

ESTABLISHED 1855.

LOVE FINDS

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BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

NO. 25.

YORKVILLE. S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1900.

young face bent over her mother's bed. done with it all-this fuming and fret-She turned comforter. "Yes, she knows better now. You nature, at least not here below. I hope poor little girl-to think I should have she is now. I've told you all I know.

fallen so dead asleep that she could Olivia." leave the house without my knowing Olivia was standing, with meekly it! I begin to suspect that she has folded hands, looking down upon the been deceiving me for a long time. dead woman. How strange it all was! You know the in-people in her fix are | Less than 12 hours ago that quiet

form had quivered with passion as it dreadfully sly. I did not know she had been out of the house for years. I can't towered over her father's sickbed, and beg your pardon often enough for let- those sealed lips had hurled terrible ting her worry Mr. Matthews. I knew accusations at him almost with their she had a sort of unreasoning grudge last activity. Now, if she should offer against him. Sometimes, you know, up her own vigorous young life in ex-SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS. er meant about finding and losing padear, they-I might as well out with change for a single word she could not purchase it. it," she added in a sort of desperation, "Yes," she said slowly, "she looks as "insane folks often pick out their best

friends to vilify." "I know, I know. More than once has she left you asleep and wandered out into the night. I heard her tell about it last night. Oh, if she had only lived long enough to tell me someask."

thing more about those papers! Why cannot I get her dreadful words out of my head?" Miss Malvina turned her tear dimmed eyes away from the dead old face to the pallid young one with startling

tion?

nn ordeal."

was searching.

be praying."

ing devotions."

"Papers! What papers?" Olivia stooped and kissed the plain

"Oh, it seems such a monstrous thing to come here and accuse her of cruelty when she cannot say a word in self defense! But, then, no more could father last night. She said that somebody had brought her some papers that she meant to keep until Tom came

said that she could not look for them in the daytime because you watched her so closely." Here the poor child dropped on her knees and clasped her trembling hands upon Miss Malvina's "Oh, what dreadful things she lap. said to papa about those papers! Find them for me, Malvina. Help me to

motherly embrace. "Too late for what, my poor little Ollie?"

me what to-do-with them." "My child, Olivia, there are no papers. Believe me, it was all the fancy

queer for a long time back. I have known it for a year or two. How could there be any papers of importance to any one in this little cabin and I not know about them? Forget what you heard her say, my child. Let it go for naught. As you say, she knows

Olivia got up on her feet, and, folding her hands tightly upon her breast, she looked down on Miss Malvina with an inexorable purpose in her sad eyes. "I wish I could let it go for naught, but I cannot. I know there were some

Miscellaneous Reading. ting. I mean. Mother's wasn't a happy THE NEXT COTTON CROP.

few words.

Editor of The Yorkville Enquirer: Allow me space in your paper to vain ; but I will, nevertheless, write a on that day.

If there ever was a time when the farmers needed to exercise good, sound judgment in planning to plant their crop, that time is now. We have just if she had found rest. I would give pas ed through a hard year, and we Williams for appellants ; Messrs. With-

my life, though, to bring her back to desire, of course, to make the most auswer me one question. There would we possibly can out of this year's be no guesswork about it now. She crop; but that don't mean we must knows, and, O dear Lord, I want to plant a large cotton crop. It is an know! Just one question I want to undisputed fact that an oversupply of Career of Turkey's Most Famous General

any article lowers the price. And The Siege of Plevna. it is equally true that when the From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. With a touch of exhausted patience

demand is greater than the supply, Miss Malvina asked, "And the quesprices rise. This latter fact was clear- which we publish in another column, ly demonstrated by last year's short announces in that city the death, yes-

"Where are those papers?" "How should she know, child? What that the short crop is what raised the Turkey's modern generals. would she be doing with papers that belonged to your father or to Thomas price to 9 and 10 cents. The con-Broxton? She spent her whole waking sumer is wanting cotton and can't get some date between 1830 and 1835, and time in that big chair. I never will be able to look at it without bringing her when the supply is greater than the try, by his gallant struggle against an back. How could she have found any

papers? And, if she had, she would price. have turned them over to the person present time; but the impression has and next, the town of Plevna, naturalthey belonged to. Mother was too hongone out to the effect that there will be an increase in the acreage, corrobo-rated by the heavy fertilizer receipts, est to trick her worst enemy. If I sound peevish and cross, child, bear in mind, that I, too, have gone through

