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THE MYSTERY OF AGATHA WEBB.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREENE,

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Lost Man's Lane," "Hand and Ring," Etc., Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.
In order that new readers of "The Enquirer" may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of which has already been published:

The story opens with the close of a ball after daylight in the morning. While the guests are leaving the house Frederick Sutherland dashes out frantically and disappears in the woods on the other side of the road. Agatha Webb is found on stairs murdered. The body of Betsy, the cook, is found hanging from a window. Philemon Webb, Agatha's husband, is discovered sitting before a dining table asleep, with a smear of blood on his coat sleeve. Philemon being charged with the murder, his mind, already feeble gives way completely. All Agatha Webb's money has been taken. Miss Page, standing on a hollow tree. Frederick Sutherland, who has been a wild fellow, promises his father to reform; also to give up Amabel Page, whom he has been expecting to marry. Miss Page tells Frederick that she followed him on the night of the murder and saw him secretly enter a hollow tree. She declares that he shall either marry her or she will proclaim him a murderer. She is about to leave him and the town when she is held as a witness. The past life of Agatha Webb, who had been born to her and all died in infancy. It is learned that the money taken from Agatha Webb was all in new bills. A storekeeper produces one of them that a strange man with a flowing beard gave him the night of the murder. The problem now is to find the man with the long beard. Suspicion falls on the brothers. Frederick visits the hollow tree and finds the money gone. Waffles a gambler from Boston, demands \$500 of Frederick in payment of a gambling debt. Frederick secures a check for the amount from his father, pays the debt and is about to leave home when he is stopped by Miss Page. Knapp, detective, and Abel, with the coroner, visit the Zabel brothers. They are obliged to break into the house, and find both brothers dead. A spot of blood is found on the clothing of one of the Zabels, and a miniature of Agatha Webb when a young girl is lying on James Zabel's breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONEY FOUND.

The lantern gone the room resumed its former appearance. Abel, who had been much struck by Sweetwater's mysterious maneuvers, drew near Dr. Talbot and whispered in his ear: "We might have done without that fellow from Boston." To which the coroner replied: "Perhaps, and perhaps not. Sweetwater has not yet proved his case; let us wait till he explains himself." Then turning to the constable he showed him an old fashioned miniature which he had found lying on James' breast when he made his first examination. It was set with pearls and backed with gold and was worth many meals, for the lack of which its devoted owner had perished. "Agatha Webb's portrait," exclaimed Talbot, "or rather Agatha Gilchrist's! For I presume this was painted when she and James were lovers." "She was certainly a beauty," commented Fenton, as he bent over the miniature in the moonlight. "I do not wonder she queened it over the whole county." "He must have worn it where I found it for the last 40 years," mused the doctor. "And yet men say that love is a fleeting passion. Well, after coming upon this proof of devotion, I find it impossible to believe James Zabel accountable for her death. Sweetwater's instinct was truer than Knapp's."

"Or ours," muttered Fenton. "Gentlemen," interposed Abel, pointing to a bright spot that just then made its appearance in the dark outline of the shade before alluded to, "do you see that hole? It was the sight of that trick in the shade which sent Sweetwater outside looking for footprints. See! Now his eye is to it!" (as the bright spot became suddenly eclipsed). "We are under examination, sirs, and the next thing will be heard is that he's not the only person who's been peering into this room through that hole."

"He was so far right that the first words of Sweetwater on his re-entrance were: 'It's all O. K., sirs. I have found my missing clew. James Zabel was not the only person who came up here from the Webb cottage last night.' And turning to Knapp, who was losing some of his supercilious manner, he asked, with significant emphasis: 'If, of the full amount stolen from Agatha Webb, you found \$20 in the possession of one man and \$90 in the possession of another, upon which of the two would you fix as the probable murderer of this good woman?'"

"Upon him who held the lion's share, of course."

"Very good. Then it is not in this cottage you will find the person most wanted. You must look—But there, first let me give you a glimpse of the money. Is there any one here ready to accompany me in search of it? I shall have to take him a quarter of a mile farther up hill."

"You have seen the money? You know where it is?" asked Dr. Talbot and Mr. Fenton in one breath. "Gentlemen, I can put my hand on it in ten minutes."

