

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

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

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

NO. 13.

THE CROSSFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?," "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

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

Philip Strong, a minister, receives two calls, one to a college town, where he may live a quiet, scholarly life, to his liking, the other to a manufacturing town, where he must work to do among the laboring classes. He accepts the more active field. Philip discovers that a number of his wealthy parishioners have property rented for saloons and gambling houses. He interviews one of them and is advised that he had better not stir up any matter. The next Sunday he preaches upon the subject, and Mr. Winter, one of his most prominent parishioners, having property rented for such purposes, rises from his seat and walks out of the church. The next morning Winter calls on the minister and requests what he calls an insult to himself, then, threatening to withdraw his support from the church, retires in high dudgeon. The sermon creates great excitement, and the next Sunday a large crowd attends Philip's church, expecting him, preaching on a different subject entirely. Philip attacks the saloons and gambling houses, and the mob is infuriated. He calls upon his people to join with him in an attempt to exterminate them. Later he leaves his house to visit a sick child, and a man on the opposite side of the street fires two shots at him. Philip has been severely though not mortally wounded. His assassin is arrested, and, at Philip's request, is brought before him, and Philip preaches on the subject of the Sunday question and makes new enemies. Coming home one day he finds his wife in a faint on the floor, a knife stuck into the desk and two anonymous scraps, one of them addressed to the pastor and the other to the preacher's wife. They were warnings to leave the town. The minister's wife begs her husband to leave the town and she will follow, but he prepares to continue the war against the devil there in his own fashion. Philip astonishes his parishioners by proposing to move their church edifice into the tenement district. He speaks to the laboring men, and is informed that a mob is threatening Mr. Winter at his residence. Philip goes to the scene and rescues Mr. Winter from the mob when the poor are in need and is visited by a stranger who asks for food and shelter. He tells his benefactor that he lives too extravagantly for one who preaches against extravagance. Philip calls him "brother Sam." Philip takes the words of the stranger to heart and acts upon them. He requests his congregation to raise a fund to oppose his plan. Philip is again visited by the "Brother Sam," who encourages him. The section of Philip's church, a Sinner, is converted and desires to join the church. Philip presents the name of the sexton to the church committee on admission, and the candidate receives a majority of the votes cast. The sexton is rejected by the church. Philip who has been elected declines to be received into the church on account of the sexton's rejection, informing the members that he is caring for the son of his old master, who is in poverty and sickness. Philip goes to see the sick man and administers the communion. Philip at the evening service throws up his arms, utters a cry and falls backward. He is taken home and recovers. The next day he receives an important letter. It contains an offer of a professorship in the theological seminary at which he has been graduated. He urges him to accept. He tells her that man calls upon him and tells him of a plot to waylay and injure him. The man also assures him of the value of his work he is doing. He decides to remain at Milton. Philip is attacked. He wrestles with his assailant and throws him. The man mistakes him for Mr. Winter, whom he intended to rob, being hungry. Philip takes the would-be robber home and feeds him. Philip gives a series of addresses to the laboring men and thereby disaffects some of his wealthy parishioners. On a home one evening, he finds "Brother or Man," who has found a son in the man who tried to rob Philip.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the Brother Man had finished his prayer, he rose, and, stooping over his son, he kissed him. Then he turned about and faced Philip and Sarah, who almost felt guilty of intrusion in looking at such a scene. But the Brother Man wore a radiant look. To Philip's surprise he was not excited. The same ineffable peace breathed from his entire person. To that peace was now added a faithless joy.

"Yes," he said very simply. "I have found my son which was lost. God is good to me. He is good to all his children. He is the All Father. He is Love."

"Did you know your son was here?" Philip asked.

"No, I found him here. You have saved his life. That was doing as he would."

"It was very little we could do," said Philip, with a sigh. He had seen so much trouble and suffering that day that his soul was sick within him. Yet he welcomed this event in his home. It seemed like a little brightness of heaven on earth.

"I have not seen him for years. He was my youngest son. We quarreled. All that is past. He did not know that to give up all that one has was the will of God. Now he knows. When he is well, we will go away together—yes, together." He spread out his palms in his favorite gesture, with plentiful content in his face and voice.