Quick gasp of excitement. She was too absorbed in the terrible mystery she absorbed in the terrible mystery she absorbed in the terrible mystery she absorbed in the terrible mystery and the cents for cotton next fall. The terrible mystery she absorbed in the terrible mystery she absorbed mystery sh

of the tired look on the plain face she "Ah, something else comes back to me! I feel like some one who has had have it in their power, to an extent at made a similar assault two or three

a clew put into his hands, but it is so frail and delicate he is afraid to strain it for fear of losing it forever. It comes back to me when you speak of But an avenue to the price of cotton; and we have been controlling it. We brought it down to 5 cents too. How?

comes back to me when you speak of By an overproduction. It is much that chair. I remember one day-it better to put two bales on the market dashing General Skobeleff as his chief was long before my garden party-I at 8 cents, than four bales at 4 cents. of staff, uext appeared against Plevna, came here to see you about something. Why not make less and get more for with a fresh army of 80,000 men. Os-You were not here, and I was afraid of it? Don't increase your cotton acre- man's army having in the meantime carried about in the arms of his politi-You were not here, and I was afraid of her. I have been afraid of her ever since I was a little child. I drew back when I saw you were not in the room and waited on the porch for you. "Mother' Spillman was down on her knees before that big chair acting so queerly. I thought at first she might he provide the porce is systematically. We stand in our the rest night or day; but in sortie after sortie he successfully resist every attack of her successfully resist every a

"Which I don't doubt she was," said Miss Malvina coldly. "She was very devout. Mother prayed a great deal. I expect you disturbed her at her morn-"I don't think I disturbed her," said

ity that lies out before the farmer, and ning of October sent to the grand papers lost, because I distinctly re-member father asking you if you had seen any the night of Colonel Brox-ton's death. I know he could not wrong "'atting the chair? Mother some

was not unlawful. The unauthorized act of Brice, in At a meeting the day or night before signing the agreement in question, fur- the shooting it was all agreed upon, so Farmers Are Able to Control It if They nishes no ground for interference with it is said, that the leading spirits in the Miss McGill's acceptance and release. plot left Frankfort, going in every di-

on September 1, 1896, were to be con- sassin and his aids to complete the say a few words to the farmers of York sidered as filed on time, under the work which subsequent events proved county in regard to the next cotton terms of the deed of assignment, is not was done only too well. Important crop. I will, no doubt, write all in properly before the supreme court, for evidence is being brought to light the reason that no releases were filed every day by piecemeal, and it is be-Judgment below reversed and com

plaint dismissed. Opinion by Mr. Justice Jones. Filed March 19. Messrs. D. E. Finley and T. Y.

erspoon & Spencer for respondent. OSMAN PASHA.

A dispatch from Constantinople, crop, for there is no denying the fact terday, of Osman Pasha, the ablest of

Osman was born in Asia Minor at demand, the consumer buys at his own overpowering force of Russians in Bulgaria in 1877. In the Russo-Turk-Cotton is bringing 9 cents at the ish war which was waged that year and has already had its effect on the sian general, Schuldner, who, with an market, and if we run this year's crop army of 120,000 men, had crossed the high political honors are concerned, quick gasp of excitement. She was too up to the 12,000,000 bale mark, it will Danube and was marching on Con-Look what one short crop done. Raised the price from 5 to 10 cents. Why not keep it there? The farmers superceeded by Krudener. Krudener

> own light by going on in this loose and the Russians, but in sortie after sortie be re-elected to succeed himself to the careless manner. I am practically an inexperienced farmer. I am only a beginner; but I was raised on the form and have observed and studied not have the set as a that it did form and have observed and studied not have the set as a that it did in the gubernatorial race and that have farm, and have observed and studied not have the easy task before it which should permit all of the aspirants to the great field of progress and prosper- it had anticipated, and at the begin-

such creditors as should accept their which the shot was to be fired, as the dividends in discharge of their claims, assassin could not be induced to fire from a point where he could be seen. Miss McGill's acceptance and release. plot left Frankfort, going in every di-The question whether releases filed rection, but leaving behind the real aslieved the chain will soon be complete.

TILLMAN AND THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Rumored That the Senator Desires to Name McSweeney's Successor.

