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NO. 24.

# ARMS AND THE WOMAN

#### BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

"Yes."

in silence.

behind him.

ed once more to me.

"Then you knew"-

him. And I never expected to leave

The carriages were in the road a

"Pardon me," he said, "but I came

near forgetting to tell you why I did

not kill you tuis morning. In some

way your princess came into the

knowledge that we were going to fight

came to my rooms and there begged

me to spare your life. There was a

on her knees to sue-down on her

knees. Ah, what was your life com-

pared to the joy of her humiliation!

Not in the figure of speech-on her liv

ing, mortal knees, my friend-her liv-

ing knees!" The carriage door banged

It was only because Pembroke threw

"Sit still. Jack, sit still! If she beg-

ged your life, it was because she loves

And, full of rage, I saw the carriage

of the prince vanish. As the carriage

vanished, so vanished the prince from

Arriving at our rooms, we found

them in possession of a lieutenant of

the guard hussars. He was drumming

on the hearthstone with the end of his

sword scabbard. As we entered he

"Which of you two gentlemen is

"His majesty commands your imme-

"Have you ever seen a king angry?"

done aught to bring the anger of the

"Ah, but you have! The king is like

a bear in his den. He walks back and

forth, waving his hands, pulling his

mustache and muttering dire threats.'

"Might I not take to my legs?" I ask-

ed. After all, I cared more than I

thought I should in regard to what the

The chancellor gave my back a

sounding thump and roared with laugh-

"Cheerful, my son; be cheerful! You

"You have powerful friends, and if

"Ah," interrupted the chancellor,

"the audience is ended! It is our

There was a condition. It was that she

turn. The Austrian embassador," he

The chancellor shook with laughter,

"What is your name?" asked the

king in a milder tone. He was holding

"John Winthrop," I answered. I was

"Is your family an honored one in

"Then why in heaven's name do you

"In my country one may have an

"Ah, yes! After all, scribbling is bet-

ter than owning a shop." This is the

trace your pedigree very far back?"

wondering what it was all about.

"Were you born in America?"

"It is," I answered proudly.

and the king glared at him furiously.

a missive in his hand.

"Yes, your majesty."

your country?"

the king proceeded.

get down on her knees to sue.'

the king is angry you need have no

"I should like to know"- I began

one who has caused a king anger."

the scene of my adventures.

rose and briefly saluted us.

Herr Winthrop?" he asked.

diate presence at the palace."

"I am he," said I.

almost to gloominess.

king upon my head?"

king might do to me.

are a favorite already."

"You bewilder me.

fear."

"The king?"

his arms around me that I did not leap

"He was taking great risks."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

When Pembroke and I arrived at the Strassburg inn, on the north road, neither the prince nor Von Walden was in evidence. I stepped from our carriage and gazed interestedly around red during the last 24 hours which we me. The scene was a picturesque one. do not understand." The sun, but half risen, was of a rusty brass, and all east was mottled with purple and salmon hues. The clearing. o quarter of a mile away, where the prince and I were to settle our dispute, was hidden under a fine white snow. and the barren trees which encircled it stood out blackly. Pembroke looked at

"They ought to be along soon. It's five after 6. How do you feel?" regarding me seriously. "As nerveless as a rod of steel," I

his watch.

answered. "Let us go in and order a small breakfast. I'm a bit cold." "Better let it go at a cup of coffee,"

he suggested. "It will be more consistent, that is true," I said. "Coffee and pistols for

"I'm glad to see that you are bright," said Pembroke. "Hold out your hand." I did so.

"Good. So long as it doesn't tremble I have confidence of the end."

We had scarcely finished our coffee out of the carriage. when the prince, followed by Von Walden, entered.

"Pardon me," he said, "for having made you wait." "Permit me," said I, rising, "to pre-

sent my second. Mr. Pembroke, his highness Prince Ernst of Wortum-And the four of us left the inn and

crossed the field. The first shot fell to me. Pembroke's eyes beamed with exultant light. Von Walden's face was without expression. As for the prince, he still wore that bantering smile. He was confident of the end. He knew that I was a tyro, whereas he had faced death many times. I sighed. I knew that I should not aim to take his life. I was absolutely with-There was not the slightest tremble in my hand as I accepted the pistol. There is nothing like set purpose to still the tremors of a man's nerves. I thought of Hillars, and for a moment my arm stiffened; then I recalled Gretchen's last letter. I fell to wondering where the bullet would hit me. I prayed that his aim might be

sure. "Many persons think that I am a man without compassion," said the prince, as we were about to step to our places. "I have an abundance of it. You have everything to lose, and I have nothing to gain. If it is your desire, I shall be happy to explain that you wish to withdraw. But say the

word." He knew what my reply would be. "Withdraw," said I, "and have you laugh at me and tell your friends that I acted the poltroon? Really, you do me injustice."

