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## A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJ. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

THE S. S. CHATTAHOOCHEE.  
I never felt so deserted and forlorn as when I stood on the platform at Waterloo on the Sunday morning waiting for the special train for Southampton. There was a great mob of people crowding and clamoring around passengers and their friends to see them off—all strangers to me, many of them talking an uncouth, unintelligible language. The porters were too much overpowered with luggage to attend to me, and I had Roy to look after.

He was very fractious, dragging at his chain, yelping in short, angry snaps, with fierce shows of teeth, and keeping every one at a distance. I cannot say what I should have done but for the kindness of a man, a gentleman who spoke with a strong Yankee twang and who found us seats. He persuaded the guard to allow Roy to remain in the carriage with us, and the dog was for the moment good. I don't know why I burdened myself with him, but I clung to him feebly, desperately, for no other reason than that he was Willie's, the only real living link left me with my dear missing friend.

This new acquaintance was a youth, little more, in a straw hat and a light check suit; he wore no gloves and had a diamond ring on one finger and a great diamond brooch in his slipknot tie. He was not handsome, far from it—freckled face, red hair and ferret eyes—and yet there were kindness, good feeling, chivalry in his face, that gave a better boy gentleman might have envied him.

"Guess you're new to this kind of thing," he said affably as we started. "Never been across before?"  
Mother frowned at me from her corner as though to check this forward stranger, but I was so sure he meant well and so grateful to him for his kindness that I smiled and let him talk on.

"You see, there are a lot of big toads in this puddle, and outsiders are left a long way behind. Quite a number of swells on board the train—dukes and duchesses, young millionaires, that Cressus British captain."

My heart bounded at the names he mentioned, for I knew that he was referring to the conspirators, and I asked him, rather nervously, if he knew any of these people by sight. I dared not tell him, of course, how deeply they interested me.

"Why, certainly; the whole hypothee. There's the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. The title is Spanish, not much, I take it, like their castles. But she's an amazing fine woman, tall and handsome. Reckon that's won her her duke. She was on the boards once—some Boston variety show. The duke's like a bit of dried root and black as sarsaparilla."

"And this millionaire?"  
"Wood. You have heard of him. Is that so? The young English captain who got all the McFaught millions. I needn't show him you; guess you know him by sight?"

How was I to answer this most embarrassing question? Was it put innocently? Had this man any suspicion? I looked into his little pale blue eyes, but they never faltered, and I replied that, like the rest of the world, I had heard the story.

"He's no great shakes, you'll say, not for a British officer. Don't fit his fortune quite. It's a good deal to live up to."

When the train ran into Southampton and we left it for the wharf where lay the little tender that was to convey us to the big liner, Mr. Rossiter (my new friend's name) showed us the people he had named. We were crowded now into a narrow space, and sat almost in each other's pockets. It was easy to make out every one, and I soon learned all I wanted to know.

First, there was the arch impostor, the villain who was masquerading as my dear Willie Wood. I saw a short, thickset, vulgar looking man, very much overdressed, smoking a long cigar, holding his head high, as though arrogance and hauteur were in his part. He was not alone; his two companions, the only persons to whom he spoke, were the Duke and Duchess of Tierra Sagrada, as my friend whispered.

I confess I stared at them with all my eyes, my heart beating tumultuously. If I only knew what they did! They had been with Willie—were the last to see him, probably, in the Victoria dock.

The man, a small man, thin, twisted, snake-like, and venomous, was no doubt the ringleader, one of the prime movers in the plot. As I looked at his dark, sallow face, heavy brooding, with dull, savage, bloodshot eyes, I thought I might have to measure strength with him—that I, a weak, helpless woman, might be called upon to unmask him, and bring him to account. What chance should I have alone against these unscrupulous, murderous, coldly deliberate villains?  
I got some little comfort, however, from my examination of the woman. Duchess or no duchess, accomplice and confederate or hapless tool, willing or constrained, I knew that within her poor means she had been kind to Willie, and would have helped him if she could. She was not wholly bad, I felt sure. A handsome woman, undoubtedly; very tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful face, although with a sad, worn, anxious expression—the face of one who had known some trouble. Was she vexed, harassed, tortured perchance, by a past that

was irrevocable, at present hateful and intolerable, which she was powerless to mend? There could be but little sympathy between her and her husband. They hardly spoke to each other; when they did, the man seemed to snarl, and if she answered at all, it was only in a sullen monosyllable. When the false Willie Wood addressed her, which he did from time to time with an air of easy familiarity, she disdained to reply at all. It was clear the conspirators were not a happy family.