The Manning Times, edited by Senator Appelt, has the following editorial in its last issue concerning a rumor that Senator Tillman is taking a hand in the gubernatorial contest:

"There is a rumor floating about the tate that Senator Tillman is the main influence which inspires Hon. Frank B. Gary's candidacy for gubernatorial honors. Whether there is any foundation for the rumor we do not know, and hope it is not true. We do know that Senator Tillman is very friendly to the Gary family and he has manifested that friendship in many ways." He made the mistake of his political life when he undertook to save John Gary Evans from defeat. That was not his judgment; but he permitted his name to be affixed to the circular, entirely from a spirit of friendliness to the Gary family. We doubt exceedingly if there is

a member of that family who would have been heard from at all, as far as remote, have been, and are now, filling prominent positions, both of honor and emoluments. We think it high time and very proper, after such a long and careful training, that Senator Tillman turn his proteges loose, and let them take their chances without his aid. If Colonel Gary, a most excellent gentleman, wants to be governor, he should come forth and present his claims to the people. He should not wait to be

UNKEPT PROMISES.

paddle their own canoes."

How Hopes Were Created and What Be-Canadian Baptist. A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was up farmers! Don't plant the whole of now reduced to 42,000 men, driven on a sheet of paper which he held in thereto by lack of food and ammuni- his hand. "You seem to be much interested in your writing ?" I said.

In order that new readers of THE EN-QUIRER may begin with the following in-stallment 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: Tom Broxton comes to Broxton Hall stallment of this solor, and universal in just the same as though they have read in all from othe beginning, we here is a synopsi of the bosh of it which has all addy containing we here is a second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to have the addy contained to the second time. They from college, having been summoned to add lides the papers which have been lost. He does not find it, but Jimmy Marin, a grademer, soon after brings its of Mother' Spillman, She piedges Marini to for add and mong them an unfin-ished letter from his father to hist the papers contained the superiority of his imported Hol-the rough ground glass doors he sees a fig-gre tampering with the papers. Approach for how for a seal ing worn on the frage gradue and and the for a garden part for a garden part for grave sthe graduated at college, that gland for a seal for garden part for grave sthe graduated at college, the stather being graduated at college, the stather being graduated at college, the stather being graduated at college, the add corrise her into the house. She sin otsevered inducting these series for the stather being graduated at college, the suddenness.

face impulsively.

back, but that she had lost them. She

find them before it is too late." Miss Malvina gathered her into a

"Before father-goes-and cannot tell

of a disordered brain. Mother was

better now."

air of decorous repose about the entire room which smote upon Olivia's nerves ominously. The door to the adjoining

CHAPTER XIV.

The next day's sun had run its

course, its last friendly service being to gild with transient glory the topmost branches of the ancient cedars that flanked the front gate of the Matthews cottage on either side. They were wrapt in twilight gloom when Olivia opened the gate between them and stood staring down the road with unseeing eyes. Dr. Govan had just passed out of sight. He had spent nearly the whole day with her father. She had been rigidly excluded from the sickroom. They had broken her heart by telling her that it was her father's wish.

"Her distress was agitating to the patient," the old doctor had said, with paternal kindness, adding, "Since you can do no good in there, my dear," with a grave nod toward the sickroom, "you had better brace yourself by a long walk."

She had listened to him restlessly, with a haggard look in her childish eyes, which had great black rings around them.

"Will father ever speak again, Dr. Govan?" she asked sharply.

"Speak again? Oh, yes! He has spoken. I promise you he shall scold you roundly for those white cheeks and staring eyes before bedtime."

She waved one hand impatiently. "He must speak, doctor. There is something he must tell me before-before"- She gasped and added in a choked voice, "Did Clarence tell you?" "About that old lunatic's visit last

night? Of course he did. I saw her today. She is properly punished, poor old imbecile-not punished, for she did not know what she was about. She's about done for herself, coming up here in those thin house shoes. Malvina is pretty well broken up about it all."

Ollie moved up very close to the old man and put her clasped hands on his heart as she said pleadingly, "She is a lunatic, isn't she. Dr. Govan?" "Mad as a March hare."

"And nobody ever thinks of believing what lunatics say, do they, Dr. Govan?"

"Not unless they are a little touched themselves."

He had no difficulty in tracing her meaning. It was a piteous plea for faith in her father. Westover had told him of the scene he had invaded without revealing his own part in the proceeding. But, knowing as well as he had no difficulty in supplying the details.

"Poor papa-to think of my not protecting him better!"

Dr. Govan pushed her gently toward are working yourself up into a condition of absolute uselessness."

become useless while father needs me. I will go for a walk."