At this unexpected and somewhat startling statement Knapp looked at Dr. Talbot and Dr. Talbot looked at

Instantly the young man became very grave. With a quick glance around which seemed to embrace the secret recesses of the forest rather than the eager faces bending toward him, he lowered his voice and quietly said:

"The hand that buried this money under the roots of this old tree is the same which you saw pointing downward at the spot of blood in Agatha Webb's front yard."

"You do not mean Amabel Page," cried Mr. Fenton, with natural surprise.

"Yes, I do. I am glad it is you who have named her."

CHAPTER XVII.

MISS PAGE SUSPECTED.

A half hour later these men were all cased with Dr. Talbot in the Zabel kitchen. Abel had rejoined them, and Sweetwater was telling his story with great earnestness and no little show of pride.

"Gentlemen, when I charge a young woman of respectable appearance and connections with such a revolting crime as murder, I do so with good reason, as I hope presently to make plain to you."

"Gentlemen, on the night and at the hour Agatha Webb was killed, I was playing with four other musicians in Mr. Sutherland's hallway. From the place where I sat I could see what went on in the parlor and also have a clear view of the passage-way leading down to the garden door. As the dancing was going on in the parlor I naturally looked that way most, and this is how I came to note the egress of specters moving up the moon lighted road than a party of eager and impatient men. Not till they turned into the main thoroughfare did any one speak. Then Abel could no longer restrain himself, and he cried out:

"We are going to Mr. Sutherland's." But Sweetwater quickly undeceived him.

"No," said he, "only into the woods opposite his house."

But at this Mr. Fenton drew him back.

"Are you sure of yourself?" he said.

"Have you really seen this money, and is it concealed in this forest?"

"I have seen the money," Sweetwater solemnly declared, "and it is hidden in these woods."

Mr. Fenton dropped his arm, and they moved on till their way was blocked by the huge trunk of a fallen tree.

"It is here we are to look," cried Sweetwater pausing and motioning Knapp to turn his lantern on the spot where the shadows lay thickest. "Now, what do you see?" he asked.

"The upturned roots of a great tree," said Mr. Fenton.

"And under them?"

"A hole or, rather, the entrance to one."

"Very good. The money is in that hole. Pull it out, Mr. Fenton."

The assurance with which Sweetwater spoke was such that Mr. Fenton at once stopped and plunged his hand into the hole; but when, after a hurried search, he drew it out again, there was nothing in it; his hand was empty. Sweetwater stared at that hand amazed.

"Don't you find anything?" he asked.

"Isn't there a roll of bills in that hole?"

"No," was the gloomy answer, after a renewed attempt and a second disappointment. "There is nothing to be found here. You are laboring under some misapprehension, Sweetwater."

"But I can't be. I saw the money; saw it in the hand of the person who hid it there. Let me look for it, constable. I will not give up the search till I have turned the place topsy turvy."

Knelling down in Mr. Fenton's place, he thrust his hand into the hole. On either side of him peered the faces of Mr. Fenton and Knapp. (Abel had slipped away at a whisper from Sweetwater.) They were lit with a similar expression of anxious interest and growing doubt. His own countenance was a study of conflicting and by



He showed two rolls of new crisp bills.

he thrust cheerful emotions. Suddenly his aspect changed. With a quick twist of his little, if awkward, body, he threw himself lengthwise on the ground, and began tearing at the earth inside the hole, like a burrowing animal.

"I cannot be mistaken. Nothing will make me believe it is not here. It has simply been buried deeper than I thought. Ah! What did I tell you? See here! And see here!"

Bringing his hands into the full blaze of the light, he showed two rolls of new crisp bills.

"They were lying under half a foot of earth," said he, "but if they had been buried as deep as Grannie Fuller's well, I'd have unearthed them."

Meantime Mr. Fenton was rapidly counting one roll and Knapp the other. The result was an aggregate sum of \$200, just the amount Sweetwater had promised to show them.

"A good stroke of business," cried Mr. Fenton. "And now, Sweetwater, who is the hand that buried this treasure? Nothing is to be gained by preserved silence on this point any longer."

old picture in the dimmest corner of the room. Taking them down, I examined them closely. They were not only soiled, gentlemen, but dreadfully old and rubbed. In short, they were ruined; and, thinking that the young lady herself would be glad to be rid of them, I quietly put them into my pocket, and carried them to my own home. Abel has just been for them so you can see them for yourselves, and, if your judgment coincides with mine, you will discover something more on them than mud."

