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## THE WORLD... ...AGAINST HIM

By Will N. Harben.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

The next stroke, two days later, silenced Jade Fanshaw's tongue forever. It fell at dawn, just as a big red rooster under the house crowed and flapped his wings. Dave came upstairs and shook his brother, who had fallen asleep only about an hour before.

"Well," he said, "the old man has handed in his checks. Goodwillkins, Ron, I'm beginnin' to think I've run my blasted head into a secret of ma an' pa's that they've kept from us for over a quarter of a century. All right long, an' up to the time he tuck his last suck of air the old man talked of nothin' else but you—you, an' some dead soldier."

"He seems to imagine—" Ronald began, but Dave interrupted him. "Imagine a dog's hind foot!" he blurted out. "That's some'n behind all them hints an' threats that have been passin' betwixt ma an' pa sence I was knee high to a bow-legged duck, an' I have, at this late day, jest got my fust whiff of a dead mouse. You don't have to knock me down with a load of mill rocks as a general thing; I can see a inch 'fore my eyes, if I am cross-eyed. The old man kept runnin' on last night about a baby an' its dead daddy; an' ma kept tryin' to keep me from understandin' till she fell asleep out o' pure weariness of the brain an' then the truth begun to creep into my noggin. Ron, I never did think you was a bit like the rest of us, an' now I'm sure you don't belong to this litter."

Ronald sat up on the edge of his bed, as white as death could have made him.

"Are you in earnest, Dave?" he questioned.

"If ever I was in my life."

"Did you find out anything—positive?" the last word came out with a jerk.

"No, but you can, Ron; ma is all broke up. She knows you saved the insurance, an' she would answer any question you ask. I'd go to 'er, after the buryin', an' demand to know it all. She'll tell you."

At this juncture the voice of Mrs. Fanshaw came up to them as she shook the latch of Ann Josephine's door: "Wake up, Josie," she said, "yore pa's been dead a good half hour, an' thar ain't nobody to cook breakfast!"

Ronald began to dress himself.

"Dave," he said, "your suspicion has taken me completely by surprise; I have suspected for a good many years that they did not feel towards me as they did to the rest, but I cannot yet believe I am not really a Fanshaw."

"Wait till you talk to ma," counseled David. "Be shore you come at 'er exactly right. Make 'er feel shore at you won't give 'er a speck o' trouble an' she'll let the cat out the bag."

The next day when Jade Fanshaw's unpainted box was lowered into the grave near the meeting house, half a mile over the hills, the snow was falling so fast that the faces of the few mourners and neighbors who stood around could hardly be recognized. The mound had scarcely received its shape when it was robbed in white. It was as if Nature had spread an emblem of forgiveness over Jade Fanshaw's last resting place.

Ronald rode home in the wagon containing Mrs. Fanshaw, Dave, the two girls and Bud Tarbell. Arriving at home the girls went into the house and Mrs. Fanshaw bustled about on the back porch, opening the window blinds which she had closed so that no one might gain access to her house during the absence of the family. There Ronald found her, still in her bonnet and heavy shawl. Her eyes fell before the hungry stare of his own.

"I want to see you in private," he said, excited in spite of a strong effort at calmness. She moved as if to pass him and go into the house, and then she paused before him, a dogged expression in her unsteady glance.

"Dave's been blabbin' to you, Ron," she said; "I wouldn't pay no attention to that boy."

"You've been keeping something from me—something concerning myself, all my life," he heard himself saying in deliberate tones.

She caught her breath, and then looked through the hall at Bud Tarbell, who was turning his wagon away from the gate.

"Dave tol' me back thar at the grave jest now," she faltered, "that you said you never would give me no trouble about anything. If I knowed that you would not bring me to court, an' that you would let us have the insurance money to buy land in Texas, Ron, I'd not keep back a thing."

"Your name shall never be mentioned," he promised, now chilled to the center of his heart by what might be revealed. "I have a right to know it, if I am not your son, and not his. You know you are welcome to the insurance money."

