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THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE plans of Ivan Ogareff had been laid with the greatest care, and, unless some unlikely circumstance should occur, they must succeed. It was necessary that the Bolchala gate should be without defenders at the moment when he should deliver it up to the Tartars. Thus at that moment it would be indispensable that the attention of the besieged should be drawn to another point of the city; hence a diversion agreed upon with the emir. That diversion had to take place along the suburbs of Irkutsk, up and down the right bank of the river.

The attack on those two points would be made very earnestly and at the same time a feigned attempt to cross the Angara on its left bank. The Bolchala gate would then be probably abandoned, especially as on that side the advance posts, which were said to be at some distance off, would seem to have been collected together.

The fifth day of October had come. Before twenty-four hours the capital of eastern Siberia ought to be in the hands of the emir and the grand duke in the power of Ivan Ogareff. During all that day an unusual movement was taking place in the camp of the Angara. From the windows of the palace and from the houses of the right bank one could see distinctly that important preparations were being made on the opposite heights.

Numerous Tartar detachments were seen moving toward the camp and thus hourly re-enforcing the troops of the emir. This was the preparation for the diversion which had been agreed upon, and it was being made in the most ostentatious manner. Moreover, Ivan Ogareff did not conceal from the grand duke that some attack was to be feared on that side. He knew, he said, that an assault would be made at the two extremities of the town along the river, and he counseled the grand duke to re-enforce those two points more directly menaced.

The preparations that had been noticed, coming to the support of Ivan Ogareff's recommendations, it was necessary to take some account of them. Thus after a council of war which was held at the palace orders were given to concentrate the defense on the right bank of the Angara and at the two extremities of the town, where the fortified terraces rested on the river.

This was precisely what Ivan Ogareff wished. He evidently did not reckon that the Bolchala gate would remain without defenders, but they would be there only in a small number. Besides, Ivan Ogareff was about to give to the diversion such importance that the grand duke would be obliged to oppose it with all his disposable forces.

And indeed an incident of an exceptional gravity, devised by Ivan Ogareff, was to powerfully aid in the accomplishment of his projects. For even if Irkutsk had not been attacked at points distant from the Bolchala gate and along the right bank of the river that incident would have sufficed to draw the chief body of the defenders to the place where Ivan Ogareff wished precisely to bring them. It would cause at the same time a most terrible catastrophe.

All the chances were then that the gate, being free at the hour fixed, would be given up to the thousands of Tartars who were waiting under the thick cover of the forest on the east. During that day the garrison and population of Irkutsk were constantly on the alert. All the measures which were required to repel an attack on points never before threatened were taken.

The grand duke and General Voronoff visited the various posts which had been strengthened by their orders. The picked corps of Wassilj Feodor occupied the north of the town, but with the injunction to march at once to where the danger should be most pressing. The right bank of the Angara was protected by the only artillery at their disposal.

With these measures taken in time, thanks to the opportune recommendations of Ivan Ogareff, there was every reason to hope that the prepared attack would not succeed. In that case the Tartars, discouraged by the time, without doubt would defer for a few days any new attack against the town. Besides, the troops expected by the grand duke might arrive any hour. The safety of the loss of Irkutsk hung on a thread.

of the river became obstructed the passage of it would become altogether impracticable.

The Tartars would not be able to manage either rafts or boats. As for attempting to cross the river over the blocks of ice when the cold should have joined them, that was not possible. The field, newly cemented, would not have been strong enough for the passage over it of an attacking column.

But Ivan Ogareff did not regret that circumstance, although it appeared favorable to the defenders of Irkutsk, for the traitor knew well that the Tartars were not seeking to cross the Angara and that at least on that side the attempt would only be a feint. Nevertheless toward 10 o'clock at night the state of the river visibly changed, to the extreme surprise of the besieged and now to their disadvantage. The passage, up to that time impracticable, suddenly became possible. The bed of the Angara soon became free. The floating ice, which for some days had come down the river in great quantities, disappeared, and very little could be seen between the two banks.

