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## CASE By... Emile Gaboriau

### CHAPTER III.

At the same hour that Mme. Nina Gipsy went to find refuge at the Archangel, so highly recommended by Fanferlot, Prosper Bertomy was being entered on the jailer's book at the police office. There he had to wait two hours while the commissary went to receive orders from higher authorities. When it was announced to him that a coach was waiting for him at the door, he got up, but before going out requested permission to light a cigar, which was granted. It was magnificent weather, a bright spring morning. As the coach went along Montmartre street Prosper kept his head out of the window, smilingly complaining at being imprisoned on such a lovely day when everything outside was so sunny and pleasant.

"It is singular," he said. "I never felt so great a desire to take a walk." To the court clerk while he was going through the formalities of the commitment Prosper replied with haughty brevity to the indispensable questions asked him.

But when he was ordered to empty his pockets on the table and they began to search him his eyes flashed with indignation, and a single tear dropped upon his flushed cheek. In an instant he had recovered his calmness and stood up motionless, with his arms raised in the air so that the rough creatures about him could more conveniently search him from head to foot to assure themselves that he had no suspicious object hid under his clothes.

The investigation would have, perhaps, been carried to the most ignominious lengths but for the intervention of a middle aged man of distinguished appearance, who wore a white cravat and gold spectacles and was sitting by the fire. At sight of Prosper he started with surprise and seemed much agitated. He stepped forward and seemed about to speak to him, then suddenly changed his mind and sat down again. In spite of his own troubles, the cashier could not help seeing that this man kept his eyes fastened upon him. Did he know him? Vainly did he try to recollect having met him before. This man, treated with all the deference due to a chief, was no less a personage than a celebrated member of the detective corps, M. Lecocq. When the men who were searching Prosper were about to take off his boots, saying that a knife might be concealed in them, M. Lecocq waved them aside, saying, "That is sufficient."

He was obeyed. All the formalities being ended, the unfortunate cashier was taken to a narrow cell. The heavily barred door was swung to and locked upon him. He breathed freely. At last he was alone. Yes, he believed himself to be alone. He was ignorant that a prison is made of glass; that the accused is like a miserable insect under the microscope of an entomologist. He did not know that the walls have stretched ears and eyes always watchful. He was so sure of being alone that he at once gave vent to his suppressed feeling and, dropping his mask of impassibility, burst into a flood of tears. His wrath, long pent up, now flashed out like a smoldering fire. In a paroxysm of rage he uttered imprecations and curses. He dashed himself against the prison walls like a wild beast in a cage.

In the evening when the jailer brought him his supper he found him lying on his pallet, with his face buried in the pillow, weeping bitter tears. He was not hungry. Now that he was alone, he fed upon his own bitter thoughts. He sank from a state of frenzy into one of stupefying despair. The night was long and terrible, and for the first time he had nothing to count the hours by as they slowly dragged on but the measured tread of the patrol who came to relieve the sentinels. He suffered agony. In the morning he dropped into a sleep, from which he was awakened by the rough voice of the jailer.

"Come, monsieur," he said, "to the judge of instruction."

"Let us go," said Prosper, without stopping to repair his disordered toilet. During the passage the jailer said, "You are very fortunate in having your case brought before an honest man."

The jailer was right. Endowed with remarkable penetration, firm, unbiased, equally free from false pity and excessive severity, M. Patrigent possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary for the delicate and difficult office of judge of instruction.

Prosper was escorted along a corridor, through a room full of policemen, down a flight of steps, across a kind of cellar and then up a steep staircase which seemed to have no end. Finally he reached a long, narrow gallery, upon which opened many doors bearing different numbers. Summoning all his courage, he placed his hand on the doorknob and was about to enter when the jailer stopped him.

"Don't be in such haste," he said. "Sit down here, and when your turn comes you will be called."

"Prosper Bertomy?"

Prosper arose and, without knowing how, found himself in the office of the judge of instruction.

