

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1903.

NO. 20.

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN.

By George E. Walsh.

Copyright, 1902, by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York.



CHAPTER IX.
THE indisposition of Mr. Goddard was of short duration, but the attacks became more frequent after my first visit to Dr. Squires, and I was occasionally called upon to carry notes for him which announced the breaking of engagements. There was nothing serious about his complaint except that he appeared weak and languid and unable or unwilling to attend to his social duties. He would spend the day at such times resting on the bed or couch either smoking gloomily or closing his eyes in a moody, dejected manner. He would lie in this way for hours without moving a muscle, but he was not asleep. The slightest noise would arouse him. He would merely open his eyes and ask, "What's the matter, William?" Then without even waiting for my reply he would close them wearily and relapse into his former languid condition.

By this time I was considerably attached to him, and it gave me as much anxiety as a relative to see him slowly going into a decline. The dread of the inherited disease intensified my feelings for the man. I had no faith in Dr. Squires, but I could offer no good substitute.

Left to myself a great deal, I took to reading the books which I found in Mr. Goddard's study. Many of these were medical treatises. Evidently the man had tried to make a study of his complaint and had collected all the literature possible upon the subject. These books were handsomely bound and copiously illustrated, but they were too technical for my limited understanding. Nevertheless I frequently found myself turning over their leaves and aimlessly reading paragraphs here and there.

One day I was engaged in this idle amusement when I happened to open the book at a chapter headed, "Poisons and Their Administration." I had not read many lines before I suddenly closed the book with a bang. An idea had occurred to me that fairly startled me. I was instantly positive that I had at last a clue to the sickness of my master and possibly the reason for Dr. Squires' mystery.

The doctor was slowly poisoning Mr. Goddard while pretending to help him to ward off an inherited disease.

This accounted for the peculiar languid condition of my master at certain intervals. After every dose of the insidious poison he was made weak and listless. Each attack helped to break down his naturally rugged constitution. It was merely a question of time before he would succumb to the poison instead of to any mythical disease.

I was so confident that poison was contained in some of them that I was greatly surprised and perturbed when he told me that they were composed of harmless herbs and oils.

"You mean to say there is no poison in any of them?" I asked in astonishment.

"None whatever," he replied. "I did not believe he understood his business and probably said as much. I took them to another chemist and spent \$5 more just to have a correct analysis made. The same conclusion from this man convinced me that I was mistaken."

I walked home, dejected and baffled. The doctor was too shrewd for me, and he had scored the first victory.

Nevertheless I was not discouraged. I reasoned with sense that the man would not adopt ordinary methods to poison my master. He was too shrewd for that. Then I thought of hypodermic injections, which might be administered while in his office.

It was while speculating upon the possible methods of giving him poison that I reached the conclusion that my master's night visits to the doctor's account for everything. It was at these meetings that the harm was done. I would be present at the next meeting or I would relinquish all claim to the possession of abilities of a certain order necessary for success in my line of work.

"No, probably not. But I want your promise that you will never reveal it to anybody," he persisted.

"Well, you have it. I will never mention it until you give me permission."

"All right, then. I will tell you all. When I was a young man, I went to India as a surgeon in the English army. There I met so many lepers that my attention was called particularly to this disease. At first they disgusted and alarmed me. Their rotting fingers and their emaciated bodies were so loathsome that I could hardly stay in their presence, but in time I got used to them, as we do to everything. I even found myself pitying them and wondering if something couldn't be done to alleviate their sufferings and even to cure and stamp out the horrible disease. This was the beginning of a career that I have studiously pursued ever since. I spent all my time in studying leprosy in its worst forms. I determined to find some remedy for it. I was limited in funds, but managed to get along by living near them. I could not exist in the same house with them. The thought of it nearly stifled me. But I could live near them and help them and in time perfect my discovery."

"My secret is already out, Miss Belle," he added after a pause. "I am devoting my life and time to the discovery of a positive cure for leprosy, that most dreaded of all diseases that ever scourged a wicked world. I am on the right track. In fact, I have about perfected it, so that I will be ready to announce the results to a world in a year. There is only one thing that bothers me. I am experimenting with this continually."

"The words were so hollow and unnatural that I turned my eyes from the doctor's face to that of Miss Stetson. I was startled at the sight. Her face was livid—paler than that of any corpse. A look of horror shone from her eyes."

"Whom are you experimenting with, Dr. Squires?" she repeated in the same strange voice.

"With—why—my dear Miss Belle, have I divulged any family secret?" stammered the doctor. "Did you not know? I thought your father knew that you knew that—"

"That Charles had leprosy in his system—that he was a leper?" she said slowly.

