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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 up stairs murdered. The body of Batsy, 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 the lawn, points a spot of blood on the grass. 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 secrete \$1,000 in 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, six children, have 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 brought to him. The problem now is to find the man with the long beard. Suspicion falls on the Zabel brothers. Frederick visits the hollow tree and finds the money gone. Wattles 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 brothers, and a miniature of Agatha Webb when a young girl is lying on James Zabel's breast. The party visit the hollow tree, and Sweetwater, who has owned them, digs under it and finds the money. The finder declares that Amabel Page buried the money. He also declares that he followed Amabel Page when she left the house on the night of the murder and saw her bury the money. He accuses her of trying to throw suspicion on one of the Zabel brothers with one of the bills. Miss Page is examined with reference to her conduct on the night of the murder and proves a very wily witness. The will of Agatha Webb bequeaths her fortune to Frederick Sutherland. Frederick testifies before the coroner that Agatha Webb gave herself the blow which killed her. On the night of the murder he visited her in his necessities for money, and was so excited she thought he was about to murder her. To save him from crime she struck the blow herself, but before she died pointed to a drawer containing \$1,000, and bade him take it. He also declares that Agatha Webb was his mother.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW HE WAS FOILED.

Impossible! Incredible! Like a wave suddenly lifted the whole assemblage rose in surprise if not in protest. But there was no outburst. The very depth of the feelings evoked made all ebullition impossible, and as one sees the billow pause ere it breaks and gradually subsides, so this crowd yielded to the awe within them and one by one sank back into their seats till quiet was again restored and only a circle of listening faces confronted the man who had just stirred a whole roomful to its depths. Seeing this and realizing his opportunity, Frederick at once entered into the explanations for which each heart beat there panted.

"This will be overwhelming news to him who has cared for me since infancy. You have heard him call me son. With what words shall I overthrow his confidence in the truth and rectitude of his long buried wife and make him know in his old age that he has wasted years of patience upon one who was not of his blood or lineage? The wonder, the incredulity, you manifest are my best excuse for my long delay in revealing the secret entrusted to me by this dying woman."

An awed silence greeted these words. Never was the interest of a crowd more intense or its passions held in greater restraint. Yet Agnes' tears flowed freely, and Amabel's smiles, with their expression had changed, and to Sweetwater, who alone had eyes for her now, they were surcharged with a tragic meaning strange to see in one of her callous nature.

Frederick's voice broke as he proceeded in his self imposed task:

"The astounding fact which I have just communicated to you was made known to me by my mother, with the dagger still plunged in her breast. She would not let me draw it out. She knew that death would follow that act, and she prized every moment remaining to her because of the bliss she enjoyed of seeing and having near her her only living child. The love, the passion, the boundless devotion, she showed in those last few minutes transformed me in an instant from a selfish brute into a deeply repentant man. I knelt before her in anguish. I made her feel that, wicked as I had been, I was not the conscienceless wretch she had imagined and that she was mistaken as to the motives which led me into her presence. And when I saw by her clearing brow and peaceful look that I had fully persuaded her of

passed the room in which my new found father sat sleeping, with scarcely so much as a glance. But as I hastened on toward the quarter where the Zabels lived some compunctions of pity for his desolate state caused me to falter in my rapid flight, so that I did not reach the house quite as quickly as I might otherwise have done. When I did, I found it dark, as I might reasonably have expected; but, remembering the extreme anxiety which my mother had shown in their regard, even in her dying moments, I approached the front door and was about to knock when I found it open. Greatly astonished, I at once passed in and, seeing my way perfectly in the moonlight, entered the room on the left, the door of which also stood open. It was the second house I had entered unannounced that night, and in this, as in the other, I encountered a man sitting asleep by the table.

