NOURER

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Samily Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultunal and Commencial Interests of the People.

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

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

NUMBER 66.

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF

By FRED WHISHAW.

Copyright, 1899, by the American Press Association. "The very best, as I sincerely be-

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. In order that new readers of THE En- lieve!" said Percy, pressing my hand very hard. "I found the man, as I tele-QUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it graphed, and I know where he lives just the same as though they had read it and"all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has of black mist seeming to form before my eyes for very intensity of excitement. already been published:

Count Boris Landrinof, a young Russian student at Oxford, receives a telegram from his mother that his father, Count Vladimer Landrinof, is missing and asking him to return to Russia at once. Before starting for home Boris meets his friend Percy Morris, who tells him that he saw his father that very day in London. Boris, on arriving in Russia, finds that his father had gone to the railway station, but had not taken a train. Here the trail was lost. Boris learns from a peasant that he had driven three men to a post station. Percy arrives in Russia, and he and Boris interview the master of the post station and are told that the postmater drove the party referred to to St. Petersburg. Percy and Boris direct him to drive them to where he left the party, and he drives them to the Landrinof residence. Borofsky, a detective, is employed, and it is decided that Percy shall return to London and endeavor to obtain a photograph of the man resembling the missing count. Count Boris Landrinof, a young Rusyou get a snap shot?"

CHAPTER VIII.

IDENTIFIED BY PHOTOGRAPH.

It was but a few hours after the receipt of Percy's first telegram that a second message arrived. Percy now wired that he had succeeded in discovering "Robinson's address," which we were not slow to understand was intended to intimate that he had tracked father or his double-whichever it was -to some house in which he lived. Percy's telegram finished up with the words "starting back tonight." So that in three days we should know all that he had to tell us.

These three days were passed-by me at least-in a condition of suspense and anxiety difficult to be borne. I could settle down to nothing; neither did our little detective display any marked degree of dignified calm. He was greatly excited, and we spent the time together in playing billiards at home and discussing at great length and with much vain repetition the chances for and against the success of Percy's efforts. Borofsky was, though much excited, quite sanguine and almost confident that for some inexplicable reason my poor father had fled to London without warning mother of his departure and that Percy had accidentally found him there. He would not discuss the question as to why father should have done this. There would be plenty of time for explanations. he said, afterward. The main point now was to make sure that the count was safe and well and to know where to find him at any moment. It might not even be necessary to bring him back at once should he have good reason to desire to remain away. There might be financial troubles or a quarrel with the authorities.

"Both utterly impossible, Borofsky!" I said. "My father is a rich man, and the anthorities from the lowest chinovnik to the czar respect and esteem

him. "My dear young sir," said Borofsky. "neither you nor I can see in the dark. Rather than grope about and knock his shins against the furniture the wise man will wait for light, and so will

We had not mentioned to mother the object of Percy's trip to London. She had naturally concluded that he had business of his own to attend to, and was pleased and grateful when he promme in my discouraging task of finding father so soon as ever he could get away We met Percy on the afternoon of the third day, and as Borofsky and I tramped the platform of the Warsaw station, awaiting the arrival of his train. I, for one, was in such a state of excitement and expectation that I had your father, he is-for reasons of his not a word to say to my companion by reason of the quaking of my jaws and at this point of the investigation-disthe rapid beating of my heart, and I guised. The main question is not as to fancy Borofsky, though he had so much the clothes, but the man inside them. less at stake on the result of Percy's trip, was not much less agitated than I

to hear what he should have to tell us. Slowly and laboriously the train dragged itself into the station, as Russian trains do. There is none of that fine rushing in at full speed and pulling up short at the very platform in the admirable manner of our English engine drivers. The poor old Russian engine, a lumbering, wood burning thing, has had an immense distance to go, you see, and is no doubt so tired that it can scarcely drag itself and its heavy load of carriages into the haven where it would be. However, Percy's train crawled slowly and mournfully in at last, and out jumped Percy.

I could see at once by his radiant face and the pleased smile with which he greeted us that the dear old fellow had been successful, or believed himself to have succeeded, in his enterprise. I

sprang to him and seized his hand. "Well, old man," I murmured, scarcely able for excitement to articulate the words, "what luck?"

"Very likely. But is he any more acsustomed to disappear suddenly without warning?" continued Borofsky pertinently. "A man who has done the one thing may do the other, both actions being, as you say, unlike him ordinarily.

There was no answer to this argument so far as my poor dazed brain

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNT'S CRIMINAL BROTHER.

