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ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Westerfelt."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

RAYBURN MILLER and Alan spent that day on the river trying to catch fish, but with no luck at all, returning empty handed to the farmhouse for a late dinner. They passed the afternoon at target shooting on the lawn with rifles and revolvers, ending the day by a reckless ride on their horses across the fields, over fences and ditches, after the manner of fox hunting, a sport not often indulged in in that part of the country.

In the evening, as they sat in the big sitting room smoking after supper cigars, accompanied by Abner Daniel, with his long, cane stemmed pipe, Mrs. Bishop came into the room in her quiet way, smoothing her apron with her delicate hands.

"Pole Baker's rid up an' hitched at the front gate," she said. "Did you send 'im to town fer anything, Alan?"

"No, mother," replied her son. "I reckon he's come to get more meat. Is father out there?"

"I think he's some'er about the stable," said Mrs. Bishop.

Miller laughed. "I guess Pole isn't the best pay in the world, is he?"

"Father never weighs or keeps account of anything he gets," said Alan.



"That's yore money! It's all thar."

"They both make a guess at it when cotton is sold. Father calls it 'lumpin' the thing, and usually Pole gets the lump. But he's all right, and I wish we could do more for him. Father was really thinking about helping him in some substantial way when the crash came."

"Thar!" broke in Daniel, with a gurgling laugh. "I've won my bet. I bet to myself jess now that ten minutes wouldn't pass 'fore Craig an' his bust up would be mentioned."

"We have been at it, off and on, all day," said Miller, with a low laugh. "The truth is it makes me madder than anything I ever encountered."

"Do you know why?" asked Abner seriously, just as Pole Baker came through the dining room and leaned against the door jamb facing them. "It's beca'se—nodding a greeting to Pole along with the others—it's beca'se you know in reason that he's got that money."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" protested Miller, in the tone of a man of broad experience in worldly affairs. "I wouldn't say that."

"Well, I would, an' do," said Abner, in the full tone of decision. "I know he's got it!"

"Well, yore wrong thar, Uncle Ab," said Pole, striding forward and sinking into a chair. "You've got as good judgment as any man I ever run across. I thought like you do once. I'd 'a' tuck my oath that he had it about two hours by sun this evenin', but I kin swear he ain't a cent of it now."

"Do you mean that, Pole?" Abner stared across the wide hearth at him fixedly.

"He ain't got it, Uncle Ab," Pole was beginning to smile mysteriously. "He did have it, but he ain't got it now. I got it from 'im, blast his ugly picture!"

"You got it?" gasped Daniel. "You?"

"Yes, I made up my mind he had it, an' it deviled me so much that I determined to have it by hook or crook ef it killed me or put me in hock the rest of my life." Pole rose and took a packet wrapped in brown paper from under his rough coat and laid it on the table near Alan. "God bless you, old boy," he said, "thar's yore money! It's all thar. I counted it. It's in fifties an' hundreds."

Breathlessly and with expanded eyes Alan broke the string about the packet and opened it.

"Great God!" he muttered.

Miller sprang up and looked at the stack of bills, but said nothing. Abner, leaning forward, uttered a little, low laugh.

"You—you didn't kill 'im, did you, Pole, old boy—you didn't, did you?" he asked.

"Didn't harm a hair of his head," said Pole. "All I wanted was Alan's money, an' thar it is!"

"Well," grunted Daniel, "I'm glad you spared his life. And I thank you for the money."

Miller was now hurriedly running over the bills.

"You say you counted it, Baker?" he said, pale with pleased excitement.

"Three times—fust when it was turned over to me an' twice on the way out beer from town."

Mrs. Bishop had not spoken until now, standing in the shadows of the others, as if bewildered by what seemed a mocking impossibility.

"Is it our money—is it our'n?" she finally found voice to say. "Oh, is it, Pole?"

"Yes'm," replied Pole; "it's yore'n." He produced a crumpled piece of paper and handed it to Miller. "Heer's Craig's order on his wife fer it, an' in it he acknowledges it's the cash deposited by Mr. Bishop. He won't give me no trouble. I've got 'im fixed. He'll leave Darley in the mornin'. He's afeard this 'll git out an' he'll be lynched."

Alan was profoundly moved. He transferred his gaze from the money to Pole's face and leaned toward him.

"You did it out of friendship for me," he said, his voice shaking.

"That's what I did it fer, Alan, an' I wish I could do it over ag'in. When I laid hold o' that wad an' knowed it was the thing you wanted more'n anything else, I felt like flyin'."

