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## The SKY PILOT

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Author of  
"The Man From Glengarry"  
"Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock"

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### CHAPTER XVII.

**T**HE glow of virtuous feeling following the performance of their generous act prepared the men for a keener enjoyment than usual of a night's sport. They had just begun to dispose themselves in groups about the fire for poker and other games when HI rode up into the light and with him a stranger on Gwen's beautiful pinto pony. HI was evidently half drunk, and as he swung himself off his bronco, he saluted the company with a wave of the hand and hoped he saw them "kicking."

Bill, looking curiously at HI, went up to the pinto, and, taking him by the head, led him up into the light, saying: "See here, boys, there's that pinto of mine I was tellin' you about. No flies on him, eh?"

"Hold on there! Excuse me," said the stranger, "this here boss belongs to me, if I paid down money means anything in this country."

"The country's all right," said Bill in an ominously quiet voice, "but this here pinto's another transaction, I reckon."

"The boss is mine, I say, and what's more, I'm goin' to hold him," said the stranger in a loud voice.

The men began to crowd around with faces growing hard. It was dangerous in that country to play fast and loose with horses.

"Look a-hyar, mates," said the stranger, with a Yankee drawl. "I ain't no boss thief, and if I ain't bought this boss reg'lar and paid down good money then it ain't mine; if I have, it is. That's fair, ain't it?"

At this HI pulled himself together and in a half drunken tone declared that the stranger was all right and that he had bought the horse fair and square, and "there's your dust," said HI, handing a roll to Bill. But with a quick movement Bill caught the stranger by the leg, and before a word could be said he was lying flat on the ground.

"You git off that pony," said Bill, "till this thing is settled."

There was something so terrible in Bill's manner that the man contented himself with blustering and swearing, while Bill, turning to HI, said:

"Did you sell this pinto to him?"

HI was able to acknowledge that, being offered a good price and knowing that his partner was always ready for a deal, he had transferred the pinto to the stranger for \$40.

Bill was in distress, deep and poignant. "Tain't the horse, but the leetle gel," he explained; but his partner's bargain was his, and wrathful as he was he refused to attempt to break the bargain.

At this moment the Hon. Fred, noting the unusual excitement about the fire, came up, followed at a little distance by his wife and the Duke.

"Perhaps he'll sell," he suggested.

"No," said Bill sullenly, "he's a mean cuss."

"I know him," said the Hon. Fred. "Let me try him." But the stranger declared the pinto suited him down to the ground and he wouldn't take twice his money for him.

"Why," he protested, "that there's what I call an unusual boss, and down in Montana for a lady he'd fetch up to a hundred and fifty dollars." In vain they begged and bargained. The man was immovable. Eighty dollars he wouldn't look at; a hundred hardly made him hesitate. At this point Lady Charlotte came down into the light and stood by her husband, who explained the circumstances to her. She had already heard Bill's description of Gwen's accident and of her part in the church building schemes. There was silence for a few moments as she stood looking at the beautiful pony.

"What a shame the poor child should have to part with the dear little creature!" she said in a low tone to her husband. Then, turning to the stranger, she said in clear, sweet tones:

"What do you ask for him?" He hesitated and then said, lifting his hat awkwardly in salute, "I was just remarkin' how that pinto would fetch \$150 down into Montana; but, seem' as a lady is inquirin', I'll put him down to \$125."

"Too much," she said promptly; "far too much, is it not, Bill?"

"Well," drawled Bill, "if 'twere a fellow as was used to ladies he'd offer you the pinto, but he's too plizen mean even to come down to the even hundred."

The Yankee took him up quickly. "Waal, if I were so blanked—pardon, madam," taking off his hat—"used to ladies as some folks would like to think themselves, I'd buy that there pinto and make a present of it to this here lady as stands before me." Bill twisted uneasily.

"But I ain't goin' to be mean. I'll put that pinto in for the even money for the lady if any man cares to put up the stuff."

"Well, my dear," said the Hon. Fred, with a bow, "we cannot well let that gage lie." She turned and smiled at him, and the pinto was transferred to the Ashley stables, to Bill's outspoken delight, who declared he couldn't have faced the music "if that there pinto had gone across the line." I confess, however, I was somewhat surprised at the ease with which HI escaped his wrath, and my surprise was in no way lessened when I saw later in the evening the two partners with the stranger taking a quiet drink out of the same bottle with evident mutual admiration and delight.