M. Patrigent's homely face, with its irregular outline and short red whiskers, lit up by a pair of bright, intelligent eyes and a kindly expression, was calculated to impress one favorably at first sight.

"Well," he said abruptly, "you are accused of having robbed M. Fauvel of 350,000 francs. What have you to answer?"

"That I am innocent, monsieur; I swear that I am innocent."

"I hope you are," said M. Patrigent, "and you may count upon me to assist you to the extent of my ability in proving your innocence. Have you anything to say in your defense?"

"Ah, monsieur, what can I say when I cannot understand this dreadful business myself? I can only refer you to my past life."

The judge interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"Let us be specific. The robbery was committed under circumstances that prevent suspicion from falling upon any one but M. Fauvel and yourself. Do you suspect any one else?"

"No, monsieur."

"You declare yourself to be innocent; therefore the guilty party must be M. Fauvel."

Prosper did not answer.

"Have you," persisted the judge, "any cause for believing that M. Fauvel robbed himself? If you have, say so."

The prisoner preserved a rigid silence.

"I see, monsieur," said the judge, "that you need time for reflection. Listen to the reading of your examination, and after signing it you will return to prison."

The unhappy man was overcome. The last ray of hope was gone. He signed the paper without looking at it. He tottered as he left the judge's office so that the keeper was forced to support him.

If Prosper had remained an hour longer in the gallery, he would have seen the same bailiff who had called him come out of the judge's office and cry out:

"Number three, who was awaiting his turn and answered the call, was M. Fauvel."

Although he had very slightly examined Prosper, the judge was now scrupulously attentive and particular in having every question answered.

"Did you ever suspect your cashier of being dishonest?" he asked.

"Certainly not. Yet there were a thousand reasons which should have made me distrustful."

"What reasons?"

"M. Bertomy gambled. I have known of his spending whole nights at the gaming table and losing immense sums of money. He was intimate with a bad set. Once he was mixed up with one of my clients, M. de Cleramer, in a scandalous gambling affair."

"You must confess, monsieur," interrupted the judge, "that you were very imprudent, not to say culpable, to have entrusted your safe to such a man."

"Ah, monsieur, Prosper was not always thus. Until the past year he was a model of goodness. He was received into my house as one of my family. He spent all of his evenings with us and was the bosom friend of my eldest son, Lucien. Then suddenly he left us and never came to the house again. Yet I had every reason to believe him attached to my niece Madeleine."

"Then you can see no motive for your cashier's conduct?"

The banker paused to reflect.

"It is impossible for me to account for it. I have, however, always supposed that Prosper was led astray by a young man whom he met at my house about this time, M. Raoul de Lagors."

"Ah! And who is this young man?"

day before, and its peculiarity struck me."

"What was it?"

"Gipsy—G-i-p-s-y," said the banker, spelling the name.

M. Patrigent wrote down the name.

"One more question, monsieur. Were you at home the evening before the robbery?"

"No; I dined and spent the evening with a friend. When I returned home about 1 o'clock, my wife was in bed, and I went to bed immediately."

"And you were ignorant of what sum there was in the safe?"

"Absolutely. After my positive orders I could only suppose that a small sum had been left there over night. I stated this fact to the commissary in M. Bertomy's presence, and he acknowledged it to be the case."

"That will do, monsieur."

M. Patrigent was well informed of the high standing of the banker and knew almost as much of his affairs as did M. Fauvel himself.

He asked him to sign his testimony and then escorted him to the door of his office, a rare favor on his part.

Five o'clock struck before the list of witnesses summoned for the day was exhausted, but the task of M. Patrigent was not yet finished. He rang for his bailiff, who instantly appeared, and said to him:

"Go at once and bring Fanferlot here."

It was some time before the detective answered the summons. Having met a colleague on the gallery, he thought it his duty to treat him to a drink, and the bailiff had found it necessary to bring him from the little inn at the corner.

