

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., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

NO. 70

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

By FREDERICK REDDALL.

Copyright, 1900, by Frederick Reddall. Illustrations by I. W. Taber.

PROLOGUE.

ON A certain morning in May the daily papers of the United States, from Maine to California, from the great lakes to the gulf, contained a momentous news dispatch. It was set forth with all the bold and vivid insistence of black "scare heads" and pungent headlines.

Some time during the previous night part of a limited express train on one of our great western trunk lines had disappeared without leaving a trace behind either of coaches or passengers.

The occurrence was absolutely without parallel in the annals of railroad-ing, and the tragic import of the incident was intensified when it became known that the living freight of the lost cars included a well known and popular railroad magnate and financier of national reputation with a party of friends, among the latter some women of wealth and social prominence.

Their complete vanishment could not have been more mysterious and puzzling had coaches and passengers been sunk fathoms deep in some dark and silent pool or engulfed in a bottomless canyon. Not a trace was left, not a clew. The railroad officials were utterly at fault. Nor was the mystery elucidated until several days and nights had elapsed.

Meantime the wires east and west were kept hot, popular interest and excitement running high in every city, town and village in the United States and even in Canada. The wildest speculations were rife as to the fate of the persons concerned, all of them more or less wide of the mark, as the sequel proved.

Yet when the truth was ferreted out it was seen that the actualities rivaled all the fiction that had been woven around the case, which thenceforth took rank as a veritable romance of the rail.

FIRST DAY.

THE START.

In the great dome roofed station of the Pennsylvania railroad at Jersey City on a certain morning in May the limited train for the west stood awaiting its lading of passengers.

The long line of vestibuled drawing room coaches was resplendent in fresh paint as though just out of the car-shops. The burnished brass work on gates, hand rails and steps shone like gold plate, while the white capped and blue uniformed officials—brakemen, trainhands and negro porters—dignified and self important, yet gravely courteous withal, stood ready to welcome, direct or assist the fast arriving passengers. The conductor waited, watch in hand, for the great station clock pointed at three minutes before 10, and precisely at the hour the flier would be off.

The last train boat was in, and the inevitable late traveler was even now struggling down the asphalt platform. The great engine backed down and was coupled on, the engineer tested the brakes to see if his "air" was all right, the steam giant throbbed and glowed with pent up energy, and the "runner," as the engineer is called in railway parlance, leaned out of his cab on the alert for the electric cry "All aboard!"

At the other side of the station an equally interesting scene was taking place. On one of the side tracks stood two richly appointed coaches, one the private car Miranda and the other an ordinary Pullman sleeper and drawing room coach combined. Since 8 o'clock relays of porters and expressmen had been coming alongside heavy laden, departing empty handed and wiping their brows. Hundreds of pounds of ice were stowed away in the long receptacles under the cars; hampers, crates and boxes of mineral waters, "strong waters" and delicacies were taken aboard and disposed in mysterious recesses; from within came the musical clink of glasses and crockery, while the white jacketed chef could be seen flitting about in his tiny kitchen and buffet putting matters to rights.

The last load of relishes was received and accepted for, the porters for the last time flicked the dust off the richly upholstered interior, when the first of those for whom these elaborate preparations were made came strolling down the platform, at whose arrival all the train men in waiting saluted with hands to caps.

A good story is told concerning two poor Irishmen who once upon a time were debating what sort of an occupation each would choose if kind Providence should ever give them the option. After canvassing the advantages of the various vocations in life one of them closed the discussion by saying: "Faith, Mike, for a nice, clean, aisy job let me be a bishop!"

This probably summed up to Mike's imaginative mind all the sunny side of life—wealth, position, authority and not overmuch work.

But I have often thought that for pure and unadulterated bliss the position of president of a great railroad

left little to be desired. It certainly seemed so to the onlooker this bright May morning.

Here was John Draper, president of the Pacific and Atlantic railway, a self made man, a multimillionaire, old enough to have eschewed the follies of life and yet young enough to enjoy the benefits the gods send to sane mortals, blessed with health, strength, a good conscience and a better digestion, at the moment of which I write literally monarch of all he surveyed and about to take a trip of three or four thousand miles in his personal and private car, surrounded by a charming and congenial company of his own choosing, who would bask in the sunshine of his bounty and give him grateful thanks, homage and credit for all the pleasure bestowed!

