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THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

By FRED WHISAW.

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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 the 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 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. Boris, a detective, is employed, and he decides 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 sees then tells her son that her father had a brother who fell into criminal ways. Boris goes to London for the purpose of bringing back the man who resembles Count Landrinof. Boris interviews a man who endeavors to elude him. He has an interview, and the man agrees to return with him to Russia. Boris and the supposed count return. Boris does not believe that the latter is his father's brother, Andrew Landrinof. The man (Andrew) pretends never to have heard of the count's criminal brother. Andrew is visited by a shabby student. Boris follows the student, who becomes a prospector, and endeavors to escape by crossing a frozen river. The ice breaks, the student falls into the water and is rescued by Boris. Boris demands information of the student, who promises to secure it takes him home and entertains him as a guest. The student admits that he possesses the required information and demands money for it. Boris agrees to pay, and he to accept 5,000 rubles. The student tells him that Andrew is a Siberian prisoner; that he escaped and came to St. Petersburg; that the police were tracking him when a plot was concocted to palm the real Count Landrinof as the escaped prisoner. The plan was successfully carried out and the count was arrested and sent to Siberia. It now becomes a problem how to convince the police of their mistake. Boris interviews the chief of the division who arrested his father, but meets a rebuff. Returning home, Boris finds that the chief has visited his house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THINGS BEGIN TO BUZZ.

Things—as I have taken the liberty to translate Boris's Russian expression—did begin to buzz almost from this moment.

Several exciting and very important events took place during the next few hours, but the chief actor in these, on our side at least, was Boris, and it is his movements that must now be followed for a little while, while I stand aside as a mere narrator.

Boris became the principal actor because he absolutely refused to allow me to have any further dealings with the student. I did not know how to manage the little wretch, he declared, for I treated him as an equal, entitled to consideration and respect, as the best way you can."

"But, my good sir, we are not beginners, you and I. Do you seriously suppose that you would be allowed to take up with such people. The fellow was an outlaw, he had lost his rights to the blessings of citizenship, he was a scavenger cur that came and fed by night upon the offscourings of society. It was ridiculous to treat such an individual like a decent Christian."

"Well, take him in hand," I laughed; "only don't squeeze his 5,000 rubles out of the poor wretch. He came by that fairly enough."

"And so it happened that I retired, for the present, from the front line of the fight, and allowed Boris to carry the colors in my place. Boris lost no time about bearding the wolf. He went straight to the student's room."

"Now," he said, "young man, do you know me?"

"Oh, yes, very well!" laughed the student. "I have heard of your marvellously pretty detective performance in London. You are to be congratulated, Mr. Borofsky."

"Those are to be congratulated who win the game," said Borofsky. "You have earned 5,000 rubles; I hear; so far, then, it is you that are to be congratulated."

"Thank you," said the student. "Reserve the congratulations until I have finished; then the same felicitations will do for the whole of my exploits. I shall pocket another 5,000 tonight!"

my head in order to play it to advantage."

"But I repeat that Andre has confederates besides yourself."

"Find them!" said the student.

"Perhaps! Then there is Andre himself!"

"Oh, your hand is a poor one indeed, my friend! Andre to act as informer upon himself—that is a trump card indeed!"

Borofsky saw that he must change his tactics. The little student clearly intended to brave this matter out. He believed in his monopoly, as he called it.

"You saw the priestaf, I suppose?" said Boris suddenly.

This remark scored heavily.

The student started to his feet; his face grew very pale; he sat down again.

"What priestaf? When?" he gasped.

"The priestaf of the third o'clock, he who arrested the count, at your invitation, last July."

"Why should I have seen him? Where? What are you talking about?"

"Very simply, about the priestaf. He was here today to make inquiries."

"Here, in this house, today, to make inquiries about the arrest? Then that worm, the young count, has betrayed me, curse him! Oh, if I ever get the chance, I'll torture him for this, I'll—"

"My good sir," said Borofsky coolly, "pray be calm. Why all this excitement? You have not been betrayed yet. Your name has not been mentioned—indeed we do not know it: the priestaf is quite unaware of the honor you have done the Count Landrinof by taking up your abode in his mansion. You are quite safe at present. How long you may remain so must depend upon your readiness to oblige."

"Stop! What was the priestaf doing here today? Tell me that first."