"And do you hate me so very much?" mockery in his eyes.

"Not now I did hate you, but hatred is a thing we should not waste any more than love. I have taken the bird and the nest from your hands; that is more than enough. You are merely an object for scorn and contemp; and indifference now. No: I have no wish to withdraw."

"You read between the lines," he said. "Indeed, I should like nothing better than to have the privilege of calling you a poltroon and a coward and to tell your princess of it." He sauntered back to his place leisurely. "Aim the slightest to the left," whis-

pered Pembroke; "the wind will carry it home." I pressed his hand. A moment later

I stood facing the prince. I lifted the pistol and fired. Had the prince been ten feet to the right he must have been hit. I threw the smoking pistol aside. let my arms fall and waited. I could see that Pembroke was biting his lip to bide his anxiety and disappointment. Slowly the prince leveled the weapon at my breast. Naturally I shut my eyes. Perhaps there was a prayer on my lips. God, how long that wait seemed to me! It became so tedious that I opened my eyes again. The pistol arm of the prince appeared to have frozen in the air.

"It is getting cold." I cried. "Shoot, for God's sake shoot, and end it" In reply the prince fired into the air, took the pistol by the barrel and flung

fore the king. "I believe you have kept me waitit at my feet. The rest of us looked on dumfounded. "They are all of the same kidney, count, these Americans," said be knotted eyebrows. "I wish," petulant-

"They would be dangerous as a nation by, "that you had remained in your prince and on her knees. Or was it a were it not for their love of money." own country.' Then to me, "Go tell your princess that I have given your life to you." honestly.

"The devil take you!" I cried. The strain had been terrible.

"All in good time," retorted the prince, getting into his coat and furs. Yesterday morning I had every intention of killing you. This morning it was farthest from my thoughts, though I did hope to see you waver. You are a man of courage. So was your friend. It is to be regretted that we were on different sides. Devil take the women! Good morning!"

After the count had gathered up the scribble?" cried the king. pistols the two walked toward the inn. Pembroke and I followed them at a honored name and still be compelled to

"I wonder if he had any idea of what earn a competence." a poor shot you were?" mused Pembroke. "It was a very good farce." "I almed ten feet to the right," said usual argument of kings. "Can you

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said I.

"The Mayflower?" said the king, puz-

"All the Americans," explained the chancellor, "went over in the Mayflower. The ark and the Mayflower were the largest ships ever put to sea, your majesty." To hide his smile the chancellor passed over to the window and began drawing pictures on the frosted

Continued the king: "If you loved one of my countrywomen, would you be willing to sacrifice your own country? I mean would you be willing to "Pembroke," said I, "I had no intenadopt mine, to become a naturalized tion of killing him or even wounding citizen, to uphold its laws, to obey the will of its sovereign and to take up this place alive. Something has occurarms in its defense?"

My knees began to knock together. 'I should be willing." I answered, "if I should never be called upon to bear "It shows the man be is," said I, and arms against the country in which I the remainder of the distance was gone was born."

replied the king. short way from the inn. Pembroke "Yes, your majesty." "Then marry the Princess Elizaand I got into ours. As the prince placed a foot on the step of his he turnbeth," he said, tossing the missive to

"I should never ask you to do that,"

"Yes, marry her," said the irrepressible chancellor, "and some day the king will put a medal on your breast and make you a baron of the realm. Your majesty, come and help me with this

It out as they did in the old days. She last pane." The Princess Elizabeth? I glanced at the writing on the envelope. It was condition. It was that she get down Gretchen's. "And, your majesty." I read. "It is true that they love each other. Permit them to be happy. I ask your forgiveness for all the trouble I have caused you. I promise that from now on I shall be the most obedient subject in all your kingdom. Hildegarde." I dropped the letter on the