The Russian officers, who had noticed this change in the state of the river, made it known to the grand duke. Besides, it was explained in this way that at some narrow portion of the Angara the floating ice had accumulated and found a barrier. We know that such was the case. The passage of the Angara was therefore open to the besiegers; hence the necessity for the Russians to watch with greater attention than ever.

In the camp of the Angara there was plenty of agitation, as was proved by the lights constantly flitting about. At a verst up above, as also down below the point where the fortification slopes down to the river, there was a dull murmur, which proved that the Tartars were on foot, waiting for some signal. Again an hour passed by. Nothing new.

Two o'clock in the morning was about to strike from the clock tower of the cathedral of Irkutsk and no movement had taken place to disclose the hostile intentions of the besiegers. The grand duke and his officers began to ask themselves if they had not been led into error, if it had really entered into the plan of the Tartars to attempt to surprise the town.

The preceding nights had not by any means been so calm. Firing had been kept up from the advanced posts, and shells had hissed through the air, and this time there was nothing of the kind. The grand duke, General Voronoff, their aids-de-camp, waited therefore, ready to give their orders according to the circumstances.

It has been stated that Ivan Ogareff occupied a room in the palace. It was a pretty large room, situated on the ground floor, and its windows opened out upon a side terrace. One need only step a few paces on this terrace to overlook the course of the Angara. A profound darkness reigned in that room. Ivan Ogareff, standing near a window, was waiting for the hour of action to arrive. Evidently the signal could only come from him. Once this signal was given, when most of the defenders of Irkutsk should have been called to the points openly attacked, his plan was to leave the palace and to go and accomplish his work. He waited then in the dark, like a tiger ready to spring upon its prey.

Meanwhile, some minutes before 2 o'clock, the grand duke asked that Michael Strogoff—it was the only name he could give to Ivan Ogareff—should be brought to him. An aid-de-camp came to his room, the door of which was closed. He called him. Ivan Ogareff, motionless near the window and invisible in the darkness, took good care not to answer. The grand duke was then informed that the courier of the czar was not at that moment in the palace.

Two o'clock struck. It was the moment that action had been agreed on with the Tartars, who were ready for the assault. Ivan Ogareff opened the window of his room and placed himself at the north angle of the side terrace. Below him in the shade flowed the waters of the Angara, which roared as they broke against the piles of the buttresses.

Ivan Ogareff drew a flint from his pocket and lit with it a piece of cotton wool impregnated with priming powder, which he threw into the river. It was by the order of Ivan Ogareff that torrents of mineral oil had been cast on the surface of the Angara. Springs of naphtha had been discovered above Irkutsk on the right bank, between the village of Poskavsk and the town.

Ivan Ogareff had resolved to employ this terrible means for setting fire to Irkutsk. He therefore made use of the immense reservoir which contained the combustible liquid. He had only to make a few canals to draw in streams into the river. These he had made that very night, some hours before. The cotton wool had been cast on the waters of the Angara. In an instant, as if the current had been made of alcohol, all the river became a mass of flames, up and down the stream, with the rapidity of electricity. Volumes of blue flames covered the whole surface of the river and shot far up into the sky.

The few blocks of ice that came floating down the river, being seized by the burning liquid, melted like wax on the surface of a furnace, and the water, sent off as vapor, rose hissing to the clouds. At that very moment the firing began at the north and at the south of the town. The batteries of the camp of the Angara threw an uninterrupted

volley of shot and shell. Many thousand Tartars rushed to the assault of the ramparts. The houses along the high banks, constructed of wood, took fire in every direction. An immense light dissipated the shades of night.

"At last!" said Ivan Ogareff. And he had good reason to applaud. The diversion which he had planned was terrible. The defenders saw themselves placed between the attack of the Tartars and the disasters of an immense conflagration. The bells sounded, and every able-bodied man of the population hastened to the points attacked and to the houses which were being devoured by the fire, which was threatening to communicate itself to the whole city. The Bolchala gate was almost free. It was with difficulty that any defenders had been left there.

