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DAUGHTERS OF CAIN

By ETTA W. PIERCE

ney westward. Her heart misgave her when she thought of her father. There was no mutual love betwixt the two. How would Gilbert Vye receive her at Happy Valley? Not with pleasure, surely, unless the sealed message ference. which Aunt Deb had intrusted to her care should have some soothing effect upon his temper. When Esther confind her after her flight from Rookwood, or to hold any communication with her, her spirits fell. She began be rushing unconsciously into great to distrust Aunt Deb's judgment, and the wisdom of the mysterious errand

upon which she had been sent. She had taken the precaution to write to Gilbert Vye in advance, and beg him to meet her at Diamond City, the railway terminus, forty miles from Happy Valley. Would he heed the

Throughout her journey she was

It was a dreary autumn day. ther took refuge in the Diamond hotel, an ugly frame building, with a bar that seemed to be ceaselessly patronized by the male element of this rough mining town. She inquired of the landlord if there was a gentleman named Vye among his guests.

"No, miss," answered the "never heard of such a party." "He is my father. I had hoped to find him waiting for me here," explained Esther. "He lives on a ranch in the township of Happy Valley."

man

"You don't say! I'm something of a stranger in these parts myselfcome from Vermont. Haven't been at the mines but a few weeks. I'm blessed if I know where Happy Valley is Your dad hasn't shown himself yet; but you'd better wait a spell. He'll be sure to turn up."

The rain poured in torrents, the mud was deep in the miserable streets of Diamond City. Esther concluded to wait that day at the hotel; and if Gilalone to Happy Valley by the that left Diamond City just before that unhappy night at Rookwood." nightfall. Thus far no one had molested her on her journey or made her afraid.

She spent the day in fruitless wait-From the window of the hotel was one across the way in which dice were rattling. She could even hear the nacious mud of the wide trail, Victor call of the dealers. A brawl was go- Shirlaw had little dreamed that he ing on there too, and shots were flying was hastening to meet again this woacross the billiard tables. Pack mules man, whose fatal beauty still overand Mexican donkeys, laden with tools powered him like a delirium-this and provisions for distant mining woman whom he had never thought to battered sombrero, with a bright-bar- pleasant one. reled Winchester swung across his high-pommeled saddle, rode by through a shaggy burro, so small that the man's heels almost touched the ground. Oh, where was Gilbert Vye? Plainly

he did not mean to meet her. She summoned the landlord at last, and bade him secure a seat for her in the evening stage for Happy Valley. The sitting room of the hotel had nor respect for it."

been given over to the exclusive use of the handsome young lady from the east. An hour before starting time, for me; but," defiantly, "you cannot from his hold. as Esther sat before the fire taking a solitary cup of tea, the landlord tapped at the door.

"There's a gent outside who has come to the terminus to meet a lady from the east," he announced. "It ain't your father, miss," with a broad grin: "but maybe it's somebody he's sent."

Esther, with a throb of painful sus- her faithfully, and with all the strength She arose in haste to receive and power of his being?" her visitor.

He entered-his handsome figure splashed with the mud of a long, hard married." ride, his military overcoat dripping with wet. It was Victor Shirlaw.

Both stood petrified with amaze

ment; then Shirlaw reeled back a step. "Esther!

She grew rigid and forbidding. "It is not possible that you have been sent to meet me?" she said,

day. But you-what brought you to

sharply. "And did you love your husband He grew red, then pale "Certainly not," he stammered: "this

then?" he asked, at last. is some mistake of the landlord. I "Yes." "Do you love him still?" came to meet my sister, who is to spend the winter with me at my frontier post. She wrote that she would Shirlaw!" probably arrive in Diamond City to-

"I see now why you were so cold, passion. I also se that your marriage "Pardon me, if I decline to enter into must have been a most unhappy one." She was silent, but her face told him

hat he had guessed well. than when she had last seen him at as far from me, in either case, as pole She stood up splendid, repellent, unapproachable. Some sudden

ment and despair." "Now that you know the truth, Captain Shirlaw," said Esther, "I beg you ard wrote me that Gilbert Vye had- will leave me, and come near me no ah-returned west. Oh, this is fright-

cried. "You agitate yourself needlessly selfish reward-there is another that train from town, and who looked Captain Shirlaw. My plans, present can serve for love's sake only; believe me, mine is of the latter kind. May I not offer, and can you not accept, my help, my protection, Esther?"

