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YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1902.

NO. 73.

THE LADY OF LYNN.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER XII. THE "SOCIETY" AGAIN.



HE "society" continued to meet, but irregularly, during this period of excitement when everybody was busy making money out of the company or joining in the amusements or looking on. The coffee house attracted some of the members, the tavern others, the gardens or the long room others. It must be confessed that the irregularities of attendance and the absences and the many new topics of discourse caused the evenings to be much more animated than of old, when there would be long periods of silence, broken only by some reference to the arrival or departure of a ship, the decease of a townsman or the change in the weather.

This evening the meeting consisted at first of the vicar and the master of the school only.

"We are the faithful remnant," said the vicar, taking his chair. "The mayor, or, no doubt, is at the coffee house, the aldermen at the tavern and the doctor in the long room. The captain, I take it, is at the elbow of his noble friend."

The master of the school hung up his hat and took his usual place. Then he put his hand into his pocket.

"I have this day received"—

At the same moment the vicar put his hand into his pocket and began in the same words:

"I have this day received"—

Both stopped. "I interrupt you, Mr. Pentecoste," said the vicar.

"Nay, sir, after you."

"Let us not stand on ceremony, Mr. Pentecoste. What have you received?"

"I have received a letter from London."

"Mine is from Cambridge. You were about to speak of your letter?"

"It concerns Sam Semple, once my pupil, now secretary to the Lord Fyngdale, who has his quarters overhead."

"What does your correspondent tell you about Sam? That he is the equal of Mr. Pope and the superior of Mr. Addison, or that his verses are echoes, sound without sense, trash and pretense? Cost me a guinea."

"The letter is a reply I addressed to my cousin, Zackary Pentecoste, a bookseller in Little Britain. I asked him to tell me if he could learn something of the present position and reputation of Sam Semple, who gives himself, I understand, great airs at the coffee house as a wit of the first standing and an authority in matters of taste. With your permission, I will proceed to read aloud the portion which concerns our poet. Here is the passage:

"You ask me to tell you what I know of the poet Sam Semple. I do not know, it is true, all the wits and poets, but I know some, and they know all those who frequent Dolly's and the Chapter House and the other coffee houses frequented by the poets. None of them at first knew or had heard of the name. At last one was named who had seen a volume bearing this name and published by subscription. 'Sir,' he said, 'tis the veriest trash. A schoolboy should be turned for writing such bad verses.' 'But,' I asked him, 'he is said to be received and welcomed by the wits.' 'They must be,' he replied, 'the wits of Wapping or the poets of Turnagain lane. The man is not known anywhere.' So with this I had to be contented for a time. Then I came across one who knew this name of poet. 'It was once myself,' he said, 'at my last guinea when I met Mr. Samuel Semple. He was in rags, and he was well nigh starving. I gave him a sixpenny dinner in a cellar, where I myself was dining at the time. He told me that he had spent the money subscribed for his book instead of paying the printer; that he was dunned and threatened for the debt; that if he was arrested he must go to the Fleet or to one of the Comptors; that he must then starve—in a word, that he was on his last legs. These things he told me with tears, for indeed cold and hunger—had he no lodging—had brought him low. After he had eaten his dinner and borrowed a shilling he went away, and I saw him no more for six months, when I met him in Covent Garden. He was now dressed in broadcloth, fat and in good case. At first he refused to recognize his former companion in misery, but I persisted. He then told me that he had been so fortunate as to be of service to my Lord Fyngdale, into whose household he had entered. He therefore defied his creditors and stood at bed and board at the house of his noble patron. Now, sir, it is very well known that any service rendered to this nobleman must be of a base and dishonorable nature. Such is the character of this most profligate of lords. A professed rake and a most notorious gambler, he is no longer admitted into the society of those of his own rank. He frequents halls where the play is high, but the players are doubtful. He is said to entertain decoys, one of whom is an old ruined gamester named Sir Harry Malyns and another a half pay captain, a bully and a sharper, who calls himself a colonel.

He is to be seen at the house of the Lady Anastasia, the most notorious woman in London, who every night keeps the bank at hazard for the profit of this noble lord and his confederates. It is in the service of such a man that Mr. Semple has found a refuge. What he fulfills in the way of duty I know not. I give you, cousin, the words of my informant. I have since inquired of others, and I find confirmation everywhere of the notorious character of Lord Fyngdale and his companions. Nor can I understand what services a poet can render to a man of such a reputation, living such a life."