As spring had blossomed into summer and summer ripened into autumn every one had predicted better times. But the predictions did not bring them. The suffering and sickness and helplessness of the tenement district grew every day more desperate. To Philip it seemed like the ulcer of Milton. All the surface remedies proposed and adopted by the city council and the churches and the benevolent societies had not touched the problem. The mills were going on part time. Thousands of men yet lingered in the place hoping to get work. Even if the mills had been running as usual that would not have diminished one particle of the sin and vice and drunkenness that saturated the place. And as Philip studied the matter with brain and soul he came to a conclusion regarding the duty of the church. He did not pretend to go beyond that, but as the weeks went by and fall came on and another winter stared the people coldly in the face he knew that he must speak out what burned in him.

He had been a year in Milton. Every month of that year had impressed him

with the deep and apparently hopeless chasm that yawned between the working world and the church. There was no point of contact. One was suspicious, the other was indifferent. Something was radically wrong, and something radically positive and Christian must be done to right the condition that faced the churches of Milton. That was in his soul as he went his way like one of the old prophets, imbued with the love of God as he saw it in the heart of Christ. With infinite longing he yearned to bring the church to a sense of her great power and opportunity. So matters had finally drawn to a point in the month of November. The Brother Man had come in October. The sick man recovered slowly. Philip and his wife found room for the father and son and shared with them what comfort they had. It should be said that after moving out of the parsonage into his house in the tenement district Philip had more than given the extra thousand dollars the church insisted on paying him. The demands on him were so urgent, the perfect impossibility of providing men with work and so relieving them had been such a bar to giving help in that direction, that out of sheer necessity, as it seemed to him, Philip had given fully half of the thousand dollars reserved for his own salary. His entire expenses were reduced to the smallest possible amount. Everything above that went where it was absolutely needed. He was literally sharing what he had with the people who did not have anything. It seemed to him that he could not consistently do anything less in view of what he had preached and intended to preach.

One evening in the middle of the month he was invited to a social gathering at the house of Mr. Winter. The mill owner had of late been experiencing a revolution of thought. His attitude toward Philip had grown more and more friendly.

It was a gathering of personal friends of Mr. Winter, including some of the church people. The moment that Philip stepped into the spacious hall and caught a glimpse of the furnishings of the rooms beyond, the contrast between all the comfort and brightness of this house and the last place he had visited in the tenement district smote him with a sense of pain. He drove it back and blamed himself with an inward reproach that he was growing narrow and could think of only one idea.

He could not remember just what brought up the subject, but some one during the evening, which was passed in conversation and music, mentioned the rumor going about of increased disturbance in the lower part of the town and carelessly wanted to know if the paper did not exaggerate the facts. Some one turned to Philip and asked him about it as the one best informed. He did not know how long he talked. He knew there was a great hush when he had ended. Then before any one could dance, the stream of thought of some young woman in the music room who had not known what was going on began to stir to a new instrumental variation "Home, Sweet Home." Coming as it did after Philip's vivid description of the tenements, it seemed like a sob of despair or a mocking hypocrisy. He drew back into one of the smaller rooms and began to look over some art prints on a table. As he stood there, again blaming himself for his impetuous breach of society etiquette in almost preaching on such an occasion, Mr. Winter came in and said:

"It does not seem possible that such a state of affairs exists as you describe, Mr. Strong. Are you sure you do not exaggerate?"

"Exaggerate? Mr. Winter, you have pardoned my little sermon here to-night, I know. It was forced on me. But— He choked, and then, with an energy that was all the stronger for being repressed, he said, turning full toward the mill owner: "Mr. Winter, will you go with me and look at things for yourself? In the name of Christ will you see what humanity is sinning and suffering not more than a mile from this home of yours?"

Mr. Winter hesitated and then said: "Yes, I'll go. When?"

"Say tomorrow night. Come down to my house early, and we will start from there."

When Mr. Winter came down the next evening, Philip asked him to come in and wait a few minutes, as he was detained in his study room by a caller. The mill owner sat down and visited with Mrs. Strong a little while. Finally she was called into the other room, and Mr. Winter was left alone. The door into the sick man's room was partly open, and he could not help hearing the conversation between the Brother Man and his son. Something that was said made him curious, and when Philip came down he asked him a question concerning his strange boarder.

"Come in and see him," said Philip.

He brought Mr. Winter into the little room and introduced him to the patient. He was able to sit up now. At mention of Mr. Winter's name he flushed and trembled. It then occurred to Philip for the first time that it was the mill owner that his assailant that night had intended to waylay and rob.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIGHTING LEADERS OF THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY SINCLAIR HOLMES.