There was a great surprise for me at least, in my mother's reception of the news, which it fell to Percy and myself to convey to her, that Percy, while in London, had seen one whom he believed to be my father, and had even photographed him and found out the house in which he was living. She fell on her knees and thanked God aloud for his mercies.

"I knew, I knew that my beloved was alive and that God would return him to us in his good time!" she sobbed. "You have seen him alive, dear Percy, and that is enough—the rest will all be clear one day, when my dear husband is restored to himself again-and to me. He has been poorly of late, Boris, but I never suspected that the malady was of this type, until-until that terrible day of his disappearance. I have feared that in some horrid spasm of temporary irresponsibility he might have-but God is merciful-he has been

My poor dear mother laughed and cried, and cried and laughed again. She looked at the little photos and kissed them and said, "Oh, yes, there can be little doubt-but oh! poor dear, what a terrible suit of clothes and hat! Do you know what I think, Boris? the new tariffs have made a great difference of late in the profits of his iron works. He has been haunted by the idea that one day we shall be ruined, and this specter has driven him, for a little while, out of his senses, so that he has run away, poor dear soul, and dressed himself meanly in order to disguise himself from some imaginary creditors! Did he recognize and speak to you, Percy?"
"No, he did not, countess," said

the mother. "He desires to remain disguised and unrecognized. I see it all.

misery to great happiness upon so rickety a basis! How could she guess that she was settling down, in fancied security and comfort, in the Spanish castle of the sanguine and credulous, common-

that I did. My mother's confidence infected me, and I felt as sure of father's identity with the man of the portrait

"I do not think that," she said. "I should not like him interfered with. He will soon outlive this temporary at-"Rather brokenly-but that was all tack of delusion and return of his own free will. I am sure of it. The count is not mad. His intellect is as sound and healthy as any But he is ill. To startle him in his present condition would do him no good. He would think himself pursued, and this would give color to the delusion from which he is suffering. Let him be watched if you like, but by no means allow him to be startled or his liberty interfered with."

Accordingly it was settled that Borofsky-who was unknown to my father -should be the one to undertake the duty of watching him. He must settle himself close-opposite if possible-to father's lodgings, which were in a small street off Fitzroy square, and keep an eye upon the count's movements, using his discretion as to making his acquaintance or not, according to circum-

sky, "for, if not, I don't see how the matter is to proceed any further. You may expect to see us return peacefully

"God grant it!" said mother. "But above all things remember not to alarm my poor husband, for that would be

"I shall be most careful, madame," said our little Sherlock Holmes, and with this assurance he departed, well provided with introductions to friends in London in case he should need assistance of any kind in his dealings with Englishmen, whose language he knew little of. He was well supplied with cash, too, and carried instructions to keep us well informed as to his movements, and especially as to my poor father's mental condition and all that

concerned him. For a few days after Borofsky's de-

A week passed, and there was no about it until Count Boris pointed out news from our little detective; a second went by and still he had not written, excepting a short note to report his arrival in London, written two or three

> ent. There must be a hitch somewhere, she said. Poor dear father had flitted from the lodgings_to which Percy had for the tomb of Washington.

traced him, and Borofsky had lost the

"Never fear, mother, dearest," I assured her. "Borofsky is on his mettle. His reputation is at stake; he will take good care to strike the scene somewhere and somehow!"

"I don't know. I have a feeling of depression," said mother. "I do not feel so sanguine as I did that the man Percy found is really and truly my own Vladimir, your dear father. The photograph is very like him, I admit, though when one examines it through a magnifying glass, it appears less so than with the eye alone. It would be so dreadful now that our hopes have been raised, if he should prove to be some one else-some one with a strange, though a very strong and undoubted resemblance to father."

"But, dearest," I said, "if this photo so resembles father that both you and I, the two people on earth who know and love him best, instantly agreed that this must be he and no other, how unlikely it is that any one else can possibly be so like him as to take us both in.



I flew to her side.

myself until I saw the photo, because could not understand why-I mean could not reconcile father's secret disappearance with his character as I know and love it, but now I am convinced in spite of myself."

"The face looks coarser and more weather beaten and haggard through the magnifying glass," said mother "See for yourself!"

I looked and at once I understood what mother meant. There were lines

of care or hard living, or what not. The temples looked balder than father's and the stubby beard he wore appeared strangely vulgar after father's carefully shaven chin. I said guardedly that "But." added, "in spite of all that,

mother, darling, I think it must be father. Who else can it be? It is not as though he had a twin brother, or any brother, so like as to be mistaken for him.

grew white, and she sat down quickly in the nearest armchair. She placed her hand to her heart. I flew to her side.