"Do you follow, sir," my father asked, laying down the letter, "or shall I read it again?"

"Nay, the words are plain. But, Mr. Pentecoste, they are serious words. They concern very deeply a certain lady whom we love. Lord Fyngdale has been with us for a month. He bears a character, here at least, of the highest kind. It is reported, I know not with what truth, that he is actually to marry the captain's ward, Molly. There is, however, no doubt that Molly's fortune has grown so large as to make her a match for any one, however highly placed."

"I fear that it is true."

"Then, what foundation has this gentleman for so scandalous a report?"

"Indeed, I do not know. My cousin, the bookseller, expressly says that he has no knowledge of Sam Semple."

"Mr. Pentecoste, I am uneasy. I hear that the gentlemen of the company are circulating ugly rumors about one Colonel Layton, who has been playing high and has won large sums—larger than any of the company can afford to lose. They have resolved to demand and await explanations. There are whispers also which concern Lord Fyngdale as well. These things make one disgusted. Then I also have received a letter. It is in reply to one of my own addressed to an old friend at Cambridge. My questions referred to the great scholar and eminent divine who takes Greece for Hebrew."

"You ask me if I know anything about one Benjamin Purden, clerk in holy orders. There can hardly be two persons of that name, both in holy orders. The man whom I know by reputation is a person of somewhat slight stature, his head bigger than befits his height; he hath a loud and lecturing voice; he assumes, to suit his own purposes, the possession of learning and piety. Of theological learning he has none, so far as I know. Of Greek art, combined with modern manners, he is said to be a master. Ignese Italiano Diavolo Incarnato is the proverb. He was formerly tutor on the grand tour to the young Lord Fyngdale, whom he led into the ways of corruption and profligacy which have made that nobleman notorious. He is also the reputed author of certain ribald verses that pass from hand to hand among the baser sort of our university scholars. I have made inquiries about him with these results. It is said that where Lord Fyngdale is found this worthy ecclesiastic is not far off. There was last year a scandal at Bath in which his name was mentioned freely. There was also—but this is enough for one letter."

The vicar read parts of this letter twice over so as to lend the words greater force. "The man says publicly that he was tutor to Lord Fyngdale

"Who is in the service of his lordship. I know not what he does for him, but if he is turned out of that service he will infallibly be clapped into a debtor's prison."

"There is also that grave and reverend divine—"

"The man Purden. He is notorious for writing ribald verses and for leading a life that is a disgrace to his profession."

"There is also the Lady Anastasia."

"I know nothing about her ladyship except that she keeps the bank, as they call it, every evening and that the gambling table allures many to their destruction."

"My friends," said the captain, "what am I to do?"

"You must make inquiry. You must tell Lord Fyngdale that things have been brought to you; that you cannot believe them if, as is possible, you do not, but that you must make inquiries before trusting your ward to his protection. You are her guardian, captain."

"I am more than her guardian. I love her better than if she was my own child."

"We know you do, captain. Therefore write a letter to him. Tell him these things. Say that you must have time to make these inquiries. I will help you with the letter. And tell him as well that you must have time to draw up settlements. If he is honest, he will consent to this investigation into his private character. If he wants Molly and not her money bag, he will for the pursuing columns. Every now and then Gen. DeLarey would visit her, and on one occasion he came to her sick and she nursed him. But while he was lying sick in the farm house the columns came upon them. Gen. DeLarey leaped out of bed, and with the help of a small command of men with him, fought off the attack and succeeded

in escaping. On another occasion Mrs. DeLarey proved more clever than her husband. He was proposing to rest a night in the farmhouse, but she did not like the looks of it. Her military eye seemed to see danger. So she persuaded her husband to move. It was fortunate that she did so, as the enemy came to that farm house immediately when they had left. Mrs. DeLarey was wandering in this manner when she heard that her husband had captured Lord Methuen. At first she would not believe it, but when she found it was true she made her way to her husband's laager. She said she wanted to see Lord Methuen and have a talk with him. She took with her a fowl and some provisions as a present. Lord Methuen consented to see her and was obliged to tell her that he had destroyed her house. Mrs. DeLarey must have got some Christian consolation after presenting him with the fowl and helping to nurse him.