So who would not be a railroad president, even if the head that carries the bondholders' woes is sometimes uneasy!

With John Draper came two ladies, an elderly and a much younger one, and faithful to the old precept which gives place to age before beauty, the former shall be described first. This was Mrs. Bradley Hurst, a married sister of our host. Fair and 40 she certainly was, but not even her bitterest enemy could have called her fat. A laughing eye, a well rounded and mature form, of medium height, with a carriage and manner that denote the thorough mistress of society and its forms—this was Mrs. Bradley Hurst, the chaperon of the party.

By her side and between the two elderly people walked a girl half her age, the exact opposite of what Mrs. Hurst must have been in her youth—not too tall, graceful, dark of hair, eyes and complexion, a Vassar alumna and now a two years' society graduate; accomplished, handsome and wholesome—and there you have sketched Miss Florence Granniss, the ward of John Draper and heiress to a cool million.

Down the platform they strolled, laughing and chatting gayly, yet in the tender solicitude with which the railroad magnate handed the girl into the car might have been discovered more than the ordinary regard supposed to subsist between guardian and ward.

Close at the heels of this trio came two others, both young, both vivacious, both bubbling over with good humor and good spirits, which were plainly their natural heritage and partly born of the prospect of this novel outing.

The lady was Miss Madge Hurst, daughter of Mrs. Bradley Hurst, a pliant maiden of some 20 winters, blonde, petite, blue eyed and altogether bewitching—at least so thought Mr. Chester Ives, who walked at her side, looking down from his five feet ten of masculinity at the five feet two of femininity under the broad brimmed Gainsborough hat then in vogue.

Chester Ives was a member of the fourth estate, whose privilege it is to wield the weapon which is said to be mightier than the sword—though it is often a mere blue pencil—and who, by dint of patience, perseverance and persistence, had risen from the foot of the journalistic ladder to be "Wall street man" on one of New York's great dailies. Not yet 30, he was already booked by his intimates for higher things. He had known John Draper when the latter was "biding his time" in comparative obscurity as a small merchant



Here was John Draper, monarch of all he surveyed.

In a southern town. Although there were nearly 20 years between their ages they were friends and confidants. Yet each held certain matters in reserve. Draper knew that Ives loved his niece, Chester thought he knew where the senior had placed his affections, but the younger man did not know that John Draper was resolved to signalize his own happiness—should it ever come to pass—by doing what he could to make Madge and Chester happy at the same time.

"Last of all came Satan also," in the person of Mr. Reuben K. Filley, protegee and confidential clerk of John Draper. It is perhaps needless to say that the world knew the young man in the latter capacity only. Alert, keen, selfish, unscrupulous, a New York boy of uncertain parentage, though he

claimed English, a product of the slums and the gutter, Reuben Filley had risen to the surface of the current of life in the great metropolis by the very simple method of throttling or pushing aside every other struggling swimmer who came in his way. "Do others or they'll do you" was his cheerful motto. He attracted the notice of John Draper when the latter first came to New York; was taken into his employ as an office boy and ultimately reached the post of private secretary, a place which offered great possibilities to a young man of his peculiar proclivities and of which he immediately proceeded to take unfair advantage. "Looking out for No. 1" Filley called it. Plain people fond of calling a spade by its agricultural name would have termed it lying and stealing; but, then, Filley took care never to be found out.

Rascal though he was, he deserves to have his pen picture like all the others of the party, and here it is: Height, 5 feet 8; weight, 140; complexion fair; eyes steely blue, shifting and treacherous; a brownish yellow or "Cain colored" beard and mustache closely trimmed served to hide an animal jaw and a cruel mouth; ears pointed and peculiarly shaped, being so joined to the neck as to present no lobe; in speech garrulous, boastful and profane.

He was by nature coarse and vulgar, yet by contact with the world had been licked into what passed current, for bluff frankness and good nature. 'Twas betide the man, woman or child who trusted Reuben K. Filley, for treachery was in his heart, and self was his god.

His arrival was hailed with an exclamation of satisfaction by John Draper, who took from him several letters and telegrams and darted into the car. Filley was the last of the guests, and with the coming of Mrs. Hurst's maid, Annette, and of Draper's man, Henry, the personnel of the party was complete.

Filley followed his employer into the car.

"Mr. Draper," he said, standing before the desk where that gentleman sat, "is it absolutely necessary that I go along?"