> "Your majesty," I began nervously, there is some mistake. I do not love her highness the Princess Elizabeth." The king and his chancellor whirled round. The decorations on the panes remained unfinished. The king regarded me with true anger and the chancellor with dismay. "I love the Princess Hildegarde,"

went on in a hollow voice. "Is this a jest?" demanded the king. "No; on my honor." For once I forgot court etiquette and left off "your

"Let me see the letter," said the chancellor, w'h a pacific purpose. There is some misunderstanding

"Perhaps, your majesty," said I, is possible that her highness-the like-At the palace the chancellor met me ness betweeen her and her sister-perin the anteroom. His face was grave haps, knowing that I have known her highness Phyllis-that is, the Princess Elizabeth-she may believe that I"- he depends so much upon woman? he asked. "Ah. it is not a pleasant It was very embarrassing.

sight, on my word; least of all to the "Continue." said the king, "and please make your sentences intelligi-"You alarm me," I said. "Have I

> "What I meant to say was that her highness the Princess Hildegarde believes that I love her sister instead of to me." herself-I thought-she has written otherwise"- And then I foundered

"Prince," said the king, laughing in spite of his efforts to appear angry, "for pity's sake tell me what this man is talking about."

"A woman," said the chancellor. "Perhaps her highness the Princess Hildegarde-that is, I believe-she may love this man-perhaps, thinking he loves the other"- He was mocking me, and my face burned.

"Prince, do not confuse the man. He is bad enough as it is." The king smoothed away the remnant of the

"Your majesty is right," said I desperately. "I am confused. I know not what to say."

"What would you do in my place?" asked the king of the chancellor. "I should say in an ominous voice, Young man, you may go, but if you ever enter our presence again without either one or the other of the Hohenphalian princesses as your wife we shall confiscate your property and put you in a dungeon for the remainder of your natural days.' I put in the confiscation clause as a matter of form.

Have you any property?" "What I have," I answered, my confidence returning, "I can put in my pockets."

"Good," said the king. "What the chancellor says is but just. See to it that his directions are followed." "Now, my king," concluded the chan-

cellor, "put a medal on him and let him

"In time," replied the king. "You may go, Herr Winthrop." "Go and scribble no more," added the chancellor.

I could hear them laughing as I made whispered as a gray haired man passed my escape from the room. It could not us, bowing. There was an exchange of courtesies, and once more I stood be be expected of me to join them. And Gretchen was as far away as ever. Phyllis love me? It was absurd. ing," said the king, "as Louis once Gretchen had played me the fool. She said." He gazed at me from under had been laughing at me all the time. Yet she had begged my life of the lie of his? Oh, it seemed to me that "So do I, your majesty," I replied my brain would never become clear

again. In the afternoon at 4 I was ushered into the boudoir of her highness the Princess Elizabeth. It was Phyllis no longer. Phyllis had passed, and I became conscious of a vague regret.

"I am giad," she said, "that you were able to come. I wanted to speak to you about about my sister." "Your highness"-

She laughed. "Our interview shall end at once if you call me by that title. Sir," with a gayety which struck me as unnatural, "you are witnessing the passing of Phyllis. It will not be long to be paid on safe delivery. before she shall pass away and never till it becomes naught but a dear memory. Phyllis has left the green pastures for the city, and Corydon follow-

eth not.' "Phyllis," said I, "you are cutting me and got hot in the close quarters of the cothe heart." to the heart."

"But to the matter at hand," she said Scraps of Local History. quickly. "There is a misunderstanding between you and my sister Hildegarde. She sent me this letter. Read

It differed but little from the one had read in the king's chamber that Valuable Bits of Local History Premorning. I gave it back to her. "Do you understand?"

"I confess that I do not. It seems that I am never going to understand anything again."

Phyllis balanced the letter on the palm of her hand. "You are so very blind, my dear friend. Did you not 1795, in York district. He was the son tell her that there had been another of John Martin, Esq., whilom clerk of affair? Do you not believe she thinks the court in Pinckney district. His your regard for her merely a matter mother was a Miss Palmer, daughter of pique, of consolation? It was very kind of her to sacrifice herself for me. Some women are willing to give up all most beautiful and fascinating women to see the man they love made happy. My sister is one of those. But I shall refuse the gift. Jack, can you not see that the poor woman thinks that you love me?" Phyllis was looking at me with the greatest possible kindness.

