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THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XI. AN ASTONISHING AFFAIR.

Half an hour had the gunmaker sat by the side of the sick man's bed when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the door. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entryway. As it came into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the humpbacked priest, Savatano.

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes and trying to peer into the gloom.

"Sh!" uttered Ruric. "The count is asleep."

By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villain's entrance that he could be calm.

"And who is this?" the priest whispered, moving nearer to the bed. "Ha! The gunmaker?"

"Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow most closely.

"You are in a strange place, I should say," Savatano whispered, not looking the young man directly in the face, but casting upon him a sidelong glance, as though he dared not look direct.

"Speak not too loud, sir priest," said our hero, determined to enter into no conversation with the man if he could avoid it. "Do not awaken the count, for he is very faint and weak."

And then Ruric had another reason. He feared if Damonoff should awake that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed, and, of course, he wished not that the villain should yet know how well he was understood.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savatano, who seemed determined to know. "I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, and I surely have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculiar relations toward him which are sustained by you."

Ruric's first impulse was one of disgust and wrath, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Sir priest," he returned, moving his chair noiselessly nearer to the visitor, so that his whisper might not disturb the sleeper, "I heard that the count was dying, and I would not have him die without first forgiving me for all that I had done."

"And has he done it?"

"He has."

"And why do you remain here? Where is his attendant?"

"She is out somewhere. The count has had a strange fit—a startling spasm—and I feared if he had another the woman could not manage him alone."

"Ah!" uttered Savatano. "A spasm?"

"Yes, a most strange one, as though something were at his heart, as though his brain were on fire and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, but Ruric saw plainly the exultant look which rested there. There was no mistaking any more. That one look—for Ruric saw it—was proof enough.

"Well, well," the misshapen villain said, "I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die and I not by him."

Thus speaking Savatano arose and moved toward the door. His step was eager, and his every look betrayed some anxious purpose. He stopped as he reached the door and looked back, but he did not speak.

Ruric was afraid he might go to the sideboard to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cast one more glance at the watcher and then left the room.

In half an hour more the surgeon returned. His face wore a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose of announcing some self-evident decision.

"Well," he uttered, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicines to a test." And then he leaned back and looked into Ruric's face.

"And what did you find?" the young man asked.

"Just what we expected. We have detected arsenic in three of the medicines which the count had to take. But this poison is not alone. There is much opium in the wine, even so that we could smell it when our suspicions guided us. The poison has been most adroitly fixed. The priest must have one of those recipes which have been used by scientific poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted the deadly poison."

"But wherein was it so wondrously peculiar?" asked Ruric, with interest.

"Why, in this: Arsenic was the principal poisoning agent, but that alone would produce symptoms which any physician would know at once. In this case there was something present which overcame all the outward signs of the poison and only let it eat upon the vitals. I know not the secret, though I know there is such a one. Had it not been for your fortunate suspicions the count would have died from the effects of the wound. The poison was working silently and surely, without pain and without outward sign different from the usual sinking of the worn and fainting body. But I have hopes now. The villain must not know that we have discovered him. We will let the thing run for the present."

Kopani was not a little surprised when he found that the priest had been there during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the count awoke. He felt very faint, but that strange sickness of the stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepared some suitable diluents, and, having called in the woman, he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities, and also directed her to prepare some strong barley water for the patient to drink as he wanted beverage.

All the vials were replaced upon the sideboard and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained. But the nurse was directed not to use them. Everything that her patient was to take she was to keep under her own charge in the kitchen, and she was also most particularly cautioned against allowing the priest to gain anything from her. But Kopani meant to be sure on that score. He had a little business to transact, and then he was coming back to spend the night himself by the count's side. He meant at all events that the poisoner should have no more opportunity to exercise his diabolical science upon the sick nobleman. He promised the count that he should have safe and competent watchers thereafter.

It was fairly dark now, as Ruric could see by raising the curtain and looking out. He had no idea it was so late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand.

"I must go now," he said. "But if you are willing I will come again."

"You will come," uttered Conrad in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. "Oh, you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall. If I do, I shall owe my life to you. And God knows—for the feeling is even now firm in my soul—that I will always remember how you saved me, and I will never think, never, of the sad blow you struck me. Come—come to me when you can, for now—now—as God lives, I speak the truth—now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you!" murmured Ruric in a husky, tremulous voice. And with these words, coming from the very depths of his soul, he turned away and left the room. He heard the voice of the count as he moved toward the open door and thanked God that 'twas a blessing which fell upon his ears.

