SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

NO. 63.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1907.

DAUCHTERS OF CAIN

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Unstable as Water." "Ah! ha!" laughed Cyril Vye, as he stepped suddenly into view from behind the shrubbery of the terrace, "I startled you, eh? You thought I was I think of him here, mingling freely a road-agent? A little joke, my dear Uncle Gilbert, nothing more, I assure I must go." you. Why, how very pale you are!-

a perfect spectre, in fact!" Cyril Vye had never been nearer death than he was at that moment. Murder, pure and simple, looked out of the cattleman's eyes, as he turned upon his nephew. He seemed about to leap at his throat; but Shirlaw made an involuntary movement to step between them, and by some supreme effort the older Vye recovered his composure.

"It is not always safe to startle a man in that way, nephew!" he said, with a ghastly smile. "It would serve you right to give you a wholesome choking for your impertinence. "Ah!" mockingly, "here comes the head of our old and honorable house," as the figure of Philip Vye appeared in the walk below. "If you will come down into the garden, Captain Shirlaw, beyond reach of further interruption, we will continue our conversation."

"Not tonight," answered Shirlaw wildly: "pray excuse me!"

And waiting for nothing more, sprang down the terrace and rushed

off to the river. He came upon Abel Lispenard in the garden of faded lilies-poor Lilian's garden. The dwarf was pacing back and forth there in the dubious light, his hat pulled over his eyes, his chin upon his breast.

"Stop a minute, Lispenard," cried Shirlaw, breathlessly; "I have something to tell you." Lispenard paused.

"I cannot lift myself to your height, Victor, so you must bend down to mine," he said.

Shirlaw did so, and was startled by the look on the other's face. "By Jove! what has gone wrong with

you, old chap?" "I have tonight received tidings of that man-my sister's destroyer."

"The deuce!" "He is-but never mind. Your hand to tell me; what is it? Speak out.

And out he did speak-told his story, wildly, hurriedly. "I saw the resemblance on the very night of his arrival at Rookwood," he groaned. "I tried to fight away the horrible suspicions; I tried to believe

that I was laboring under an hullucination, that I had lost my wits-anything, everything, rather than the Now, in God's name, Lispentruth! ard, tell me, what am I to do?"

Lispenard stood like a stone. face has assumed strange, rigid lines. "Will you denounce him?" he an-

"No, I shall leave that to his relatives. Cyril Vye knows as well as I do precedented." that his uncle, the cattle king, is no other than Black Dave, the western outlaw and road-agent! And Cyril means mischief-yes, nothing less than the destruction of the man!"

"But Mignon," cried Lispenard, im patiently; "you do not say anything about Mignon! How does this discov ery affect your love for her?" Shirlaw changed color.

"Heaven above! Lispenard, why ask such a question? Would you have me marry the daughter of a thief and cutthroat? Would you, in my place, do

"In your place, I would marry Mignon Vye if her father were the prince of the bottomless pit!" panted Lispen-

"Impossible! I cannot!" said Shirlaw with a shudder. "My mother, my sisters? shall I show them no consideration? Would you have me bring disgrace and shame upon them? That man urged me tonight to marry Mig-

al! my heart; but you expect too much of me, Lispenard. What! Take, with wide-open eyes, that man for my fath-Faugh! I swear I was scarcely able to contain myself, as I stood with him over at Rookwood just now, and recalled the encounter on the Southern Pacific road, when I first saw the scoundrel with his gang of desperadoes."

Lispenard's gaze seemed to be turn ed inward.

"God pity that girl!' he groaned "Her father is her idol. How will she bear this? how can she bear it?" drive me mad!"

"She is all that is desirable in woman. She is as innocent of her father's iniquities as an angel of light; but I see how it is, Victor; your love is not equal to the trial. What do I say, boy You do not know what love is?" "Do I not?" said Shirlaw, setting his

teeth; "I think I do-to my sorrow!" Lispenard made a step nearer to his kinsman.

"Ah!" he cried, sternly; "it girl Esther!"

Shirlaw winced, as though a hand had touched some unhealed wound,

but his lips were dumb. last few weeks," said Lispenard, "my break over her golden head? He was lar. poor fickle, unstable Victor! But she, the soul of integrity and honor. No too, is the daughter of Gilbert Vye-

ly shadowed by his guilt." "She cared nothing for me, Lispenard."