"You're an AI coker, you are! I'll be blanked if you ain't a bird—a singin' bird, a reg'lar canary," I heard HI say to Bill.

But Bill's only reply was a long, slow wink which passed into a frown as he caught my eye. My suspicion was aroused that the sale of the pinto might bear investigation, and this suspicion was deepened when Gwen next week gave me a rapturous account of how splendidly Bill had disposed of the pinto, showing me the bills for \$150. To my look of amazement Gwen replied:

"You see, he must have got them bidding against each other, and besides, Bill says pintos are going up."

Light began to dawn upon me, but I only answered that I knew they had risen very considerably in value within a month. The extra fifty was Bill's.

I was not present to witness the finishing of Bill's bluff, but was told that when Bill laid his way through the crowded aisle and laid his \$500 on the schoolhouse desk, the look of disgust, surprise and finally of pleasure on Robble's face was worth a hundred more. But Robble was ready and put down his \$200 with the single remark:

"Aye, ye're no as daft as ye look!" mild roars of laughter from all.

Then the Pilot, with eyes and face shining, rose and thanked them all, but when he told of how the little girl in her lonely shack in the hills thought so much of the church that she gave up for it her beloved pony, her one possession, the light from his eyes glowed in the eyes of all.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### THE LADY CHARLOTTE.

**T**HE night of the pinto's sale was a night momentous to Gwen, for then it was that the Lady Charlotte's interest in her began; momentous, too, to the Lady Charlotte, for it was that night that brought the Pilot into her life.

I had turned back to the fire, around which the men had fallen into groups, prepared to have an hour's solid delight, for the scene was full of wild and picturesque beauty, to me, when the Duke came and touched me on the shoulder.

"Lady Charlotte would like to see you."

"And why, pray?"

"She wants to hear about this affair of Bill's."

We went through the kitchen into the large dining room, at one end of which was a stone chimney and fireplace. Lady Charlotte had declared that she did not much care what kind of a house the Hon. Fred would build for her, but that she must have a fireplace.

She was very beautiful—tall, slight and graceful in every line. There were a reserve and a grand air in her bearing that put people in awe of her. This awe I shared, but as I entered the room she welcomed me with such kindly grace that I felt quite at ease in a moment.

"Come and sit by me," she said, drawing an armchair into the circle about the fire. "I want you to tell us all about a great many things."

"You see what you're in for, Connor," said her husband. "It is a serious business when my lady takes one in hand."

"As he knows to his cost," she said, smiling and shaking her head at her husband.

"So I can testify," put in the Duke. "Ah! I can't do anything with you," she replied, turning to him.

"Your most abject slave," he replied, with a profound bow, smiling at him— "a little sadly, I thought—I'd keep you out of all sorts of mischief."

"Quite true, Duke," said her husband. "Just look at me."

The Duke gazed at him a moment or two. "Wonderful!" he murmured. "What a deliverance!"

"Nonsense," broke in Lady Charlotte. "You are turning my mind away from my purpose."

"Is it possible, do you think?" said the Duke to her husband.

"Not in the very least," he replied, "if my experience goes for anything."

But Lady Charlotte turned her back upon them and said to me:

"Now, tell me first about Bill's encounter with that funny little Scotchman."

Then I told her the story of Bill's bluff in my best style, imitating, as I have some small skill in doing, the manner and speech of the various actors in the scene. She was greatly amused and interested.

"And Bill has really got his share ready?" she cried. "It is very clever of him."

"Yes," I replied, "but Bill is only the very humble instrument. The moving spirit is behind."

"Oh, yes, you mean the little girl that owns the pony," she said. "That's another thing you must tell me about."

"The Duke knows more than I," I replied, shifting the burden to him. "My acquaintance is only of yesterday; his is lifelong."

"Why have you never told me of her?" she demanded, turning to the Duke.

"Haven't I told you of the little Meredith girl? Surely I have," said the Duke hesitatingly.

"Now, you know quite well you have not, and that means you are deeply interested. Oh, I know you well," she said severely.

"He is the most secretive man," she went on to me—"shamefully and ungratefully reserved."