He used to tell me all about it 'fore we got married an' I was sech a foolish young thing that I thought his conduct was smart, an' that Jade Fanshaw was about the finest ketch in them mountains. They did their biggest business an' made their biggest hauls by capturin' folks that was travelin' beer an' yan through the mountains to git away from the war, as most of sech folks had money about 'em. They didn't kill often, unless it was through lack of proper judgment, like, for instance, in threatenin' a man to give up his treasure by drawin' 'im up on a rope an' lettin' 'im hang a mite too long. What you come in was this way."

Mrs. Fanshaw cautiously closed the door leading into the hall and then went on: "A man and his wife an' a baby about four months old come 'long in a carriage driv' by a nigger man, an' yore pa's crowd was lyin' in wait fur 'em an' heit 'em up in a lonely mountain pass. The man was a young confederate officer, an' the woman was mighty good-lookin' an' dressed as fine as a fiddle. That's one reason the gang thought they had money. They ordered all of 'em to git out on the ground, an' the officer did so at once, an' tuck the baby from his mother so she could git out."

"Well, they say he had no sooner put foot to the ground 'fore the nigger driver whipped up the horses like mad an' managed to dodge the shots an' git away. The tale Jake always told me was that the officer started off at full speed after the carriage an' got shot accidentally, fallin' with you in his arms. The worst part of it fur the gang was that the man had no money about him, an' they had a live squallin' baby on hands. Then they drew lots as to who was to put the baby out o' pain, an' it fell to Jade, an' he fetched you to put the job off on me. I'd been married two year an' never had no child, an' as I was by myself in a lone cabin from mornin' till night an' often all night I begged Jade to let me have you fur company an' as he didn't seem to want to bother more about it, he give in. Nobody but the gang ever knowed you wasn't my child an' they scattered to all parts of the world after the surrender. After that Dave an' the gals was born an' nobody ever suspicioned that you wasn't a Fanshaw."

Ronald, pale and excited, leaned against the water-shelf.

"Do you know the name of the officer?" he asked.

"Thar wasn't a thing to show who he was," answered Mrs. Fanshaw. "He didn't have a thing in his pockets except a silver tobacco box. You've seed it a hundred times; all the children cut their teeth on it; it's in the room with matches in it."

She went into the house and brought it back.

"I've told many a lie about this little trick," she admitted, with a shrug and a little smile as she gave it to him. He had seen the box often before, and remembered that words were engraved on it. He held it to the light, making out the following: "From Elizabeth to—"

"This does not help me much," he said, "but I shall not rest till I know who I am. Is any of the old band living now?"

"Thar must be some of 'em, but the Lord only knows thar they are; they seemed ashamed of their war conduct, an' ain't anxious to keep up old friendships. Now, Ron, remember yore promise!"

"I shall do nothing till you are away from here," he said, "and then you shall never be blamed. The one to be blamed is there." He made a gesture toward the graveyard over the hills.

"I reckon you are right," she sighed; "maybe I'd a had other company when I was growin' up my end would a been different."

### CHAPTER XX.

Another summer had come. Ronald was now Redding's law partner, and lived in town. He had put up no sign, having told his partner that he would not do so till he had found out his rightful name, Dave and his mother and sisters had moved to Texas and purchased a good farm from the sale of their own place and the insurance money.

One morning in July Redding bustled into the office as our hero sat reading at his desk. The old man wore a look of suppressed excitement and looked as if he were dying to have Ronald ask him what had happened. But our hero only went on with his reading.

Redding sat down at his own desk and threw up the roller top with a great platter. "Well," he began, "you don't have the least curiosity in the world about anything. Why haven't you axed a feller whar he's been all mornin'?"

Ronald smiled as he looked up from his book. "I thought you might be ill. I was going to send round to see about you."

"You couldn't guess, to save yore life. The truth is, old Hasbrooke sent for me just as I was leaving the breakfast table, an' I went right out to the plantation. What he wanted, an' what I dropped on to while I was thar, would fill a wonder book. He's laid up with a sprained ankle, or he would have come in to talk over the matter with us."

The old lawyer pinched his nose several times and winked slyly into Ronald's expectant face. "You had a fool's notion, young man, that I was doin' a sort of charity act in takin' you in with me, but I knowed which side my bread was buttered on. I knowed you'd draw business, and plenty of it. Well, the

colonel opened up by sayin' that he'd always felt a big interest in you an' sence you've made such a rep' with your speech on the Lester robbery case he's made up his mind to he'p push you along."