"Tell us all about it, Baker," said Miller, wrapping up the stack of bills.

"All right," said Pole, but Mrs. Bishop interrupted him.

"Wait fer Alfred," she said, her voice rising and cracking in delight. "Wait; I'll run find 'im."

She went out through the dining room, toward the stables, calling her husband at every step. "Alfred! Oh, Alfred!"

"Heer!" she heard him call out from one of the stables.

She leaned over the fence opposite the closed door, behind which she had heard his voice.

"Oh, Alfred!" she called. "Come out, quick! I've got news fer you—big, big news!"

She heard him grumbling as he emptied some ears of corn into the trough of the stall containing Alan's favorite horse, and then with a growl he emerged into the starlight.

"That fool nigger only give Alan's hoss six ears o' corn," he fumed. "I kin now, beca'se I counted the cobs. The boss had licked the trough clean an' gnawed the ends o' the cobs. The idea o' starvin' my stock right before me!"

"Oh, Alfred, what do you think has happened?" his wife broke in. "We've got the bank money back! Pole Baker managed somehow to get it. He's goin' to tell about it now. Come on in!"

Bishop closed the door behind him. He fumbled with the chain and padlock for an instant, then he moved toward her, his lips hanging, his eyes protruding.

"I'll believe my part o' that when—" "But," she cried, opening the gate for him to pass through, "the money's thar in the house on the table; it's been counted. I say it's thar! Don't you believe it?"

The old man moved through the gate mechanically. He paused to fasten it with the iron ring over the two posts. But after that he seemed to lose the power of locomotion. He stood facing her, his features working.

"I'll believe my part o' that cat-an'-bull story when I see—" "Well, come in the house, then," she cried. "You kin lay yore hands on an' count it. It's an awful big pile, an' nothin' less than fifty dollar bills."

Grasping his arm, she half dragged, half led him into the house. Entering the sitting room, he strode to the table and, without a word, picked up the package and opened it. He made an effort to count the money, but his fingers seemed to have lost their cunning and he gave it up.

"It's all there," Miller assured him, "and it's your money. You needn't bother about that."

Bishop sat down in his place in the chimney corner, the packet on his knees, while Pole Baker modestly and not without touches of humor recounted his experiences.

"The toughest job I had was managing the woman," Pole laughed. "You kin always count on a woman to be contrary. I believe ef you was tryin' to git some women out of a burnin' house they'd want to have their way about it. She read the order an' got white about the gills an' screamed, low, so nobody wouldn't hear 'er, an' then wanted to ax questions. That's the female of it. She knowed in reason that Craig was dead fixed an' couldn't git out until she complied with the instructions, but she wanted to know all about it. Then I told 'er she'd be arrested fer holdin' the money, an' that got her in a trot. She fetched it out purty quick, a-cryin' an' abusin' me by turns. As soon as the money left 'er hands, though, she begun to beg me to ride fast. I wanted to come her fust, but I felt sorter sorry fer Craig, an' went an' let 'im out. He was the gladdest man to see me you ever looked at. He thought I was goin' to leave 'im thar. He looked like he wanted to hug me. He says Winslow wasn't much to blame. They both got in deep water speculating, an' Craig was tempted to cabbage on the \$25,000."

When Pole had concluded, the group sat in silence for a long time. It looked as if Bishop wanted to openly thank Pole for what he had done, but he had

never done such a thing in the presence of others, and he could not pull himself to it. He sat crouched up in his tilted chair as if burning up with the joy of his release.

The silence was broken by Abner Daniel as he filled his pipe anew and stood over the fireplace.

"They say money's a cuss an' the root of all evil," he said dryly, "but in this case it's give Pole Baker thar a chance to show what's in 'im. I'd 'a' give the last cent I have to 'a' done what he did today. I grant you he used deception, but it was the fust water sort that that Bible king resorted to when he made out he was goin' to divide that baby by cuttin' it in halves. He fetched out the good an' squelched the bad." Abner glanced at Pole and gave one of his impulsive inward laughs.

"My boy, when I reach 't'other shore I expect to see whole strings o' sech lawbreakers as you a-playin' leap-frog on the golden sands. You don't sing an' pray a whole lot, nor keep yore religion in sight, but when thar's work to be done you shuck off yore shirt an' do it like a wildcat a-scratchin'."

No one spoke after this outburst for several minutes, though the glances cast in his direction showed the embarrassed ex-moonshiner that one and all had sanctioned Abner Daniel's opinion.