Then came the question what DeLarey should do with his prisoner. The young Boers were all against giving him up because he had treated Mrs. DeLarey in a manner they did not approve of. But Gen. DeLarey and his wife took a larger view. "What can we do with him?" they asked, "if we keep him? If he goes with us he will probably die on one of our treks and then his blood will be put to our charge. Better be generous and hand him back. The general had some difficulty with his men, but at last persuaded them. And Gen. and Mrs. DeLarey performed an act of high generosity which was probably the strongest influence in bringing the war to an end. But it seems to me that the generosity of Mrs. DeLarey was even greater than that of the general. Certainly in her 18 months' campaign she showed quite as much strategy as any of the Boer generals in escaping. What a pity it is that this tale of woman's heroism cannot be fully told, and that we cannot place it in history as a pendant to the wanderings of DeWet.—London Daily Mail.

THE ACCIDENT AT PITTSFIELD.

President Tells of His Narrow Escape From Death.

President Roosevelt, after his return to his private car at Stockbridge, told the story of the accident in the following words. There was no excitement in his manner as he described the tragic scene through which he had passed:

"We were having a very pleasant drive over from Pittsfield. Governor Crane and I were conversing, and Secretary Cortelyou was in the front seat, and Craig, poor fellow, on the box beside the driver.

"Suddenly we heard the clang, clang of the trolley gong, and before we knew anything else the car had struck us."

"My impressions of what happened just after that are somewhat imperfect. I was thrown into the air, and I landed, should say, some 40 feet away."

"Fortunately I was unhurt, and I got on my feet immediately and went back to see if the others were injured. It all happened in a second or two. The car was going at a very rapid rate. Unless he had lost control of it, I can't see how the motorman could have allowed it to travel so fast at such a time."

"It came down upon us like a flash. Naturally, I suppose our driver thought he had the right of way."

"My injuries don't amount to anything. The bruise on my face is no more than a man might get in a polo game or any other sport in which he might unskillfully engage."

"I don't mind my disfigurement, and would regard the affair as a mere incident of the trip if it had not resulted in the death of Craig. I was genuinely fond of him. He was faithful and ready, I regret his death more than I can say."

"In order not to disappoint the people I gave instructions that the trip should be finished as scheduled. But I hope the people have not been disappointed that I did not attempt to make any address at the stops but merely stated what had happened."

"I regret exceedingly that the New England trip, carried through so delightfully to the last day, should have had such a tragic ending."

A RAILROAD EPOCH.

American Construction Passes the 200,000 Mile Mark.

The beginning of the second half of 1902 sees the railroads of the United States cross the 200,000 mile line. Construction during the past six months was not especially active, though it was larger than last year's corresponding time, but the total which had been reached by the end of 1901, was so near the 200,000 mile mark that that line was certain to be passed long before 1902 neared its close. It is only by comparing this mileage with that of some of the rest of the great countries that the American people can fully realize the tremendous development which has taken place in this field in their own land. Figures of railroad activities for the world at large are not very trustworthy, but taking those which are most recent and reliable, the United States is seen to be far ahead of any other country. Germany has about 82,000 miles of main track; Russia, 29,000; France, 27,000; Austria-Hungary, 23,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 22,000, while no other European country has as many as 10,000. All of Europe has about 175,000 miles of road, or considerably less than the United States, while the entire world's mileage is approximately 500,000, of which the United States furnishes two-fifths.

All this railroad construction has come in about two generations of time. When John Stevens, in 1822, got a charter from the Pennsylvania legislature to build a railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, on the Susquehanna (which was never built), somebody asked a Pennsylvania paper, "What is a rail-

road, anyhow?" The editor gave it up, but said that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell." It is only 74 years since the construction of the first of America's great roads; it is only 51 years since the waters of the West at Lake Erie were first reached by through rail from the Atlantic coast, and as recently as Appomattox there were only 32,000 miles of main track in the whole country, as compared with 200,000 miles now.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BULLED THE LIZARD MARKET.

A Californian Who Created a New Industry for New Orleans.

Three weeks ago a man arrived here from California, who visited the several bird fanciers' stores and bought up all the small lizards and chameleons that were for sale. The bird and animal fanciers always carry some lizards in stock, but not many. The visitor announced that he was willing to take all he could get at \$1 a hundred. The stock was soon exhausted and the dealers have set to work to meet the demand by advertising for boys to catch lizards.

