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## CASE By... Emile Gaboriau

CHAPTER IV.

During these minute investigations of his past life Prosper was in prison in a secret cell. The first two days had not appeared very long. He had requested and been granted some sheets of paper, numbered, which he was obliged to account for, and he wrote with a sort of rage plans of defense and memoranda of justification. The third day he began to be uneasy at not seeing any one except the condemned prisoners who were employed to serve those confined in secret cells and the jailer who brought him his food.

"Am I not to be examined again?" he would ask.

"Your turn is coming," the jailer invariably answered.

Time passed, and the wretched man, tortured by the sufferings of solitary confinement, which quickly break the spirit, sank into despair.

"Am I to stay here forever?" he moaned.

The cell door opened, and the jailer's gruff voice called out, "Come to the court of instruction!"

He instantly obeyed the order. But his step was no longer unsteady, as a few days previous a complete change had taken place within him. He walked with head erect, a firm step and the fire of resolution shining in his eye. He knew the way now, and he walked a little ahead of the guard who escorted him. As he was passing through the room full of officers he met the man with the gold spectacles who had watched him so intently the day he was searched.

"Courage, M. Prosper Bertomy," he said. "If you are innocent, there are those who will help you."

Prosper started with surprise and was about to reply when the man disappeared.

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked of the guard.

"Don't you know him?" replied the policeman, with surprise. "Why, it is M. Lecocq of the secret service."

"You say his name is Lecocq?"

"You might as well say 'monsieur,'" said the offended policeman. "It would not burn your mouth. M. Lecocq is a man who knows everything he wants to know without its ever being told to him. If you had had him instead of that imbecile Fanferlot, your case would have been settled long ago. Nobody is allowed to waste time when he has command. But he seems to be a friend of yours."

"I never saw him until the first day I came here."

"You can't swear to that, because no one is sure of the real face of M. Lecocq. It is one thing today and another tomorrow. Sometimes he is a dark man, sometimes a fair one, sometimes quite young and then a centenarian. Why, often he deceives even me. I begin to talk to a stranger—presto! It is M. Lecocq! Anybody on the face of the earth might be he. If I were told that you were he, I should say, 'It is possible.' He can convert himself into any shape and form he chooses."

The guard would have continued forever his praises of M. Lecocq had not the sight of the judge's door put an end to them. This time Prosper was not kept waiting on the wooden bench. The judge, on the contrary, was waiting for him. His surprise was great to see the cashier's bearing—resolute without obstinacy, firm and assured without defiance.

"Well," he said, "have you reflected?"

"Not being guilty, monsieur, I had nothing to reflect upon."

"Ah, the prison has not been a good counselor. You forget that sincerity and repentance are the first things necessary to obtain the indulgence of a judge. Will you be good enough to tell me," he added, "how much you have spent during the last year?"

Prosper did not find it necessary to stop to reflect and calculate.

"Yes, monsieur," he answered unhesitatingly. "Circumstances made it necessary for me to preserve the greatest order in my extravagance. I spent about 50,000 francs."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the first place, 12,000 francs was left to me by my mother. I received from M. Favrel 14,000 francs as my salary and share of the profits. At the Stock Exchange I gained 8,000 francs. The rest I borrowed and intend repaying out of the 15,000 francs which I have with M. Favrel."

"Who lent you the money?"

"M. Raoul de Lagors."

This witness had left Paris the day of the robbery and could not be found. For the time being M. Patrigent was compelled to rely upon Prosper's word.

"Well," he said, "I will not press this point. But tell me why, in spite of the formal order of M. Favrel, you drew the money from the Bank of France the night before instead of waiting till the morning of the payment."

"Because M. de Clameran had told me that it would be agreeable, even necessary, for him to have his money early in the morning. He will testify to that fact if you ask him. I knew that M. de Clameran is a friend of yours?"

"By no means. I have always felt a

sort of repulsion for him, but he is the intimate friend of my friend, M. Lagors."

"One more thing," said the judge. "How did you spend the evening, the night of the crime?"

"When I left my office, at 5 o'clock, I took the St. Germain train and went to Vesinet, M. de Lagors' country seat. I carried him 1,500 francs, which he had asked for, and not finding him at home, I left it with his servant."