"I rejoice to hear that," dryly know not whether to pity or condemn names, but only of Mignon-Mignon, you, Victor. You have, indeed, been at the mercy of Cyril Vye-Mignon. He looked at him steadily. He was most unfortunate in your loves." With a distracted air, Shirlaw drew

"Pity me, old fellow; don't condemn me! Doubtless I suffer as keenly as more worthy men. I must take the next train to town. My presence here to a cabinet of teak wood in a corner, been a coward till tonight; but now... like a smiling Mephistopheles, on the will only precipitate matters, since I and took out-what? A pair of an- now I can feel a tightening here! act upon Cyril Vye like a red rag upon tique gold spurs. These he sealed in grasping his throat convulsively.

a bull. Moreover, there is a limit to all things, and I can never again practice dissimulation to the extent of treating Gilbert Vye as though he were outside. Jarvis entered, with an iman honest man. My blood boils when

with these aristocratic Dale people. So "Without explanations of any kind?" "How dare I-how can I make explanations, Lispenard?"

Lispenard stared blankly into the gray night. "It is a bad business," he muttered: "a most distracting and complicated

business! "True, and you must help me out of t, old chap."

The dwarf's pale, bitter face flushed ainfully

"Somebody at some future date, will plain." nave to tell Mignon. You must be that person. You love me, you know. You will not be too hard upon your unlucky kinsman. If there is a shadow of excuse for me in what I have done, you will give me the full benefit of it." Lispenard drew his breath sharply. "Let us go up to the house," he said. "Jarvis has just brought in the evening

They went in silence. Two letters nad arrived for Shirlaw-one from his nother, the other an official document which he tore open and devoured ea-

"I am ordered to rejoin my command mmediately!" he cried, in a tone of more fortunate? I have just time to make a flying visit to my mother and sisters, and then, oh! for the frontier again! I hope to Heaven I shall some our soi-disant cattle king there!" "Do not tempt Fate by rash wishes," replied Lispenard, gloomily. "Far bet-

"His chances of returning to his old exploits are small, unless he can Jove! It is shameful that he should return, to resume his nefarious busi-

ness, is it not?" Lispenard made no reply. In silence shakes, Victor. You have something hurried departure. Why should he de- in Boston on the arrival of the train, ered himself, and smiled down at the He could neither assist nor comfort her in the approaching crisis. Verily, it was better that he should go.

> Over the river at Rookwood, Philip Vve and his son were standing alone

beside the library fire. "My dear father," said Cyril, grimly "long ago, when you told that story about Martin, did you think I had not wit enough to put one and two together, and see through the whole affair? According to tradition, we have had great men in our family. It remained for us to produce a scoundrel, also whose career, thus far, has been un-

The thin, gray face of the elder mar grew grayer yet.

"In Heaven's name, Cyril, keep you uspicions to yourself! For Mignon's sake, say nothing, even to me!" He laughed, wickedly.

"For Mignon's sake! Oh, but I owe er one, you know! It is really quite too gratifying to think of her in connection with this business! At last I shall have my revenge!"

"He is your uncle and my brother he is our guest. Whatever we may suspect, we have no positive knowledge of anything wrong. Your revenge Nonsense! You talk like a stage villain. Well-bred people do not mention such things nowadays. nean to do?"

"Let me ask the same question, my dear father. What do you mean to do? Allow Gilbert Vye to return to his old haunts and resume the name of Black Dave, and the occupation of robbing, murdering and train-wreck non immediately. He knows that ex- ing? Will you be his accomplice to posure is near; he comprehends, I that extent. Ah, you wince! True, he think, something of his own danger. is your brother; but I hate him none Poor, lovely Mignon! I pity her with the less for that. Mignon's father will

receive no mercy at my hands." "Cyril, the family honor of all th Vves, living and dead, is at stake!" "Family honor be hanged, as it sure must be, some day, in the person of my Uncle Gilbert! I swear to you that no consideration of that sort shall tempt me to spare either him or his

daughter." A faint sobbing cry startled the two nen. Both turned quickly, and saw hat the library-door had been noiseessly opened. On its threshold a wonan was standing, frozen with horror -a woman whose bloodless face and of red light flash out, like a star, in "Don't ask me, Lispenard; you will dilating eyes betrayed that she had the shrubbery along the river side, overheard all. It was Elinor Vye.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Pair of Spurs.

opening on the river, and looked across ing bank. the gloomy current to the old mansion standing so stately on the opposite he knew not what. The night was bank.

Shirlaw had gone without one part ing word to his betrothed-gone never to return. Now, what could he, Abel when the hound at his side began to Lispenard, do to help Mignon-to save her from the vile plots of her cousin, "I have not been wholly blind in the and the tempest that was ready to man could regard crime with greater as near to him as Mignon, and equal- abhorrence, or visit sterner censure on and stood directly in his way. the criminal, and vet, at this moment Lispenard was not thinking of Gilbert Vve. his two-fold life, and his outrage "I ous deeds perpetrated under other

> he help Mignon? He started at last, shook his huge

of her fither, alone, defenseless, de-

tiny box; then stepped forward and "Jarvis," said Abel Lispenard, quiet-"can I trust you?"

