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THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

By FRED WHISHAW.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Count Boris Landrinof, a young Russian student at Oxford, receives a telegram from his mother that his father, Count Vladimir 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 postmaster drove the party referred 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. Percy secures the photograph, which greatly resembles the count. The countess then tells her son that her father had a brother who fell into criminal ways. Borofsky goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Borofsky follows his man, who endeavors to elude him. They have an interview, and the man agrees to return with him to Russia. Borofsky and the supposed count return. Boris does not believe that the latter is his father's brother, Andrew Landrinof. The man (Andre) pretends never to have heard of the count's criminal brother.

CHAPTER XVII. ANDRE'S STUDENT VISITOR.

After this conversation Borofsky declared that he had no doubt whatever that our sham count was Andre Landrinof. But, though mother and I were quite disposed to agree with him, we could not think of any way in which this fact could be brought into connection with the mystery of father's disappearance.

Nevertheless, though we knew it not, we were now at last on the eve of more important discoveries than that of the mere identity of our guest. We were about to strike a trail and a strong one.

Among those who visited our guest, whom I shall crave permission to call Andre henceforth, since it was from this time that we became accustomed to regard him as undoubtedly father's worthless brother: among the shabby looking persons who visited Andre and held long consultations with him in the apartments set aside to his use was a student, one of that plaided and speckled class of individuals, half famished and obviously ill nourished and poverty ridden, of whom there are many hundreds in St. Petersburg and from among whom the ranks of the disaffected are principally recruited, for the lot of the Russian student is a miserable one indeed, and it is no wonder that he is a reckless, discontented individual, only too ready to become the dupe or the accomplice of those who preach crusades against property and those who possess it. For he is not like the undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge, passing rich upon a more or less liberal allowance from his father or his guardian. The Russian student keeps himself and pays his own fees in most cases. He gives lessons during the hours which are free of lectures, and by means of the income thus earned he gains just enough to pay his university fees and to starve handsomely on what is left over. The little student who visited Andre caused poor Borofsky an immense amount of annoyance and trouble, for he was the only one of Andre's visitors (of whom there were several) whom he had hitherto failed to track to his home, wherever that might be. Borofsky now knew the address of all the rest of the friends of our highly respectable guest. He also knew all the houses haunted by Andre himself, which were doubtless the homes of these same worthies, but the student had been too clever for Borofsky and would never allow himself to remain long enough in view to be shadowed for more than a few minutes at a time.

"He's like a will o' the wisp," Borofsky complained. "You think you've got him safe in your eye, and, baw!—he's gone—whether? Heaven knows; I don't. Yet he doesn't suspect me. He has never seen me, except in disguise, and not twice in the same. Why is he so suspicious?"

"Bad conscience," said Percy, and I've no doubt he hit the right nail on the head.

One afternoon in November Borofsky came hurriedly into the billiard room, where Percy and I were busy knocking the balls about for want of a better occupation.

"I want your help, both of you," he said. "That confounded young student is in with Andre. When he goes away, we must make another attempt to follow him. I must and will know where he goes. Will you help, both of you?"

Though I did not quite see of what use the addresses of all these rascals were to be to us, excepting as strength-

felt that I was doing a foolish thing. Yet I felt also that I must follow. Not because I expected to gain anything by it, but because the English blood in me was of the real old obstinate, bulldog vintage. I suppose, and I must stick to a thing once undertaken until I had carried it through.

So I followed with scarcely an instant's hesitation, and—well, sometimes the things which appear to be the most foolish turn out to be the wisest. I followed—risking my life—which was so unspeakably valuable to my dear mother, without once reflecting upon that domestic circumstance—and followed in the wisdom of utter foolishness, and—

Away scudded my little will o' the wisp, taking a diagonal line in the direction of the mining corps, which is a good half mile or more from the bridge on the other side, and away scudded I after him.

I could hear him run and pant in front of me, though it was so dark out here in midriver that I could not see him.

We had run, I should think, some 200 or 300 yards over the roughest possible ice that twisted one's ankles and "barked" one's shins at every other step when suddenly there was a scream, followed instantly by a splash and an agonized cry for help.

CHAPTER XVIII.
RESCUE OF THE STUDENT.

My heart sank. I knew in an instant that I was in for an adventure, a wet and cold one probably, and perhaps a very dangerous one.

I did not feel heroic. I don't think I am made that way, and I honestly avow that if I had thought this wretched student fellow would be sure to get himself out of the water without assistance from me I should gladly have turned at this emergency and gone quietly home.

But unfortunately, or fortunately, my conscience would not hear of it for a moment.