While I sat looking intently at these people and engrossed with very serious thoughts, I was disturbed by Fanshawe, my maid, who came up and said, in a very fretful, disappointed tone:  
"Please, Miss Frida, I'm worried to death with this tressome dog. Whatever made you bring him is more than I can say. I can do nothing with him."

Roy had been pretty good till now, and when we got on board the tender I handed him over to Fanshawe. He had followed her very obediently from the train to the quayside, but when once embarked had shown the most unaccountable restlessness. He began questioning about the deck, dragging Fanshawe after him, for he had great strength and, besides, he growled so threateningly that she was forced to give in to him. When I took him in hand he displayed the same restlessness. At last, in despair, she appealed to me.

I again took the leash out of her hand and tried to pacify him. As a rule I could manage him. He had taken to me long before, in the early days of our acquaintance, and now, since Willie was gone, he transferred his affection, as I hoped, to me. But now I had lost all control over him. He would not keep quiet, still much less crouch down at my feet. He disdained to obey. I tried all ways with him—spoke to him softly and sweetly, scolded him and cuffed him, but all to no purpose. He stood away from me at the longest distance his chain would allow, as if we were utter strangers and his only idea was to break entirely away at the very first chance.

Then, just as our tender ran alongside the great liner, and I was occupied with mother and all our belongings, he made one great snatch at his chain. It slipped through my fingers and in an instant he was gone. He ran forward to the bows of the tug, and I could hear him bawling furiously along the deck through the throng with loud, quite joyous yelps, as eager as if he was rounding up a flock of scattered sheep on the mountain home of his ancestors.

In the end I saw him crossing the gangway at the fore part—that put down for the second cabin passengers. He was thrusting his way through them noisily, and was one of the earliest at the ladder, which he ran up to disappear hastily into the big ship. Directly I had installed mother into a snug place in the music room and in Fanshawe's I unpacked my room and inquired for the dog.

"Dog, miss?" said a passing steward. "Is he a passenger? Then the butcher will have him safe. If not, guess he is made into sausages by this time, for the chief officer's bound to have him hanged."

"I have paid for the dog's ticket, and perhaps you will be good enough to direct me to the butcher," I said sharply. "I wish to see that the dog is made comfortable."

"He'll be that, miss, sure enough, if he's peacefully disposed; otherwise Sam McKillop has a heavy hand with the rope's end."

Full of indignations for Roy, whose cross grained nature seemed likely to get him into trouble, I went in all haste to the far stern, picking my way among all sorts of dirt till some one produced Sam McKillop, a big, burly man, with rough black beard and great, bare, hairy arms.

"That's me. Who wants Sam McKillop? Will it be you, mem?"  
"It's about my dog, Mr. McKillop," I said sweetly. "A golden collie; answers to the name of Roy."

"I mind him. But did you say you, mem? I was thinking another person owned him—his name brocht him to me." "I don't know who that could be. But I am in charge of him, and I want you to be kind to him"—I handed over a sovereign—"and to bear with him, for he has a queer temper sometimes. I hope he will give you no trouble."

"Ma certie he'll give no trouble. I'm no' fashed for that. He's dooce and quiet enech, I'm thinking. Cam' here like a wee lamme trotting at the heels of the chap that brocht him."

"Was it some one who caught him,



He sat there, solemn and self-satisfied, giving a paw and doing all his little tricks.