"I think you can, sir," answered the

-remember, privately?" "Yes. sir." "And keep your eyes open, in case said sternly. you see anybody, or anything that

report in full to me." "That I will, sir." Jarvis departed on his errand. He Lispenard paced the room and waited.

portant air. "I saw him, sir!" Lispenard motioned for him to close ing unspeakable, Abel Lispenard sur-

the door.

"Tell me everything!" he command "Well sir." said Jarvis. "when I like a reed. reached Rookwood, Mr. Gilbert Vye was just coming out of the stablegoing on one of his long rides. I went up to him and says I:

"'Wait a bit, sir, here's something for you. "I gave him the box. He struck match, tore off the cover and turned pale-pale as a spook-the lucifer was flaring on his face and I could see it

"Who sent this?' says he. "'My master, Mr. Lispenard,' says I hard, then he put a hand in his pocket

and gave me this, sir." Jarvis showed a five-dollar banknote. A shudder shook Abel Lispenard's square figure. He pointed straight to the fire burning under the tall man-

"Throw it there, Jarvis!" Jarvis obeyed, meekly. A little spurt seemed scared, or bewildered, or something."

"'I'll go up to the house,' I heard infinite relief. "Was ever anything him mutter, and bid Mignon good-by!" "Well, he started for the house and with him, for you told me to look after anything that might be strange at Rookwood. Well, sir, we hadn't day have the pleasure of encountering gone far, when we both saw some tall, black shapes moving along the terrace -two men, sir, and then a door flew open, letting out a streak of light, and ter that you should never see him Mr. Cyril Vye ran down the steps to

meet the pair. "'Ha! Here you are, sheriff! heard him say, in a guarded voicemanage to propitiate his nephew. By Mr. Gilbert and I had stopped short in the shelter of the shrubbery. 'So my telegrams found you?' says he. 'The one I sent from New York this mornut there was a lady in the way, w might have made an awkward scene." "Is he likely to give us the slip?"

> says the person who had been called sheriff. "'More than likely,' answered Mr Cyril, "if once he suspects mischief. Speed is the one thing necessary in this case. First of all, you had better

set a watch at the station.' "'We have done that already,' says the man.

"Then they seemed to stand and whisper together, after which they went softly into the house. I turned o look for Gilbert Vye, but he had disappeared, sir-I didn't see him again. went back to the landing-place, but my boat was gone, too, and I had to walk round by the bridge. Yet the skiff is now down at the jetty, moored

don't know, sir." "You may go. Jarvis," said Lispenard, as the servant finished his story. Jarvis went his way. His master

stood pondering the things he had heard. Officers of the law at Rookwood! watch already set at the railway station, and perhaps at other avenues of escape, also! Cyril Vye had lost no time. He had determined on the utter destruction of his uncle. Family considerations were of no importance him now. It was plain that he would stop at nothing. How long would Mig-

non remain in ignorance of all that was passing about her? Abel Lispenard could not rest-he could scarcely breathe. The night seemed charged with dynamite. explosion was close at hand. He wondered what the dwellers of the Dale yould say when the real character of

he man whom they had feted and adnired was made known to them. At last he seized his hat and went iown into his dark, still garden, followed by a long-nosed Livonian hound The hour was growing late, but ther was no rest for Lispenard tonight. He

seemed raked up in red-hot coals. He stood on the stone jetty. Yes, at his feet lay Jarvis's skiff, safely moor ed. Lispenard knew well enough who had appropriated the craft and left his servant to walk round by the bridge. He looked across the current at Rookwood. All there was silent as death. but once or twice he saw a little point

gleam for an instant, and then vanish. Scouts were at work, surely. The river made a bend not far from the jetty. As he gazed down stream Lispenard fancied he could distinguish in that black watery curve, the outline of a boat lying close in to the shelter

For a long time he stood waiting for very quiet. Only the wind sighed in the tree-tops over his head. He was just turning to go back to the house

"Be still, Cossack!" commanded Lispenard, grasping the brute by the col-

At the same moment, out from th nearest clump of trees a figure moved "You did not send me the spurs

time, Mr. Lispenard," said Gilbert Vve.

'Now help me, or I am lost!" Had it come to this? Was he, Abel Lispenard, to furnish aid to this man? utterly ignorant of the true character ashen-gray, and quaking like a leaf. He seemed half ashamed of his ap-

serted by her lover-how-how could pearance, for he made haste to say, in hoarse, broken voice: "All men have their weak moments shoulders, hesitated; then went straight Mine has come at last! I have never

It was fear, then, that made him tremble. This bold desperado had turned coward at sight of his kindred arrayed against him. No foes so pitiless none so much to be dreaded, as those of a man's own household! Abel "Then go immediately to Rookwood, Lispenard recoiled from the so-called and give this, privately, to Gilbert Vye cattleman with a haughty, forbidding gesture.