Ivan Ogareff re-entered his room, then brilliantly lit up by the flames from the Angara that overtopped the balustrades of the ramparts. Then he prepared to leave it. But scarcely had he opened the door when a woman rushed into the room, with her garments dripping wet, her hair in disorder.

"Sangarre!" cried Ivan Ogareff in the first moment of surprise and not imagining that it could be any other woman than the gypsy.

It was not Sangarre; it was Nadia. At the moment when, seeking refuge on the block of ice, the young girl had uttered that cry when she saw the fire spread over the current of the Angara, Michael Strogoff had seized her in his arms, and he had lived with her to seek even in the depths of the river a shelter from the flames. After having swum under the waters Michael Strogoff had fortunately put his foot on ground at the quay, and he had Nadia still safe with him.

Michael Strogoff was touching at last his goal. He was at Irkutsk. "To the palace of the governor!" said he to Nadia. In less than ten minutes afterward both arrived at the entrance to that palace, the massive stone walls of which were being licked by the long flames from the Angara, without, however, their being able to set the structure on fire. Beyond, the houses on the bank were all in flames.

Michael Strogoff and Nadia entered without difficulty into that palace, which was open for all. In the midst of the general confusion no one noticed them, although their clothes were dripping wet. A crowd of officers came for orders, and soldiers running to execute them blocked up the grand salon on the ground floor.

There Michael Strogoff and the young girl, in the midst of so great a crowd, found themselves separated from each other. Nadia, distracted, ran along the lower rooms, called her companion and asked to be led before the grand duke. A door leading into a room that was inundated with light opened itself before her. She entered, and she found herself unexpectedly face to face with him whom she had seen at Ichim, whom she had seen at Tomsk, in the presence of that man whose cursed hand an instant later would have delivered up the city.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried she. On hearing his name pronounced the miserable wretch trembled. His true name being once known, all his plans would be ruined. He had only one thing to do—to kill the being, whoever it might be, who had just pronounced it. Ivan Ogareff threw himself on Nadia, but the young girl, with a knife in her hand, placed her back to the wall, resolved to defend herself.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried again Nadia, knowing well that detested name would bring succor to her.

"Ah, you shall be silent!" said the traitor.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried a third time the intrepid young girl in a voice whose hate had increased tenfold the force.

Drunk with fury, Ivan Ogareff drew a dagger from his belt, rushed upon Nadia and forced her back into a corner of the room. It was all over with her when the wretch, suddenly knocked down by a tremendous blow, rolled to the ground.

"Michael!" cried Nadia. It was Michael Strogoff. Michael Strogoff had heard the appeal of Nadia. Guided by her voice, he had arrived at the room of Ivan Ogareff, and he had entered by the door which had been left open.

"Fear nothing, Nadia," he said as he placed himself between her and Ivan Ogareff.

"Ah," screamed the young girl, "take care, brother! The traitor is armed! He can see well!"

Ivan Ogareff had risen, and, believing that he had the advantage over a blind man, he threw himself upon Michael Strogoff. But with one hand Michael seized the arm of him who could see well and with the other, turning aside his weapon, he threw him a second time to the ground.

Ivan Ogareff, pale with fury and shame, remembered that he was carrying a sword. He drew it from the scabbard and returned to the combat. He had also recognized Michael Strogoff. A blind man! He had only, in short, to deal with a blind man.

Nadia, terrified at the danger which threatened her companion in such an unequal struggle, ran to the door, calling help.

"Shut that door, Nadia," said Michael Strogoff. "Do not call any one, and let me do it. The courier of the czar has nothing to fear today from this wretch. Let him come at me if he dares. I am waiting for him."

