

# 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, OCTOBER 10, 1900.

NO. 81.

## A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJ. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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### CHAPTER IV.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FRIENDS.  
Directly I was inside the house, Savory handed me a letter from Lawford:

Dear Captain Wood—When I left you in Pickedilly, I ran up against some friends who are much set upon making your acquaintance. They are the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. They are the Spanish don, the American beauty, Susette Bywater they called her in New York, where she and her family were well acquainted with your uncle, Mr. McFaught.

Won't you come to the opera tonight to be introduced to the duchess? They beg me to say that they will be entirely delighted to receive you. Send back a line at your early convenience and oblige, yours very faithfully,  
RUFUS W. LAWFORD.

I had no engagements that night but a couple of balls, for neither of which, after my disappointment in the park, I was now very keen. Besides, I had no wish to be very late that night. I saw on my table an official "box" straight from the office and knew that it contained the great scheme for the attack on New York, which was referred to me for examination and report. I meant to give it my best attention in the early morning hours next day and so promised myself to get to bed betimes. A little good music would soothe me, I thought, so I wrote a few lines accepting the invitation and proceeded to dress.

It was then, as I stood before the glass in the window that gave upon the street, I caught a glimpse of the same forlorn creature looking up at my house. Was it mere accident? After I had heard that day the smallest matter all still unexplained assumed a certain importance.

When I left the club after dinner, my "shadow" was still there. He sank slowly and, as I thought, reluctantly out of sight when I entered the



Savory handed me a letter from Lawford, hansom and told the cabbie to drive to Covent Garden. Remembering Mr. Snuzzer's communication but a few hours before, this espionage caused me some uneasiness. Yet it was done so clumsily that I half believed the fellow wished rather to attract than escape my notice. Of this I had soon a clear proof.

When I alighted from the cab just short of the colonnade approach of the opera house, I saw him, heard him, just at my elbow, having transferred himself there by the same mysterious process that brings a tout all the way from a railway station to your front door to unload the luggage.

"Don't take no more cabs, gu'nor," he whispered hoarsely in my ear, and next moment he was gone. Who had sent him in such a roundabout way to tell me this? Who, indeed, had set him on to watch me? It must have been a friend, of course, and I gave the credit to Mr. Snuzzer. They were evidently smart people, Messrs. Saraband & Sons, when there was a chance of business coming their way.

The night was not over yet—a night of dark doings and unexplained mysteries, all of which seemed to center in me. I could not quite believe—why should I?—that the scraps of conversation I was now to overhear referred to me. And yet, had I been gifted with second sight—had I, indeed, been more alive to the warnings I had received—I might have been spared much misery. But I am anticipating.

When I reached the opera the act drop was down, and I thought to cast a look on the house before I made my way to the box where I was bidden. My hosts were strangers, and I rather wished to see Lawford first, that he might present me to them in due form. So I entered by one of the side ways into the stalls and stood there watching the audience for a time.

In the midst of this I became suddenly aware that a pair of bright eyes were fixed upon me from another direction, and I saw that I was an object of interest—more of a passing interest, perhaps—to a well-dressed, charming woman in a box on the pit tier. Then suddenly Lawford touched me on the back, saying: "Oh, oh! So you are here. Come right along. Let me present you to the duchess. She's nightly set upon seeing you," and he led the way along the corridor to the box No. 27A.

As we got close to it I saw the door was ajar and I was attracted by the sound of voices talking Spanish, which I knew. Lawford held me back, possibly fearing to be indiscreet and to intrude upon some family quarrel. What was said did not impress him, perhaps, for I think he did not understand Spanish. The voices were raised high enough to be plainly audible to any one outside—a man's, coarse, harsh and menacing; a woman's in reply, pleading softly, yet firmly.

"You know the conditions and you are bound to assist. The man has been handed over to us. He is our game, our quarry. What he has made us—all of it, the whole vast fortune."

"I would much rather be left out of the business. I despise myself so! I hate and detest the part you would have me play. I will not go against him."

