

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

NO. 40.

AN HUMBLE HERO.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Copyright, 1901, by Thomas P. Montfort.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Never since that day on which the battle of Lexington was fought had there been such intense excitement on Possum Ridge. The people, forgetting their everyday duties, collected in little groups and all day long talked in low, hushed tones of the terrible thing that had happened. A thousand questions were asked, many of them of a most frivolous nature, but propounded in all seriousness; a thousand surmises were made, and those who happened to possess a fragment of information relative to the one subject of absorbing interest repeated that information over and over again for the delectation of their less fortunate fellow mortals.

In a little quiet place like Beckett's Mill, where but few things out of the common ever transpire, a murder is an event of supreme importance. It is sufficient to claim the entire and undivided attention of the people for a day and to remain the chief topic of conversation for a week or even a month. It is an event which marks an epoch and from which time is reckoned.

Lying in state in a little wareroom just off Hicks' store was all that remained of James Melvin. Jim Thorn in passing through Sim Banks' wood had found the body lying across a little footpath, in almost the same spot where Melvin and Louisa had met. Thorn, in a mild state of excitement, had appeared at Hicks' store to report his find. Hicks and others had repaired to the scene and had removed the body to town.

Soon the news spread, and in an incredibly short time everybody at Beckett's Mill knew of the tragedy. Then the people came to see and to ask questions. Of course every one, man, woman and child, had to pass through the little wareroom and look on the lifeless form. Then, having looked, they gathered in little knots to talk it all over.

Jim Thorn, having been the fortunate one to make the find, occupied the pedestal of chief importance in the village that day. Wherever he went, whichever way he turned, there was an eager group about him, listening anxiously for every word that fell from his lips. Time and again, and always to interested listeners, he repeated the story of the find down to the minutest details. And the story Jim Thorn told was this:

"When I got up this morning, I says to my woman, says I, 'Lucindy, I guess I'll jest step over to Joe Beckett's pasture an look at that calf of Joe's.' Joe an me's been on a trade for a right smart while, an he's been a-wantin' me to take a calf he's got over thar. Waal, I put on my hat an went over to Joe's, but Joe's woman told me Joe wa'n't at home, but that he'd gone off to look for a pig that'd strayed away. So I jest went an looked at the calf, made up my mind Joe wanted too much for it, then started back across the woods for home. Waal, I'd walked a right smart piece an was a-goin' along with my head sorter down, a-thinkin' 'bout somethin', when all at once I kinder glanced up, an right thar before me, not six feet away, laid that dead man."

"Lord, but I bet you jumped an holered!" some one exclaimed.

Thorn gave the speaker a look of mild contempt.

"I bet I never," he replied. "I never moved a inch, nor I never give a squeak."

"Waal, I bet you was skeered anyhow."

"No, sir, I wa'n't skeered, not nary a grain more than I am this minute."

"Did you tech him?" somebody asked.

"No, I didn't tech him, but it wa'n't 'cause I was afraid to. I 'lowed me by it might be ag'in the law, an I wa'n't b'ggerin on gittin into no trouble noway."

There was a short pause, after which some one said impressively:

"Lord, jest to think of a feller walkin' up on to a dead man like that! My land, I wouldn't 'a' done it for nothin on earth! I bet I'd 'a' been skeered, an I'd 'a' jumped an holered, too, an I reckon I'd most broke my neck a-gittin away from thar. Lord!"

"Land of gracious," another exclaimed, "if that had 'a' been me in place of Jim Thorn, I'd 'a' been skeered plumb out of my skin, an I'd jest 'a' tore the earth up an knocked the bark off all the trees round thar a-gittin out of them woods."

If the truth had been known, the only reason Jim Thorn didn't knock the bark off the trees getting out of those woods was because the bark was too tight to be knocked off. But that was something no one save Thorn knew, and he had no idea of mentioning it.

Then Jim Thorn had to go out to Sim Banks' woods and show where the body had been found and explain in detail just how it had lain. He had to show the exact position of the head, the feet and the hands and describe in full the precise attitude of the whole body.

