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THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

By FRED WHISHAW.

Copyright, 1899, by the American Press Association. 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 at once intervenes and Boris interviews 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 count greatly resembles the count. The count greatly resembles the count. The count greatly resembles the count.



"At any rate, old man, we'll consider it in its bearings," said Percy. "Three heads are better than one, though I admit yours is not such a bad one. Is it so very incredible?" "On the contrary, I don't think it is so at all," I said, "but Borofsky may

amount for it and feed the little rascal like a fighting cock all his life besides." "Nonsense!" said Borofsky quite angrily. "She shall not pay him another penny. This time he shall swallow the pill which is not gilded. I shall take him in hand myself. You have done well, Count Boris, but not too wisely!" "Let's tackle the police first," I said. "There's no need to quarrel over the other matter yet awhile. I'll just go back and find out from my man the address of the house in which my father had been placed in order to be arrested, according to the scheme of Andre and his friends." The student was in a bad humor, I found. "I had forgotten to send up wine, he complained. "You shall have it presently," I promised, and I bade him tell me at once the address I required. "Not till I have the wine!" said he. "You shall have it the instant you have told me," I replied angrily. "Do you think I grudge you the wine? What is it to me if you beat yourself with two bottles or three?" "Not a word till I see the wine!" he replied obstinately. Had he known it, his pigheadedness cost that student dear, for I then and there determined that his next secret, if required, should not be unlocked with a key of gold, as the first had been. Borofsky should squeeze it out of him. The little fool seemed to forget or ignore that we had the terror side of him, if we cared to attack him at a disadvantage.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POLICE.

The student got his wine and the required address. Some remark was made as to the length of time I had been in his room, but I said nothing of the undignified defeat I had suffered. Then I went with Borofsky to the priest of the second oostok of the Vassily Ostrof divisional police, leaving Percy on duty at home to hang about the passage and see that my friend the student was up to no mischief. We found the priest at home and Borofsky did all the talking for our side, excepting when I was addressed and was obliged to answer. The official looked coldly at us as we entered. Russian officials have a most disagreeable way. I have never seen any Muscovite in authority without this particular manner—a kind of disdainful and supercilious hauteur which neither affability nor humor nor gross flattery will penetrate, but only, occasionally—rather often—the almighty and all penetrating rouble. "Yes," said the priest. "We have called," said Borofsky, "to consult you about a certain arrest effected by you or your men on or about the—"

"So? A private detective—a young one indeed. The detective art is not to be learned in the nursery, young sir. And who is this other?" "Count Boris Landrinof," I said. The priest distinctly winced. "Oh!" he said. "The son of Count Vladimir, no doubt? What can the son of so eminent a person require in a police court?" "That is what I wish to explain to you, priest, if you will allow me!" said Borofsky. "If you will turn back to the month of July last, you will find that you effected the arrest of a—"

Miscellaneous Reading.

WILLIAM WIRT'S ROMANCE.

Colonel "Dick" Thompson Tells How the Great Lawyer Reformed and Won a Bride. From the New York Sun. TERRE HAUTE, September 2.—When former Secretary of the Navy Richard W. Thompson saw the story which is being widely printed about the reformation of William Wirt, attorney general of the United States, he recalled that it was far different from the truth. He used to hear at Culpepper Court House, Va., where he was born 36 years ago last June and where Wirt a young man, began the practice of law. The published story is to the effect that a young lady, while out riding near Richmond, saw a young man lying drunk at the side of the road. She left her carriage and placed a handkerchief over his face and then continued her ride. Some days later the young man called on her, having found her name on the handkerchief. He told her that he had signed the pledge. He kept the pledge and rose to be a famous man. Colonel Thompson says that Wirt undoubtedly was an excessive drinker when he was a young man. On one occasion while on his way to Charlottesville he saw a congregation assembled in a church and stopped to hear the preaching. The preacher was a blind man named Waddell, whom Wirt described in his book, "The British Spy," in eloquent language. A Dr. Gilmer, who lived near by, saw that Mr. Wirt was a stranger and asked him to dinner. Mr. Wirt became infatuated with the doctor's daughter, who was a woman of rare conversational ability. He called frequently and finally asked Miss Gilmer to marry him. She replied: "Mr. Wirt, I am unwilling to conceal the fact that I entertain for you a strong attachment. You are a man of brilliant parts and have it in your power to reach high distinction; but I can never consent to become the wife of a drunkard. If you will promise me that you will not drink a drop of spirituous liquor for two years and keep your promise, I will consent to marry you at the end of that time." He made and kept the promise, and Miss Gilmer fulfilled her part of the bargain, too. "About the time of the inauguration of General Jackson, which event I witnessed," said Colonel Thompson, "I heard Mr. Wirt make an argument before the United States supreme court. I was too young to appreciate the force of his legal contention; but I remember well his polished manner and his eloquence. I am inclined to give the story of his reformation preference over the recently published one for the reason that the latter is located in Richmond, where he did not live at the time of his first marriage. The lady he married in Richmond after the death of his first wife was Elizabeth Washington."