The task is easy enough. There is scarcely a garden in New Orleans but holds hundreds of lizards; and this is especially the case with the gardens of the creole section of the city, "down town" as it is called, where the wild wealth of vegetation and rotting wooden fences offer the lizards the very home they want. The lizards live among the foliage by the thousands, well concealed, save from the boys, by their colors, for they are brown when on the fences and green when on the bushes. They are an easy mark for any active boy, and perfectly harmless. They neither sting nor bite; but they are very delicate and brittle, especially about the tail, which frequently breaks off in handling, but that seems not to matter in the least to the lizard.

NATIONALITIES IN HAWAII.—There is no place in the world where such various nationalities, and such widely different races can be found in so small an area. It is true that on the mainland such races are to be found, but not all in one spot. Few people realize how many different nationalities are to be found in our schools and that few schools are confined to one nationality. The statistics of school children give Hawaiians, Part-Hawaiians, American, British, German, Portuguese, Scandinavian, Japanese, Chinese, Porto Ricans and scattering which are classed as "other foreigners." The tabulation of teachers gives Hawaiian, Part-Hawaiian, American, British, German, French, Belgian, Scandinavian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese and others. The Japanese and Chinese teachers are not employed in the public schools of the territory, but are engaged in private schools. The main body of the teachers in the public schools are American, Hawaiian, Part-Hawaiian and British.—Honolulu Star.

spark in the tinder and the match ignites, flaming up, and the darkness vanishes, so did the scheme of villainy unfold itself; not all at once—one does not at one glance comprehend a conspiracy so vile—but part, I say, I did understand.

"Sir," I gasped, "this is more opportune than you suspect. Tomorrow morning at 6 at St. Nicholas' church they are to be married secretly. Oh, a gambler, a rake, one who has wasted his patrimony, to marry Molly—our Molly! Sir, you will interfere. You will do something. It is the villain, Sam; he was always a liar, a cur, a villain!"

"Steady, boy, steady," said my father. "It helps not to call names."

"It is partly revenge. He dared to make love to Molly three years ago. The captain cudgeled him handsomely, and I was there to see it. It is revenge in part. He hath brought down this noble lord to marry an actress, knowing the misery he is preparing for her. Oh, Sam, if I had been there!"

"Steady, boy," said my father again. "Who spread abroad the many virtues of this noble villain? Sam Semple—in his service, a most base and dishonorable service. Mr. Purden, the man who writes ribald verses?"

I thought of the Lady Anastasia, but refrained. She at least had nothing to do with this marriage. So far, however, there was much explained.

"What shall we do?"

"We must prevent the marriage of tomorrow. The captain knows nothing of it. Lord Fyngdale persuaded Molly. He cannot marry her publicly, because he cannot join a wedding feast with people so much below him. Molly shall not keep that engagement if I have to lock the door and keep the key."

"Better than that, Jack," said the vicar. "Take these two letters. Show them to Molly and ask her to wait while the captain makes inquiries. If Lord Fyngdale is an honorable man, he will court inquiry. If not, then we are well rid of a noble knave."

I took the letters and ran across the empty market place. On my way I saw the captain. He was walking toward the Crown, with banging head.

Let us first deal with the captain. He entered the room, hung up his hat on the usual peg and put his stick in its accustomed corner. Then he took his seat and looked round.

"I am glad," he said, "that there is none present except you two. My friends, I am heavy at heart."

"So are we," said the vicar. "But go on, captain."

"You have heard, perhaps, a rumor of what has been arranged?"

"There are rumors of many kinds. The place is full of rumors. It is rumored that a certain Colonel Layton is a sharper. It is also rumored that Sam Semple is a villain. It is further rumored that the Rev. Benjamin Purden is a disgrace to the cloth, and there is yet another rumor. What is your rumor, captain?"

"Lord Fyngdale proposes to marry Molly, and I have accepted, and she has accepted, but it was to be a profound secret."

"It is so profound a secret that the company at the gardens this evening are talking about nothing else."

The captain groaned. "I have received a letter," he said. "I do not believe it, but the contents are disquieting. There is no signature. Read it."