"The little rascal will go under the ice in a minute," it said, "unless you go and pick him out of danger."

I knew my conscience was perfectly correct. One's conscience is about the only thing in this world that is infallible. Conscience is always right and almost always disagreeable and unpleasant.

If we listen to it—as we must in order to preserve that peace of mind without which life is not worth living—if we listen to its whisperings, we are obliged, at times, to do very revolting things and to leave undone many pleasant ones.

On this occasion I felt bound to leave untasted the pleasure of sneaking home, dry and safe, and to undertake the revolting duty of risking my life in order to save this little wretch, now yelling for help, from the watery grave that yawned for him. It was very unpleasant, and I hated doing it, therefore, sarcastic reader, do not imagine that in describing my action, as I must now do, I desire to pass as in the slightest degree heroic. I do not. I have confessed that I would rather have gone home. What I did I was obliged to do, whether I liked it or no, and it was certainly "no."

The little student had, I found, run straight into a hole in the ice. There were plenty of such holes, for the bosom of the river had not frozen over, be it remembered. The ice had floated down stream from Lake Ladoga and, becoming choked in the bends and bridges of the river, had packed and remained fixed. This is how the Neva becomes closed every year, for if the river had to wait for the frost to cover it from bank to bank before retiring from ken for its winter's rest, so strong is the current (I who write, being a rowing man, know that current full well) that many weeks and perhaps months would elapse before the ice roof, creeping from bank to bank toward the center of the stream, could meet in the middle and span the whole rushing river. But the pack ice has to fit in as best it can; the round pieces have to accommodate themselves into square holes, and the square ones into circular spaces; hence, there are many gaps for the first few days, and into one of these my little student had run. It was fortunate indeed for him that he was not instantly snuck under the ice and helplessly drowned. Many poor wretches have come to no less sad an end by attempting to cross the Neva too early in autumn or too late in spring. They have splashed suddenly into water. There has been, it may be, one shrill cry for help, and they have disappeared, no more to be seen or heard of in this world.

But my little rascal, when I rushed up, was clinging like grim death to the edge of the ice, his nails dug into the snow, his stomach and chest tightly pressed against the rough ice margin, and his legs no doubt already drawn by the current well beneath the slippery surface which would afford his feet no hold or resistance. Obviously he must let go in a minute or two. The current was tugging at him "for all it was worth," and as a pulling force it was worth a good deal.

"Help! Hold me, for God's sake! I can't hang on another second!" he gasped.

I ran round to his end of the hole, which was about eight feet long by four or five wide. There I secured the best foothold I could get, and then, bending, seized my man by the collar of his shirt, digging my fingers well down under his chin. When I felt I had him tight, I bade him try to struggle out.

"I can't, I can't!" he gurgled. I suppose I was half strangling him.

"My legs are right away under the ice. I can't get them back. I have no

power. Save me, for God's sake, whoever you are! I never did you harm!"

"I am trying to save you," I said. I pulled at him. It must have been a choky process for the poor fellow. But I could not move him.

"Let go with your hands and I'll pull you along the edge up stream," I said. "Don't lose your head. It will be all right. I won't let you go!"

"No, no! I can't, I daren't!" he gasped. "If I lose my hold on the ice, the current will suck me away in an instant. Hold on tight till some one comes!"

"No one will come," I said. "If you keep your head and let me pull you along quietly, you may be saved. Let go with your hands, I tell you."

"I won't!" he screamed. "It's my only chance. Oh, the cold of it! Get a good foothold and pull!"

"Let go, you fool!" I said angrily. "I can't move you this way, and the

strain of holding you will weary me before long. Let go with your hands!"

But the fellow screamed and refused. I came closer to the edge and got my hand farther round toward the back of his neck. Then I pulled at him, trying to force him to let go and float, so that I might tow him sideways to the edge. He would not loose his frenzied grip, however.

Then I forced the game. I purposely stepped upon one of his hands, and with a yell and a curse he let go. Quickly I pulled him backward and along. The plan succeeded admirably. I got him sideways against the side of the ice, higher up stream, and hitched his face and left shoulder upon the edge. But the frightened fool spoiled my game by losing his head and struggling to lay hold of something for himself.

Unfortunately the thing his hands first met and clutched was my left leg. He seized it and tugged. Heaven knows what he hoped to gain by the suicidal action.

What he actually did was to cause me to slip and lose my balance. I fell close to the edge of the ice, and the fellow instantly clawed at me and pulled me into the water.

By the mercy of Providence I kicked myself free of him as I slipped into my icy bath or he would have pulled me down beneath the surface, and we should have died together, fighting madly for a moment or two beneath the ice.

