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YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1903.

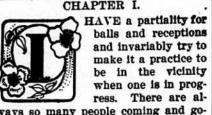
NO. 16.



PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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ways so many people coming and going that a stranger on the premises seldom attracts attention. It is an excellent time for inspecting basement windows, cellar doors and outbuild-

In a general way servants are more careless on such nights about locking up, and the hostess and her guests always bring out their best jewels and leave them loose on bureaus and mantelpleces after retiring. It may not have struck the casual observer that people sleep much more soundly after a ball than ordinarily. They are a longer time in retiring, but when everything is finally quiet about the house it would take nothing less than a pistol shot to rouse them. I suppose they are completely exhausted and after the excitement of the evening do not dream of burglars.

One March night I waited until after 3 o'clock for one of these festivities to draw to a close. It was cold and raw outside in the shrubbery, and I grew impatient at the lateness of the guests in taking their departure. The house was a large, old fashioned mansion just outside of the city limits, and from its general air and appearance I knew that considerable wealth in the shape of solid silverware and family heirlooms was contained in it. Following the custom of the day, the hostess would, I thought, bring all these relics from their hiding places and show them to her guests.

It was anticipation of a rich haul that kept me from giving up the job in disgust, for I was tired and exhausted with several nights' unlucky ing out of the darkness. Instantly I ventures, and my patience seemed grasped my revolver and directed my sorely tried.

When the lights finally went out, I breathed easier and felt my courage returning. Everything promised to run smoothly. I had succeeded in disposing of the watchdog earlier in the evening and had discovered an unfastened window opening into the coalroom in the cellar, which I believed the servants would not think to lock so late at night.

I waited a good hour after the last flickering light had disappeared. Then I crept softly up to the house, and, concealed in its shadow, listened for sounds. There was none, except those



I saw that I was looking into the mouth

strange, almost inexpressible voices which seem to come from nowhere in the dead of night. I do not know that anybody has ever noticed them, but I have always fancied that they were like the breathing of the earth-if such a thing were possible-for they come in

regular, rhythmic pulsations. I crept along the side of the house until I reached the basement window, and, finding it unlocked, as I expected, I softly opened it and looked in. I was not positive that the window opened into the coalroom, but from the general appearance of things I felt reasonably sure I was right. Not to make any mistake or misstep in the darkness, I lowered my bag of tools until it struck something which gave forth a metallic sound. Swinging the bag back and forth, I succeeded in identifying the object as a tin pan.

As I was afraid to use my dark lantern outside, I lowered myself cautiously into the basement. Instead of the coal bin I found myself in the dairy room of the house. The odor from newly made butter, fresh milk and cream cheese gave me such an overpowering appetite that I had to satisfy it before I could go any farther. By groping around on the shelves I succeeded in getting a pretty fair supply of food-milk and cream in abundance, good cheese, several mince pies, some

cake and cold meat.. The night was early yet for my work, and I did not regret the time I spent in eating of that cold but tempting repast. I would have felt better had I discovered a bottle of good wine, but in its absence the fresh milk was a

fair substitute. The door leading from the dairy room to the basement laundry was not might recall to you this meeting." locked, and I quietly entered the latter place, I now ventured to open a little he replied firmly.

the slide of my dark lantern, and by means of it I found the stairs leading to the ground floor. The servants'

arousing any one I removed my shoes. The house was spacious and roomy, and I had to take note of my surroundings as I proceeded, so that I might find my way back again without blundering. It is a poor general, I have always thought, who burns his bridges behind him. More than once this careful habit of mine has saved me from unpleasant complications.

When I passed-from the kitchen into the dining room, I was greatly surprised not to find any solid pieces of silver. Even many of the expensive pieces of bric-a-brac that are usual tosuch houses were gone. It looked as if the hostess had anticipated robbery and had stripped the tables and mantelpieces of every small article of special value.

Although disappointed, I made my way upstairs, hoping to find some loose jewelry at least on the bureaus. There were signs of the feast and entertainment all about the hall and rooms, but was unable to find anything that appealed to my tastes. I passed from one bedroom to another, with about the same result. I could hear the regular breathing of the occupants of the house, and a distant noise in the rear told me that one man was a good snorer. So long as that rhythmic sound continued I felt that I was safe from

After making a detour of the rooms finally entered a small chamber that was used for storing linen and trunks. It occurred to me that possibly the missing things were packed away in this room. I closed the door gently behind me and turned on the slide

from my lantern. As I did so I was suddenly startled by the bright ray of some light shoottoward the spot. The result of this movement was to produce a queer combination.