Ronald's face had fallen. There was something in the idea of Col. Hasbrooke's patronage that offended his pride.

"I am sure I have never expected aid from him in any way, and it depends on the nature of his proposition as to whether I shall—"

"Don't fly off the handle," grinned Redding; "it's only business for the firm. He said his affairs had never been managed satisfactorily by Lee and West (it seemed they got to thinkin' they owned about all the old man had). He said it had got so he had to go in to see 'em two or three times 'fore they would atten' to what he wanted, an' they was paid a lump sum by the year. He has jest offered us the job, an' I accepted it before he could bat his eyes. I call it the fattest thing I ever run across, an' I owe you fur my half of it."

"He is certainly very kind," answered Ronald, his brow ruffled with a frown; "for your sake, at any rate, I shall raise no objection, but he and I—"

"Ah!" broke in Redding, leaning forward in his chair, "I kinder thought he acted queer about it; he kept axin' if I knowed for sure if you'd object, an' said maybe I ort to see you first before takin' up the proposition, but I knowed a good thing, an' didn't want no chance o' lettin' it go, so I tol' 'im you'd be tickled to death. Well, even if you an' 'im have been at outs, he's showed a willingness to patch it up, an' you ought to let by-gones be by-gones."

"Oh, it will be all right," said our hero. "I shall write him a note of appreciation."



HE CAME TO THE WALK TO MEET HIM.

"But I hadn't told you all yet," Redding's face took on a serious look, "an' I know you will want to kick me for meddlin' in yore private affairs, but the truth is, I got my foot in it before I thought. He was axin' about yore mother an' the children—I mean the mother—an' somehow I felt so good over what he had done that I up an' let yore cat out o' the bag. I confided to him every blame thing you've told me about your family mystery, an' the search you'd made up in Tennessee for the grave. Well, sir, the old man looked like he was goin' to faint. I never seed anybody act like he did; he jumped up on his sore foot an' began to yell half the time in pain an' the other half to Miss Evelyn, who was in the 'jinnin' room with Mrs. Lancaster. She got heer yesterday. They come to the door just as he got thar, an' they all went into the room an' fell to jabberin' like rips. After awhile I heerd 'im yell for camphor an' water, an' I 'lowed somebody was dead. It turned out that the old lady keeled over in a dead swoon. I set thar for half an hour wonderin' what on earth to do, till Hasbrooke finally come in lookin' as peculiar out o' the eyes as if he'd been ketchin' stealin' a sheep. He apologized for keepin' me waitin', but said he stayed to have a talk with Mrs. Lancaster after she come to. He said he was sorry he didn't feel at liberty to make a full explanation, but that the old lady wanted me to ride to town an' send you out thar as fast as you could travel. He followed me to the front steps, an' then he said: 'Tell Mr. Fanshaw that she can tell him all about his parentage—tell him to make haste!'"

For a moment both men stared into each other's eyes.

"Perhaps Mrs. Lancaster knew my parents," Ronald said finally. "Mr. Redding, you can understand that this is of the greatest importance to me. I shall go out at once."

"That's right," agreed Redding. "I left my horse hitched at the door. Go ahead; I believe you are on the right track to a solution of that matter."

### CHAPTER XXI.

Arriving at Carnegie half an hour later, for he had ridden hard, Ronald found the colonel hobbling about near the tennis court, a big stick in his hand. Feeling the new arrival, he came to the walk to meet him, his whole body working with agitation.

"Come right in," he said, giving Ronald his hand. "She's dying with impatience. She wanted to drive out to meet you on the road, but I made her wait. Did you ever hear of the like?"

Ronald wanted to say that he was still in the dark, but his host was loudly calling to a groom and waving his hand towards the groom. Just then our hero saw Mrs. Lancaster standing in the doorway and wildly motioning him to approach. Leaving the lame man to get up the steps as best he could, Ronald ascended to the woman, who stood both hands outstretched, her disheveled eyes boring into his own.

"Oh, don't you know yet?" she questioned, as she read his blank face, "can't you guess the truth? She wrung his hand and stepped backward to the door of the drawing-room as if to draw him away from all eyes save her own."

