Indus; Lassen, Knobel, Renan and Spiegel think Pison stands for the Indus, and Gihon for the Oxus. The late English General Gordon, famed both for his heroism and his rare child-like faith in God, believed in the identity of the Seychells Islands with the Garden of Eden, and the identification of the cocodemer, or double cocoonut, with the forbidden fruit, by which our first parents fell.

IS THE EARTH HOLLOW?—According to a queer belief in existence among the Icelanders, all waters which flow towards the north are drawn thitherward by a suction created by the oceans tumbling downward through the hollow which they firmly believe penetrates our globe from pole to pole. Their authority for this curious belief is the "Utama Saga," a semi-sacred work, written early in the fourteenth century.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### ROARING NIAGARA.

Interesting Running Account of a Flying Visit.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

AMSTERDAM, New York, May 16.—Last Sunday morning, at 3 o'clock, being through work and having about 45 hours at my disposal, I took advantage of the opportunity to visit Niagara Falls. I have read a great deal about Niagara, and I naturally expected to see a great sight; but what I did see went far beyond my expectations. But seeing the falls is not alone the pleasure of the trip. A great pleasure is the way of getting there from this city.

Leaving Amsterdam at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, on an accommodation train, I reached Utica in time to catch one of the New York Central's luxurious trains—the Southwestern Limited—at 6.37 a. m., and it was then that one of the chief pleasures of the trip commenced. No person has ever enjoyed a really comfortable and fast railroad journey until they have made a trip on one of the New York Central's luxurious and fast trains. The service on the trains of this railroad has reached the acme of perfection, which, combined with the speed, safety, polite attention of the officials, and the low fares, make traveling a thing of pleasure.

The route from Albany west, for over 100 miles, is through the famous Mohawk Valley, where nature outdid herself in making everything beautiful and pleasing to the eye. The hills which line the river are just now covered with wild flowers, green trees and grasses, while beautiful and highly cultivated farms pass by the vision of the eye in rapid succession. The country between here and Buffalo seems to be one continuous village, and at no time is there a stretch of country where farm houses and villages are not in view.

Passing rapidly along the Mohawk, Little Falls, Utica and Rome are passed, and then Syracuse and Rochester come and go, reaching Buffalo at 11.40, which city is the gateway of New York to the west, and which, in 1901, will give to the world a great international exposition under the name of the Pan-American International Exposition. But as Niagara Falls was my destination, I did not stop in Buffalo; but proceeded on to the falls, reaching there at 12.30 p. m.

On reaching Niagara Falls station, I was importuned by dozens of hack drivers, all wanting to take me to a different place for a small fare. But being weary after a night's work and a morning without sleep, I took one of the hacks of the Miller & Brundage Hack company, and went to the International hotel, the chief hotel at the falls, where, after a bath and a most excellent dinner, I prepared myself for a visit and introduction to the world's greatest cataract.

As I neared the falls, all by my "lonesome," I was inspired with awe (think of my being inspired) and saw at once that I made a mistake in coming to Niagara Falls to stay only a few hours, because I realized that ten days, instead of so many hours, would be required to visit all the places of interest. But determined to make the best use of the time possible, I secured a guide and started to take a view of as many places of interest as practicable, and I impressed this fact upon my guide.

A few years ago, so I was informed, one had to pay for almost everything that was to be seen; but through the influence of the New York Central Railroad company, this has been largely done away with. The places I visited first were the places that were free, because it was "innocent amusement and didn't cost anything." Beginning with Prospect Park, I visited the American falls, (side view,) American Rapids, (front view,) Goat Island bridge, Bath island, Bath island bridge, Luna fall, Luna island, Biddle Staircase, Horseshoe falls, (side view,) Terapoint, Hermit Cascade, Island bridge, Three Sister islands, Little Brother island. This part of my afternoon's pleasure is the gift of the state of New York.

Then crossing the new steel arch bridge, passing through "Queen Victoria Jubilee Park," I enjoyed the following views: American Falls, (front view,) Horseshoe Falls, (front view,) Canadian Rapids, Rambler's Rest, Inspiration Point, (I was "inspired" because I reached this point.) Split Rock, Rainbow Ramble, the Flower Gardens, Recreation Lawn, and Table Rock. All of this was free of cost; except 15 cents for passage over the bridge.

Tradition tells us that the Indians living near the falls used annually to offer, as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit of Niagara, the fairest maiden of the tribe, sending her over the falls in a pure white canoe, which was decked with fruits and flowers. The honor of being chosen for this human sacrifice was eagerly sought by the Indian maidens. On one occasion the daughter of one of the great chiefs was chosen. The father betrayed no feelings; but as the white canoe, guided by his daughter's hand near the falls, he leaped into a canoe and followed her, nearly overtaking her, and meeting his death a few seconds later.