"Making inquiries, as I have said. He desires to judge for himself whether Andre is Andre or Count Landrinof, and no doubt by this time Andre has convinced him that he is the latter and worthier of the two."

The student considered awhile; he was very pale. Then he spoke:

"Andre will wonder who told you the story which you have passed over to the priestaf. He may persuade the priestaf that you have lied from beginning to end. If I know Andre, he will have persuaded him so, but Andre will nevertheless wonder from whom the priestaf has heard this story. You did not mention me nor describe me to Andre?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor hint that I was here?"

"Not yet."

The student reflected. He looked very ugly and furious when next he spoke.

"I see your game, curse you!" he said. "You will tell Andre that I am here unless I make over to you certain secrets. Is that it?"

"The matter could not have been more clearly or concisely stated," said Boris genially.

"Are you speaking of this very person, Andre?" he asked at last.

"Certainly. Of whom else?"

"And you suggest that this man, whom we are harboring here among ourselves, is at present engaged in a plot against his majesty?"

"No; I don't suggest it. I assert it."

"Easily, at any moment."

"Why, great heavens, man, there's a fortune in the secret—honor, glory, reward, everything! Do you realize it?"

"There is Siberia in it for such as I," laughed the student. "That or our own president's pistol. There might be re-



Poor Borofsky surprised us by entering the room suddenly and rapidly.

ward for you if you were to reveal the plot in time and thus save the czar. But for me such a course is impossible. I would rather have the certainty of 5,000 rubles from the young count than the chance of ten times as much from the gratitude of the czar. Czars generally contrive to reward the wrong men. Come. Is it a bargain? Five thousand rubles down and the secret yours to do as you like with. A grand opportunity for you, Mr. Borofsky, only, mind you, my money and my passport, and 48 hours' start before you act upon it."

"I think I may promise that Count Boris will reward you handsomely, though, of course, we have the whip hand of you, and might, if we chose, screw your very soul out of you for nothing. Tell me about this conspiracy, and I will advise him to be generous."

"Well, I will trust you. You will be satisfied with my tale. Why do you suppose Andre has come to St. Petersburg? For the pleasure (and risk) of living in this comfortable house and passing among strangers as the Count Landrinof? No, my friend, there would be no solid advantage to balance the tremendous risks. He has come to your house because he finds it a grand center and sanctuary for the quiet hatching of his own eggs. That's all. The man requires a little time to himself and a quiet place, and here he has found both. The plot? Very well. It is aimed against the head of the realm, of course. Between the station Kirilof and Bootief, where the line runs through a forest, is a woodman's cabin. Close to that cabin there is something very wrong with the earth. A careful examination will disclose it."

"I see—a plot to blow up the czar's train. But how is Andre concerned?"

"There are several concerned, but Andre is the head and chief of the affair. The man to ask for on the spot is one Krokof, but he is a desperate sort of character, and it would be as well to be very careful. The ground is determined from the cabin to the very rails; all is finished, and the web waits for the fly. On Friday, unless he should be warned beforehand, the victim will buzz unsuspectingly into it, and, puff, where is the czar? There; that is my secret. If the police will not believe that Andre is Andre and not Count Landrinof when you shall have presented them with your czar, alive and safe, in order to prove the fact, why, then, they are past praying for, and there is no more to be said."

"How is the responsibility for the conspiracy to be brought home to him?" said Boris, thinking aloud rather than asking the question.

"Seize Krokof—let the police seize Krokof! They will soon find out who are his accomplices; they have a way of extracting information from their prisoners which, it is said, is irresistible."

"Well, I think I may say that you have done your best, Mr. Student, to justify your release and perhaps some reward. I will now discuss matters with my friends, and you shall hear the result as soon as possible."

"For the love of heaven, be careful!" cried the student. "I repeat that if Andre were to learn that I am here and in communication with you he would murder me on the spot and then disappear. This would be fatal for your purpose, remember, for the police will assuredly never return your Count Landrinof unless you have another to give them in his place. If he were to murder me, he would disappear. I tell you."

"We must hope for the best, both for you and for ourselves," said Borofsky. "We shall be careful, of course."

It was while Borofsky was repeating to Percy and myself the details of his conversation with the student that a summons came for him from our other guest, Andre.

