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## MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism In Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Lardy's Seven Days."

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### CHAPTER XVI.

FAITH FIGHTS A BATTLE AND "OVERCOMES."

Faith Kirk was having one of her great battles as she worked over that Sunday dinner. And she had not fought it out when the family returned, bringing with them four friends of Mr. Fulton, business acquaintances from other cities, whose good will it was necessary to keep.

The dinner was served promptly, and Faith had no reason to feel afraid of her success. Mrs. Fulton even came out into the kitchen when it was over and complimented her on the dinner.

The guests lighted cigars and retired to the library with Mr. Fulton. It was now nearly 4 o'clock. By the time everything was cleared away in the kitchen it was half past 4 and in the short winter day dark already.

Faith went up to her room tired and rebellious. She sat down and at first said she would not go to church. Then she thought of the dear home circle, and for almost the first time since she came away she grew dreadfully homesick.

She threw herself down on her bed in the dark and had a good, hard cry.

When it was over, she felt somewhat ashamed and lay still awhile, thinking. Then she rose and suddenly turned on her electric light.

"Faith Kirk, you are ashamed of yourself. Is this Malcom Kirk's daughter?" She asked the question as she put on her cloak and hat and resolutely determined to go to church and be a good Christian in spite of her troubles.

"To him that overcometh," the verse happened to be the subject of the Endeavor meeting that very night, and as she took up her Bible and went out of the house she was feeling better as she started down the avenue and then turned toward one of the churches of the same denomination as the one at home. For she was homesick enough to feel that she would enjoy the worship better in such a church.

Faith's Sundays in Chicago since she had been there were not at all like the Sundays at home. She had at first tried to attend a church near her boarding place. But at the end of her studio experience she had found some Sunday work to do in connection with one of the social settlements. That work was now too far away, and she was compelled to give it up.

Tonight, she said, she would go to the Endeavor meeting in the large church only a few blocks from Mrs. Fulton's. She had seen the notice on the outside of the building, giving 6 o'clock as the hour of service.

The young people held their meeting in the chapel or prayer meeting room adjoining the main room. It was beautifully lighted and furnished, and as Faith went in she was greeted at the door by a young woman, who gave her a topic card and a hymnbook and then showed her to a seat.

The meeting began promptly, and Faith could not help wondering a little as she looked around at the very well dressed young men and women how much any of them knew about the struggle of overcoming. The next moment she rebuked herself for judging others.

"They all have their trials no doubt," she said. "It won't do to judge from appearances. Rich folks are not the happiest ones."

She enjoyed the singing, and some of the more familiar Endeavor songs brought tears to her eyes.

When the hour was about half gone, Faith had an impulse to give her testimony. She kept saying to herself that what she had been through that day was something that might help the others. In her father's church at home the young people had always been encouraged to help one another by relating their experiences, and Faith had no other thought in mind when she rose during a pause and told very frankly something of her struggle that very day.

The young people all turned and looked at her in surprise. Faith knew how to express herself very well. Her father had helped her very much. She did not mean to exaggerate her difficulties, but she spoke more frankly than she might if she had not been overflowing from the day's experience. Besides, her heart warmed to find herself in the society once more, and she longed for the Christian fellowship.

When she sat down, she had time to think if she had said anything she ought not. She had simply confessed her struggle as the Bible said Christians ought, and she had only incidentally mentioned the fact that she was working out. At home they had girls in the society who worked out at service, and they did not think much about it.

But before the meeting was over she grew hot and cold by turns as she thought of having told all those young people that she was a "hired girl." She

was almost tempted to get up again and tell them that she was the daughter of a minister and a high school graduate and that her father had more than one letter from the pastor of the very church where she now was commending the work done in Conrad and asking for counsel as to similar work in the great city. Then she glowed with shame for her lack of courage. "If I did tell them what I am doing, it is no disgrace! It is an honest thing to do. I am not ashamed of it."

In spite of all that, when the meeting was over, Faith fancied that the girl who had been sitting next to her turned away very hurriedly without trying to speak to her. The one who had ushered her to her seat, however, came to her and introduced her to a girl standing near by. The girl shook hands rather stiffly and then excused herself, saying she had some committee work to do. Faith was left standing alone, and no one else spoke to her. She tried to believe that there was no intention in the neglect. But her face burned, and she finally resolved to go out, to shake the dust of that church from her feet and never return to it.

She had reached the door when the face of her father came up before her, the patient, loving, long suffering father at home, who had, to Faith's own knowledge, endured for years numberless privations and slights without losing his Christian manhood or courage. With the face of her father also came another, the Master's, as Faith remembered it from one of the pictures she had at home of Christ in Gethsemane.