The Duke smiled; then said lastly: "Why, she's just a child. Why should you be interested in her? No one was," he added sadly. "Her misfortune distinguished her."

Her eyes grew soft, and her gay manner changed, and she said to the Duke gently: "Tell me of her now."

It was evidently an effort, but he began his story of Gwen from the time he saw her first years ago, playing in and out of her father's rambling shack, shy and wild as a young fox. As he went on with his tale his voice dropped into a low, musical tone, and he seemed as if dreaming aloud. Unconsciously he put into the tale much of himself, revealing how great an influence the little child had had upon him and how empty of love his life had been in this lonely land. Lady Charlotte listened with face intent upon him, and even her blurt husband was conscious that something more than usual was happening. He had never heard the Duke break through his proud reserve before.

But when the Duke told the story of Gwen's awful fall, which he did with great graphic power, a little red spot burned upon the Lady Charlotte's pale cheek, and as the Duke finished his tale with the words, "It was her last ride," she covered her face with her hands and cried:

"Oh, Duke, it is horrible to think of! But what splendid courage!"

"Great stuff, eh, Duke?" cried the Hon. Fred, kicking a burning log vigorously.

But the Duke made no reply.

"How is she now, Duke?" said Lady Charlotte.

The Duke looked up as from a dream. "Bright as the morning," he said. Then, in reply to Lady Charlotte's look of wonder, he added:

"The Pilot did it. Connor will tell you. I don't understand it."

"Nor do I either, but I can tell you only what I saw and heard," I answered.

"Tell me," said Lady Charlotte very gently.

Then I told her how, one by one, we had fallen to help her, and how the Pilot had ridden up that morning through the canyon, and how he had brought the first light and peace to her by his marvelous pictures of the flowers and ferns and trees and all the wonderful mysteries of that wonderful canyon.

"But that wasn't all," said the Duke quickly as I stopped.

"No," I said slowly; "that was not all by a long way, but the rest I don't understand. That's the Pilot's secret."

"Tell me what he did," said Lady Charlotte softly once more. "I want to know."

"I don't think I can," I replied. "He simply read out of the Scriptures to her and talked."

Lady Charlotte looked disappointed.

"Is that all?" she said.

"It is quite enough for Gwen," said the Duke confidently, "for there she lies, often suffering, always longing for the hills and the free air, but with her face radiant as the flowers of the beloved canyon."

"I must see her," said Lady Charlotte, "and that wonderful Pilot."

"You'll be disappointed in him," said the Duke.

"Oh, I've seen him and heard him, but I don't know him," she replied. "There must be something in him that one does not see at first."

"So I have discovered," said the Duke, and with that the subject was dropped, but not before the Lady Charlotte made me promise to take her to Gwen, the Duke being strangely unwilling to do this for her.

"You'll be disappointed," he said. "She is only a simple little child."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### PANAMA AS IT IS.

The Canal Question Has Been Under Consideration Since 1492.

In its wider sense the Isthmus of Panama embraces the whole neck of land connecting the continents of North and South America and constitutes a state of the United States of Colombia. In its narrower meaning the term is confined to the tract between the ports of Colon (or Aspinwall, as it is sometimes called), on the Caribbean sea, and Panama, on the Pacific ocean, a distance of fifty-four miles by the proposed route of the ship canal. Between the two cities lies a range of mountains, a continuation of the Cordillera of Andes. Across this Isthmus a railway was completed by an American company in 1855. By a treaty of 1846 with New Grenada as Colombia was formerly called, the United States guarantees free transit from sea to sea and is consequently bound to protect this railroad during any civil disturbances on the Isthmus.

The Isthmus of Panama and the mainland of Colombia were among the first portions of the New World visited by the Spanish explorers. Columbus touched at several points in his last voyage in 1502 and by the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards may be said to have established their power over the natives tribes of the country. The region now divided between Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador was formed into the presidency of New Grenada, which was later raised to the rank of a viceroyalty. Cities flourished along the coast in spite of the frequent descent of the English buccaniers, and the Indians, many tribes of whom had attained an advanced civilization, were subdued with some effort. The missionaries, however, experienced unusual difficulty and at the present time the population of the district around the junction of the Isthmus and the mainland is wild, unruly and but nominally Christian.