Dr. Talbot, though he stared a little at the young man's confessed theft, took the slippers Abel was holding out and carefully turned them over. They were, as Sweetwater had said, grievously torn and soiled and showed, besides several deep earth stains, a mark or two of a bright red color quite unmistakable in character.

"Blood," declared the coroner. "There is no doubt about it. Miss Page was where blood was spilled last night."

"I have another proof against her," Sweetwater went on, in full enjoyment of his prominence among these men who, up till now, had barely recognized his existence. "When full of the suspicion that Miss Page had had a hand in the theft, if not the murder of Mrs. Webb, I hastened down to the scene of the tragedy, I met this young woman issuing from the front gate. She had just been making herself conspicuous by pointing out a trail of blood on the grass plot. Dr. Talbot, who was there, will remember how she looked on that occasion, but I doubt if he noticed how Abel here looked, or so much as remarked the faded flower the silly boy had stuck in his button-hole."

"I did not," ejaculated the coroner. "Yet that flower has a very important bearing on this case. He had found it, as he will tell you, on the floor near Batsy's skirts, and as soon as I saw it in his coat, I bade him take it out and keep it, for, gentlemen, it was a very uncommon flower, the like of which can only be found in this town in Mr. Sutherland's conservatory. I remember seeing such a one in Miss Page's hair, early in the evening. Have you that flower about you, Abel?"

Abel had, and being filled with importance, too, showed it to the doctor and to Mr. Fenton. It was withered and faded in hue, but it was unmistakably an orchid of the rarest description.

"It was lying near Batsy," explained Abel. "I drew Mr. Fenton's attention to it at the time, but he scarcely noticed it."

"I will make up for my indifference now," said that gentleman.

"I should have been shown that flower," put in Knapp.

"So you should," acknowledged Sweetwater, "but when the detective instinct is aroused it is hard for a man to be just to his rivals. Besides, I was otherwise occupied. I had Miss Page to watch. Happily for me, it had been decided that she should not be allowed to leave town till after the inquest, and so my task became easy. This whole day I have spent in sight of Mr. Sutherland's house, and at nightfall I was rewarded by detecting her end a prolonged walk in the garden by a hurried dash into the woods opposite."

He followed her and noted carefully all that she did. As she had just seen Frederick Sutherland and Miss Holliday disappear up the road together, she probably felt free to do as she liked, for she walked very directly to the old tree we have just come from and, kneeling down beside it, pulled from the hole underneath something which rattled in her hand with fresh bank notes. I had approached her as near as I dared and was peering around a tree trunk when she stooped down again and plunged both hands into the hole. She remained in this position so long that I did not know what to make of it. But she rose at last and turned toward home, laughing to herself in a wicked and pleased way that did not tend to make me think any more of her. The moon was shining very brightly by this time, and I could readily perceive every detail of her person. She held her hands out before her and shook them more than once as she trod by me, so I was sure there was nothing in them, and this is why I was so confident we should find the money still in the hole."

"When I saw her enter the house, I set out to find you, but the courthouse room was empty, and it was a long time before I learned where to look for you. But at last a fellow at Brighton's corner said he saw four men go by on their way to Zabel's cottage, and on the chance of finding you among them I turned down here. The shock you gave me in announcing that you had discovered the murderer of Agatha Webb, knocked me over for the moment, but now I hope you realize, as I do, that he could never have had an active hand in her death notwithstanding the fact that one of the stolen bills has been found to have been in that wretched man's possession, for—and here is my great point—the proof is not wanting that Miss Page visited this house as well as Mrs. Webb's during her famous escapade, or at least stood under the window beneath which I have just been searching. A footprint can be seen there, sirs, a very plain footprint, and if Dr. Talbot will take the trouble to compare it with the slipper he holds in his hand he will find it to have been made by the foot that wore that slipper."

The coroner, with a quick glance from the slipper in his hand up to Sweetwater's eager face, showed a decided disposition to make the experiment thus suggested, but Mr. Fenton, whose mind was full of the Zabel tragedy, interrupted them with the question:

"But how do you explain by this hypothesis the fact of James Zabel trying to pass one of the \$20 bills stolen from Mrs. Webb's cupboard? Do you consider Miss Page generous enough to give him that money?"