Borofsky was in the habit of visiting Andre, so that the summons was nothing unusual, but he prepared to obey it, nevertheless, with some little trepidation tonight.

"He will be agitated about the priestaf's visit," he said. "Probably he'll insist upon knowing why we visited the priestaf and where we got our information from."

"Gad," I exclaimed, "that's true. What shall you say, Borofsky?"

"That depends upon what he says," said Borofsky. "I must be discreet and give nothing and no one away; that is the main thing."

"He won't be violent, will he?" suggested Percy. "Hadn't you better pocket a revolver before entering the lion's den; Borofsky!"

"He wouldn't be such a fool as that. It would be a suicidal thing to do. His policy will now be, you'll see, to disappear suddenly while he rouses in us no suspicion of his intentions. He does not know that we know that the priestaf is here today, remember."

"Well, be careful, Borofsky!" said I, warningly. "for the fellow's temper is dangerous. Don't forget the Serpentine!"

Borofsky smiled a wan smile. It was not a pleasant recollection for him.

"I think he'll be mild enough tonight!" he said.

But only half an hour later poor Borofsky surprised us by entering the room suddenly and rapidly, as though pursued, and by closing and locking the door behind him. His tie and collar were disarranged, his shirt front rumpled; he looked, as Percy said afterward, as though he had slept in his clothes and had had a restless night.

Borofsky sank into a chair. He crossed himself and muttered something, a bit of a prayer, in Russian.

"What is it?" we asked in a breath.

"I've been nearly killed," he gasped. "I thought I was dead—he's an awful man! I wouldn't go through that again for a year's salary; the infernal murdering scoundrel!"

"What is it, man?" we both exclaimed once more.

"We must get that little wretch of a student away and pretty quickly," continued Borofsky, ignoring our remark, "or he'll be murdered as sure as fate!"

"Do tell us what has happened, Borofsky," I implored.

"I was quite wrong in supposing that he would play the cunning game. He made no attempt to control his anger. He was at me the instant I came in. He shook me as if I were a rat and he a terrier, curse him! I didn't breathe a full breath for ten minutes. Have you a brandy and soda there, Boris Vladimirovich?"

I supplied the necessary restorative.

"Great heavens!" continued Borofsky. "If I don't set the police on the roge for this and get him safely put away in the mines, I'll never undertake another case. I must tell you about it in a few words, for positively no one in the house is safe with that devil at large, and, as for the student, I wouldn't insure him at cent per cent."

"But surely he doesn't know the student's in the house!" I exclaimed, agast.

"Well, that's what I want to tell you," said Borofsky.

CHAPTER XXX.
UNMASKING THE IMPOSTOR.

Borofsky gulped down his dose and began.

"When I entered that raving maniac's room," he said, "the fellow came straight to me and took me by the shoulders. 'You've given me away to the police, you sneaking bond,' he muttered, and I'm going to kill you for it! Now, what have you to say before I strangle you? Why have you broken faith? Did you not promise that you would keep quiet and not let your tongue wag?"

"Let me breathe, you fool," I gasped, "or how can I speak?"

"He loosened his hold on my collar a little, and I added that I certainly had so promised, but that many things had since happened which had altered the conditions."

"Yes," he said, "you have heard a fool's yarn as to the arrest of Count Landrinof, and so on. I have had a visit from the priestaf, who has told me the whole silly tale. Can you believe this kind of nonsense?"

"Not I," I said, wishing to conciliate him.

"Then why repeat it to the police? You have done no good by it, friend. The priestaf did the wisest thing he could have done and came straight to me. He is now convinced that I am Landrinof and that my wife and son have conspired, for reasons of their own, to get rid of me by means of this clumsy plot. It will not succeed. Meanwhile who is your informant? You invented the tale—is that so?"

"Yes! I said, jumping at a straw, for the man's eyes looked devilish and terrible."

"You liar!" he hissed, tightening his hold again. "Who is your informant? Come; I will know!"

"I could scarcely breathe; I was suffocating. In another moment I must have died."

"The student!" I gasped. He relaxed his hold that instant.

"Ah, that is better—the student!" he repeated. "How did you get hold of the student, and here?"

"Count Boris caught him and squeezed him," I said; "it was not his fault."

