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## THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

### CHAPTER XV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DUCK'S BATH.

Ruric Nerel could keep no account of time. Darkness, and darkness only, dwelt with him in his prison house—darkness so utter that the only effect of opening the eyes was the nervous reality of the motion. In fact, 'twas lighter with the eyes closed than with them opened, for when tightly closed there were peculiar fantastic shapes floating in the imagination, and even this was a relief. And then there was a sort of kaleidoscopic succession of colors when the lids were tightly pressed that seemed grateful to the nerves and gave variety to the mind. But when the eyes were open only a cold, impenetrable blackness was present, within which there were no shapes, no forms, save the one form of utter chaos.

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement, and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink and thus make his escape, but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the end of life!" he murmured to himself as he paced slowly and at intervals across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting place! And thou, loved one—oh, thou fondly cherished, wildly worshipped being—thy smiles can shine no more for me! Oh, Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bosom and bid thee remember me when I am gone! Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, O God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!"

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth, but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another's.

"And must it be so?" he continued after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas, she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet she may carry the old love with her always. She may never forget it. Oh, could I but once—"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet, and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremity of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterward the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blind by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the humpbacked priest, Savatano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not yet. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others, one who held the lantern. "We have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Ha! Say ye so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go. You may follow us, or you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow."

"As you say."

Thus speaking, the man assisted the priest to his feet and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were

nearly up. He started to follow them and had nearly gained the top when a quick, lightninglike shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and, with a dull, crashing sensation, he sank down. He realized that he was turned over and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try to force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed upon now, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll go with us. We won't force you if you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth.

"You'll see when you get there. But there's no time to waste, so come."

What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission and prepared to follow his conductors. But they left him not to follow at will. They took him by either arm and thus led him away. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. From here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they soon came to a large circular apartment, in the center of which was a deep basin where in years gone by people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the lantern, and the chill wind came moaning through the cracks and crevices in the decaying masonry.

"There," spoke one of the guides as he set his lantern upon the top of a broken column. "We will stop here."

The words were spoken in a sort of hushed, unmerciful tone, and Ruric felt them strike fearfully upon his heart. He gazed upon the man who had spoken, and he saw that he was preparing to throw off his pelisse, which he had thus far worn. As soon as this was off he moved to where his companion stood and commenced whispering.

Could Ruric mistake longer? What reason but one could there have been for bringing him to such a place? To the left, where the basin had once emptied itself, there was a dark, deep, cave-like place, at the mouth of which a heap of rubbish had collected. What a place in which to hide a dead body! So thought Ruric. But he was startled from the dark reverie by a darker reality.

One of the men had taken a club, a long, heavy bludgeon which the youth had not before seen, and was just balancing it in one hand while he spat upon the other.

"You will not murder me here in cold blood!" uttered Ruric, starting back.

The stout ruffian clutched the club in both hands, but made no verbal answer.

"Speak! For God's sake answer me!" the prisoner exclaimed, starting back another pace. "Do you mean to murder me?"

"Why," answered the man with the club in a cool, offhanded manner, "since you are so anxious to know, I'll tell you. You will die within a minute!"

"And will you take the life of one who never harmed you? Hold! If money be your object!"

"Stop!" interrupted the villain. "You can't argue us out of it in that way. You've got to die, and the sooner you go the sooner you'll get over it. You won't suffer a bit if you don't go to kicking up a fuss. There, now. If you hadn't bothered me 'twould have been all over by this time."

Oh, what would Ruric have given at that moment for the use of one of his arms! But that was beyond praying for. Yet he had his feet. He said nothing more, but he allowed the man to come within a few yards of him, and then he prepared for the only means of defense he had. The huge club was raised, and at that moment Ruric saw that the other man also had a club. He knew then that they had been concealed there until now.

"Hark!" uttered the second villain just as his companion had raised his club. "What noise is that?"

"I suppose they're coming to see

if we've finished the job," returned the other, "and, by the saints, we ought to have done it ere this. But they shall find it done!"