"What is it, mother, what is it?" I

cried. "Oh, Boris, I forgot," she murmured. "I had never thought of it till this moment-I forgot-he bade me forget it, and I did, for it was so great a shame and sorrow to him that he dared not hear it mentioned. Yes, foolish woman that I have been and am, it must be he, and I have believed him thousands of miles away, and so did my Vladimir"-

"Who, mother, who?" I said in desperation. "Of whom are you speaking? What shame and sorrow can there be in connection with my dear father? Tell me all, mother. I am your own son. Do

not be afraid to confide in me." "I am not afraid!" said poor mother. 'Your father would have told you himself in good time, maybe, but it is different now, and I will tell you. My dear husband, good and true man as he is, and the scul of all honor, has or had a brother, of whom you have never heard, who is his very opposite, as wrong is of right. This man fell into rest till he has made a clean transfer diate, says an exchange. Legally, its criminal ways while still almost a youth, and-I will tell you the details another time—was sent to Siberia, a life sentence. He may have escaped. We know nothing of him; as I say, both your father and I have striven to forget his very existence." "I see," I said, "I see. But did he so

resemble father that one might be mistaken for the other?"

"I never saw him," said mother, but they are said to have been very much alike as boys."

TO BE CONTINUED.

STAND UP TO FIT A SHOE .- "People salesman, "if they would stand up to cruiser Boston, and his story is this: fit them on, instead of sitting down. fact should be borne in mind.

It is said that many tears are

Miscellancous Beading.

THE CARTER SCANDAL.

fus Affair.

of delay in this case. The Tribune seems to have lost patience, and in a

martial, presided over by General El-well S. Otis, of frauds in connection "Commodore Dewey's eyes town for one year was ordered. Ever their pictures, cannot be kept in irons since May 12, 1898, that sentence has on this fleet,' he said." been suspended, while one sort of review or another was being taken by some person or other. Meanwhile Captain Carter wears his uniform, and the contractors who defrauded the government enjoy immunity, and, it against them before the statute of limitations leaves them safe in the possession of their illgotten gains. The record of the trial was placed in the hands of the judge advocate general on May 19, 1898, and forwarded to too voluminous for the president's personal attention. Ex-Senator Edmunds ed it in July, 1898. After that the attorney general took up the papers, and he is now waiting till Wayne Mac-Veagh, Captain Carter's counsel, who is in Europe, can come home and make another plea for his client. The latest estimate is that a decision may be reached in perhaps two months, or about a year and a half after the finding of the court martial.

"If Captain Carter has been wrongjustice can be influenced or its decisor husiness power."

MOUNTAIN RATS IN COLORADO.

olague worse than the Canadian jay popularly known as the "camp robber." Of the rat he says:

This fierce rodent is nearly twice the bellicose propensities, he is an arrant the thief. The miners have a saying that career then and there. he will steal anything but a redhot stove. He does not steal to satisfy hunger alone; he appears to be a kleptomaniac. Provoked by the depredations of one old graybeard who naunted our cabin, I one day assisted in harrying his castle, where I found the following articles: Four candles, one partly burned, three intact; two spoons, one knife, two forks, 27 nails, all sizes; one box pills, one coffee pot lid and one tin cup, two pairs of socks, three empty phials, one stick of giant powder with 10 feet of fuse, beans, rice of self-destruction, statistics show it is and dried apples galore. His spirit of more used in our day than any other. mischief is as strong as his passion for stealing, and the honest miner solemnof beans and one of rice, he will not absence by declaring that the mountain rats had carried them off, and emphasized his assertion by shooting through the leg a skeptic who was so injudicious as to doubt the fact.

DEWEY PARDONED HIM. One of the brave jackies who "was

made shoes," said the experienced admiral. The teller is a sailor of the of the physicians.

"The most affecting incident which Nine persons out of ten, particularly occurred, and which all the sailors physician to use alcohol as an antiwomen, want a comfortable chair while will remember through their lives, was they are fitting a shoe, and it is with the action of a powder boy. These the greatest difficulty you can get them boys act as aids to captains and lieuto stand for a few minutes even after tenants in carrying messages and doing the shoe is fitted. Then when they errands. When the order was given begin to walk about, they wonder why to strip for action, one of the boys tore on the hands and allowed to remain the shoes are not so comfortable as they his coat off hurriedly, and it fell from were at first trial. A woman's foot is his hands and went over the rail, down fects if the hands were then rinsed considerably smaller when she sits in into the bay. A few moments before a chair than when she walks about. he had been gazing on his mother's Exercise brings a larger quantity of photograph, and just before he took blood into the feet, and they swell ap- his coat off he had kissed the picture in which alcohol had been used sucpreciably. The muscles also require and put it in his inside pocket. When cessfully internally.—Farmers' Advocertain space. In buying shoes this the coat fell overboard he turned to cate. the captain and asked permission to jump overboard and get it. Naturally the request was refused. The boy shed at the icehouse at Mt. Vernon then went to the other side of the ship people are living today than the by enthusiastic ladies who mistake it and climbed down the ladder. He whole thirteen colonies contained at swam around to the place where the the time of the Revolution.

coat had dropped, and succeeded in getting it. I believe it was still floating when he got there.

