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## PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN.

By George E. Walsh.

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### CHAPTER VI.

I was daybreak before I recovered from my fright, cleaned my clothes of the blood and dirt and returned to my quarters in the barn. John was not up yet, and when he finally came down to the stable I was busily engaged in grooming the horses. The experience of the night had left me a trifle pale and agitated, for in all my experience I had never been quite so near death's door. But John's was an unsuspecting nature, and I had nothing to fear from him.

"You're an early bird to get back so soon in the mornin'," he said, "an' your work half done, too, before breakfast."

"I got a lift most of the way out," I answered. "I caught a milk wagon coming this way."

"You're always lucky. Now, if that had been me I'd tramped all the way an' never met a soul unless it was somebody to hold me up."

"Hold you up!" I said disdainfully. "A man of your size and age afraid of being held up by highwaymen?"

"I never have been, but there are so many burglars goin' on roum' here that it makes me feel creepily when I'm out on the road after dark."

"I hadn't heard of many robberies," I replied; "none except that of the Stetson mansion the day before Mr. Goddard engaged me."

"Well, you haven't heard everything then. That was the fifth of six in four weeks, an' they have had four more houses entered since then."

This was genuine news to me, and I was interested. John continued: "They are slick ones, too, for they never leave any trace behind them. They detectives from the city don't seem to be able to do anything. They must come from the city over night an' get back again afore mornin'."

But they can't find any of the stolen goods—not in any of the pawnshops. It's a fine mystery to be a-hangin' over the place. You can't tell which house will be robbed next. The servants are all talkin' about leavin', an' nobody feels safe. I ain't sayin' that I'm not glad that I'm livin' out here over the barn instead of in the house. They never bother the stables, an' I suppose I'm all right."

"But you'd go to Mr. Goddard's assistance if an alarm was given at night?" I said.

"I ain't employed for that," John replied evasively, shifting his eyes from object to object. "I've got a wife an' child to look after, an' there ain't no reason why I should get killed to save my master a few dollars."

"No? Well, I'd go as soon as I found he was in trouble."

"Well, you haven't anybody dependent upon you," he answered.

"That's true." Then I added: "You say most of the houses around here have been entered in the last month or two. Has Mr. Goddard's been robbed?"

"No; his an' Dr. Squires' are 'bout the only ones that haven't been robbed."

"That's curious," I reflected aloud.

"Not at all. We expect the robbers any night here, an' that's why the servants all threaten to leave. The robbers wouldn't take the trouble to break into Dr. Squires', fur there ain't nothin' in that old place to take. He's too poor to have anything valuable aroun'."

Breakfast at this juncture interrupted John's talk, and we had no chance to renew it that morning. But about noon the subject was recalled to me rather forcibly by the appearance of Mr. Goddard. He looked troubled and dissatisfied. He came into the barn dressed in his ordinary morning smoking jacket.

"John, I've got to make some change here," he said. "My butler has become frightened over the recent robberies and won't stay, and the rest of the servants are up in arms too. They all talk of leaving. I must have some manservant in the house who isn't afraid of every little sound and ready to jump at his own shadow. Now the question is, who shall I install there?"

He looked significantly from John to me.

"I have a family to look after," John began to stammer, and as he spoke a look of annoyance swept across Mr. Goddard's face.

I did not let him finish, for I knew that he would only get himself into deeper water by displaying his cowardice. As a good, faithful coachman and kindly husband John was a success, but as a man of courage he was a total failure.

"If you have no objections, sir, I would like to offer myself as one willing to live in the house and look after things," I said modestly. "I don't think you will find me afraid of anything or anybody that may attempt to enter your house."

I could not help noticing a pleased expression on his face, although at first I expected he would resent my intrusion. I recalled the old, but sometimes erroneous, saying that "there's honor even among thieves," for in spite of what he knew about me he was willing to trust me. There was certainly a very peculiar relationship springing up between us.

"Thank you, William," he answered. "The change will be agreeable to me. You will have quite a responsible po-

sition, and I will have to trust much to your honesty and tact until this burglar scare passes away. It seems strange that the gang of thieves can't be caught. I would give considerable myself as a reward just to break them up, for they are making the life of our neighbors miserable out here."

"Do you think that there is a gang of them?" I asked boldly.

"Certainly," he said, without hesitation. "How else could the robberies be committed with such success? Why, have you any reason to believe otherwise?"

