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## THE GRAFTERS

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.

The afternoon had been all that a summer afternoon on the brown highlands can be, and the powerful touring car had swept them from mile to mile over the dun hills like an earth-skimming dragon whose wing-beat was the muffled, explosive thud of the motor.

Through most of the miles Elinor had given herself up to silent enjoyment of the rapture of swift motion, as he always did. But when they were on the high hills beyond the mining-camp of Meglip, and he had thrown the engine out of gear to brake the car gently down the long inclines, there was room for speech.

"This is our last spin together on the high plains, I suppose," he said. "Your mother has fixed upon tomorrow for our return to town, hasn't she?"

Elinor confirmed it half-absently. She had been keyed up to face the inevitable in this drive with Ormsby, and she was afraid now that he was going to break her resolution by a dip into the commonplaces.

"Are you glad or sorry?" he asked. Her reply was evasive.

"I have enjoyed the thin, clean air and the freedom of the wide horizons. Who could help it?"

"But you have not been entirely happy?"

It was on her lips to say some conventional thing about the constant jarring note in all human happiness, but she changed it to a simple "No."

"May I try if I can give the reason?"

She made a reluctant little gesture of assent; some such signal of acquiescence as Marie Antoinette may have given the waiting headman.

"You have been afraid every day lest I should begin a second time to press you for an answer, haven't you?"

"She could not trust and pry with him. They were past all that."

"Yes," she admitted briefly.

"You break my heart, Elinor," he said, after a long pause. "But, with a sudden tightening of the lips—" "I'm not going to break yours."

She understood him, and her eyes filled quickly with the swift shock of gratitude.

"If you had made a study of woman-kind through ten lifetimes instead of a part of one, you could not know when and where to strike truer and deeper," she said; and then softly: "Why can't you make me love you, Brooks?"

He took his foot from the brake-pedal, and for ten seconds the released car shot down the slope unhindered. Then he checked the speed and answered her.

"A little while ago I would have said I didn't know; but now I do know. It is because you love David Kent; you loved him before I had my chance."

She did not deny the principal fact, but she gave him his opportunity to set it aside if he could—and would.

"Call it foolish, romantic sentiment, if you like. Is there no way to shame me out of it?"

He shook his head slowly.

"You don't mean that?"

"But if I say that I do; if I insist that I am willing to be shamed out of it."

His smile was that of a brother who remembers tardily to be loving-kind.

"I shall leave that task for some one who cares less for you and for your true happiness than I do, or ever shall. And it will be a mighty thankless service that that 'some one' will render you."

"But I ought to be whipped and sent to bed," she protested, almost tearfully. "Do you know what I have done?—how I have—"

"She could not quite put it in words, even for him, and he helped her generously, as before.

"I know what Kent hasn't done; which is more to the point. But he will do it fast enough if you will give him half a chance."

"No," she said definitely.

"I say yes. One thing, and one thing only, has kept him from telling you any time since last autumn: that is a sort of a fabled loyalty to me. I saw how matters stood when he came aboard of our train at Gaston—I'm asking you to believe that I didn't know it before—and I saw then that my only hope was to make a handfast friend of him. And I did it."

"You will never know how near it came to doing it, Brooks."

"But it didn't quite?"

"No, it didn't quite."

The brother-smile came again.

"Let's paste that leaf down and turn the other; the one that has David Kent's name written at the top. He is going to succeed all around, Elinor; and I am going to help him—for his sake, as well as yours."

"No," she dissented. "He is going to fail; and I am to blame for it."

He looked at her side-wise.

"So you were at the bottom of that, were you? I thought as much, and tried to make him admit it, but he wouldn't. What was your reason?"

"I gave it to him; I can't give it to you."

"I guess not," he laughed. "I wasn't born on the right side of the Berkshire hills to appreciate it. But really, you mustn't interfere. As I say, we are going to make something of David; and a little conscience—of the right old Pilgrim Fathers' brand—goes a long way in politics."

"But you promised me you were not going to spoil him—only it doesn't matter; you can't."

Ormsby chuckled openly, and when she questioned "What?" he said:

"I was just wondering what you would say if you knew what he is in to now; if you could guess, for instance, that his backers have put up a cool hundred thousand to be used as he sees fit?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed; and there was dismay and sharp disappointment in her voice. "You don't mean that he is going to bribe these men?"