"Mr. Redding told me," he began, "that you might be able to give me some information—"

"Don't you see," she broke in, with warm tenderness. "Don't you feel the truth? I am your mother!"

He found himself unable to articulate a word. Something seemed to bear down on his brain; for a moment there was a blur before his sight. As if in a dream he felt her leading him across the drawing-room to a sofa.

"I am your mother," she said, as she drew him down to a seat beside her, "and I thank God for allowing me to find it out before my death. I have loved you in a strange, unaccountable way ever since I met you. When I heard you were in prison it almost drove me wild. Evelyn wrote me about your arrest, and then it was a week before I learned of your release. My name is Elizabeth; I gave your father that silver tobacco-box; and, moreover, I lost you exactly where you were taken during the war. I am so happy! I am actually afraid my joy will kill me."

She began to cry silently, and in his desire to comfort her he found himself clasping her hand and stroking back the white hair from her brow.

"And I am glad you are my mother," he said, simply. "You have been my ideal woman ever since that day you came to see me."

They sat together for an hour, making plans for the future.

"Evelyn and I are going to spend next year abroad," she told him, "and you are going with us. Col. Hasbrooke says he is too old for the journey and we shall need a man."

His face clouded for the first time during the interview.

"But Col. Hasbrooke—" "He is simply wild to call you son-in-law," Mrs. Lancaster broke in, with a laugh. "Evelyn has been almost dead with sorrow since he separated you. I really believe he was coming round anyway. Yesterday he said a great deal about your nobility of character and talent. He always listens to me, and I told him there was nothing to be done but to let you have her. His wife is selfish—so thoughtless. I never was so fond of a girl as you are."

She rose and he nervously held her hands, a fixed look on his face.

"Are you sure," he faltered, "that I have the right to?"

His mother drew herself up to her full height. "You are a Lancaster," she said, proudly.

When she had passed through the heavy curtains observing a room in the rear, he sat for several minutes fairly dazzled by what had taken place. His reverie was disturbed by the coming of Evelyn. A flush was on her slightly attenuated face, and her eyes were red and sparkled as if she had been crying, but she came to him with a firm, confident step, and put both her hands in his.

"It is all so wonderful," she said, simply. "I am actually too choked up to speak. I've been laughing, crying, and doubting the truth of it by turns ever since Mr. Redding went away."

"It seems like a dream to me," he made answer. "I am afraid I shall wake and find myself back in my little room over there on the farm."

"Mrs. Lancaster told me just now," said Evelyn, "that she had forgotten to tell you your given name. She asked me to inform you, but I hate to pronounce it. I shall never call you anything but Ronald. Will that suit you, sir?"

They were seated side by side on the sofa.

"I shall never want you to call me anything else," he smiled; "but I must own up to a little curiosity as to what I am legally entitled to."

"Charles Erskine," answered Evelyn. "Mrs. Lancaster was a Miss Erskine. How do you like it?"

"It's not bad," he laughed; "perhaps I may grow up to it in time."

Just then Hasbrooke looked in at the door and limped towards them, on almost boyish look of embarrassment on his face.

"I am going to beg your forgiveness for what I said the last time you were here," he said.

"I did not blame you, Col. Hasbrooke," was the reply.

"But I blame you," Evelyn turned on Ronald, suddenly. "If I had known your stupid reasons for giving me up I should never have consented—never! I thought it was because—because you thought me too great a responsibility, and a burden."

"Well, settle it between you," smiled her father. And when he had quitted the room they did.

THE END.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Dispensary Committee Advertises for Proof to Convict.

The dispensary investigating committee is sending out the following for publication in the newspapers:

"All persons in this or any other state are requested to send any information in their possession relating to the affairs of the South Carolina dispensary, which is the cause of any complaint. They are also requested to state fully any facts that they have as to irregularities, management, or corruption therein, or of any one connected therewith, with suggestions as to how the truth of the same may be properly ascertained.

No communication will be considered unless signed by the parties sending it, but the name of the sender will not be given to the public if such be desired.

Communications should be sent to either of the undersigned:

"J. T. Hay, Camden.

"Cole L. Bleese, Newberry.

"Niel Christensen, Jr., Beaufort.

"A. L. Gaston, Charleston.

"B. Fraser, Sumter.

"D. A. Spivey, Conway.