I saw that I was looking into the mouth of a revolver held in the hands of a man who was inspecting me by the aid of a dark lantern similar to my own. My own revolver was covering the place where his heart should

The discovery must have been simultaneous, for we both flashed the light of our lanterns into each other's face and gazed long and silently. Neither wore a mask, and in the uncovered eyes there was cool, deadly resolve written. It would have been foolhardy for either to shoot, for the life of the other would have been instantly sacrificed. I waited a full minute or two for the man to speak.

"Well," I said finally, unwilling to bear the strain of silence longer, "you seem to be ahead of me tonight, and I must congratulate you upon the neatness of your work. I haven't found a thing behind you."

The man was not inclined to answer at first, but I continued in a reassuring

"We may as well call a truce. It would be folly for either of us to shoot. I don't want to get you in trouble any more than myself."

I had been struck by the fine, handsome features of the man, but when he spoke in a well modulated, musical voice I was further puzzled. He did not look like one of my set.

"What kind of a truce do you want?" he asked. "You see I have you covered with my revolver and could kill you in an instant."

"But you fail to notice mine," I answered. "A very slight pressure of the trigger would send a bullet through your heart."

I thought he turned a trifle paler, but his voice was steady and unquavering. "I admit that and accept the situation. But tell me what terms you propose for your truce."

"Simply these: We should go into partnership at least for tonight. I have had as much trouble in getting into the house as you, and I have run just as much risk, but you got ahead of me and made a complete job. I admire the way you have done the work. Even I couldn't do it better, and I don't think you belong to the class I"-

"Never mind that," he interrupted impatiently. "Stick to your terms and be quick."

"Well, to come straight to the point," added, a little nettled at his abrupt ways, "I propose that we divide the plunder you have collected. For your extra trouble you take two-thirds and I one-third. Is that fair?"

He remained silent a moment and then said: "If I agree to such a bargain, noth-

ing further will ever be said of tonight's work?" "Not a word."

"And you will never recognize me if you should happen to meet me on the street or anywhere else?"

I did not like this part of the bargain, for I believe that every one should be placed on the same level in such a business and that one man should not set himself up to being better than another, but I finally assented, with the exception of one slight qualification: "Not unless we happen to meet under

similar circumstances again. Then I "I don't think that is likely to occur,"

"Well, I'll trust you. I will give you one-third of all I have collected. I believe that you will keep your part of the agreement if I keep mine."

There was honesty written in his face, and I would have trusted him to the extent of pocketing my revolver, but again he got ahead of me. I stood there covering him with my weapon half a minute after he had put his pistol in his pocket. A temptation to make him give everything to me under penalty of death seized me for an instant when I realized that he had placed himself in my power. But that same rich, musical voice suddenly recalled me to my bargain.

"Here, take this bag outside with you, and we will divide the thing where there is less chance of detecquarters were above me, and to avoid

"Have you been all over the house?" I asked in a little confusion.

"Yes, all over. There is nothing worth taking left." He moved toward the door and started to open it. He turned an instant and asked:

"How did you come in?" "Through a cellar window," I replied. "A clumsy way when you could have

entered by the front door." "Do you mean to say"- I began. "S-s-s-h, don't speak now. I'm opening the door. Follow me."

I never felt the power of a man so strangely before. I attributed it to the fact that I was in the presence of a master who put my feeble accomplishments entirely into the background, and yet I had prided myself upon my

We walked stealthily down the stairs and out of the front door to the lawn. He carried a pack larger than mine. When we reached the shelter of a clump of trees, we both stopped.

"It is getting late, and it will be light soon," my strange companion said. We must make our division quickly." In the same quick, masterful and, if say it, honest way he made a division of the spoils, giving me more than one-

"Now, if you are satisfied, we will part," he said. "I think we have no further need of each other."

I made a motion as if to follow him, but he waved me back, saying: "Good night. I must be going."

He turned and walked rapidly through the gloom, leaving me standing there as nonplused as any man engaged in such a hazardous business as mine could ever afford to be.