"Oh, I don't blame him," he said. "Well, where is this student? I have missed him these days. Well, he is a liar—that is, he has lied to you—but he is useful to me, a kind of Mercury, and I must find him. Come, where is he? His fingers tightened upon my neck. 'Where is he?' he repeated. 'Struggled, but it was useless. He is far stronger than I. I was on the point of strangulation when I told him, but tell him I did. I could not help it. Then he let me come away, and I locked the student in his room and brought away the key—here it is—I could think of nothing better to do. We must spirit him from the house tonight and hide him in some hired lodging. I can get him a passport tomorrow, and he can take a train to Reval and sail to London from there, or—no; Reval is his best way."

"If we can only safely get through this night," I said, my teeth chattering with the excitement into which Borofsky's recital had thrown me. "If we can only get through tonight safely and put the police on to this railway mining

business in the morning, keeping our eye on Andre meanwhile, we shall have the department on our side by the evening. Andre won't be at large long once we tell them about the intended attempt on the czar's life—if they believe us sufficiently to verify the story, that is."

"Yes, and if the student hasn't invented the whole tale!" said Percy.

"We should look pretty foolish if the police went there and found nothing!"

"Go on, Percy, like a dear good chap, and take a room somewhere for the unfortunate little wretch," I suggested, and Percy, as usual, stood not upon the order of his going, but went.

He returned in an hour, having found a lodging for our informant. This was half a mile away, behind the Champs de Mars, in a slummy street whose name I have forgotten. The next thing was to get the student out of the house in safety.

We waited until past midnight before we attempted to make the move. Andre might be on the watch, suspicious of such action as this which we were taking.

At length, however, after much caution and listening and watching of doors, we successfully spirited our man down the corridor and into the grand hall and down to the front entrance, and here old Gregory, the concierge, had a surprise for us.

When we warned him, for the love of heaven, not to mention this fitting to the "count" (should he come down to inquire), Gregory informed us that the "so called count" was not at home. The old man, though requested, for reasons, to call Andre "the count," would never consent to do so when speaking to ourselves; for us there was always the modifying clause "so called." Andre had gone out an hour ago and had not yet returned.

I confess that this information gave me a creepy feeling. It was not pleasant to feel that the murderous scoundrel was at large and perhaps on the watch, suspecting and determined to defeat our machinations. Bah! I have often recalled that horrible sensation; it has formed the backbone of most of my nightmares since that distressing time.

The student was radiant, however. He knew nothing of Borofsky's terrible quarter of an hour with Andre, but he was relieved to be out of the house and rejoiced exceedingly over the prospect of tomorrow's escape, poor wretch, to make a new start in life with a pocketful of money and a clean bill, in the shape of a passport which set him down as some one else.

He informed me during the drive to his new quarters that he had never had a fair chance in life, having been born and bred in penury and among associates who neither knew nor cared to distinguish between that which is commonly called right and that which is commonly called wrong. I dare say his complaint was perfectly true. If so, who is going to blame him for the terrible mess the poor fellow has made of the thing we call "life?"

"The thing we call 'life' in this world amidst shall be unraveled by and by," sings a great poet, and I think he voices what we all feel.

I left the student in a happy and peaceful frame of mind, first extracting a promise from him that he would not venture out until, with passport in hand, he could get out for the "tation tomorrow evening. Borofsky or I, I promised, or Percy should bring him the document as early as possible.

Moreover, he was to receive a second check. I did not grudge this. He had been very useful to us and had run terrible risks, even greater risks than he knew.

Miscellaneous Reading.

COTTON TRADE WITH CHINA.

There is Another Side to Senator Morgan's Enthusiastic Picture.

Springfield Republican.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is talking in the south of the great importance to that section of holding the Philippines as a basis for trade in China and the Orient generally. China is referred to as an inexhaustible market for cotton goods; but what that has to do with the Philippine question we are unable to determine. For the treasury bureau of statistics, by way of illustration, has just called attention to the amazing growth of our export trade to Africa, off whose shores we hold no islands as a "basis" for such trade, and within which we hold no colonies—proving conclusively that islands form in themselves no "basis" for continental trade and that the latter is governed by other factors than the flag and political sovereignty.