"J. Fraser Lyons, Abbeville."

They who walk with God do not walk away from men.

They can bear a great trust who can bear little trials.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

#### Seven Murderers Awaiting the Hangman in South Carolina.

Juries in criminal cases in this state, says a Columbia special to the Augusta Chronicle, have been notoriously lax for the past quarter of a century with the result that murders and other forms of violence have increased steadily and the state has gotten an unenviable reputation abroad. But owing to the good work of pulpit and press there has been substantial evidence recently of the pendulum swinging the other way, not only in those counties which have always had an unusually large number of homicide cases, but throughout the state generally. Spasmodic change of sentiment has manifested itself in this matter through juries in particular sections—in Pickens, Greenville, Oconee and Spartanburg counties, for instance—a number of times. But a general change of mind throughout the state has just begun to show itself.

There are just now seven men under sentence of death in this state with the strong probability that four of these will be hanged within the next few months. Four out of the seven are white men, and two of these are men of means and influence.

The first hanging will be that of Marion Parr, the cotton mill operative of this city, who, while his case was about to be taken to the supreme court, confessed freely to his preacher, acknowledging that he was guilty of murder, and saying he deserved to die and was ready to die. Parr is to be executed here on the 14th of next month, and it will be the first legal execution of a white man this county has seen in forty years.

R. A. Adams, the Colleton white man who escaped jail after the supreme court refused his appeal for a new trial, but who was recaptured after the governor offered a reward of \$1,000, is to be resented at Walterboro next week. He is an ignorant but rather influential and well connected man in his county. He killed Jacques in a rage after looking him up to quarrel with him about a piece of property. Adams will hardly get a commutation.

There are two hangings set for May 5 at Florence, and it is not unlikely that both of these will take place, although the supreme court has not passed on the fate of the white man convicted there a few days ago of the murder of a negro. The time in which he had to perfect his appeal having expired, it is presumed that nothing will be done to save him. Sam Marks, the negro who had to be brought here pending his appeal to the supreme court to prevent him being lynched, is to be hung at Florence on May 5 for the murder of the white man, Hill Langston.

The most important case is that out of Oconee county, where the noted Hoyt Hayes case, whose commutation created so much feeling there against the governor, originated. Earl Rochester, a leading Oconee farmer of that section, and considered a fine citizen, is under sentence of death for doing a neighbor to death with a shot gun. He and this neighbor quarreled about the neighbor's cattle getting in Rochester's crops, and matters went from bad to worse until Rochester met him in front of his (Rochester's) home and waited for him with a shotgun. The matter is now pending in the supreme court. It is said that on the morning of the trial as Special Judge J. A. McCullough of Greenville, who presided at the trial, was making his way to the court room after the verdict had been rendered against Rochester he met and stopped to caress a beautiful child playing joyously with light heart in front of the court house. He is very fond of children and a pained and shocked look came into his careless eyes when he asked her who her father was and she lapsed. "Mr. Earle Rochester." The night before he passed sentence he did not close his eyes, and it is said that he voluntarily promised to assist the attorneys for the defense before the supreme court or the governor or both.

The case against the two desperate blind tiger negroes, who killed Magistrate Cox when he went out to arrest them from Fountain Inn last May as they were hauling a load of liquor in a buggy and who have been in the penitentiary for safekeeping is still hung up in the supreme court. The appeal case near being abandoned for want of funds, but in the eleventh hour a negro preacher scraped up enough to base a promise of more up and the negroes have a good lawyer. The appeal is to come up at a hearing at the April term and the decision will therefore not be out until sometime next summer. The negroes have small chance of escaping the gallows.

Told of Ex-President Cleveland.

When President Cleveland was at Weldon, N. C., during his first term, a great crowd shook hands with him. In the middle of the line was a long, lank countryman, who took the greatest interest in the scene. At length he reached the president, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Well," said he, "so you are the president!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cleveland, "I am the president."

"Well," continued the old fellow, shaking Mr. Cleveland's hand like a jump-handle, "I've voted for many a president in my time, but I never seed one before." He paused a moment, and looking the president up and down from one side to the other, he exclaimed:

"Well, you are a whopper!"

The president smiled and the crowd laughed.

At another time Mr. Cleveland was receiving a delegation of teachers at the White House.