Meanwhile Ivan Ogareff, gathering himself together, as it were, like a tiger did not utter a word. The noise of his step, his very breathing, he would have wished to keep back from the ear of the blind man. He wished to strike him before even he had any warning of his approach, to strike him with a certain blow. The traitor did not dream of fighting, but of assassinating him whose name he had stolen.

He walked, confident, contemplated with a sort of admiration that terrible scene. It seemed that the old coolness had come back to him.

Michael Strogoff had as his only weapon his Siberian knife, and he could not see his adversary, who was armed with a sword. But by what favor from heaven was he able to overpower him?

Ivan Ogareff glanced at his adversary with a visible anxiety. That superhuman calmness worked upon him. In vain, appealing to his reason, he kept saying that in the inequality of such a combat all the advantage was in his favor. That immovableness of the blind man completely froze him. He had sought with his eyes the place where he must strike his victim. He had found it. Who, then, was preventing him from giving the finishing blow?

At length he made a blow and thrust his sword full at the breast of Michael Strogoff.

An imperceptible movement of the knife of the blind man turned the blow. Michael Strogoff had not been touched and coolly seemed to wait another attack without, however, challenging it.

A cold sweat ran from the face of Ivan Ogareff. He recalled a pace, then made another thrust. But the second blow, like the first, fell harmless. A simple parrying with the large knife had sufficed to turn aside the sword of the traitor. The latter, mad with rage and terror before that living statue, fixed his terrified look on the large open eyes of the blind man. Those eyes that seemed to read the very bottom of his heart and which could not see—those eyes seemed to have for him an awful fascination.

Suddenly Ivan Ogareff gave a cry. An unexpected light had entered his brain.

"He can see!" cried he. "He can see!"

And, like a deer trying to re-enter its cave, step by step, terrified, he retreated to the lower end of the room. Then the statue took life. The blind man walked straight to Ivan Ogareff, and, placing himself in front of him, said: "Yes, I see—I see the blow of the knout with which I have marked you, traitor and coward! I see the place where I am going to strike you. Defend your life! It is a duel which I condescend to offer you. My knife will suffice me against your sword!"

"He sees!" said Nadia. "God of mercy, is it possible?"

Ivan Ogareff felt himself to be lost. But suddenly, taking courage, sword in front, he rushed upon his impassible adversary. The two blades crossed, but at the first clash of the knife of Michael Strogoff, grasped firmly in the hand of the Siberian hunter, the sword flew in pieces, and the wretch, pierced to the heart, fell dead to the ground.

At that moment the door of the room, pushed from the outside, opened. The grand duke, accompanied by some officers, showed himself on the threshold. The grand duke advanced. He recognized on the ground the dead body of him whom he thought to be the courier of the czar, and then in a threatening voice he asked: "Who has slain this man?"

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOW CONGRESSMEN BEGAN LIFE.

Many of Them Earned Their First Dollar by Driving Oxen.

Certainly to be elected a member of the house of representatives may be accounted a success. It is undoubtedly true that other kinds of success may rank higher in popular estimation, but those who gain them are few. To be a congressman is a high ambition for an American boy and one which many an American boy cherishes. It is seldom gratified. Of the many congressmen who have talked about their early ambitions only one began life with the firm determination to be a member of congress. He was a southern man and he educated himself with the house of representatives always in his eye. When the voice of the people called he was undoubtedly ready. That statesman has not risen above the house of representatives, but his ambition may lead him higher.

The new congress has more than the usual number of new members and among them the full proportion of self-made men. That is one of the significant things about congress. Glance through the biographies in the congressional directory and you will appreciate how much more representative is the highest legislative body in the land than the law-making body of any other nation. There are no hereditary lawmakers. Most legislators began an active life with a hand on the plow or taught school to earn a living in the interval of law studies.

