

L. M. CRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

## ELLEN CAMPBELL

OR

### KING'S MOUNTAIN

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer, by Mrs. Mary A. Ewart.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

What valor when our dear old grins,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth  
When he might spare him with his foot  
away?

"Your perspective is not good there,  
Miss Ellen. Give a little more distance  
to that landscape; tinge those clouds  
with greyer hue and soften these vivid  
colors."

"No, no!" she cried, "you would  
make my Indian summer sunset, a  
hazy English day. I will not spoil my  
brilliant tints."

"Your sky is too glowing to be nat-  
ural," said Mr. Willoughby, who  
generally managed to agree with Gram-  
ham. She pointed on in silence. Gram-  
ham, absorbed in the art of which he  
was complete master, did not notice her  
again for some time, but at length  
looking up said:

"Your colors are not yet softened  
enough. Those crimson tints are  
gorgeous, but not natural."

"I have not softened them at all,"  
said Ellen carelessly.

Gramham bent over her in wounded  
surprise. "Ellen," he whispered, "is  
it you persist in acting so contrary  
toward me? Am I not only to be de-  
nied the love I would give my being  
for, but the simplest courtesy of social  
life?"

She colored ashamed of her petu-  
lance.

"Would to heaven I could be more  
patient, Ellen; but in denying your love,  
spare me your contempt," and, turning  
from her, he left the room.

Mr. Willoughby had been no uninter-  
ested witness of this little scene.

Waiting till the footsteps of the  
young man died in the distance he ap-  
proached her.

"Ellen," said he, "have you hurt Gram-  
ham's feelings?"

"For heaven's sake, uncle, don't ques-  
tion me of Gramham's feelings. I cannot  
be responsible for the caprices of his  
temper."

"It is time Ellen we understood each  
other upon this subject. I have al-  
lowed you a reasonable time for con-  
sideration. Are you prepared to an-  
swer me?"

"What subject do you allude to, sir?  
I am not aware of a deferred decision up-  
on any."

"This is idle," said Mr. Willoughby,  
sternly. "You are perfectly aware that  
I allude to Gramham."

"The allusion is as unpleasant now  
as it ever has been, and as it ever will  
be," she replied, with a determined air.

"And you reject him uncondi-  
tionally?"

"I reject him unconditionally," she  
replied.

"Will you be frank enough to tell me  
why?" said Mr. Willoughby, in unna-  
tural calmness.

"It might be sufficient reason to say  
I do not love him. If Lieutenant Gram-  
ham is a gentleman, he will accept that."

"I profess to be concerned in this  
matter," replied Mr. Willoughby, "and  
the reason is not satisfactory."

"I can give no other," replied Ellen,  
deeply flushing.

"Then I will give it for you," said he,  
in bitter sarcasm. "It is because you  
love one who never wastes a thought  
upon a maiden, who thus dishonors every  
principle of modesty in her sex; be-  
cause you love one who himself invites  
you to fix your affections elsewhere;  
who it may be, makes your love a jest  
and a song."

"It is false," cried Ellen, who had  
burned her burning face in her hands,  
but who now started up in a passion of  
indignation. "It is false! Perish the  
tongue that could bring you such a  
slander."

"Your anathema must fall on his  
own head then. Witness the letter  
written to Gramham! Did not every  
line breathe a hope you would soon be  
another's?"

"His love has been wounded. I can-  
not tell you," faltered Ellen; "and he  
wrote under some strange misunder-  
standing."

"Foolish girl! Your trembling words  
belle your trust. He wears of a pas-  
sion he cannot return."

"Spare me, spare me," cried the  
wretched girl.

"Ellen, God knows I would not will-  
ingly wound you; but why waste the  
best treasure of your heart on one so  
unworthy?"

"Unworthy!" cried Ellen, roused by  
the charge. "My uncle was not wont  
to consider the child of his deceased  
friend in such a light; was not wont  
to bear witness against the generous  
youth who so esteemed him—against  
the brave patriot whose purity none  
has yet dared to doubt. Why a stran-  
ger, and that stranger an enemy, should  
so steal the affections of one hitherto  
so fond, I cannot understand; but one  
thing I know, no compulsion shall ever  
make me give my hand where my heart  
cannot accompany it."

"And this is your resolve?" said Mr.  
Willoughby, struggling for a calmness  
he could scarcely obtain.

"Firm and unalterable!" replied El-  
len, meeting his gaze in unflinching de-  
termination.

"Then hear me," said he, in low  
wrathful tones. "If ever words of love  
pass between you and Davie, you will  
choose between the two. With the one  
you leave my house, and my curse fol-  
lows you; with the other, I open my  
heart to you, my Ellen, and bless you  
while I live."