I don't think I was in the water five seconds; I never even allowed myself to float down stream to the lower end of the hole. As I touched water I struck out upward and, seizing the rough edge of the ice, swung my chest well out of the water and lay thus a second half in and half out. The current swept my legs up behind me and rather assisted me to make good my escape. In another second I lay full length on the ice, half dead with cold, but safe and grateful.

Then I thought of the student and looked round over my shoulder as I struggled to my feet. He had gone. I doubted not, beneath the ice and was by this time 50 yards away, bobbing his poor head against the pitiless ice roof that kept him from life and hope—drowning fast, perhaps already dead.

But, to my surprise, I saw that he still clung, exactly as he had clung at first, before my attempt to rescue him. To the farther edge of the ice. There he clung and gasped, trying to yell, but making very little noise, for his head had been under, I suppose, and he was half choking with the water.

My mind was quickly made up. I knew what I should do now. I had no intention of being pulled into the water a second time. I might not be quite so fortunate as to kick myself free from the frenzied little fool again.

I ran round to his end. He saw me. "Save me, save me!" he gasped.

I laid hold of him by the collar as before, using my right hand, as the stronger; then with the left I dealt him as hard a blow on the ear as my doubled fist could deal in this awkward position. It proved hard enough for my purpose.

The poor fellow gave a kind of snort. His hands loosed their grip of the ice, his body floated backward and came unresistingly along in obedience to my tugs. He lay like a log, and like a log I dragged him out and stretched him on the dry ice—safe, half drowned, half stunned and more than half frozen, but safe, little as he deserved his safety.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

Miscellaneous Reading.

SAYS NEGROES MUST GO.

Open Letter on the Race Question From General M. C. Butler.

Columbia, S. C., dispatch, 25th.

General M. C. Butler, former United States senator, has written for publication a letter dealing with the race problem. It is called forth by the recent whipping of Negroes at Greenville.

"I am no apologist for lawlessness at the hands of any class," he says, "but public meetings and denunciation will not cure this disease. It is in the blood and will break out somewhere else. You must strike at the root to eradicate it. The poor white men who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their faces cannot compete with cheap Negro labor. To attempt to do so implies their degradation and ultimate destruction or expatriation. One race must go to the wall, and with the kindest feelings of good will toward the Negro, I must side with my own race. Two races cannot live together in peace, on terms of equal, civil and political rights, and the sooner we realize that, the better for both races.

"The separation of the races is the only solution of the terrible problem. It is very easy for Tillman and others to denounce the lawlessness of the 'one gallus, wool hat crowd.' Let Mr. Tillman and those who join him as the guardians of the Negro put themselves in the poor white man's place and walk between plow handles from settling a colony to themselves. This was done for the Indians when they could not live at peace with the whites. A temporary inconvenience by the Negro leaving the country might result; but the whites would meet the emergency.

"The wild harangues of men who openly advise the murder of the Tolberts and keeping the Negro in a state of quasi-slavery deserve the execration of right-thinking men. That is not the way to bring peace and order to a country.

"The methods of the Negro do not justify an attempt to lift him up by increased wages. So long as the races are in immediate contact on present terms, lynchings, whippings, mob law, every form of lawlessness, will constantly menace society, obstruct progress and keep up a state of anxiety."

GENERAL BUTLER'S PLAN.

Issue Is Taken With the General's Deportation Scheme.

Washington Post.

We hardly recognize our old friend, Hon. M. C. Butler, formerly senator from South Carolina, in a recent published utterance which makes him say that the only solution of the race issue at the south lies in the wholesale exportation of the Negroes. If we had been asked to name a man of General Butler's class in the whole south likely to cherish such a sentiment, we should have thought of him last of all.

Nevertheless, he has spoken, (or he is so reported), and that being the case, we are bound to give him credit for sincerity, however astounding the proposition may seem coming from such a source.

It is very certain that General Butler understands the social, political and industrial conditions in his section as profoundly as any man alive. It is true also that he is a true and conscientious gentleman, who loves his country and his people. We are bound to assume, therefore, that there have been, in his state at least, transformations radical enough in their nature and alarming enough in their promises for the future, to justify him in the attitude he has now assumed. But we are fairly familiar with these conditions ourselves, and notwithstanding General Butler's melancholy postulate, we still believe that there is a practicable way out of the difficulty—for we do not regard General Butler's scheme as practicable. We do not believe that the Negroes can be expiated so easily. Thousands of them own their own homes. Thousands of them are industrious, conservative and prosperous. We should say hundreds of thousands, in fact. What right have we to tear them from surroundings where they are happy and comfortable? They are citizens with equal rights before the law, and so far as concerns the element we have in view, they are at least as desirable citizens as the "one-gallus, wool-hat whites" who populate piney woods and mountain ranges of the south. It may well be that quite recently the situation has been altogether changed. We know of no such change, however, and we are not ready to believe that the welfare of the whites, either north or south, demands such heroic—may we say violent?—treatment as General Butler has suggested.