"I know not what she thinks. I only know that she has written me that she is sorry for having played with my affections. Phyllis, if she loved me she would not leave me as she has done."

"Oh, these doubting Thomases!" exclaimed Phyllis. "How do you know that she does not love you? Have you one true proof that she does not? No, ed him with an unfailing fund of hubut you have a hundred that she does."

lis, stamping her foot with impatience. and hair, a heavy beard, small in statdo?" gloomily.

"And will you give her up because she writes you a letter? What has ink do not set out at once to find her, I shall never forgive you. She is my sister, and by that I know that you cannot win her by sitting still. Go find her and tell her that you will never leave her till she is your wife. I do not mean to infer," with a smile, "that you will leave her after. Go to her as a master. That is the way a woman loves to be wooed. Marry her and be happy, and I shall come and say, 'Heaven bless you, my children.' I have accepted the renunciation of her fected, if he could, a lease on all the claims so that she may be free to wed you. If you do not find her, I will. Since I have her promise to teach me the lesson of being a princess she cannot have gone far. And when you are married you will promise to visit me sirous of going into mining, and prohere." He read the letter and replaced shall be far away from my friends. I

> palace." "I will promise you anything you may ask," I said eagerly. A new hope and a new confidence had risen in my heart. I wonder where man got the idea that he is lord of creation when "And you will really be my sister, too!" taking her hands and kissing them. "And you will think of me a little, will you not?'

> "Yes." She slowly withdrew her "If you do not find her, write hands.

"Your highness, it is my hope that some day you will meet a prince who will be worthy of you, who will respect and honor you as 1 do."

"Who can say? You have promised the king to become a subject of Hohenphalia.'

"Then you will be a subject of mine. It is my will-I am in a sovereign mood-that you at once proceed to find Hildegarde, and I will give her to you." "Auf wiedersehen!"

"Goodby!" My ear detected the barest falter in her voice, and something glistened on her eyelashes. Ah, why could not the veil have remained before my eyes and let me gone in darkness? Suddenly I was looking across the chasm of years. There was a young girl in white, a table upon which stood a pitcher. It was a garden scene, and the air was rich with perfumes. The girl's hair and eyes were brown, and there were prom-

as it came, the vision vanished. On reaching the street I was aware that my sight had grown dim and that things at a distance were blurred. Perhaps it was the cold air.

# TO BE CONTINUED.

ENFORCE THE VAGRANT LAW .-- Of late Atlanta has been the rendezvous of criminals whose acts of lawlessness have incensed the community. Among those reported as giving trouble recently were two ex-convicts. Many Negroes released from chaingangs and prisons stop in Atlanta and ply their nefarious business here.

In other words, this is a center for criminals as well as an important center in almost every other respect. To meet this danger it is necessary that the vagrant law should be rigidly enforced. That would force the criminal class to earn an honest living or move on. Men now engaged in burglarizing houses, petty larceny and other crimes would either earn their bread, go to the chaingang or leave town. Either result would reduce the work of the police to a maximum and make this an orderly community once more. -Atlanta Daily News.

HOG LORE IN A LAWSUIT.-E. E. Axline, a prosperous hog raiser, of Oak Grove, Mo., is suing the United States Henry's court today. He places that fancy." value upon a boar which he shipped from Oak Grove to E. H. Ware at Douglass, Ill., April 16, 1900. The hog died en route.

election. On the stand Mr. Axline said that he had sold the hog to Mr. Ware for \$1,000, "If you pour water on a hog's back,

more return, and the name shall fade and particularly on its kidneys, when it is heated, death ensues in a few minutes, said Mr. Axline, in assigning an explanation for the hog's death. He said it was probable that the hog did not have sufficient ventilation

REMINISCENCES OF YORK.

served by a Septuagenarian.

Dr. Maurice Moore in The Enquirer of 1870.

In memoriam I again guide my pen Joseph Grandison Martin was born in of old Captain Joseph Palmer, told of in a former number, and one of the of her day.

Mr. Martin studied law and was admitted to the bar. He practiced a few years, but being elected commissioner of equity for York district, gave up the law, except that belonging to his office. He was a man of good business capacity, wrote a beautiful hand and was a general favorite. He was elected captain of a militia company, but was nev- a blockade of the ports of his country er known by the title given him by the and proceed to bring him to terms by rank, for warm-hearted and open-hand- a show of force. The armored cruiser ed, he was "Joe Martin" to the district. Generous to a fault, he never accumulated property, but nature had giftmor-rich, rare and racy-with which he embelished and enjoyed life. His "Do you love her?" demanded Phyl- face was quite handsome. Black eyes "Love her? Have I not told you that ure, always neat in dress, and in manners a perfect Chesterfield.