"For Heaven's sake, uncle, what is  
this? How has Harry offended you?  
What traitor, has poisoned your ear  
against him?"

"I have nothing against him; but  
his will?"

"And! uncle, what strange madness is  
this?" said Ellen, in trembling terror  
for her uncle's reason. "That a stran-  
ger should so insultate you."

"I speak the words of truth and so-  
berness, and so help me God, I will  
abide by them," replied Mr. Willough-  
by.

"Then God help me," said Ellen,  
bursting into tears.

I cannot bear, indeed I cannot bear  
this agony; and the old man burst in-  
to tears. "Oh! what fate is this that  
follows my wretched life?"

"Had you told me Ellen could never  
be my wife, I would have guarded my-  
self against this sorrow," said Graham,  
moved by tokens of such sympathy,  
from his wild passion, to a more  
wretched despair. "But you encour-  
aged me. You were never happy but  
when we were together. You taught me  
to see in her every quality to make life  
happy, and you still curse me by en-  
couraging me to grasp what you know  
can never be mine. Fool, fool, that I  
was to be so deceived, and doubly  
double fool yet to trust in it!"

"Hold, Graham, ere you kill me,"  
said Mr. Willoughby, gasping for  
breath. "God help me, this is terrible,  
and he staggered to a seat."

"And if it is terrible to you, who in  
caprice of friendship would give this  
perilous treasure to my keeping, think  
what it is to me, who, having it held  
out in the very moment of fruition, have  
it snatched from me by an indifference  
that chills and fires my soul!"

"Graham, be patient," said Mr. Wil-  
loughby, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Be patient, and—"  
"Patient, patient. By heavens, sir,  
you drive me mad. Bid an avalanche  
stop its thundering career; bid the tor-  
rent rest on its giddy height; nor suffer  
one mad wave to fall. Then stop, if  
you can, these burning pulses—still this  
bounding heart. No, cursed in the day  
of my birth; cursed in the mother that  
bore me, giving me in these mad pas-  
sions, a heritage of woe—cursed in the  
father that begat me."

"Hold, rash boy. What would you  
say? For God's sake hold; one mo-  
ment, be calm, and I swear by the  
Heavens above us, Ellen will be to you  
all you wish. Nay, more, her own lips  
shall declare it."

"You would again deceive me," said  
Graham incredulously.

"Give me your hand, boy. Now, be-  
cause Heaven I swear, ere another  
month roll by, Ellen shall be your wife;  
or may my lying lips be silent in the  
grave."

"You will not force her to this,"  
said Graham, his generous love still check-  
ing all baser passions.

"Will it not suffice to tell you she  
will do it?" said Mr. Willoughby,  
frowning.

"No," replied the impetuous young  
man. "My heart must not be her tomb.  
My love must not be a sepulcher to  
bury every emotion of her nature. It  
is her love I want—the soft and pure  
tenderness of her soul that will radiate  
my life with such joy as weaker mor-  
tals dream not for. Give me this, and  
I will bless you while life and being  
last."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

"Your birth is equal, our fortunes fa-  
vorable, our tastes similar. Tell me,  
Ellen, what is between me and happi-  
ness?"

"May I not hope?" said he, much  
agitated, "that time—my future con-  
duct, your uncle's influence—"

"Forgive me, Graham. I do not will-  
ingly distress you; but better the dis-  
appointment now, than that you should  
hereafter discover that my silence had  
deceived you."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

"Your birth is equal, our fortunes fa-  
vorable, our tastes similar. Tell me,  
Ellen, what is between me and happi-  
ness?"

"May I not hope?" said he, much  
agitated, "that time—my future con-  
duct, your uncle's influence—"

"Forgive me, Graham. I do not will-  
ingly distress you; but better the dis-  
appointment now, than that you should  
hereafter discover that my silence had  
deceived you."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

"Your birth is equal, our fortunes fa-  
vorable, our tastes similar. Tell me,  
Ellen, what is between me and happi-  
ness?"

"May I not hope?" said he, much  
agitated, "that time—my future con-  
duct, your uncle's influence—"

"Forgive me, Graham. I do not will-  
ingly distress you; but better the dis-  
appointment now, than that you should  
hereafter discover that my silence had  
deceived you."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

"Your birth is equal, our fortunes fa-  
vorable, our tastes similar. Tell me,  
Ellen, what is between me and happi-  
ness?"