"This is not overcoming," she said to herself, and at the door of the chapel she stopped, walked back to the church door entrance and went into the main room.

An usher showed her to a good seat, and she sat there with her head bowed for 15 minutes before the service began. When she raised her head, her eyes were wet with tears, and the people near her looked surprised. But Faith had overcome. She had fought another battle on that eventful Lord's day and had won the victory.

When the service began, she enjoyed it. The singing was by a quartet, and to Faith in her present condition the music came with refreshing. The sermon helped her too. It was on the subject of Christ's sufferings, and she felt ashamed as she listened and compared her own troubles with those of the great Sufferer for the sins of a whole world.

At the close of the service she hesitated, but finally went up to the front of the church and introduced herself to the minister.

He was one of the Chicago pastors who had known her father when he was in the seminary. They were not in the same class, but had corresponded a little of late years.

"What!" he exclaimed as Faith spoke her name. "Miss Kirk of Conrad! My dear," he called to his wife, who was near by, "this is Malcom Kirk's daughter. You remember his stories in the papers. Our boys think there are no stories just like his. We are so glad to see you."

The minister's wife greeted her very kindly, and Faith almost cried, she was so touched by their cordial reception.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" the minister asked.

Faith hesitated and then frankly told him where she was and what she was doing. There was a moment's look of surprise on the faces of the minister and his wife, but they were genuine Christians, and without asking any more questions the minister's wife said as she laid a loving hand on Faith's arm:

"My dear, come and take tea with us next Sunday evening at 5. Don't fail, will you?"

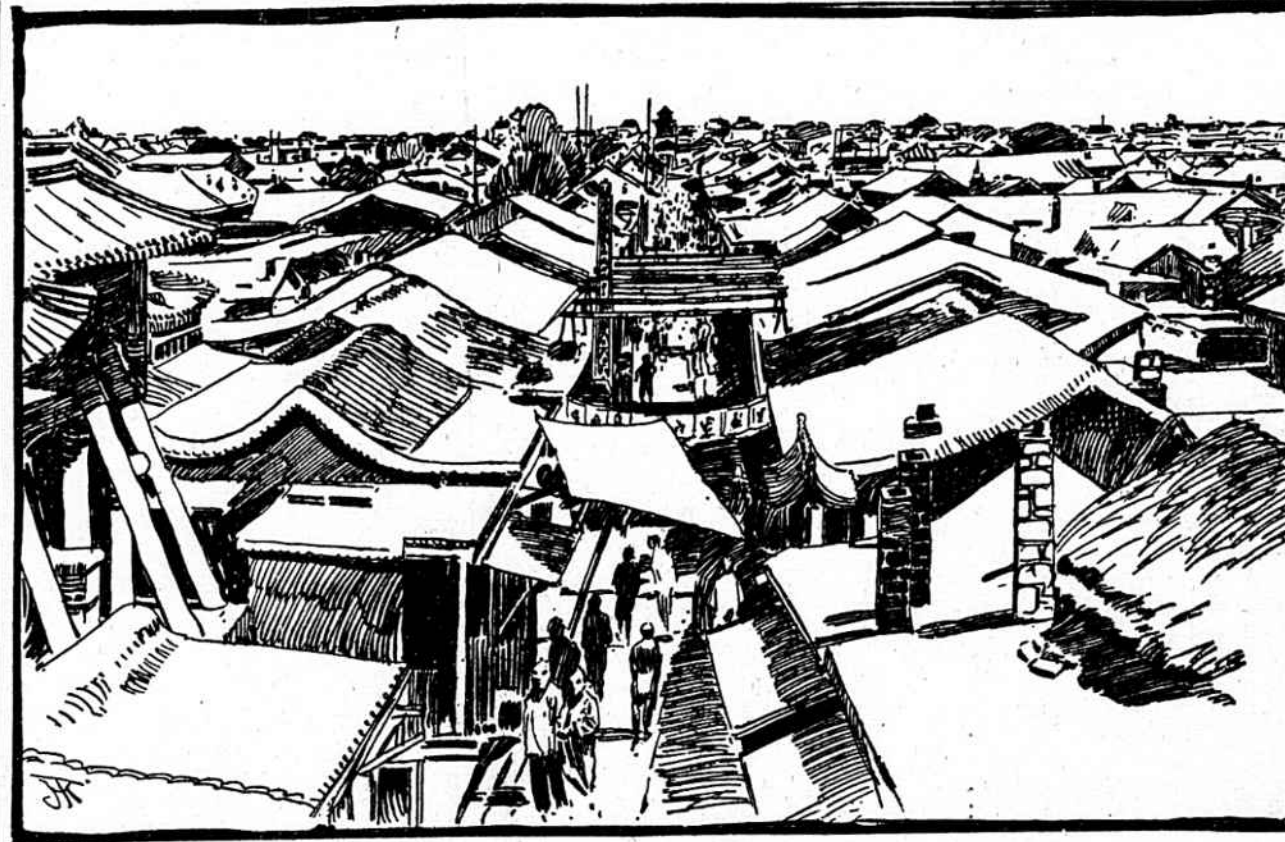
She gave Faith their house number, and Faith walked out of the church feeling as if some Christianity were left in that great sinful city after all.