Ah, those who know not what true forgiveness is know not the holiest emotion of earth!

Ruric had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he bent his steps that way. He had gone half the distance from the residence of the count to the inn and was just upon the point of crossing the street when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around and saw a man approaching him.

It was too dark to distinguish faces plainly even at a usual conversational distance, yet Ruric was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a medium sized man and so closely enveloped in his bonnet and pelisse that his form and features would have been hidden even had it been lighter than it was.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth as the man came up.

"Yes, sir. Is your name Ruric Nivel?"

"It is."

"Then you are wanted a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant named Orsa."

"Alaric Orsa?" asked Ruric.

"The same."

"But he does not live here in the Kremlin."

"He is here now, at any rate, and would see you."

"But you said he was at his residence," suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him.

"I know nothing of the contrary, sir," the stranger returned promptly. "All I can say is Alaric Orsa has fallen upon the ice and hurt himself severely and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge he asked that you might be sent for."

"Been hurt, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah, then perhaps he wants me to carry him home."

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement thus made that Ruric believed it all honest, and he stood no longer in doubt.

"I will go," he said. "But lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and, having gone some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led toward the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark lane, within which the snow was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

Again the stranger started, and Ruric followed on. The lane was a crooked one, and more than once the youth had another inclination to stop. He had no direct fear, but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. He had not seen what had been attempted against the count he might have had no such doubts now, but as it was he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the count it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted toward him. He was pondering thus when they came to a crossing lane full as narrow as this, into which the guide turned.

"Look ye once more, sirrah!" cried the youth, now stopping short.

"Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir, and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is, so you won't have to retrace these dubious ways. Only a little farther, sir."

"But I don't like this."

"Why, bless you, sir, if you wish to go direct to the inn where your horse is this will be the nearest way."

"Well, on you go."

And on they went, now slipping on the ice, now in the snow to their knees and anon stumbling along over frozen huddles and deep holes. At length the guide stopped and opened a small gate which was fixed in a high, thick brick wall. Ruric hesitated here again. He had no weapon of any kind. If he had had even a pistol or a sword, he would have cared not. But he did not show his thoughts to his guide. The gate opened with a creak upon its frosty hinges, and by the dim starlight the youth could see an open court beyond, and farther still a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much," remarked Ruric as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little, only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house.

"Ah—yes—you said—what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was sure the fellow heard the first time.

"Ah, yes—a—the usual entrance is the other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path.

"Oh, it's around on the other side."

By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had an old, dilapidated appearance, and the guide plied the iron knocker with zeal. Ere long a man made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Ah! Has the gunmaker come?" the latter asked.

"Yes," returned the guide.

"Well, I'm glad he's here, but I don't believe Orsa is fit to move," said the first speaker. And then, turning to Ruric, he said:

"But I'm glad you've come, sir,

for the lieutenant wishes to see you very much. This way, sir."

This was all so frank and prompt that the young man began to think he had been a fool for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into a basement. The lantern did not give much light, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor, and he saw the walls were of stone. A little farther on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment, within which was a fireplace and a good fire burning.

"There, good sir," said the second guide, "if you will wait a few moments I will go and see how the lieutenant is."

As soon as Ruric was left alone he looked about him. The room was of moderate size for a small house, and the idea of inhabiting the cellars was a common one in Moscow during the winter season. The windows, two in number, were close up to the ceiling and very small and were patched with pieces of board in two or three places. Ere long the man came back, and with him came three others, one of whom the youth recognized as the individual who had conducted him to the house.

"Orsa will see you, sir," said he with the lantern.

Ruric arose to follow him, the other three men approaching the fire as though they would remain there. He had reached the door and passed through into the room beyond when he thought he heard footsteps behind him. It was a sliding, shuffling sound, and he turned his head to see what it was. As he did so he received a blow which staggered him and which would have felled an ordinary man to the floor. He gathered himself quickly up, but before he could fairly turn about he received a second blow, heavier than the first, which brought him upon his knees. In an instant all four of the men were upon him, and he could see that they had ropes in their hands with which to bind him. With all his might he threw the fellow who held his right hand back against the wall, and another he sent in an opposite direction, and in a moment more he would have been upon his feet, but just at that instant a noose was adroitly slipped over his head, and as the rope tightened about his neck he was drawn back upon the brick floor again.