"How is it that you keep people waiting?" said the judge.

Fanferlot bowed almost to the floor. Despite his smiling face, he was very uneasy. To follow the Bertomy case alone it required a double play that might be discovered at any moment. To manage at once the cause of justice and his own ambition he took great risks, the least of which was the losing his place.

"I have had a great deal to do," he said to excuse himself, "and have not lost any time."

And he began to give a detailed account of his movements. He was embarrassed, for he spoke with all sorts of restrictions, picking out what was to be said and avoiding what was to be left unsaid. Thus he gave the history of Cavallion's letter, which he handed to the judge, but he did not breathe a word of Madeleine. On the other hand, he gave biographical details, very minute indeed, of Prosper and Mme. Gipsy, which he had collected from various quarters. As he heard the story M. Patrigent's convictions were strengthened.

"The young man is evidently guilty," he said.

Fanferlot did not reply. His opinion was different, but he was delighted that the judge was on the wrong track, thinking that his own glory would thereby be the greater when he discovered the real culprit. The fact was that this grand discovery was as far off as his head ever been.

After hearing all he had to tell, the judge dismissed Fanferlot, telling him to return in the morning.

"Above all," he said as Fanferlot left the room, "do not lose sight of the girl Gipsy. She must know where the money is and can put us on the track."

Fanferlot smiled knowingly.

"You may rest easy about that, monsieur. The lady is in good hands."

Left to himself, although the evening was far advanced, M. Patrigent continued to busy himself with the case and to arrange that the rest of the depositions should be made. This case had actually taken possession of his mind. It was at the same time puzzling and attractive. It seemed to be surrounded by a cloud of mystery, which he determined to penetrate.

The next morning he was in his office much earlier than usual. On this day he examined Mme. Gipsy, called Cavallion and sent again for M. Fauvel. For several days he displayed the same activity. Of all the witnesses subpoenaed only two failed to appear. The first was the office boy sent by Prosper to bring the money from the bank. He was ill from a fall. The second was M. Raoul de Lagors. But their absence did not prevent the file of papers relating to Prosper's case from growing, and on the ensuing Monday, five days after the robbery, M. Patrigent thought he held in his hands enough moral proof to crush the accused.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

### Scouring Wool.

Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes today. In the hand washing of wool a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a traveling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the automatic scouring now in vogue.

Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thorough scouring. Thus cleaned the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber.

### Battlefield Courage.

There is a story of a bullying colonel who turned on one of his aids during a battle and cried: "Captain—, you are frightened! You are, sir. You are scared!"

"You're right," replied the captain, "and if you were miles in the rear."—Richard Harding Davis in Everybody's Magazine.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Review of the Proceedings of Session Just Closed.

COLUMBIA, February 24.—After 40 days' session, with a few days' recreation in Charleston, the general assembly adjourned sine die on Saturday afternoon. The session has not been sensational or conspicuous in any respect, but a good deal of good work has been done and some good measures, perhaps, killed. This was the second session of this general assembly, and the members who want to come back—except, of course, the holdover senators—must face their beloved constituents on the stump this summer and defend whatever records they may have. The house is composed largely of young men, new to legislative and political life, and naturally ambitious, and no doubt most of the members will be candidates for reelection.

At the last moment almost, the anti-trust bill got safely through, though somewhat disfigured by the pugnacious Mr. This is the measure introduced by Mr. W. J. Johnson, and is the only one of several measures of its character which came in sight of success. It passed the house late, and on Thursday was taken up in the senate without having been referred to a committee—a very unusual thing. Senator Robert Aldrich, of Barnwell, made the principal fight against it, delivering a carefully prepared speech of several hours' duration in which he openly defended trusts and corporations as beneficial and worthy of encouragement, citing New Jersey as an example for South Carolina to follow. It is a coincidence that Senator Aldrich should take this stand, and that the most prominent advocate of legislation and prosecution in regard to the trusts, is Atty. General G. Duncan Bellinger, also of Barnwell, for between the two is a political antagonism dating back before the days of Tillmanism.