Rhodes, resident director of the British South Africa company, and Leander Starr Jameson, known as "Dr. Jim." What happened is of too recent occurrence and too sensational to have passed from the memory of World readers. The first battle of the Jameson raid occurred at Krugersdorp on January 1, 1896; the second at Doornkop the day following, when Jameson's cavalry defeated raiders were all captured by the Boers. As to the composition and purpose of the raiders no better evidence can be quoted than that given by one of the raiders, Captain Thatcher, and cabled to The World on January 18: "We were 600 strong. Besides, there were 100 Kaffirs. There were three wagons, eight Maxim and three Whitworth guns. We knew what we were going to do. It is all rubbish about our thinking we were going to fight natives." "Somebody blundered," wrote the English poet laureate. President Kruger turned over the raiders to the British government, which sentenced Jameson to 15 months in jail and some of his officers to shorter terms, after making them the heroes of London for weeks. Kruger arrested hundreds of Outlanders in Johannesburg on the charge of treason, and upon trial four were sentenced to death. Among the latter was the American mining expert, John Hay Hammond, but their sentences were commuted to fine and imprisonment. Both the Boers and the British were fighting mad, and every one expected war would follow between them, but it was averted in a curious manner. Emperor William of Germany sent a cable message of sympathy to President Kruger, and the infant terrible of the family of nations by this characteristic act changed the whole situation. England was so mad at William that for a time she forgot or ignored Kruger. She assembled such a fleet of war vessels as has never before in the history of the world prepared for war—and William sang softly. But the trouble in the Transvaal was not remedied. The British miners in the Transvaal have claimed that they were denied the right to vote. President Kruger recently accorded the franchise privilege to British subjects who became citizens of the Transvaal after five years residence. But England demands that British subjects shall be allowed to vote without abandoning their British citizenship.

front of our lines and say: 'Attention! Mager Beckham pass the command down the lines.'" As already stated, Mr. Whitaker was on hand at Appomattox. He says that he was sorely disappointed that day. He knew "we were in a purty durn tight place," but that he "had a notion that Bob Lee would manage somehow or other to squirm out; but when I seed a squad ov ossifers a ridin' down the line with er white flag a floatin' in the breeze, I knowed the dawg was dead an' I jest dropped my old musket an' walked over into the lines of the Yanks. I sidled up to where they was a cookin' uv some beef. I wuz most starved and axed one of the cooks to give me a piece ov the meat. He kinder grinned, raised the meat out ov the pot in which he was cooking ov it, and cut off a hunk about the size ov my han' an' reached it to me. I took it an' went right to work. My! My! But it was the best meat I ever tasted. "Purty soon I ran my han' into my haversack, brought it out an' put a perv ov what I had got into my mouth. The Yank was watchin' me, an' asked what was that I put in my mouth. 'Parched corn,' I said. "Aint you got no bread?" he axed. "I tote him no, an' he reached me a great big hunk o' light bread. Then I wuz certain fixed. After I got through eatin' o' my meat an' bread he offered me another supply an' I et it. "He then axed me how long since I had drawt rabsuns an' I tote him not since we had left Petersburg, an' that was about 10 days."