Bishop leaned forward and looked at the clock, and seeing that it was 9, he put the money in a bureau drawer and turned the key. Then he took down the big family Bible from its shelf and sat down near the lamp. They all knew what the action portended.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ABOUT a week after the events recorded in the preceding chapter old man Bishop, just at dusk one evening, rode up to Pole Baker's humble domicile. Pole was in the front yard making a fire of sticks, twigs and chips.

"What's that fer?" the old man questioned as he dismounted and hitched his horse to the worm fence.

"To drive off mosquitoes," said Pole, wiping his eyes, which were red from the effects of the smoke. "I'll never pass another night like the last un ef I kin hep it. I 'lowed my hide was thick, but they bored fer all over me from dark till sun-up. I never 'ever tried smoke, but Hank Watts says it's a-breed o' penny'yal."

"Slucks!" grunted the planter. "You ain't workin' it right. A few rays burnin' in a pan nigh yore bed may drive 'em out, but a smoke out heer in the yard 'll jess drive 'em in."

"What?" said Pole in high disgust. "Do you expect me to sleep sech hot weather as this is with a fire nigh my bed? The darn things may eat me raw, but I'll be blamed ef I barbecue myse'f to please 'em."

Mrs. Baker appeared in the cabin door holding two of the youngest children by their hands. "He won't take my advice, Mr. Bishop," she said. "I jess rub a little lamp oil on my face an' hands, an' they don't tetch me."

Pole grunted and looked with laughing eyes at the old man.

"She axed me 't'other night why I'd quit kissin' 'er," he said. "An' I told 'er I didn't keer any more fer kerosene than the mosquitoes did."

Mrs. Baker laughed pleasantly as she brought out a chair for Bishop and invited him to sit down. He complied, twirling his riding whip in his hand.

From his position, almost on a level with the floor, he could see the interior of one of the rooms. It was almost bare of furniture. Two opposite corners were occupied by crude bedsteads; in the center of the room was a cradle made from a soapbox on rockers saved from rough poplar boards. It had the appearance of having been in use through several generations. Near it stood a spinning wheel and a three legged stool. The sharp steel spindle gleamed in the firelight from the big log and mud chimney.

"What's the news from town, Mr. Bishop?" Pole asked awkwardly, for it struck him that Bishop had called to talk with him about some business and was reluctant to introduce it.

"Nothin' that interests any of us, I reckon, Pole," said the old man, "except that I made that investment in Shoal Cotton factory stock."

"That's good," said Pole, in the tone of anybody but a man who had never invested a dollar in anything. "It's all hunkay, an' my opinion is that it 'll never be worth less."

"I did heer, too," added Bishop, "that it was reported that Craig had set up a little grocery store out in Texas, nigh the Indian Territory. Some thinks that Winslow 'll turn up thar an' jine 'im, but a body never knows what to believe these days."

"That shore is a fact," opined Pole. "Sally, that corn bread's a-burnin'. Ef you'd use less lamp oil, you'd smell better."

Mrs. Baker darted to the fireplace, raked the live coals from beneath the cast iron oven and jerked off the lid in a cloud of steam and smoke. She turned over the pone with the aid of a cane knife and then came back to the door.

"Fer the last month I've had my eye on the Bascome farm," Bishop was saying. "There's a hundred acres even, some good bottom land and upland an' in the neighborhood o' thirty acres o' good wood. Then thar's a five room house, well made an' tight, an' a barn, cowhouse an' stable."

"Lord! I know the place like a book," said Pole. "An' it's a dandy investment, Mr. Bishop. They say he offered it fer fifteen hundred. It's worth two thousand. You won't drop any money by buyin' that property, Mr. Bishop. I'd hate to contract to build jess the house an' vell an' out-houses for a thousand."

"I bought it," Bishop told him. "He let me have it fer a good deal less'n fifteen hundred, cash down."

"Well, you made a dandy trade, Mr. Bishop. Ah, that's what ready



"Well, it's yore'n," he said.

money will do! When you got the cash, things seem to come at bottom figures."

Old Bishop drew a folded paper from his pocket and slipped it on his knee.

"Yes, I closed the deal this evenin', an' I was jess a-thinkin' that as you hain't rented fer next year—I mean"—Bishop was ordinarily direct of speech, but somehow his words became tangled and he delivered himself awkwardly on this occasion. "You see, Alan thinks that you 'n Sally ort to live in a better house than jess this beer log cabin, an'—"

The wan face of the tired woman was aglow with expectation. She sank down on the doorstep and sat still and mute, her hands clasping each other in her lap. She had always disliked that cabin and its sordid surroundings, and there was something in Bishop's talk that made her think he was about to propose renting the new farm, house and all, to her husband.