He looked sharply at me, and my eyes wandered from his as I answered: "No, except that I believe a gang could operate as successfully as one good skilled professional robber. Where there are too many one or more will get into trouble sooner or later, and they will squabble over the others."

"That's very true, very true," he said reflectively. "I had never thought of that, and yet, yes, Jenkins, the detective, came to that conclusion some time ago, but I scouted the idea. Maybe there is more in the idea than I thought. I will think about it, and if such a man is really terrorizing the neighborhood I should like to see him captured. I believe I will offer a reward myself for his capture."

"It would be a good idea," I replied, "for you would probably never have to pay the reward."

"Why not?"

"Well, because a man sharp enough to evade detection all this time is not likely to be caught by somebody working to get a reward."

"That may be, but I shall offer the reward at once. I'll make it a thousand dollars for the man's capture and another thousand for his conviction."

"That ought to be sufficient to tempt any confederate to squeal and turn state's evidence."

"It might be, but I should hate to see the money go to a confederate, for it is my private opinion that a man who tells of his comrade in crime for a reward is worse than the man who is captured. He is not only a criminal himself, but a coward and traitor."

Mr. Goddard's eyes flashed sharply as he spoke, but I turned away without further remark. I knew for whose benefit the words were spoken. Did he think for an instant that I would turn traitor and claim the reward which he had offered for his own capture and conviction? And yet how easily I could do it? He had placed himself in my power, and now he seemed to challenge me upon my honor to betray him.

But, then, he had saved my life once, and he undoubtedly knew human nature well enough to satisfy himself that there was no danger of my betraying him. He had in reality made a coup d'etat in rescuing me from the fangs of the savage Dane the night before. He could easily have stood aside and let the hound finish me, placing me beyond all possibility of ever afterward annoying him, but his interference, coupled with my sudden change of position which brought me daily in closer contact with him, convinced me that he wanted to use me for some purpose. Either he had some object to attain through me or he wished to make me his confederate in order to dispose of the goods he must have collected, for I had no doubt that the series of robberies in the neighborhood had been committed by him.

What his purpose was I felt curious to know, and I looked forward to future developments with considerable interest.

### CHAPTER VII.

I FOUND my new position much more to my taste than the one I had been serving in. I had complete command of all the silver and valuables of the house, and it was a satisfaction to look at all this wealth even though I had no right in any of it. The curious circumstance that I should ever be placed as a guard over so much treasure amused me and induced speculations in my mind about the uncertainties and inconsistencies of life. A man of my profession must of necessity be something of a philosopher. How else could he accept the continual risk of capture and conviction and silence all qualms of fear and conscience when engaged on delicate and dangerous jobs? There are ups and downs in every life, I suppose, but none more so than in that of the professional burglar.

The second day of my installation as butler in the house was marked by an interesting event. Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson both appeared at lunch.

This meeting was not premeditated by my master. It was apparently purely accidental.

About noon the two visitors appeared at the house on horseback. My master did not see them at first. He was smoking in his dressing room when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard, gravelly drive attracted his attention. I was passing through the room at the time, removing the remnants of a late breakfast.

"Who's that coming, William?" he asked.

"Miss Stetson, sir, and I think the man they call Dr. Squires. I've never met him, but from what John said I judge it is—"

A sudden exclamation from my master interrupted me, and I turned in time to see his face deathly pale. He recovered himself immediately, however.

"Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

Then with admirable composure and with great tact he said: "Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you, William, that they were coming here to lunch today. Have a good lunch for them at 2."

Then he hurriedly changed his coat and appeared in the courtyard in time to greet the guests. Through the open doors I could hear their voices.

"How do you do, Charles? Ready for early visitors? I didn't believe you were up yet?"

It was the loud, gruff voice of the doctor. Then a feminine voice said apologetically, I thought:

"Good morning, Charles! I was out riding this morning with my man, and we met Dr. Squires. He insisted that we should come around here. So I consented provided he would promise to make you go off for a ride with us."

"Yes, that was the agreement, and to make my word good you must get ready and go."

"Well, I hadn't thought of going out this morning, but I will accompany you if you will both agree to come back here and take lunch."

"That's the man of business," laughed the doctor. "He exacts a fee for everything he gives. He won't even ride with us, Miss Belle, unless we swear to return and lunch with him. Well, as for my part I agree to it, for Charles always tempts me with his good lunches."

I could not hear the replies as they moved into the parlor, but I knew enough to convince me that my master was very sensitive about his jealousy of the doctor, and that not even to me would he admit it.