"No," he said, relenting. "As a matter of fact, I don't know precisely what he is doing with the money, but I guess it is finding its way into legitimate channels. I'll make him give me an itemized expense account for your benefit when it's all over, if you like."

"It would be kinder to tell me more about it now," she pleaded.

"No," he said, letting her pass. "After the fact—if we can get him pardoned out before you go back east."

She asked no more questions, being unwilling to tempt him to break confidence with Kent. But she was thinking of all the desperate things a determined man with temperamental unbalance might do when the touring car rolled noiselessly down the final hill into the single street of Meglip.

There was but one vehicle in the street at the moment; a freighter's one-wagon drawn by a team of mules, meekest and most shambling-prosaic of their tribe. The motor-car was running on the spent velocity of the descent, and Ormsby thought to edge past without stopping. But at the critical instant the mules gave way to terror, snatched the heavy wagon into the opposite plank walk, and tried to climb a near-by telephone pole.

Ormsby put his foot on the brake and something snapped under the car.

"What was that?" Elinor asked; and Ormsby got down to investigate.

"It is our brake connection," he announced, after a brief inspection. "And we are five good miles from Hudgins and his repair kit."

A ring of town idlers was beginning to form about them. An automobile was still enough of a rarity in the mining camp to draw a crowd.

"Busted?" inquired one of the on-lookers.

Ormsby nodded, and asked if there were a machinist in the camp.

"Yep," said the spokesman; "up at the Blue Jay mine."

"Somebody go after him," suggested Ormsby, flipping a coin; and a boy started on a run.

The waiting was a little awkward. The ringing idlers were good-natured but curious. Ormsby stood by and answered questions multiform, diverting curiosity from the lady to the machinist. Presently the spokesman said:

"Is this here the steam-buggy that helped a crowd of you fellows get away from Jud Byers and his posse one day a spell back?"

"No," said Ormsby. Then he remembered the evening of small surprises—the racing tally-ho with the inn auto-car to help.

"What was the trouble that day?"

He asked, putting in a question on his side.

"A little ruction up at the Twin Sisters. There was a furs, and a gun went off, accidentally on purpose killin' Jim Harkins," was the reply.

The machinist was come from the Blue Jay, and Ormsby helped Elinor out of her seat while the repairs were making. The town office of the Blue Jay was just across the street, and he took her there and begged house-room and a chair for her, making an excuse that he must go and see to the brake-mending.

But once outside he promptly stultified himself, letting the repairs take care of themselves while he went in search of one Jud Byers. The deputy sheriff was not hard to find. Normally seen in private life he was the welsher for the Blue Jay; and Ormsby was directed to the scale shanty which served as the welsher's office.

The interview was brief and conclusive; was little more than a rapid fire of question and answer; and for the greater part the sheriff's affirmatives were heartily eager. Yes, certainly; if the thing could be brought to pass, he, Byers, would surely do his part. All he asked was an hour or two in which to prepare.

"You shall have all the time there is," was the reply. "Have you a Western Union wire here?"

"No; nothing but the railroad office."

"That won't do; they'd stop the message. How about the inn?"

"Breezeland has a Western Union all right; wire your notice there, and I'll fix to have it phoned over. I don't believe it can be worked, though," added the deputy, doubtfully.

"We can't tell till we try," said Ormsby; and he hurried back to his car to egg on the machinist with golden promises contingent upon haste.

Miss Brentwood found her companion singularly silent on the five-mile race to Breezeland; but the lightning speed at which he drove the car put conversation out of the question. At the hotel he saw her into the lift with decent deliberation; but the moment she was off his hands he fairly ran to the telegrapher's alcove in the main hall.

"Have you a Western Union wire to the capital direct?" he inquired.

The young man snapped his key and said he had.

"It has no connection with the Trans-Western railroad offices?"

"None whatever."

Ormsby dashed off a brief message to Kent, giving three or four addresses at which he might be found.

"Send that, and have them try the Union station train platform first. Don't let them spare expense at the other end, and if you can bring proof of delivery to room 251 within half an hour, it means a month's pay to you, individually. Can you do it?"

But the operator was already claiming the wire, writing "deth," "deth," "deth," as rapidly as his fingers could shake off the dots and dashes.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

BY ORDER OF THE COURT.