The case of Kitredge Haskins, of Vermont, is typical: "I was born and reared upon one of the hill farms of Widdow county," said Mr. Haskins, when asked how he earned his first dollars. "My father having older boys at home, he consented when I was 12 years of age, that I might drive oxen to plow for one of the neighbors who was not blessed with boys. I received 12½ cents a day for my work. While I was studying law I worked at times peeling hemlock bark and cutting cord wood at 50 cents per cord, and also in the hay field at the then going price of \$1 and \$1.25 per day. I have always felt a great interest in the farmer and his work."

E. S. Chandler, Jr., is a new member of the Mississippi delegation. Mr. Chandler is a lawyer, like Mr. Haskins, and, like the Vermont member, he began serious life behind a yoke of oxen. "I made my first dollar hauling cord wood to a country town and selling it," said Mr. Chandler. "My team was a yoke of oxen, with which I continued the business of wood hauling for some little time and so accumulated the first sum of money I had ever had which I earned by my own efforts."

Charles F. Scott, of the Kansas delegation, is an editor. He is not new in Washington, for he spent three months of 1899 in the press gallery at Washington for the Topeka Capital. Mr. Scott made his first dollar clerking in a country store at 50 cents a day.

J. Ross Mickey, of Illinois, is a lawyer. "I never had a dollar given me," said Mr. Mickey. "I was raised on a farm and I made my first dollar dropping corn on an old-fashioned corn planter."

John W. Cassingham, Ohio, a business man, had a start very like that of Mr. Mickey. His first dollar was earned as a hand on a farm at the age of 16.

"I remember well how I earned my first dollar," said W. W. Skiles, another Ohio congressman, who is serving his first term. "I earned it assisting in driving sheep for a neighbor drover for several days."

Elias Deemer is a wealthy lumber merchant of Williamsport, Pa. The first dollar Mr. Deemer earned was as a clerk in a general country store.

Joseph B. Perkins is an author-congressman, though a lawyer by profession. "The first money I earned," he said, "was for copying papers in the law office where I was a student."

T. L. Glenn, of Idaho, is another of the many lawyers in the new congress. "I am not sure just how I earned my first dollar," he said, "but if my memory is correct it was driving a yoke of oxen for a man named Manton who was building a levee on the Mississippi river at Cairo, Ill., in 1855."

"My first money was made by ordinary manual labor," said Joseph T. Johnson, of South Carolina. Mr. Johnson is too modest a man to tell all that this represents of hardship and struggle, but Dr. Smith, his family physician, has told the story of his early struggles. His father died when he was 2 years old and his mother when he was 14. "I have always understood that he cut cord wood, picked cotton, hoed cotton and did what work he could get to do on Saturdays, and in vacation," said Dr. Smith. "I have seen many a time the oxen he drove through the streets of Due West mornings and evenings before and after college hours, in order to make money to pay his expenses. That he succeeded in getting a splendid education no man will deny. He has made a special study of economic questions and, in my opinion, is the best informed man in the state."

Mr. Johnson says that he formed an ambition to go to congress when he visited Washington 20 years ago. It is interesting to note the causes to which these successful men attribute their political prosperity. Mr. Scott says taking good health, average intelligence and a university education for granted, he thinks work has been the secret of his success. "I have stood by my friends," he said, "and have tried to make my enemies ashamed; have aimed to tell the truth and have worked all the time."

different from that of Congressman Patrick Henry, of Mississippi, although Mr. Henry expresses it in a different way.

"Determination," he said, "had a great deal to do with my success, and also sincerity, honesty of purpose and steadfastness to every promise made, and perhaps a thoughtful interest in a true friend had something to do with it."

Mr. Perkins, of New York, is modest when it comes to a question of his success, but he, too, thinks work comes first. "The moderate degree of success I have met," he said, "I attribute entirely to industry. I never struck anything specially in the line of luck."

Judge Mickey, of Illinois, thinks that work paves the way to success. "Whatever I have achieved," he says, "may be attributed to earnest, persistent and individual effort."

Mr. Deemer thinks that "perseverance and close attention to business," were the keys to his success in life. Mr. Skiles, of Ohio, takes the same view. "I attribute my success," he said, "to endeavoring to attend strictly to my own business affairs and professionally to the business entrusted to my care."