The vicar read it: "Captain Crowl—Sir, you are a very simple old man. You are so ignorant of London and of the fashionable world that you do not even know that Lord Fyngdale, to whom you are about to give your ward, is the most notorious gambler, rake and profligate in the whole of that quarter where the people of fashion and of quality carry on their profligate lives. In the interests of innocence and virtue make some inquiry into the truth of this statement before laying your lovely ward in the arms of the villain who has come to Lynn with no other object than to secure her fortune."

"It is an anonymous letter," said the vicar, "but there is something to be said in support of it. From what source did you derive your belief in the virtues of this young nobleman?"

"From Sam Semple."

"Who is in the service of his lordship. I know not what he does for him, but if he is turned out of that service he will infallibly be clapped into a debtor's prison."

"There is also that grave and reverend divine—"

"The man Purden. He is notorious for writing ribald verses and for leading a life that is a disgrace to his profession."

"There is also the Lady Anastasia."

"I know nothing about her ladyship except that she keeps the bank, as they call it, every evening and that the gambling table allures many to their destruction."

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"I am more than her guardian. I love her better than if she was my own child."

"We know you do, captain. Therefore write a letter to him. Tell him these things. Say that you must have time to make these inquiries. I will help you with the letter. And tell him as well that you must have time to draw up settlements. If he is honest, he will consent to this investigation into his private character. If he wants Molly and not her money bag, he will for the pursuing columns. Every now and then Gen. DeLarey would visit her, and on one occasion he came to her sick and she nursed him. But while he was lying sick in the farm house the columns came upon them. Gen. DeLarey leaped out of bed, and with the help of a small command of men with him, fought off the attack and succeeded

ed in escaping. On another occasion Mrs. DeLarey proved more clever than her husband. He was proposing to rest a night in the farmhouse, but she did not like the looks of it. Her military eye seemed to see danger. So she persuaded her husband to move. It was fortunate that she did so, as the enemy came to that farm house immediately when they had left. Mrs. DeLarey was wandering in this manner when she heard that her husband had captured Lord Methuen. At first she would not believe it, but when she found it was true she made her way to her husband's laager. She said she wanted to see Lord Methuen and have a talk with him. She took with her a fowl and some provisions as a present. Lord Methuen consented to see her and was obliged to tell her that he had destroyed her house. Mrs. DeLarey must have got some Christian consolation after presenting him with the fowl and helping to nurse him.

Then came the question what DeLarey should do with his prisoner. The young Boers were all against giving him up because he had treated Mrs. DeLarey in a manner they did not approve of. But Gen. DeLarey and his wife took a larger view. "What can we do with him?" they asked, "if we keep him? If he goes with us he will probably die on one of our treks and then his blood will be put to our charge. Better be generous and hand him back. The general had some difficulty with his men, but at last persuaded them. And Gen. and Mrs. DeLarey performed an act of high generosity which was probably the strongest influence in bringing the war to an end. But it seems to me that the generosity of Mrs. DeLarey was even greater than that of the general. Certainly in her 18 months' campaign she showed quite as much strategy as any of the Boer generals in escaping. What a pity it is that this tale of woman's heroism cannot be fully told, and that we cannot place it in history as a pendant to the wanderings of DeWet.—London Daily Mail.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Roosevelt Says That We Must Back It Up With Power.

In a speech at Rutland, Vt., one day last week, President Roosevelt spoke in part as follows:

"We believe in the Monroe doctrine, not as a means of aggression, at all. It does not mean that we are aggressive toward any power. It means merely that as the biggest power on this continent we remain steadfastly true to the principles first formulated under the presidency of John Monroe, through John Quincy Adams—the principle that this continent must not be treated as a subject for political colonization by any European power. As I say, that is not an aggressive doctrine. It is a doctrine of peace, a doctrine of defense, a doctrine to secure the chance on this continent for the United States here to develop peacefully along their own lines. Now we have formulated that doctrine. If our formulations consist simply of statements on the stump or on paper they are not worth the time to utter them, or the paper on which they are written."