The ponderous club was raised again, and, with a quick, decisive movement, the man advanced. Ruric made a movement of the body as though he would bow his head for the stroke. Every nerve and muscle of his frame was set for the trial, and for the instant his heart stood still. Quick as thought his body bent—his right knee was brought almost to his chin—and then, with all the force he could command, he planted his foot in the pit of the assassin's stomach. The effect was electrical. The wretch bent like a broken stick and sank down without a single sign of life.

The second man uttered an oath and sprang forward with uplifted club, but Ruric easily dodged the blow, and then, as the thought for the first time flashed upon his mind, he darted to where the lantern stood and overturned it. He had noticed an open passage close at hand which seemed to lead to some sort of a dressing room, and, guided by his memory alone, for it was now dark as Erebus there, he glided swiftly into it. When he knocked over the lantern, he had upset column and all, and just as he reached the passage he heard a heavy fall, and he knew that his enemy had stumbled over the fallen column. He heard the curses, loud and deep, which dropped from the lips of the baffled man as he picked himself up, and in a moment more he was edified by a conversation between the two, for villain No. 1 had revived, though the tone of his voice plainly indicated that he had a severe pain still lingering with him.

"Michael, Michael!" groaned No. 1, and as he spoke Ruric could hear him scrambling up on his feet.

"Hi, Oriel!" returned No. 2.

"Have you dropped him?"

"No!" cried Michael, with a curse which he did not choose to transcribe. "He's a perfect devil!"

"But where's the lantern?"

"He put it out."

"But you ought to have knocked him down, you clown."

"So had you."

"Me? Why, he kicked me over."

"Well, he dodged by me and kicked over the lantern."

"But where is he now?"

"He's gone. Hark! Ha, I guess they've caught him. Don't you hear?"

"Yes; they've caught somebody."

"And of course it's him. He went that way. Let's go and find"—

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment a voice came up in thunder tones, and it said:

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"Good God!" gasped villain No. 1.

"What is that?"

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"By the living gods, that is not from any of our men!" uttered the second ruffian. "Ha, they are coming this way!"

"Ruric! Ruric!"

"There is but one place," returned Oriel. "Here in the little drawing room. Come, let's find it. Oh, curses on that gunmaker's head! If he be not the very devil, then he's a bound partner of his. Have you found the entrance, Michael?"

"No. It's near you somewhere. Can't you—Ha! In, in!"

At that moment the glare of a flaming torch flashed through the gloom of the place, and the two villains stood revealed. A dozen stout men, all well armed, appeared in the only passage by which they could escape, for to have fled into the drawing room of which they had spoken would avail them nothing.

"Ho, villains!" shouted Vladimir, the monk, raising his flaming torch high above his head with his left hand, while in his right he waved a heavy sword. "Where is Ruric Nerel?"

"Here, here!" cried our hero, starting forward into the larger room.

"What! Safe—alive—well?" uttered Vladimir.

"Aye, my noblest of friends. But, oh, cast off this accursed bond from my arms. It eats into the flesh."

The rope was quickly taken off, and then the youth embraced his deliverer. No questions were asked there. Only a few sincere thanks were uttered, and then attention was turned to the two villains, who yet stood trembling near them. They had not attempted an escape, for the way was blocked up. They were quickly secured, and then the party turned away from the place, and as they went Ruric gave the monk an account of the manner in which he had been entrapped and of the events which had transpired since.

"Merciful heavens!" ejaculated Vladimir as Ruric closed his account of the manner in which he had overcome the two men who had thought to murder him. "It was a narrow escape."

"But I might not have escaped without your coming," the youth said, "for they would surely have found me. With my hands lashed behind me as they were I could not have escaped."

"True, true," returned Vladimir thoughtfully. "It was a narrow chance. But it is over now."

"And how gained you the knowledge of my whereabouts?" asked Ruric.