The officers who are now leading the British force in South Africa against the Boers are the pick of the army list. It is quite true that the first divisions sent out were commanded by men who were better known as "war office pets" than as fighting leaders.



GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

But there has been a change of policy since Magersfontein and Modder River. In the early days of the war the British spoke of "the expedition" which they were sending to the Transvaal. That was when Buller was talking about eating Christmas dinner in Pretoria. The English have ceased to refer to the war as "an expedition"; also they have summoned their best fighting leaders and sent them to the front.

Fine looking leaders these men are, too, each and every one with his reputation, his title and his glittering medals. Alas, many of them have left only their titles and their medals! Their reputations, won in India for the most part, lie buried along the borders of the Boer republics.

In sending Lord Roberts, the hero of India, and Lord Kitchener, the hero of the latest Sudan campaign, the British war office admitted the gravity of the situation. Lord Roberts has reached the verge of threescore and ten, and it was supposed that he had done his work. A year ago the suggestion that

inasmuch as Lord Roberts, with characteristic modesty, refrains from giving any description in his book as to how he won his Victoria cross, the only reference to the matter being a brief mention in a footnote of three lines to the effect that it had been awarded to him, it may be just as well to state that it was conferred upon him not for one, but for several, feats of conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Khodagange, during the mutiny. In one instance he rescued a regimental flag from several sepoy, attacking them single handed and cutting two of them down, the others taking to flight. On the same day he rescued a wounded native officer from several sepoy, killing one of the latter on the spot by a sweep of the saber, which split the man's skull.

What has won for him more fame, however, than anything else was his march to Kandahar. He had captured Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, after the massacre of the English envoy there, Sir Louis Cavagnari, when news was suddenly brought to him of the crushing defeat of General Buller at Malwand, the routed forces, which had lost their guns, being compelled to take refuge in Kandahar, where they were besieged by Ayub Khan.

Without a moment's hesitation Lord Roberts started with a force of 10,000 men from Kabul to relieve Kandahar.

That was when Buller was fighting the Zulus. He has found the Boers a very different proposition. Early in his career he won favor with Lord Wolseley. This was during the China war of 1860. He also took part in the Red river expedition and was chief of staff in the Gordon relief expedition of 1884. But whatever prestige he ever had has been sadly diminished.

General Methuen's reputation, which went down in that catastrophe on the Modder river, was, it might almost be said, a heritage. He comes of a distinguished family of soldiers and diplomats. As the heir to a peerage it was a comparatively easy matter for him to gain promotion when he went in for an army career. His active service consisted of a few months during the Boerunald campaign, when he



GENERAL METHUEN.

For the space of three weeks this expedition disappeared entirely from human ken. At length it emerged from the trackless and, for the most part, waterless regions between Kabul and Kandahar and under the walls of the latter city fought a battle and won a brilliant victory, inflicting a crushing defeat upon the Afghans.

This is not the first time that Lord Roberts has been ordered out to South Africa. He was assigned to the chief command there after Majuba Hill, but on reaching the Cape found that the Gladstone government had in the meantime concluded peace with the Boers.

In many ways the direct antithesis of Lord Roberts is General Horatio Herbert Kitchener, lord of Khartoum, who is second in command. He is more than six feet in height for one thing. His reputation has been won



GENERAL KITCHENER.

in the affairs of the empire could reach such a grave crisis as to bring him from practical retirement would have been laughed at as absurd. Yet such a crisis has occurred, and Lord Roberts is again in harness.

"Boys," as he is affectionately called, is the idol of the nation. At the queen's jubilee, when he was in the procession to St. Paul's, he received almost as much of an ovation as did the aged queen herself. He is a soldier's officer. His very name inspires Tommy Atkins to deeds of valor.

This man, who was selected from a list of eight field marshals and 14 full fledged generals and has been sent to save the destiny of the British empire in South Africa, is a small, tanned, wiry, withered up little man of about five feet in the perpendicular, and he weighs but little over 100 pounds. His full name is Frederick Sleigh Roberts.

Like so many English officers, Lord Roberts may be said to have laid the foundation for his military career on the cricket fields of Eton and at 19

the Boers only those who have recently arrived have succeeded in preserving the reputations which they took with them to the lower end of the dark continent. When General Sir Redvers Buller was sent to take command, great things were expected of him, and, if he has been reported correctly,



GENERAL BULLER.

he expected great things of himself. But England's confidence in Buller has been shaken.