Insurrections against the Spanish government were practically continuous in the early part of the last century, under the leadership of Bolivar, the Liberator of South America. In 1819 he formed the republic of Venezuela and New Grenada into a single state under the title of the United States of Colombia. This gave way, after his death in 1830, to the Republic of Grenada, of which General Santander became the first president. Years of weakness and dissension followed. In 1840 the departments of Panama and Veraguas seceded, assuming the title of the State of the Isthmus of Panama, but was soon subdued.

Antioquin and Panama, however, took advantage, in 1855, of the recent constitutional permission to declare themselves again independent and to enter into a merely Federal connection with the central state. More years of petty insurrection and revolts followed, until a congress at Bogota established the present republic under the name of the United States of Colombia, and adopted a federal constitution. Since then the frequent revolutions and occasional wars with the neighboring states have had no permanent effect, being purely political in character. Throughout the United States has prevented any interference with Isthmian traffic, and in 1855, at the request of the Colombian government, landed marines on the Isthmus.

Proposals to pierce the Isthmus of Panama are almost as old as its discovery. Cortez had one route surveyed, and in 1550 a Spaniard named Antonio Galvao suggested what is practically the present route. Bolivar's revolution stopped the work which Spain had already determined to begin, and no progress in the plan was made for some years. In 1843 France became interested in the project, but again nothing was accomplished. The discovery of gold in California increased the demand for easy communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the present railroad was begun. The difficulty of procuring labor, however, delayed its completion until 1855.

This did not do away with the desire for a canal, and in 1879 Ferdinand de Lesseps, the promoter of the Suez and the Corinth canals, organized a company to build the canal, for which sufficient capital was subscribed to enable the work to be commenced on February 1, 1881. The natural difficulties to be overcome were presented by the Cordillera mountains, which necessitated either a tunnel or a deep cutting and the floods of the Chagres river. In addition to these obstacles the United States was opposed to a canal built under French auspices, and for political reasons the French government declined to become directly interested in the project. In spite of de Lesseps's great reputation and the authorization of a lottery loan, funds were difficult to obtain and the work dragged. Ultimately an investigation in 1892 disclosed the fact that of something over \$260,000,000 already sunk in the project only a small portion had been spent on the actual work. The rest had been spent in various ways to influence public opinion in France. For this Charles de Lesseps, Ferdinand's son, was held primarily responsible, but Ferdinand himself was convicted in 1893 of fraudulent maneuvers to raise money and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The following year he died, after having long been in ill health. In accordance with the peculiar methods of French law he was not present at his trial and was even ignorant of the fact that he was being criminally prosecuted.

With the death of de Lesseps and the collapse of his company the canal project dragged more slowly than ever, until the United States took it up. The question of a canal through

Nicaragua, instead of across the Panama Isthmus, was for some time discussed, but the preference was finally given to the old route. The treaty with Colombia, however, by which this country was to pay \$20,000,000 for the necessary concession, was defeated this summer in the Colombian senate. The present attempt on the part of the state of Panama to secede from Colombia is the outcome of this action.

The action of the Colombian senate and its effect in the state of Panama is evidence of the unsettled conditions that prevail in practically all of the Spanish-American countries and to which Colombia is no stranger. The population of the republic, estimated at 4,400,000, of whom about 300,000 are in the state of Panama, is composed of whites of Spanish origin, the remnants of the native Indian tribes, Negroes and half-breeds of every description. Many of the Indians are still in an almost savage state and the llaneros or herdsmen of the plains are far from a high state of civilization. In Bogota, the capital, however, a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, the people have adopted European habits with a strong leaning to French ways.

The climate and character of the people are diversified by the numerous irregular and lofty mountain ranges. Though a portion of the country is crossed by the equator every variety of temperature is to be found from tropical heat to perpetual ice and snow. On the Isthmus the mountains are comparatively low and the general characteristics of the region are those of the tropics. Though the whole of the country is rich in mineral deposits, on account of the scarcity of capital, the unsettled political conditions and the difficulty of communication many of the most important are still untouched.