That night she wrote home a long letter to her mother, telling her all about her work and especially the experience of that day. When she finished, she prayed for blessing on all the dear home circle, and in greater peace of soul than she had known in a long time she committed herself to the care of the All Father.

As the week's work began again, the Fultons found themselves wondering how long the new girl's capabilities would hold out. Faith combined her father's physical endurance and her mother's New England thrift and neatness. Her kitchen shone with brightness. Her meals were delightful surprises to every member of the family. Her good nature seemed unflagging.

"We've got a real treasure," even Mrs. Fulton confessed Wednesday evening to her husband. "The only thing I dread is that she may not hold out. I have never been satisfied with any girl I ever had."

"Perhaps you expected too much," Mr. Fulton suggested, absently, as he continued to read his paper.



THE NATIVE QUARTER OF TIEN-TSIN, PORT OF PEKING.

"I'm sure we pay enough to get satisfactory help," she replied. "If the capable American girls would only work out more we housekeepers would not have so many trials." Mrs. Fulton sighed, but it is possible if she had changed places with Faith that Sunday she might have understood better why more American girls do not work out at service.

Thursday morning Mrs. Fulton went down to the city on some shopping, and Faith was alone in the house. She started her kitchen work early and then went into the parlor to sweep and dust.

The piano was open, and one of Sousa's new marches was on the rack where Alice had left it. She had been practicing it that morning before she went away to school.

Faith had received a good musical education from her mother. The piano at home had been one of the few expensive things that Dorothy had kept and taken with her when she left her home in the east. Faith was like her mother in having a real passion for music, and she had a more than ordinarily good ear, and her technique was almost professional.

She had not had an opportunity to touch a piano since leaving home. The sight of the open keyboard and the new music fascinated her. Gradually she neared the piano as she was dusting off the furniture, and finally she sat down on the stool and began dusting the keys.

The sound of the notes as her cloth pressed on the ivory seemed to make her forget her surroundings.

She changed the dusting cloth to her left hand and struck a few chords with her right. The instrument was in fine tune, and before she knew what she was doing she had dropped her cloth on the floor and begun the opening measures of the march before her.

After a few attempts the music began to come to her. The march was not difficult, and she was fairly caught by its popular swing and rhythm. She forgot where she was and what she was, a "hired girl," who was not supposed to know anything about pianos



She was conscious of some one in the room.

and marches. Her fingers seemed to regain their old nimbleness, and she was swept on into the piece with an enthusiasm and pleasure she had not known in a long time.

But just as she had finished the music with a splendid close and felt the glow of the effort she was conscious of some one in the room.

She turned around, with a face that burned, and saw standing at the entrance of the hall into the parlor three persons.

They were Mrs. Fulton, who stood staring at her with a cold, stern look; Alice, who seemed astonished at the performance, and the young man whom Mr. Fulton had addressed in front of the picture on State street as "Malcom."

They had come in unexpectedly, and all three had evidently been standing there for some little time. There was an expressive silence in the parlor

as Mrs. Fulton came a few steps into the room and confronted Faith, who still sat on the piano stool looking at her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### STAND BY YOUR CONVICTIONS.

Another Appeal to Prohibitionists—If the Church Members Vote as They Pray, They Will Win—Tillman Not the Keeper of the Conscience of the People.

Editor of the Yorkville Enquirer:

I desire to make one more appeal, through your paper, to the Prohibitionists of York county to bestir themselves. Colonel Hoyt's chances of election are as good if not better than that of any other man in the race. It is about three weeks until election day. A great deal of work can be, and ought to be, done during these three weeks. While the election of Colonel Hoyt may not mean prohibition, it promises a better enforcement of the dispensary law, and this alone will be a very gratifying result of our labors.