"I'll explain it to you when we have time. But did I understand you to say that the humpbacked priest was there?"

"He came to my dungeon with the rest, and 'twas he that I knocked down. Have you not found him?"

"No; we have seen nothing of him. We found two men in the hall, and that was all."

The place was searched all through for the priest, but he could not be found, and when Vladimir was assured that the arch villain had made his escape he prepared to leave the building. The prisoners, four of them, were led out first and taken away by the monk's followers.

When Ruric reached the street, the stars were all out and the cool, frosty air struck gratefully upon his brow. He turned toward his mysterious companion, and under the grateful impulse of the moment he stopped. He raised his hands toward heaven, uttered one fervent sentence of thanksgiving to God and then moved on again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### THE CASE AGAINST SCHLEY.

Looks Like a Kind of Dreyfus Conspiracy.

A prominent cabinet officer, a man who has not in any way been identified with the Schley-Sampson controversy, told me today, says the Washington correspondent of The News and Courier, under date of last Friday, that it was his deliberate opinion that the evidence before the Schley court of inquiry would reveal beyond all doubt that Schley was guilty of disobedience of orders on several occasions. He went further and gave it as his belief that the verdict of the court would not only be against Schley, but that the ultimate outcome of the entire matter would be the dismissal of Schley from the service of the government. The statement was a most remarkable one, coming from a man of conservative tendencies, and, if it shows anything, points to the widespread prejudice in official circles against the officer, who has just demanded a court to investigate his movements and conduct up to the time of the destruction of Cervera's fleet. The cabinet officer referred to knows practically nothing of the facts of the controversy, except what he has obtained at cabinet meetings and in conversation with cabinet officials.

I asked this cabinet member what he thought of the existence of a close ring in the navy department, headed by Admiral Crowninshield. He gave it as his opinion that such a ring has long existed, and that it would be an immense affair to break up and to change existing methods in the department.

When I asked him why it was that Secretary Long, who is recognized as having breadth and penetration, could not see the drift of things, the cabinet officer said that he was unable to account for Secretary Long's failure to observe the real state of affairs in his department.

"Possibly he does know how things are working," said this cabinet officer, "but he is a wise man and could see what would happen to him if he should bring down the whole claimant aggregation upon him. It would be a fight for his life, and in the end the naval officers would probably win, notwithstanding Secretary Long is probably the closest man in the cabinet to President McKinley."

As the court of inquiry can take a wide range in its hearings, a strong effort will undoubtedly be made to show up some of the facts connected with the ring which has so long dominated the navy department. If this investigation should result in nothing more than shedding a broad light upon the workings of the crowd, headed by Crowninshield, it will not have been without results. Crowninshield and those under him undoubtedly dominate every ramifications of the navy department, and have done so for years. Those who know Secretary Long to be a fine man are under the impression that his credulous disposition and his charitable belief in human nature have caused him to fall to see the situation in its true light at the navy department. Whatever Crowninshield says every other bureau officer also says, and so Secretary Long finds a unanimity of view and sentiment on practically every important matter coming through his department. While Crowninshield's influence has extended through Secretary Long to President McKinley, it is not believed that the ring can sufficiently surround the president with its influence to cause him to become impartial in his final treatment of this matter. The verdict of the court of inquiry will have to go before the President for final action and in the end it will be him who passes upon Schley's case.

The same cabinet officer with whom I talked told me that it is probable that Admiral Schley would have been court-martialed immediately after the Santiago fight had it not been for the fact that the victory was one in which everybody could share, and in which the president hated to see a discordant element injected by the trial of one of the men who had participated in the fight. The president, it is stated, has for a long time been the main one in keeping down any decisive action in the case of Admiral Schley.

The official prejudice against Schley does not extend, however, to the unofficial part of the Washington world.