"Going up to him, I saw it to be the elder of the two, John Zabel, and, perceiving that he was suffering from food and in a condition of extreme misery, I took out the first bill my hand encountered in my overfull pockets and laid it on the table by his side. As I did so he gave a sigh, but did not wake; and, satisfied that I had done all that was wise and all that even my mother would expect of me under the circumstances, and fearing to encounter the other brother if I lingered, I hastened away and took the shortest path home. Had I been more of a man, or if my visit to Mrs. Webb had been actuated by a more communicable motive, I would have gone at once to the good man who believed me to be of his own flesh and blood and told him of the strange and heartrending adventure which had changed the whole tenor of my thoughts and life and begged his advice as to what I had better do under the difficult circumstances in which I found myself placed. But the memory of a thousand past ingratitude, together with the knowledge of the shock which he could not fail to receive on learning at this late day and under conditions at once so tragic and full of menace that the child which his long buried wife had once placed in his arms as his own was neither of his blood or his, rose up between us and caused me not only to attempt silence, but to secrete in the adjoining woods the money I had received in the vain hope that all visible connection between myself and my mother's tragic death would thus be lost. You see, I had not calculated on Miss Amabel Page."

The flash he here received from that lady's eyes startled the crowd and gave Sweetwater, already suffering under shock after shock of mingled surprise and wonder, his first definite idea that he had never rightly understood the relations between these two and that something besides justice had actuated Amabel in her treatment of this young man. This feeling was shared by others, and a reaction set in in his favor which even affected the officials who were conducting the inquiry. This was shown by the difference of manner now assumed by the coroner and by the more easily impressed Sweetwater, who had not yet learned the indispensable art of hiding his feelings. Frederick himself felt the change and showed it by the look of relief and growing confidence he cast at Agnes.

Of the questions and answers which now passed between him and the various members of the jury I need give no account. They but emphasized facts already known and produced but little change in the general feeling, which was one now of suppressed pity for all who had been drawn into the meshes of this tragic mystery. When he was allowed to resume his seat, the name of Miss Amabel Page was again called.

She rose with a bound. Naught that she had anticipated had occurred; facts of which she could know nothing had changed the aspect of affairs and made the position of Frederick something so remote from any she could have imagined that she was still in the maze of the numberless conflicting emotions which these revelations were calculated to call out in one who had risked all on the hazard of a die and lost. She did not even know at this moment whether she was glad or sorry he could explain so cleverly his anomalous position. She had caught the look he had cast at Agnes, and, while this angered her, it did not greatly modify her opinion that he was destined for herself, for, however other people might feel, she did not for a moment believe his story. She had not a pure enough heart to do so. To her all self sacrifice was an anomaly.

No woman of the mental or physical strength of Agatha Webb would plant a dagger in her own breast just to prevent another person from committing a crime, were he lover, husband or son. So she believed and so would these others also when once relieved of his magnetic personality. Yet how thrilling it had been to hear him plead his cause so well, so thrilling it was almost worth the loss of her revenge to meet his look of hate and dream of the possibility of turning it later into the old look of love. Yes, yes, she loved him now, not for his position, for that was gone; not even for his money, for she could contemplate its loss, but for himself who had so boldly shown that he was stronger than she and could triumph over her by the sheer force of his masculine daring.

With such feelings, what should she say to these men? How conduct herself under questions which would be much more searching now than before? She could not even decide in her own mind. She must let impulse have its way.

Happily she took the right stand at first. She did not endeavor to make any corrections in her former testimony, only acknowledged that the flower whose presence on the scene of death had been such a mystery had fallen from her hair at the ball and that she had seen Frederick pick it up and put it in his buttonhole. Beyond that and the inferences it afterward awakened in her mind she would not go, though many present, and among

them Frederick, felt confident that her attitude had been one of suspicion from the first and that it was to follow him rather than to supply the wants of the old men, the Zabels, she had left the ball and found her way to Agatha Webb's cottage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CHANGEING.

Meanwhile Sweetwater had been witness to a series of pantomime actions that interested him more than Amabel's conduct under this final examination. Frederick, who had evidently some request to make or direction to give, had sent a written line to the coroner, who, on reading it, had passed it over to Knapp, who a few minutes later was to be seen in conference with Agnes Halliday. As a result the latter rose and left the room, followed by the detective. She was gone a half hour. Then, simultaneously with her reappearance, Sweetwater saw Knapp hand a bundle of letters to the coroner, who, upon opening them, chose out several which he proceeded to read to the jury. They were the letters referred to by Frederick as having been given to him by his mother. The first was dated 35 years previously and was in the handwriting of Agatha herself. It was directed to James Zabel and was read amid a profound hush:

DEAR JAMES—I know I have a temper, a wicked temper, and now you know it too. When it is aroused, I forget love, gratitude and everything else that should restrain me and utter words I am astonished at myself. But I do not get aroused often, and when all is over I am not averse to apologizing or even to begging forgiveness. My father says my temper will undo me, but I am much more afraid of my heart than I am of my temper. For instance, here I am writing to you again, just because I raised my riding whip and said—but you know what I said, and I am not fond of recalling that moment, for I cannot do so without seeing your look of surprise and contrasting it with that of Philemon's. Yours had judgment in it, while Philemon's held only indulgence, yet I liked yours best or should have liked it best if it were not for the insufferable pride which is a part of my being. Temper such as mine ought to surprise you. Yet would I be Agatha Gilchrist without it? I very much fear not, and not being Agatha Gilchrist, should I have your love? Again I fear not, James, forgive me! When I am happier, when I know my own heart, I will have less provocation. Then if that heart turns your way you will find a great and bountiful serenity where now there are lowering skies and thunderous tempests. Philemon said last night that he would be content to give my fierce word of mornings if only I would give him one drop out of the honey of my better nature when the sun went down and twilight brought reflection and love. But I did not like him any the better for saying this. You would not have the day so. The cup must hold no bitter that would give you true refreshment. Will it not, then, have to be proffered by other hands than those of

AGATHA?

Mr. Philemon Webb:

RESPECTED SIR—You are persistent. I am willing to tell you, though I shall never confide so much in another, that it will take a stronger nature than yours and one that loves me less to hold me faithfully and make me be if I would not be a demon. I cannot, I dare not, marry where I am not held in a passionate, self forgetful subjection. I am too proud, I am too sensitive to wrong, I am too little mistress of myself when angry or aroused. If, like some strong women, I loved what was weaker than myself and could be controlled by goodness and unlimited kindness, I might venture to risk living at the side of the most indulgent and upright man that I know, but I am not of that kind. Strength only can command my admiration or subdue my pride. I must fear where I love and own him for husband who has first shown himself my master. So do not fret any more for me, for, least of all the men I know, will never claim my obedience or command my love. Not that I will not yield my heart to you, but that I cannot, and, knowing that I cannot, feel it honest to say so before any other of your fine manhood is wasted. Go your way, then, Philemon, and leave me to the rougher paths my feet were made to tread. I like you now and feel something like a tender regard for your goodness, but if you persist in a courtship which only my father is inclined to smile upon you will call up an antagonism that can lead to nothing but evil, for the serpent that lies coiled in my breast has deadly fangs, and it is to be feared, as you should know, who have more than once seen me angry.

Do not blame John nor James Zabel nor Frederick Snow nor even Samuel Barton for this. It would be the same if none of these men existed. I was not made to triumph over a kindly nature, but to subdue the haughtiest heart in all this country to the gentle but firm hand of my heart's master. Do you want to know who that master is? I cannot tell you, for I have not yet named him to myself.

DEAR JAMES—I am going away. I am going to leave Porchester for several months. I am going to see the world. I did not tell you this last night for fear of weakening under your entreaties—or should I say commands? Lately I have felt myself weakening more than once, and I want to know what it means. Absence will teach me, and the sight of new faces. Do you quarrel with this necessity? Do you think I should know my mind without any such test? Alas, James, it is not a simple mind, and it baffles me, at times. Let us then give it a chance. If the glow and glamour of elegant city life can make me forget certain snatches of talk at our old gate that night when you drew my hand through your arm and softly kissed my finger tips, then I am no mate for you, whose love

however critical, has never wavered from the first, but has made itself felt even in rebuke, as the strongest, sweetest thing that has entered my turbulent life. Because I would be worthy of you I submit to a separation which will either be a permanent one or the last that will ever take place between you and me. John will not bear this as well as you, yet he does not love me as well, possibly because to him I am simply a superior being, while to you I am a living but imperfect woman, who wishes to do right, but can only do so under the highest guidance.