"You ask me that, Mr. Fenton? Do

you wish to know what I think of the connection between these two great tragedies?"

"Yes; you have earned a voice in this matter. Speak, Sweetwater."

"Well, then, I think Miss Page has made an effort to throw the blame of



"A footprint can be seen there—compare it with the slipper."

her own misdoing on one or both of these unfortunate old men. She is sufficiently cold blooded and calculating to do so, and circumstances certainly favored her. Shall I show how?"

Mr. Fenton consulted Knapp, who nodded his head. The Boston detective was not without curiosity as to how Sweetwater would prove his case.

"Old James Zabel had seen his brother sinking rapidly from inanition. This their condition amply shows. He was weak himself, but John was weaker, and in a moment of desperation he rushed out to ask a crumb of bread from Agatha Webb or possibly—from I have heard some whispers of an old custom of theirs—to John Philemon at his yearly merrymaking and so obtain in a natural way the bite for himself and brother he perhaps had not the courage to ask for outright. But death had been in the Webb cottage before him, which awful circumstance, acting on his already weakened nerves, drove him half insane from the house and sent him wandering blindly about the streets for a good half hour before he reappeared in his own house. How do I know this? From a very simple fact. Abel here has been to inquire, among other things, if Mr. Crane remembers the tune we were playing at the great house when he came down the main street from visiting old Widow Walk. Fortunately he does, for the trip, trip, trip in it struck his fancy, and he has found himself humming it over more than once since. Well, that waltz was played by us at a quarter after midnight, which fixes the time of the encounter at Mrs. Webb's gateway pretty accurately. But, as you will soon see, it was 12:50 before James Zabel knocked at Loton's door. How do I know this? By the same method of reasoning by which I determined the time of Mr. Crane's encounter. Mrs. Loton was greatly pleased with the music played that night and had all her windows open in order to hear it, and she says we were playing 'Money Musk' when that knocking came to disturb her. Now, gentlemen, we played 'Money Musk' just before we were called out to supper, and as we went to supper promptly at 1:45 you can see just how my calculation was made."

FEATURES OF SHIP SUBSIDY BILL.

Nine Million Dollars and American Vessels in Foreign Trade.

These are the principal provisions of the ship subsidy bill, now being pushed through the senate:

Subsidies to American vessels in foreign trade, based on gross tonnage of ships and mileage.

Subsidies are calculated to offset the difference in the cost of building and navigating American vessels compared with British vessels.

American vessels already built are subsidized for ten years; vessels to be hereafter built for 20 years.

The maximum subsidy payable in any one year is \$9,000,000. At the present time the expenditure would be about \$4,500,000 a year.

When \$9,000,000 is reached subsidies are to be reduced pro rata as American shipping increases.

Uniform subsidy to all American vessels of one and one-half cents a gross ton for each 100 nautical miles, not exceeding 1,500 miles, sailed outward bound. The same rate for each 1,000 nautical miles sailed, and one cent a gross ton for each additional 100 nautical miles sailed, on each entry, not exceeding 16 in any twelve consecutive months.

Special rates to faster steamships, graded according to their speed, to offset the mail subsidies paid by foreign governments, varying from 5-10th of one cent a gross ton for vessels of more than 2,000 gross tons, and of twelve knots and less than fourteen knots speed to 2-3-10th cents a gross ton for vessels of 24 knots and more speed.

A 10-knot ship, with a mileage of 42,000 per annum, would earn \$48,300. A 15-knot ship, with a mileage of 63,000 miles per annum, would earn \$41,750. A 21-knot ship, with a mileage of 88,200 miles per annum, would earn \$304,230.

Admits to American registry all foreign steamships owned by Americans on January 1, 1900, and entitles such steamships to half subsidies. Before these foreign-built steamships can be registered and receive subsidy, owners must build in the United States corresponding steamships, as in the case of the New York and St. Paul.

All vessels receiving subsidy are required to carry the ocean mails of the United States free of charge, and may be impressed as auxiliary cruisers and transports.

The Canadian system of bounties for deep sea fisheries is also included in the bill.—The Ship Subsidy Bill.