"Sanctissima Virgen! Defend me from a woman's scruples. I tell you most—there is no alternative. Captivate him, win his devotion. Why not? He is a comely youth (grasso choco); you have made eyes at him; you must and shall. By heaven, if I thought you meant to play me false!"

He checked himself abruptly and with a sudden peremptory "No!" and came out to invite me most cordially to enter the box. There was nothing to show that any difference of opinion had but just agitated its occupants. Both husband and wife were smiling sweetly; the duke's voice (he was a small, spare man, with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth in his dark olive face) was now so smooth and silky that I could not imagine that it was the same I had heard in such harsh and so promising myself to get to bed betimes. A little good music would soothe me, I thought, so I wrote a few lines accepting the invitation and proceeded to dress.

The lady (it was she who had been staring at me) sat now perfectly quiet and self-controlled. There was no trace of emotion about her as she welcomed me, with marked anxiety to be pleasant and make me feel at home. The entrance was not yet ended, and the duchess swept her soft draperies aside to give me room by her side in the front of her box, where I was in full view of the whole house, Frida Fairholme included.

"Why, Captain Wood, this is really kind of you," she began, "to take us in this informal way. Directly I read of your accession to old Mr. McFaught's fortune, I was most anxious to meet you. We knew your uncle—no?—well, your relative. Mr. McFaught was a friend of our family in the old days. I never knew him myself, but I have often heard my father speak of him and of his great wealth. Will you let me congratulate you—and, Pepe"—this was to the duke—"have you congratulated Captain Wood? Of course you have."

"Es claro—of course—I know that Captain Wood is one of the chief of fortune's favorites. But believe me, señor mio, you have also come into great trouble. Vast wealth is a terrible burden; to use it aright is a grave responsibility. Especially so when you will pardon me, Captain Wood—it has come undeserved."

"But, Pepe, it is not fair to say that. Captain Wood was a relation—he had a right to inherit."

"I only mean that Captain Wood does not know, probably will never know, whether there were not others with greater claims—moral claims. I mean—on Mr. McFaught. That thought would always rankle with me. Vaya, I would rather it was you than me!"

"Do not let him disturb you, my dear Captain Wood. The duke has rather extreme views in theory, but he knows that wealth is wealth. Although we have no vast store, he would be sorry to surrender it."

We got very friendly, quite confidential, together, she and I, as we talked on, tete-a-tete, the duke having gone off somewhere with Lawford.

"Of course you have not yet tasted the joys of possession. It is all very new to you still."

"I hardly realize it, indeed, or what I shall do with it."

"Your first business, Captain Wood, believe me, will be to keep your fortune." She spoke very gravely, looking at me intently over her fan. "Half the world will be in league to rob you, fall naturally into three classes—rogues, fools, and policemen."

"And to which, pray, do I belong?" I asked lightly, not taking this bitter remark at all seriously.

"Not the first, I am sure; it would be a bad compliment to say the second, but if you were wise, you would certainly become the third. A whole police force in your pay would not be too many to protect you."

"Are you in earnest?" I said, suddenly struck with something in her eyes.

"Very much so, Captain Wood. If I were a friend, an old friend, let us say, I would counsel you, strongly urge you, to be constantly on your guard, very much on your guard."

As she spoke a deadly pallor overspread her face, which was high colored, as is often seen in very fair haired women, even when still quite young. Her husband had returned silently, I might have said stealthily, and she first had caught sight of him standing there behind me. Why was she thus terrified? Because the duke had heard her last words?

"You are very good," I said. "I should like to go very much if I may run away early. I have a couple of balls tonight."

It was a curious and not unimportant circumstance, when viewed by the light of later events, that the three houses I was to visit that night were within a stone's throw of each other.

The first, that of the Dos Rios minister, to which I was introduced by the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, was in Rutland Gate. The next, Mrs. Collingham Smith's, was in Prince's Gardens, and the last, Lady Delane's, in Prince's Gate. My new friends would have sent me on their carriage, especially when they learned I had not far to go. This near neighborhood was remarked on by the duke, when, observing that the reception did not greatly amuse me, he asked if I was not dying to get to my dancing, and where, exactly, I was going.