The telegraph system is extremely poor, for in the less populous districts the wires are both stolen by thieves and destroyed by monkeys, who find them useful for exercise. Agriculture is the chief industry of the country, but it is carried on by the Indians with the crudest methods. The only industrial product to be exported to any extent, is the jipijapa or Panama hat.

Panama is the capital of the Isthmian state, is a tropical city of more than 35,000 inhabitants. It is the oldest city in America, having been founded in 1518 by Pedro Arias Davila, and soon became wealthy from the Peruvian mines. Its riches attracted Morgan's buccaniers, and after plundering it for three weeks they burned it in 1671. From the "eight monasteries, a cathedral and two churches, a fine hospital, 200 richly furnished houses, nearly 5,000 houses of an humble sort, a Genoese Chamber of Commerce, and 200 warehouses," they carried off 175 mule loads of loot and 600 prisoners.

Two years later the present city was founded on a tongue of coral rock, about six miles from the old site. It was once considered one of the strongest fortresses in South America, but little of the granite fortifications is still standing. Of the old Spanish houses, also, few are left, and what dignity the city now has is derived from the state buildings and offices. A large area is covered by the ruins of churches and convents. Living is expensive and the hotel accommodations are poor.—New York Sun.

#### POPULAR MEDICAL DELUSIONS.

An Old Family Physician Tells of Some of His Experiences.

Tradition and superstition, it is said, die hard, and even in this twentieth century, the age of education and progress, it is surprising what erroneous and delusive ideas prevail regarding medicinal matters.

In some of the more common ailments of children a doctor hears at times peculiar views expressed. Many patients are quite under the impression that it is for their children's welfare that they should contract while young, such diseases as measles, whooping cough and chickenpox, or glasspox, and they will even go so far as to expose them to infection so to, as they express it, "get it over and done with."

As a matter of fact, there is no reason or necessity why any child should suffer from any of the diseases. Happiness is the family that escapes from them, for then there is a chance for the youngsters growing up healthy men and women and useful members of society.

Most erroneous ideas prevail as to the effect of these complaints of childhood. I have often heard it said, "Oh, it's only measles!" or chickenpox, as the Royalists used it to jeer at the case may be; quite oblivious to the effects. Any one who would take the trouble to read health statistics would soon be convinced that measles, especially, is not to be trifled with, and yet medical men, as a rule, find a reckless disregard for isolation, and in many cases not even the precaution of calling in the family doctor, the result being, naturally, that the disease spreads at its own sweet will and often works havoc.

In the treatment of this complaint, again, delusions and erroneous ideas exist among a large number of the community. Tradition, so it appears to me, is more prevalent with regard to measles than almost any other children's disease.

A remedy that has been handed down from mother to daughter for I don't know how many generations, is upon this particular fever no doctor knows. Certainly there is no peculiar element in its composition that makes it a necessity. When one remembers that saffron is merely a dye, principally used commercially in that role—and that it possesses no medicinal value—one fails to understand why it is so universally used. The only thing

to be said in its favor is that, while being useless, it is harmless.

A favorite addition to saffron is brandy; but saffron is harmless, brandy on the other hand, especially with babies and young children, is positively injurious and should never be given except under medical advice.

Children are always thirsty in their feverish ailments. Yet how seldom the mother thinks of giving her child water to drink! It is nearly always milk—another popular delusion. Milk is an excellent food, but it does not quench thirst; in fact, it increases it. Give the child cold boiled water and it will become quiet and less fretful.

A very popular idea is that spirits keep the cold out. As a matter of fact they do just the opposite. Alcohol increases the action of the skin, opens the pores and makes the individual more liable to contract chills and colds, often with serious results. A glass of hot milk is far better and much cheaper and purer.

It is a popular delusion that doctors are compelled to attend any and every call made upon them. Nothing of the kind; but medical men very rarely refuse, although in many cases the chance of receiving a fee is remote. Street accidents or people suddenly taken ill (sometimes a mailerger) will make a kind-hearted onlooker run to the nearest doctor for assistance, quite oblivious as to who is responsible for payment. As a matter of fact, the one who calls the doctor is liable.—Tit-Bits.

#### THE MEN OF BLUE WATER.

They Helped Make York's Record For Fine Soldiership.