After that he had to show just how

he had made the discovery and how he had acted and what he had done and everything about it. All this he did by going through a rehearsal of his movements.

He placed a stick across the path where Melvin had fallen to represent the corpse. Then he went a little way off and, turning, walked back slowly, with his head down, just as he had been walking that morning. At a certain point he raised his head. His eyes fell on the stick, and he stopped short in his tracks. For a minute or so he stood there, looking calmly on the stick, then quietly walked by it on his way to the village.

All these things the curious crowd drank in with open mouthed wonder, leaning eagerly forward and craning their necks in order to catch the smallest and most unimportant detail of the movements.

Then, having absorbed the last particle of information Jim Thorn possessed, the crowd fell to speculating regarding such things as Thorn could not explain. Sam Morgan started it by saying:

"I wonder whar the feller that done the killin was when he fired the shot."

Then everybody looked around in search of what might be considered a likely place, and two or three were on the point of hazarding a reply, but it was Jason Roberts who spoke.

"Thar's only one place," he said, "whar the feller that done the shootin could 'a' likely stood, accordin to my way of figgerin it out."

"Whar's that?" somebody asked.

"Behind that big tree whar Pap Sampson killed the six squirrels is—"

"Seven squirrels, Jason Roberts," Pap quickly corrected; "seven squirrels if thar was one."

It was a curious fact, but in the excitement of the moment no one noticed it, that was the first and the only time Pap Sampson took any part in the talk that day. He, the oracle of the village, the first always to give an opinion, lapsed into a silence from which nothing save the old force of habit of opposing Jason could arouse him. It was strange, passing strange.

"Behind that tree whar Pap Sampson killed the squirrels," Jason repeated compromisingly, "is the only place whar the feller could 'a' been."

Then he took a stick, to represent a gun, and went behind the tree and demonstrated just how the murderer had hid there and how when Melvin came along down the path the gun had been thrust out and the fatal shot fired.

Everybody saw and readily admitted the wisdom of Jason's conclusions, and two or three hastened to assure the others that they had formed that same

conclusion the moment they arrived on the ground. These last belonged to that class of ready liars who abound in every community, that large family of "I told you so's."

While the interested crowd was still talking a stranger appeared among them. It was Mr. Waite. No one there knew him, for none of them had ever seen him, and the moment he appeared all conversation ceased, and everybody stood with his eyes fixed inquiringly on him. Looking coolly around, he asked:

"What's the occasion of all this excitement?"

There was a momentary silence, during which every one turned his eyes on Jim Thorn. That worthy, understanding what was expected of him, stepped forward and said in turn:

"Why, stranger, ain't you heard?"

"Heard what?" Waite asked.

"Why, Lord, 'bout the murder."

The stranger shook his head and looked surprised.

"Murder!" he exclaimed. "Why, have you been having a murder here?"

"My land, I'd soso! I'd 'lowed everbody knowed 'bout it before this. An you ain't heard a word of it?"

"How should I when I just arrived in the neighborhood?"

"Ob, you jest now come, did you?"

getting back. But about this murder. Who was it that was killed?"

"It was a feller named Melvin," Thorn answered.

"One of your citizens, I presume?"

"No, he was a stranger. He'd only been here a few weeks. Stopped over to Jonathan Turner's an claimed he was a prospectin for mineral."

"Ob, that's the man, eh?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"No, I didn't know Mr. Melvin, but that day I passed through here I stopped at Mr. Turner's, and I remember hearing him speak of him. So that's the man that was killed?"

"That's the man."

"Well, well! Do you know anything of the particulars of the murder?"

Then Thorn embraced the opportunity for which he had been waiting and proceeded to repeat the story he had been telling all day. He even went through the pantomime of his discovery of the body, not forgetting to show how calmly he had viewed it and how fearlessly he had passed by it on his way to the store. To all this Waite listened with seemingly the greatest of interest, and Jason Roberts was encouraged by that to demonstrate to his benefit just how the murderer must have fired the fatal shot from the shelter of the big tree.