Her mouth fell open; she scarcely allowed herself to breathe. Then, as Bishop paused, her husband's voice struck dumb dismay to her heart. It was as if she was falling from glowing hope back to tasted despair.

"Thar's more land in that farm 'n I could do justice to, Mr. Bishop, but ef thar's a good cabin on it an' you see fit to cut off enough fer me an' one hoss 'd jess as soon tend that as this beer. I want to do what you an' Alan think is best all round."

"Oh, Pole, Pole!" The woman was crying it to herself, her face lowered to her hands that the two men might not see the agony written in her eyes. A house like that to live in, with all those rooms and fireplaces and windows with panes of glass in them! She fancied she saw her children playing on the tight, smooth floors and on the honeysuckle porch. For one minute these things had been hers, to be snatched away by the callous indifference of her husband, who, alas, had never cared a straw for appearances!

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' about rentin' it to you!" said Bishop. And the woman's dream was over. She raised her head, awake again. "You see," went on Bishop, still struggling for proper expression, "Alan thinks—well, he thinks you an' I may as well say, grateful, exceedingly grateful, fer what you've done, things that no other livin' man could 'a' done—Alan thinks you ort to have the farm fer yore own property, an' so the deeds has been made out to—"

Pole drew himself up to his full height. His big face was flushed, half with anger, half with a strong emotion of a tenderer kind. He stood towering over the old man like a giant awayed by the warring winds of good and evil.

"I won't hear a word more of that, Mr. Bishop," he said, with a quivering lip—"not a word more. By golly, I mean what I say! I don't want to heer another word of it. This hear place is good enough fer me an' my family. It's done eight year, an' it kin do an' other eight."

"Oh, Pole, Pole!" The woman's cry was now audible. It came straight from her pent up, starving soul and went right to Bishop's heart.

"You want the place, don't you, Sally?" he said, calling her by her given name for the first time, as if he had just discovered their kinship. He could not have used a tenderer tone to child of his own.

"Mind, mind what you say, Sally!" ordered Pole from the depths of his fighting emotion. "Mind what you say!"

The woman looked at Bishop. Her glance was on fire.

"Yes, I want it—I want it!" she cried. "I ain't want to lie. I want it more right now than I do the kingdom of heaven. I want it e. we have a right to it. Oh, I don't know!" She dropped her head in her lap and began to sob.

Bishop stood up. He moved toward her hand on the pitifully tight knot of hair at the back of her head.

"Well, it's yore'n," he said. "Alan thought Pole would raise a kick about it, an' me an' him had it made out in yore name, so he couldn't tetch it. It's yore's, Sally Ann Baker. That's the way it reads."

The woman's sobs increased, but they were sobs of unbridled joy. With her apron to her eyes she rose and hurried into the house.

The eyes of the two men met. Bishop spoke first.

"You've got to give in, Pole," he said. "You'd not be a man to stand betwixt yore wife an' a thing she wants as bad as she does that place, an' by all that's good an' holy, you sha'n't!"

"What's the use o' me tryin' to git even with Alan," Pole exclaimed, "ef he's eternally a-goin' to git up some'n? I've been tickled to death ever since I cornered old Craig till now, but you an' him has sp'iled it all by this beer trick. It ain't fair to me."

"Well, it's done," smiled the old man as he went to his horse, "an' ef you don't live thar with Sally I'll make 'er git a divorce."

Bishop had reached a little pigpen in a fence corner farther along on his way home when Mrs. Baker suddenly emerged from a patch of high corn in front of him.

"Is he a-goin' to take it, Mr. Bishop?" she asked, panting from her hurried walk through the corn that hid her from the view of the cabin.

"Yes," Bishop told her. "I'm a-goin' to send two wagons over in the mornin' to move yore things. I wish it was ten times as good a place as it is, but it 'll insure you an' the children a livin' an' a comfortable home."

After the manner of many of her kind, the woman uttered no words of thanks, but simply turned back into the corn, and, occupied with her own vision of prosperity and choking with gratitude, she hurried back to the cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HINTS ON GOOD ENGLISH.

Mistakes Commonly Made By Writers and Speakers.