IRON IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Forges and Foundries in Olden Times—Possibilities of the Future.

We have received from Mr. John S. Norwood, of Dresden, Abbeville county, South Carolina, a sample of very fine magnetic iron ore, of which he says there is an abundant supply in that county. Col. J. L. Black, of Blacksburg, Cherokee county, South Carolina, has furnished during the past year or two considerable quantities of the same kind of ore to the Cherokee furnace of the Empire Steel and Iron company at Greensboro, N. C. The existence in South Carolina of iron ore of excellent quality has long been known. In our "Iron in All Ages," we have full details of an active iron industry that existed in that state in the last century and down to 1856, soon after which year the last fire in its various iron enterprises was put out.

In the northwestern part of South Carolina, including the counties of Union, Spartanburg, Cherokee and York, are valuable deposits of magnetic ore, and here the first iron works in the state were erected by Mr. Buffington in 1772, but were destroyed by the Tories during the Revolution. Soon after the revolution both furnaces and forges were built in York county, and about 1815 there was a sheet mill in the county; also a nail factory. In 1802 an air furnace was erected on a neck of land between Cooper and Ashley rivers, where good castings are said to have been made. Trench Coxie enumerates two bloomeries in Spartanburg county in 1810, four in Pendleton county, two in Greenville county and one in York county—nine in all. He also mentions one small nailery and one small steel furnace in the state. He makes no reference to blast furnaces. In the census of 1840 there were four blast furnaces in South Carolina and nine bloomeries, forges and rolling mills. In 1856 South Carolina had eight furnaces—one in York, one in Union and six in Spartanburg county. They are described by Lesley. Four of these furnaces were then in operation, but the other four had been virtually abandoned. In 1856 there were also three rolling mills in the state—one in York, one in Union and one in Spartanburg county, all of which were active in that year.

Owing to the entire absence of mineral fuel it is perhaps too much to hope that South Carolina will soon see the revival of the manufacture of iron within its borders, but it is not at all improbable that in the near future its valuable deposits of iron ore will be mined and shipped on a large scale. Better railroad facilities than now exist would hasten this end.—Bulletin Iron and Steel Association.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'.

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is chill, and the frosty Christmas holly shines, and sparkles on the hill, And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and the Christmas laughter rings, As the last stray shoppers hurry, taking home the Christmas things; And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed.

Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancing through a sleepy, curly head. And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once again, for me and you, With the little feller's stockin' hanging up beside the flue.

"Tain't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much for show, And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe, And its color's kinder faded and its sorter worn and old, But it really is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold;

And the little hand that hung it by the chimney there along Has a grip upon our heart strings that is mighty firm and strong;

So old Sandy don't forget it, though it isn't fine and new, Tnat plain, little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all gone to smash, And the mortgage may hang heavy and the bills use up the cash, But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a dime, There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?—everytime.

And if, 'mongst our wishin's, there's a shower or two of rain, Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll try not ter complain.

Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together me and you, With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

PRINTING IN THE SOUTH.

A Newspaper Man Discusses Some of the Difficulties of Honest Journalism.

A demand is sometimes made for newspapers that tell the truth. Some people refer slightly to the contents of newspapers as being of suspicious character so far as its veracity is concerned, and say that newspapers should stick closely to facts and tell the truth, wholly true and nothing but the truth.

It does not always suit to tell the truth. The truth is sometimes better left untold. The same people who complain because the newspapers do not tell the truth also criticize the newspapers for being too sensational. If the newspapers should print what they know, there would be some sensations indeed. They would state sometimes that "Colonel Blank, one of our prominent citizens, is ill at his home with the Jim jams," when instead they very kindly say that he is indisposed, or unwell. They might also chronicle that "Miss Sallie Smithers, the homeliest and sourest tempered woman we have ever seen, has at last managed to get married," when they considerably describe her as beautiful and amiable and as the belle of the town.

If they wanted to tell the truth they could say that the Rev. Long Wind, who preached an hour and a half, "bored his congregation nearly to death," when instead they describe his sermon as a magnificent and powerful discourse, which deeply moved his hearers and held their rapt attention. When a husband or wife dies they might sometimes say that "a cat and dog existence has terminated," but the lie of the couple is described as one long, sweet dream.