If any one had been observing the stranger's face closely, he must have noticed that it became quite pale as Jason proceeded with his explanation, but Jason was claiming everybody's attention at that moment, so no one saw.

"What do you think?" Jason asked when he had finished. "Don't you b'lieve I'm right, stranger?"

Waite gave a little start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "Oh, yes, very likely you are right; yes, very likely."

"Bound to be," Jason said. "Ain't no other way it could 'a' been done."

"I guess that's so," Waite admitted. "But what was the object of the murder, do you think?"

Pap Sampson, who had followed the crowd all day in silence, listening to all that was said, leaned forward and waited expectantly for the answer to this question.

"I don't know," Jason said. "I ain't no notion."

"Do you suppose it was robbery?"

"No. His money an his watch an ever'thing was found in his pockets untouched."

"Humph! He couldn't have had an enemy in this section. He was a stranger here, I believe you said?"

"Yes."

"It seems to be rather a strange case. You have no idea who the murderer could be?"

Sam Morgan looked down at the ground and trembled, while Pap Sampson leaned forward again and waited breathlessly for the reply.

"I ain't no idea in the world," Jason said; "not a ghost of an idea."

There was a short pause. Then Jim Thorn spoke, saying significantly:

"I wonder whar Sim Banks is."

Sam Morgan started and turned pale. Pap Sampson walked away, leaning heavily on his cane, murmuring:

"It's come at last! Oh, my Lord, it's come! I was afraid of it all the time. Pore Sim! Pore Sim!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

On the Fourth of July we had a ball

in Yorkville. It passed as such things usually do, with its modicum of compliments and cuts—a pleasure to some, a disappointment to others, and it was over; but the next issue of The Pioneer had "A Description of a Fourth of July Ball," under the new and singular nom de plume of "The Wasp;" and it had a sting, for it was surely "our ball" depicted. Home actors were certainly drawn; and so well, too, the take off could hardly be called a burlesque. "Maj. Doublehead," was undoubtedly meant for Major Darwin; "Becky Biter" was a true portrait of one of our village beauties, whose tongue, alas! many of us knew to our cost, "cut like a two-edged sword."

The Misses Eggleston, admirable young ladies, was a deserved compliment to the Misses McMahan; as too, was the description of an accomplished young gentleman of very fine manners and appearance, which was certainly Donom Witherspoon. "Mr. Fudge," was Charley Coggins, and no one hesitated, it was so plain who was meant, to say that the vinegar faced little girl described as "Betsy Crut," was Miss Betty Chambers. "As good a little thing, if she was sour looking," uncle Ben Chambers swore, "as was in town," and no one could put her derisively in the papers with impunity—he'd break every bone in Carey's trifling carcass."

Carey had put forth one wasp and found himself in a nest of them. More than one individual went to ask him what he meant by personalities so pointed. In vain he declared the article was sent to him two weeks before the ball, and he had delayed its publication. He got no credence. The verdict "was that he was lying out of the matter."

In the midst of this "tempest in the teapot," a gentleman from Chester rode into town. In giving the news of the day from Chester, he mentioned that The Pioneer had been received a little while before he left, and the people were quite indignant over a description it contained of their "Fourth of July Ball." He then began to enumerate the different individuals with whom Carey had taken the unwarranted liberty of showing up in a ludicrous light to the public. Chester, too, had "Maj. Doublehead," "Mr. Fudge," and "Miss Becky Biter." The excitement at hand began visibly to decline. We were forced to subsidize and believe Carey's statement, and felt very sheepish that we had been fitting caps on our neighbors.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

Carey, fortunately, had dodged Ben Chambers until the denouement, and saved sore bones if not broken ones.