"You must let us send you on to Prince's Gardens in the carriage," he said, very civilly. "We have brought you out of your way to a not very bright entertainment and now we ought to speed your departure. We must stay on here for an hour or so more, but there is no reason why you should."

I protested that Prince's Gardens was only a few yards off, round the corner, in fact, and I really preferred to walk. Besides, I only meant to look in for a moment. My real destination was Lady Delane's, which was also quite close at hand.

"To be sure, yes, certainly, I know. Well, well, if you will not be persuaded. But the carriage is entirely at your disposition. Is that not so, Susette?"

It occurred to me that the duchess was not altogether pleased at this off-hand disposal of her carriage. So I refused the kind offer and left them with the pleasurable sensation of having made a couple of charming new acquaintances.

There was another acquaintance, if I might so call him, whether friend or foe, waiting for me outside—the same shuffling, silphoid creature whom I had seen so often that evening. Directly I went out I saw him emerge from the portico of an unfurnished house and follow me to the very door in Prince's Gardens.

He was still on the watch when I left Mrs. Collingham Smith's, having found nothing to detain me there—no sign of Frida Fairholme, whom I had hoped to run down. I would now have confronted this pertinacious "shadow," calling him to account for those dogging my footsteps, and if he gave no satisfaction, handing him over to the police. But it would have taken time and I felt I had none to lose.

It was already long past midnight. I might miss Frida, and that was not to be borne. Mrs. Fairholme, her mother, could give me no news of her charge. "Yes, Frida is here, somewhere. That is all I know," she answered in a weary, far-off, semi-soliloquy voice, as, no doubt, she had answered a dozen similar queries. "But I have not seen her for an hour or more. I do wish, Mr. Wood, you would find her and bring her to me," she said plaintively.

As I wandered about dejectedly, all at once I heard, "Captain Wood, Miss Fairholme wants to speak to you," and I saw a hated rival, with no friendliness in his face, pointing to where Frida sat behind a great mass of flowering azaleas.

She was as gracious a sight as ever, one of the fairest and brightest of a sex created for the delight and torment of mankind. Her dress beyond my powers of description. I think it was a pale blue satin with pink roses, but that is all I can say, except that from the feathery alight that crowned her sunny hair to the tip of a tiny shoe pushed a little out, but working triumphantly upon the carpet, she was the most absolutely charming woman I had ever seen.

"I don't think I shall speak to you," began Miss Frida, with a sniff. "What have you to say for yourself? Are you aware that I kept you three dances?" I took a seat by her side without answering, and then, giving way to elation I did not exactly feel, in spite of the great change in my fortunes, I laughed in her face.

"Really, Captain Wood, I am at a loss to understand this most idiotic proceeding," she went on, with great staidness; "something must have happened."

"It is—something most strange and surprising. I have been looking for you the whole day, in the park, at the opera, at Mrs. Collingham Smith's, to tell you that—that—Do you remember once saying that you felt perfectly safe with me?"

"I withdraw it altogether. I now believe firmly that you are a dangerous lunatic, and I will ask you, please, to take me back to mother." She half rose from her seat.

"Stay—you used to say that there could be no nonsense between us; that I was only a pauper, a harmless, insignificant nonentity, and impossible—whereas if I were a duke, or an American millionaire, you might—perhaps—"

"Do you mean to say that you have been deceiving me all this time? I altogether refuse to be bound by your unguarded words I may have uttered, and if you persist shall also decline the honor of your acquaintance."

"Hear me out, at any rate," I pleaded, as I seized her hand and gently drew her back, for she had now got up and was leaving me like a frightened bird.

Then I blurted out the whole story, in that clumsy, blundering way a man has when his heart is full and all his happiness depends on what he is saying. Still never a word from her, until at last I cried despairingly:

"Frida, darling, my first thought when I heard of this fortune was of you—I will share it with you."

"I think you have been most abominably deceitful and underhand," she faltered. "You should not have kept



She was the most absolutely charming woman I had ever seen.