"Remember that the Monroe doctrine will be respected as long as we have a first-class, efficient navy, and not very much longer. In private life he who asserts something, says what he is going to do, and does not back it up, is always a contemptible creature, and as a nation the last thing we can afford to do is to take a position which we do not intend to try to make good. Bragg and boasting in private life are almost always the signs of a weak man, and a nation that is strong does not need its account. Least of all does a self-respecting nation wish its public representatives to threaten, or menace, or insult another power. Our attitude toward all powers must be one of such dignified courtesy, and respect as we intend that they shall show us in return. We must be willing to give the friendly regard that we exact from them; we must not more wrong them than when we take a position, let us remember that our holding it depends upon ourselves, depends upon our showing that we have the ability to hold it."

"Shame to us if we assert the Monroe doctrine, and if our assertion shall be called in question, show that we have only made an idle boast; that we are not prepared to back up our words by deeds." (Loud applause.)

The president took lunch with Senator Proctor. Rutland was the next stop. He was greeted by a crowd of 6,000 people, and from a stand in the square delivered a brief address. The stop here was for 20 minutes, and the president resumed his tour for Bellows Falls.

A BOER HEROINE.

General DeLarey's Wife in the Field For Eighteen Months.

The party of Boers who have come to England with the generals include many who have had exciting experiences during the war. In talking to them you realize that it has been quite as much a woman's war as a man's on the side of the Boers. Perhaps, indeed, the most permanent fact that will survive in history will be the part that has been played by the women. Take the case of Mrs. DeLarey. She has been actually "in the field" for 18 months. She does not look like it. She just looks a kindly, middle-aged mother of a family who has lived quiet all her life.

It all arose in this way. In the course of "guerrilla" war Gen. DeLarey would occasionally come and visit his wife in a manner that perplexed and annoyed Gen. Methuen perhaps more than anything else happening in the war. It certainly must have been annoying, but perhaps the best plan would have been to have grinned and borne it. Unhappily this was not the rule with the British general when he found himself crossed by Boer women. It was intimated to Mrs. DeLarey that she must pledge herself not to give lodgings to her husband. Now Mrs. DeLarey is a plucky woman and a devoted wife. She refused. "As long as I live," she replied, "I shall give lodgings to my husband when he comes to me." "Very well, then," Lord Methuen intimated, "you must go into camp." But Mrs. DeLarey refused to go into the camp. "Give me a wagon," she said, "and I will go and shift for myself." So they gave her a wagon and they asked her where she was going. "Into the wide world," she said, and she went.

That was at the end of the year 1900, and from that time until the end of the war Mrs. DeLarey wandered about the veldt, now sleeping in one place, now in another, always on the eve of being captured, sometimes escaping by the barest interval of time from the pursuing columns. She carried her children with her in her wagon and cooking utensils sufficient to live a tolerable life. The plucky lady occasionally found a house where she could spend a night or two; but for the most part she was perpetually on the move and perpetually keeping her weather eye open for the pursuing columns. Every now and then Gen. DeLarey would visit her, and on one occasion he came to her sick and she nursed him. But while he was lying sick in the farm house the columns came upon them. Gen. DeLarey leaped out of bed, and with the help of a small command of men with him, fought off the attack and succeeded

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"Fortunately I was unhurt, and I got on my feet immediately and went back to see if the others were injured. It all happened in a second or two. The car was going at a very rapid rate. Unless he had lost control of it, I can't see how the motorman could have allowed it to travel so fast at such a time."

"It came down upon us like a flash. Naturally, I suppose our driver thought he had the right of way."

"My injuries don't amount to anything. The bruise on my face is no more than a man might get in a polo game or any other sport in which he might unskillfully engage."

"I don't mind my disfigurement, and would regard the affair as a mere incident of the trip if it had not resulted in the death of Craig. I was genuinely fond of him. He was faithful and ready, I regret his death more than I can say."

"In order not to disappoint the people I gave instructions that the trip should be finished as scheduled. But I hope the people have not been disappointed that I did not attempt to make any address at the stops but merely stated what had happened."

"I regret exceedingly that the New England trip, carried through so delightfully to the last day, should have had such a tragic ending."

A RAILROAD EPOCH.

American Construction Passes the 200,000 Mile Mark.

The beginning of the second half of 1902 sees the railroads of the United States cross the 200,000 mile line. Construction during the past six months was not especially active, though it was larger than last year's corresponding time, but the total which had been reached by the end of 1901, was so near the 200,000 mile mark that that line was certain to be passed long before 1902 neared its close. It is only by comparing this mileage with that of some of the rest of the great