Between the hours of 8:30 and 10 p. m. the Union passenger station at the capital presents a moving and spirited spectacle. Within the hour and a half, four through and three local trains are due to leave, and the space within the iron grille that fences off the track platforms from the public part of the station is filled with hurrying throngs of train-takers.

It was the evening of the last day in the month; the day when the Federal Council of Railway Workers had sent its ultimatum to Receiver Gullford. The reduction in wages was to go into effect at midnight; if, by midnight, the order had not been rescinded, and the way opened for a joint conference touching the removal of certain officials, a general strike and tie-up would be ordered. Trains in transit carrying passengers of United States mail would be run to their respective destinations; trains carrying perishable freight would be run to division stations; with these exceptions all labor would cease promptly on the stroke of 12.

Such was the text of the ultimatum, a certified copy of which Engineer Scott had delivered in person into the hands of the receiver at noon.

It was now 8:45 p. m. The eastbound night express was ready for the run to A. & T. junction; the fast mail, one hour and 35 minutes late from the east, was backing in on track nine to take on the city mail. On track eight, pulled down so that the smoke from the engine should not foul the air of the train-shed, the receiver's private car, with the 1,010 for motive power and "Red" Callahan in the cab, had been waiting since seven o'clock for the order to run special to Gaston. And as yet the headquarters of office had made no sign; sent no word of reply to the strike notice.

Griggs was on for the night run eastward with the express; and "Dutch" Tischer had found himself slated to take the fast mail west. The change of engines on the mail had been effected at the shops; and when Tischer backed his train in on track nine his berth was beside the 1,010. Callahan swung down from his cab and climbed quickly to that of the mail engine.

"Anything new at the shops, Dutch?" he inquired.

"I was not something ghearing, mein. You see dot Aikoo newspaper dis evening about? He says nodings too, alretty, about dot strike."

"Divil a word, ye might think Scotty'd handed the major a bit av blank paper for all the notice he's taking. More th'n that, he's lavin' town, wid me to pull him. The Naught-seven's to run special to Gaston—bad cess to it!"

"Vell, I can'd hellup id," said the plegmatic Bavarian. "I haf the mail and eggrest got, and I got mit dem t'rough to Pighorn. You haf der brivate car got, and you got mit dem t'rough to Gaston. Den ve quits, and out it?"

Callahan nodded and dropped to the platform. But before he could mount to the foot-board of the 1,010, M'Tosh collared him.

"Patsy, I have your orders, at last. Your passengers will be down in a few minutes, and you are to pull out ahead of the express."

"Is it to Gaston I'm goin', Mister M'Tosh?"

The freeman was standing by with the oil can and torch, ready to Callahan's hand, and the train-master drew the engineer aside.

"Shovel needn't hear," he said, in explanation. "And then: 'Are you willing to stand with us, Patsy? You've had time enough to think it over.'"

Callahan stood with his arms folded and his cap drawn down over his eyes.

"'Tis not for meself I'm thinkin', Mister M'Tosh, as ye well know. But I'm a widdy man; and there's the bit collen in the convint."

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ordered Shovel to oil around while he did two or three things which, to an initiated onlooker, might have seemed fairly inexplicable. First he disconnected the air-hose between the car and the engine, tying the ends up with a stout cord so that the connection would not seem to be broken. Next he crawled under the Naught-seven and deliberately blew the air-tank, setting the cock open a mere hair's-breadth so that it would leak slowly but surely until the pressure was entirely gone.

Then he got a hammer and sledge out of the engine-tool-box, and after hooking up the safety-chain couplings between the private car and the 1,010, he crippled the points of the hooks with the hammer so that they could not be disengaged without the use of force and the proper tools.

"There ye are, ye ould divil's band-wagon," he said, apostrophizing the private car when his work was done. "Ye'll ride this night where Patsy Callahan drives, an' be dommed to ye."

Meanwhile the trainmaster had reached the iron grille at the other end of the long track platform. At a small wicket used by the station employes and trainmen, Kent was waiting for him.

"Is it all right, M'Tosh? Will he do it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, Patsy's game for it; I knew he would be. He'd put his neck in a rope to spite the major. But it's a crazy thing, Mr. Kent."

"I know it; but if it will give me 24 hours—"

"It won't. They can't get home on our line because we'll be tied up. But they can get the Naught-seven put on the Overland; that will get them back here before you've had time to turn around twice. Have they come down yet?"