Probably three-fourths of those not in official life are friendly to Admiral Schley, and will do everything possible to help him in his coming conflict with the navy department ring. In official life it is held that Schley should never have permitted the public to attribute to him the glory of winning the Santiago fight, as the public has apparently done. Almost anywhere you will hear an official say that Schley should have come out in a statement declining to be given the credit for the victory and declaring that the fight was under Admiral Sampson. These statements show the hatred which is felt for Schley. He has never claimed anything himself in connection with the Santiago fight, but has not been so foolish as to deny his right to some of the honor of that fight. Therefore he has acted unwisely and selfishly, according to these official critics. The fact is that Admiral Schley is a most modest fellow. He has scores of friends among newspaper men and they have, as a rule, never allowed his interests to suffer, although giving to him only that which was his due.

#### THE SCHLEY INDICTMENT.

BILL of Particulars on Which Investigation is to be Made.

Following is the precept that the navy department has served on the court of inquiry for investigation in the case of Schley. Secretary Long makes this explanation about it:

1. His conduct in connection with the Santiago campaign.

2. The circumstances attending, the reason controlling, and the propriety of the movements of the "Flying Squadron" off Cienfuegos in May, 1898.

3. The circumstances attending, the reasons controlling, and the propriety of the movement of the said squadron in proceeding from Cienfuegos to Santiago.

4. The circumstances attending the arrival of the "Flying Squadron" off Santiago, the reasons for its retrograde turn westward and departure from off Santiago, and the propriety thereof.

5. The circumstances of and the reasons for the disobedience by Commodore Schley of the orders of the department, contained in its dispatch dated May 25, 1898, and the propriety of his conduct in the premises.

6. The condition of the coal supply of the "Flying Squadron" on and about May 27, 1898, its coaling facilities, the necessity, if any, for, or advisability of, the return of the squadron to Key West to coal and the accuracy and propriety of the official reports made by Commodore Schley with respect to this matter.

7. Whether or not every effort incumbent upon the commanding officer of a fleet under such circumstances was made to capture or destroy the Spanish cruiser Colon as she lay at anchor in the entrance to Santiago harbor, May 27 to 31, inclusive, and the necessity, for, or advisability of, engaging the batteries at the entrance of Santiago harbor, and the Spanish vessels at anchor within the harbor, at the ranges used, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

8. The necessity, if any, for and advisability of, withdrawing at night the "flying squadron" from the entrance to Santiago harbor to a distance at sea if such shall be found to have been the case, the extent and character of such withdrawal and whether or not a close or adequate blockade of said harbor, to prevent the escape of the enemy's vessels therefrom, was established, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

9. The position of the Brooklyn on the morning of July 3, 1898, at the time of the exit of the Spanish vessels from the harbor of Santiago. The circumstances attending, the reasons for, and the incidents resulting from the turning of the Brooklyn in the direction in which she turned at or about the beginning of the action with said Spanish vessels, and the possibility of thereby colliding with or endangering any other of the vessels of the United States fleet, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

10. The circumstances leading to, and the incidents and results of a controversy with Lieut. Albin C. Hodgson, United States navy, who, on July 3, 1898, during the battle of Santiago, was navigator of the Brooklyn; in relation to the turning of the Brooklyn; also the colloquy at that time between Commodore Schley and Lieutenant Hodgson and the ensuing correspondence between them on the subject thereof, and the propriety of the conduct of Commodore Schley in the premises.

#### DOES BLOOD TELL?

Greatest Men Have Been the Offspring of Lowly People.

"The puppies fight well," exclaimed Wellington, as he saw the fops and dandies of the Guards braving the French fire and dying like men. "Blood will tell," exclaimed the British nation when the names of the noble and commissioned dead appeared in the Gazette after Waterloo. Their meaning was that noble ancestry begets a noble brood; that a line of gentlemen for forefathers give a man a certain spirit, stamina and courage which the yeoman and the shopman lack; that the thoroughbred man, like the thoroughbred horse, is superior to the common mustang or car horse.