Numbers of people who ought to know better speak of this paper as a "journal." It is not, for it is published weekly, and there can be no such thing as a weekly journal. The original form of the word journal was "diurnal"—from the Latin "diem," a day—and it meant a sheet published or written every day. A diary—also from "diem"—is often called a journal, because you are supposed to enter up the record of each day, and generally don't. Remembering that "jour" in French means "day" might aid in preventing one from speaking about a "weekly journal."

Reading the account of a fashionable wedding in a fashionable paper the other day, I noticed that "the centre aisle was lined with non-commissioned officers and men of the bridegroom's regiment." Very nice; but there happens to be no such thing as a centre aisle in a church. The aisles are invariably at the sides; and what the reporter meant by the "centre aisle" was the nave. Aisle comes from a Latin word meaning wing, and it is obvious that wings are at the sides.

Lots of people just now are advertising in the papers for "paying guests." The essence of being a guest is that you do not pay for anything; and if you do so pay, you certainly cannot be deemed a guest.

If a man introduces me into his club as his guest, I do not expect to pay for what I may consume there; and when I read that Lady So-and-So's riverside residence is full of guests for the week-end, I do not understand that the charming hostess will present a little bill ere her friends set out to catch the train to town on Monday.

This expression, "paying-guests," is justified on no grounds whatever, and is as much a contradiction as the hideous mixup, "his wrong side of the road," which one often hears in connection with street happenings.

Motorists, coachmen, cyclists and pedestrians, in discussing the rule of the road, are very prone to make use of this obviously contradictory phrase.

If a man is on "his" side of the road, how can it be "wrong"? And if it is "wrong," it certainly is not "his." I once heard a worried cloak room attendant calling out: "Has any gentleman got his wrong hat?" The same thing applies; but I am afraid the mistake is too firmly welded into our national speech ever to be uprooted.

Another common mistake is to speak of any object as "most unique." There can be no degrees in uniqueness, for if a thing is unique there is only one of it.

Some speakers and writers seem to have a deal of trouble with the simple looking little word "nee." If they would remember that it is simply French for "born," their confusion might be spared them. To speak of "Mrs. Henry Brown, nee Miss Mary Smith," is obviously wrong, for nobody in this world was ever born with a Christian name all complete.

The most gorgeous blunder on record in this connection was made by a writer who mentioned "Mrs. Cornwallis-West, nee Lady Randolph Churchill." We all know that the lady in question is a most brilliant woman; but even she would hardly be clever enough to be born already married to the late inventor of Tory Democracy.

You very frequently hear young ladies who ought to know better say things like this: "Father is going to take Eva and I to the theatre." One has even seen a sentence like this in print, but it is obviously wrong. You would not say, "Father is going to take I to the theatre." And though you are polite enough to put Eva before yourself, the verb "take" still governs the accusative, as those tiresome old grammarians call it, and therefore "Father is going to take Eva and me to the theatre" is the correct form.

"Neither of us has been" sounds clumsy somehow, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly correct, as "neither" must be singular, and not plural. In common speech we often put our prepositions at the end of the sentence, where they have no business, thus producing such an amazing query as this: "What would you like to be read to out of?"—London Answers.

The railroad car will carry as much as twenty teams of horses could haul, and the great ocean steamers will transport as much as 400 railroad cars can carry.

WASHINGTON AN ADVERTISER.

Knew How to Show the Advantages of the Land He Had to Lease.

The Baltimore American in celebrating the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser, which was the precursor of the American, publishes a facsimile of the first issue. It bore date Friday, August 20, 1773. The Journal and Advertiser was a small folio of three wide columns to the page, and excellently printed. This paper was the first to be published in Baltimore. Of course, there was then no city of Washington, and even the name Washington had not yet reached the great fame to which it afterward attained. Yet one of the most noteworthy things about this old-time newspaper is that its largest advertiser was George Washington.

He was then in his forty-first year, and was in the real estate business on a very extensive scale. His advertisement was dated "Mount Vernon, in Virginia, July 15, 1773," and announced that the subscriber, "having obtained patents for upwards of twenty thousand acres of land on the Ohio and Great Kanawha (ten thousand of which are situated on the banks of the first mentioned river, between the mouths of the two Kanawha, and the remainder on the Great Kanawha, or New River, from the mouth, or near it, upward in one continued survey) proposes to divide the same into any sized tenements that may be desired, and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years' rent free, provided, within the space of two years from next October three acres for every fifty contained in each lot, and proportionally for a lesser quantity, shall be cleared, fenced, and tilled; and that, by or before the time limited for the commencement of the first rent, five acres for every hundred, and proportionally, as above, shall be inclosed and laid down in good grass for meadow, and moreover, that at least fifty good fruit trees for every like quantity of land shall be planted on the premises."