"Did he tell you that M. de Lagors was going on a journey?"

"No, monsieur. I did not know that he had left Paris."

"Very well. Where did you go when you left Vesinet?"

"I returned to Paris and dined at a restaurant on the boulevard with a friend."

"And then?"

Prosper hesitated.

"You are silent," said M. Patrigent. "Then I will tell you how you employed your time. You returned to your rooms in Chapal street, dressed yourself and attended a dance."

"You are right, monsieur."

"And you did not play at baccarat and lose 1,800 francs?"

"Pardon me, monsieur; only 1,100."

"Very well. In the morning you paid a note of a thousand francs?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Moreover, there remained 500 francs in your desk, and you had 400 in your purse when you were arrested. So that altogether in twenty-four hours 4,500 francs—"

Prosper was not disconcerted, but stupefied.

Not being aware of the powerful means of investigation possessed by the law, he wondered how in so short a time the judge could have obtained such accurate information.

"Your statement is correct, monsieur," he said finally.

"Where did all this money come from? The evening before you had so little that you were obliged to defer the payment of a small bill."

"Monsieur, the day of which you speak I sold through an agent some bonds I had, about 3,000 francs. Besides, I took from the safe 2,000 francs in advance on my salary. I have nothing to hide."

The prisoner had given clear answers. M. Patrigent determined to attack him from a new point.

"You say you have no wish to conceal any of your actions. Then why did you write this note to one of your companions?"

This time the blow told. Prosper's eyes dropped before the inquiring look of the judge.

"I thought," he stammered—"I wished—"

"You wished to screen this woman?"

"Yes, monsieur, that is true. I knew that when a man in my condition is accused of robbery he has every fault, every weakness, of his life charged against him."

"I suppose you know who this woman is?"

"Mme. Gipsy was a governess when I first knew her. She was born at Oporto and came to France with a Portuguese family."

"Her name is not Gipsy. She has never been a governess, and she is not a Portuguese."

Prosper was about to protest, but M. Patrigent imposed silence. He shrugged his shoulders and began looking over a large file of papers on his desk.

"Ah, here it is," he said. "Listen! Palmyre Chocorelle, born at Paris in 1840, daughter of Chocorelle (James), undertaker's assistant, and of Caroline Piedlent, his wife."

The prisoner made a gesture of impatience. He did not know that the judge was reading him this report to convince him that nothing can escape the police.

"Palmyre Chocorelle," he continued, "at twelve years of age was apprenticed to a shoemaker and remained with him until she was sixteen. Traces of her are lost for one year. At seventeen she is hired as a servant by a grocer on St. Denis street named Dombas and remains there three months. She passed this same year, 1857, at eight or ten different places. In 1858 she entered as a shopgirl the store of a fan merchant in Choiseul alley."

While he read the judge watched Prosper's face to observe the effect of these revelations.

"Toward the close of 1858," he continued, "the girl Chocorelle was employed as a servant by Mme. Munes and accompanied her to Lisbon. How long did she remain in Lisbon? What did she do while she remained there? We have no information as to this. However, it is certain that in 1861 she returned to Paris and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for an assault. Ah, she returned from Portugal with the name of Nina Gipsy."

"But I assure you, monsieur," Prosper began—"I assure you—"

"Yes, I comprehend. This history is less romantic doubtless than the one you have understood, but, then, it has the merit of being true. We lost sight of Palmyre Chocorelle, called Gipsy, upon her release from prison, but we meet her again six months later, having made the acquaintance of a traveling agent who became infatuated with her beauty. She deserted him to devote herself to you."

The judge paused for a moment, as if to give Prosper time for reflection, and then slowly said:

"And this is the woman whom you have made your companion, the woman for whom you have committed robbery."

Once more M. Patrigent was on the wrong track owing to Fanferlot's incomplete information. Prosper remained silent.

"At any rate," insisted M. Patrigent, "you will confess that this girl has caused your ruin."

"I cannot confess that, monsieur, for it is not true."

"You will also say that it was not for this girl's sake you renounced an intimacy of many years and ceased spending your evenings at your employer's?"