"Dr. Lucky of Pittsburg," said the introducer, as a gentleman stepped forward to shake hands.

It had been intended that the other teachers should follow in turn, but somehow a dilapidated looking old tramp had slipped into the line just behind Dr. Lucky. As he shuffled up to the president there was a pause. Nobody knew his name, and even the scamp seemed to feel embarrassed.

The president mended the difficulty. He extended his hand, and with more than his usual cordiality he said, in an encouraging tone:

"How are you, my friend? Your name is Dr. Unlucky, I presume." The old tramp's face relaxed into a smile.

STORIES OF WOLCOTT.

Late Senator From Colorado Was a Man of Nerve.

The late Edward O. Wolcott, former senator from Colorado, is said to have been one of the coolest of men when engaged in a game of poker. In describing his play to a reporter of the Washington Star Albert Watson of Denver said:

"The senator once found himself in a game of poker where three of the other players were playing a 'sure game.' They were professionals and were after a big bundle of money Wolcott had in his possession as well as looking for that which a fifth player, a mining operator named Durkin, was known to have.

"Wolcott knew in twenty minutes after the first hand was dealt that the intention was to rob him and he wore his wits in trying to find a way to get out of the game without making trouble, but he could not do it. At last he was dealt a pat flush of diamonds, made up of the five, seven, eight, nine and jack. He skinned the cards over and did a mighty piece of thinking. He felt in his bones that a flush would be of no account in the world when it came to a showdown, but he chipped in to draw cards.

"He pondered a long while between discarding the five spot or the picture and at last tossed away the jack and called for a card. The dealer looked astonished at his wanting any, but gave a card.

"Wolcott picked it up and found that he had got the six spot of diamonds. He never turned a hair. The betting began, and he nursed his sequence along, letting the other fellows do the raising. At last it got down to Wolcott and one of the professionals.

"Finally there was a call, and the other man showed four queens. Wolcott laid down the five, six, seven, eight, and nine of diamonds and swept in the money. The game stopped right there. I reckon that was the greatest piece of luck any man ever had in poker.

On one occasion Mr. Wolcott was on a stagecoach when it was "held up" by three highwaymen in a western state, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. They were armed with Winchester, and the driver and passengers capitulated at once—all except Wolcott. He snatched a revolver from the ground, where one of his frightened fellow-travelers had thrown it, dodged behind a bowlder and drove the gang off after wounding two out of the three. There was \$78,700 in the Wells Fargo safe, and his action saved this as well as all the personal valuables of the passengers.

Another time he drove out from Denver twelve miles to a ranch where a crazy Swede had killed his wife and children and held a posse at bay for twenty-four hours and captured the man. He rode quietly up to the house, while the Swede kept firing through a window at him, smashed in the door with an axe, hit the lunatic over the shins with the same implement and then "roped" him while he was helpless with pain. Later he defended the same man against a mob who wanted to lynch him, shielding him with his own body, and saw him safely lodged in jail.

All the while Mr. Wolcott was a leader in the Republican party in private life he was a John Fox, seeking excitement and amusement, says the New York Evening World. He did not gamble for any remunerative gain, but for the pure inspiration of the moment. Before he was elected to the senate a story got abroad that he had lost \$22,000 at a game of faro. His political advisers besought him to deny the story, fearing that it might hurt his prospects.

He laughed at them and admitted publicly that he had lost the money. He explained, however, that he first won it on a horse race and that the fun of losing it had not cost him a cent. This story was repeated in every corner of Colorado and instead of losing him any supporters won him undying fame as a "good sport."

So it was all his life. Whenever he was found good spirits prevailed and yellow money poured forth in a princely flood. His charities were without number and his beneficence at times eccentric. On one occasion he asked a waiter in a restaurant if he would like to take a trip abroad. The waiter assented with eagerness, and the senator from Colorado took him in his suite and gave the garcon the time of his life.

When he left the senate his presence was sorely missed. He was the only left handed member, and the whole house would watch him write as he turned almost completely around in his chair to give sweep to his left hand.

Mr. Wolcott was one of the best read men in public life. He was also a collector of old books, queer books, curious books, most of them out of print and forgotten. How he found time to cultivate his literary taste was another source of amazement to his friends.

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