"That's right. You are a good child. See that your walk means something. I will be back about,10."

under the gloomy cedars through the pardon and mine too. She knows now smart, highly ornamented gate into the | that my dear father did not ruin turned her face westward. She was her now. I have forgiven her." going to the Spillman cottage. Miss Miss Malvina forgot her own be-

room was ajar. A dim light shone through it. Perhaps she would find them in there. Of course she would. Dr. Govan had said "Mother" Spillman was sick. She had forgotten it. Malvina." With considerate caution she made

her way toward the light. She did not want to disturb "the poor old lunatic," but she must have speech with Miss Malvina. She could not rest that night without it. Yes, she found them in there, mother and daughter, the one quiet, motionless, at rest, with her long, gaunt hands lying stretched peacefully upon the white coverlet, the other sitting by the bedside weeping in noiseless resignation to the expected,

weeping for her dead. Olivia swept swiftly forward and laid a hand on Miss Malvina's arm. "Is she sick? Is she asleep?" "She is dead," said Malvina quietly.

'She went very peacefully just five minutes ago." The lonely woman lifted her dull red

eyes to Olivia's. The girl felt a quick rush of sympathy. She wound her arms about the mourner.

"Dead, and you here alone!" Miss Malvina turned and smoothed

the thin gray hairs back from the marble cold face on the pillows. "I'd rather have had it so," she said.

'I wanted nobody about. Poor dear! She has not been herself for so long. She talked queerly sometimes, and 1 wanted no gossips about." Olivia bowed her head in sad comprehension. "You mean about my fa-

ther." She stood resting one hand on



"My child, Olivia, there are no papers." Miss Malvina's shoulder, her eyes fixed upon the dead woman's face. She did did the old woman's mania, the doctor not catch her friend's look of startled astonishment. Her voice was drearily calm.

"Yes, I know. It is very good of you. It is just like you not to want anybody to know how she talked about father. the door. "There, there, child, go. You She said such dreadful things to him last night."

"Mother up to your house last night! "Oh, that will never do! I must not My dear, you must have dreamed it." "Oh, no! I wish I had! I wish I

had! But she was up there. I cannot tell you what she said to papa. I thought then I could never forgive her. but she knows better now, and I ex-

Passing swiftly and resolutely from pect if she could she would ask his broad public road, with its fringe of Thomas Broxton. She knows that he bly earnest sort. I used to tell her she grass and weeds, gray with dust, she is a good and true man. I can forgive must have some of the blood of the old Malvina must tell her what her moth- reavement in pity for the desolate dear! How glad she must be to have

times got very fervent in prayer." any one purposely, but losing those "Oh, now I can see you are getting

papers may have put him in a wrong position. Help me to find them, Miss vina-my father may soon be as your Miss Malvina fell back upon her only line of defense. "Mother was queer,

Ollie. That was the reason I have shut our door to all the neighbors of late. She did not know what she was talking about. There are"-Olivia interrupted her impatiently.

"But did you never hear her speak of those lost papers-of her finding them, I mean?" "Never."

"Nor any one else? Father? Don't you remember that morning after Colonel Broxton died?" A subtle change swept over Miss

Malvina's plain face. A frightened look came into her eyes. "Think, Miss Malvina. Try to re-

member. And-ah, do tell me the truth, the whole truth, no matter how sorry you may feel for me. I can stand more than you think I can. But I shall never know what peace is until

my mind is relieved about those papers." Thus adjured, Miss Malvina made a

reluctant confession. "I will relieve your mind as far as

lies in my power. Ollie, if you will only try to stop worrying over what can't be cured. I was standing at our front gate the night the colonel died, hoping somebody would happen by that I

could question about him. When I heard a horseman coming, I rushed out into the road with very inconsiderate speed. I frightened your father's horse, and he dropped his bag. 1 picked it up myself and handed it back

to him." "He told me the next day-you remember, it was when you brought him in your phaeton-that he missed some papers and thought they might have dropped out when he let his bag fall." "All of which." said Olivia stonily,

"goes to prove that some papers were lost." "Yes, but of course he found them again. He said that morning that he presumed he must have left them in the study at the Hall, but it did not matter much. They could not have

been very important." "But Mrs. Spillman-where does she come into your story?"

"I told her when I went back into the know, and, being queer already, she got a twist in her head about those papers, I suppose, which there is no use trying to account for." "But she was so terribly in earnest

last night, Miss Malvina. There must have been something more than imagination in It all. But there, now. That sounds as if I were helping her to cast

discredit on father." Miss Malvina sighed wearily and turned her eyes toward the cold, still form on the bed. There was a note of pride in her voice when she said: "Mother was always one of the terri-Covenanters in her veins. Mother burnt out. She didn't rust out. Poor

angry with me! Think of it, Miss Mal-

mother is now. When they meet up yonder, she will know him as he is. All mistakes, all doubts, will be set to rest forever for them. But for me-oh, hel, me to find those papers before he leaves me! I must have them!"