"I swear that she was not the cause."

"Then why did you cease suddenly your visits to the house of a young lady whom you confidently expected to marry? You had written to your father to demand her hand for you."

"I had reasons which I cannot reveal," answered Prosper in a trembling voice.

The judge breathed freely. At last he had discovered a vulnerable point in the prisoner's armor.

"Did Mlle. Madeleine dismiss you?" Prosper was silent. He was visibly agitated.

"Speak," said M. Patrigent. "I warn you that this circumstance is one of the most important in your case."

"Whatever be the cost, I am compelled to keep silence."

"Beware of what you do. Justice will not be satisfied with scruples of conscience."

M. Patrigent waited for an answer. No answer came. Prosper was buried in thought.

"Monsieur," he finally said, "there is one detail I have forgotten to mention. It may be of importance in my defense."

"Explain."

"The messenger I sent to the bank was with me when I put the bills in the safe. At any rate, I left the office before he did."

"Very well. He shall be examined. Now you can return to your cell."

M. Patrigent thus abruptly dismissed Prosper because he wished to immediately act upon this last piece of information.

"Signault," said he to his secretary as soon as Prosper had left the room, "is not this Antonin the man who was excused from testifying because he sent a doctor's certificate declaring him too ill to appear?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where does he live?"

"He is not at his home. Fanferlot says he was so ill that he was taken to the hospital—the Dubois hospital."

"Very well. I am going to examine him today—this very hour. Take writing materials and send for a carriage. Would Antonin be able to answer? It was doubtful. The director of the hospital said that, although the man suffered horribly from a broken knee, his mind was perfectly clear."

"That being the case, monsieur," said the judge, "I wish to examine him and desire that no one be admitted while he makes his deposition."

"Oh, no one will disturb you, monsieur. His room contains four beds, but they are just now unoccupied."

"Very well. Come on."

When Antonin saw the judge enter, followed by a little lean man with the portfolio of an advocate, he at once knew that they had come to take his deposition.

"Ah," he said, "monsieur comes to see me about M. Bertomy's case?"

"Precisely."

In answer to the usual questions the messenger swore that he was named Antonin Poche, was forty years old, born at Cadajac (Gironde), and was unmarried.

"Now," said the judge, "are you well enough to clearly answer any questions I may put?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Did you on the 27th of February go to the Bank of France for the 350,000 francs that were stolen?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"At what hour did you return?"

"Five o'clock."

"Do you remember what M. Bertomy did when you handed him the money? Now, do not be in a hurry; think before you answer."

"Let me see. First he counted the notes and made four packages of them, which he put in the safe. Then, it seems to me, he locked the safe and—yes, I am not mistaken—he went out."

He uttered these last words so quickly that, forgetting his knee, he half started up, but with a cry of pain.

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked the judge.

M. Patrigent's solemn tone seemed to frighten Antonin.

"Sure?" he replied, with marked hesitation. "I would bet my head on it. Still I am not sure!"

It was impossible for him to be more decided in his deposition. He had been frightened. He already imagined himself in difficulty, and for a trifle he would have retracted everything.

But the effect was already produced, and when they retired M. Patrigent said to Signault:

"This is very important—very important!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Tools and Progress.

Despite all the attacks upon machinery, an age without tools is an age of drudgery and degradation. If once men toiled 16 hours a day, with a single stroke Watt's engine cut off two hours in the morning for rest and two hours at night for reading. The modern home, with a thousand and one comforts, is the gift of tools. We now compel steel fingers, steel knives, steel wheels and steel wires to do our work. Take away our tools and civilization would go back 100 years.—Newell Dwight Hills in Woman's Home Companion.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

**TILLMAN'S PROTEST.**

Senate Not Warranted in Depriving South Carolina of Representation.

The Democrats of the senate were not willing to endorse the act of President Pro Tempore Frye in depriving South Carolina of representation. There was a warm fight on the subject, led by Senator Joe Bailey, of Texas, and backed by other Democrats. The following paper, prepared by Senator Bailey, was presented to the senate with the signature of Senator Tillman:

The undersigned, holding a commission in this body from the sovereign state of South Carolina as one of its senators, and having been in the full and undisputed exercise of that high office for seven years last past, solemnly protests against the ruling of the presiding officer, sustained by the vote of a majority of the senate, depriving him of the right as such senator to vote on the pending measure and to take part generally in the proceedings of the senate, and he respectfully asks that this, his protest, may be spread on the journal of the senate.