"do you think? I should like to know." "Mayhap. But I thought he owned him, the beast lippened to him so kindly, and he lay down just at a word, as though from an old friend."

"Found out his mistake like a sensible creature, I suppose, and thought it best to settle down till he found me. Will you take me to see him, Mr. McKillop, please?"

"He's yonder, in the butch under the bulkhead; snug in his straw, and making the best o't—a lesson to mair contrairy Christians."

I followed the indication, and there was Roy lying at ease in his rude kennel; his beautiful head rested on his two fore paws, and he looked perfectly contented and happy. At my approach he barely lifted his large, sleepy eyes, but there was something like a wink of recognition in them, accompanied by a rustle in the straw from the wagging of his ponderous tail.

This complete change in his demeanor was a pleasant surprise. I did not seek to explain it to myself, but speaking a few words of encouragement, I left him. More pressing matters called me aft. The steamer was already beyond the shelter of the land, and the sea had risen under a fast freshening summer gale.

I was not sorry to get back to my berth, and soon had no further concern with mundane affairs, or the passage of time. My only recollections of the next three days are a confused memory of acute discomfort. We were all wretchedly ill—mother, poor dear! Fanshawe, of course, and I, although hitherto I had liked the sea.

My own collapse was, no doubt, the reaction from the keen anxieties that had oppressed me before departure. They were as keen as ever now; but when I roused myself from the stupor of seasickness, and crawled up on deck to breathe the magnificent ozonized air of the Atlantic, I felt revived and more fit to face them.

Some one helped me to my deck chair. It was my friend Mr. Rossiter. Some one had placed it in a sheltered corner—Mr. Rossiter. Some one got wraps for me, and a novel, and a deck steward with a cup of invigorating beef tea; this same some one left me in peace to recover health and strength—always Mr. Rossiter. I blessed the kindly, considerate chivalry of American men.

Now, as I lounged there lazily, I began to look into things a little more closely, and to consider how far I had advanced matters or served the cause by this escape of mine.

I had failed in the very first task I had set myself, that of keeping a watch upon the conspirators. I had seen nothing of them for three days. I knew no more about them than when I had come on board, and I had no clear notion how I should act when I arrived in New York, what would be best, or what would come of anything I did. Despair and helplessness seized me, and I felt utterly helpless, useless, and was full of self-reproach. Yet daylight was nearer than I thought. I now saw Mr. Rossiter approaching and leading Roy by his chain.

"Here's some one you may be glad to see," he said pleasantly. "I got leave to give him a short run."

"Your dog? What a handsome creature!" said a lady seated by my side, and, turning, I saw to my surprise it was the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. Roy, who was a lump of conceit, perfectly understood the compliment. It was one of his well behaved days. He sat there, solemn and self-satisfied, giving a paw and doing all his little tricks almost without asking, while the duchess petted and made much of him without the least protest on his part.

Then with a quick motion of not unnatural curiosity the duchess looked at his collar. It was no doubt a civil way of finding out who I was, but the result was something of a shock to us both. For when she started back in surprise that had terror in it, I remembered that his collar still bore his master's name and regiment, "Captain W. A. Wood, —th regiment."

"Who are you? What does this"—she began hurriedly, but recovered herself and said, with great self-control: "You know a Captain Wood, then? We have one on board too. I wonder if they are related. You must allow me to introduce you. He is traveling with us."

Before I could answer a man stood over us and a harsh voice called her by name, but in a language I did not understand. She got up with prompt obedience, that I set down to anxiety to tell her husband (of course it was the duke) what she had discovered. But as they walked away together he did all the talking, and from the infection I took sure he was taking her sharply to task.

"Everything, Miss Fairholme. More than you do, I guess," he said, with a little laugh.

"Who are you?" "A friend. But this is too public a place to talk in. Are you equal to a place upon the deck? We shall be safe away aft there, and it will be supposed we are exercising the dog."

I went readily enough and was greatly comforted by what I heard. This Mr. Rossiter, who had been so attentive, was an ally and agent of Mr. Snuzzer, who had been deputed to take his place in case he could not go himself by our steamer.