"Now, resist any more, and we'll choke you as sure as fate!" cried the man who had held the lantern and now had a hold upon the rope.

"Oh," groaned Ruric, while the massive cords worked like cables in his arms and shoulders, "give me a fair chance! Let me up and free—then lock your doors, if you please!"

"No, no, good sir," replied the ruffian, with a wicked smile. "We know your power, and we are not disposed to test it further. We have had trouble enough already. Shall we?"

The man stopped speaking, for at that moment another noose was slipped down Ruric's head, and ere he could avoid it it had been drawn tightly about his arms. He was now at the mercy of his captors, and, having rolled him over upon his breast, they proceeded to secure his arms behind him, which, being done, they bade him to rise. Of course he could have no desire to lie there upon the cold bricks, and he got upon his feet as well as he could.

"Now, Ruric Nivel, I will conduct you to your own apartment," said the leader of the gang.

"But where is this?" the gunmaker gasped, rendered almost speechless by the mingled emotions of surprise and anger. "Why have you done this? Whose hirelings are ye that ye thus waylay and seize upon an honest man who has done no harm to any of you?"

"Never mind that now, sir," the ruffian coolly answered. "Suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present."

"But will ye not tell me what this is for? There is some intent."

"Yes, and come with me and you shall see. Come."

Thus speaking, the man turned once more, and, having picked up his lantern, he moved on, while the others, taking Ruric by the arms, followed after. The prisoner made no resistance now, for he knew that it would be useless. At a short distance another flight of stairs was reached.

"Down here!" uttered Ruric, with a shudder.

"Of course. You'd freeze up here."

These words struck harshly upon the youth's soul, for it meant that he was to be detained in this lonely place.

At the bottom of these stairs they came to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Ruric was led through into the place beyond. He cast his

eyes quickly about, and he found himself in a narrow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it were some old skins.

And here the youth was to be left. His guide simply pointed to the low couch and then turned away. Ruric asked a question, but it was not answered. In a few moments more the heavy door was closed upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and, with a deep groan, he sank down.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

BEHEADING THE BOXERS.

Execution of Two of the Chinese Anti-Foreign Leaders a Quick Piece of Work.

Pekin Cor. London Express.

Just before Yuen Chang, a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen, was beheaded here in July on account of his alleged pro-foreign leanings, he solemnly warned Shu Cheng Yi, the vice president of the board of punishments, in the following language: "Today I shall suffer an ignominious death because I have striven to avert calamity from China. In a few months the foreigner will occupy Peking and then you will undergo a similar penalty on the selfsame spot."

This forecast was realized today, and as the Chinaman is superstitious and a fatalist, perhaps the feeling that it was his destiny may have afforded some sort of consolation to the wretched Shu Cheng Yi when he and his colleague, Chi Shu, were being jolted in Peking carts through the dusty city to their death.

Save for the skill of the Japanese we should not even have secured any one for beheading. The sad part of it is that the allied forces have made it clear to the Chinese that the governments of the "foreign devils" collectively are prone to adopt the same pitiful diplomacy of "bluff and cave in" which over and over again has characterized their individual policy in treating with China. Yes, these two comparatively unimportant men, who "never will be missed" by the Chinese, have been considered by the allied Powers as sufficient to save our face, where their eleven superiors in crime and position are allowed some of them to submit to a nominal banishment and the rest to commit a hypothetical suicide.

The worst that can happen to those men is that they should really kill themselves, in which doubtful case, in the eyes of the Chinese, they will be martyrs and not degraded criminals. Truly, a pitiful business! So I went to see how England, France, Germany, America, Austria, Italy, Japan and Russia were to "save their face" by executing the only two men they could lay hands on out of the thirteen on the famous list.

In taking leave of their kindly custodian, Colonel Shiba, of legation siege fame, the doomed men had said: "We cannot understand the emperor's edict; but if our beheading will tend toward the restoration of an honorable peace to China we are happy to die, even in this degrading manner."

Then they were handed over to the Chinese authorities, and after saying goodbye to their immediate relatives, took their places in the centre of the quiet procession that passed at a walking pace through the thickly populated streets of Peking to the place of execution. The Chinese soldiers were afraid to assume the responsibility of the prisoners while passing through the streets, and so the Japanese were told off to escort them to the vegetable market—a narrow and dingy street in the Chinese city, where executions habitually take place. Arrived at their destination, the carts halted in front of a roughly constructed tent of sacking stretched across bamboo poles, where sat the magistrate who was to read over to them the history of their misdeeds and formally confirm the death sentence.