"What would you have me do?" he "That dog Cyril is resolved to rur seems strange to you over yonder, and me down," gasped Gilbert Vye; "he's blocked my way to the station. I started down the river in your servant's boat; but I found another craft

was gone exactly an hour by the clock. watching yonder. They hailed me, and I put back to your landing place. By-and-by he heard the man's step He's hemmed me in, you see. Hide me or I must hang." Heaven knew that he deserved hanging over and over again. With loath-

> wood. A tempest of passion shook him "Follow me!" he said, sharply, hur

> veyed the man; then he turned, and

again looked across the river to Rook-

riedly. Abel Lispenard plunged into a pati dark with trees, passed Lilian's garden, crossed a lawn, and avoiding the nain entrance of the house, came to a side door, which was locked. He drew a key from his pocket, and leaving the dog Cossack outside as a sentinel he darted into the house, and Gilbert Vye with him.

"What I do is not for your sake, bu for your daughter's," he said. "'Ah!' says he, drawing his breath servants must not see us. For you life make no sound!'

He snatched a silver lamp from th hand of a figure in bronze that stood just inside the door, and with more rapidity than might have been expect ed from his short legs, mounted rufted stair, entered a handsome corridor, and at last paused, with the fugitive, before that holiest of holies, the flame and he resumed his narrative. long-closed rooms of Lilian Lispenard. "He slipped from his saddle, sir. He Was there no struggle in his heart as he unlocked that sacred door? Ah verily! But he went in, and Gilbert Vye after him.

"Shelter me, Mr. Lispenard," said the outlaw, "till the hue and cry at Rookwood is over, and I will give you no

further trouble. "If I do that," answered Lispenar sternly, as he put the silver lamp down on the table, and turned to the hunted haggard man, the degenerate son of an ancient race, pursued now by his own kin, you must swear by everything you hold dear to quit your old the name and the character of Black Dave; to repent of your past misdeeds, and become again an honest man." Over the back of a chair in the cen-

tre of the floor trailed a priceless Ining was explicit enough, was it not? I dian shawl. Gilbert Vye stumbled he watched Shirlaw's preparations for should have requested you to meet me blindly in its rich folds, then recovwarf in a ghastly way. "My dear sir, you think, doubtless,

However, I have no choice. Yes, I will swear to do all that, and as much more as you please!"

"Understand me!" said Lispenard: " know your crimes, Gilbert Vye, and I only gambling place in town. abhor them! You justly deserve the fate that threatens you. Nevertheless give you my word that you are safe here, that I will do my utmost to save you from your nephew, not that I feel the slightest sympathy for you, not play." that I wish to shield you from punishnent; but solely for the sake of anther person, who will suffer if you

receive your just deserts." Up went Gilbert Vye's shoulders "Greatly obliged, Mr. Lispenard, I'm sure! You have me at an immens all right. How it got there I am sure disadvantage just now, so I shall take care not to be angry with you. It is came east. How unfortunate, too, that him, Mr. Pettus said: my daughter's lover should possess so good a memory! I hope to Heaven he vill not know that I am hiding here!" "Captain Shirlaw has left the Dale,"

inswered Lispenard, shortly. "And this room is never visited by any member of my household-I alone

have the key to it." "Good." nixed with positive aversion, Lispen-

rd recoiled from his guest. and by breeding a gentleman. How could you fall so low!-how could you ecome the creature you now are?" "It is a long story," answered Gilhad lost everything, and necessity had stuck to his profession." cnows no law. It was imperative that should have money, so I took it, sans eremonie. Remember, I had two oung daughters to provide for, and, pon my soul! I meant to give up the business when they should be settled in life, and return east and becom the most respectable of all the respect able Vyes. But my plans have miscarried." His eyes fell suddenly on the wonderful portrait of Lillan Lispenard hanging above him on the wall. He snatched up the silver lamp that he might examine it closer, "Heaven above! what a strange resemblance! he muttered, "Do you not see it," turn-

"Resemblance-to whom?" demanded

ispenard. "Look for yourself. You are blind! -you cannot recall the person who had better not mention her!" putting the light coolly back upon the table. Abel Lispenard could bear no more The boudoir of his idolized. ill-fated sister changed to the hiding-place of a robber and murderer-it was too much! He went out quickly, locked the door

behind him, put the key in his pocket

and descended to the lower portion of

he house. He sat down to the plano in his luxirious music-room, and struck a few chords. In the midst of Donizetti's sweetest music, and played as only this frogman could play, steps crossed the terrace without. Cossack gave a warning bark, and a sharp ring at the bell

followed. He knew who his visitors wereknew their errand, but he went on playing brilliantly, breathlessly, absorbed, apparently, in his music. Presently a footman opened the door. "A gentleman to see you, sir," he innounced, and then Abel Lispenard urned and saw Cyril Vye, with his eye-glass screwed in his eye, standing,

(To be Continued).