"No," she answered, firmly; "I need

well you have kept your word! If you place, or under any circumstances, dis- Rookwood."

regard a known wish of yours! Since ou will have it so-farewell!" He made her a deep bow, and went out, closing the door after him.

In a state of sore perplexity Esther stood in the meagre sitting-room. Vve disturbed her greatly. once to Aunt Deb-return, with her errand undone? No. that could not e. The stage had already appeared at the door of the hotel-a hundred protesting voices could not hold her back from Happy Valley now. She paid her bill and made ready to depart. Shirlaw had vanished. The goodnatured landlord escorted her to the coach-door, and held it open for her to enter.

"I wish you a safe journey, miss," he said: "you are going in good company." She looked around and saw that she advantage, and he knew it. By the

had the whole vehicle to herself. flash in her eyes, by the curl of her "Am I to be the sole passenger on this night-ride?" she asked. "Oh, no, miss," said the landlord

> The driver came stalking out of the barroom, smacking his lips, significantly. He was covered with oilskin him into some very gross errors of thanks, that seemed, somehow, very to protect him from the wet. He judgment." climbed to his seat and gathered up

"Look out for your dust tonight along your road, and he shows no non; you have withheld the protection

stage and took a seat beside Esther. Another and another followed, and mond City. Both you and Mignon are still others silently, unobtrusively, until the coach was entirely filled. They bert Vye's life. I beg-I entreat you to were quiet-looking fellows, dressed very much alike in rough coats and "I cannot trust my father!" she well-worn sombreros. As the last of You mean mischief?" echoed, indignantly. "He dare not meet the number stepped into the vehicle, ne at Diamond City! These are his rough coat accidently blew back strange charges! Pray what has he and under it Esther saw a belt stuck with a bowie-knife and a pair of six-

> It was for these men that Jehu ha been waiting. He now cracked his

When that is done, I shall return to Esther, as she glanced around the In this company of strange, stage. armed men, with none of her own sex by, she was to travel to Happy Valley. "You repulse my attempts to win At the corner of the muddy, twilight chair. your confidence," he sighed. "You will street, a group of idlers stood in some not allow me to befriend you. I see sort of consultation. As the stage ratbert Vye failed to appear to go on that you are implacable. You have tled by, they lifted their voices, and "The road-agents are out again.

> way tonight!" The men inside the coach exchanged glances, and the one nearest Esther

said to her, quietly: "Beg pardon, ma'am-it's a pity

At the Tower. "I pronounce you man and wife! a beggar." What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

All had been done-license procured bed to tie the matrimonial knot, be- which you meted out to her, I will now stowed his blessing on this new union

Abel Lispenard looked at his bride. know beyond a doubt that you are not the Vyes," he said. Her hand slipped

"Yes," she answered. Then some thing within her seemed suddenly to "Oh," she cried, "this is an insult into it, half unconscious.

"Is it an insult," he answered, in-The next that she knew Lispenard

sigh; "my poor, poor child!"

Then he stepped forward and rang the bell. A middle-aged servant answered it.

"Molly, take care of your new mis ress," he said, shortly, "she is quite worn out."

Mignon arose, with the woman's ascret," she cried. "I am a wife-I was n the tower. "Let me rest-only let me rest," she

> on the fuxurious bed, and, utterly exausted, fell into a deep sleep And in the room below, where the log ire had grown dull under the oak nantel, Abel Lispenard sat, till morn-

ing turned the east ruddy, and the hearth became a gray cavern of ashes. Haggard, silent and absorbed, the bridegroom sat there, while in the chamber overhead his bride slept on s unconscious as the dead. Had he acted wisely? Had he tak

unfairly. without even the mention of such a word as love; but still his wife, to insuperable barrier to happy love, have and to keep, till death should He went through the form of break

were watching him curiously, then he non at this time to connect any idea in silence for a moment. descended to his frosty garden, and of love with the curious union she had owed across the river to Rookwood. The door of the old house was opened to him by Philip Vye himself-Philip Vve, who had arrived on the first he was forcing them to leave Rook-

greatly ruffled and alarmed. "I bring you news of your niece," said Lispenard, as he followed the lawyer to his library

"You will find her at my tower jus across the river. She was married to

If a bomb had burst in the room, her wishes and obey her slightest be-Philip Vye could not have been more hests. His dogs followed her about, astounded. It was some minutes be- fawning upon her and mutely beseechfore he regained his speech.