Would-be purchasers were told to apply to "George Washington, near Alexandria," or in his absence to Mr. Lund Washington. The latter was Gen. Washington's favorite cousin and the great-grandfather of the late Col. L. G. Washington of this city.

General—then colonel—Washington was an excellent "ad" writer, and his style might be studied to advantage by some real estate sellers of today. He suggestively intimated that "any person inclined to settle on these lands would do well in communicating their intentions before the first of October next in order that a sufficient number of lots may be laid off to answer the demand." Then followed an ornate description of the good thing he had to offer, which it would trouble any of the moderns to beat by way of inducements. He said:

"As these lands are among the first which have been surveyed in the part of the country they lie in, it is almost needless to premise that none can exceed them in luxuriance of soil, or convenience of situation, all of them lying upon the banks either of the Ohio or Kanawha, and abounding with fine fish and wild fowl of various kinds, as also in most excellent meadows, many of which (by the bountiful hand of nature) are, in their present state, almost fit for the scythe. From every part of these lands water carriage is now had to Fort Pitt, by an easy communication, and from Fort Pitt, up the Monongahela to Redstone, vessels of convenient burden, may and do pass continually; from whence, by means of the Cheat river, and other navigable branches of the Monongahela, it is thought the portage to Potomac may, and will, be reduced within the compass of a few miles to the great ease and convenience of the settlers in transporting the produce of their lands to market. To which may be added, that as patents have now actually passed the seals for the several tracts here offered to be leased, settlers on them may cultivate and enjoy the lands in peace and safety, notwithstanding the unsettled counsels respecting a new colony on the Ohio; and as no right money is to be paid for these lands, and quitrent of two shillings sterling a hundred, demandable some years hence only, it is highly presumable that they will always be held upon a more desirable footing than where both these are laid on with a very heavy hand. And it may not be amiss further to observe, that if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio, in the manner talked of, should ever be effected, these must be among the most valuable lands in it, not only on account of the goodness of soil, and the other advantages above enumerated, but from their contiguity to the seat of government, which more than probable will be fixed at the mouth of the Great Kanawha."—Washington Star.

TILLMAN EXPLAINS.—W. E. King, a Turkish-Bath manager, of Norfolk, Va., has given out a letter he has received from Senator Tillman with reference to the latest free pass incident. The story is that King wrote Mr. Tillman that he would not believe the story until it was confirmed by the senator himself, and in reply he is said to have sent the following in an autograph letter from Trenton, S. C., under date of September 1:

"All the hullabaloo which has been kicked up recently had for a foundation the fact that I lost a card case containing passes over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system which I had never used. I notified the railroad so they could protect themselves from any impostors. My record in Washington will show whether or not the use of such courtesies has influenced my actions or utterances. A man who can be bought with a pass can be bought with money. My opinion

ion is that the great notoriety and publicity given to the simple incident grew out of the fact I was pushing Burton very hard on the race question and the Republican papers seized on this opportunity to create a diversion and it is notorious that my enemies never let slip an opportunity to abuse and misrepresent me."

TRAMPS CAPTURE TRAIN.

Run It Thirty-five Miles and Wind Up In Jail.

With clubs for weapons a party of a dozen tramps captured a Reading Railroad company's freight train running between Bound Brook and Trenton the other day and by fusillades of ears of corn, watermelons, potatoes and apples repulsed a force of the company's workmen who tried to retake it.

After the train had been kept going continuously from Belle Meade, where it was captured, to Trenton Junction, a distance of about thirty-five miles, three constables and three policemen, summoned by telegraph, defeated the tramps in a hand to hand fight and took three prisoners. The other nine escaped.

The train was a regular freight from Bound Brook to Trenton, stopping at all stations to take on the produce of the Jersey market: gardeners for the Trenton and Philadelphia markets.

When the train came to a halt at Belle Meade the tramps came out of the woods with a whoop. Four of them climbed into the engine car and five more into the cabooses, where were the conductor and three other members of the train crew. The remainder of the tramp squad climbed on top of the cars or into them. Few of the cars were locked because of the stops made at such short distances for taking on freight.

Along the tracks on the way to Trenton Junction the train had to pass at least five gangs of workmen. On approaching any of these gangs of workmen the engineer risked the blow of cudgels and slowed the train, while other members of the crew shouted lustily:

"Help us! Tramps have captured the train!"