Then again there are many domestic scandals that come to the ears of the newspapers, and many personal difficulties, and many rumors affecting the integrity of various citizens that are probably true but never find their way into print because it will not do always to tell the truth. Serious happenings are sometimes minimized and unimportant events magnified when the newspapers know perfectly well their news value, but they cannot always tell the truth. It is not the truth that is wanted. The newspapers sometimes cannot afford to tell the truth and the people cannot afford to have it told about them, and the truth is, therefore, omitted. Some politicians say the newspapers will not tell the truth about them. For this they ought to be profoundly thankful, for if the truth were told about them, some of them would find their political careers at an end and reputations seriously impaired.

And all this consideration and suppression of truth when it is damaging, is rarely appreciated and the cry is for newspapers that will tell the truth. It would take but one issue of such a newspaper to raise a cry louder than before to handle the truth cautiously and in small quantities and well glossed over. Knock down and drag out fights, damage suits, broken noses, hearts and fortunes would be the features of the day, and the truthful newspaper would be suppressed, if it took a constitutional convention to accomplish it. The newspapers make their living by printing what their readers want to read and that is not always the truth.—Spartanburg Evening Journal.

CHURCHILL IN AMERICA.

The Famous British War Correspondent Talks About South Africa.

Winston Spencer Churchill, whose exploits in the war in South Africa, which included an escape from Pretoria, where he was a prisoner of the Boers, widely heralded at the time, arrived here on the steamer "Lucania" Thursday morning, says the New York Sun. He comes to lecture under Major Pond's auspices on the Boer war.

Mr. Churchill is a young looking man with reddish hair. He wore a long blue overcoat with an astrakhan collar and a square topped derby hat. He said regarding the war:

"The Boer and English armies have torn things up down in South Africa and it is going to take a long while to fix things up. I don't believe in making the Boers pay for the war—that would paralyze the chances of the Boer republic for the next hundred years. I say let England pay her own war expenses. The cause of it all was that the Uitlanders came in and developed the gold mines at great cost, and when they were fairly working, the Boers would come in and build a fort overlooking the town and make the Uitlanders pay it. It is too bad that the war is still going on down there. The war is over, and the Boers do not know it—that's the trouble. I hate to see a prize-fighter or a nation kept coming back for more punishment—all the more after he is hopelessly beaten. Kitchener is an able man, but a very hard one. I don't like him personally. As for the charge that English soldiers are burning houses I may say that if you have a right to kill a man you have a right to destroy his property and scatter his children if it is necessary. I deplore such a necessity, however."

HOW CHRISTIANS WERE SLAUGHTERED.

Startling Story Told by a Returned American Missionary.

Mrs. J. S. Grant, a missionary at Ning Po, China, tells in a letter just received by the missionary society of the Livingstone avenue Baptist church, of New Brunswick, N. J., of the way missionaries were slaughtered in Shan Si province, China.

The account says:

"When the first batch of missionaries was brought in, Yu Hsien ordered them to be brought straight to his yamen and placed them standing a few feet apart.

The sanguinary governor then mounted a horse. Taking a long sword from an orderly he galloped to the other end of the ground, and as he swept past them carried off four or five heads with his sword. Yu Hsien's horse then balked so that he had to dismount.

The remainder of the unhappy missionaries were slain by the Boxers present."

Dr. Willis C. Noble, who was stationed at Pao Ting Fu, by the American board of foreign missions, and made his escape shortly after the first uprising of the Boxers, lectured here on China last night. He said:

"There is no telling how the negotiations with the Chinese officials are going to result. No document signed by the emperor or stamped with the great seal has yet been received by the representatives of the powers."

"Indeed, there is nothing in the attitude of the great foreign nations involved in this trouble that shows they really purpose to reinstate the young emperor, although all acknowledge that

he is the only hope of the nation's salvation."

"And the reason is that the reinstatement of the young man would be impracticable. He is so under the influence of the empress dowager, and she is so hostile to foreign interests, that this re-enthronement would be the result of bringing ultimate discord and corruption."

"With Pekin divided and patrolled by different foreign nations, there is little likelihood that the court will ever be re-established there."

"In my mind the only solution of the problem is the dismemberment of China among the powers. Whoever may have doubted this before will believe with me now on hearing that the anti-foreign element has again issued innumerable threatening the lives of all foreigners."

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