Senator Barnwell, of Charleston, attorney for the Southern railway, also fought the bill; but the senate by a vote of 21 to 11, on Thursday night, at 11 o'clock, refused to kill it and then several amendments were adopted. The two most important of these are one to exempt insurance companies, and another to strike out the rather drastic provision requiring every corporation, through some official, to make affidavits annually, as to its compliance with the law. An amendment to exempt farmers' organizations was voted down.

The author of the bill and its advocates preferred to have the house agree to the senate amendments rather than run the risk of having it killed or further amended in conference, and so the amendments were accepted by the house. The bill was originally a close copy of the celebrated "Hogg law" of Texas, famous in the annals of anti-trust legislation. As it stands, it forbids all sorts of combinations of corporations or individuals in restraint of trade and competition, or for the purpose of controlling prices and the output of products, and provides heavy penalties for violations. Individuals or corporations responsible for violations are liable to a forfeit of not less than \$200 nor more than \$5,000 for every offence and for every day of such offence, while corporations violating the act shall have their charters revoked and be forbidden to do business in this state.

The one other important measure regarding corporations which has passed, is the bill giving the attorney general authority to demand evidence necessary for inquiring into the affairs of corporations and trusts preparatory to prosecution. This legislation was asked for by Mr. Bellinger. But the bill to revoke the charter of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company was defeated.

The hostility toward corporations so apparent ten years ago, does not now exist in this state. There seems to be a real friendliness to railroads especially—perhaps because the railroads are now conciliatory and suave in their methods where they used to be dictatorial. For instance, the bill to allow the Southern railway to consolidate certain lines—the old South Carolina and Georgia and its tributaries—was easily passed, the communities interested favoring the measure.

Another matter which did not get through until the last and then only by conference agreement, was the road law. This is a bill framed by a special committee to supersede the present statute, which is held to be unconstitutional because it contains special provisions for each county. As finally agreed upon, the bill fixes the ages of citizens liable to road duty at from 15 to 50; the number of days is eight or more, and the commutation tax for all counties is \$1. The bill is quite lengthy, containing specific instructions for the maintenance of the highways by the county commissioners.

The appropriation bill had the easiest time it has had since the Radicals left the Capitol. There was no fight on any important appropriation except that for Winthrop college, which the ways and means committee had fixed at \$60,000, an increase from \$43,500 of last year. By a vote of 65 to 43, the house cut the appropriation to \$50,000, but the senate raised it to \$55,000. The house refused to accept this and the bill went to conference committees, a compromise was agreed to and the amount fixed at \$52,000, which both houses accepted. The pension appropriation of \$200,000 as fixed by the house, was adopted by the senate by a narrow majority of one vote—17 to 16. As already stated, the project to establish a soldiers' home was abandoned in view of the large appropriation to pensions and the passage of a bill requiring county supervisors to care for indigent Confederates at the veterans' homes instead of putting in the county jails houses.

When we come to consider the bills rejected, the number is rather large. The most prominent of these are: The child labor bill, the compulsory education bill, the biennial sessions measure and what has become famous as the "chicken bill."

The child labor bill passed the senate last session and this time received more support in the house than before. It will no doubt be heard from again.

The compulsory education bill was introduced in the senate by Senator Rayson, of Orangeburg, until recently a member of the state board of education. Its support in the senate was strong, but it did not receive enough votes to pass.

The biennial sessions bill passed the house and was killed in the senate, which also rejected the several bills presented on this subject by Senator Gruber, of Colleton.

The "chicken bill" passed both houses and its neck was wrung by a conference committee. The bill sought to include domestic fowls under the provisions of the general stock laws. The house wanted it to apply to turkeys, geese, ducks and guineas and the senate wanted to include chickens. The two houses could not agree on the chicken bone of contention and the bill thus failed of passage.