"May I not hope?" said he, much  
agitated, "that time—my future con-  
duct, your uncle's influence—"

"Forgive me, Graham. I do not will-  
ingly distress you; but better the dis-  
appointment now, than that you should  
hereafter discover that my silence had  
deceived you."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

"Your birth is equal, our fortunes fa-  
vorable, our tastes similar. Tell me,  
Ellen, what is between me and happi-  
ness?"

"May I not hope?" said he, much  
agitated, "that time—my future con-  
duct, your uncle's influence—"

"Forgive me, Graham. I do not will-  
ingly distress you; but better the dis-  
appointment now, than that you should  
hereafter discover that my silence had  
deceived you."

"And you would tell me you cannot  
love me?" replied he passionately. She  
was silent, unwilling to pain, by rep-  
etition, the heart she had already  
wounded so deeply.

"Ellen, tell me; have you preference  
for another?"

"The crimson tide bathed neck and  
brow.

Ellen looked up imploringly.

"I must take it there was a worthier  
subject, as the adversary in the case  
was the same," he continued with a  
coarse laugh.

"Capt. Hardy, I beg you will not refer  
to scenes which, for the sake of all  
parties had better be forgotten," said  
Mr. Willoughby, in trembling for El-  
len's cherished secret.

"Certainly," replied, in affected  
astonishment. "I had no idea Miss  
Campbell would be so affected by an  
incident that, for her sake I am thank-  
ful, ended so happily." And he bent a  
curious gaze upon her blushing face.

"I have no doubt Miss Campbell will  
be obliged to us all, if we could find  
other themes for discourse," said Gram-  
ham, who could not understand the al-  
lusions but seeing they were painful  
to Ellen, continued: "Miss Ellen, there  
are some prints in the other room for  
your inspection. Allow me—" and ex-  
tending his hand with graceful cour-  
tesy he conducted her to the next room.

How her heart gleamed toward him  
for his tender watchfulness! Looking  
up in his face with glancing eyes, she  
whispered "Brother," He shook his  
head mournfully.

"It will not satisfy. I can never call  
you 'sister' again," and pressing his  
lips to her hand he returned to Hardy.

"Where is Cornwallis, now, sir?" he  
asked.

"Moving up to King's Mountain."

"Ah! why is that?"

"Going to meet Morgan, who has  
grown too audacious of late," said  
Hardy.

"How does he expect to do that?  
Morgan is over here to the west."

"Oh! he has sent Tarleton to drive  
him up; and you know it does not take  
long for him to execute business."

"They want to prevent his escaping,  
I suppose. As he flies from Tarleton,  
Cornwallis will be down on him."

"Exactly so, and we will make King's  
Mountain the scene of another drama,  
with another finale," laughed Hardy.

"May not Morgan stand a fight?"  
said Mr. Willoughby.

"Scarcely, with Tarleton's superiority  
of numbers, in the proportion of five to  
four, and particularly of his cavalry,  
standing three to one," said Hardy.

"What force has Tarleton?" said  
Graham.

"Twenty hundred regulars, and five  
hundred of them are his legion that  
carries terror and conquest to every  
quarter. Morgan will have to use light  
heels to escape him."

"Did Cornwallis give you any private  
instructions for me?" said Graham,  
who had evidently been very uneasy  
since reading his dispatches.

"None," said Hardy.

"Is the country pretty quiet now?"  
said Graham, seeming much relieved  
by the answer.

"Quiet for us," replied Hardy. "Corn-  
wallis and Tarleton make it no risk for  
us to ride about. I could not have ven-  
tured so near the rebel camp alone,  
were they not protecting me."

"It is as well to respect the prej-  
udices of those whose guests we are,"  
said Graham, in a low tone.

Hardy elevated his brows, his coarse  
moustache quivering with the deli-  
catest proof.

"I was not aware of offending any  
prejudices," said he, "and if rebel is  
too rough a word, why I'll call them  
cursed traitors," said he, with a fierce  
oath.

Graham colored, and rising, said:  
"I will at once reply to my Lord, and  
not detain you, sir."

"You may write if you please, colo-  
nel. I will not leave before morning."

Graham glanced at Mr. Willoughby,  
his high-toned breeding not compre-  
hending the want of delicacy that  
should so boldly extort hospitality. But  
Mr. Willoughby was too well practiced  
in the art of the times to be other than  
the conciliating and courteous host.

Calling Jerry to attend the unceremon-  
ious guest to a chamber, he, for a  
while, dismissed the intruder.

"I do not wonder," said Graham, un-  
able longer to restrain his impatience,  
"that the British officer's character has  
fallen into such odium, when such men  
as Hardy are invested with the dignity.  
How do you suffer such impertinences?  
And to have your house made a com-  
mon hostelry; it is mortifying in the  
extreme."