CHAPTER II.



tarry long in the vicinity of a house that I have looted, for the police have an unpleasant way of arresting suspicious characters simply to

cover up their inability to find a clew otherwise. It gives the impression that they are really doing something to capture the burglar. They are always so close mouthed, too, that people imagine they are working diligently on the track and that the arrested characters form a part of their deeply laid plan.

But in this case I overruled my better sense and decided to hang around the scene of my last engagement just to satisfy a feeling that I was in some way to meet again the man who had so generously shared his spoils with me. True, he had found himself in such a position that something had to be done to buy me off; but, as I thought afterward, he could easily have outwitted me and escaped with all the

plunder. On the following afternoon I dressed myself in a spare suit of clothes which I always keep for an emergency and wandered out of the city limits toward the old fashioned mansion. As I approached it I caught a glimpse of an active little man who seemed to be inspecting the premises with great concern. Without hesitation I put him down as a detective, one of those half policemen whose shrewdness consists chiefly in following a trail that is as

clear as. daylight. I felt no fear of him, for I knew that he was not the kind of man to capture a professional. I knew that a bold front would disarm him of all suspicion quicker than anything else. If he caught me sneaking about the neighborhood, he would very likely ar-

Passing near the front of the house where he seemed busily engaged in studying the broken shrubbery, I ac-

costed him. "Is this the house that was robbed last night?" I asked innocently, looking with great curiosity at the place. "Is it? Why, who said any house

was robbed?" He gave me a hard stare, which I returned without seeming bold.

"The papers are full of it," I replied. 'And, being out this way, I thought I'd look around a bit and see the house."

"Oh, you did. eh? Well, it isn't a safe place just now for strangers." "Why not? There are no burglars here now, I hope. If there are, I'd like to get a look at 'em." He seemed to smile inwardly at my

ignorance. "Well, nobody is allowed on the place," he answered rather brusquely. "And so, if you haven't any business here, you can march on."

"But there is no harm looking at

the house from the street, is there?" "No, but the people don't want to be stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harry in the country, so please move on." I hardly noticed his last remark, sointerested was I by the appearance of two people on the piazza. One was a beautiful young woman with a figure and face that would attract attention anywhere. She walked down the front steps and turned an instant to speak to her companion.

But, handsome as she was, the man who followed her attracted me more, and for an instant I felt myself grow-

Then in a firm, measured voice he ing dizzy. Fortunately for me the detective had turned to greet the young couple, and he did not see my sudden consternation.

I never forget faces that I have once particularly noticed. It is a part of my discipline to remember them. This one I had every reason to remember very well. Although I had only seen it by the aid of my dark lantern at ally forgot to thank either of them. night, I knew instantly that it belonged to my companion in crime.

He was handsomely dressed, and his clear cut features gave him an aristocratic appearance that must have been born in him. A slight pallor of the face suggested the possibility of some inherited disease that he was unable to control. As he walked alongside the beautiful woman I had to think what a noble couple they made. Each seemed made for the other.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, have you any clew yet?" I heard him say in his rich voice as he passed the detective. "Only a slight one," was the ready

reply. "It is difficult to find any traces that may point to anything particular. but by putting this and that together I think I will be able to have a clew before night."

I saw the gentleman smile, and I admired him for his coolness. He evidently had no more confidence in the detective's shrewdness than I, and he was not courting fear unnecessarily. "How smart these detectives are,

Charles!" his companion said in all seriousness. 'They accomplish such wonders that I should think a robber would be in mortal terror of them all the time."

"Yes, Belle, they are sometimes shrewd, and again they are not. It all depends upon the man. This Mr. Jenkins seems to me like a very persistent and determined person, a sort of human hound, but I doubt very much if he has much capacity for solving a profound mystery."

"You haven't much confidence in him, then?"

"Yes and no," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. They were walking down the pave-

ment toward the gate as they talked, and so eager was I to hear their words that I very foolishly exposed myself to their view.