The redistricting bill is one of the most important bills passed at this session. It has already been published in this correspondence. The congressmen most affected are Messrs. Elliott and Lever. Col. Elliott's county, Beaufort, is taken out of the First and put in the Second district. If he runs in this district, composed of Aiken, Barnwell, Beaufort, Edgefield, Saluda and Hampton, he will have to oppose Attorney General Bellinger, of Barnwell, and Representative Croft, of Aiken—both strong men. Col. Elliott has been in congress almost 16 years. Some Charleston man may come out for congress in the First, and Senator Gruber, of Colleton, is also a possibility.

There will be a general shifting around of state house officials at the next election. Attorney General Bellinger, as stated, will run for congress, and his present assistant, Colonel U. X. Gunter, Jr., and Speaker Stevenson will be candidates for attorney general.

Secretary of State M. R. Cooper is in bad health; but if he offers for any office it will be for governor. His assistant, Mr. Jesse T. Gantt, will run for secretary of state, as will the governor's private secretary, Colonel E. H. Aull. Representative J. Harvey Wilson, of Sumter, Colonel J. Thomas Auetin, a member from Greenville, and Captain J. Hampden Brooks, representative from Greenwood, are also mentioned.

Comptroller General Derham will be opposed, it is said, by Senator Sharpe, of Lexington, and it is possible that Mr. N. W. Brooker, who made the race two years ago, will be a candidate again.

Adjutant and Inspector General J. W. Floyd will oppose Congressman Finley, and the present assistant adjutant and inspector general, Colonel John D. Frost, will run for his chief's place. Colonel Henry T. Thompson, captain of the famous Darlington Guards, and later lieutenant colonel of the Second South Carolina in the war with Spain, is being urged to run for adjutant general, and Colonel J. C. Boyd, of Greenville, commanding the first regiment of militia, may also be a candidate, as will Paul E. Ayer, of Anderson.

For Railroad Commissioner Wilborn's place, the aspirants are too numerous to mention; but some of them are Mr. Wilborn, Senator "Banks" Coughman, W. Boyd Evans and "Jim" Cassner. These are some of the candidates for state offices that have cropped out this early in the season. Besides there will be five or six for Senator McLaurin's seat, as many for governor, and several for lieutenant governor. Many of these have been in Columbia during the session, making themselves solid with the politicians; but for about three months there will be a rest from politics.

**A SOUTHERN PUBLISHING PROJECT.**

**Necessity For Home Made Books by Home People.**

A meeting of Southern men is announced for Charleston, S. C., Tuesday, February 11, for the purpose of taking into consideration the interests of the south with reference to publishing school text books. It is expected that a corporation will be organized with a large capital to embark in this branch of business.

It is set out that the southern states have a school population of about five millions, 75,000 teachers and 50,000 school buildings. The moderate estimate of one dollar per pupil for books and printed supplies gives an aggregate of \$5,000,000 a year. It is further said that not 5 per cent. of the books in schools or private libraries bear the imprint of a southern publisher, or the name of a southern author. It is considered a conservative estimate that \$10,000,000 leave the south every year for the product of printing presses. It is asserted that the south is more deficient in book printing than in any other industry. To correct this it is urged that the south should combine in such a way as to own one vast plant with an outfit not surpassed by any other in America. Sentiment and resolutions will never supply the deficiency. In order to be independent it is necessary for the south to build the plant—to have its own machinery, talent, funds and editors."