Sobs shook the tired young frame, and Miss Malvina's rising resentment was swept away on the tide of returning pity. She got up and put loving

arms about the weeping girl. "Olivia, don't you think, for my sake and yours, too, all this wild talk about a few lost papers may be dropped for

the time being? It don't seem quite respectful to her, lying there so still and helpless, with us questioning her meanings and criticising her acts. I am

only asking you to wait a little while.' "Forgive me." She slipped out of Miss Malvina's clasp and dropped on her knees by the

bed. Malvina left her there. It would Esq., of the Columbia bar: do her good to wrestle with herself alone. She passed into the desolate

little sitting room and paused by the table with its burden of rarely used books. Ollie joined her there presently. "I have asked her to forgive me. 1 have told her that I forgive her. Of course she did not know what she was

creditors as should, within 90 days saying." from date thereof, accept its terms "Thank you, my dear, for trying to and execute a release of their claims

be just to her." Suddenly the girl's eyes widened. "And that is the very chair. Promise me, Miss Malvina, promise me," she went on, with growing excitement.

"that when it is all over-I mean when there is nothing more to do for heryou will let me come back here and"-"I'll be only too glad to have you come whenever you can spare a moment from your own dear invalid."

"You don't understand me." Her eyes were burning feverishly. "I mean may I come back and examine that chair?"

It was on Miss Malvina's sorely tried heart to ask, "Are you, too, going daft over Thomas Broxton's affairs?" but the girl's hot cheeks and shining eyes aroused her grave apprehensions. What if she should break down under the

strain, with a greater ordeal ahead of her? So she said soothingly: "You can do just whatever you choose with anycare if you pull it all to pleces. Mother, I am sure, would be the first one to say

home, and it is a real dark night." "I am not afraid. I am coming back as soon-as soon"-"Yes, as soon as we have put mother

away by father's side in the little churchyard. But now go home." She watched the small, graceful figure until it became invisible by reason of the twisted road and then closed

her front door softly. Could there be anything in all this talk about some lost papers? "Suspicion is catching, I do believe."

TO BE CONTINUED.

earth. If they would only come totook the Russian army more than two gether, understand each other, raise months to crush Osman's brilliant deand not produce any more of an arti- fense; and it was not until December seated on a bench in the public park, cle than there is a demand for. Wake 10, 1877, that Osman, with his army, and seemed to be reading some writing

McELWEE VS. McGILL.

Recently Settled.

and release. Mistake.

York county in cotton. As I stated in the outset, these few tion, sought to cut his way out through rambling remarks will hardly have the the ring of steel with which Todleben desired effect on the farmers of York had surrounded the city. He did not county; but next fall when everybody succeed and had to surrender with his is complaining of low prices, I will be entire army and 77 guns. But so ike the old woman, I will at least splendid had been the defense that he have the satisfaction of saying, "I and his army were allowed to march pose?" out with all the honors of war, amid told you so." J. K. SCOGGINS.

the huzzas of the conquerors. Warren, S. C., March 21, 1900. There have been not a few illustri-

ous sieges during the half-century-Silistria, Kars, Lucknow, Vicksburg, Synopsis of an Important York County Case Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking; but The Columbia State of Wednesday,

vs. Elizabeth C. McGill and others, appellants. Assignment. Acceptance and most valiant supporter ! The sultan's cry of sorrow is a touching tribute tan's cry of sorrow is a touching tribute "Of course." On June 2, 1896, Kennedy Bros. & to Osman's worth as a man, loyalty as Barron, merchants of Yorkville, being a subject and bravery as a soldier. The insolvent, made an assignment to D. Osmanlis have had few as staunch and E. Finley, for the benefit of their hero of Plevna.

THE ASSASSIN OF GOEBEL.