It is true that the traditions of a noble family have a certain influence on the scions thereof and keep them up to certain ideals, especially in the matter of physical courage. Moreover, health, education and generous habits of living, with which most men of good blood are familiar from birth, have a tendency to create a keen sense of honor and personal pride that have a very strong influence upon conduct. Yet examples prove that blood has little advantage over the base-born, either in the matter of intellectual or physical qualities.

The greatest men have been the offspring of lowly people. The most rugged intellects seem to have come from the tillers of the soil, and to have derived therefrom a certain natural strength that men born in castles and manor houses do not inherit. Of all the kings and rulers the strongest were the founders of the dynasties. The first holder of an hereditary title nearly always is the greatest. This fact was known to the French wit, who said: "We cannot all be nobles. Some of us must be ancestors." In literature and all departments of learning the majorities of the masters were plebeians.

#### THE COTTON SEED TRUST.

Consolidating Cotton Seed and Col- laterial Interests.

Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter.

Those of our readers who were present at the annual convention of cotton seed crushers at New Orleans in May, as well as those who followed the reports of that meeting, will recall the prediction made in a paper read by one of the Reporter's staff on that occasion as to the future of the industry. While many of his hearers at that time thought the speaker was indulging in idle prophecy, they have since, as a result of the recent combinations, changed their views, and have been outspoken in their recognition of the foresight which led to these prophetic utterances. The paper, with the others read at the convention, was published in full in The Reporter of May 27, this year, and, while it is not our intention to indulge in any self-laudation, we feel justified in calling attention to the fact that the views expressed by our representative are finding earlier confirmation in the course of events in the cotton seed industry than even he had anticipated. Following closely upon the convention came the news that one of the large refineries located at Augusta,

Ga., had been purchased by a large fertilizer company, which had only recently entered the cotton seed field as a crusher. This was followed speedily by the taking over of five mills located in the cotton belt, and, not satisfied with the mills thus acquired, the company threw out its lines in a broader field, and took in the nine plants constituting the Southern Cotton Oil company, including both crude mills and refineries. The same people are now reported as having options upon several more plants in the cotton belt.

In seeking the motive which prompted a fertilizer manufacturer to enter this field, it must be remembered that cotton seed meal is a source of ammonia, and as such is a competitor of the slaughter house ammoniates. The supply of the latter is largely controlled by the "Big Four" western packers, and the fact that they have decided to enter the fertilizing field by the erection of plants at the south for the utilization of the blood and tankage from their western works, doubtless had much to do with leading the Virginia and Carolina company into the cotton seed business. Had the latter company remained dependent upon the smaller packers for its supply of blood and tankage, or been competitors with other makers of fertilizers for the cotton seed products for the direct profits which they afford, influenced the Virginia and Carolina company in its move into this field.

But the tendency toward combination does not end with the operations of this company. In the valley it is reported that enterprising promoters are securing options on various plants for the purpose of combining their output. Whether this will be accomplished this season, remains to be seen, but from Texas also comes the information that "Barkis is willing," and it would not be surprising if the consolidations already affected in that state, should broaden out, since the petroleum developments have been attended with somewhat of a modification of the views of the average Texan as to trusts and combinations. It must not be assumed that with the consolidation of existing mills the erection of new ones will cease. It costs but a few thousand dollars to build a crude mill, and there are always persons ready to rush into fields concerning which they know but little. The list of projected mills published in the last issue of The Reporter would be appalling were it not safe to predict that one-half of them will never be built. As consolidation progresses upon the lines which it now seems to be following, it will become every year more difficult for new mills to operate successfully, because the sources of supply of seed, as well as the channels through which the products are distributed, will be better controlled by the existing plants.