There is certainly no reason why the south should not push the business of publishing books as well as aim to extend its other industries. This not for the reason that southern writers cannot get fair treatment from the northern publishing houses, as some foolishly contend; but on the general principle of diversifying industries and supplying all the articles for which an adequate market can be found. It is needless to say that such an enterprise to succeed must be conducted on strict business principles. The facilities it

provides must be proportioned to the demand, and it will be obliged to succeed by supplying an article as well adapted, if not better, to the needs of the market at a reasonable price as can be done by any of his competitors. It will have very vigorous competition to meet, and it cannot overcome it without giving better services at the same price, or as good service at a less price. Too much reliance must not be placed on calling this a distinctly southern enterprise. There is not much sentiment in business, and sectionalism counts for nothing unless there is at least equality in the service. No doubt the south has money enough and ability enough to found a great publishing house and to conduct it. The problem is to get this money and this ability together under competent management. Without able supervision a project of this sort cannot be successful.

We do not want sectional text books; but good ones. There has been complaint of some of our school histories because they have a sectional or party bias. These may easily be displaced by providing better ones. But when a southern publishing house is established it should work for the south alone, but for every body who is willing to give it patronage. A project to set up a publishing house in the south for the benefit of southern writers who cannot get their manuscripts accepted in the north, would be certain to fail, and a project to conduct a publishing house to profit by and stimulate sectionalism would deserve to fail. If the south makes books on a large scale it must do it as it makes cotton cloth or sugar—for the benefit of everybody that wants them—and must adapt its products to the wants of the market as other branches of business are obliged to do. There is no such thing as an exclusively northern publishing house and there is no legitimate field for an exclusively southern publishing house.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**CELIBACY IS NOT SACRED.**

**The Rev. Minot J. Savage Gives His Views Upon Marriage and Love.**

The Rev. Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah preached a sermon yesterday on "Love and Marriage."

He took the general ground that all should marry, barring of course, the diseased, criminals and those who have not the means to support a family. In opposition to the ecclesiastical dogma that there is something sacred about celibacy, Dr. Savage said:

I care not what councils, bishops, churches, popes may have enunciated the dogma. Let me say it reverently and without being misunderstood. If I may; I cannot have any reverence whatever even for the far-famed and eternally exalted virginity of Mary. To place virginity, celibacy, after the consecration and noble service of fatherhood or motherhood seems to me to cast a slur upon the father or the mother, and to impugn the wisdom and the goodness of God, who has ordained the fact that the distinction between runs through the universe from the highest to the lowest and has made it the means of all the power and glory and beauty that are.

Speaking of the grounds and conditions of a true marriage, Dr. Savage said that the first, last and universal condition ought to be that intangible, indefinable thing which is called love. Of marriages that are not based on love he said:

I am aware of the fact that whim, fancy, passion and many other things are sometimes mistaken for love. I am aware that there are marriages for a hundred reasons; marriages of convenience, as they are called. There are people who marry for money, both men and women; there are more frequently perhaps in the Old World than here, people who marry out of family considerations or for the sake of bringing together two estates, lands or what not. As this country gets older, though, and large fortunes are established, the temptation of this sort of thing becomes more and more. But I do not believe that marriages of this sort can be too forcibly branded for what they really are.

If a woman gives herself to a man for money, for one cannot see any distinction, on account of the largeness of the price. It is not marriage when you marry for money; it is a bargain, a bargain in which you sell the one thing that is most sacred in manhood or womanhood: it is not marriage if it becomes a matter of convenience. If a woman marries for a title or for a home or for anything but love it is not marriage; it is really that unmentionable thing that we look upon with such supreme contempt.

Dr. Savage declared that in any true marriage there ought to be absolute respect for the inviolate personality of each, and in elaborating this principle he said:

I do not believe that a husband has any business to break open a letter that is addressed to his wife, any more than he would have to go into a merchant's office down town and tamper with his mail. I do not believe that his wife has any right to interfere with the correspondence of her husband; if they are married, really, and love and trust each other, there is no need of it; and if they are not, then it only leads to more mischief and makes matters worse than they already are. Respect each other's individuality. If you find you cannot live together properly, in mutual respect and love, then separate.—New York Sun.

**SOME EVILS NECESSARY.**—At the X-quarter sessions a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; 'cause why?—she confessed it."