"I am one of Saraband's people, too, although not so high in their confidence as Saul J. He is a daisy and has won his place by many fine operations. I am only beginning, but I hope well. Things are moving in the right direction. Before you leave this ship, before many hours pass perhaps, I shall be able to give you some startling surprises, only you must await the right time."

I could not find words to thank him and went back to my seat tremulous with excitement, yet patient and contented, willing to trust this new and most unexpected ally.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear our life's succeeding stages; A day to childhood seems a year, And years like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth, Ere passion yet disorders, Steals lingering like a river smooth Along its grassy borders.

But, as the careworn cheek grows wan, And sorrow's frown thickens, Ye start that measure life to man, Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath, And life itself is vapid, Why, as we near the Falls of Death, Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange,—yet who would change When one's course to slower speeding, Time's pace by one our friends have gone, And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives us years of fading strength, Indemnifying ineffectness; And those of youth a seeming length, Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Selected.

#### ADDRESS TO THE MAYORS.

##### Cities Interested in Constitutional Amendment Appeal to the Voters.

The following is printed at the request of the mayors of Columbia, Rock Hill, Georgetown, Florence and Charleston. The question of voting for the proposed amendment is being extensively discussed pro and con in the papers of the state. There is an important matter of principle involved. Otherwise the constitutional convention would have never imposed the 8 per cent. limit. Outside of this, however, the question is one which only concerns the towns directly interested, and under the circumstances we do not feel that we are called upon to make extended comment. Here is the address in full:

To the Voters of South Carolina:  
At the last session of our general assembly the efforts of our respective senators and representatives, the following amendment to the constitution of our state was passed by the requisite majority: "The senate shall be composed of water works, and shall be submitted to you at the general election on the 6th of November, next."

A joint resolution proposing to amend Section 7, Article VIII, of the constitution, relating to municipal indebtedness, was enacted by the general assembly of the state of South Carolina, that the following amendment to Section 7, of Article VIII, of the constitution, be agreed to: Add at the end thereof the following words: "Provided, that the limitation imposed by this section and by Section 5, Article IV, of this constitution, shall not apply to bonded indebtedness incurred by the city of Columbia, Rock Hill, Charleston, Florence, where the proceeds of said bonds are applied solely for the purchase, establishment, maintenance or increase of water works, plant, or sewerage system; and by the city of Georgetown, when the proceeds of said bonds are applied solely for the purchase, establishment, maintenance or increase of water works, sewerage system, gas and electric light plants, where the entire revenue arising from the revenue of such plants and systems shall be devoted solely and exclusively to the maintenance and operation of the same, and where the question of incurring such indebtedness is submitted to the voters and the qualified voters of such municipality, as provided in the constitution, upon the question of other bonded indebtedness."

Approved the 19th February, A. D. 1900.

We believe if the vital importance of this amendment to our cities was understood by you, the voters, the opportunity of its being adopted by an overwhelming majority.

Fearing that you may not appreciate the imperative necessity of giving our municipalities the opportunity of deciding, each one for itself, whether we should increase our respective debts for the sole purpose above named, we appeal to you to give us this right of choice.

All must realize that without an abundant supply of good water, suitable for all purposes, and without a proper system of sewerage, which cannot be made efficient without this water supply, the growth and health of any municipality must be seriously impaired.

We believe there is no other measure or project possible, for the advancement of our cities, that can compare in importance with an abundant water supply and a proper system of sewerage, and without these, in our opinion, they cannot advance in prosperity or population as they should do. Section 13, of Article 2, of the constitution of South Carolina, adopted December 3, 1895, provides:

Section 13. In authorizing a special election in any incorporated city or town in this state for the purpose of bonding the same, the general assembly shall prescribe as a precedent to the holding of said election a petition signed by a majority of the freeholders of said city or town as shown by its tax books, and at such elections all electors of such city or town who are duly qualified by law to vote in the election of this Article, and who have paid all taxes, state, county and municipal, for the previous year, shall be allowed to

vote; and a vote of a majority of those voting in said election shall be necessary to authorize the issue of said bonds.