As they came around a clump of shrubbery they suddenly stumbled upon me. I had just a moment in which. to pull myself together and to doff my hat.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said without

Politeness is a second nature to me, for I have associated with gentlemen enough to know their ways and have consciously absorbed some of their manners. "Why, you frightened me," the lady

"I did not know anybody was said. there." "I beg your pardon again then, ma'am. I was passing by, and I did not

see you either." While I was speaking to the lady I was furtively watching the face of the one she called Charles. I was a little concerned to see how he would take the meeting. He was looking at me so impassively that I wondered if he recognized me. Such self control did not seem possible even in the most experi-

"I judge you're another one of the curiosity seekers," he said pleasantly. 'We've had scores of them here this morning, staring at the house as if it were a dime museum. There's nothing like a robbery to attract the attention

of the country people." His failure to show any signs of concern over our meeting piqued me a little, and on the spur of the moment I determined to pursue a course that would arouse him.

"I confess that curiosity brought me here first," I answered, "but then I had



"Excuse me, ma'am."

to come out into the country for my bread and butter. I couldn't get any work in the city, and I thought the country people couldn't treat me any worse.

"Have you been out of work long?" the lady asked. "Yes, for nearly a month now, and I

am at the end of my rope," I replied glibly. Her eyes and words made me ashamed of myself. Only the night be-

fore I had robbed her house, and here I was eliciting sympathy from her. But I thought if I was a scoundrel her companion was a worse one. "Is there nothing we can do for him, Charles?" she asked, turning to him. This was a shot that I expected

would make itself felt. But the pale, handsome face did not change. to me: "Do you know anything about

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. "I've

had a good deal of experience as a groom and coachman." This was partly true and partly false. "Well, my groom has le tare and if you want to apply for the los. In call won't be botherin' him in his stud-

horses?"

and readiness to engage me that I nearly lost his words of instruction. I ognize the place before they moved on.

I heard their "good day" as one in a dream, and probably for the first time in my life politeness failed me. I actu-

success or he had failed to recognize me. I was inclined to accept the latter as true, and he fell somewhat in my estimation. To forget a face so soon was something that no one of our profession could well afford.

CHAPTER III.



HAT night I spent on the place of Charles Goddard and made myself as familiar with his family history as systematic pumping of the coach-

man would permit. "An easy man he is to get along with," my informant volunteered. There ain't the likes of him anywhere else in the country. An' the sweet missus is jest as good. She's an angel, my wife says, if there ever was one."

"You mean the lady he's engaged to," I replied, "the one who lives over in the mansion that was robbed the other night?" *

"Exactly! Miss Belle Stetson, the only lady that's worthy such a man as my master." "How long have they been engaged

and when are they to be married?" "Now ye're goin' too fast. I didn't say they was engaged, did I? And if they ain't engaged I couldn't say when they're goin' to be married, could I? Some say they're engaged, an' others say they ain't. How do I know who's right?"

The man was only waiting to reveal more of the relationship between the two young people, and I catered to his natural weakness by encouraging him "Ye must be a stranger around

these parts indeed if ye don't know what ye ask me," he continued, with a shrug of the shoulder in reply to my questions. "I wouldn't be a-tellin' it to every

one, but seein' ye're goin' to be one of the family I don't mind speakin' plainlike to ye." He puffed noisily upon his black pipe, ending the smoke upward in dense

clouds. His name was John, and he claimed to be an Irish American; but, while he had lost much of his brogue, e still retained all the l first ancestors.

"Mr. Goddard comes from one of the oldest families of this country, an' old Dr. Stetson-God bless him, he was a good man in his day-wasn't a bit behiad the Goddards. I've often heerd the old folks arguin' about their ancestors. The doctor always said he came over in the Mayflower. I don't know much about the Mayflower, except what I've heerd the old doctor say, but she must have been a pretty fine ship. She brought the doctor over-no, the doctor's grandfather or greatgrandfather, I don't just remember which-an' he always said that was enough glory for any man. But old Mr. Goddard would rile the doctor by sayin' that he thought bein' a gentleman of France under King Louis was a greater honor an' that his ancestors descended direct from kings an' emperors. They couldn't agree noway, an' they just made up long enough to pick a new quarrel. I've heerd tell how they'd talk peaceful-like about the politics of the country till they got to goin' about ancestors, an' then in five minutes they'd be shakin' their

sticks in each other's faces an' callin' one another liars. "Buf this didn't seem to make no difference with their children. They jest played togethere brothers an' sisters. When they was po bigger'n up to my knee they'd talk about lovin' one another an' about gettin' married. The old doctor and Mr. Goddard laughed at this an' forgot to quarrel sometimes about their ancestors jest