Miscellaneous Reading.

STORIES OF SENATOR PETTUS.

Romance of His Love For a Neighbor Daughter-Other Incidents. Many entertaining anecdotes are oid of Senator Pettus. He told this one of himself:

"When I was a boy down in Ala bama the hunting and fishing were him up into the open air. still prime and I was very fond of my rod, my dog and my gun-much fonder of them than of my books. I didn't like going to school and played hookey frequently to go fishing or hunting. When I was about 17 I fell deeply in love with the daughter of a neighbor. One day I went to her house and found her on the gallery watering violets. Her sunbonnet was hanging by its strings down her back, the sunlight fell on her pretty face and shining hair and she looked very lovely. I stood and looked up at her and I just couldn't help plumbing right out matter. This is literally true, for the

"'You go 'long,' she spend all your time hunting and fish-

marry me?'

ing. "I was ashamed and heartbroken, the senator continued, "and I answered not a word. I knew Mary was as ignorant as I used to be.' Well, me, but I knew it was all right. We were married the next year." They lived together in the greatest

affection and happiness until the death ered the top of the ground with a thin ly Cook's unguarded left flashed ou of Mrs. Pettus less than a year ago. After the war he and another young lawyer settled down to practice law at line firmly about the base. Selma. They were miserably poor and a fee of \$100 seemed like a fortune. But somehow Pettus' partner got hold ern concern and won it. They receiv the tremendous fees of \$15,000. much money in so short a time.

He was very fond of a quiet game connected with the earth below. of poker. A few years ago he spent One day a friend met him walking the fine thread-like portions of the orado villages of pro-Union sympathisthat you are asking an easy thing away from the hotel, and asked him roots are destroyed at their extremi- ers. They were met by Cook and his get to the ears of ten million of my where he was going.

building among the trees over there."

worst card sharps in Memphis." "Yes, I know," grumbled the sens chance of being cheated than forego his little game.

As indicating the friendship be tween Morgan and Pettus, habitues of ently as far off as ever. the Capitol recall some remarks Mr Pettus made in the senate on January 23, this year, when the subject of the the investigations so far have concernproposed increase in congressional salaries was under discussion. Mr. plain that I made a bad move when I Morgan was absent, and, referring to

> "He began his education at the old field school. He has always been a student from boyhood. I knew him have known him ever since. I have

bert Vye, with perfect indifference. "I have been a millionaire today if he pulling up a stalk. It requires such They were known to the rioters as Senator Pettus was universally be loved and respected by his colleagues on both sides of the chamber. A Re- ed by the investigation of root devel- tored in a few hours and many arrests publican of great prominence and in fluence said to a friend one day last statesman, as Morgan was, but was a hard clods when ploughed. This coming sharply, suspiciously on Lispen-

love.-From Various Papers. TOO GOOD TO LOSE

His Enemy. In the little town of Midway, Ky. two men lived at enmity, personal and political, so long that their feud was one of the traditions of the town. Only the intervention of friends had more than once prevented them from doing each other bodily injury. One day a year ago, says World's Work, one of the men. Richard Dodson, was discovered at dusk lying senseless in his private gas well, dying of suffocation No one of the crowd that gathered a the mouth of the well dared to risk his life in an effort to save him

came breathless to the spot. By the light of a lamp he looked down and saw the body, face downward, in the mud at the bottom of the well. Without hesitation, he slipped into the narrow manhole, hung by his hands, and dropped into the darkness and the suffocating fumes of the pit. He lifted the body of his enemy

Then his enemy, Rufus K. Combs

and, by dogged effort, raised himself to a foothold on a small tank inside the well, and lifted the body above chemicals for what it needs." caught Dodson's hands, pulled for a 27 Paris eats 450,000,000 eggs yearly.

noment and lost their hold. The body fell back into the mud.

The rescuer's own breath was failng. He raised his head out of the

nanhole long enough to fill his lungs with air, and dropped again. Again he struggled with his burden to the tank and raised it to the opening overhead. This time the crowd drew the body out. Choking with gas, understanding will remove causes of vigorous in spite of a life of great Combs clung desperately to the rim difficulty.

of the manhole until the crowd drew onsciousness, some one asked Mr. than to have one kill you." Combs why he had risked his life to save his enemy.
"I hated to see such a good fighter choke to death," he said.