Supposing, however, that American possessions in the Philippines will operate in unknown ways to bring the United States into the Chinese market, it might be well for the south to consider whether the makers of cotton mill machinery will not profit more than the makers of cotton goods. For the great feature of the present industrial awakening of the Orient is the establishment there of manufacturing with domestic labor rather than increased dependence upon the manufactured commodities of the western nations.

There is an article in the September Forum on cotton spinning at Shanghai, which is closely to this point. It indicates that the drift of western capital is not to building mills in the South United States or in the North United States or in Great Britain, to supply cotton goods to China, so much as it is to building mills in China to supply that particular demand. There are now five large cotton mills at Shanghai, all more or less under foreign supervision. The most active and best managed of the lot is said to be the Soy Che mill which cost \$700,000, and is as finely equipped as any mill of the kind in the world. The description runs:

The Soy Che runs two shifts, night and day, 22½ hours in all, and employs 2,200 Chinese—men, women and children. The day shift consists of carders, 295; spinners, 495; engine room, 65; and waste pickers, 100. The wages are paid by weekly, and range from 5 to 17 cents a day, according to ability. Most of these workers are rude, country people, who were brought into the mill some two years ago, without manual training and without any knowledge as to what would be required of them. It speaks well for them, however, that the productive capacity of this mill has increased 25 per cent. in one year. The gain has been due mainly to the fact, that the more intelligent operatives have changed from day to piece work. The pickers are mostly women, who are paid by the pound, and earn about five cents a day.

The Chinese will work from 12 to 14 hours a day, and children are hired out at as early an age as the employer will take them. There are no laws concerning hours of labor or Sunday observance, or the employment of children, and the supply of this 5 to 17 cents labor is described as practically inexhaustible.

This does not hold out to the southern cotton mills such vast possibilities of profit as Senator Morgan is picturing. If the lower wage rate of the south tends to draw cotton manufacturing capital from the north, so, it would seem, must the far lower wage rate in China tend to draw the industry away from the south to the Orient, so far as the Oriental market, at least, is concerned. And side by side with the growing manufacturing industry in China, the cultivation of cotton there also seems to be extending. The amount of this production can not be estimated. The Forum writer points out, but "that it is very great is clear from the fact that, in addition to that sold to the foreign mills at Shanghai, Japan takes from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 worth annually; and the consumption of all the Chinese and Japanese mills combined is considerable when compared with the quantity consumed on the domestic looms, in the millions of homes in inland China."

Chinese labor is of course inefficient, in these industries to which it has had no training, as compared with American or English labor, and as it grows in efficiency its wages will rise. But it is inevitable that in the supply of the Chinese market with cotton goods, capital there invested in mills will have a great advantage over capital invested anywhere else in the world. We are not to account this industrial awakening of China as something to be artificially discouraged or as a misfortune to the west. But it may fairly be asked whether it is the part of wisdom to load ourselves up with the costs of large armies of conquest and colonial occupation in order to help along this "yellow peril" to Western labor. Senator Morgan seems to think it is, and when he places his selfish grounds he talks the wildest nonsense ever heard.

OWED HIS DINNER TO A BUGLE.—While the United States steamer Brooklyn is being repaired shore leave is given in turn to batches of sailors. One man, who lives in this city on the East Side and who was allowed to remain with his family for two or three days, invited a shipmate to take dinner with him last Sunday. Unfortunately the shipmate lost the address, and could remember only the name of the street. Reaching the street he wandered up and down, asking every other person he met if he knew the house where a sailor belonging to the

Brooklyn lived. None knew. The man, nonplussed, was about to give up the search, when he observed a youth sitting on a stoop amusing himself with an old battered bugle. A thought struck the sailor.

"Lend me that a minute," he said to the young man, as he grasped the horn. Putting it to his lips he sounded with all his might the dinner call of the Brooklyn. Sure enough, two or three seconds later, from a window not 50 yards away, a head was thrust, and a strong, lusty voice called out: "Ship ahoy! Full speed ahead up here. Mess has been waiting half an hour for you."—New York Tribune.

HOME COMING SOLDIERS.

How It Was in 1865 as Compared With 1899.

From the New York Times.