General Buller was known prior to recent events as one of the fighting aristocrats. He gained the Victoria cross and most of his reputation by fighting the Zulus. He has found the Boers a very different proposition. Early in his career he won favor with Lord Wolseley. This was during the China war of 1860. He also took part in the Red river expedition and was chief of staff in the Gordon relief expedition of 1884. But whatever prestige he ever had has been sadly diminished.

General Methuen's reputation, which went down in that catastrophe on the Modder river, was, it might almost be said, a heritage. He comes of a distinguished family of soldiers and diplomats. As the heir to a peerage it was a comparatively easy matter for him to gain promotion when he went in for an army career. His active service consisted of a few months during the Boerunald campaign, when he



GENERAL KELLY-KENNY.

commanded a cavalry force which he organized himself and which was known as Methuen's Light Horse.

General William Forbes Gatacre, who met his Waterloo at Stormberg, has seen service in India. He also served under Kitchener in the Sudan.

General Gatacre was born in 1843 and entered the army when he was 19. From 1875 to 1879 he was instructor in surveying at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; quartermaster general at Aldershot during the following year, and military secretary to the commander in chief at Bombay in 1881.

General Kelly-Kenny, is having his first experience in South Africa. He served in China and in Abyssinia.

General Sir Charles Warren, whose name will henceforth be associated with the disaster at Spion Kop, was expected to be an invaluable assistant to Buller, for he had the reputation of knowing South Africa as well as any



GENERAL WARREN.

Boer. He served there against the Kafirs and as a member of the Royal engineers surveyed the new boundaries of Grikaland West when that territory was taken from the Orange Free State.

Such are the leaders who are conducting the campaign against the Boers.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FARM STATISTICS.

The Census Department Gives Out Information As to What Is Wanted.

The following advance instructions with reference to agricultural statistics have been received from the census department for promulgation.

1. The first really valuable census of agriculture in the United States was taken in 1850, of the crops of 1849. The next enumeration of agriculture will be taken in June, 1900, of the products of 1899.
2. Instead of recording several farms on one schedule in the twelfth census, as heretofore, each farm will be accorded a separate blank, the entries on which will not be known to any save sworn officers of the department. No names will be published in connection with information secured from the people.
3. Tax assessors, collectors, and equalizers cannot serve as enumerators, or have access to the census returns, or to the information therein contained.
4. There are more than 5,000,000 farms, plantations, ranches, stock ranges, and market gardens in the United States, all of which, for census purposes, will be designated as "farms."
5. A "farm" is all the land cultivated or held for agricultural purposes under one management whether in a single body or separate parcels.
6. The enumerator will ask for the size and value of each farm, the value of buildings, and the aggregate value of all machinery, implements, vehicles, harness, etc., used thereon; and the amount of land owned and leased, respectively, by said occupant.
7. He will also ask for the acreage and value of each crop, and the acreage of improved, unimproved, and irrigated lands.
8. The designation "each crop" includes all grains, cotton, corn, rice, sugar cane, sugar beets, sorghum, hay, clover, wild grasses, gathered forage, flax, hemp, hops, peanuts, tobacco, nuts, tropical fruits, small fruits, orchard fruits, nursery and greenhouse stock, broom corn, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes and yams, all vegetables, including the product of all family, truck, and market gardens, etc.; also new or unusual crops, when found.
9. The enumerator will ask for the number and value of the live stock on the farms June 1, 1900, which will be reported under a number of heads, such as horses, colts, mules, asses, cows, heifers, steers, calves, bulls, ewes, rams, lambs, swine, goats, chickens (including guinea fow), turkeys, geese, ducks, bees, etc.
10. He will also ask for the quantity and value of milk, cream, butter, cheese, raisins, prunes, molasses, syrup, sugar, eggs, beeswax, honey, wool, wine, cider, vinegar, dried and evaporated fruits, forest products, poultry and meat products, and, generally, all articles made at home, or for the home, from farm materials in 1899.
11. If a person who moves from a farm between the end of the crop year 1899 and June 1, 1900, will leave a written record of the products and crops of that farm for 1899 where it will reach the appropriate enumerator, the statistics of his operations for that year will not be lost. He will be required to give the enumerator of the district in which he lives on June 1, 1900, the acreage, value, buildings, machinery, implements and livestock of the farm he then occupies.
12. If every farmer will begin at once to prepare a careful record of the facts which the enumerator will be instructed to record in June, 1900, he will save time for himself and the officer, and insure more accurate returns to the government.
13. The twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1901. Therefore, the pending census will afford to future generations a measure of the strength and condition of the United States at the threshold of the new hundred-year cycle. For that reason everyone should take an active interest in making it as nearly perfect as possible. If each farmer will make his own report perfect, the aggregated report for every community, and for the nation, will be perfect.