When he came back he was ordered in chains for disobedience. After It Is as Serious a Reproach as Is the Drey- the battle he was tried by a courtmartial for disobedience and found guilty. The New York Tribune, the ablest Commodore Dewey became interested and most influential Republican jour in the case, for he could not undernal in the country, for months past has stand why the boy had risked his life been appealing to the president to re-lieve his administration of the scandal lad had never told what his motives eading editorial a few days ago it said : him why he had done such strange "Captain Oberlin M. Carter was on things for an old coat, he broke into May 12, 1898, convicted by a court- tears and told the commodore that his

"Commodore Dewey's eyes filled with the improvement of Savannah with tears as he listened to the story. harbor, and sentenced to be dismissed Then he picked the boy up in his arms from the army, to be imprisoned for and embraced him. He ordered the five years and to. pay a fine of \$5,000, little fellow to be instantly released and the publication of his crime and and pardoned. Boys who love their sentence in the newspaper of his home mothers enough to risk their lives for

MAN-EATING LIONS.

Further Facts About Their Ravages Among Railroad Builders In East Africa.

Some further facts have been reis charged, are hoping that the case of ceived about the man-eating lions Captain Carter will be so prolonged which made such a panic among 4,000 that nobody will begin proceedings Indian coolies working on the Uganda railroad a few months ago. It appears that the first time the laborers knew anything about lions that make a business of killing men to eat, was one day when one of the brutes, in broad daylight, as the laborers were strung along Secretary Alger on June 26, 1898. the line with shovels in hand, sudden-Then the usual course was taken of ly sprang in among them, crushing one the line with shovels in hand, suddensending the case for review to an out-side lawyer, because the testimony was of his paw and maimed another so of his paw and maimed another so badly that he could not get away. Of course, all the horrified workmen took was chosen for this task, and he finish- to their heels and raised the alarm at the camp a mile away. The district engineer and his assistant at once went to the spot; but the lion had disappeared, leaving all of the two bodies he could not eat at one meal.

After that an armed guard was kept along the line of work; but it made little difference to the animals that were determined to have men to eat. They would spring like a flash out of the jungle, seize a man and bear him ed, it ought to be possible for him to off beyond pursuit. Two days after show it without the delay of a year the first man was killed another man and a half. If he is guilty, he should was taken, and the next day another be punished before the memory of his disappeared, and within a fortnight crime fades away and the example of 11 men had been seized, all from one his sentence is lost. And above all, camp. The third week brought the the government should be saved from list of victims up to 15. The sixteenth even the shadow of reproach that its victim was one of the coolie overseers, a huge man, standing over six ions postponed in a matter involving feet and weighing more than 200 the honor of the army by any political pounds. He was the first man to reach the work line in the morning, and just as he was giving some instructions a lion sprang upon him and H. P. Ufford, writing in The Centu-dealt him a terrible blow on the head, ry of "Out of Doors in Colorado," de- crushing the skull. Then he coolly scribes the mountain rats as the only began to eat his prey, while the shivaway feeling that they were safe now that the lion had got his man. Somehow it didn't occur to them to shoot size of the Norway species, and is al- till the brute had half finished his ways ready for a fight. Besides his meal, and then they blazed away in a

It was not till 28 coolies had been killed that the large force of workmen went on strike. They declined to do another bit of work till all the maneaters had been cleared out of the surrounding country. Work was suspended till a party of hunters had laid low the last of these formidable foes of man, and since then no further casualties of the sort have been reported.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR CARBOLIC ACID. three handkerchiefs, one bottle of ink, Although poisoning by carbolic acid is one of the most painful methods of