to see the little ones makin' love. "They seemed to be born fur each other, an' everybody said they'd get narried some day. But when Mr. Goddard died somebody said his son had inherited his disease an' that he wasn't long fur this world. Nobody seemed to know jest what the disease was, but they said it was incurable an' some-

thing not to be spoken lightly of. "But about that disease of Mr. Charles Goddard I ain't so sure. Old Dr. Stetson was quite riled about it, an' he said he wouldn't let his daughter marry any man that had it in his system. Mr. Charles got angry an' went away. He was gone for five years, an' folks hereabouts said the match was broken off. It did look that

way fur a time. "But when the doctor died Mr. Charles turned up ag'in an' lived in the old house jest as if nothin' had ever happened. He made up with the doctor's daughter, an' they've been comin' an' goin' together ever since. There was hopes for a time that they'd make a match after all. But there ain't no tellin' jest what may happen. He never seemed to be quite the same after comin' home. He was pale an' quietlike, jest as if that disease was a-developin' an' takin' hold of him.

"He brought a doctor back with him to look after his health. He'd met the man somewhere when he was travelin' -in Paris, I think-an' this fellow jest house. It's haunted, people round here mind that. He laughs at spirits an' says he ain't afraid of 'em. Besides, he likes such a place, fur then people around at my house tonight, i live in les. He don't like to have folks runthe first house on the left down this nin' after him. He's been studyin' Mr. Charles' disease an' is writin' a book demann, the same are not true in so a wash leather.

He pointed out his residence, but I | that will astonish the world. Then was so taken aback by his affability he always said he was poor an' couldn't afford to rent a good house. He got that house fur nothin', an' I recovered sufficiently, however, to rec. guess Mr. Charles pays him well enough to live without starvin'.

"I ain't makin' no criticism of Dr. Squires, fur he's a smart man an' does Mr. Charles plenty of good, but he shouldn't have gone on so with Miss Throughout the interview he had Stetson. He's good lookin', an' he been playing a part with wonderful ain't good lookin'. He's too dark an' furrin lookin' to suit my tastes, but he makes an impression on the ladies. I suppose they likes a man that don't

look like other men. "I ain't certain but Miss Stetson likes him better now than she does Mr. Charles. He's always so polite an' at-tentive to her, an' he's got an air of mystery bout him that seems to charm not look in the direction of Mr. Till-Charles. He's always so polite an' atmystery 'bout him that seems to charm her. Mr. Charles ain't blind to things either. He knows which way the wind is a-blowin', but he don't do nothin'. If he'd go in an' try to get her, I think he'd win. But he don't, an' the doctor does. Mr. Charles seems to be standin' aside while this furrin friend of his gets the girl an' all her disease. He's waitin' fur the doctor to cure him of it afore he asks her to

marry him. "But there ain't no harm of expressin' an opinion between us. Dr. Squires won't cure him until he's married Miss Stetson, an' then it will be too late." With this wise conclusion my new friend the coachman finished his story

and puffed away full ten minutes in agitated silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TILLMAN'S OWN STORY.

ings, before Chief Justice Pope, in Co-

lumbia last Thursday:

James H. Tillman, being duly sworn, says: That in addition to the affidavit heretofore made by him, he submits the following: That he has read the affidavits of Joseph R. Allen and Policeman Boland, and says in reply there-to that he did walk towards the city hall, all the while, at least for some distance, obliquing to the left, with his pistol down to his side. That as well as he recollects he bowed to a man on the platform of a street car, whom he took to be either the conductor or motorman. I am under the impression that I walked across the street car collect all that was said by Mr. Bo-land or by me, but I think his statement as to what occurred is near about right. I recollect Policeman Boland asking for my pistol, but did not wish should be protected, as I stated to him I did not wish to be butchered up. I think I was about midway, opposite the city hall, when this occurred. I then turned to go with Policeman Boland to the station house and, after turning the city hall corner, going down Gervais street, my brother-inlaw, Judge Buchanan, came rushing