Paddy Carey was fond of his cups. Alas! they wrought his ruin, and over them he was apt to grow pot valiant. One night Carey and Abernathy were in Joe Martin's office. A decanter and glasses had been put down on the table, and as they socially drank, they busily talked. From their accounts, they certainly had not held the doctrine of Hudibras, that

"He who fights and runs away, Will live to fight another day,"

for Carey told of a difficulty he once got into while he lived in Tennessee. It was during the war of 1812—he said—a recruiting officer was stationed in Rogersville, and some men he had were a good deal disposed to bully the citizens. One day three of them—Carey said—got into a dispute with him, tried to "hector" it over him; but he told them he was not the man to take anything off of any man, much less their insolence. With that, one of them made at him, and—Carey said—he just took him a cuff on the butt of the ear with his fist that made turn a somersault equal to a circus man. Another of them came at him and he gave him such a blow in the chest that he didn't draw a long breath in a week. The third soldier, seeing his comrades getting such rough handling, sprang to aid them, but—Carey said—he boxed him right and left till he learned him manners to his betters. "They" were all—concluded Carey—"bigger, heavier men than he was, but I taught them a lesson that they, I don't think, they forgot soon."

Abernathy said that Carey's fight reminded him of one he had about the same time. He was in service—he said—in the war of 1812, and part of the time, on duty at Point Peter, Georgia. While there he got into a row with some sailors. There were four—he said—in their party, and he was alone. They all came at him at once; but he clubbed his gun and knocked two into the sea; but his gun breaking in two, he dropped the pieces and caught one of the other sailors by the throat with his left hand and choked him into an apoplexy, and with his right hand gouged the other fellow until he cried "nough" in right good earnest.

Joe Martin listened to these tales of remarkable prowess in silence. Not having been in the war, he had naught to match them. Suddenly he jumped up, and going to his desk and opening it, took out a dirk, stuck it hurriedly in the breast pocket of his coat as if concealing it; but carefully leaving the handle exposed to the view of the two worthies at the table. Then he walked with decisive tread across the room to the door and locked it, and turned and advanced to the table. As he did so, Carey and Abernathy, who had watched him with growing apprehension, asked simultaneously, "What do you mean, Joe?" "I mean to dirk a little," said Joe, vehemently, with the same breath blowing out the candle. Carey forthwith got under the table by which he sat, and Abernathy found his way to an open window and jumped out into the street. Joe had his jest, so he quickly relighted the candle and ran to the window to call Abernathy back, for Mrs. A. was a termagant and Joe was

afraid of her tongue; but he could not get Abernathy to come in. "Oh!" said Joe. "It was all in fun, Abernathy—nothing but a joke; come back, come back." "Joke, indeed," said the de-vant sailor; "if it had not been for the cabin window, blast my eyes, but you would have had my light out." Carey emerged from the cover of the table rather crest-fallen, and ever after was not apt to boast of deeds of valor in the presence of Joe Martin.

The publication of the Davis MSS. was interrupted by the death of Rev. Robert Davis, to whom his father had given the copyright; but Carey's newspaper still gave him an occupation in Yorkville. His career, however, was downward. Yielding to the fatal love of drink, frequent and disgraceful scenes of debauchery sank him below all former associates. His wife, worn out with his dissipations and worthlessness, left him and went back with her children, to their friends in East Tennessee. She afterwards joined the Shakers, and gave her children to the care of relatives while she devoted herself to her sect. In 1845, Carey, too, left Yorkville, to return to his native state, and further I know no trace of him.

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in Their mouths, to steal away their brains!"

Carey, in his day, did a good work in York. The enterprise begun by him has been well sustained by others. York has always had good reason to boast of her "Weekly." It is with prideful satisfaction I undo the ample folds of her paper, so superior in its size and style to those of our up-country towns, and not excelled by any sheet in the State.