The most novel feature of the visit, and the best view of the falls, was obtained from the "Maid-of-the-Mist," a small steam vessel, which, for fifty cents, takes one out right in front of

the three falls. Close up—and it is really the only place of vantage from which one can see the falls properly and take in the awful grandeur and power of the great mass of water.

After the novel trip on the Maid-of-the-Mist, it was nearly dark, so my visit to Niagara Falls was finished. Returning to the hotel, I had an elegant supper, and was afterwards told that within the memory of the oldest citizens (they have these old fellows up here, too) the falls had receded over 100 feet, showing that the great rocks that make the falls are constantly wearing away.

After a good night's rest, I boarded the east bound Lake Shore Limited at 8.30 o'clock, and arrived at Albany at 3 p. m., where I boarded an accommodation train for Amsterdam, having spent 36 hours in a most pleasant flying visit to Niagara Falls, not the least pleasant feature of which was the journey on the Lake Shore Limited train, on America's great railroad—the New York Central.

ALBERT M. GRIST.

### A SLAVE THE STAKE.

Captain Joseph Brown's Recollections of a Thrilling Incident on the River.

"The events which I am about to relate," remarked Captain Joseph Brown, formerly mayor of St. Louis, "occurred long before the war. I was a passenger on the boat and witnessed the whole affair. A principal actor in the scenes that led up to the tragedy, for so it proved to be, was Andrew Butler. Mr. Butler lived in Hannibal, Mo., and was a slave dealer. Those purchased by Mr. Butler in this section were usually transferred, before sending them south, to Lynch's slave pen, located on Fifth street (now Broadway), between Elm and Poplar streets, where they were held until after a sufficient number had been collected to make a shipment desirable, when they were taken to New Orleans and sold from the block, if they had not before been disposed of by private sale.

"At that time there was a family living in Ralls county, near Hannibal, who were wealthy and had rather a gay young son who spent much of his time in Hannibal and on the river, and who contracted fast habits, including a penchant for gambling. He, however, afterwards married and seemed to settle down.

"The father of the family had a plantation, and among the household was Dina, a mulatto, who had a number of very bright children, and, as was often the case, little Sallie and Jim were always considered as belonging to young 'Mars' George Taylor and his wife. Jim was George's body servant while Sallie took care of young Misses and the little Taylors that were coming on. Jim was given a good deal of liberty, to the extent of going into Hannibal on odd occasions and hiring himself to the landlord of the hotel (at that time Mr. Campbell) to wait on the table.

"It so happened that Andrew J. Butler was a guest at the house on a public occasion when Jim, either by accident or design (for all the blacks hated a slave trader) spilled a plate of soup over the dress suit of Butler, which so incensed him that he demanded that the 'Negro Jim' should be whipped; but Mr. Campbell not owning the Negro, refused to have it done. The result was that Butler swore vengeance on the Negro and said he would yet own him and would give him a hundred lashes and then sell him for plantation work in the south, which was the horror of a family Negro child disobeyed; the threat was often used to frighten him into obedience.

"The following fall, George Taylor and his beautiful wife, together with their servants, 'Jim' and 'Sallie' were passengers on the 'Rosalie' Captain Cameron, on their way to New Orleans, and the St. Charles hotel. At St. Louis it so transpired that they took passage on the splendid passenger steamer 'Autocrat,' Captain Jim Goslee and Clerk Hamilton Hawley, the first of Louisville and the latter of Memphis, and it also occurred that Andrew J. Butler, with a number of slaves, was a passenger on the same boat for New Orleans.

"The first night out Butler approached Taylor and proposed a game of poker. Taylor consented to sit down in the social hall in front of the bar and play a four-handed game to pass the time. The four played for a couple of hours, when two of them quit, leaving Butler and Taylor to continue the game. They played on with varied success until the next morning, every little while having their glasses filled at the bar with mint juleps or something stronger, until at length both became more or less intoxicated, and \$2,000 of Taylor's money, all he had, had passed into Butler's hands. Butler was not willing to play unless Taylor had money to 'ante-up' or something in its stead. The result was that Taylor, in his drunken frenzy, put up his watch and lost it. After the watch had been passed over, before a crowd of excited passengers, who, however, dared not interfere, Butler triumphantly said, 'What else have you got to put up?' Taylor answered, 'I have nothing but this ring,' which was a large cluster of diamonds. Butler said, 'I do not want any more of your jewelry; but I will play you \$1,200 against 'Jim.' Jim, who had been hovering around his master during the night to see to his personal safety, now stepped up and said, 'Mas'