"Your father knew it; his father knew it; Charles knew it when he met me. I understood that both families made no secret of it among themselves."

"No, I never knew what the disease was. Father never told me. Oh, can it be possible?"

She swayed in her saddle, and if the doctor had not caught her she would have fallen to the ground. I could hardly contain myself. The news nearly made me desperate. This accounted for everything. I was all wrong in my conclusions. The doctor was, after all, a good man, holding the secret of my master's life in his possession and trying hard to help him.

"You must let me give you some water, Miss Belle," the doctor said as he steadied her in the saddle. "Dismount a moment, and let me bathe your forehead."

"No, thank you, doctor. I will be all right in a moment. The suddenness of the news startled me."

"I know it. I know it, and I was a brute to tell you. I should have been more thoughtful. I shall never forgive myself. But, Miss Belle, believe me, I thought you knew it all. He should have told you."

"No, no; I am glad he didn't. How could I have been the same to him? How can I in the future?"

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't go on so, my dear Miss Belle," the doctor said in a low, winning voice. "There is hope for Charles yet. You

mine. I could—no, I could never marry him; I would be afraid."

Again she covered her face and sobbed.

"Not if I cured him entirely?" he asked in a voice that had a curious tension to it. "Not if I assured you positively that the disease would never show itself while either of you lived?"

"No, no; I could not. It would be a sin, a crime. And yet I loved him so—I loved him, loved him!"

There was an awkward silence. The tears stood in my own eyes, but those of the doctor were dry and exultant. The confession, I knew, pleased him. These words from her lips would give him the clear field. He could honorably try to win her love. With Charles no longer a possible rival, what was to prevent him from winning a beautiful bride and a princely fortune?

A few moments later they gathered up their reins and rode away. She was pale and beautiful; he was strong and robust—and exultant.

Miscellaneous Reading.
PLAYING WITH FIRE.
Tillman Warns Republicans of Their Policy.
Senator Tillman recently made a strong and logical attack upon the mad policy of President Roosevelt as indicated by closing the postoffice at Indianola, Miss., and the appointment of Dr. Crum to be collector of the port of Charleston. His speech occupied a part of two days, and the following is a synopsis of it:

Senator Tillman said he proposed to surprise his friends and astonish his enemies, if he has any, by being very mild in what he would say.

"If we had known at the beginning of the civil war," said he, "what we do now there would have been no war." He inquired why the large majority of law-abiding citizens of Indianola shall be punished because there was a small, lawless and brutal element. It was, contrary, he said, to the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

Replying to some remarks made by Senator Spooner in his speech, Senator Tillman said: "It is not in the dreams of the wildest ass that roams over the southern states with a wax skin on him that the Federal government is not supreme," but, he said, there were some cognate propositions which have been ignored.

He said that in the south people have a constant reminder that their ancestors thirty-five years ago were conquered. "We are perpetually reminded," he said, accentuating his words, "that we are in the Union, but not of it, except to pay taxes."

The poison in the race condition in the south, he declared, lay in the referee system which had been adopted. The balance of power, he said, in national Republican conventions was held by the machine of the south, and that machine was composed of Negroes. When the people of the south, said he, lose patience and do "cruel, bitter, fearful, fiendish and savage things, there is a howl from men who know nothing and who have never been south of the Potomac, but who have theorized."

Continuing, and addressing the Republican side, he said that if this policy of Negro equality is carried out, and if some of them could be given places in the cabinet he would vote for them. "I will vote for Booker Washington as secretary of anything. Let us have a Negro, a genuine Negro, not a mulatto or hybrid. Then let us make them officers in the army and navy. Let us give them pro rata share of all the good jobs, wherever they exist, without regard to local conditions."

He added that nothing of the sort would be done.

After speaking for nearly two hours and not concluding, he yielded for an executive session.

Senator Tillman spoke for three hours the next day in continuation of his remarks on the race question, and was heard with interest by the Republicans, many of whom do not agree with the president in his Negro policy. Senator Tillman, in his speech, said that in dealing with the Indianola postoffice the president and postmaster general transcended their authority and resorted to methods which were both tyrannical and unconstitutional. He wanted to know if in figuring up the purpose of their new born zeal "this cold-blooded, calculative, advisedly-taken action," was not prompted by a low motive. He charged that 800,000 Negroes are coercing 50,000,000 of white people in the north to deal with the interest of 8,000,000 ignorant Negroes in that section.