A few minutes later I saw them going off together, Miss Stetson riding a fine roan, with the doctor mounted

on a fiery coal black steed on her right and my master on her left with his fine white Arabian mare. It was a spectacular sight to watch them, knowing as I did something of their lives. I wondered which she would select in the end—the black or the white?

Promptly at 2 they returned, a little fatigued by the ride, but jovial and in excellent spirits.

When the doctor came into the dining room, I scrutinized him carefully. He gave me no particular notice, and this left me to myself to examine him. My distant view through the field glasses had been pretty correct, but on closer examination he revealed the most distinct features of his face—his coal black, brilliant and restless eyes. These eyes never laughed, not even when he was convulsed with merriment. They were always cold, penetrating and, as I thought, sarcastic. They seemed to repel and fascinate at once. They easily dominated everything that came under their sway.

He was talkative and lively to a degree, forming the life of the party, but the eyes that so attracted seldom took notice of me. An uncontrollable desire to have them centered on me for an instant to fathom their meaning seized me. To accomplish this I spilled some of the salad dressing on his coat sleeve.

He turned a wrathful look at me, and I had one long, steady gaze into those eyes. So intent was I that I forgot to be confused at my mishap. The incident occupied only a minute, but in that short space I had read the character of the man.

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve to the floor.

My master looked annoyed and quickly apologized.

"He is a new man, doctor, and you must overlook this accident."

The conversation flowed on freely after that, and the mishap was soon forgotten.

When the wine and cigars were brought, they retired to an open balcony just off the dining room. Through the open window I could still hear the conversation to me, but finally the words of the doctor made me prick up my ears.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"Yes, I can get them and make you a present of them. But why do you want two more? You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

"No, I haven't any."

"Haven't any?" ejaculated both my master and Miss Stetson.

"No; they are both dead," replied the doctor slowly.

"Why, how is that? What killed them?"

"They simply died. My man overfed them. I imagine, and they both died yesterday of convulsions."

"How strange!"

"No, not strange at all. I told my man that he would kill them if he fed them too freely while they got no exercise."

"You don't think he poisoned them?" asked Miss Stetson.

"No, certainly not. I attended them when they were sick and cut open their bodies afterward. There was no sign of poison in their stomachs."

Then he made arrangements with my master to secure the two hounds from his friend.

I did not listen to the descriptions of the new hounds or to the terms of the agreement. My mind was more concerned about the doctor's reason for concealing the attempted robbery of his house. Why did he lie about the death of the two Danes and why did he not report the facts of the case to the police? These were questions that I could not dismiss from my mind, although I tried to be convinced that it was natural for such a man as Dr. Squires to brush up anything like a sensation. It would only attract people to his workshop, which he wanted to keep quiet and exclusive.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### A POEM BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

The Richmond Times is authority for the statement that a poem was written by Stonewall Jackson while he was serving with the army in the Mexican war:

The tattle-beats—the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies;  
The night with solemn pace moves on,  
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;  
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,  
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O dearest one,  
Whose love my only life hath blest—  
Of thee and him—our baby son—  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.  
Of the tender, frail and lone,  
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near,  
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—  
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,  
In whose young heart have freshly met  
Two streams of love so deep and clear  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Whatever fate those forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild—  
By day—by night—in joy or woe—  
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every foe,  
O, God, protect my wife and child.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,  
O, teach her, ruler of the skies,  
That, while by Thy behest alone,  
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,  
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou can't stay the ruthless hands,  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;  
That only by Thy stern commands—  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone,  
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,  
May happier visions beam upon  
The brightening current of her breast,  
No frowning look nor angry tone  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

#### NEGRO RULE IN THE SOUTH.

It is one of the darkest chapters in the history of the world.

Whatever the desires and purposes of President Roosevelt may be relative to the black man and his rights, he must realize that his views and designs do not stand fully approved by Republican senators. The appointment of Mr. Byrnes was turned down because of the unsatisfactory record of the man. In the Crum case it must have been different. Before nominating him, the president made it a point to investigate his record. He declared in an open letter that any weakness or defect in the record of Dr. Crum would be considered and held against him, but he got his color. It is evident that distinguished members of the party are not with him in his policy relating to the appointment of Negroes to public offices.