And Sections V and VII of Article VIII of the constitution confirm and reiterate the same provisions.

You will see therefore that the adoption of this amendment will not confer any of our communities to a liability of bonds, or to municipal ownership; but will only confer upon us a power in these respects that we do not now possess.

And the conferring of his authority, in the event that other plans prove impracticable or undesirable for procuring for us these vital essentials to our very life and growth, will be under these most ample safe-guards provided by the constitution of the state.

The Constitution also, quoted above, wisely surmounts the question of increasing the debt of any municipality with such provisions and limitations, as require the consent of a majority of both the real estate owners and of the qualified voters in each place to any issuance of municipal bonds.

The amendment submitted to your votes recognizes and repeats that constitutional provision.

Should this amendment be adopted by the voters of the state, and approved by our next general assembly, neither of our cities can issue a single bond nor increase their bonded debt a single dollar, by any action whatever of our municipal authorities, unless and until in each city, first, a majority of the freeholders petition those authorities to order a special election, and at that special election a majority of the qualified electors' vote to issue these bonds for the special purpose named in the amendment, and for no other purpose whatsoever.

Unless this constitutional amendment is adopted by the freeholders and the qualified voters in neither of our cities can have the privilege or option of issuing bonds for the purpose of acquiring these necessities, so essential to health, life and prosperity, even if all "the freeholders and all the qualified voters" were unanimous in their desire to do so.

We therefore appeal to you, our fellow-citizens, to use your votes for your votes for the adoption of this amendment, the right to decide for ourselves, subject to the limitations of the constitution of South Carolina, above set forth, these blessings so essential to our growth and prosperity, which our own people are praying for, and a prayer, which we feel sure, our fellow South Carolinians will suffer to pass unheeded. Yours respectfully,

F. S. EARLE, Mayor of Columbia.  
J. W. WYMAN, Mayor of Rock Hill.  
W. D. MORGAN, Mayor of Georgetown.  
W. H. MALLORY, Mayor of Florence.  
J. ADGER SMITH, Mayor of Charleston.

#### THE STATE AND RECORD.

##### Characteristic Tilt Between Two Columbia Papers.

The Abbeville Press and Banner of Wednesday contains the following compilation of the controversy that followed the publication of Captain Sawyer's letter by the Columbia Record. It is of especial interest to those who have been but one side of the case.

Captain Sawyer's letter is addressed to Senator McLaurin and published in his organ, so we suppose the junior senator gave it for publication. But of course, being a good Democrat, Senator McLaurin does not agree with Captain Sawyer when he says the Democrats are making themselves 'damnable fools about the liberty of these people,' nor again when the gallant captain says he has 'lost all confidence in Bryan.'—The State.

HURLED BACK AS UNTRUE.  
It is a matter of no importance how the State regards The Record; but for fear that silence may be taken as giving assent, The Record desires to state that the State's identification of The Record as McLaurin's organ is an untruth, whose repetition will be a lie. The Record is owned by a stock company and nearly every shareholder in it is a business man of Columbia. Its policy is dictated solely by conceptions of what is best for Columbia. It agrees with some of the junior senators' opinions and wholly disagrees with others. It shows him only exactly the same consideration it extends to other public men. A paper which freely bandies the epithet organ lays itself open to suspicion of being itself an organ.—Columbia Evening Record.

UGLY CHARGES.  
We are prepared for The Record with the record. We have the names of its stockholders and the amounts of their holdings as far as is known by a prominent business man of Columbia, who has been a backer of the Record, and exclusively to the maintenance and operation of the same, and where the question of incurring such indebtedness is submitted to the voters and the qualified voters of such municipality, as provided in the constitution, upon the question of other bonded indebtedness."