The reason for this use of a poison which causes so much suffering are ly avers that if you leave open a bag that it is cheap, comparatively easy to obtain, and its effects are almost immeof all the beans to the rice bag and sale is restrained within certain limits; vice versa. I know that more than but anyone who wants to buy poison once he has, during the night, filled can always obtain it. Futhermore, one of my boots with the cones of the the popularity of carbolic acid is largespruce tree. I heard, also, of a vera- ly due to the propensity of morbid cious prospector who, returning from persons to imitate each other. Thus, a trip without coffee pot, frying pan if a woman reads in a newspaper that and bakeoven, accounted for their one or two persons have killed themselves by carbolic acid, she is apt, if bent on suicide, to select that poison. A simple antidote for carbolic acid

poisoning, internal or external, is alcohol. Although it has been used by a physician of New York in his practice for several years, the discovery of its property of checking the action of with Dewey" at the battle of Manila carbolic acid does not seem to have atwould have less difficulty with ready- bay, tells a new anecdote of the great tracted the attention of the majority

To Seneca D. Powell, of New York, belongs the credit of being the first dote in carbolic acid poisoning. At a recent meeting of the medical society of the county of New York, he demonstrated that a 95 per cent. solution of carbolic acid could be rubbed freely a few seconds without unpleasant efwith alcohol. He said, according to The Medical Record, that he knew of three cases of carbolic acid poisoning

In New York city, and within a radius of twenty-five miles of it, more



'and was not caught at it. Twice, I

"Oh, is it father?" I blurted, a sort

"Dear old Boris, I firmly believe it

is," said Percy. "I cannot say for cer-

tain, but there could hardly be another

so like him that I could be mistaken

to my weakness.

"This is a hand camera." I said, "and I've just taken a snap shot."

know, he did not even see or notice me. The third time he looked straight at me and suspected me, I suppose, for he asked what I was doing.

" 'This is a hand camera,' I said, and I've just taken a snap shot of Marylebone church, with your kind permission. He only grunted and passed on." Percy paused and laughed.

"How did he talk English?" I asked. he said, so that I cannot judge very

"My father speaks perfectly, as you ' I said. know.

well."

"It is nothing!" exclaimed Borofsky. "He would assume a foreign accent, supposing that he does not wish to be recognized as the count. Are the portraits successful?"

"The photos are not developed yet," replied Percy. "We'll do them together after dinner, or before, if there's time."

The developing of those three plates was an exciting operation. The printing from the negatives next morning was even more so. The prints represented a man whose dress and general appearance were plebeian and altogether unlike my dear patrician locking old father, but the face-so far as I could judge of it from a portrait, and that a very small stances. and not overclearly printed one-was my father's face. There was little or

no doubt of it. "Well?" said Borofsky, when I had ised her, at parting, that he would not be absent long and would return to help of each of the three photos. "In a

word, is it the count or is it not?" "Heaven only knows." I murmured.
"The clothes and the hat are things that father would never think of wear-

ing."
"Do remember," said Borofsky. somewhat impatiently, "that if this is own which have nothing to do with us Is it your father or is it not? Go by the face. Is this the face of the count or another's?"

"If I must judge by the face alone," I said, "I should say this is a portrait of my father."

"Good!" exclaimed Borofsky. "And very good! I now propose that we show the portrait to the countess and obtain her confirmation of your opinion. When we have that, I shall know what next to do. Mr. Morris, you have done wonders and are to be congratulated. Speaking personally, you have no doubt his instructions, necessitated the greatthat this man whose portrait you have taken so cleverly is the very Count Landrinof himself?"

"Personally I never felt any doubt that his father would never dress himself in this way, which is perfectly

"Ah, the clothes again!" said Borofsky. "You will not see that the count might desire to disguise himself." "It is so unlike him to do so!" said

Percy and I almost in one breath.

about. He bas no twin brother, has he?" "Oh, no!" I murmured. "I think it must be he. But why, why"- I did not finish my sentence. I believe I burst into tears and was hurried into the carriage by Percy and Borofsky There were not very many people about, the train having been nearly empty. I hope there were few witnesses seen alive, all will be well." Borofsky took up the conversation in the carriage. "So you think it is really the count?" he began. "Tell me, did "I got three," said Percy with pride,

Percy dejectedly.
"There, it is all of a piece!" cried

oh, how plainly!" Dear, sanguine mother, raised from

ly called the paradise of fools?

Did I, too, take up my abode in this fools' paradise? I fear I must confess

as she did. Borofsky was radiant.

"It only remains, then, to travel to ondon and bring him back, whether he will or no." he said. But mother demurred.

"I shall do so if I can," said Boroftogether after a short while.

the worst policy of all."

parture my mother was sanguine and excited, expecting I know not what good news from London, for naturally no news whatever could be reasonably awaited for some little while. Borofsky would and could do nothing immediately after his arrival there. His task, in the nature of it and in accordance with est caution and deliberation-nothing was to be done in a hurry for fear of causing suspicion and inspiring alarm.

days after reaching English shores. Then mother began to grow despond-