This fact was brought out by Secretary Root in his New York speech—a remarkable speech in its way. Mr. Root conceded that the constitutional amendments and the laws enacted for the purpose of granting the suffrage to the Negro in the south and protecting him in its enjoyment have failed. And now, thirty or more years after their enactment, the Negro is disfranchised in every state where he constitutes any considerable portion of the population. The New York Tribune and other Republican journals attempt to account for the change, while justifying the policy and conduct of the party to which they belong. They charge the Negroes' failures up to the wrong party, and to the wrong party. This leads the Baltimore Sun to reply in an able presentation of the truth. The Sun notes that, in the first place, it is a recognized fact that the amendments conferring political rights upon the Negroes were never regularly adopted by three-fourths of the states, as the constitution requires. They were in fact forced upon the country by the military power and against the will of the people. The Baltimore contemporary adds:

"But, notwithstanding this fact, the Negro enjoyed the unrestricted right to vote during a portion of the administration of Andrew Johnson and during the two administrations of Gen. Grant. It was the white people of the south who were disfranchised for a period of more than ten years and the Negroes, backed by the United States army, had an ample opportunity to show their capacity of self-government and their fitness for the exercise of the suffrage. Figures may give some little idea of the results of unrestricted Negro suffrage during that terrible time. But neither words nor figures can make an adequate description of the saturnalia of grand and petty larceny, of violence, of plunder, or fraud, of lust and of every crime in the Newgate calendar. Not even the most law-abiding nor the quietest citizen was safe from violence. Thousands and tens of thousands of citizens, upon the flimsiest charges and without a particle of evidence, were torn from their homes and families and cast into prison. In North Carolina the legislature authorized the

governor to proclaim martial law in every county, to arrest and try by court-martial, and the soldiers were Negroes. In South Carolina alone, according to the declaration of Governor Chamberlain, a Republican governor of that state, when he succeeded Moses he found that two hundred trial justices were holding office by executive appointment who could neither read nor write. Negro majorities had complete control of the state governments, taxes were multiplied and the money gathered from the unfortunate whites was stolen by the Negroes and their white leaders from the north, who had flocked to the south as vultures gather on a carcass.

"At the close of the war the debts of the seceded states aggregated \$87,000,000. During the ten years of Negro rule \$300,000,000 was added. In North Carolina the state debt increased \$28,000,000 and the assessed value of property sank from \$282,000,000 in 1860 to \$130,000,000 in 1870. The taxation for state purposes in 1860 had been \$543,000 a year. The Negroes increased it to \$1,160,000. The Negroes issued \$14,000,000 of bonds to aid railroad construction. It was all spent and not one mile of railroad was built. School fund securities were sold to carpet-baggers at one-third their value and the money received divided among the Negro legislators. In two years there was not a public school house open in the whole state. The same story might be told of every state in which the so-called disfranchisement has taken place. In Mississippi 6,400,000 acres of land was confiscated because the owners were unable to pay the heavy taxes levied upon them, and wholesale confiscation took place in all the states. The land so confiscated was largely given to the Negroes. In short, there was a reign of terror in the south and the miscreants were supported in every town and village by United States troops, many of whom were Negroes themselves, and lent willing aid in humiliating, robbing and insulting their former masters. The local governments of cities, towns and counties were as corrupt under Negro rule as the state governments. Plunder and barbarism were everywhere.

"In 1877 President Hayes withdrew the army from the south, and as the soldiers turned their backs the Negro governments melted away and disappeared. Unsupported by the bayonet they did not exist one day. Just so soon as the white man again got control of the south began to revive from an affliction far more costly than the civil war had been. Wealth has increased and the owners of that wealth have no mind to permit its spoliation by another period of Negro rule."