"No," said Kent; and just then he saw Loring coming in from the street entrance and went to meet him.

"I have the final word from Boston," said the ex-governor, when he had walked Kent out of earshot of the train-takers. "Your terms are accepted—with all sorts of safeguards thrown about the cure, no pay proviso; also with a distinct repudiation of you and your scheme if there is anything unlawful afoot. Do you still think it best to keep me in the dark as to what you are doing?"

"Yes; there are enough of us involved, as it stands. You couldn't help; and you might hinder. Besides, if the mine should happen to explode in our direction it'll be a comfort to have a foot-loose friend or two on the outside to pick up the pieces of us."

Loring was polishing his eye-glasses with uncommon vigor.

"I wish you'd drop it, David, if it isn't too late. I can't help feeling as if I had prodded you into it, whatever it is."

Kent linked arms with him and led him back to the street entrance.

"Go away, Grantham, and don't come back again," he commanded. "Then you can swear truthfully that you didn't know anything about it. It is too late to interfere, and you are not responsible for me. Go up to see Portis; she'll keep you interested while you wait."

When Loring was gone Kent went back to the wicket in the grille; but M'Tosh, who was always a busy man at train-time, had disappeared again.

### WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

A Definition Which Is "Accurate and Complete."

Once upon a time, when the general convention of the Episcopal church was in session, a question of doubt arose and speaker after speaker attempted to clear it up, but each succeeded only in making confusion more confounded. Finally a certain Bishop Benjamin arose and spoke and so completely tangled the skein of discussion as to give to the assembly the sensation of despair. It was at this point that Bishop Wilmer said sotto voce, "But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs."

Yes, verily, we have heard, of late years, such discussions of Democracy, and it has seemed to us that each speaker who has tried to mix Democracy with Socialism has made the mess worse. But in the midst of the confusion a clear note rings out from Charlotte, N. C., like a trumpet call in the fog.

"Democracy," says the Charlotte Observer, "means individualism—the right of the man to make his own contracts unhampered by law; to do what ever he please, except trench upon the rights of his neighbor or make a nuisance of himself to others, to stand upon his own feet; to do for himself unhampered and unassisted by government. Any law that contravenes any of these propositions is an un-Democratic law."

The definition is accurate and complete, and should go into the lexicon of every student of politics and government. Democracy guarantees and conserves individual liberty. Democracy promotes individual development and manly self-reliance. "Any law that contravenes any of these propositions is an un-Democratic law," call it what you will.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

JIMMY'S REMARKABLE STORY.—A school teacher who was giving a lesson on "Food" was interrupted by one of his pupils.

"Please, sir," he said "Jimmy says he knew a baby that was brought up on elephant's milk, and it gained ten pounds in weight every day."

"James ought not to tell you such rubbish," the teacher said. "James, whose baby was it that was brought up on elephant's milk?"

"Please, sir," answered Jimmy. "It was the elephant's."—Harper's Weekly.

## GREAT MIDDLE WEST.

Yorkville Man Describes Trip to Kansas City.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

The Southern Baptist Convention—Where People Live on the Run—Tremendous Meat Packing Establishments—The Big Bridge Across the Mississippi—Other Notes.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

It had long been my desire to visit the west. That section of the United States has for years claimed a large proportion of the interest of the people of the other sections, due to the interesting and often thrilling stories published in papers and magazines of the east and south describing things and occurrences in the vast territory lying beyond the Mississippi river, so when what was considered a most excellent opportunity to gratify this long cherished desire recently presented itself I determined to brush aside the few remaining obstacles and go.

Along about the latter part of March I received a letter from my brother, Reg M. Grist, whose home is in Kansas City, Mo., extending me a cordial invitation to attend the annual meeting of the Southern Baptist convention and incidentally to see the country. Among other things he promised that it would be the most interesting experience of my life, that I would see and learn more in a week than I had ever seen or learned in any previous ten years of my life, and that he would be so thoroughly pleased with Kansas City and its business possibilities that I would hardly return to the old slow-going Yorkville, but would remain in the west, and send for my folks to come out, etc.

On the morning of May 9 I started. I left over the Southern for Blackburg and from there went to Atlanta, arriving in that city at 3:30 p. m. that afternoon, and remaining there until the next afternoon, when I left for Chattanooga. The distance is about 154 miles. The train started about 40 minutes late; but it soon became apparent that it was the purpose of the engineer to either go in function, and that limited as to time. He literally "burned the wind" and before he had gone 100 miles 25 minutes of the last time had been caught up and by the time Chattanooga was reached he was "dead on time."