The office of senator of the United States is a high constitutional office. Section 3 of article I of the constitution declares that the senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, and each senator shall have one vote. I respectfully insist that a right and duty is here conferred and imposed on each senator, and that so long as he remains a member of the senate he cannot be deprived or relieved of that right and duty. He may be punished for disorderly behavior by a majority vote of the senate and he may be expelled from the senate by a two-thirds vote, as declared by the second clause of section 5, article I, of the constitution; but the right to punish for disorderly procedure cannot proceed to the extent of depriving him of his voice and vote in this body, unless and until the punishment against him shall have been adjudged to be one of expulsion.

While it is true that the undersigned has been adjudged to be in contempt of the senate for disorder committed in its presence on the last legislative day before this, an act committed in the heat of blood and which he regrets and has apologized for, the incident has passed and gone and he is now in his place as senator, desirous of proceeding in order and in accordance with the rules of the senate in the performance of the high duties intrusted to him by the authority and under the seal of the state of South Carolina.

The second section of Rule 19 of this body, which provides that a senator called to order for transgressing the rules of the senate shall sit down and not proceed without leave of the senate, is a rule to secure the orderly conduct of debate—in other words, that a senator called to order shall sit down and not proceed without leave of the senate, has relation to the debate then immediately progressing and nothing else. Such has been the uniform construction and application, and the attempt to stretch it so as to indefinitely disqualify senators from performing their duties here, even to the extent of depriving them of the right to vote, is an invasion of the privilege of senators and a grave breach of the constitutional right of each state to equal representation in this body.

Under such a construction of that rule the majority may force a closure in this body by simply declaring each member of the minority in contempt. Under such a construction, moreover, a minority may be transformed into a majority, by taking advantage of the accidental absence of majority members, the minority, being temporarily in the majority, shall declare a sufficient number of majority members to be in contempt. The rule in question was never intended for such a purpose, and ought not to be given a construction which can make such a result possible.

In making this protest the undersigned is not moved by considerations personal to himself. He is not restive under the just discipline of this body. He is ready to cheerfully accept such order as it may make for the vindication of its rights and its dignity. But until that order shall have been made and until it shall have adjudged his expulsion, if the senate thinks his offence merits that punishment, he cannot silently permit his state to be deprived of its full constitutional representation on the floor of this chamber, which is most notably exemplified in its right through its senators to vote and speak upon every measure before it. All of which is respectfully submitted for the consideration of the senate.

Recognizing the justice of the position taken by the Democrats, the Republicans were unwilling to stand by their action, and on Tuesday President Pro Tempore Frye ordered the restoration of the names of the South Carolina senators to the roll. Immediately thereafter, the senate adjourned ostensibly out of respect to the memory of a member of congress who died several months ago. The object of the adjournment was to secure time to meet the issue raised by the Democrats.

**WHEAT DOES NOT GROW WILD.**—The existence of names for wheat in the most ancient languages confirms the evidence of its great antiquity and of its cultivation in the more temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. From the evidence adduced by botanists of high standing, it seems highly improbable that wheat has ever been found growing persistently in a wild state, although it has often been asserted by poets, travelers and historians.

In the "Odyssey," for example, we are told that wheat formerly grew in Sicily without the aid of man. Diodorus repeats the tradition that Ostris

found wheat and barley growing profusely in Palestine, but neither this nor other reputed discoveries of wheat growing wild seem at all credible, seeing that it does not appear to be endowed with the power of persistency, except under continued culture.

**THE COMMODORE'S PEDOMETER.**

A Trick by Which He Was Made to Lose Confidence in the Contrivance.