He referred to the cost in lives and money on account of the race problem in this country, and, addressing the Republican side, called upon them to meet him "upon the same plane of patriotism, of race pride and of civilization, and not to fall into the pitiful cesspool of partisan politics." He read extracts from the letter of the president written sometime since covering his views with respect to appointments of Negroes to office. He wanted to be just to the president, he said, but the views were superficial.

"How little and small and infinite small," he said, "is the knowledge behind such a view."

He added that the people of the north have no more use for the Negro at close quarters than he had. He cited instances of assaults by Negroes on white women and declared that the more northern people find out about the Negro the less use they have for him. The ballot of the Negro, he maintained, was a menace to good government and the people of the north are coming to realize that the enfranchisement of him bordered on a crime. Reverting to the president's assertion

BATTLE WITH THE BUGS.
Twelve Insects Cost This Country \$350,000,000 Annually.
Twelve insects will cost the United States \$350,000,000 this year. The cinch bug will draw \$100,000,000 of this large amount, the grasshopper will take \$90,000,000 and the Hessian fly will call for at least \$50,000,000 more. Three worms that attack the cotton plant will assess the farmers for a total of \$45,000,000, and the potato bug will eat \$3,000,000 worth of its favorite kind of garden produce. Ten millions of dollars is a moderate estimate of the injury that will be done by the apple worm, and the caterpillar that makes cabbage its specialty will destroy \$5,000,000 worth of crisp green heads.

The estimate, which is conservative and under the mark, is as follows:
Cinch bug \$100,000,000
Grasshopper 90,000,000
Hessian fly 50,000,000
Potato bug 8,000,000
San Jose scale 10,000,000
Grain weevil 19,000,000
Army worm 10,000,000
Cabbage worm 5,000,000
Roll worm (cotton) 25,000,000
Boll worm (cotton) 25,000,000
Cotton worm 15,000,000
Total \$355,000,000

How absurd it seems that this government, with an army of 65,000 men, 254 warships and more money in its treasury than any nation has ever before possessed, should be helpless in a fight against twelve objectionable bugs!

Yet such is the fact. The individual bug is small, but its "stronghold," its tremendous power of reproduction. What is to be done in conflict with an adversary which is capable of having a billion descendants in a summer. In conflict with such an enemy Uncle Sam finds himself in much the same situation as that of Gulliver when he discovered that he was at the mercy of the Lilliputians.

The cinch bug is a disgusting little beast, only a third of an inch long. Originally it fed upon wild grass, but when civilized man arrived and planted wheat the cereal suited its taste exactly and it soon became to him today, the worst foe of the most prized of bread-producing crops. It gets into the funnel-shaped part of the leaf, where it joins the stalk, and sucks the sap until the plant dies. The bugs, multiplying at a rate almost inconceivable, attack a wheat field in armies which literally carpet the ground, and when the wheat has been harvested they fly to the autumnal corn.

Everybody knows the grasshopper, harmless, insect. In parts of the West, however, it is a serious menace to agriculture, and it is a "bad year" will easily do more than \$100,000,000 worth of damage. It is the true locust, celebrated in Biblical and other history, and in the United States ranks as the worst enemy of man, barring only the cinch bug. It is a foe most dreaded by farmers over extensive areas. Droughts they may combat by irrigation; from tornadoes they may take refuge in suitably constructed cellars, but before the march of the devastating swarms of grasshoppers they are helpless. The plague arrives and lo! as if by magic the crops are swept from the face of the earth, all vegetation disappears and starvation stares them in the face.

In the year 1776 when the Hessian troops, engaged by the British as auxiliaries, landed on Long Island, they brought a lot of straw with them for their horses, and in it almost undoubtedly were eggs of the insect which has since become known in this country as the Hessian fly. Three years later the pest began to make itself troublesome in the neighborhood of the landing place and since then it has gradually spread westward. Barring the cinch bug, it is the worst enemy of the wheat, making its first appearance as a tiny maggot at the base of the young plant and sucking the juices of the latter. Eventually the plant is weakened and destroyed, and the maggot is transformed into a fragile dark-colored grub, closely resembling a small mosquito—the destined parent of maggots yet to be.