In last Tuesday's issue, THE ENQUIRER gave a picture and sketch of Mr. John Lowrie Bolin, aged eighty-two years. We have known Mr. Bolin all our life, as a quiet, unostentatious citizen. He belongs to a family noted for its longevity. Some of whom in our day have passed their 100th milestone.

Lowrie, for a long time, was one of the leading men of that section, known as "The Nation" or "Blue Water." In elections his influence was sought for by candidates wanting office. What love couldn't accomplish liquor could. Rum would often succeed when reason failed.

The Bolin family were noted for their courage—they sprung from Revolutionary ancestry. Many of their descendants are now living at the cotton mills in Cherokee county and others are among its farming and other industrial classes.

In ante-bellum days when free liquor and free fights were common, the test of pluck or physical manhood was a common pastime. For a man in those days and among those people to carry a low down cowardly grudge until he got the advantage of his adversary or until he got in liquor before he could bring it to an issue was looked upon as an arrant coward. Sticks, rocks, fists and feet were the only weapons used in settling old scores or new difficulties. When the war came on, some of them were among the first to go to the front and there they remained until the flag was forever furled at Appomattox and Greensboro. No section of the country left a greater per cent of its men upon the battlefield than did York county and on whom were no fewer records bestowed for their gallantry.

The grand old county of York has given to the new county of Gaffney a territory and people of whom we are justly proud. They are, many of them, the men or descendants of the men of whom we speak—J. L. S., in Gaffney Ledger.

#### "YANKEE DOODLE'S" ORIGIN.

It Was Formerly "Nankeo Doodle," Used to Ridicule Cromwell.

The lively strains of "Yankee Doodle" are heard at every patriotic celebration, yet perhaps few of those whose pulses stir at the sound of the familiar notes are aware that it dates from the time of Oliver Cromwell and crossed the seas with the Puritans.

"Nankeo Doodle" was one of the nicknames bestowed by the Cavaliers on the hated Roundhead, and a verse, written upon Cromwell's entry into Oxford, riding on a small horse with a plume twisted into a sort of knot called a "macaroni," runs as follows:

"Nankeo Doodle came to town,  
Upon a little pony,  
With a feather in his hat  
Upon a macaroni."

The transition from Nankeo to Yankee—which came from Yengee, the Indian word for English—was very easy, and the Royalists used it to jeer at all New Englanders.

When the Colonials in Boston, preparing for the coming war, smuggled muskets into the country, concealing them in loads of manure, the Tories sang to the old tune of "Lucy Fisher."

"Yankee Doodle came to town,  
For to buy a firclock,  
We will tar and feather him,  
And so we will John Hancock."

This tune was a favorite one in Colonial times, various couplets being used, one of the most popular of these verses having come down as a nursery rhyme within the memory of the present generation. The words are:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,  
Lucy Fisher found it,  
Nearer a penny was there in it,  
'Cept the binding round it."

The New England men were fully equal to the occasion. When the British force marched to the battles of Concord and Lexington, their approach was heralded by "God Save the King," but when the "Yankee farmers" saw the foe in full retreat, the strains of "Yankee Doodle" accompanied their flight, and from that hour, wherever the Stars and Stripes have floated, the once despised tune has been heard.—Collier's Weekly.

#### GRAND JURY TO THE SESSIONS.

Final Presentment as to Things in General.

Before its discharge last Wednesday morning the grand jury submitted the following as its final presentment, signed by J. O. Walker, foreman:

To the Honorable D. A. Townsend, Presiding Judge:

We beg to report that we have duly considered all the bills of indictment put into our hands by the solicitor, and returned the same to the court, with our findings endorsed thereon.

Since our last report, committees of our number have visited the jail, county home, chaingang and Catawba River bridge.

We recommend that the interior of the jail be thoroughly modernized and fitted with steel cells. The work will be expensive, no doubt; but will be justified, in our opinion, even if an extra tax levy be necessary.

The buildings of the county home are in good condition and the inmates are properly cared for. We have no criticism to make; but on the contrary commendation for the management. The home is supplied with an abundance of necessities that have been raised on the farm.

Among the inmates is the family of one Jim McMackin, consisting of himself, wife and seven children, all idiots. The family continues to increase and we think that something should be done in the interest of humanity. We recommend that the husband and wife be separated; that the wife be sent back to her own people, who are willing to take care of her, and that the children be bound out to such responsible citizens as may be willing to assume responsibility for them. Dr. Miles Walker, the physician in charge, can give more detailed information.