The late furore on gold mines reminds me of one of Joe's best practito do with love and a woman? If you cal jokes, of which, by the way, he was very fond. There was a company formed in the village, to which belonged a good many of our gentlemen, who had associated themselves for the purpose of leasing, for purposes of speculation, all places on which they could find indications of gold. It was a grand scheme, but most of the number fairs. had the gold fever severely. One of the concern, a Mr. Leach, was the company agent to take leases, sell them, etc. Wherever he found a flint rock on a man's plantation, he instantly efminerals for 20 years.

Martin wrote a letter, ante-dating it but not attempting to disguise his hand son, and not only secure settlement of until Jackson retired in 1837. Van Buwriting, purporting to be from a man this case; but all others that have ren became an ex-president in 1841 in Richland district, saying he was de- been pending. The Ezagui claim was and Tyler in 1845. Then we had four often? I shall be very lonely now. I posed to exchange ten likely Negroes sul Gummere would abandon his Jackson died the same year and for a mine, etc. This letter Joe crumpled plans to visit the capital; but when it Adams in 1848, leaving Van Buren and it on the table and went back to his shall be in a prison, and men call it a and soiled, to give it the appearance of was learned that he intended to press Polk the only two ex-presidents. Polk careless handling. Meeting Leech on the other claims the Moorish court increased the number to three in 1849, the court house steps, he said in an off- was thrown into a state of great ex- but died that year. In 1853 Fillmore hand manner, "O, Leach, I believe I've citement. The grand vizier sent word got a letter for you. It was handed to to Mr. Gummere that he would not be presidential list. Pierce increased the me a week ago down at Jack Lindsay's, but I forgot about it. I suppose it's of no consequence." And having got it if he started for that place, and that it est number of such worthles with out of his pocket, he handed it over to the gold mining company agent. This gentleman read it with growing excitement. "It's a very important letter -a very important letter indeed-just like your confounded carelessness. Joe. forgetting it. I must see the company immediately," and off he hurried, without unfolding the contents. Leach posted round town from one to another, and soon members of the company were seen in knots consulting with excited faces. Joe told me the "go," and that he had not attempted to disguise his writing, with which most of the form the sultan that he is coming to president. Mr. Cleveland became an parties were perfectly familiar. In visit him and that he and his court

their elation, however, it did not occur to them. Leach was not long in arranging the matter; the letter having been so long delayed, it must be attended to forthwith. He soon had his horse ready and a bag of rocks to take with him as specimens, the proposed purchaser desiring to see some. Mountthe bystanders, and started for Columbia. The joke had now gone far enough and Joe had commissioned me to stop force the New York. I was standing by one of the company, as Mr. Leach off. "I understand," said I, "Leach is the reply, "it's all right-a fine offer." ises of great beauty. Then, as swiftly "Did you notice the writing; you had better read that letter again." A glimmer of the truth dawned on his mind.

"Stop, Leach!" he called, for Leach had the letter with him. As Leach rode back (he had gone nearly 50 yards), another of the partners joined my awakened friend. They all re-read the letter, and at once recognized Joe Marhis office walls. The company were fain, too, to hide their diminished heads. They could not fight, yet it was but a dry laugh to get up at their expense. The gold mine speculations seemed to die out like the extinguished smouldering wick of a candle. The hoaxed were so sore and shy, it was

hard to get a word with them on leases Joe Martin was never married while I knew him; but being of a susceptible nature, he was always in love, and generally had the luck to become enamored of a widow. I have heard him soliloquize his prejudice to the idea, with cers. The militia, which could be call-"Washington, Jefferson and to 100,000 strong. Napoleon Bonaparte, all married wid-

ows," he would say, "and why not I?" His conversational powers were very fine, and adorned with a playfulness very attractive. He had the peculiar faculty of relating incidents, introducing each particular and detailing what "he said," and "she said," without become tedious; investing all with touch-

"Alas! poor Yorick." He held the office of commissioner in by his brother-himself declining a re-

Some years later he removed to Mississippi, and from thence to Arkansas. There he met his fate and married, like "Washington, Jefferson and Napoleon," a widow.