A good story illustrative of the character of old Admiral Stephen B. Luce, whose work on seamanship is now a textbook in the navy, was told by the officers who served under him on the South Pacific station. The admiral, then a commodore, had as his flagship the old corvette Quinnebaug. On the quarterdeck was a very comfortable lounge place formed by a pile of spars, cushioned by coils of running gear, and the junior officers formed the habit of sitting there during the monotonous night hours, instead of pacing up and down the quarterdeck, as the regulations require. The old commodore had his suspicions, but he was not convinced and preferred to suffer an infraction of the rules rather than run the risk of accusing his officers unjustly.

But one day, when the ship was in Callao a Yankee pedler, who had somehow drifted into the tropics, came on board and sold to the commodore a pedometer, guaranteed to record automatically the distance traveled by a pedestrian up to 200 miles. That night, when the ensign of the first division was about to go on watch the commodore summoned him to the cabin and said:

"Mr. —, I wish you to carry this little package with you during your entire watch and then pass it on to your relief. Instruct him to do likewise, and then hand it to me at quarters tomorrow morning."

The young man saluted, went on deck, sat down on the coils of rope and smoked for awhile. Then he took a walk for a few minutes and finished out his four-hour watch on the "lounge." The junior of the second division did the same, and the third division man, who was on deck from 4 till 8 in the morning, did no more walking than he had to.

After quarters the orderly summoned these young men to the cabin, where the commodore sat, holding the pedometer in his hand.

"Gentleman," said he, "I find by this little instrument that you three have traversed a little less than two miles in 12 hours on deck. How do you account for that?"

The three faces fell like a thermometer in a billiard, and the boys remained silent while the old gentleman proceeded to read the regulations regarding the duties of officers of the deck, particularly emphasizing that part which relates to walking, and afterward added an extempore riot act of his own composition.

"But," he continued, "I am not willing to convict you on the evidence of one trial of a catch-penny mechanical contrivance. If you have loafed, stop it; but carry this instrument again tonight."

The trio held a council of war. It was the second division man's first watch that night, and as he took the deck he called one of the apprentice boys.

"William," he said, "you have some extra duty against you. Take this little box and shake it as hard as you can for two hours and then return it to me."

Then the junior sat down and rested till the box was returned to him.

The next morning the same three officers were called to the cabin, and as before found the commodore seated at the table with the pedometer in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have done you an injustice on the testimony of a mere machine. Yesterday this thing registered a little less than two miles, while this morning it shows that you walked in 12 hours 130 miles, which is a manifest impossibility. The thing is absolutely worthless, and the commodore threw the machine out of the cabin port into the sea."

He never knew the facts of the case until the end of that cruise, and then the first division officer told him. But the commodore had just been confirmed as rear admiral and laughed heartily at the joke.—Youth's Companion.

**POE'S ARMY RECORD.**—Edgar Allan Poe, author and poet, according to the records of the war department, enlisted as a private in the United States army, served nearly two years with distinction—attaining the rank of sergeant major—and was honorably discharged. His enlistment, which took place three years after Byron's death in Greece, was a boyish freak, prompted, perhaps, by reading books of military adventure. Poe served under the name of E. A. Perry, his right name coming into the record only in connection with his offer of a substitute. The enlistment was at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, May 26, 1827. Poe is described by Lieutenant H. Griswold, who enlisted him, as 22 years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, gray eyes, brown hair and fair complexion. He was assigned to Battery H. First Artillery, which was soon afterward transferred to Fort Monroe, Va. Nearly two years after entering the army Poe was advanced to the non-commissioned staff, having while at Fort Monroe shown ability that attracted attention. On April 14, 1829, he offered a substitute and was honorably discharged, having at that time the rank of sergeant major. On July 1, 1830, he was admitted to the Military Academy at West Point, and on March 5, of the following year was dismissed by order of court-martial, having grown tired of military life and purposely violated rules and regulations which would cause his dismissal.—Washington Post.

**ASSUMING TO DICTATE.**

Gossip About South Carolina Congressmen.

Washington correspondence of News and Courier: Trouble is brewing among the members of the South Carolina delegation, and it is feared that the end is not yet. The cause of the impending strife is a story that the delegation had pledged its support to Representative Latimer in his race for the senate this summer. Where the strange tale originated, or what foundation it has, is yet not forthcoming, else there would have already been a public denial from at least two of the members. As the matter stands, the members affected do not care to advertise the story by denying it through the public prints. Furthermore, they are particularly averse to committing themselves to the man they intend supporting in the race for the senate, which they would in a measure be forced to do in denying the report. However, should the story continue to gain credence, one of the members has declared his intention of getting the delegation together for the purpose of clearing up the whole affair.