"I thought we settled all that yesterday, Reuben," was the reply. "I shall certainly need you when we get to Denver. There will be a hundred and one things to attend to and mighty little time in which to do them. So let's hear no more about it."

With this answer, delivered in a quiet but emphatic manner that brooked no argument, Filley was forced to be content, and with a sulky frown of his shoulders he turned away, muttering to himself as soon as he was out of Draper's hearing:

"The party will be smaller by one several miles this side of Denver, or my name's not Reuben K. Filley!"

'Twas exactly three minutes of 10 when a switching engine pushed the president's private car and its attendant sleeping coach out of the station and on to the main track. Here the "limited" was halted long enough to permit the necessary coupling, and then, with a final toot, the monster engine lay down to its work and with a full head of steam went rushing and panting across the Hackensack meadows, past Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick and Trenton, 50 miles an hour, and so into Philadelphia.

By this time the millionaire's party were fairly well settled in their respective nooks and quarters. The three ladies and the maid were assigned to the double stateroom in the Miranda. John Draper took the other and the smaller one. Between them was the saloon, where all meals were served and which answered for a general rendezvous and lounging place. Ives and Filley and the manservant bunked in the Pullman, with the negro porter Aleck for additional company and sport.

All the way between the metropolis and the city by the Schuylkill Draper and Filley were busy over their correspondence at what might be dubbed the business end of the saloon. Arrived at the Broad street station, the secretary jumped to the platform and hurried to mail several letters and dispatch divers telegrams. Rising from his table, their host came toward the ladies, saying:

"Now I am free until we reach Pittsburgh. Which shall it be, luncheon or recreation, the mind or the body?" For, plutocrat and man of affairs though he was, his heart was young, and the secret of much of his health and success lay in the fact that when he chose to play nothing else was allowed to interfere.

Mrs. Hurst looked up smilingly, but it fell to Madge to answer, though John Draper happened to be regarding his ward solicitously.

"I move you, sir," she said, with grave lips, yet dancing eyes, "that the car now proceed to business and take its pleasure afterward. I'm desperately hungry. Aren't you, Flo?"

Florence admitted in her stately way that "some slight refreshment would be acceptable," and no sooner had the wish been uttered than the millionaire clapped his hands—a survival of his southern training—when Aleck appeared and received the laconic order: "Luncheon immediately!"

A very merry party it was which sat down to what Madge christened a "car picnic." A long and narrow table was set up in the center of the saloon. A chair at either end was occupied by Mr. Draper and Mrs. Hurst. Florence Granniss was seated at her guardian's right hand, with Chester next to her. Reuben Filley sat on his employer's left. Madge and Chester were vis-a-

vis at the lower end, as were, of course, Miss Granniss and Reuben Filley. These positions were unchanged during much of this memorable journey.

It is a safe assertion that only one member of the party felt any regret at being there. This one was Filley.

John Draper was bound for Denver to attend an important meeting of the presidents of some of the greatest trunk line railroads in the country; hence the presence of his secretary and of his confidential man was a necessity. Yet Filley had begged hard to be left behind in New York on the flimsy plea of ill health and overwork. But his employer overruled all his objections, as we have seen, saying that the trip would do him good.

Now, as a matter of fact, it was as much as Filley's reputation and safety were worth to be out of New York at this juncture. He had entered on a career of duplicity culminating in actual crime. Unless he could be back in the metropolis considerably within the ten days named as the limit of the trip he would be ruined and disgraced. He must return and would, and he counted on being able to concoct some pretext, fair or foul, for leaving the party. Meanwhile there was some intermittent compensation to be gained from the fact that he would be able to see just how far matters had progressed between his patron and Miss Granniss, for Reuben Filley cherished designs on the heiress, and if he "pulled off" his present dangerous coup he would be in a better position to sue for her hand and her fortune.

That a high bred, high strung and high minded maiden like Florence

Granniss could see anything repulsive in such an alliance never occurred to the conceited and self satisfied fellow. Beyond the usual conventional greetings and a few brief conversations at their casual meetings in her guardian's house there had been no intimate intercourse between them. Respecting the man her mind was a blank. On the other hand, Reuben Filley had dwelt so long on the idea of one day calling her his wife that the thought was become second only to his master passion, wealth getting. Not a gesture, not a glance, not a tone which passed between the millionaire and his ward escaped his vigilant and cunning eye. Of one thing, however, he became sure, there was no definite understanding between them as yet, though he shrewdly suspected that Draper would try to bring matters to a crisis during this trip. Well, so would he!