DEAR JOHN—I feel that I owe you a letter because you have been so patient. You may show it to James if you like, but I mean it for you as an old and dear friend who will one day dance at my wedding.

I am living in a whirl of enjoyment. I am seeing and tasting of pleasures I have only dreamed about till now. From a farmhouse kitchen to Mrs. Andrews' drawing room is a lively change for a girl who loves dress and show only less than daily intercourse with famous men and brilliant women. But



"Dear John," she wrote.

I am bearing it nobly and have developed tastes I did not know I possessed. And no one seems to think I am out of place, nor do I feel so, only—do not tell James—there are movements in my heart at times which make me shut my eyes when the lights are brightest and dream, if but for an instant, of home and the tumble down gateway where I have so often leaned when some one you know who it is now, John, and I shall not hurt you too deeply by mentioning him—was saying good night and calling down the blessings of heaven upon a head not worthy to receive them.

Does this argue my speedy return? Perhaps, yet I do not know. There are fond hearts here also, and a life in this country's center would be a great life for me if only I could forget the touch of a certain restraining hand which has great power over me even as a memory. For the sake of that touch shall I give up the grandeur and charm of this broad life? Answer, John. You know him and me well enough now to say.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Scrap of Local History.

REMINISCENCES OF YORK.

Valuable Bits of Local History Preserved by a Septuagenarian.

Dr. Maurice Moore in The Enquirer of 1870.

It was in the summer of 1776, a battalion, composed mostly of men from York, was ordered to oppose the Cherokee Indians, who had been induced, through the machinations of two Scotchmen, Alexander Cameron and John Stewart, to espouse the British side, and raise the war-club. This body of men was under the command of Major Frank Ross. It was in July they took up their line of march, and before they arrived at the "Block House," in the northeastern part of Greenville district, the residence of Colonel Height, an Indian trader, they met with the exciting intelligence of the murder of Colonel Height—a Whig—the pillaging of the station, and the abduction of Mrs. Height and her two daughters by the savages. In addition to these awful tidings, they heard the tale of the murder of a son of Colonel Height, which caused the heart of each brave soldier to beat with sympathy and a desire to avenge these outrages.

Young Height had heard of the base purposes of Cameron and Stewart, which contemplated a rising of the Indians; and having from boyhood known the chiefs of the Cherokees intimately, he hoped to have influence enough to undo the work of the wily Scotchmen, and fearlessly went alone to the Keowee towns, for the purpose of persuading them against taking the warpath. He was too late. The evil spirit was not to be exorcised, and not only were his efforts as peace-maker among them unavailing, but they barbarously murdered the unoffending youth, who had confidingly gone into their midst. His early death was the more sad, because of the broken life and wrecked hopes that fell upon another. He was affianced to Susan Parris, the daughter of another Indian trader, whose post was at another "block house," situated where the town of Greenville, S. C., now stands.

After the deed of blood, like the wild animal smeared with crimson gore, the insatiate thirst of their appetites for more, must be appeased. The Cherokees set out to carry horror and desolation along our frontier settlements. One of their first encampments was at the house of Parris. He being a Tory, they looked upon him as a friend and confederate, and told him of their slaying young Height, unfolding, too, their plan to kill his father and destroy all his property. The heart of George Susan Parris was fairly paralyzed by the unexpected blow of her lover's death. But wren-like, she forgot her own woes to avert disaster and sow from others. Those threatened now

were doubly dear by their common loss. She quickly fell upon a plan to save them. From her father, on account of his politics, she knew she need not look for assistance. Therefore, unaided, she must achieve her design. As soon as dark came, she took a horse from the stable, and all womanly fears being swallowed up in her great apprehension for the fate of her friends, through the dark, wild forest-paths she hurried along, hoping to surprise them of the threatened calamity in time to enable them to escape. Sad indeed, to relate, her act of heroism was in vain. The Indians knowing the relations existing between Susan Parris and the murdered man, on discovering a horse had been taken from the stable, and guessing who had done it, surmised her design and destination. They hurriedly gave the alarm to the others, broke up their encampment, went through a nearer way, and when she arrived, a bleeding, lifeless form, and smoking ruins, told her agonized heart her efforts to save were fruitless.