Of course, during the thirty years which have passed since the reconstruction period ended, the Negro has become better qualified for self-government and the use of the ballot. The white taxpayers have done most to aid him in this. While this is true, as Booker Washington says: "The teachings of the Negro, in various ways, for the last twenty years, have tended too much to array him against the white brother rather than to put the races in co-operation with each other. More than once I have noticed that when the whites were in favor of prohibition the blacks, led even by sober, upright ministers, voted against prohibition simply because the whites were in favor of it. If the whites vote to lay a tax to build a school house it is a signal for the blacks to oppose the measure simply because the whites favor it." The white people of the south know all the disgraceful facts. They endured the merciless conditions imposed upon them during the reconstruction period and understand the Negro as they have always understood him. In spite of the burdens and disgrace left upon the southern people by ignorant and corrupt Negroes in public offices, in spite of the Negro's unchanged disposition to oppose his white neighbor in all political contests, and in spite of the fact many influential blacks are still corrupt and vicious to a degree, the sensible white man of the south has never been disposed to condemn the black man for the mistakes that have been made or for the great wrong that has been committed. The latter has been a tool in the hands of meaner men than he. He was naturally disposed as a freeman to stand out against the master who recently held him as a slave. His moral sense was blunted by the new master from the north, who, in many instances, had in him no moral sense at all. The Negro was found ignorant and helpless. He was misled and misused. The more intelligent Negroes of today know this to be true. It has come home to them at last, that having lost the power to elect to offices the white men who made much of them, they are no longer carried along by the unprincipled self-seekers who taught them to despise their white neighbors for a low and sinister purpose. The Republican party, to which Secretary Root belongs, has been guilty of many sins. Most of them are as white as wool when compared to the party's record of scarlet and of black during reconstruction days. President Roosevelt, Secretary Root and thousands of others of the north are just beginning to realize the truth, so clear all along to intelligent southern people, that the Negro has been victimized chiefly by the mistakes and crimes of fools and criminals who pretended to be his friends.—Dallas, Texas, News.

SORRIFERY TESTS.—The ancient proverb, "When is a man drunk?" is a question on which doctors emphatically disagree. In Scotland, where the authorities have some experience of the drunken, a shibboleth forms the test. The Glasgow police exact from the suspect easy and fluent utterance of the words, "Shoes and socks shock Susan."

In Edinburgh the authorities hold to the ancient "burgess" fish sauce shop. In some parts of England the man must walk a chalked line, and other tests include the spoken words "strurally." "British constitution" and the apotheosis of the thistle sifting woman who had "six sleeves of sifted thistles and six sleeves of unsifted thistles."

### NORTH CAROLINA PONIES.

Descendants of the Barbary Horses Which Sir Walter Raleigh Sent With His Colonists.

There is really no more historical as well as interesting and curious territory in the United States than the long sand banks which mark the eastern boundary of North Carolina, and which form a vast breakwater within which are the sounds through which the government now proposes to provide an inland waterway which will end the terrors of Cape Hatteras. The writer has told for the Sunny South the story of the part of the banks of Cape Hatteras forms a vast promontory, and this is to be a story about the part further to the southward, where the little ponies are, the only wild horses east of the Mississippi; ponies which have over three centuries of history behind them.

The part of the banks in question is known as "Shackleford's Banks," taking its name from the chief owner. Beginning at Ocracoke Inlet, this stretch of sand reaches to Bogue Inlet, terminating at Shackleford's Point, in front of the town of Beaufort. Shackleford's Banks are about forty miles long, low-lying, with here and there dunes, or sand hills, rising to a height of, say, thirty or forty feet, tree-covered, the trees laced with vines, and in this mass of nearly sub-tropical vegetation, most of it evergreen, the Spanish bayonet, prickly pear, or small cactus, and the fan or scrub palmetto. There are homes here and there along the irregular stretch of Shackleford's Banks, and there is also a light house, and near it a great natural harbor of refuge, at Cape Lookout, which the government is also planning to utilize.

On Shackleford's Banks alone are the little ponies referred to. It is strange, but true, that these are found in their wild state nowhere else. There are said to be about 1,200 of them on the banks. Inquiry made of observant residents as to whether the number of the ponies had decreased during the past fifty years brought the response that they had, and that until about 1850 the ponies increased. The ponies weigh about 800 pounds and their height is about thirteen or fourteen hands—that is, 41 to 44 feet. Their life is mainly on the banks, though in very stormy weather they sometimes swim over to the mainland, a distance of two to five miles away. Their food is marsh grass, leaves of scrubby trees, and shrubs and berries, particularly the berries of the holly. The woods give them usually a good shelter, and hence it is but seldom that they seek the shelter of the mainland. They live to quite an age, but the average is about 22 years. Some reach the age of 40.

These ponies have owners. The "banks" are owned by grants sold by the state. These people make pens out of drift wood and rough logs and poles and into these the ponies and their colts are driven and branded. A colt following a branded mare is considered the property of the owner of the mare, and he holds it. In cases where there are colts which do not follow the mares, then the "penners," that is, the men who make and own the pens, take them. Such is the unwritten law. The ponies are driven out of the scrub by drivers or herders, and this is a work of no small difficulty, as the scrub is so thick as often to be a jungle, threaded by thousands of narrow paths, through the shaling sand. The wind and the salt keep down much of the vegetation, so that there one may see hickory trees not over three feet in height, yet loaded with nuts, and horse chestnut trees equally as dwarfed.