The army worm, which is one of the most dreaded of the insect foes of the farmer, is a naked-striped caterpillar, an inch and a quarter long. In May and June it makes its appearance in immense numbers, devouring wheat, oats and other grains and grasses. It climbs up the seed stalks and cuts off the heads. With a favorable succession of seasons it multiplies in geometrical ratio, and at last becomes so numerous as to necessitate migration in search of food. Then the army worms travel and feed during both day and night, inflicting enormous damage. It is from their mode of marching in armies at such times that their popular name is derived. The parent of the worm is a brown moth.

come a few eggs of the Gypsy moth, already well-known as a destructive insect in Europe. These eggs were in a pasteboard box on a window ledge and were blown away. As a result the state of Massachusetts has been obliged to spend more than half a million dollars since then in trying to exterminate the bug, which has threatened to eat every green thing off the face of the earth in the region over which it has spread, comprising some fifty square miles. It is a ravenous defoliator of fruit and shade trees, and if it should extend its operations over a large part of the country it might easily do millions of dollars worth of injury yearly. The brute is a dark gray caterpillar, two and a half inches long, and its parent is a moth of yellowish hue with black bands on its wings.

The San Jose scale gets its name from the fact that it first appeared in the San Jose valley, California, having been imported probably from Australia or Hawaii. It is the worst of all enemies of fruit trees. Almost microscopic in size, it will spread through an orchard in half a dozen years, and in place of green leaves and blossoms, leaves nothing but dead trunks and branches. A fruit-raising district attacked by it is destroyed as effectually as if overrun by a fire. These insects, millions of them together, suck the sap of the tree, each one of them covered with a waxy scale, which forms a sort of grayish scurf on the bark. Inasmuch as a single female may have as many as 3,216,000 descendants in a single season, it is easily understood why the pest spreads so dangerously fast. Recently the department of agriculture has imported from China a bug that preys upon it, and which is now being propagated in outdoor cages for distribution among fruit growers.

The grain weevil, which destroys millions of dollars' worth of stored cereals in granaries and elevators every year, is a little brown beetle a quarter of an inch long. The question of how to fight it is one of growing economic importance. It was imported originally from the Mediterranean and has been "domesticated" so long that it has lost the use of its wings. Indeed, its ravages made it famous long before the Christian era, and it is mentioned in the "Georgics" of Virgil. The female beetle punctures the grain kernel with her snout and inserts an egg, from which is hatched a little worm that lives in the hull and feeds upon the starchy interior.

The cabbage worm, which does more or less damage in every truck patch, is a green caterpillar, an inch and a half long. It is the offspring of a common white butterfly. The apple worm (whose parent is likewise a moth) is a reddish worm, half an inch in length, and is unpleasantly familiar to everybody. There are many other destructive insects in the country, of course, but those here mentioned are the ones that does the bulk of the damage and which are most dreaded by the growers of crops. Up to date the government, with all its powers, has been almost defenceless against these dozen tiny, but unrelenting foes.—Washington Letter.

NO LEAP YEAR IN SEVEN YEARS. Unusual Event Will Not Occur Again For 200 Years.

It is very unusual but still it is a fact that the completion of the last month of February marks the first time in history for 100 years when seven successive Februaries of only 28 days have occurred, and it will be 200 years longer, or the year 2100.

The unusual occurrence is due to the workings of the rule of astronomers for calculating leap years. The rule by which the present or Gregorian calendar is calculated is as follows:

Every year divisible by four shall be a leap year except the centuries and these shall be leap years if they are divisible by 400. According to this rule the year 1900 was not a leap year, and therefore the present year, 1903, is the seventh year since a leap year occurred. The year 2000 will be a leap year because it is divisible by 400, so that the next time when seven common years will fall on seven successive years will be from the year 2096 to 2103, the year 2100 not being a leap year. The above rule was instituted by Pope Gregory in an effort to keep the solar and calendar years together.

The solar or sun year is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 47 seconds long, so that every four years the solar year gets nearly but not quite 24 hours ahead of the common year and accordingly every four years to take up the discrepancy. There is, however, still a slight difference, the calendar gaining on the solar year by about one day in every 400 years so that on every century year divisible by 400, the extra day is not added.

TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT PROPHETS.—There exists in parts of Islam many tombs of the prophet Daniel. Of these one of the most celebrated is at Cairo. This fact need not astonish us. The Mussulmans admit without hesitation the duplication or even indefinite multiplication of the bodies of holy persons without their veneration for each of the remains being diminished in the least. It is worth noting that the nature of the honorary qualifications accorded to the same saint varies in different countries. Thus, for example, Daniel has at Cairo the name of Nebbi-Daniel—that is, they give him the title of prophet, as being at the same time that which suits him best and is the most honorable title he can confer. In Algeria or Morocco—feudal countries—the title they give to saints is sidi, which signifies lord, which is also the title there of military and political chiefs. In central Asia they give to those canonized persons whom they respect most, as to the prophet Daniel, the title of khodja, which means in Arabic writer or lettered.



The two had been engaged in conversation.