"And you also swear she was employed by you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then," (giving a sagacious look to the court), "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The lawyer only said, "Stand down."—Stray Stories.

## THEY CAME TO BLOWS.

### Tillman and McLaurin Fight In the Senate.

### BECAUSE OF TILLMAN'S TAUNTING ACCUSATIONS.

### McLaurin Brands Tillman's Unsupported Charge as a Malicious Lie and Tillman Tries to Fight—Both Senators Are Ruled For Contempt, and Investigations Appear to be in Order—Most Sensational Incident in History of Senate.

Sensors Tillman and McLaurin had a fight on the floor of the United States senate last Saturday afternoon. It was the result of Senator Tillman's repeated charge that Senator McLaurin sold his vote on the Spanish treaty for the Federal patronage in South Carolina. Senator McLaurin denounced the statement as a "wilful, malicious and deliberate lie." Senator Tillman struck Senator McLaurin, and Senator McLaurin returned blow for blow, bringing blood from Senator Tillman's nose. The Associated Press gives a remarkably graphic, but at the same time fair and impartial story of the whole sensational incident.

Senator Tillman had commenced a speech on the Philippine tariff bill on the day before, and he resumed his remarks Saturday afternoon. Senator McLaurin was at the time engaged with business in the room of the committee on Indian affairs. Senator Tillman was not being taken very seriously, and he directed a taunting question to "his friends on the other side of the chamber." Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, desired to know to whom he referred and he replied: "I have many friends on the Republican side. Personally you are a nice, clean-hearted set of men; but politically you are the most infamous cowards and hypocrites that ever happened." This was received with good natured laughter; but later on Senator Tillman became involved in a lively colloquy with Senator Spooner, regarding the ratification of the Paris treaty. In a speech of the day before, Senator Spooner had referred to the efforts of Wm. J. Bryan to secure the ratification of the treaty. Senator Tillman agreed that the influence of Bryan was potent; but insisted that even his influence was not sufficient to induce the senate to ratify the treaty, for after he had done all that it was possible for him to do, Senator Tillman asserted that the Republicans yet lacked votes enough to secure ratification.

"You know," he shouted, shaking his finger at the Republican side, "how those votes necessary were secured?"

"How were they secured?" demanded Senator Spooner.

"I know if the senator does not?" replied Senator Tillman. "I have received information in confidence from that side of the chamber, I know from that that improper influences were used in getting these votes."

"Name the man," insisted Senator Spooner, "upon whom those influences were brought to bear. It is due the senate and due the country that he name him. A man who impeaches another in confidence is a coward. If the senator knows of any man who has been improperly influenced he should name him."

"I know," asserted Senator Tillman, "that the patronage, the Federal patronage of a state has been parcelled out to a senator since the ratification of that treaty."

"What state?" demanded Senator Spooner.

"South Carolina," shouted Senator Tillman.

"Then," said Senator Spooner, "I leave you to fight the matter out with your colleague."

"Well," retorted Senator Tillman, "I never shirk the responsibility for a statement I make. I know that he (Senator McLaurin, his colleague), voted for the treaty. I know that improper influences were brought to bear. I know what I believe."

"You simply believe," retorted Senator Spooner, "what you do not know."

Here the incident came to a close for a time. Senator Tillman continued his speech, and on the authority of newspaper stories and anonymous letters, told of alleged cruelty and murder committed by American troops, particularly the troops under General Funston, in the Philippines. Senator Burton, of Kansas, defended General Funston, and branded a certain statement about his troops as an "infamous lie."

In the meantime, Senator McLaurin had returned from the committee room, and had gotten a transcript of the stenographer's notes of what Tillman had said. The balance of the story is as told by the Associated Press without abridgement:

Pale to the lips and trembling with the emotion which in vain he endeavored to control, Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, rose and addressed the senate, speaking to a question of personal privilege. Instantly