At a dinner party up-town the other night several former Union soldiers and one ex-Confederate sat down. The latter had ridden with J. E. B. Stuart. He is now "riding" about for a northern concern. The talk turned on the home-coming of military heroes and the southern man said:

"I was asked the other day in Pittsburgh as we watched the welcome of the people to the Tenth Pennsylvania back from the Philippines what sort of reception we Johnny Rebs got when we went home after the civil war. Whipped soldiers are not often required to march in bodies when they go home. The Confederates did not as a whole. They did not in any way so far as I ever heard. They went back in twos, or threes, but often one at a time. You will know some day that the civil war was unlike any other war of history. When the Confederates realized they were whipped they were heartbroken. I am not making any argument for the cause. But you must consider the temperament of a southern man to understand what defeat meant to him."

"You people in the north would have recovered if the north had been whipped. You would have been at Richmond, if we had succeeded, with your Yankee inventions and schemes. You would have got the contracts for the Confederate States public works. You would have had the contracts for building our navy, for making our roads. You would have revived your industries from our coffers. You would have become partners in our commerce. All this would have been characteristic of you."

"With the southern man it was different. He was whipped, but he was sullen. He moped and would not play. You people had the advantage of the play, of course, but you might have given the sulker a show for his white alley if he had shown a disposition to go into his yard. But he barred the gate and scowled at you through a knot-hole. And this trait clung to him for years, and he awoke one morning to find some of you folks in his field, and on his plantation working his soil, while he was starving. Then he quit looking back and went to work. And now when you have a trade with a southern man you do not take advantage of him as you did."

"But just after the surrender he was in no mood to be received. The town from which he had enlisted was in no condition to turn out in welcome and hurrah, even if a regiment had returned, or any body of men. Gentlemen, believe me there was not a healthy hurrah in the whole south after Lee's surrender. It was nothing to brag about for some time before that. Some of us saw the handwriting six months before the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox."

"Your soldiers returned home in companies, battalions and regiments. They were received by the populace, as we are now receiving our returning soldiery from the Philippines, and as we recently received them from Cuba. But the Confederate sneaked back, not because he was ashamed of what he had done, for to this day we are mighty sensitive on that point; but because he had been whipped. It takes a brave man to acknowledge a licking such as you gave us. We acknowledged it all right to you, and at home, but we did not want any hurrah made about it. Our people were in no mood to ring the bells or fire the guns when we went home. A man going into his old home in the night, climbing the back fence and going through the garden, making peace with the dog, knocking at the kitchen door, is not an inspiring spectacle. That's the way most of us went back."

"Very often there were no bells to ring. You Yankees shot them out of the church steeples, or our people had to melt them for ammunition. We were mighty short toward the last. There were few house guns in the south during the war."

"Occasionally a Confederate returned to find his town so battered that he did not know it. He met strange faces in the streets. Familiar landmarks had disappeared. Sometimes he found the foundation of his old home, and it was overgrown with grass. Whole towns disappeared, and communities removed, in some sections of the south during the war."

"I know many ex-Confederates today who were never mustered out. They bunched us and told us to go, and we scattered in every direction. I know a man in my state who is holding a Federal office who never surrendered, and who was never discharged from the Confederate service. No war ever had as many strange situations, as many curious results as that war."

TROUBLE ON THE BORDER.—Census supervisor: "You must have taken the enumeration of the people in that Indian settlement very carelessly. There are certainly many more of them than you have returned."

Census taker: "Sure, I counted two half-breeds as only one Injun."—Chicago Record.



We successfully spirited our man down the corridor.

he have thought matters over and decided to take the safer course of flight? And indeed, we all agreed, he would be none the less discreet in having done so, for verily the net was closing round him, as we hoped and believed it, and he was not the kind of man to remain in a fool's paradise of security when the danger signal had been sounded. We laid our plans carefully for the morrow. We felt that this would be an important day for us and for the great object we had in view—namely, my dear father's justification.

There were three things to be done—first, the student's passport must be begged, borrowed or stolen, and he himself safely dispatched. Secondly, the police must be warned of the devil's work in progress on the railway. We should go straight to the chief of police himself about this and persuade him to wire the depot nearest to the spot to send a party of inspection. Should there prove to be truth in the student's tale, we should have no difficulty in attaining our third and chiefest object—Andre's arrest. Even if he escaped, the authorities would scarcely venture to contest our contention further—namely, that Andre was an impostor and that my poor father was now suffering for another's sins.

TO BE CONTINUED.