Truly, the "spirit" of Carey's Little Pioneer has been given in a "double portion" to THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER. My friends, you who, week after week, have read a Septuagenarian's reminiscences, and hearkened to my tales, will meet me in THE ENQUIRER no more. I have done. The scraps—historical, anecdotal and biographical—I essayed, are ended. Hundreds of others crowd into my mind, but I fear I shall grow wearisome. If I have given the pleasure I have received in reviewing old memories, I am happy. I naught have I thought to offend. Truly, all was written in love. The old man of three-score-ten-and-five has brought back the days when the rosy coloring of youth tinged life. Now twilight falls, the "windows are darkened" as I look out on its shades, and though by reason of the "great strength" given me, I am still here, ere long the genial warmth that lingers around my heart and throbs, will be chilled, stilled and silent forever!

THE END.

MOORE WONT PAY.

Spartanburg Farmer Gets Caught in Cotton Speculation.

News and Courier, Wednesday.

J. H. Parker & Co., members of the New York Cotton exchange, have filed suit in the United States circuit court here against W. A. Moore, a farmer of Spartanburg county, for \$4,333.71, alleged to be due on cotton contracts bought in October, 1900. In the complaint it is alleged that the brokers had orders from Moore to buy 1,200 bales of cotton for future delivery, and that soon after the purchase the market began to decline and the firm was forced to sell at the loss named in the suit. The answer filed by the defendant states that it was merely a gambling venture, which was immoral, illegal, contrary to public policy and against the laws of South Carolina. The claim of the New York brokers is denied.

The case is interesting to speculators and others. The complaint of Parker & Co., sets forth that in October the defendant, Moore, requested the firm to buy the 1,200 bales, to be delivered as follows: 400 bales in January, 300 bales in March and 500 bales in May, of this year, the purchase to be made according to the rules of the New York Cotton exchange. The plaintiffs allege that they entered the market and bought, the defendant agreeing to take the prices which were then on and to pay any loss that might accrue to the plaintiff. After the purchase the market dropped. Prices went down at a rapid rate until the contracts had lost \$4,333.71, which sum the plaintiffs claim they were bound to advance and did advance to those from whom the cotton was purchased, in the meantime notifying the defendant and asking him to make good. At his failure to put up, the plaintiffs claim that they were forced to close and sell the contracts. As a result of this transaction they allege that they are now due the amount named from Moore, as well as interest from October 24, 1900.

In the answer filed by Mr. Stanyarne Wilson for W. A. Moore, the defendant, it is alleged that prior to October the parties had dealings and business transactions in no wise different from those of the month of October, all of which, it is alleged, were gambling transactions, immoral, illegal, contrary to public policy and against the statute law of South Carolina, to wit, Article 2, Chapter 59, Revised States of 1893. The answer goes on to say that the apparent contracts for purchase were not real ones, but mere covers or guises for the illegal contracts; that the business relation of plaintiff to defendant was as a broker of the New York Cotton exchange, to bring together the defendant and other dealers on said Exchange for the sole purpose of making illegal contracts and for the personal gain of the brokers, who realized \$10 on every 100 bales; that the plaintiffs were participants criminals in such gambling in the rise and fall of the price of cotton, and

that in this the plaintiffs realized large sums. It is furthermore alleged that the business was speculation upon chances, the cotton existing only in imagination, no delivery being contemplated or preparation therefor ever made by either the buyer, seller or broker; that the intention was to settle the "differences" in the market; that it was a venture on the turn of prices, no money being invested except so much as was necessarily required to cover a margin, as at the delivery time one party would pay the other the difference in the market.

The defendant says that, according to the method of gambling, to purchase or sell 100 bales of cotton required a margin of only \$100 and \$10 as broker's commission, to make a bona fide contract, and that while for future actual delivery it would require a capital of \$4,000 or \$5,000 for every 100 bales, or 12 times that amount of money for 1,200 bales.

The defendant admits that he is a farmer and his only desire or interest in the transaction was speculation.

In conclusion the answer says that the plaintiff had no power or authority to or did not make the defendant their debtor by putting up margins for him after the amount in their hands in his credit had been exhausted by the course of the market; that even if they chose to do so they had no right to close out at the bottom of the market and thereby prevent him from rising with it upon its recovery soon thereafter; that if the plaintiffs sustained any loss, which the defendant does not admit, it was due to their own unauthorized assumption of power, followed by their timidity, mismanagement and unconcern about his interests, and he, the defendant, is in no way liable therefor.