"I have no use to it," said Mr. Wil-  
loughby. "We have ceased to look up-  
on it as a nuisance. It is now a neces-  
sity that we meet patiently, because  
unavoidable."

"What a miserable policy," cried  
Graham. "How infuriated our com-  
manders are! The more I see of it,  
the more I am compelled to wonder at  
the meaning of those allusions to Ellen!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Willoughby, striving  
to speak unconcernedly, "it was a very  
natural interposition of Ellen's. Davie,  
who was here on some business matter,  
was caught by a party of Hardy's  
troopers and they were on the point of  
executing summary judgment on him,  
when I, and then Ellen, interposed for  
his life."

"Good God, Mr. Willoughby, you don't  
tell me they would have murdered him?"

"I believe they would," replied Mr.  
Willoughby.

"How can you speak so calmly of it?  
And they let him off on your interpo-  
sition?"

"Indeed, no. They would have strung  
him up, had not his own troopers, come  
to the rescue."

"Hung him? Horrible! And Hardy was  
the instigator of this? He shall be  
reported. By heavens, such barbar-  
ous cruelty shall not go unpunished."

"Alas! he read Cornwallis' order to  
shoot the better of them, and he  
immediately hanged. The order was  
peremptory, and admitted of no wa-  
vion."

"You cannot believe, Mr. Willoughby,  
that such rigor as this was intended.  
Why such measures would kill the pur-  
est cause in the world. No wonder our  
conquering arms give us but barren  
ground."

"I do not believe such rigor was in-  
tended; but I believe it would have  
been winked at," replied Mr. Wil-  
loughby.

"Strange, I never heard of this be-  
fore," said Graham. "Why was it  
kept from me?"

"My dear Graham, it is useless to  
wound your ears with these terrible  
tales," replied Mr. Willoughby, in some  
confusion. "Better let them be forgot-  
ten."

"I cannot understand why Hardy  
should be so bitter against Davie. He's  
a blood-thirsty villain it's true; but I

never knew him to be engaged in such  
a wanton murder as this would have  
been."

"Oh, that is easily explained," replied  
Mr. Willoughby, anxious to be rid of  
the subject. "He has been aspiring to  
Ellen's hand for some time, and, he  
fancied if Davie were out of the way,  
he would stand a chance."

"The brutal idiot, to dare raise his  
eyes to her, and to imagine he could  
gain her by such means. But it shows  
the coarseness of his nature. I could  
not endure him before; but this makes  
me despise him to positive loathing."

"I do trust, Graham, you will not let  
him see it. He is a bad and evil dis-  
posed man, and would not hesitate to  
injure you if it lay in his power. I  
pray you be careful."

"The viper! I would crush him as I  
would any other reptile," replied  
Graham, grinding his heel as if he were  
already under its power.

"Yes; but it is instinctive to shun  
the loathsome reptile that bears its  
poison in its sting. I would not court  
a danger that might be deadly."

"And I shun only those that lack the  
charm," said the high-spirited youth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## GIANTS OF THE FOREST

Wonderful Trees of Mariposa  
Grove.

PROBABLY 5000 YEARS OLD.

The Great Sequoia and Redwoods  
Rise to a Height of 350 Feet and  
Seem to Yield to No Element Except  
Fire—Only One of the Trees Has  
Been Known to Die a Natural Death.

Chicago Record-Herald.

WAWONA, Cal., Sept. 18.—We have  
seen several of the big tree groves of  
California, and agree that Mariposa  
county has the most interesting and  
impressive. From the base of the foot-  
hills to the timber line on the breast of  
its peaks, the Sierra Nevada mountains  
are covered with magnificent forests.

There is no other forest within human  
reach so extensive or showing such  
enormous growth; and while the se-  
quoia and redwoods are the largest, the  
pines, cedars, firs, oaks and other var-

to eight inches and beautifully mottled  
or fluted like a granite column. The  
trunks taper slowly; their symmetry is  
very striking, and they are usually  
without a limb for a hundred or more  
feet from the ground. The largest ones  
will average 300 feet in height, and you  
often find them 375 feet. Their limbs  
are ragged and twisted; their foliage  
is scanty due to the storms of 500  
years. They grow closely together;  
sometimes two, three and even five  
spring from the same roots, and there  
are acres where the trees are so closely  
grown that you can reach from one to  
another with your finger tips. The root  
system is not extensive nor is it deep. It  
is extraordinary that the trees have  
lived for so many centuries and have  
grown so large with so little soil and so  
little moisture. Botanists say that they  
can live almost on the nourishment  
from the air, and that is where they  
have an advantage over human beings.