"I am gratified that my niece has er of the Beast had been made subser made so brilliant a match." He then vient to Beauty. Shirlaw's words concerning Gilbert stammered; "I congratulate you-I For the first day or two she was too Should congratulate Mignon! she heed his warning, and return at speak of the extreme fitness of the about her marriage. A nervous terror marriage"-with an ironical smile-"everybody must see that at once." The hot blood flew into Lispenard's face and out again. He was dumb. Philip Vye; "but never mind. You of her ancestors belonged unreservedly

have money, and that is all-sufficient. have nothing more to say-indeed, it the situation," biting his lips. "I will owner, order otherwise." see that Mrs. Lispenard's possessions are sent across the river without de-

circumstances which forced your niece to leave Rookwood," said Lispenard, sternly. "Your son has probably

"Doubtless you know the outrageon

Philip Vye coughed in a confused way. "Yes, and I confess that Cyril's unlucky passion for his cousin has led

"Errors of judgment!" echoed Listhe reins, but the horses remained penard, with a withering tone; "is notionless. From the barroom a voice that the term you apply to his conduct? One word about yourself, Phil-You have lent a passive aid ip Vye! pard. Black Dave's been heard of to Cyril's infamous plots against Migwhich you should, in common decency. have given to your brother's daughter, and you are, like your son, a con-

> The lawyer's cold, gray face became suddenly suffused, but he choked down nis temper as best he could.

> "I dare not quarrel with you, Lispenard. Plainly, my niece has found that which she may have lacked be fore-a zealous protector.'

"She has, indeed!" "And." with an apprehensive ring it

"Precisely!" "Ha! am I to receive no further conideration at your hands?"

"None. I tell you frankly that I shall press my claims upon you-and you know what they are!-immediatey, and to the utmost!"

"Would you ruin me, Lispenard-me, Lispenard's eyes glowed flercely

The lawyer fell into the neares

"Spare me!" "It is too late. Did you spare Mig-

chief friend into a determined enemy Keep a right smart grip on your buck- then? I am entirely in your power, skin wallets, gentlemen! You'll be but you have always been the most shorn like sheep if Dave crosses your generous of men-do not let me ask upon it. your pity in vain."

> "Did you pity Mignon?" down on the library table. "I wish to Heaven the girl drowned while she was crossing the river to your tower last night! Ah, at the home, comforting Laurent in his Cyril's wretched blunders have de-last hours, and following through

> stroyed us both! All my life I have trusty agents the clew to Lillan's lost lived like a rich man, Lispenard; bear child. So many years had passed since in mind that you are now making me its disappearance that he found the

"You made yourself a beggar months ago," replied Lispenard, stern as rock. "I give you and your son just four-

"You shall never see Mignon again, divine, who had been called from his appeals. The same measure of mercy mete out to you."

Then he shook the dust of Rookwood the river.

In dreams she was riding through green forest glades with Victor Shir-She was listening to his low law. love-words. She was looking into the ten, and with anxious yearning. In paradise. The sun was high in heaven which she now led, the thought of Gilwas holding a glass of wine to her ing waiting-place the servant-woman, was he? Why did he not write to her? and to the knowledge that she was Abel Lispenard's wife,

of gold glittering. It was the wedding-ring of Lispenard's mother, and of the preceding night. She grew hot, then cold at the sight. Her first movement brought in from some neighbor-

"Master went away an hour ago, said the latter, before her new mis- mysteriously out of her life-vanished, tress could utter a word. "He left i nessage for you, ma'am."

And she gave Mignon a slip of pa per, penciled with these lines: "I have the grounds with the dogs and wanseen your Uncle Philip—he will leave dered about there for a long time, seek-Rookwood immediately. Fear nothing ing rest and finding none. nore from that quarter. Gustave Laurent, the husband of my sisterfor I have learned, thank God! that there in low hollows. The level sun Lilian was a lawful wife!-is lying sank red and low behind the brown very ill at St. Margaret's Home. He lawns; the winds were all at rest. has sent for me, and I must go to him That oppressive stillness which is There was a child, without delay. n any undue advantage of the girl's Lilian's rightful heir, lost many years brooded over everything. Mignon was fish was of very respectable size. He forfern condition? It was too late to ago, and upon me devolves the task of dawdling about Lilian Lispenard's garask such questions now. She was his finding it. Should you at any time den, watching the sparrows picking up almost overhead, but within close perhaps-won wish to see me, a dispatch, addressed the scattered seeds, when, of a sudden, to the Home, will reach me at once." That was all the bridegroom had to of a woman's garments. She looked say to his bride. There had been no up and saw advancing down the path, bird dropped the trout, and Frank vooing previous to the marriage, and all in sealskin and velvet, that vivanone seemed likely to follow it. It clous brunette, Nina Berkely.