The authorized capital stock of The Record company is \$5,000, which sum had not been fully subscribed when our informant gave us the figures a month or so ago. The gentleman had just sold his stock to Senator McLaurin and mentioned the fact. This led to the question who the remaining stockholders were. He gave the names of seven "Columbia business men," who all told held \$525 of the stock, the name of an eighth who held \$500 of it and was president of the company, and the name of a ninth who was believed to hold \$1,000, received in payment of the plant formerly and now used by The Record. Total for these "Columbia business men," \$2,025, or \$2,075. The remaining backer was Senator McLaurin, who owned or otherwise controlled either \$2,400 or \$2,900 of the stock, he could not remember which—but certainly a majority of them we do not desire to be too personal we do not wish to state by "otherwise controlled," but if The Record insists—

Now we submit that if Senator McLaurin controls the greater part of the stock of The Record—and we do not believe The Record will call our informant a liar when it thinks out his name—it is legitimate to call that paper his organ. It is more than legitimate to do so when The Record speaks for him frequently, and prints for him matter—such as the letter of Captain Sawyer—which he desires to go to the public, and defends him when he goes counter to Democratic principles and

the strong sentiment of this constituency.

For our part we do not object to Senator McLaurin's having an organ nor The Record's acting in that capacity. Our only concern about this contemporary is to avoid all controversy with it—for reasons it will probably understand. The reference to it was an inadvertence which would not have been committed by the writer hereof.—The State.

#### CHARGES REPEATED.

We have no intention of discussing the private business affairs of The Record with The State, for they are not of public interest. It would be just as profitable to review the financial history of The State and inquire into the various ways in which it has been financed. We have heard some business men of Columbia make some very interesting remarks about their holdings in some of the companies which have kept The State alive. There has been but one company in charge of The Record and its affairs are in a very satisfactory state.

It is a matter of record in the secretary of state's office that the authorized capital stock of The Record Publishing company is \$10,000. This fact has been published in the columns of The State in the past, and yet it announces this morning that the authorized capital of The Record is \$5,000. That is but a sample of the errors which we have no intention of pointing out in detail.

Suffice it to say that Senator McLaurin does not own a single share of the stock of The Record Publishing company. He has not bought any Record stock. The insinuation or assertion that he otherwise controls The Record is likewise a falsehood. We have already said what a repetition of the assertion that The Record was McLaurin's organ would be.—The Columbia Evening Record.

#### ANXIOUS FOR QUITS.

In Conclusion, We Hope.—Regarding an article in the Columbia Evening Record, it is sufficient to say: (1) That The Record does not challenge the truthfulness and reliability of the gentleman who gave The State its information of Senator McLaurin's "control" of The Record; that the gentleman himself does not deny making any of the statements attributed to him by The State; and therefore that The State's good faith in the matter is unquestioned. (2) That our informant believed, when he spoke to us, that he had sold his Record stock to Senator McLaurin, and had in fact shipped it to him; but, for reasons not necessary to state here, the senator subsequently—so we now learn—refused to take it. (3) Whether the majority of the stock stands on the books in Senator McLaurin's name or is mortgaged to him is immaterial in considering the question of "control." (4) Whether, as our informant says, the authorized stock is \$5,000, or instead was \$10,000 is also immaterial; the point being what proportion of the stock issued represented Senator McLaurin's interest in the paper.

As we have already intimated the reference to The Record as Senator McLaurin's "organ" was an inadvertence on the part of a member of the staff of this newspaper who did not realize fully the extreme repulsion its editor has for any issue or contact with that paper, regardless of the names in which its stock may stand. Of course when denial was made there was nothing for it but to offer the evidence in our possession.

It matters nothing to us whose organ The Record is. It is not a competitor of The State in any sense of the word and we are in no way concerned about its politics. We have ignored a great deal of nagging on its part, remembering that there is no redress to be had for anything it may say. It would please us greatly if the name of The State should never appear in The Record, and in such case we would be willing to give bond that the name of The Record should never appear in The State. If we do not give such a guarantee now it is only because we do not know what advantage might be taken of it. But if "business men of Columbia" have anything to do with the conduct of the paper and want a modus vivendi we are ready to establish the quarantine.—The State.