At Chattanooga there was a delay of about 35 minutes, when the start was made for Memphis, a distance of 210 miles. The train started there next morning at about 10:45, something like one hour and twenty minutes late. Alighting from the train I asked a colored porter about the Memphis train for Kansas City. Pointing down an adjoining track toward a moving train he said, "That's it. Just started about five minutes ago. It won't be the next train would not leave until 8:25 o'clock that night."

Feeling rather lonesome and knowing "nobody in the place," I decided to see to it that I had at least a part of it, by the street car route. On going uptown I had a first glimpse of the Mississippi river, which is said to be the widest in the world. After seeing numerous points of interest from the cars I concluded to spend a while looking at the river and with this idea in view chose a seat on the blue over-looker the stream just in the rear of the U. S. government building, where I sat, in company with others, and looked for perhaps an hour at the river, while the boats were drawn to a small tug boat and a steamboat that were making trips to and fro across the river at intervals of about every twenty minutes. Each time carrying crowds of passengers. As the boats approached the Tennessee side of the river droves of men and boys came to the river bank, and down to the landing and on to the boats. Finally I decided that I would go over also and get aboard, asking no questions as to what was to be done. It was a long climb, and I followed the crowd up a slight incline to a one-story frame building about 40x80 feet. At the door a ticket for "goats" was charged for, and handed me as well as every other man entering. On going in I soon discovered the secret of the interest for the visitors.

The place was a pool room in which the crowd was betting on all the leading tracks in the United States. The odds of the horses entered for each race on each track were written on blackboards, as also were the odds offered by the bookmakers. The players were betting on the bets, and as the races were run the results were received by telegraph in the building and announced on the board. It did not take long to see and without delay I returned to the other shore. It is contrary to law to operate pool-rooms in Memphis and strictly so in other cities. "But Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs."

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and outbuildings were neat and substantial looking they did not appear to be so old as numerous country homes to be found in all sections of York county.

About 100 miles out from Kansas City, in the state of Kansas, we passed through a part of the oil region, and on every hand could be seen derricks erected for the purpose of boring wells. There was no sign of any oil fields were described as indicated that oil had not been struck in paying quantities in that section.

At about 11 o'clock on Friday, May 12 I arrived at Kansas City, where I was at once taken in charge by brother Reg. After the greeting natural between brothers who had not met for five years, he commenced right on the spot to exploit the marvels of his adopted city. He broke off in the midst of his talk as we passed into the union depot and pointing to a sign (we were in the second story of the building) said: "There is where the water rose to during the flood of June, 1903. The sign indicated that the water was about 8 feet 8 inches above the floor level and probably 35 feet above the normal height of the Missouri river at that point. But the big flood of 1903 is another story, and ancient history now."

I followed my guide out of the station at a lively pace, or one that would be considered lively in any other city, and was soon enroute on an electric car for his home, five miles distant. Points of interest were indicated and bits of information about each given with such rapidity that I failed to absorb much of it.

Among other things I was told that the city was less than fifty years old; had a population of more than 300,000, and had doubled in size during the past ten years and would in the next five or ten years catch up and pass its rival, St. Louis, in size, and was already ahead of it in many other respects.

The visitor, on arriving at Kansas City, is at once impressed by the fact that it is a wide-awake hustling city; everything is on the move. The streets, as a rule, are broad and well kept and most of the business houses as well as the private residences are more in accordance with architectural proportions and effect.

The pavements as well as the streets are laid in asphalt and the sidewalks, as a rule, are neat and attractive. The streets are not level, in fact the principal business section as well as a large portion of the residential portion is a succession of hills and valleys, many of the hills being quite steep. The street cars do an enormous business, as everybody knows, even though the streets are not so wide as in St. Louis. In many of the streets there is a car every three minutes.

I found soon after my arrival that owing to the fact that the Convention was being held, would hold there about 2,000 people and as there were about 3,000 delegates and visitors in attendance the streets were crowded. The city was rather slim, and made no special effort the first day to get in. On Saturday morning, in company with a few friends, we spent an hour or more in the city, and on the appointed time for assembling and got a seat, and saw and heard many of the notable speakers. The first church we went to was