THE BULO OF THE FILIPINOS.

A Whorl Which Has Proved Inefficient Against Our Troops. New York Sun. A letter from Lieutenant William M. Copp, of the Sixth artillery, who is on the gunboat Napidan, in Laguna de Bay, gives the following interesting information containing one phase of the fighting with the Filipinos. "An odd trait in the character of the natives is that they never leave one of their dead if they can possibly get him away. They leave more now than they used to for this reason: Formerly they had at least five men for every gun, and about all these men were good for was to carry away the wounded and dead, although they were armed with bolos. These weapons were very effective against the Spaniards, as the bolo men apparently cared nothing for their own lives, and the Spaniards did not have the courage to stand when they charged so, of course, they were cut to pieces, the bolo being without doubt one of the most terrible weapons at close quarters in the world. It is very sharp and so heavy that it will smash any sword in pieces that I have seen. They use them in the right hand, and a long, heavy dagger in the left. I had one of the bolo men who could handle the bolo so well through the motions for me, and it was truly wonderful. The rapidity of his moves was such that the eye could hardly follow them, and all the time he kept a constant guard. The bolo is to cut, no point; the dagger is used to stab, no edge. When these bolo men tried the same tactics on our men that they were accustomed to employ so successfully against the Spaniards, they were killed in large numbers, as our men did not run, but simply shot them. Now so many of these men have been killed, there are fewer of them to a gun, and they are not able to get the dead away quite as well as they did formerly. "If your servant goes away for a day or two, you can be certain he is with the insurgents and in some fight. It is too common to excite comment here when an officer's servant, who has been absent several days, is found in the insurgent's uniform killed or is brought into our hospital for treatment."

MARVELS OF SURGERY.

Remarkable Things That Modern Skill Can Accomplish. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A month or two ago a doctor was called in to attend a boy whose ear had been completely bitten off by a vicious horse. The surgeon determined to try and replace the ear, as failure to do so could result in a worse deformity. The missing ear was duly found and handed to the doctor, who was then engaged in bathing the severed part in warm water. He had neither instruments nor dressings with him, and as the half hour's delay to obtain them would have been fatal to success, he stitched the ear in its place again with a common needle and thread. This was followed by antiseptic treatment, and in six weeks the ear completely healed, leaving no scars. Even had this been a failure an exact facsimile of the other ear could have been made and fixed. In some cases it has been necessary to remove the tongue; but by raising the floor of the mouth and thus in some way filling the place of the missing organ the patient has been enabled to speak almost perfectly. The fitting of glass eyes is well-known, and the complete destruction of the jawbone has no terrors for the modern surgeon. The crushed bone is removed and a piece of silver or aluminum, the exact shape of the lost jaw, fitted in its place. After this has become firmly fixed, teeth may be fitted to it. If a man's throat is defective the operation of tracheotomy—the insertion of a silver tube in the windpipe with an orifice opening to the throat—provides him with a new breathing apparatus. Artificial legs and arms are now so perfect that with them a man can walk, skate and even cycle. There is a story also of a man who, injuring his spine in a railway accident, was fitted with a steel casing for his backbone, and so enabled to walk and ride.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE COUNT'S EXILE TO SIBERIA. "Do you mean," I said, "that you will be able to provide evidence that this man Andre is the convict Kornilof and not my father?" "Perhaps," said the student, smiling conceitedly. "It is ridiculous," I cried boldly, "to suppose that the police will refuse to accept the evidence of a man's own wife and child and will believe yours for the asking."



"Is the young gentleman mad?" he asked. "The young gentleman mad?" he asked. "The young gentleman mad?" he asked. "The young gentleman mad?" he asked. "The young gentleman mad?" he asked.

TO BE CONTINUED. It has been noted that the reluctance of women to tell their age is no peace of modern sensitiveness. It is as old as the hills. In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.