We found the convicts at the chaingang in healthy condition and properly guarded. The management of the chaingang is quite satisfactory.

We are pleased to note that our last recommendation as to the painting of the Catawba River bridge, has been carried out in a satisfactory manner.

The books of the public offices have been examined by an expert, appointed by us, and we refer to his report with pride, as showing the neat condition of the county's books, and the manner in which the officers have discharged their duties. The report of the expert and that of the county commissioners is attached for reference, and we recommend that the suggestion of each be carried out.

On the third day of last September, a passenger train of the Southern railway fell through the trestle at Fishing creek in this county. Five people were killed and a number were wounded. It was brought to our attention that the disaster was probably due in great measure to rotten and defective timbers, and we conceived it our duty to investigate the matter by committee. The report of the committee was as follows:

We find from evidence and the rotten condition of the timbers in the trestle, and from the neglect of the railroad authorities to furnish new material, after being notified of the condition of said trestle by the employees of the railroad, that the Southern railroad authorities were guilty of criminal negligence, and that N. M. Stokes, Miles Miller, W. A. Bolin, Cal Comer and J. J. Keller are the witnesses.

Because of the condition in which we found this trestle, it was decided to make investigation of other trestles in the county, and the committee to which the duty was delegated has reported as follows:

We have examined the track of the Southern (Old Three O's railroad), from Yorkville to and including Bullock's creek trestle, and we found the track, especially on the curves, to be in a very bad condition, owing to rotten ties, and find that Bullock's creek trestle is such a dangerous and unsafe condition, that we at once notified the management of the Southern railroad, through its agent, of its condition. We suggested a lower rate of speed on these curves, and a slow rate on Bullock's creek trestle. We are glad to report that the notice from the grand jury was respected by the railroad authorities, and that Bullock's Creek trestle has been repaired, and that the track is being put in better condition.

We desire to present one Dal Kimbrell for buying seed cotton contrary to law. The following are witnesses: Jno. Witherspoon, colored; Lee Heath, colored.

We also report Mark Carpenter, Frank Carpenter and Sid Barrett, for selling whisky in violation of the dispensary law. Following are witnesses: Ben Briggs, Rufe McDaniel, David Givens, Ervin Pursley, John Davidson, Will Thomason, Tom Thomason, Jr.

We wish earnestly to recommend that for the upbuilding of the moral condition of our county and state that our representatives use every means within their power to obtain the consent of the legislature to allow the citizens of the state to vote as to whether we want whisky sold in our midst, and we believe that we voice the sentiment of our county in this recommendation.

A great deal of extra work, entailing both time and expense has devolved on this body during the past year, and we recommend that the unusual services performed by various members be paid for extra as follows:

W. L. Black, 2 days.....	\$ 5.00
R. S. Hanna, 2 days.....	4 00
W. H. McCorkle, Jr., 2 days.....	3 00
J. J. Wallace, 2 days.....	3 00
W. J. Nell, 2 days and team....	4 00
P. B. McAfee, 2 days and team....	5 40
N. S. Black, 4 days and dinner...	6 00
for jury.....	2 75
J. R. Williams, 2 days.....	3 00
J. W. Brown, 2 days.....	4 00
S. G. Feemster, 1 day.....	3 00
R. E. Ferguson, 1 day and team....	3 00
J. O. Walker, foreman.....	20 70

In addition to the foregoing, we recommend that Mr. J. R. Lindsay be paid for his services as expert in examining the books, the sum of \$25.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Yorkville, S. C., Nov. 18, 1903.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—Mercer.



He was lying flat on the ground.

plained the circumstances to her. She had already heard Bill's description of Gwen's accident and of her part in the church building schemes. There was silence for a few moments as she stood looking at the beautiful pony.

"What a shame the poor child should have to part with the dear little creature!" she said in a low tone to her husband. Then, turning to the stranger, she said in clear, sweet tones:

"What do you ask for him?" He hesitated and then said, lifting his hat awkwardly in salute, "I was just remarkin' how that pinto would fetch \$150 down into Montana; but, seem' as a lady is inquirin', I'll put him down to \$125."