Hard by were a couple of mats on the ground, and by them sat the executioner's assistants—villainous and dirty-looking men with unwashed clothes that were impregnated with the dried blood of previous victims. One of them stood up, shouldering the heavy sheathed knife that was to do the deed, in an attitude resembling a siphon "attention," and another held under his arm the metal bowl that was to receive the heads. They chatted with each other and with the crowd, and the knife-bearer would unsheathe his weapon for the benefit of the kodak fiend, who was present in great variety. The narrow street and the roofs of the adjoining buildings were thronged with men, mostly foreigners. Further off, held at bay by the foreign guards, was an immense crowd of Chinese.

Every variety of uniform was noticeable and the few civilians present were nearly all press men. The executioner-in-chief, who stood aloof from his companions, was by no means so repulsive looking a man as one might expect; he seemed alert and intelligent, and was neatly dressed in crimson trousers. American and French soldiers acted as police.

Chi Chiu, an elderly man of full body, and a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen, was in the first cart. After the legal formalities had been gone through with incredible rapidity, he walked firmly and with dignity to the further mat and knelt down. Instantly he was seized, a piece of string was tied tightly around his head, his pistol was pulled aside, his clothes torn away to bare the neck and his arms seized. Four men held him while the executioner raised the heavy knife and with one swift drawing cut, decapitated his victim.

The head was held aloft for the world

to see, and simultaneously the inert trunk fell forward to the ground. There it lay while the executioners, with hands and clothes saturated with blood, went in search of the second prisoner.

Shin Cheng Yi, whose chief offense seems to have been that his father, now dead, declared that he would never be happy until he had the skin of a foreigner as a rug for his cart, was also an elderly man, and was taller and not so stout as his predecessor. It was obvious that he had been robbed of all feeling by drugs. There was no emotion in his face as he was dragged along and placed in position on his mat. It was all over in a few seconds, and I do not think that three minutes elapsed between the securing of the first prisoner and the fall of the second head. Though rapidly carried out and possibly an almost painless death, a Chinese execution is a ghastly and uncleanly exhibition.

Soon, however, the orderly crowd melted away, save for those who had curiosity enough to wait and witness the grewsome operation of sewing the heads on to the trunks and the disposal of the bodies in the elaborate coffins. The shops soon opened and the normal business of the street was quickly resumed; nor was there anything to indicate that what must eventually become a historical and is certainly the most internationally attended legal tragedy of modern times, had just been enacted here, except that at two spots on the street, facing a very ordinary grocery shop, the thickly lying dust had been converted into dark colored patches of sticky mud.

Altogether I counted the people of 13 different nationalities in the crowd which witnessed the execution, and the only pleasing feature throughout the ghastly business was that though a public ceremony, there was no sign of rowdiness. The ribald song, the laughter, the oaths and the hysterical shrieking which characterize a French execution were not there nor was there any suggestion of prayers for the dead.

Let us hope, with these unhappy men, that their death may tend toward the restoration of an honorable peace to China.

CHINESE VS. NEGRO LABOR.

Does the South Want the Exclusion Act Repealed?

Does the south want Chinese labor? That is a question sprung all at once by the demand of the Mobile Register, that southern congressman who for the repeal of the Chinese exclusion act, so that Chinamen may come into the southern states and compete with the Negro as laborers.

That paper thinks the competition would have a good effect on industry in this section.

The New York Sun, in discussing the Register's proposition, makes some important observations on the subject, which will be read with interest. The Sun says:

"It is somewhat remarkable to find a paper in Alabama, The Daily Register, in congress from the southern states to unite in demanding the repeal of the Chinese exclusion law. Why? Because 'we need in the south a million active Chinese to wake the Negro population into activity.' 'Get rid of the exclusion law, so far as we are affected by it.'"

"The trouble with the south, according to this Mobile paper, is that the Negro has no competitor in certain lines of work, agricultural labor, more especially, and the Chinese competition is needed to 'break up the trust.' If these views were held generally by the southern employers of labor, and the national bar to Chinese immigration was let down for their benefit, they would probably soon get their million Chinamen; but what would be the consequence? They would have on their hands a new and far more troublesome race question.