But let the result be what it may, it is our business to fight and fight to the bitter end. If church members of all denominations would stand true to the vows they took when they joined the church, prohibition would win without any trouble. But there are some church members and professing Christians, not all of them, however, who claimed to love everything that is good and right and abhor everything that is evil—men who, if called on, will pray in public, pray that God may hasten the day when no one nor any thing will be left to advocate the cause of Satan, and then go, on election day, and vote for whisky. If a man's religion does not go far enough to make him vote against such an evil as whisky, it will not, in my judgment, go far enough to save the soul.

Listen, church members. On the 28th day of this month you will have the opportunity of voting for a law that promises to restrict and suppress the sale of whisky in South Carolina as far as is possible and practicable, or for a law which permits the sale of liquor to the citizens of the state, and which for the last seven or eight years has been bringing crime, poverty, and misery upon the people of South Carolina. Which way will you vote? Of course, the dispensary law is a great improvement on the old barroom system; but it is by no means the best solution of the liquor problem as some claim it to be. We have tried the dispensary nearly eight years. Have you not been convinced that we need a better law? If so will you have the courage of your own convictions and vote for prohibition; or will you vote for the dispensary because Boss Tillman says to do it? If you do, God pity the miserable piece of humanity that you are.

"It is my baby, and you must not spank it," says Mr. Tillman. The senator has not seen any spanking yet. If he lives until after the 28th of this month, he will very likely see it spanked out of the state and off the statute books of South Carolina. Senator Tillman has gotten into deep water. He has not only aroused the preachers by his false assertion at Bennettsville; but all true and right thinking church members rise up in indignation against such a slanderous attack on the ministry of South Carolina. The ministers are not in alliance with the whisky men; but they are allied with all true church members and others who are working for the good of the state. It is a pretty strong alliance, and if the senator don't mind his play house will be torn down in the next election. We are holding up the hand of the ministers in this fight, and will continue to do so until the fight is ended and the victory won.

The people of South Carolina ought to be capable of judging for themselves as to what they want or do not want. We don't need to be instructed by Mr. Tillman nor any one else as to how to vote in the coming election. The senator says we are honest; but weak in the upper story. Therefore, he wants

to dictate to us. Study the question seriously and vote your own ticket.

J. K. SOGGINS.

Ogden, S. C., August 8, 1900.

### MORGAN DEMANDS WAR.

United States Does Not Need Help In Dealing With China.

New York Dispatch, 8th.

The New York Journal publishes the following statement of Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama: "If I had my way I would enlist a volunteer army of 100,000 men and send them to the island of Luzon to take the place of the seasoned troops now there.

"Those 65,000 seasoned troops I would send to China and deal with the situation that has arisen, as it ought to be dealt with. I would protect the life of every American citizen in China, and compel respect for the rights of every American citizen in the country. I would do this independently of the other powers. I would not interfere with their plans; but independently and alone, would show China that the United States was a power whose rights and privileges could not be trampled upon.

"Such action would show the whole world that the United States was a great power, and that every right conferred upon its people through treaty stipulation or otherwise, must be respected.

"I am afraid there will be a great war in China. I do not want to see the United States get into it for the mere sake of war. However, we must rescue our ministers and compel China to pay the cost of that expedition.

"I believe congress should now be in session. The president ought not to be conducting a foreign war without the advice of congress. Up to this time the diplomatic situation has been handled well; but the indications point to the inevitable conclusion that diplomacy is fast giving way to sterner measures. Even now we see our war movements going on. When that condition arises it is time for congress to have something to say.

"There are in the Philippines, within striking distance of China, men acclimated and accustomed to the hardships of war in the Orient. Take them, send them to China, let the world and China know our strength and our power. Let us utilize the vantage we have taken in the Philippines and of our own accord do the thing which this emergency requires.

"That should be the American policy and would make the American government and the American flag a thing to be respected wherever the government is represented by its flag.

"From my point of view, our government, unaided and alone, has the facilities at hand and is able to deal with this situation. We should do it, and do it with a promptness that would emphasize the American method of transacting business."

### HOW THE WAR MAY HELP US.

All Europe Will Have to Buy Supplies In America.

Brooklyn Eagle.

One of the big railroad men of the west, who returned recently from the Pacific coast, in speaking about the probable war with China, says: "If the allied nations are driven into war with China, that war will last at least four years, and no matter what may be the result, the United States is bound to be enormously enriched by it.