It is with a partial pen I trace his eulogy. Born in the same year, connected by family ties, associated in

fled up to the stars from whence it came, and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels. compressed into a clod of the valley." [TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.]

### WAR WITH THE MOORS.

The United States may be at war with Morocco next week, says a Washington dispatch of March 20. When a nation calls upon another nation for an apology and if that apology is not forthcoming, the next step is usually hostility.

If the sultan of Morocco does not make a prompt expression of regret for around with him that makes him apthe incidents for which the United States Consul General Gummere has been instructed to demand an apology, the United States will probably declare New York, with Admiral Rodgers on board, is expected to reach Tangier on Saturday.

Consul Gummere will immediately embark and be conveyed to Mazagan, the nearest port to Morocco City, the several periods of our history and capital of the country. He will then twice we have been left without an proceed, under an escort, to the capital ex-president-when Washington died and lay his demands before the sultan. in 1799 and when Andrew Johnson died The New York will await the result in 1875. John Adams became the sole with her guns trained on the city, as surviving ex-president in 1801. Jeffersome measure of protection for our consul during his overland journey.

payment of a lot of long standing claims of American citizens, Consul Gummere is to demand an apology for the obstructive attitude of the grand vizier and the minister of foreign af-Quite recently Morocco paid a claim ex-presidents.

of \$5,000 for the murder of Marcus

Ezagui, a naturalized American citipayment was made Consul Gummere Morocco City, see the sultan in perpaid, apparently in the hope that Con- again. would be kept moving, if necessary, in which we have ever been blessed. order to avoid him. This prospect of having to chase a moving capital, to and Fillmore in 1874. fulfill his mission, made Consul Gummere angry, and he reported the facts to the state department. The depart- 1875 left us without an ex-president. ment considered that the effort of the Moroccan grand vizier to defeat the purpose of the United States govern- 1885 gave the country three ex-presiment in sending Mr. Gummere to Morocco City on a special mission was a our consul has been instructed to inmust wait to receive him.

If they stand and apologize for threatening not to stay, the incident death of Benjamin Harrison. will be closed in a manner satisfactory to the United States. If they do not heed the demands of Consul Gummere the guns of the New York may be calling, he bowed a courteous good-bye to ed into play. The Morocco navy consists of one gunboat, so it is expected that it will not be necessary to re-en-

Morocco, the country of the Moors who once occupied Spain and threatened the continent of Europe with a returned from the inauguration ceregoing to Columbia to sell a mine; did Mohammedan inundation from the monies. "We saw everything that you read that letter?" "Oh! yes," was South as formidable as that of the there was to be seen. He was pleased Goths and Vandals had been from the with everything, and he said so; but north, is today a country about four the thing that impressed him most times the size of Georgia, with about was the lack of formality and the ab-

5,000,000 of inhabitants. The sultan is a despot and his word is law. The religion is Mohammedan- and comparing the simplicity of the ism and the sultan is the head of the arrangements in Washington with the church, as well as the head of the state, way the rulers of Europe are all and assumes the title of "Prince of guarded. Particularly he was impressbelievers." He has a court with a cab- ed by the fact that any one who wishappeared to the protecting shadows of inet of six members, including the ed to was allowed to go into the White grand vizier. Like the princes of Is- House grounds, and wander around lamism, he has a harem and lives in without showing any passes or creden-Oriental style.

Morocco City, the capital, or rather one of the capitals, is surrounded by a around and we went up past the White mud wall 30 feet high, and is full of House. The Englishman stopped and flat, one-story dwellings, with narrow watched the stream of men and women streets. There are 30 splendid mosques going into the grounds. to tell of former splendor. The city once, in medieval times, had a popula- and no mistake. Why, they let you do tion of 700,000, but is half in ruins and just as you please. Do you know, I

now has about 60,000 inhabitants. about 15,000 men, with European offi- lawn and there wouldn't be a person humorous seriousness perfectly inimi- ed out in an emergency, is about 80,000 about it.' 'Of course, no one would

The sultan's income is about \$2,500, 000 per annum.