CONCLUDING DISCHARGE.  
The Record will discuss the utterances of The State just as it does those of any other paper, and does not care a copper whether the editor of The State likes it or not. That is a matter of supreme indifference. One thing is absolutely certain, if The State does not stick to truth in its assertions about The Record, it will be promptly called down. As far as character and good name are concerned, The Record will not come out second best in comparison with The State.

The Record did not challenge the "truthfulness and reliability of the informant who gave The State information," but it did assert that the information he gave was incorrect, and it does assert that The State's use of that information was an ungentlemanly violation of the confidence of a private conversation.

Finally, any assertion that Senator McLaurin has any interest in or control over The Record is a lie, pure and simple. We do not intend to discuss the question, for there is nothing to discuss.—The Record.

#### BOSTON'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

The pictures of Emily Marshall that have been preserved," writes William Ferrine, of "The Loveliest Woman in America," in the November Ladies' Home Journal, "do not realize her beauty as it appeared to those who knew her. She was about five feet five inches in height; her figure was luxuriantly delicate; her hair was of a chestnut-brown hue, and her luminous eyes were said by some to be hazel in color, by others black. Her cheeks were rosy and dimpled; her mouth displayed teeth of perfect whiteness; her hair was worn curled behind the ears and held by side combs, and her features were brilliant with expression when a gay or laughing thought came over her. At one time when she appeared at a fancy ball in the character of Sweet Anna Page, of the 'Merry

Wives of Windsor,' and danced with Thomas Willing, of Philadelphia, they were thought to be the handsomest pair that had ever graced such an event. When Chester Harding, the artist, wrote his autobiography he confessed that he found it impossible to satisfy himself in painting Miss Marshall's portrait. It was impossible to catch the living fascination of her countenance, and he declared that 'the artist's skill could not be put to a severer test for her beauty depended much upon the expression of her animated face, which, when lighted up in conversation, was bewitchingly lovely.'"

#### LOCKHART LINKLETS.

Throw at a Dog and Broke His Arm.—Death of Nellie Dowdle.—Notes About People.

LOCKHART, October 23.—On last Sunday evening, Charles, oldest son of Superintendent Williams, happened to a painful accident in peculiar way. Being attacked by a dog, he threw a brickbat at it and broke his arm. It had been but a few months since the same arm was broken in a game of baseball.

Died, on the 18th instant, Nellie, the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. Samuel Dowdle. Her remains were buried at Bullock's Creek cemetery, beside those of her mother and younger sister, who had preceded her to the grave since last August.

Mr. Samuel Plaxico was in town one day last week on business. Married, on the 17th instant, by Rev. J. B. Swann, Mr. John Parks, formerly of York county, and Miss Maggie Wade, formerly of Chester county.

The new mill office, but recently built, is an up-to-date building, and adds very much to the appearance of the town.

There is no sickness here to speak of; the most of the cases being measles or from the effects of that disease.

WANTED A JOB AS BOSS.—A boy of about 14, with well worn clothes and a face in which timidity and determination struggled for the mastery, entered the office of a shipping house on Front street, last week, and, in a low, nervous voice, spoke the control of the establishment, and, catching his eye, said:

"Do you want a boss, mister?" "What!" exclaimed the proprietor, surprised out of his self-control.

"I want to know if you want a boss, sir."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, I've been looking for something to do for three weeks now, and nobody wants a boy, so today I thought I'd see if somebody didn't want a boss."

"Well, well! That's not bad. Are you willing to work up to the job? It took me 25 years to get it."

"Deed I am, sir, if you'll give the chance."

Today an earnest boy in jumper and overalls is struggling with bundles and packing cases in the shipping room of the concern. He intends to be boss of the establishment before his side whiskers, which have not yet sprouted, are as gray as those of the present incumbent.

And the chances, with his energy and will, are in his favor.—New York Times.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—Mr. G. W. Stevens, in his book, "In India," says that the first sight of that country is amazing and stupefying, because everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. The common crows are blue; the oxen have humps; it's