There are no buttresses, like you see  
supporting the trunks of monster trees  
in eastern forests but they rise out of  
the soil without showing their roots  
in most cases and stand squarely over  
their own center of gravity. They do  
not die or decay like other trees, and  
although you will find hundreds of them  
burned out at the bottoms, so that the  
gap will shelter a score of men or a  
squadron of cavalry, yet the upper  
trunk and the branches will be as firm  
and as safe as nature could make them;  
and professional foresters, like  
John Muir, will tell you that, among  
more than five thousand of these giants  
scattered along the slopes of the Sierra  
Nevada Mountains, they have never  
seen but one sequoia tree which died  
a natural death. That is famous. It  
was on the bank of Bonita creek, and  
was evidently starved to death. The  
rocky ravine where nature imprisoned  
it furnished insufficient nourishment  
and inadequate moisture, but it grew  
and grew, until it became greater than  
any other tree in the neighborhood;  
until it could look over the tops of the  
forests around it. Then, one day, it  
fell from its own weight and perhaps  
seven or eight thousand years. They  
were full grown when Moses was taken  
from the bulrushes; when Enesah was  
"toting" his infirm father away from  
trouble in Troy; and were already aged  
when the morning stars sang that won-  
derful song at Bethlehem.

On the banks of the Nile visitors are  
shown a sycamore under which Joseph  
and Mary and the Boy Jesus ever rested,  
while they were fleeing into Egypt from  
the wrath of Herod; in India they show  
the decrepit trunk of an ancient tree,  
under which Buddha—the light of Asia  
—once preached, and in the garden of  
Gethsemane are groups of gnarled, rag-  
ged and rotten olive trees under which  
our Savior is said to have wept. Doubt  
is cast upon the truth of these repre-  
sentations. Skeptics assert that trees  
will not live as long as the Christian  
era has lasted. But here, in six or sev-  
eral distinct groves, are trees which,  
reckoning by the accepted rules, must  
have attained an ordinary size long  
before Abraham left the home of his  
fathers. And what do you suppose hap-  
pened to them during the flood? The  
botanists will tell you that, if they  
are left alone, if these magnificent for-  
ests are only protected, they will sur-  
vive another 10,000 years.

There is great danger from fire, how-  
ever. The air of all the country in this  
section is darkened with smoke from  
forest fires every fall. They are burn-  
ing today all around the Yosemite Val-  
ley, and within a day's walk of the big  
trees I have been telling you about.  
These fires occur every year. There is  
a colony of soldiers here, whose duty  
is to put out the fires, but they are not  
doing anything, and the citizens seem  
to be indifferent. Experts estimate that  
California loses more than \$1,000,000  
during the month of September each  
year from forest fires, which not only  
destroy the timber but eat up a surface  
covering of mulch, which is indispen-  
sable both to the health and the repro-  
duction of the trees and to the regula-  
tion of the water supply. This damage  
cannot be repaired. The trees destr-  
oyed cannot be replaced in a hundred  
years.

Most of the fires are started by the  
carelessness of campers and herders of  
sheep and cattle, who kindle a mass  
of brush and logs at night for cooking  
and warmth, and in the morning leave  
them burning when they go from camp.  
The present fire that is raging around  
the Yosemite, whether accurately or  
not, is attributed to a passenger on  
one of the stages who threw a burning  
cigar to the ground after he had light-  
ed his cigar. The stage driver saw him  
do it and afterward remembered that  
the act was done exactly at the place  
where the fire started. The soil of the  
forests is covered with a thick matting  
of dry leaves and pine needles, dead  
twigs that have fallen from the trees,  
strips of bark that have sloughed off  
cones that are saturated with pitch and  
turpentine—the most inflammable ma-  
terial you can imagine—and over all  
of it is growing grass, wild oats and  
other plants that become dry in the  
fall. Thus if a match is thrown or if  
a burning cigar or cigarette happens  
to fall where the lights and comes in  
contact with the inflammable material,  
leaves and pine needles are instantly  
at flame and the fire spreads as it would  
along a powder train.

Experienced foresters contend that  
the live large trees and the vigorous  
small ones would not be injured, but  
rather benefited, if the ground was  
burned over every year or two, as the  
Indians did it. But if the inflammable  
debris is allowed to accumulate for  
several years it makes so fierce a fire  
that the standing timber is burned to  
death. They say that there are more  
fires on the forest reserves nowadays  
than before they were withdrawn from  
settlement. First, because