Major Ross pushed on with his command, in the hope of rescuing Mrs. Height and her daughters from their captivity. As they passed Parris' Station, it was with difficulty that he could restrain his men from visiting on Parris the fate of the dead trader. But the brave attempt of Susan Parris to save her sorrows, induced them to hold her father and his property sacred and pass him unmolested.

Some miles beyond Reedy river, the battalion joined General Williamson, who had twelve or fifteen hundred men under his command. The combined forces proceeded rapidly, and as they drew near the Keowee towns, every effort was made to avoid falling into any ambushes which might be laid by their cunning foe. An advanced guard was composed of 125 men, with an addition of 25 Catawba Indians, who were valuable auxiliaries in such a campaign as this. They were placed in the front ranks, and with the characteristic caution of their mode of warfare, would often pause in the march, and examine with the greatest care the bark of the tallest trees, to ascertain if they had been recently ascended; for it was the practice of the southern Indians, in their warfare, to have a certain number of "climbers" to look out, as well as "runners" to bring in news.

It was not long before they descended a cove. Here the Catawbas made a halt, and pointing to the wild peavine, and rank weeds freshly broken and trampled upon, which gave evidence that some numbers of feet had recently traversed this place, they advised that the advance guard should remain here until the main body of the army came up. But the whites were impatient to go on, and, although the Indians insisted on going no further, they were finally overcome by persuasion, and again took up the line of march. The trail now descended into a small valley covered with grass, situated between two high mountains and by a gushing rivulet. Following the course of the branch whiff, they came to the spring, around which large smooth rocks were lying in abundance. The quick eye of the savage warrior was caught directly by a few corn-field beans scattered here and there, attracting their attention, a minute survey showed them on a flat rock the foot-print of a naked foot. It being noon-day, and the rock fully exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun, it was incontrovertible proof that the enemy was near at hand. The Indians now refused to go on until the remainder of the army came up, which by this time was two or three miles in the rear. This refusal of the Indians to advance caused a party of half an hour or more, when a proposition was made by a young Frenchman, an aide-de-camp of Moultrie, named St. Pierre, who was a volunteer in the expedition, that the captain of the advance guard should lead on the men. The captain hesitated to take the responsibility of so hazardous an undertaking. "I will lead!" at last exclaimed the impetuous St. Pierre, "if the rest will follow." To this all readily acceded. Accordingly he went forward, following the plainly-marked trail, which led directly up the vines, with no growth, except rank grass and wild pea-vine, higher than a man's head.

In single file, with trailed arms, and in perfect silence, they ascended the mountain. They had gone about 400 yards, when spang! went the report of a rifle, and the rash but brave and generous St. Pierre fell dead. A quick succession of shots reverberated from cliff to cliff, poured forth from the guns of the concealed Cherokees. The clamor was enhanced by their yells, producing a terrific effect. The whites found themselves "each man his own commander," and in their confusion, leaving the path beaten down by their feet on their ascent, ran helter-skelter through the long grass and luxuriant pea-vines, making poor speed, as they thought, for at every ten or twelve steps they would become so entangled in the vines, that the only way to extricate themselves quickly, was to hold their thighs, throw themselves forward and roll, heels overhead, rise as quickly as possible and run; then when again entwined, another somersault and race. The hostile Indians had planted themselves through the tall grass above, with tomahawks and scalping knives in hand, and seeing their foes rolling and tumbling pell-mell down the mountain, of course imagined them to be severely wounded, and bounded forward to finish them with a tomahawk and secure the coveted scalp, for which the British government, to their shame it is recorded, gave a guinea a piece.

I think it more than probable that this body was entirely composed of York men, with the addition of the friendly York Indians, all under the command of Major Ross. The account I have given, I had from the lips of two of the actors. First, in my boyhood, from Mr. William Ervin, whose timely assistance saved Major Frank Ross' life, in his struggle with the Indians; and years after Mr. Ervin's death, meeting Mr. John Kidd, who was also in the Keowee expedition, he gave me the same account, incident for incident. They both belonged to the York battalion.