up and asked what was the matter. I said to the policeman that he was my brother-in-law and he then accompanled us to the police station. The magazine of my pistol had been the gunsmith's. He said nothing to me about the magazine until the next morning, when he asked me for the pistol, saying he had to take it to Steiglitz to put the magazine in. I do not know at what time he took the pisnot know at what time he took the pis-tol to Steiglitz nor when he brought it on when he brought it E. F. DeCamp, who had brought on the to my room at the state house. He told me some time during the morning that he had left the pistol in my room. I do not own a Prince Albert frock

oat, nor have I worn one since my arrival in the city of Columbia. I neither had on a Prince Albert coat on Tuesday, January 13, 1903, nor did I have a pistol in my hip pocket, stop on Main street near my hip pocket, nor did I building and "look up and down the street, as if expecting some one to pass." I was not looking for any one in whom I was interested to pas The affiant, F. W. Smith, I am informed, is a boy 12 years old, and Vedder Zimmerman, about the same age. I do not recall meeting Mr. S. T. D. Lancaster on the 14th day of January 1903, but if he did see me, he could not have seen a pistol "sticking out from

pistol I had in Columbia being broken as above stated. That Mr. S. J. Young may be correct when he states he saw me "about twelve feet from the inside of the pavement," and I may have had my pistol elevated. I know I did not have it pointed at N. G. Gonzales, but I was looking at him, momentarily expecting him to fire upon me, and when he did not do so I lowered it to my side. In reference to the statement of Arlege Lyles, who, I have been inform-

ed, is a boy about 12 or 14 years of age, I do know that after having fired and the fire not being returned, I lowered my pistol, as by that time Senator Tal-bird got between me and Mr. Gonzales. let me alone now." I do know that I did go, as Arlege Lyles says, across the street obliquing, looking in the direction where the difficulty occurred and at Mr. Gonzales, until I got to the street car track and crossed it, was about this time that Policeman Boland came up.
I do not know Mr. C. M. Lide, who

states he was walking behind Mr. Gonzales and in the same direction. Mr. Lide states: "That he (referring to Lide states: me) maintained that position with his hands in his overcoat pockets until just before he had fired the shot hereinafterwards described." He also states: "When just as he (Gonzales) was going around the three on the inside of the pavement, Tillman being on the outside of the three, and near the outer edge of the pavement and having both his hands in his overcoat watches Mr. Charles all the time. He pockets, the latter (that is Tillman) lives over there in that old brown suddenly fired his pistol." My overcoat has no front side pockets, and it was, therefore a physical impossibility say, an' spirits come an' go every for me to have my hands in my overnight. But young Dr. Squires don't coat pockets-the only pockets in my said overcoat being in each tail of the rear of said coat, and I had a pair of gloves in my left hand, both hands being by my side. This statement I beg to verify by the coat, which is in the possession of the sheriff. As to the affidavits of Abram Brown

far as they conflict with the statement now made and heretofore made and which is corroborated by the affidavits of Melton C. Lorick and W. H. Hall, and that of Richard H. Holsen-

I have only to say in reference to the affidavit of Mrs. Emma C. Melton, that the lady is mistaken in the position in which she places me on the sidewalk. I know nothing, of course, neither had I any knowledge up to that time, and none now, save as is stated in Mrs. Melton's affidavit and those of some others, that it was Mr. Gonzales's habit to walk with his hands in his pockets. When he obliqued across, coming towards me, I again repeat, he glared at me, pushing his entire right hand in his overcoat pocket, and giving me every indication and grounds to believe, as I have heretofore stated, that he intended to assault me with a pistol. To

tion, to which he was walking, and through which I had slowed up to let him pass." Attention is called to the affidavit of Mr. Robert Lathan, wherethat he had glanced at my face.

I deny in toto the statement which friend of his gets the girl an' all her Mr. Robt. Lathan says Gonzales made money. Mebbe it's because of that old to him in reference to how the difficulty occurred. Mr. Gonzales never said to me what Mr. Lathan says he told him. If he did so state I did not hear him. and no affidavit has been submitted by

man; he was looking directly at the

opening between the inside gentlemen (Senator Brown) and the transfer sta-

any of the bystanders that they heard him say it.