To this end he set out to make himself entertaining and at times verged on being positively brilliant. All through the meal the most trifling incidents or remarks served to remind him of a story or a pat illustration, and he drew upon his varied store of checked experience so that he well nigh monopolized the conversation and flattered himself that he was making a good impression upon Florence. She laughed at his sallies of wit, appeared interested in his highly colored adventures and joined in his banter. But if he could have heard her confidential comment to Madge when the two were alone he would not have felt so elated.

"That man leaves a bad taste in one's mouth," she said. Wherein she but voiced Chester's private opinion, which was that Reuben "did not ring true."

The day wore on. The thrilling ascent of the Alleghenies was breasted and the summit crossed ere nightfall. Then came the long descent to the Ohio valley, and while the party was at breakfast the next morning the train rolled into Indianapolis. While the engines were being changed every one alighted for a stroll. Draper and Miss Granniss led the way, then followed Chester and Madge, so that Filley was left to swear under his yellow beard and to smile to Mrs. Bradley Hurst. The astute woman of the world saw through his discomfiture and took an especial delight in detaining him at her side, so that he had no speech with Florence, and the situation was unchanged when once more the limited took up the route for St. Louis over the Vandallia.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.—"My wife had an unpleasant way of recalling unpleasant things."

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why, the other night I got up and drank a collar button which had fallen into the glass of water."

"Yes."

"And now every time I lose my collar button my wife says: 'Well, where's that one you swallowed?'"

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in the way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was eucher. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowlers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinese,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bowler,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewn
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What's frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.
—Bret Harte.

DEWET BELOVED BY HIS MEN.

War Correspondent Hillegas Says that Exclusive Boer Commander is a Second Stonewall Jackson.

New York Mail and Express.
Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, war correspondent and author of "Oom Paul and His People," and who has just written another book, "Boers in War," to be published soon, the material for which he gathered while in Pretoria with President Kruger and at the front with the Boer army, is back in New York.

Mr. Hillegas, looking a trifle thinner and several shades darker than when he left here for Africa, last year, has returned with an abiding faith in the kindness and generosity of the Boer soldiers, and speaks in praise of the manner in which foreigners are treated in the two South African republics. Of the remnant of the Boer army still in the field under Commanders Botha, Dewet and Meyer, Mr. Hillegas says they are a determined lot of men, who will certainly never surrender as long as they can lift a rifle.

Gen. Christian H. Dewet, the Free State leader, is a second Stonewall Jackson. He is pursuing the strategy and tactics of that most elusive of generals and like the Irishman's famous flea, "is never there when you put your finger on him."

"Gen. Dewet," says Mr. Hillegas, "has about 1,500 men under him. With that insignificant force he has in the last five months captured 3,000 British and upward of \$2,000,000 of ammunition and provisions. Dewet is about 5 feet eight inches in height, weighs not more than 150 pounds, has a straggly brown beard and looks and dresses like an ordinary farmer, in the plainest of clothes and big, rough cowhide boots. He generally wears a knit cardigan jacket by way of uniform."

"In battle Gen. Dewet always fires the first shot for his men, and after he has fired his men may take up the fight, but not before. You may believe, then, that Dewet, like Sheridan and Skoboleff, never directs his men to 'Go on!' but always calls to them to 'Come on!' He leads the way. The men follow and they worship him, and will stick to him to the last ditch."

"Just before I left South Africa, I saw Gen. Dewet. He said to me: 'I shall never quit until I've got that for which we are fighting or my force—my army—is reduced to less than 200 men.'"

"One Free State or Transvaal soldier," Dewet declares, "is equal to ten British soldiers at any time or any place. While Roberts were in Bloemfontein Dewet fought three battles within 25 miles of that place and captured 1,000 British, seven cannon, and \$1,000,000 worth of provisions. Often you could hear the roar of the cannon in those fights in Bloemfontein. Roberts repeatedly sent out columns to cut off and capture Dewet and his little band, but the Free State general turned the tables on the British and cut off and captured the columns. It was like the old story of the bear who turned around and hunted the hunter."

"Before the war Dewet was a member of the Free State volksraad, or congress. His business was that of a farmer. He was born at Wepener, and lived at Kroonstad, where he had a place on which he raised horses and potatoes for a living. His only previ-

ous military experience was in the war with the English in 1881, when he was one of 60 men who volunteered to climb Majuba Hill, which was held by 600 British.