Major Ross was with the advance-guard, probably the commander, till the voluntary assumption of that position by young St. Pierre in the disastrous attempt just recorded. He was among those who rolled to the bottom, and in a little ravine was attacked by an Indian. They grappled. In the struggle both dropped their weapons, but not till from both the blood was flowing freely. Ross was a remarkably athletic man; the Indian was less muscular, but naked and greased—a custom of Cherokee warriors—and holding him was like holding an eel. The savage was about to gain the advantage, when a soldier, coming up, (or rather rolling down), saw "the situation," clubbed his musket and knocked the Indian down. Major Ross, faint from loss of blood, fell at the same time. He had received a blow on the head from the Indian's tomahawk, which he thought fractured his skull, and believed death was upon him. By this time the Cherokees had ceased the pursuit and withdrawn up the mountain. The men, bruised, wearied and disheartened, gathered around the major, who was a man much beloved, among them the surgeon. After a short examination he exclaimed, "Poo! Ross, you can talk. Now, if you can bite, your head's not broke, and you'll not die." The major eagerly seized the finger the good doctor thrust in his mouth, and bit so vigorously that the old surgeon screamed loudly with pain. All felt perfect confidence in the doctor's surgery, never doubted his theory, and were delighted at the evidence afforded of their friend's certain recovery. Ross, himself, felt much relieved by his successful effort, was helped to his feet, and walked to where his late antagonist was lying, who, though in the agonies of death, grinned defiance at his adversary. Ross took the Indian's tomahawk, and to terminate his mortal sufferings, buried it in his brain.

The main body of the army having arrived, they forthwith, though with more precaution, pursued the Cherokees up the mountains, but did not overtake them that day. Late in the evening they arrived at the first Keowee town, containing about 75 wigwams. The entire population had fled, and the only human being to be seen, was an old Indian squaw, whom they secured as prisoner, and after pulling green corn from the smiling fields, sufficient to feed their horses, destroyed what remained growing, and burned the huts to the ground. They placed the old woman on an Indian pony, and directed her to pilot them to the nearest Indian town, promising to let her go uninjured, if she did their bidding, but threatening death if she dealt treacherously with them. The old squaw smiled with contempt at their overtures and warnings; and when the encampment broke camp the next morning, and the men started on the march, they felt it was with an ambiguous smile the old woman beckoned them on. All day, through a most broken and rugged country, the army pressed forward, still incited by the hope of the re-capture of Mrs. Height and her two daughters. Twilight found them two or three miles from the town, where the Cherokees had assembled. As night came on, the old guide led them into narrow defiles, amongst fallen trees, broken rocks, and here and there a precipice. It was useless to try to proceed. The troops could not travel through the dark in such a trail, besides they felt satisfied the squaw had misled them, and they must halt for the night, with their arms in hands ready for use, for they were, by this time, in sight of the town, could plainly see the Indian fires, hear their sullen yells, and later in the night, what was indeed heart-rending to them, they could hear the wailing and screams of a female voice. This drove the officers and men to fair desperation, for the wild country and darkness were such that, although many made superhuman exertions, they could not find their way across rocks and chasms that encountered them at each step, and rendered their attempt to proceed worse than useless. At the first glimmering of day they rushed on, and before sunrise they were at the Indian town. It was deserted, but the naked corpse of the ill-fated Mrs. Height lay not far from the fire, around which, through the night, the cruel savages had danced their war dance, and ended the sufferings of their poor victim. A soldier pulled off his coat and threw it over the body. They dug a grave and piously buried her near the scene of her sad death. For a few days longer our men pursued the savages, then reluctantly gave up the effort; but, in returning, completely destroyed the Indian country—burning all the towns and destroying the green corn—after which the little army was disbanded.

Not long after the Cherokees sued for peace, were compelled to cede their lands beyond the mountains of "Watacays" to South Carolina, of which are now composed the counties of Greenville, Anderson and Pickens.

The daughters of Colonel Height were sold from one tribe to another, and at last got to the Mississippi river, where a French trader happily met them, and benevolently bought them from the Indians and carried them to New Orleans, whence he sent them to their relatives in South Carolina, five years after the massacre of their parents.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.]

THINGS TO FORGET.—If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories of ill-will, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeable from your memory, for they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only things which are lovely and lovable.—The Trumpeter.