Soon after congress met last December the South Carolina delegation held a caucus, at which were present six of the seven members. The purpose of the meeting was to decide what they would ask the speaker for in the way of committee assignments, and what would be the general policy of the delegation during this session of congress. As a result, it is said, the members came to a harmonious agreement. South Carolina's welfare was to be the end and aim of their efforts, and they were to back up each other in their striving for plums for their constituents. This, it is claimed, is the only caucus held by the delegation, and on this occasion "the senatorial campaign was not touched with a ten-foot pole," as one of the members expressed it. What bearing this meeting has on the story in question is not known; but some of the members are of the opinion that the purpose of the harmony evidenced at that time has been misconstrued, not necessarily by Representative Latimer, but probably by outsiders, as indicating the attitude of the members toward each other outside the walls of congress.

As a matter of fact the delegation is by no means agreed on any one candidate that has yet announced himself for the senate, although each member has probably a pretty good idea as to which of the aspirants he will lend a helping hand.

**COTTON SEED PRODUCTS.**

Great Growth of Industry Still in Its Infancy.

The preliminary bulletins of the census bureau always contain valuable information, but one which has just appeared is especially interesting to the south. It relates to the cotton seed industry and shows what great importance it has acquired.

In 1900 there were 357 establishments devoted to the extraction of the cotton seed oil, all of them in the south. The number has increased largely since these statistics were compiled.

During the year ended June 1, 1900, the mills manipulated the enormous quantity of 2,478,385 tons, which cost \$28,632,616, an average of \$11.55 a ton, which is less than the present price. The total value of the products of the cotton seed oil mills in the year referred to was \$42,411,835, making the profits from the conversion of cotton seed in one year \$13,779,219. The products turned out in that year were 93,325,729 gallons of cotton seed oil, valued at \$21,330,674, or an average of 29.3 cents per gallon; 884,391 tons of oil cake and meal, valued at \$16,030,576, or \$18.13 a ton; 1,169,286 tons of hulls, valued at \$3,189,354, or \$2.73 a ton, and 57,272,063 pounds of linters, valued at \$1,801,231, or 3.1 cents a pound.

The cotton seed industry, great as it has become, is still in its infancy.

In 1870 there were only six cotton seed oil mills in the United States. By 1880 the number had increased to 45. In 1890 there were 119 and in 1900 there were 357. It is probable that there are now at least 375, an increase of over 200 per cent. in ten years.

Cotton seed oil products are not only used for many purposes in this country, but they are exported in great and increasing quantities.

Much of the best "olive oil" we get now is cotton seed oil that has been refined in France. Cotton seed meal, cake and hulls are gaining favor in Europe as feed for stock. The oil is used there and in this country in increasing quantities in bread and for frying. It is much purer than most of the commercial lard and is more wholesome.

Every year the cotton seed industry increases in importance, adds more to the value of the cotton crop and becomes more useful to the public.

**MAKING A WATERFALL.**—It is certainly an exceptional circumstance to behold the plans and specifications for a waterfall. No human eye beheld the blue prints for Niagara; perhaps there were none; and yet it was very well done. Niagara was immeasurably aided by the huge bulk of water at hand. Without that green ocean behind it very little could have been done at Niagara.

We are not so favored at Forest Park. The glittering cascade that is to tumble from the brow of the hill at the Fair must be pumped up by two engines at the foot, and, like a stage army, will appear and disappear, though, fortunately, not so recognizably. There will be no playtime for that water. It will not wander through green bowers or darkle under bowdies, linger in fernbound pools or rain braided in the sun. It will work eight to fourteen hours a day and be forced contrary to its nature and constitution, to run uphill as well as

down. It will be always in a hurry, and will be forever in the delirium of an endless shoot-the-chutes. There will be no night shifts, no substitutes, no escape, save when a sunbeam reaches down and draws the spirit of a sparkling drop, dispersed and invisible to the bosom of some restful cloud. This cataract of ours is now in its creative stages as it forms itself in the mind's eye of the artist, spread out in innumerable lines and curves on sheets of parchment. It is the vast skeleton, the anatomical outline, to which the breath of life is to be imparted by electricity. Its fascination will enchain the beholder as he comes within the gates, but simple crayons, compasses, T squares and the common tools of the draughtsman must precede the working of the miracle.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**HOW PERKINS SAW THE KING.**

The California Senator Tells of His Meeting With Oscar of Sweden.