"Japan, England, Germany and the other contending nations will be forced to secure nearly all their food supplies from the United States. Our corn and grain will be in great demand, and many classes of our manufactured goods will be required for the use of the armies.

"I believe that should war be declared with China, this country would enter upon four years of the greatest business prosperity in its history. Money would flow our way from Europe in a steady stream, and if our people do not give themselves up to wild speculation, the benefits will be permanent and lasting.

"Even now the business between the Orient and our Pacific coast has

enormously increased. Japan is buying flour from us, and only last week 7,000 mules were shipped to the east from Seattle.

"I hope there will be no war; but if there is, we will certainly suffer less than any of the other civilized nations of the world."

### COLONEL KNOX LIVINGSTON.

The People Who Know Him Best Think Well of Him.

Greenville News.

The following in the Dillon Herald, published in Colonel Livingston's county, will be read with pleasure by his many friends in Greenville, where he is well-known. It shows how he stands in his own Pee Dee section:

"Perhaps never before in the history of Dillon was a speaker accorded a more enthusiastic ovation than was given Colonel Knox Livingston at the graded school building last Monday evening. His entrance to the chapel was the signal for deafening applause, and his appearance upon the rostrum was greeted with shouts and cries of enthusiasm that touched deeply the heart of the noble 'Little Giant of the Pee Dee.'"

"No man in all South Carolina occupies a warmer spot in the hearts of loyal Dillonites than Knox Livingston. This esteem, regard and appreciation is not mere sentiment; but is deep rooted, lasting and loyal—the kind that is honored and cherished by those upon whom it is bestowed.

"From infancy Dillon has known Knox Livingston as a true and loyal friend. Her interests have been advanced by his kind influences—charitably as well as cheerfully extended—and now that an opportunity has presented itself for a return of those kind offices she will reciprocate as cheerfully and as loyally as they were given.

"But the reasons set forth in the above paragraph do not alone actuate Dillonites in showering their favors upon Colonel Livingston. There are others motives which prompt them. They fully recognize the fact that he is a man—one whose ability to fill the position to which he aspires is unquestionable—that his presence will lend dignity and intellect to the body over which he will preside, and that his administration will reap greater honors upon himself and reflect recognized credit upon the Pee Dee section."

### TOWNE STEPS DOWN.

Nominee of the Populists Will Vote For Bryan and Stevenson.

Former Congressman Charles J. Towne, who was nominated for the vice presidency by the Populists at Sioux Falls in May last, has declined in a long letter that was published Wednesday. Mr. Towne, who is a Silver Republican, commends the nomination of Bryan by the Populists and gives as his principal reasons for withdrawing the fact that his name was fairly before the Democratic convention and rejected in favor of Mr. Stevenson. The nomination of Mr. Stevenson is most heartily approved and Mr. Towne expresses it as his intention to vote the Democratic ticket. The letter winds up:

"In conclusion, I may be permitted to express the profound satisfaction which I feel in contemplating the present attitude of the Democratic party. In 1896 I was of those who, keenly feeling the reccrancy of the Republican party, was much in doubt whether the memorable Democratic convention at Chicago, in adopting its splendid platform and nominating Wm. J. Bryan for the presidency, was actuated by an impulse or by a purpose. The magnificent achievements at Kansas City have settled all possible doubt on that subject. The platform adopted not only re-enacts the principles of 1896; but in language whose force, dignity and beauty have never been equaled in a similar document, responds to the new issues presented in the growth of the trust monopoly and the imperialistic policy of the administration by an appropriate enunciation of those sublime doctrines of human rights and liberties whose profession and observance have been the peculiar glory of our country and are the sure basis of the ultimate happiness of mankind. And again the duty of carrying the banner of the cause has been committed to that tried and trusted hand whose grasp has never weakened, no fear can make it falter, and no burden can dismay. The leadership of Bryan, which could have redeemed a bad platform, sanctifies a good one. It made memorable an unsuccessful contest. It will crown a victory with imperishable splendor.

With every sentiment of respect and gratitude, I remain most sincerely yours,  
CHAS. A. TOWNE."

The Populist national committee has the authority to select Mr. Towne's successor if it sees fit to do so. The committee had an appointment to meet in Chicago on Thursday; but it was not thought likely that it would nominate another candidate for vice president.

First New Cotton.

The first bale of new South Carolina cotton was sold in Charleston last Wednesday at 11½ cents. It was raised by A. and L. Youmans, of Fairfax, Barnwell county, classed full middling, and the bale weighed 562 pounds.

Only One For the Dispensary.

There are eight legislative candidates in Sumter county. Seven of them are for prohibition.