It from me, I had a right to know. I should have been told—I!"

"I only heard the news myself this very morning."

"But just think what people would say. I should be called a mercenary wretch, accused of selling myself for your millions."

"They shall be yours. I will make them all over to you at once. I do not care for them one bit, except that they give me the right to ask you for this."

I took her gloved hand and kissed it, but she herself, turning her blushing face up to mine, offered me her lips.

When I left Prince's Gate I seemed to tread an air. We had been among the last. Frida and I had lingered on among the azaleas till Mrs. Fairholme's patience was fairly exhausted and she came herself to end the tete-a-tete. I think she saw enough in our anxious faces to comfort her with the hope that the pains of her chaperonage were approaching their term, and she heartily endorsed Frida's invitation to come to lunch, and come early.

Then I saw them into their carriage, refusing their proffered seat, for I wished to be alone with my new found happiness.

The night was fine, the air soft, under the pale sky, for dawn was near at hand, and I stepped out gayly, with all the buoyancy of one with whom the world went well.

I was brought up shortly and sharply to the realities of life by running up plump against my "shadow." The man who had stuck to my heels so pertinaciously all the evening was still on the watch.

But he was not jerking in the recesses of a house porch. I met him face to face upon the pavement, and he could not escape me.

"Look here, my fine fellow," I cried, tackling him at once, "this has gone a little too far. Take yourself off, now, or I shall give you in charge. Come—walk."

Then I caught sight of his face under the gas lamp and instantly recognized it.

"What you, Mr. Snuzzer?" I laughed aloud. "Upon my word, I am infinitely obliged to you. But really you might have saved yourself the trouble. And—pardon my saying so—I don't think you do it very well."

He would not own up at all. "Easy, gu'nor, easy," he answered, with a well assumed snuffing voice. "Wot are you a-driving at? I've as good a right to be 'ere as you ev. Wot's amiss?"

"I tell you plainly, Mr. Snuzzer, it won't do," I continued. "I don't want you, and I won't have you dogging my footsteps wherever I go. It's not the way to get round me, and you'll have to drop it. Begin at once. Go your own road—that way—and I'll take this."

I pointed him down the Exhibition road, and I myself turned into Knightsbridge, and walking eastward, half disposed to do the whole distance on foot. But a hansom came up out of somewhere, a news, or a side street, or overtook me on the road, and the driver, after the custom of his class, began at once to pester me with, "Cab! Cab, sir! Cab!" pulling up to my pace, and sticking to me most pertinaciously.

At last, out of sheer disgust, and to end his importunity, I jumped into the cab and gave my address in Clarges street.

I had barely lighted a cigar and leaned back to ponder over the many surprising and mainly pleasurable events of the day, when I realized that the cab was taking the wrong direction. For some strange and incomprehensible reason, the driver had turned round and was heading westward.

"Here, hi, hi!" I shouted, lifting the flap. "Where are you going?"

"Wot's up?" answered the cabbie insolently, as he pulled up short. "Think I don't know my way about? Stow it, or—"

The alternative I never heard, for at that moment two men jumped up on the front tread of the cab and opening the doors threw themselves upon me. Their weight alone would have sufficed to overpower me, to silence me, and crush out all resistance. I could do no more than give voice to one frantic yell for help, for now the strong, pungent smell of chloroform under my nostrils and the vain struggle I made with fast increasing torpor told plainly that they had called in another dread ally, and that I was absolutely helpless in their hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Journal of Commerce's monthly review says that during September six cotton mills were completed and expect to operate within 60 days. Five are started in Georgia and North Carolina. Eleven new cotton mills were announced during the month with an aggregate of 53,000 spindles, and 500 looms, and a capitalization of \$1,045,000. This is a less number of spindles than any month since February of last year.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### BETHEL PRESBYTERY.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Fall Meeting at McConnellsville.

Reported for The Yorkville Enquirer.

The presbytery of Bethel met at McConnellsville, in Olivet church, on the 3d of October at 11 a. m. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. W. G. Neville, in the absence of the moderator.