"At the beginning of the war the volksraad elected a number of generals, of whom Dewet was one. Gen. Prinsloo, who was captured a few weeks ago, was the commandant general, at the head of the Free State forces. At the battle of Magerfontein Prinsloo fumbled and ran away. He was court-martialed by his own men and Dewet elected to succeed him.

"A peculiarity of Dewet's command is that there is apparently little or no military discipline about it. The general moves among his men, when not actually in battle, with the free and unconstrained intercourse of a private in the ranks. He talks, jokes and laughs with the soldiers in a most undignified manner for a general in command, but his confidence is never abused. His men know all the time that Dewet is supreme, and when the time for action arrives, follow him anywhere he leads them.

"Dewet's idea when he started coquetting with the forces of Kitchener and Baden-Powell, was to get north of Pretoria and join the forces of those of Botha, the Transvaal leader. This, no doubt, he has accomplished by now.

"The ablest leaders on the Boer side are Botha, Dewet and Lucas Meyer. They are all good men, and will worry the British for some time to come. On the British side Roberts and French are about the only generals who have lived up to their reputations."

MR. WU'S PERTINENT QUESTION.

It Was Too Hard For Senator Hale and That Gentleman Had to Pass.

New York Tribune.
Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, told recently with amused chagrin, of a passage at arms he had with Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister. The treatment of the missionaries in the far East was under consideration, and the senator had trotted out a number of instances of maltreatment, and even worse, that the missionaries had met with at the hands of their Eastern brethren. The senator then pointed out to the minister that this was hardly the way in which the missionary should be received, and that a liberty of faith should be accorded their subjects by Eastern rulers. All through this homily the Chinese minister had grinned sympathetically, but a trifle derisively.

"Liberty of religious thought, eh?" Wu inquired tentatively, when his chance came. "You not always give liberty of religious thought, in this country; you sometimes persecute the missionary in these great United States, I think?" To this, needless to say, the junior senator from the Pine Tree State interposed a vigorous denial.

"No, you never do such things here, never! You ever persecute the poor missionary! You are too high-minded. You have too much freedom of thought for that." And here Wu's derisive smile grew diabolical. "How about the Levantine affair?"

"Levantine affair?" was the puzzled inquiry.

"Yes, Levantine affair; affair at Levant. What did you do there?"

And then the senator suddenly remembered the fate of a Mormon missionary at Levant, Me. The keen Celestial eye of the Chinese minister saw the look of understanding in Senator Hale's eye, and he drove the nail home. "What did you do with that Mormon missionary at Levant, eh? You gave him what is called tar and feathers; is it not so?" But the senator had no response at hand.

CIGARETTES THE CAUSE.

Exclusive Use First Made Him Blind, Then Robbed Him of Reason.

Made blind by the excessive use of cigarettes Frank Ritchie, a well-to-do resident of Glen Cove, L. I., continued their use until he became insane. He was taken yesterday to the state hospital at Kings Park, L. I., a mental wreck.

Ritchie was one of the most promising business men of Glen Cove. He is married and has six children. He lived in one of the prettiest cottages in the village, regularly attended church and was considered a good citizen. His one excess was cigarettes. These he smoked continually. He averaged as many as 150 a day. His friends implored him to stop, but he would not. The cigarettes did not affect his nervous system at first, and he laughed at every one who told him there would be any ill effect.

About a year ago he was troubled with his eyes. He was unable to read. The letters would jumble before his gaze. He consulted an oculist, who said cigarette smoking had affected his sight. The oculist told him that he must either give up cigarettes or his sight. He tried to do so, but the habit had obtained such a hold upon him that he could not relinquish it.

Ritchie continued to smoke and his eyes failed steadily until about two weeks ago, when he became stone blind. He still smoked, however, even increasing his daily consumption. Soon he began to act queerly. He threatened his friends and family. Then physicians were consulted. They said he was slowly losing his mind. Cigarettes, with the blindness, were driving him insane. He would constantly bemoan his fate and curse cigarettes, but he could not give them up.

Two or three days ago there was a complete breakdown, and the physicians recommended that he be taken to an asylum. The asylum authorities will not at once cut off Ritchie's supply of cigarettes. It will be gradually reduced, so that in time it is hoped he may regain his sanity.