The colts are covered with hair several inches in length, nature's protection against the weather. This is called coat hair and looks like felt. It falls off in large flakes. Most of the colts are of a faded brown color, but when their hair falls off they come out in their true color, which is sometimes black. They are termed colts until they are branded, though they may be three years old or more before they are penned and the brand put on.

The ponies are always known, in all parts of the state, as "banker" ponies. They do not appear to be sold much outside of North Carolina, as the people in other states do not know anything about them. They cross well with horses. When taken up-country and fed upon hay, corn and oats they fill out and darken in color somewhat. Their instinct is remarkable. They know by means of it the way to get to the mainland or to the islands with the minimum amount of swimming, and the writer has seen them wade great distances without getting out of their depth, making various changes and turns in direction to conform to the shoals. Yet they are fearless swimmers. They paw holes in the sand at low-lying places and thus get drinking water.

Though an inlet only about two miles in width separates Shackleford's Banks from Bogus Banks, yet the ponies never go on the latter banks. Nor do they cross Ocracoke Inlet.

The ancestors of these hardy and valuable little horses were the Barbary horses which Sir Walter sent over with his colonists to Roanoke island. They have bred and multiplied and for at least two centuries have been utilized by the people of that section. Sir Walter's colonists, when the relief from England was so long delayed in reaching them, went with the Indians to the mainland, but must have left their ponies. The Indians were unused to horses. These Indians were the Hateraskis, who gave their name to the dreaded cape. When Raleigh's colonists first landed there they found that the Hateraskis were distinguished by their blue eyes, and that they had a tradition that their "fathers could talk out of a book." Hence the inference that at some former period a crew of white men had been cast away there and had amalgamated with the Indians.

These sturdy little ponies are, therefore, a part of the romance which hangs about this quaint part of North Carolina. There are persons who hold that Raleigh's colonists first landed on Shackleford's banks and later went to the island of Roanoke, where they built their fort, because it was a more defensible place, and that they left the "little Barbary horses" on these banks until better times should come.

The "banks" at Hatteras and also to the southward were even within many's memory far more heavily wooded than they are now, the overwhelming sand dunes, or moving mountains of sand, having swallowed up large stretches of forest. As the dunes pass on, moved by the winds, they leave only stumps of trees, or at most mere snags, polished to a remarkable whiteness.—Fred A. Olds in the Sunny South.

### COLE YOUNGER PARDONED.

And All Missouri Considers Him a Great Hero.

In 1878 Cole Younger was one of a band of Missouri brigands who failed in an attempt to rob the bank at Northfield, Minn. The other day a telegram from St. Paul announcing the pardon of Younger and his return to Missouri was considered of sufficient importance to be read from the clerk's desk to the Missouri house of representatives at Jefferson City. It was greeted with joyous applause.

When Younger returns to his old home and haunts in Jackson county, Missouri, the superbly beautiful and wealthy and populous county in which has been reared Kansas City—he will be greeted with cheers and tears.

Christian people will crowd about him to press the hand that helped make Missouri a synonym with American brigandage.

He will be more than a hero. He will be a hero returned from the grave. All this appears inexplicable, weird, a strange and wonderful thing, although perfectly plain to those who understand the sentiment that made heroes of the James boys and the Youngers and which protected and cherished them while they robbed and murdered.

If there had been no civil war in the United States—indeed, if there had been no civil war within a civil war in Missouri—there would have been no James Boys and Youngers in the realm of the glorification of crime.

Those robbers on horseback existed solely in the fervor and force of a sentiment which only the death of the generation in whose hearts it was rooted could destroy.

To the north the battle was far off. The south was trampled by the march of armies, but they were armies that marched by in companies, regiments and brigades.

In Missouri, particularly in Jackson county, the war was on the doorstep and by the flash of a solitary rifle in the darkness.

Let's suppose that war arose between the Americans and British in the northwest territory.

The British would call the Americans a pack of desperados. They would let no crime by their American enemies go unheralded to show their true character.

Even though the Americans were wrong and a sure tough outfit, would you feel bad if they whipped the Canadian mounted police?

Suppose that the Canadian military finally put them down. Go closer. Suppose that you were an American living on the scene of conflict