SPION KOP.

Description of the Hill That Warren Took From the Boers.

Spion Kop, the new Majuba hill, is a rugged mountain crest of about 4,900 feet elevation, and nearly 14 miles south and a little west of Ladysmith. General Buller described it as a "barren and open slope, the ridges so steep that guns cannot be placed upon them." It is one of innumerable kops or plateaus peaking high between the Tugela river and Ladysmith, and is as formidable as a place of defense as the first eastern ridges of the Rocky Mountains would be. Old Majuba hill, where Sir George Colley fell before the Boers in 1851, is nearly 8,000 feet high; but Spion Kop is high enough to have served the purpose of the Boers well this time. Near it, crowned by Boer batteries, are half a dozen other kops, all higher than the one General Warren scaled only to be defeated. Some of them are 4,700 feet in elevation, others 4,800 feet and 4,900 feet. Guns mounted upon them, properly depressed, would sweep Spion Kop so that nothing living could remain upon its summit. Between the kops are ragged ravines, affording fine retreats for Boer riflemen, whose duty it would be to harass a retreating enemy. The rocks are rough, difficult to climb over and unprotected by tree or bush. From the Tugela river to Dewdrop, where the main body of the Boers await the coming of General Buller, is a constant rise of land—land such as English soldiers never even saw in Afghanistan, land that blisters with heat by day and is dangerously chill at night. The to-

tal climb before the English to Ladysmith is over 4,000 feet, and the way is strewn with hostile guns. It is a superb spot for the use of artillery in resisting attack, and of this fact the Boers appear to be aware. They themselves have calculated, according to press dispatches, that if General Buller had 100,000 men at his command he might gain these kops and enter Ladysmith by the end of three months and at a sacrifice of 10,000 lives. The new Majuba will be remembered.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SHOOTING OUT THE LIGHTS.

An Occasion When the Old Ranchman Saw the Trick Done.

"According to western stories," said a former ranchman, "one of the favorite amusements of frontier desperadoes is 'shooting out the lights.' I never saw it done but once, but the incident made sufficient impression on my mind to last me for life. It was at Benton, a small camp on the old 'Stake Plain' trail, in northeastern New Mexico. I was staying there over night with a couple of cattlemen, and we naturally gravitated to the only resort in town, a sort of combination of bar and gambling house, in a rough one story building, containing a good sized single room.

"The bar was on one side, and on the other were two or three 'Mexican monte' tables, over each of which were several large coal oil lamps in wall brackets. In the center of the place was a chandelier containing three more, altogether giving a good deal of light. We were sitting at one side smoking and talking, when in rushed half a dozen drunken cowboys, headed by a well known ranchman named Bill Wells.

"The crowd were out for excitement and didn't care how they got it. They took several drinks and then clustered around one of the monte tables. In a few moments Wells insisted upon making a bet over the limit, to which the dealer objected. 'If you don't turn for that bet, I'll shoot out your blankets blank lights!' bawled the ranchman. 'The limit is fifty dollars,' said the Mexican dealer, and the words were no sooner out of his mouth than Wells and his gang pulled their six shooters and began blazing away at the lamps.

"About 25 or 30 shots were fired, and almost at the outset the place was in complete darkness. Of course there was a stampee, but I remember being surprised that I had heard no crash of glass. Half an hour later I went back and found the place lit up as brightly as ever. Wells and his cowboys having been taken away by friends. The roof was full of holes, but not a single lamp had been hit. What had put them out was the concussion of the shots in a confined space."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PECULIAR SPIDER.

He Catches Birds as Big as Larks in His Mammoth Web.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes 10 or 12 feet, and, riding quickly in the early morning, you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right in the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noting the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many infrequent dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A HABIT.

The lawyer asked the witness if an incident previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.

"Oh, come," said the attorney. "Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?"

"An accident," was the stolid reply.

"Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out and again should find yourself not injured. Now, what would you call that?"

"A coincidence," said the witness.

"Oh, come, now," the lawyer began again. "I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out and struck your head on the pavement 20 stories below and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?"

"Three times?" said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. "Well, I'd call that a habit."

And the lawyer gave it up.