STUDIES OF ROOT LIFE. Bureau of Plant Industry Carrying on

a Valuable Work. The experts of the bureau of plant industry of the agricultural department are getting at the roots of the the question, 'Mary,' I said, 'will you root experiments with plants are the outcome of a study of the problems in-

you are? You won't go to school, but In the former methods, a great root latter, his reliance is entirely on rain. Experimenters have hitherto been right. I didn't miss another day from vice properly to study root growth, but went away to Clinton college, up in M. Ten Eyck, a member of the Dako-Tennessee, where I spent four years, ta station, Mr. Ten Eyck dug a trench couraged me to go to see Mary again. alone he made a light wooden frame found her again on the gallery and to fit around it and covered this with stood as I stood before, looking up common wire poultry netting. This Cook escaped unharmed to an advancat her from the ground. 'Mary,' I held the earth in place and enabled said, 'I've been to school and I'm not him to pierce it through with small tune through the curious fact that he wire rods, which were then fastened at Mary didn't just say she would marry both ends to the netting. When enough | Time and again the desperate borderof these thin wire rods had been run through, to hold up the roots in case the earth was washed away, he cov-

holding the plants he desired to exam-The subsequent stages of this process, which has been adopted by the other man in the western country. bureau experts, involve the washing of of a very important claim for a north- the earth from about the roots with Porte, where some of his relatives still soft, warm water, leaving them wholwires which had been forced through looked at the immense sum of money the earth. It becomes easy then to and was in the ordnance department dubiously, and remarked to his part-lift the cage, with its plaster of Paris until 1863. ner, "Well, ta's will certainly keep us roof, holding the desired plants, to such out of the poorhouse, but what about a place as desired for study. Care is nation of the Reynolds guerrillas durthe penitentiary?" He couldn't make taken to dig the surrounding trench ing the war. Captain James Reynolds, himself feel it was honest to make so deep enough in the beginning to avoid a Texan; with a courageous band of

siderable difficulties. For one thing "I'm going to that little white threads, however, at the points where near Elk creek, and a pitched battle the senator answered, pointing to the has been found that even at this early a loss of nearly all their forces, and "But, general," said his friend, "you ment upward, the great chemical know that place is run by two of the work, the taking from the soil of lime, that has led to a never-ending hunt sodium, nitrogen and the like had been for buried treasure. completed by the tiny filament. Sometor, "but there is no place else to where, a little further on in the soil He would rather take the which had been washed away, the captured a Mexican treasure train, now desired, and which is still appar-

Nevertheless, some valuable results ed the plants most valuable to man-

the like. "Roots" observed one of the bureau's treasure often, and every summer parnvestigators, "seem to possess actual ties spent weeks seeking it. sentience in regard to their search for water. One of the interesting and expolits was the quelling of the Chivaluable results of this investigation is nese riots in Denver in 1880. Feeling that now science can determine which lived in the same village with him for of the plants are deep feeding, and here in great numbers, grew to such about sixty years. He commenced hence which are most suitable to dry, life without anything. You all see insufficiently watered soils. For inhow hard he works here. He has stance, a species of wheat which had worked that way all his life. When the power to dig down six feet in its lesness grew to such an extent that he came to the senate his income was search for food and moisture, would be the sheriff and the police were powersomething in the neighborhood of better adapted to the dry regions of less, and the Chinese quarter, with its \$15,000 a year. He has been here now the west than one that could dig but poulation of 3,000 was threatened with for thirty years. Had he worked at four. There are certain species of burning. In desperation the county the profession I have no doubt that wheat which do splendidly in naturally and state officials appealed to General during the time that he has been in soft, sandy soils, but whose roots are Cook for assistance. He swore in the senate his income would have been too weak to dig through heavy soils. at least \$20,000 a year. He might This cannot be determined by simply an investigation as this which the gov-

ernment has inaugurated.

opment is why land laid down to grass is made better. It has long been known winter, discussing the disinclination that when the wild prairie is first of the senate to handle a certain mat- broken the soil is mellow, moist and ter so as to gratify a strong Republican rich, producing abundant crops. After senator from a middle western state a few years of continuous cultivation who is not liked by other senators, the physical condition of the soil that if it had been Senator Pettus who changes. The soil grains become finer, wanted a favor done, the whole sen- which is bad: the soil becomes more ate would have been more than glad to compact and heavier to handle; it make any sacrifice in order to accom- dries out quicker than it used to; it modate him. Pettus was not a great balks worse and often turns over in fine, genuine, honorable old Southern pact texture makes it difficult for the gentleman, whom to know was to young roots of plants to develop prop-It also causes an insufficient erly. supply of air in the soil and makes it sticky when wet, dusty when dry, so that when loosened by the plough it is has a face like this? Then, perhaps, I Why a Brave Man Saved the Life of easily blown away. This is because it lacks roots of the right sort-stout, hardy, deep reaching roots.

"A little table of soil conditions being prepared for regions in which these root investigations will prove of especial value-which will prove interesting and suggestive, seeing that it may be modified to suit almost any region. It contains the fact that an acre of soil to the depth of one foot is estimated to weigh 3.225,000 pounds and then tabulates the facts, namely, that within the first foot of soil there is found: 6,722 pounds of phosphoric acid, 32,897 pounds of potash, 47,407 pounds of lime. Thus within the reach of nearly every plant is found four times this sum per acre, for nearly all plants reach four feet downward with their roots.