George, don't do that. That man has almost ruined you now, and he wants to get me so he can kill me, 'cause he hates me on an old grudge.' Taylor, who, by this time, was frenzied with his losses and liquor, merely said, 'Go away, Jim, and let me alone. I am bound to get even with him yet; but I won't put you up for no \$1,200.' 'Send that nigger away,' retorted Butler; 'I am playing this game, and I want no interference,' and he fairly glared at George through his bloodshot eyes as he said, 'Name your price that you will put up that nigger for and I'll put up the stake.' 'I'll put him up for \$2,000 and nothing less,' said Taylor.

'Agreed,' said Butler, and he produced the amount, which was only a part of the money he had won from Taylor.

"Whose deal is it?" said Butler, 'It's my deal,' said Taylor. Meanwhile Sallie, Jim's sister, who had been looking on while holding one of the children in her arms, ran back into the ladies' cabin to Mrs. Taylor, and said, 'Lor, Missus, Mas' George is playing off Jim with that gambler Butler, an' if you don't hurry we'll lose him.' Mrs. Taylor started down the cabin to where they were playing, and on reaching the table said, 'George, don't play for Jim; he's like one of the family, and we can't do without him and Sallie.' 'Jim's up,' said Butler, 'and he's got to be played for.' Mrs. Taylor then despondingly said, 'If you win him will you let us redeem him at New Orleans?'

"I make no promises, said Butler, with his soft but pressed down over his forehead. 'Give me two cards,' he said in a maudlin tone of voice. Taylor laid down two cards, and dealt himself two more, when he asked Butler what he had. Butler threw down a pair of aces, a pair of kings and a jack. Taylor gasped and fell back in his chair, at the same time dropping on the table a pair of queens and a pair of tens. Butler put up his roll of bills, took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and looking over at Jim, who was holding on his master's chair, said, 'Come here, Jim, I want you. Bring your bundle down with me on deck.' Jim falteringly said, 'Let me go back in the cabin a moment and bid missus good-by.' Butler said, 'Go ahead, and be quick about it.' Jim accompanied Mrs. Taylor and Sallie back to the ladies' cabin, and after bidding his mistress, the children and his sister good-by, said, 'I hope we shall all meet in that world you have so often told me about.' Then with one bound he cleared the rail and landed in the waves back of the wheel. He tossed up and down for a few seconds with his arms up over his head and then disappeared.

"Man overboard," rang out from the lower deck. The boat was stopped, the yawl lowered and manned, but no sign of poor Jim. Nothing but his hat floating on the waves of the wheels. After a few minutes the yawl came back with the hat, the only remnant of Jim."

### CUBAN COMPLICATIONS.

General Gomez Washes His Hands of the Whole Business.

General Maximo Gomez today informed Governor General Brooke that he could no longer act as representative of the Cuban assembly in the distribution of the \$3,000,000 appropriated for the payment of the Cuban troops, says a Havana cable of Monday.

General Gomez added that he had arrived at this decision with great reluctance and with the most friendly feelings toward General Brooke personally and officially; but he felt he could no longer represent the Cuban army, because a cabal, composed of many of the subordinate commanders, existed to oppose, and, if possible, defeat the plans for partitioning the money. He explained that former members of the Cuban military assembly, led by Mayia Rodriguez, Manuel Sanguilly, Juan Gualberto Gomez and other malcontents, who had organized a majority of the officers against him apparently, and though he (Gomez) might persist and possibly carry the payment to a successful conclusion, he was disgusted and wished to wash his hands of the whole business.

Therefore he thought best to leave General Brooke free, as the latter could act with equal effectiveness. General Brooke, expressing sympathy with General Gomez, said he regretted the position he had taken. It was then mutually agreed that General Gomez will issue a manifesto to the Cuban army tomorrow. After it has been issued General Brooke may make a declaration concerning the manner in which he will proceed. He is determined not to be trifled with. He has the rolls of the privates and non-commissioned officers who are willing to accept \$75 each, and this amount will be offered on the alternative of forcible disarmament.

THEN AND NOW.—Compare the luxurious habits of the present legislators with those known to have been in vogue not over a century ago among one of the most aristocratic bodies in America. It has not yet been 100 years since the Pennsylvania legislature assembled passed this law: "That in the future no member of the house shall come barefoot or eat his bread and cheese on the steps!"

"The only way to prevent what has passed," said Mrs. Mull, "is to stop it before it happens."