Senator Perkins, of California, who to quote his own words, is a sailor by profession, a merchant by necessity and a politician by accident, has had in his life more adventures than fall within the experience of an ordinary man. Perhaps this is because Senator Perkins followed the sea for so many years. One of Mr. Perkins' most interesting adventures was his meeting with King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

"I was quite a boy then," said the senator, telling the story yesterday. "I had sailed in the good ship Luna from New Orleans to Sweden with a cargo of cotton, and while the ship was in port I thought I would like to see the royal palace in Stockholm. One Sunday afternoon, in company with a sailor named Harry Branscombe, an Englishman, we went up to the palace. Boy like, we wanted to get into the grounds, and so we crawled through a waste pipe which ran through the walls around the palace park. As soon as we got inside, however, we were arrested by the gendarmes, and as we did not know a word of Swedish we were in a sad plight."

"Presently," continued the senator, "a party of distinguished people came along and seemed interested in our trouble. One person in the party spoke English. He asked us what we were doing in the king's park. I told him that I was an American boy, who wanted to see the king and how the king lived."

"But don't you know," he said, "that you might be put into prison for trespassing?"

"Oh, I said, 'I don't want to hurt the king; I only want to see him.'"

"I am King Oscar," was his reply, and then," added Senator Perkins, "I learned that I was really in the presence of the monarch."

"What happened to you then?" asked his listener.

"The king," he replied, "sent a soldier with us to show us the palace, and we had a splendid time. But that wasn't the sequel to the story. Thirty years later, when I was governor of California, I went off on a little cruise on a yacht, and who should be a sailor or on the yacht but Harry Branscombe. He knew me and I knew him, although we had not seen each other for 30 years. I took him up to San Francisco and gave him a place in one of my ships."—Washington Post.

**SENATOR VEST'S DOG CASE.**

His Client Liked a Good Dog, and the Best Lawyer Was None Too Good.

A story is going the rounds of the newspapers crediting Senator Vest, of Missouri with uttering an eloquent tribute to the dog. The eulogy of the dog is really a beautiful one, and it is not surprising that, according to the story, Senator Vest won his case in court.

"Yes," said the senator yesterday when some one asked him if the story was true, "I did have a case in which I said something about the dog, but the speech, as printed, is not exactly as I delivered it. There was no shorthand writer in court, and the report was made up afterward by a combination of rough longhand notes and memory."

"How did you get into the dog case?"

"Well," said the senator, "one day I was going to my hotel, after having argued all day, when a farmer stopped me on the street. 'Squire Vest,' he said, 'I want to hire you in a case.' 'What kind of a case?' I asked. 'A dog case,' he replied.

"I looked at the man and made up my mind that I did not want to go into court on a dog case, so I told him that he had better go to a younger lawyer, as I would charge him too much. 'How much?' he asked, and I named \$500. He went down into his pocket, took out a roll of bills and counted \$100 into my hands as a retainer fee. I grew interested, of course, and asked him for the details. He told me that he had owned a peculiarly fine dog, which had been shot in cold blood, as he expressed it, by his wife's brother, with whom he had had trouble. 'I loved the dog,' said the farmer, as I love my wife and child, and I am going to make his murderer suffer, if it takes every cent I have.'

"The dog," continued Senator Vest, "was really a valuable animal and was known throughout the country for miles around. The farmer had secured over a hundred witnesses as to the value of the dog. I tried the case and, as I have always liked dogs, I did make a speech, which influenced the jury. We asked for \$200 and the jury gave us \$500. But that dog case" said the senator, laughing, "was my first and only one."—Washington Post.