"It is figured out that this means rough phosphoric acid to supply the wants of 1,400 annual wheat crops and of the other constituents even more. The relation of this to the root investigations lies in the fact that no root should be deprived for lack of ample ploughing of free search among these

A MAN OF NERVE.

The Remarkable Career of General D.

J. Cook. "Whenever you hear that a man is

"Give a desperado no opportunity to draw a pistol. My motto has always as a cat. Two hours later, when he recovered been: 'It is better to kill two men

These two principles faithfully lived up to through forty-five years of ac- orders. Among police and detective tive life on the frontier as a peace officer were what made General David J. and he was equally known in military Cook known and feared by "bad men" circles. From 1863 to 1890 he held through the whole Rocky Mountain region from the Canadian to the Mexican troops during the Indian wars or was borders, says the San Francisco Chron-As a brigadier general in the police of Denver almost without a army, Indian scout, United States break. Pioneers assembled from all marshal, chief of police of Denver in parts of the state to attend his burial. the lawless days, sheriff of Arapaho

county and head of the Rocky Mountain Detective agency, he created name that was a terror to the bad men volved in wide and shallow planting, of the border. Though he was seven-'Who'd marry anyone as ignorant as as opposed to close, ordinary planting. ty-one years old when he died in his Denver home last week, there are still development would enable the farmer men living in the west who heaved a to do well with very little rain; in the sigh of relief when they heard the dauntless peace officer had followed the guide across the range. General Cook handicapped by the absence of a de- had little respect for the professiona "bad man." and members of that class school that term and the next fall I this difficult has been overcome by A. knew it. In his time he had arrested more than 3,000 of them, beginning with his career in Denver in 1859 All this time I kept away from my two feet wide about a block of earth Among them were between fifty and But when I returned in which were growing some plants, seventy-five murderers, all gun fightfrom college I knew a little Greek and the roots of which he desired to study. ers and professional terrors on the Latin and other things and this en- When the block stood out quite clearly frontier, who boasted of the notches on their gun barrels. Through so many dangers General

ed age. He explained his good forwas left-handed in handling weapons men, waiting for first chance had watched Cook's right hand while pre paring to get the drop. Then suddenplaster of Paris paste, which soon dried with a forty-four on a bewildered pris-Cook did more to drive outlaws from

Colorado and keep the peace than any An Indianian by birth, born in La live, he early entered on the adven ly exposed and suspended upon the turous career to which a love of peri attracted him. He came to Denver One of his exploits was the extermi

the possibility of the roots being still riders, came north toward the close of the war, intending to take and de-The root experimenters have met stroy Denver. On the way they burnnumber of New Mexican and Col ties by the warm water washing. The rangers thirty miles south of Denver, they ended, have been analyzed, and it ensued. The Texans were routed with stage of the progress of the nourish- five of their captives were shot. One escaped, however, and told a story

It seemed that the guerrillas or their way north, had attacked and work had been going on. It is the from which they secured \$70,000, mostunderstanding of this process which is ly in greenbacks. These they buried in a locality on Elk creek, intending to return and secure the treasure after they had destroyed Denver. The exhave already been attained. Naturally, termination of the band lost the secret, and because the only survivor was never able to describe the place where wheat and corn, potatoes, beans and the fortune was buried, it remains safe to this day. Cook hunted for the

One of General Cook's most notable against the Chinese who then lived a pitch that infuriated mobs captured Chinese on the streets and strung them up to telegraph poles. The lawtwenty-five picked deputies, all dead shots and fearless men like himself men who would do their duty, and mobs dispersed as fast as they advanc-"Another thing which has been proved. Without bloodshed peace was res-

> of leaders were made. It was about this time that Cool performed a feat as famous in the west s the ride of Sheridan in war annals One of the banks at Leadville, then a camp just bursting into fame, was threatened with a disastrous run There was a telegraph, but no railroad. The bank officials wired to Denver to a correspondent for aid, and this bank employed Cook to ride 180 miles over the mountains to Leadville through an outlaw country, to carry \$50,000 to the distress bank. Cook undertook alone the

ous mission, and heavily armed started with the fortune in his saddle bags Wherever the telergaph wire reached a stage station messages were sent for relays of horses. Jumping from the saddle of one exhausted horse to another Cook spurred over the trail in less than twelve hours. All one day the cashier stood at the window and paid the clamoring crowds of angry miners, while Cook was making his ride. The bank had twenty minutes longer to last when Cook spurred through the streets of the camp and rode a horse covered with foam through the crowds up to the door. As he lifted the bags of money from his saddle and carried them inside the line of cursing miners they broke into cheers and melted away. The most noted detective work don

by Cook was in connection with the murder of four Italian musicians in Denver. The murderers, who were nine countrymen of the victims, had four days' start when the bodies were found hacked to pieces in a shanty. Cook traced and arrested them all in different parts of the state, and later saved their lives when, with his deputies he fought off a mob that tried to lynch them in Denver. All nine were convicted. As a government detective Cook saved the government \$100,000 on cases handled by him.