Suspicion Is Centering on a Famous Negro Dead-Shot.

period in which creditors should so The name of "Tallow Dick" Combs accept the release, expired on 21st has been on everybody's tongue in August, 1896; but in the notice to creditors, prepared at Finley's request by J. S. Brice, his law partner, eptember 1 was designated as the last

fice of Finley-he being absent-and every one that passed going toward executed among themselves an agree- the statehouse. Those who saw him ment "not to release their respective then recall plainly that he was intent- you know why the little pocketknives

members of the York bar shall by about the assassination ; but the one did not like to ask. You use a steel himself or his attorney sign the agree- most credited here is to the effect that pen at school; but when Washington ment." The plaintiff and other credi- the assassin was not originally brought lived there were no steel pens. At tors joining in her contention, signed to Frankfort to shoot or assist in shoot- that time, and until the year 1820, this agreement, and among the signa- ing Goebel, but that after he arrived pens were made out of quills or large ture thereto was "Miss E. C. McGill, here as an alleged "witness" before feathers of the goose and other birds. per J. S. Brice, attorney." Brice, in the contest committees, the idea sud-fact, had no authority to sign for Miss denly struck the conspirators that the out of order and split, so they had to agreement aforesaid, namely, on Au- shot, and none would suspect him of knives got to be called "pen knives." gust 29, 1896, Miss McGill's acceptance firing the thot. It is said the alleged The word "pen" is from the Latin

by accident. cuted by Miss McGill, so that she assassin, was an inspiration to the plot- One firm in England make 200,000,000 should stand, with plaintiff and others ters. He was told to familiarize him- pens every year, and there are several in like plight, as a non-releasing credi- self with Goebel so he could pick him other makers who send out nearly as tor. The circuit judge decreed that out anywhere. Goebel was pointed many more; then the in United States such acceptance and release should be out to him and he became so familiar we make at least 200,000,000 every set aside, and that the assets of the as- with the governor's figure that he year. Where do they all go to? It signors be distributed accordingly. could soon tell him at any distance, is not often that you can pick up old

"Yes: I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I sup-

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty.' "How did you come to have deal-

ings with him in the first place ?" "That's what I've been writing.

You see, he promised to make a man not in any one of them was the defense of me; but he made a beast. Then conducted with greater skill and spirit he said he would brace me up; but he prints the following synopsis of the than in Plevna, and Osman himself made me go staggering around and supreme court decision in the case of was distinctly the inspiring genius and I must drink to be social. The McElwee vs. McGill. The synopsis during the entire siege as Williams was said I must drink to be social. Then was prepared by John S. Reynolds, in the siege of Kars or Baden-Powell at he made me quarrel with my best Mafeking. Well indeed might Abdul. friends, and be the laughing stock of Hamid exclaim when Osman breathed my enemies. He gave me a black eye Margaret A. McElwee, respondent, his last: "Allah is unmerciful ; he has and a broken nose. Then I drank for deprived me of my honest, true, friend, the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a

"He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to death. brilliant servants of recent years as the He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me the delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength ; and he made me help-

> "To be sure." "He promised me courage."

"Then what followed ?"

"Then he made me a coward ; for I Frankfort this week, says a dispatch beat my sick wife, and kicked my litof last Thursday. Numbers of people tle child. He said he would brighten were found who remembered seeing the my wits; but instead he made me act negro standing on Kagin's corner morn- like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He ing after morning before Governor promised to make a gentleman of me;

ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE.-Do are often called penknives? Perhaps Of course, every one has a theory some of you have often wondered, and posing himself to be Miss McGill's he was asleep, turn on the gas and al- then the language is made up of very attorney, he signed the agreement in low him to die by asphyxiation as if funny words and phrases, and the little word "pen" is now used for the His coming, with his reputation al- piece of steel with which we write. ready established as an accomplished What becomes of all the pens made?

This knowledge obtained, the next pens and yet a vast number must be

On September 1, 1896, certain creditors, by their attorneys, met in the of Goebel was shot, closely watching but he made me a tramp." claims, provided that every creditor ly watching Goebel. represented by any of the following

and file the same with the assignee.

day for such acceptance and release.

By the terms of this assignment the

got into the way of repeating every-thing that is mine, Oille. The old McGill; but no bad faith is imputed to man afterward employed was the very be remade. Most writers kept a sharp thing to her. It interested her, you chair has served its purpose. I don't him Before the execution of the man to do the icht that he man to do the icht that the man to do the icht that the man to do the icht that the man to do the icht that Your father may be calling for you. I and release had been filed with the assassin arrived here just after the word "penna," which means a feather; wish I hadn't sent Jimmle Martin for assignee-a fact of which Brice was plan had been abandoned of having so when we say steel pen, we talk of a Mrs. Lyons. I've got no one to see you wholly ignorant when erroneously sup- some one slip in Goebel's room after steel feather, which is absurd; but question.

The object of this action was to set aside the acceptance and release exe-

Miss McGill appealed. The preference, in the assignment, of thing was to select the ambush from lost every day.-John de Morgan.