Congressman Cassingham of the same state said: "Such success as I have attained I attribute to an earnest effort to discharge any duties entrusted to me in a way to merit the approval of those placing responsibility upon me, and being careful to see that my expenditures were each year less than my income."

Mr. Glenn gives one special form of industry the credit for what he has been able to accomplish. "Whatever success I have attained," he said, "was due to reading when most of my neighbors slept or while I was waiting for the preparation of my meals, as I seldom had an opportunity to study in the day time."

Mr. Chandler, of Mississippi, thinks moral worth has much to do with success. He says that what he has accomplished was the most rigid honesty and clean methods in public and private life, and by my fixed purpose always to be frank and sincere in my dealings with my fellowmen, thereby securing their confidence and esteem.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AMONG THIEVES IN MOROCCO.

Adventure of an English Correspondent Who Penetrated to Sheshouan.

Walter R. Harris, a correspondent of the London Times in Morocco, has recently attracted considerable attention by his picturesque dispatches describing the horrors of the prisons in that country and the ambition of the sultan to introduce reforms. Mr. Harris now illustrates in his own person the evils that may befall any traveler who happens to meet one of the numerous robber bands of Morocco. He has been despoiled of his belongings by road agents of the Morocco type.

The incident is all the more interesting because Harris is one of the leading authorities on everything relating to Morocco. He has explored that country in several capacities, now disguised as a poor Moor and then in his proper person, once as a member of a diplomatic mission.

One of his exploits in particular, was a dare-devil achievement that exhibited his nerve to the best advantage and revealed a district in Morocco that no explorer has ever seen before. It is the irony of fate that a man who has emerged unscathed from regions where the natives would kill him on sight if they knew him should at last fall a victim to common highway plunderers on a road that was supposed to be reasonably safe.

In the summer of 1888 Mr. Harris ventured into the Rif mountains among the fanatical Berbers, who were certain to kill any white man they might catch among their wild hills. White men were not their only prey. A little earlier the sultan of Morocco had sent them a governor whom they killed, whereupon the sultan decided to let them alone for a time.

Harris entered this forbidden ground very poorly equipped to support the role of a Moor. His acquaintance with Arabic was imperfect. As he could not talk without betraying himself, he assumed the character of a deaf mute and relied upon a trusty Arab boy, his only companion, as a means of communication with the natives.

So Harris set out, in the garb of a middle class Moor, legs, arms and face stained brown, and bestirred a mule that had no prejudices against Christians. The explorer was bound for Sheshouan, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, which had only recently been heard of, a few cartographers having just placed it on their maps where they supposed it to be. The town is 60 miles from the Mediterranean. The inquisitive natives were informed by the boy that his mother lived in Fez and was traveling to Sheshouan.

This satisfied nearly everybody, but two men of the Ben-Hassan tribe accused Harris of being a Christian and threatened him with death if he did not instantly turn back. He managed to elude them and learned later that they probably did not suspect his real character, but were merely trying to pick a quarrel as a pretext for robbing him.

In the course of a few days the Sheshouan brought the travelers to Weshouan, quite a flourishing town, which had proclaimed far and wide that death waited any Christian who should attempt to enter its gates.

The parents of the Arab boy lived in the town and the plan was to spend the night in their house. They discovered very soon that Harris was not what he was represented to be, and bitterly upbraided their son for asking them to risk their lives by giving shelter to a Christian. Finally, however, they were prevailed upon, by the offer of a large

reward, to entertain the stranger for one night only.

Thus assured of a night's shelter, and reasonably certain to escape notice in the indistinct light of the evening, Harris sallied forth to mingle with the crowd and see the sights. Everybody was out of doors. Among thousands of bitter enemies the stranger sauntered unobtrusively through the streets, the novelty of his position and the unaccustomed sights making the stroll very interesting.