In spite of his advanced age General Cook appeared regularly at his desk at the Denver police headquarters, where his experience made his assistance valuable. He was assigned to coing to get you, go after him. Hunt special duty and contributed only rehim up. If necessary get him first cently to the solution of a number of But generally, when the man is found, difficult cases. Until attacked by heart he will not be ready. A talk and an disease only a few months ago he was

TERMS -- \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

stress and activity. He stood over six feet in his stockings and was as agile General Cook was a thirty-second degree Mason and was high in the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias officers his reputation was national, the posts of commander of the state sheriff of Ahanaho county or chief of

NEGRO UTOPIA FOUND.

Educator Invites Colored Americans to Go to Republic of Liberia.

Dr. R. A. M. Deputies, superintendent of public instruction for the Republic of Liberia on the west coast of Africa, who although born in America, has spent fifty years in Monrovia, Liberia, started recently on his return trip by way of the Batavia. bound for Hamburg. He was a dele-Presbyterian church. Doctor Denuderground railroad on his first journey there, and contrasted it with the palatial comforts of today, says the New York Tribune. He declared that this will be his last trip across the ocean. The doctor declares that Liberia is a God-selected spot for the American negro and that within five years he wants to see 100,000 American negroes in Liberia, where they can be happy, prosperous and wealthy and can truly worship under their own vine and fig tree. "We want no 'undesirable citizens' though." said Li-

beria's superintendent of education. "In Liberia," continued he. "we want men of our own race from America who would sympathize with us and deal charitably with us if we have any faults. We want men who will come with the desire to help us build up our country and establish there a nation that can be made the wonder and admiration of the world In Liberia the American negroes could have a government of their own people and be ruled by men of their own race. Then free from molestation and all fear, they could in composure worship the God of their fathers, build good schoolhouses, seminaries and colleges and maintain them for posterity, which would eventuate in the formation and the perpetuity f the United States of race in America and the millions more in the isles of the sea and urge them

"We want the American negroes to come over and help us to bring fresh life and light to shine away the darkness. President Barclay and his cabinet would welcome all intelligent and well-to-do negroes, and would give them facilities for becoming happy and prosperous. Let those who desire

to come home.

some money, and when they reach Africa they will be born again. "Of course Liberia is situated." said he, "in tropical Africa, and yet it does not get as hot there as it has been in the United States within the last few days. It is the easiest country in the world in which to live after one has remained a year or two, but one must have patience, and plenty of it, when he first comes to Liberia. If, however, a man wants to go to a field to be useful and helpful along all lines of industry, let him come to Liberia. There

tition and a great and varied field. "The American negro need not go to Liberia expecting to find work unless he starts something himself. Ho has the whole country before him in which he may do this, and there will be none to molest his legal operations."

he will find no opposition, no compe-

He took occasion to refer to the success that is attending T. McCants Stewart, who some years ago lived in this city, and was the first negro to be admitted to the bar in the state of New York. Doctor Deputies declared that if Stewart had remain in Liberia instead of returning to America, he would have been president of the republic long ago. Unlike most of the negroes who advocate negro colonization of Africa Doctor Deputies

made no harsh criticism of America

Swallows Fly Much Faster Than Pigeons. The French scientific weekly, Ciel

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

et Terre, prints a very interesting article about the speed of several birds, as observed by August Vershcurin of Antwerp. The rapidity of flight credited to the swallow (200 feet a second) seemed exaggerated to him, and he undertook some experiments on

his own hook. He sent several baskets of pigeons to Complegene, France, and in a separate cage a swallow which had its nest under the gable roof of the railroad station at Antwerp. On November 7, at 7:30 in the morning, all the birds were liberated at Complegne; the swallow took a northern direction as quick as lightning, while the pigeons made several spirals in the air before they started in the same direction. The shallow arrived at its nest, in Antwerp, at 8:23, a number of wit-

nesses being present at its arrival. The first pigeons only arrived at their destination at 11:30 of the same morning. The swallow had, therefore covered the entire distance of 1461 miles in 1 hour and 18 minutes, which is equal to a speed of 1281 miles per hour or about 189 feet per second, which is about double the speed of

an express train. The pigeons only reached a speed of 35 miles an hour, or 48 feet per second. It may be gathered from these figures how rapidly the migrations of swallows take place, as with the speed given above it would require only half a day to fly from Belgium or central Germany to northern Af-