There were 54 members enrolled during the meeting.

Rev. W. W. Hatchford was elected moderator, and Rev. W. A. Hafner assistant to stated clerk. Licentiate R. P. Kirkpatrick was examined with a view to his ordination, and sustained an excellent examination. He was ordained to the full work of the ministry on the 6th of October. Calls were read from Salem, Union and Lebanon churches for the pastoral services of this brother, and were accepted by him, and order was taken for his installation at an early date.

Rev. S. C. Caldwell, of Asheville presbytery, was received as a member of this presbytery and permission was given Health Springs and Liberty Hill churches to employ him as stated supply for a year.

Permission was given Aimwell and Longtown churches to employ Rev. H. M. May and Uriel churches were permitted to employ Rev. J. E. Green until January next.

Rev. J. N. Craig, D. D., secretary of the general assembly's home missions, was present, and addressed the presbytery on the subjects of home missions and invalid fund.

The reports of the permanent committees were read as usual, reciting the interests of the cause of religion as viewed from the various standpoints of the committees.

Fishing Creek church presented a call for the services of Rev. J. H. Wilson, and on his acceptance, an appointment was made for his installation.

Hopewell and Oakland churches presented calls to presbytery for the pastoral services of Rev. W. C. Underwood, at present a member of West Hanover presbytery in the synod of Virginia, and permission was given these churches to prosecute these calls before his presbytery.

The report of the narrative on the state of religion in the bounds of presbytery excited unusual interest, and it was ordered that in lieu of the conference held at the fall meeting of presbytery by the elders, on the subject of religion in their congregations, the elders shall read the narrative of their sessions in open presbytery.

Pastors were instructed to preach during the next six months in all the churches supplied by them, on the subject of family religion, special reference being had to the training of youth, and family worship. Calls will be made on the ministers at the next meeting of presbytery to answer whether they have discharged this duty.

Rev. Alexander Sprunt, D. D., was re-elected stated clerk.

Rev. D. N. McLaughlin and Mr. A. R. Banks were re-elected trustees of Davidson college, and Rev. W. F. Hall, D. D., was elected to fill the unexpired term of Rev. D. S. McAllister as a trustee of Davidson college. Rev. J. K. Hall, Rev. J. B. Swann, Rev. Chalmers Fraser, and Rev. W. A. Hafner, with Messrs. W. D. Knox, A. H. White, and J. M. Spratt, were elected the committee on home missions.

Rev. Alexander Sprunt, D. D., Rev. C. G. Brown and Mr. E. A. Crawford, were elected the committee on foreign missions.

The committee on education was re-elected, with one change, as follows: Rev. S. H. Hay, Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, Rev. J. H. Wilson, Rev. W. B. Arrowood and Messrs. James Hamilton, C. B. McKeown, M. D., and D. S. Drennan.

Rev. W. W. Hatchford, Rev. C. S. Caldwell and T. B. Nebbet were elected the committee on bible cause.

TALLERT OF LIVING MEN.

European Scientists Are Interested in a Resident of Minnesota.

The biggest living man is Lewis Wilkins, who is now arousing great interest in the scientific circles of Europe.

Wilkins was born on a farm near St. Paul, Minn., in 1874. When he was about ten years old he measured six feet in height and now has grown to the tremendous height of 107 1/2 inches—just three-quarters of an inch less than nine feet—and weighs 364 pounds.

There have been other tall men and women before Wilkins and scientists have striven in vain to account for these freaks of nature. Only lately a plausible story has been put forth by a French physician, Dr. Marie, who says that gigantism is nothing more nor less than a disease. This disease generally occurs in patients between the ages of 15 and 25, and is first called acromegaly, according to Dr. Marie.

He mentions two giants in the French army that did not belong to this class. One was Chas. Freut, a cavalry soldier, who was six feet eleven inches, and another was Marnat, a drum major in the Nineteenth regiment of infantry, who measured six feet nine inches.

Perhaps the greatest giant who ever lived before Wilkins was Charles Byrne, an Irishman. He measured nine feet two inches. His skeleton is still preserved, proving beyond ques-

tion his enormous size. He was probably acromegalic.