# HE KILLED STONEWALL JACKSON.

Frank S. Rosenthal, a rich hide and wool dealer of Carrollton. Mo., has been haunted ever since the Civil war by the thought that he was probaes of his own sparkling wit. "He was bly the man who fired the shot at Express company for \$1,500 in Judge a fellow of infinite jest and excellent Chancellorsville, which killed General him. He went out on the lawn right 'Stonewall" Jackson, and he declares he would give his entire fortune to be building, and lay down flat on his back. certain that it was not his bulle, that Then he rolled over three times, slowequity for four years, being succeeded caused the death of the great Confederate commander. Mr. Rosenthal and walked out of the grounds, as hapserved throughout the war with the py as though he had found \$10. Louisianna Tigers, one of the most noted regiments in the old Stonewall brigade, and he and S. Solomon, of House lawn might have been the prop-Macon, Ga., are the sole survivers of that it attracted went. The Englishthe picket guard which fired on Gener- man said that if he had acted that way al Jackson that fatal night.

> nected by family ties, associated in telling the story of his part in gerous character. He was very proud boyish sports, intimate in manhood's the terrible tragedy which deprived of his exploit and I suppose that he is years, he was always my friend. "In the Confederate army of its great mil-still telling the story of it in England." what corner of the earth shall I seek itary genius, Mr. Rosenthal says that -New York Sun.

his fellow?" In 1859 the accidental fall- he and 20 other members of the Louising of a tree cut off the remainder of lana Tigers were sent out on the picket line with instructions from General "Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men Jackson himself to let nobody through, of genius, for he was your equal; weed countersign or no countersign. Previis grave clean, ye men of goodness, for ous to this order the countersign, "I he was your brother! Thy genius has don't know," had been agreed on and was communicated to the staffs and guard details. The pickets had not been on duty very long before they saw a body of men riding along the lines. The challenge was given and the reply, "I don't know," rang out. Then the horsemen started through the line and nine of the guards, according to That is a Possibility of the Next Few Days. instructions, sent a volley after them. Three bullets went true to their mark and General Jackson received the

wound which caused his death. Although only 58 years old, Mr. Rosenthal stoops as he walks and complains of constant pain. He declares, nowever, that it is not the weight of Yankee lead that he has been carrying pear prematurely old; but the thought of that terrible night which has preved on his mind ever since his youth.-Exchange.

#### OUR EX-PRESIDENTS.

wice In the History of the Country Four

Were Living at Once. Grover Cleveland is the only living

ex-president. There have been two and more in son came to his company in 1809, Madison in 1817 and Monroe in 1825. For Besides making arrangements for the the first four months of John Quincy Adams's administration we had four

ex-presidents. John Adams and his successor and most determined political opponent, died on the same day, July 4, 1825, leaving Madison and Monroe our only

The inauguration of Jackson in 1828 added John Quincy Adams to the list zen, by a Tangier mob. Before the of ex-presidents, but in 1831 Monroe died and reduced their number again was under instructions to proceed to to two. In 1836 Madison passed away, leaving Adams the lone ex-president

welcome at the court and that the cap- number to four in 1857, and Buchanan ital would be moved from Morocco City made it five in 1861, which is the larg-

> Tyler and Buchanan both died in 1862 Then Johnson was the only surviving ex-president. Johnson's death in Grant's retirement in 1877, that of Hayes in 1881 and that of Arthur in

dents. Grant died a few months after Ardirect slight to itself, and therefore thur's retirement and Arthur died the next year, leaving Hayes the only exex-president in 1889 and we had two such dignitaries again. The number

# has been the same ever since until the A BR'TON'S IDEA OF FREEDOM.

t was to Roll Himself on the White House

Lawn, and He did It. "I never go to Washington that I do not think of a young Englishman who went around the city with me a dozen years ago," said a man who had just

sence of guards. "He never tired of talking of this tials of any kind.

"Well, one day we were wandering

"'By Jove,' he said, 'it is wonderful, think that if a fellow wanted to he The sultan's army is composed of could go in there and roll over on the who would think of speaking to him speak to him about it,' I said. 'What's more, if you want to do it I'll stay and watch you, and if any one does say anything to you about it I'll help you lick him.'

" 'Will you?' he said.

"'I mean it,' said I. "He looked at me for a minute, and then he walked into the White House grounds. There was a crowd there, but no one paid the least attention to in front of the main entrance of the ly and deliberately. Then he got up

"No one looked at him, and no one spoke to him; to roll over on the White in one of the capitals of Europe In telling the story of his part in would have been locked up as a dan-

# "What?"