Deponent avers that he has no recollection of any acquaintance with O. D. Black, who has made an affidavít herein, and denies that he had any conversation at the time referred to on the

railroad train or in November last at the Albion hotel, in Augusta, Ga. I do recollect having a conversation with Mr. E. J. Watson, a reporter for conversation as stated in his affidavit. As early as 1890 the said N. G. Gonzales commenced making misstate-ments in reference to me in the public prints of this state, and publicly avowed and published the fact that he was Slayer of Gonzales Gives Reason
For His Violent Deed.
Following is the affidavit that James
H. Tillman submitted through his counsel at the habeas corpus proceedtogs before Chief Listice Pope, in Cologs before Evening Journal, the truth of which he did not guarantee, but stated them as rumor, Mr. Gonzales had himself quoted in the State of April, 1893, as saying that the statement was a false-hood without a shadow of excuse, and also referred to it in the editorial col-umns of the said newspaper, of which

he was the editor, on the 16th day of April, 1893. That the natred of Mr. Gonzales toward deponent was personal; that un-der the pretext of doing good he hard-

ly attempted to cover his malice and vindictiveness towards me. From the time of my entry into pub-lic life there has been an incessant, that I walked across the street car track at the end of a car which was standing on it. Directly after I crossed the track on Main street, Policeman Boland came up to me. I still had my pistol down at my side. I do not recollect all that was said by Mr. Boear 1890, down through the service in the army and up to the said date, to give it up until he assured me that filled with brutal insinuations, coarse perversions of facts and false insinuations of the actings and doings of our deponent; that in the issue of the State of April 1, 1902, four colimns of vituperation and abuse were devoted to your deponent; on August three columns on the editorial page of vilification and abuse: on August 8, one column, and almost daily editorial comment from said date up to and including August 29, 1902, and even after said time. In the State's survey, editorial columns, Aug. 26, 1902, he refers to your deponent as "reeling off miles of lies" desirous of having it repaired before returning home, I asked Mr. Fred Dominick on Wednesday to take it to Mr. W F Statelita's grant to the Confederate dead." And Mr. W. F. Steiglitz's gunshop and have it fixed for me, I being then engaged in my official duties at the state house, and did not have time to go to "and if he was found dead there bit," remains must have been thrown in after his demise from excessive weepan occurrence at Gaffney, S. C., he refers to your deponent as a braggart

> maintained the traditions of the pa-That prior to deponent's candidacy to the office of governor, to-wit: In the issue of the State of June 2, 1901, he wrote a bitter, sarcastic editorial of one and a half columns of your deponent, under the heading, "We Plead

for Sporting Statesman.

trouble, as "one of the first printers to

stick type for the State. He will per-

mit us to say that he has handsomely

After all this deponent submits that he was justified in believing from the writings of the said N. G. Gonzales, from the threats communicated to him, and from his actions when they met, that the said N. G. Gonzales intended to make an attack upon him, and his very movement, as seen by deponent, the (my) rear coat pocket," as I did not have a pistol with me—the only interpreted by anyone possessed of or-dinary firmness and reason, and depo-nent again reiterates that when he left the state house to go to his hotel, he did not know that he would meet the said N. G. Gonzales. That when depo-nent first saw him he was glaring at him and continued to do so until he, Gonzales, was almost up to him. That the said Gonzales then obliqued across the pavement in the direction of deponent. That when he obliqued was when deponent saw him thrust the thumb of his right hand into his overcoat pocket and the pocket was pushed backward. That the said Gonzales glared viciously at the deponent at the time he did this, and was cutting across, coming towards him. That deponent firmly believed that the said N. G. Gonzales was about to draw a pistol and fire upon him. That his man-ner, appearance and motions were such as to justify such belief by deponent or by any person of ordinary reason and firmness, who had been slandered, villified, abused and threatened as deponent had been. That deponent fired, believing his life was in danger, to save himself. That he regrets the neessity of being forced so to do; but fired upon reasonable apprehension that his life was about to be taken, or that he was about to receive serious odily harm and still so believes. Deponent further says in reference to

seeing Mr. Gonzales near a committee room in the state house, at the time mentioned in the affidavits of Robert Lathan and E. J. Watson, it is not true hat deponent then saw Mr. Gonzales, although he may have been in the posotion these gentlemen say he was.

Deponent further says that he has no recollection of seeing Mr. Gonzales either in the lobby of the state house or in the senate chamber, as it appears

from the affidavits of other parties he may have been. Stain on brass will soon disappear if rubbed with a cut lemon dipped in salt. When clean, wash in hot (a colored man) and of August Schie- water, dry with a cloth and polish with