Other giants were Constantine, born at Zurich, eight feet one inch; Herold, born at Leipzig, seven feet five inches, and Lady Emma, eight feet one inch.—Golden Penny.

HOW BRYAN WILL WIN.

The Claims That Are Being Made by the Democratic National Committee.

For the first time in this campaign, says a dispatch to the Philadelphia Times from Chicago, dated Wednesday, the Democrats have broken the rule they had established and have given an estimate upon the election by states. Vice Chairman J. G. Johnson, of the Democratic National executive committee, reached Chicago this morning and gave out the following table, giving Bryan 326 electoral votes, McKinley only 88, and doubtful 33.

The table as prepared by Vice Chairman Johnson, is as follows:

States.	Bryan.	McKinley.	Doubtful.
Alabama	11	—	—
Arkansas	8	—	—
California	9	—	—
Colorado	6	—	—
Connecticut	6	—	—
Delaware	3	—	—
Florida	4	—	—
Georgia	13	—	—
Idaho	3	—	—
Illinois	24	—	—
Indiana	15	—	—
Iowa	10	13	—
Kansas	10	—	—
Kentucky	13	—	—
Louisiana	8	—	—
Maine	6	—	—
Maryland	8	—	—
Massachusetts	—	15	—
Michigan	—	14	—
Minnesota	—	9	—
Mississippi	9	—	—
Missouri	15	—	—
Montana	3	—	—
New Hampshire	—	4	—
New Jersey	—	10	—
New York	36	—	—
Nevada	3	—	—
Nebraska	8	—	—
North Carolina	11	—	—
North Dakota	3	—	—
Ohio	23	—	—
Oregon	—	4	—
Pennsylvania	—	32	—
Rhode Island	—	4	—
South Carolina	9	—	—
South Dakota	—	4	—
Tennessee	12	—	—
Texas	—	15	—
Utah	—	3	—
Vermont	—	4	—
Virginia	—	12	—
Washington	—	4	—
West Virginia	—	6	—
Wisconsin	—	12	—
Wyoming	—	3	—
Total	326	88	33

"The figures which I give out," exclaimed Vice Chairman Johnson, "are based not only on the most reliable information which our committee has from every state in the Union; but also upon this further remarkable fact:

"Everybody knows that it was the gold Democratic vote of this country which elected McKinley four years ago. It is equally well-known that at least 90 per cent of that vote will go for Bryan this fall. The German vote was almost unanimously against Bryan in 1896, while this year we have trustworthy information that leads us to believe that fully 80 per cent of the German vote in the pivotal states will be cast for Bryan. This statement is true not alone of the Germans, but of other distinctively foreign classes of voters. The great body of the organized labor vote which was induced to support McKinley four years ago, will be nearly solid for the Democratic ticket next month."

TILLMAN'S PITCHFORK.

The South Carolina Senator is Using the Implement in Illinois.

Carrollton, Ill., Dispatch, October 2.

"A pitchfork is a mighty handy thing to have around. It is good to handle hay with; it is good for straw and grain; it is absolutely necessary to handle (a pause) manure. I don't come here to abuse Republicans or the Republican party as a body; but, in talking about some of the actions of our president, I shall be compelled to use a pitchfork, because I don't like to use my fingers in it."

Thus Benjamin R. Tillman, of South Carolina, made his opening impression upon the Democratic mass meeting at Carrollton today. He was cheered vigorously.

One of the statements with which the senator opened wide the eyes of the Democratic farmers of Illinois, was his bold assertion that Mark Hanna had raised \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 from the armor plate makers and was using it in the campaign.

"There are two concerns in the country," he said, "which make this armor plate—Carnegie and the B. & O. We had a contract on which we had been holding them five years. We had been keeping them down to \$300 a ton. This year, on the last day of the session of congress, Mark Hanna took charge of it. He went in and ordered his henchmen to give authority to the secretary of the navy to make a contract for armor plate at what he saw fit. It was a clear steal of \$7,000,000. I