"The law excluding the Chinese, so violent in its departure from our principle of hospitality to immigration, was passed because of the urgent demand of the Pacific coast, to which the Chinamen were coming in numbers so great that they threatened to swarm over those states and throughout the union. Violent objection was made to them as alien not only in race, but also in religion, morals, habits and tone. They had proved themselves efficient in the construction of railroads and in other enterprises necessary to the development of the Pacific coast states, but on the ground that they brought social demoralization and the degradation of labor the outcry against them came from every district into which they penetrated and the animosity was expressed in frequent riots. Their immigration, if permitted to continue, it was argued, would swamp our civilization."

"Accordingly, after an attempt had been made to restrict it by state legislation, which was declared unconstitutional, the national exclusion act referred to by the Mobile paper was passed and approved. As a representative from Oregon declared in congress: 'All political parties in all the states west of the Rocky Mountains have declared themselves in favor of measures looking to the exclusion of the Chinese.' It was a burning question throughout the ranks of labor, and the flame would burst out again not less furiously if an attempt was made by the south to repeal the exclusion act, and it would be hottest in the south itself; for the argument against the Chinaman is that he is more disturbing socially, more dangerous, than even the Negro, since his habits are formed and fixed under a civilization of his own which is offensive to ours he is unassimilable and carries with him moral and social degradation wherever he goes."

"If, then, the bars were let down and Chinese immigration allowed to pour into the south by the million, as the Mobile paper advises, an agitation

even more passionate than that stirred up by the Negro question would be sure to arise eventually.

"Undoubtedly, the complaint that papers makes of the shiftlessness of a great part of the Negroes has justification; but as Mr. A. J. Clarke, of Washington, said in The Sun on Monday, the southern objection to the Negro applies to all labor of the 'lowest order in the matter of education and intelligence' throughout the world."

"In the possession of cheap Negro labor, the south now enjoys an industrial advantage which it could not lose without consequences disastrous to it. To bring in Chinese labor as a substitute or as a competitor with the Negro would be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire."

ESAU BUCK AND THE BUCK SAW.

An old farmer of Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles for wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barn yard. The next morning the old man said to the hired man: "Esau, I am going to town today, and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden. When the old man had gone Esau went out to saw the wood; but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw; but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw it. When the old man came home he saw to Esau: "Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said: "I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it; for when I saw the saw, I saw that I couldn't saw with that saw, so I didn't saw it." The old man went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a see-saw. The next day the old man went to town and bought a new buck saw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the buck saw for Esau Buck on the saw buck by the see-saw. Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barn yard Esau Buck saw the buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, and Esau stopped to examine the new buck saw. Now when the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, he made a dive for Esau, missed Esau, hit the see-saw, knocked the see-saw against Esau Buck, who fell on the saw. Now, when the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the buck saw and knock the see-saw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, he picked up the ax to kill the old buck; but the buck saw him coming, and dodged the blow; and countered on the old man's stomach; knocked the old man over the see-saw onto Esau Buck, who was getting up with the buck saw, who was getting up with the buck saw and the saw buck, broke the buck saw and the saw buck and the see-saw. Now, when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the buck saw and the saw buck and the see-saw, he quietly turned around, went back and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the old man's cabbage.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THESE WERE NOT JERSEYS.

A Sensational Surprise Caused by an Alabama Dairyman.

For the first time in the history of Alabama railroads a cow that was not a pure blooded Jersey worth \$25 has been killed by a locomotive, said Harry Jenkins, of the Mary Lee Coal and Railroad company.

"As if to make this fact doubly extraordinary, two cows have been killed, and neither one a pure Jersey worth \$25; but both were just plain, honest, every-day cows, the property of an honest man. The story deserves to be printed in every newspaper and posted in every court house."

"The other day a locomotive on our track at Mary Lee struck and killed two milk cows, the property of Mr. Glass, a dairyman who supplies Birmingham customers with honest milk. Not knowing Mr. Glass, I naturally assumed when the accident was reported to me that, in accordance with the hitherto invariable custom, the cows were pure-blooded Jerseys worth \$25 each, though I knew as a fact that they were just common country cows."

"I sent for Mr. Glass in order to come to an agreement with him and compensate him for his loss, for there was no doubt that our locomotive killed his cows. He came and we had a pleasant meeting. After the interchange of the ordinary courtesies I came to business."

"Now, Mr. Glass, I began, 'we have killed your cows and we intend to pay for them. What did you value them at?'"

"I believe the cows were worth \$25 each, Mr. Jenkins, and that is all I could ask you for—\$50 for the two," said Mr. Glass.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Glass, I replied, 'the cows