It is urged that the "one-gallus, wool-hat" whites cannot compete with the Negro, because the latter will work for lower wages than he can live upon. That may be true of certain parts of South Carolina, perhaps of Florida and Georgia also; but on the great estates of Louisiana and Mississippi, maybe of Alabama, too, the industrious Negro makes very handsome profits of his labor, and no "poor white" should find himself unable to exist upon the same terms. Among the large planters in those three states the agricultural laborers enjoy excellent opportunities. He can either rent his "patch" outright or he can plant on shares with the proprietor. In either case, honest industry brings a competence. In either case the poor white has an equal opportunity. Both are furnished with homes, implements and seed, while their food and clothing, etc., were advanced to them. On the great sugar plantations the wages are higher than are paid to agricultural laborers anywhere. There the field hand makes anywhere from \$250 to \$400 per annum, besides which he has his own house, his garden patch, pasture for his cows and horses, and his firewood—all free. If those "poor whites" to whom General Butler refers, cannot exist on such terms, it proves only that they are lazy and worthless, and that the deportation of the Negroes would not help them in the least. Men of such kind do not want to work at all; and if all the Negroes in the United States were exterminated at one blow, still there would not be an employer in the country who would pay them wages for doing nothing.

General Butler's scheme, in our humble opinion, is not apropos. We cannot exile the Negroes, and, even if we could, the southerners of General Butler's kind would stubbornly oppose the plan. They do not want the poor whites in their houses. They do not want them in any relation whatsoever. They remember that while the Negro remained faithful to their families during the Civil war, the poor whites played the part of spy and traitor. All through North Mississippi, North Alabama, North Georgia, East Tennessee and East Kentucky and Western North Carolina, the poor whites hated the Confederacy, hated the slaveholder and expressed that feeling in service to the Union armies. If one could obtain access to the private papers of General Thomas and General Sherman, who operated largely in those districts, he would find proof of the fact strong as holy writ. Today they furnish a large proportion of the criminal classes of the south—the moonshiners, outlaws and lynchers. They are still, to all intents and purposes, what their ancestors were when Oglethorpe brought them to Georgia in the Seventeenth century.

If these people cannot make a living it is not the Negro's fault, and if the south had the selection of the class to be deported, it would not choose the Negro.

Commission for Jenkins.

Strong Effort to Get the Rough Rider Major into the Volunteer Army.

Colonel James H. Tillman is still doing all he can to secure a commission in the volunteer army for Major Mich Jenkins, and he is pursuing the work with unselfish zeal. He recently wrote to Governor McSweeney as follows:

"MY DEAR GOVERNOR: Feeling deeply your kindness and that of other prominent South Carolinians in recommending me to the secretary of war for a majorship in the volunteer service, I beg to say that if South Carolina is to receive but one such commission I am persuaded that it should be given to Major Mich Jenkins who, as an officer in the Rough Riders, by his dauntless courage, commanded admiration of his superiors and the plaudits of every patriotic South Carolinian. His gallant father, the Confederate general, fell leading a desperate charge, and his brave son has proven himself worthy of the name he bears. A movement is now on foot in South Carolina and a sufficient sum has nearly been raised with which to present him with a sword, and at the proper time I shall ask your excellency to turn over the sword to Governor Roosevelt, his old commander, for presentation to Major Jenkins. I do not hesitate to say that if Major Jenkins is appointed I will enlist under him as a private, although I but recently declined a commission. I beg that you read the enclosed letters from Colonel Roosevelt and Major General Wood."

EVERY ONE CAN HAVE A DATE PALM.—About 12 years ago as Mrs. J. R. C. was eating dates she put one of the seeds into a jar of rich earth, "just to see if it would grow." It was early springtime, and in about six weeks a long, hard, green spike came up. After a little it unfolded and became a broad leaf, then in a short time another formed and took its place opposite, each leaf coming from the center. On and on they grew, until now Mrs. C. has as fine a date palm as can be bought at a greenhouse for \$25.

A friend of Mrs. C., wishing to grow some, planted 50 seeds in a shallow box, and when Palm Sunday came she had palm leaves four inches long to send to her friends. Care should be taken to plant the round end of the seed down.—New York Tribune.

The physician is the man who tells you that you need change, and then takes all you have.