Parker & Co., are represented by Messrs. Duncan & Sanders, of Spartanburg, and Mr. Stanyarne Wilson is counsel for the defendant.

MAY GROW IT AT HOME.

United States May Become Independent of Foreign Countries For Coffee.

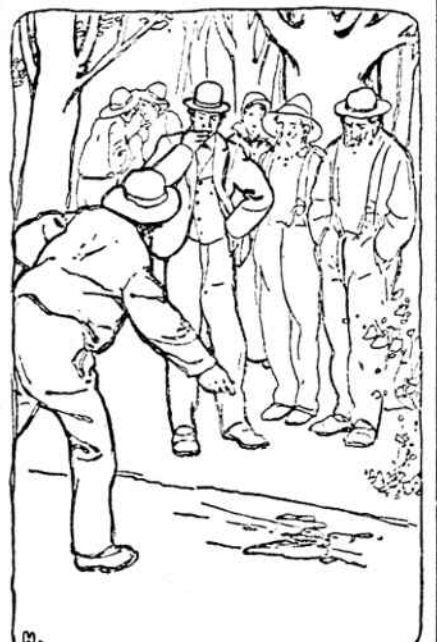
The prospect of a return of permanently peaceful conditions in the Philippines and present conditions in Porto Rico and Hawaii favorable to American commercial enterprises, says a Washington dispatch, lends additional interest to some figures just compiled by the treasury bureau of statistics regarding the coffee consumption of the United States and of the world.

The people of the United States are sending out of the country more than a million dollars a week in payment for coffee consumed in this country, all of which could be readily produced in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, which have already shown their ability to produce coffee of a high grade, commanding high prices in the markets of the world. Porto Rico coffee has long been looked upon as high grade and for many years has commanded high prices in the markets of Europe, and the developments of coffee culture in Hawaii during the past few years have also been very satisfactory in the quality produced and the prices realized.

In the Philippines the product is of high grade, and the fact that in physical conditions and climate the islands are very similar to those of Java, the greatest coffee producing islands of the world, suggests great possibilities to those who desire to see American money expended under the American flag. The fact that the United States is by far the greatest coffee consuming country of the world, and is steadily increasing her consumption further suggests that American capital and energy may turn their attention to the promising field now opened in the islands where American enterprise can safely enter upon business undertakings.

Our coffee importations during the nine months ending with March, 1901, amounted to 617,340,000 pounds, with a value of \$45,218,000, a sum nearly \$5,000,000 in excess of the value of the coffee imports of the same months of the preceding fiscal year, indicating that for the full fiscal year the total value of the coffee imported into the United States will be about \$60,000,000. Even this is somewhat below the annual average cost of coffee imported during the decade just ended, the reduction in total value being due to the fall of about one-half in the import price, though during the past few months the price has again materially advanced, and 617,344,000 pounds imported in nine months of the fiscal year 1901 cost \$45,218,000, while 633,500,000 pounds imported in nine months of the preceding year cost but \$40,508,000.

STILL NO ANSWER.—Nobody has yet been able to point out error in McLaurin's Charlotte speech. Not a single newspaper has set up claims to having brains enough to answer a word of that speech. In acknowledgment of the want of brains, as well as for the want of facts, some newspapers have declined to talk of that speech; but in due to repeat that old story about his effort to organize a Republican party in this State. And then they resort to the refuge of charging him with the face of his disavowal, they contending with the Republicans." There are very few men in this State who will not endorse the ratification of the treaty of peace whereby we acquired Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. The hypocrisy and dishonesty of his accusers in charging him with voting for the ship subsidy is exposed in the act whereby some of these same politicians approved the proposition to subsidize the Charleston Exposition, the Southern railway, and the Louisiana sugar planters.—Abbeville Press and Banner.



Waite listened with interest.