He was much surprised to find a bridge of solid masonry spanning the river, aqueducts bringing water and distributing it to all the houses and gardens, mills grinding corn, their wheels turned by water from the aqueducts; streets paved with rough stones and bordered by gutters in which fresh water constantly flows, houses with peculiar red tiled roofs found nowhere else, the buildings being much superior to those in some more easily accessible Moroccan towns. The people regard themselves as direct descendants of Mohamet, which probably accounts for the fanatical character of their religion.

All next day Mr. Harris lay hidden in the home of his Arab boy. As he was preparing, toward evening, to start back to the coast, it was noised about that a Christian was in town. Some men had arrived with the startling news that the day before they had seen a man who was undoubtedly white and was made up to look like a Moor.

He was on his way to Sheshouan and was undoubtedly in the town. Harris's purpose was to leave the town about dusk in the disguise of a woman and to send his mules out of town by another route. It was decided, however, that he had no time to lose, as the excitement was growing.

Putting on a mountaineer's garb, he stole out of one of the five gates unnoticed, through every one in the streets was talking about the mysterious Christian. Outside the walls he was joined by his Arab boy and a friend of the faithful servant. Through the night they toiled along a mountain path to a distant village, which they reached before daybreak.

The white fugitive, whose feet were bleeding from numerous cuts, was hidden during the day in the house of the friend in need who had accompanied him. Meanwhile his mules were brought from Sheshouan, at midnight the fugitives were once more on the road and 13 hours later the venturesome explorer safely reached the coast.

There is little doubt that he would have been caught in Sheshouan if he had attempted to take his mules with him. The guards at the gates were looking for two strangers on mules and their suspicions were not aroused by the apparent mountaineer who made his way on foot and alone out of the town.

WAR ON THE TRUSTS.

Fight Commenced Against the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company.

South Carolina has joined the fray against the so-called trusts, says a Columbia dispatch, of Saturday. The general assembly, last January, instructed the attorney general to investigate the right of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company to do business in this state and to institute proceedings against that and other alleged combinations or trusts. It is a long and hard fight and one that has heretofore failed in other states. Attorney Bellenger has gone over the evolution in a very long report. The general assembly is called upon in his report, which will be issued in a week's time, to strengthen the hand of the state in its fight. General Bellenger has associated with himself former Judge J. H. Hudson and J. N. Nathans, of Charleston. The litigation was started here today, complaints being served on W. A. Clark, former president of the Columbia Phosphate company. The complaint, after giving the statement of facts as presented by the attorney general, prays for these judgments:

First. That all and each of said unlawful conveyances, sales and transfers shall be delivered up and cancelled and declared to be void and that the said Virginia-Carolina Chemical company be ordered to reconvey to its several co-defendants, herein, the property conveyed and transferred to it as a forest, and that the other defendants hereby be directed to return to the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company, the consideration paid or agreed to be paid, to each of them respectively, for the said conveyances and transfers or the same be made a charge upon the property so decreed to be reconveyed.

Second. That a receiver be appointed of the property of the defendants, the Imperial Fertilizer company, the Standard Fertilizer company, the Chlorochemical company, the Berkeley Fertilizer company, the Columbia Phosphate company, the Carolina Sulphuric Acid Manufacturing company and the Blacksburg Cherokee company.

Third. That all agreements entered into by and between the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company and the other defendants herein, or any of them, or with the directors of the other defendants herein or stockholders in restraint of trade and in violation of the act of the general assembly of South Carolina as aforesaid, be set aside and declared null and void.

Fourth. That the said Virginia-Carolina Chemical company be adjudged and decreed to have violated the terms and conditions on which it was licensed to do business in this state, and that said licenses be adjudged and decreed to be forfeited and the said Virginia-Carolina Chemical company enjoined from doing business in this state.

Fifth. That the said Virginia-Carolina Chemical company be adjudged and decreed to have forfeited its right to recognition as a corporation in the courts of this state.