There is, naturally, a great deal of speculation as to what the effect of the later conditions will be upon the leading companies left in the cotton seed and fertilizing industries. While there are no surface indications other than those furnished by the operations of the Virginia and Carolina company, that these two industries will assume closer relations, yet the sales of the stock of the leading company, as is shown by the transactions on the stock exchange of late, may indicate a movement of broader proportions than have yet been foreshadowed outside of the predictions at New Orleans to which we have referred. It certainly behooves those who have investments in the cotton seed industry to be alert to all that is going on about them, whatever their personal views may be as to the principles involved in consolidation. The combining of a number of competing concerns in the same line is not so far-reaching in its effect as the unifying of collateral interests which are not competing, but which served to control the distribution of products all the way from the very sources of production to the ultimate consumption. And this is what is foreshadowed by the movement already underway in the cotton seed industry.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Some Famous Trips of a Venerated Relic.

Philadelphia Times.

One more journey—the fourth—for the old Liberty Bell. This time to South Carolina to the Interstate exposition. It is nearly 125 years since that memorable day when it announced the independence of 13 colonies, and their evolution into free and independent states. The anniversary comes in a few days.

The promised trip will be the fourth which the old bell has made in recent years. The first time it was subjected to the risks incident to travel was when it was sent to New Orleans in 1855; the next was the trip to Chicago, in 1893; and the third time it left Philadelphia was in 1895, when it was sent to Atlanta.

There was consternation when it was announced that Philadelphia's priceless relic was to leave home for a trip to New Orleans, and predictions of its destruction were made.

An itinerary was published, and the town of Penn began to make preparations for bidding a fond farewell to the old Liberty Bell. When it was understood that the journey was a positive thing, every effort was put forth to make the parting as loyal and patriotic as possible.

The itinerary was eagerly watched and earnestly scanned by the people of the towns through which the bell would pass on its trip from Philadelphia to New Orleans. It left the city on Friday, which was considered a bad beginning by the superstitious, January 23, 1895, at 10 a. m.

The passing of the bell was marked in the cities and at all the immediate stations by patriotic demonstrations—ringing church bells, booming of cannon, music, shouting of the people—in short, it was welcomed in true American fashion.

Never will be forgotten by those who accompanied the bell, the groups of farmers with their wives and children, the miners and their lamps, the blackened laborers waiting in silence, hushed by an emotion too strong for expression.

Beauvoir, the home of the ex-president of the Confederacy, was the last stopping place on the route. The speech made by this civil war veteran was the most stirring delivered during the journey, and proved how completely the north and south were one in their love for their country and their pride in its freedom.

From Beauvoir the bell went directly to New Orleans, and a great multitude of people welcomed its coming.

When it again reached Philadelphia it was welcomed by the entire city and placed once more in Independence Hall amid the cheering of the people, the beating of drums and enthusiastic speech making. It was then thought that the old bell would never again leave the city; but the great Columbian exposition tempted it from the quiet repose of the Quaker town to the gayety and bustle of the White City. It left Philadelphia on Tuesday, April 25, at 10 a. m., and arrived at Chicago, Friday, April 28, 1893, at 9 a. m.

On the 4th of October, 1895, the Liberty Bell was made ready to visit the Atlanta exposition. On the preceding day it was taken down from the old yoke of original white oak beams.

Great crowds flocked to the state house to get a close view of the relic and a strong guard had to be placed around it to protect it from too demonstrative interest.

It was an operation of 20 minutes to move the bell from the state house to the truck at the pavement. During the transfer the crowd grew until the police had difficulty in keeping the throng in order.

At last the wagon, with its precious freight, was ready to depart. The mounted police cleared the way to Fifth street, and the city troops, guarding the bell, followed.

For three months the Liberty Bell was a guest of the south and then it came back to Philadelphia, where it was again received with great rejoicing and welcomed as a dear friend.

Many times did the big bell peal forth notes of warning, joy or sorrow from the old state house. It was rung first in the afternoon of August 17, 1753, to call together the assembly. In 1776 the great bell was rung for the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence.

The bell's last tolling was at the death of John Marshall, on the 6th day of July, 1835. His remains were on the day of this anniversary borne to Virginia for burial. During the funeral solemnities the bell, while slowly tolling, without other violence, parted through its great side, and was silent thenceforth forever.