would have been impossible for Mig-The Frogman had never uttermade. ed such a word to her. He had saved her from her arch-enemies, the Vyes wood-as yet these two supreme facts absorbed all her thoughts.

She descended to the breakfast-room -to a table sparkling with crystal and

"Indeed!" ing her notice. All things in the tow-

hysterical way. Lispenard's bride I need not dazed and bewildered to think much of the Vyes still held possession of her. On the third morning a wedding-gift poetess with raging despair. arrived from Abel Lispenard-nothing less than the deeds conveying to Mig-"Mignon is only seventeen and non herself all right and title to the andsome as a picture," continued whole estate of Rookwood. The home now to Lispenard's wife.

"Your uncle and his son have left s little that I can say under present the place" the Frogman wrote, "and ircumstances-you are the master of the house will be closed till you, its me, and for no other reason-because He had put her enemies under her

> Mignon went to a window of the ower and looked across the river Yes, silence and loneliness reigned

there. The shutters of the old man-

sion were closed and the grounds wore deserted air. "In spite of all that has passed, Uncle Philip," sighed Mignon, "I pity

you now!

Then she wrote a little letter o stiff and formal, and sent it to the man at St. Margaret's Home. At the end of a week she began to

adapt herself to her new conditions. She caressed his fawning dogs; she sat down to his plane and struck a few notes, but the sound frightened her-Lispenard seemed standing at her very side-so she rose hurriedly and closed the instrument.

She went to his library and spen ong hours among the priceless brica-brac there, and the wealth of books gathered from every country. As if inder a spell she wandered through the grandeur of his marvelous rooms, and the bloom and fragrance of his great conservatories, where a tropic summer reigned, in vivid contrast to the wintry New England landscape outside.

She would stand before her mirror his voice, "perhaps an avenger also, and say to the pale, beautiful image reflected in it. "You are Mignon Vye no longer. You have married that strange man, Abel Lispenard: do vou not know?" But the words always had an odd ring in her ears, and brought ometimes a smile, sometimes a shud-One day she opened a drawer in his

library table, and came upon a photowhose firm friend you have been till graph of Victor Shirlaw. Handsome, debonnaire, the life-like face of the brown captain looked, as of old, upon "There can be no further talk of his jilted love. Long and wistfully riendship betwixt you and me, Philip Mignon gazed upon it. She did not weep, she did not even sigh. She was amazed at her own lack of emotion.

"He is nothing to me now," she murmured, drearily. "I am but seventeen, and yet it seems that I have already outlived love. He is as dead to She has transformed my me as though he lay under the graveyard sod."

And then she put the photograph back in the drawer, and turned the key

Regularly each day a message arriv-Lispenard-brief but always Philip Vye dashed his hand violently kind and full of solicitude for her comfort. Was she well? Did she lack anything? Had she any ungratified wishes? As for himself, he was still search beset with great difficulties.

At first Mignon read these messages listlessly; then with growing interest In her enchanted tower the girl-bride began to feel a lively concern in the fate of Lilian Lispenard's child. Some-"Let me see Mignon herself-let me times, of windy nights, she fancied the plead with her!" cried the now thor- ghost of the dead beauty walked in oughly frightened and humiliated man. the fast closed chamber at the end of the corridor. She seemed to hear her sighs and fleeting footsteps. Perhaps the spectral creature was likewise looking for the baby lost on that sorrowful return from France, long years before. Lispenard entered into no details. Mignon vaguely wondered what from his feet, and went back across clew he had obtained, and how long his quest would continue; but she had no opportunity to ask these questions, ble, but the natural inference was In her tower-chamber Mignon slept for she did not answer any of his dai-

And did Beauty in the tower of th Beast never think of her father? Ofonny gray eyes that had once been her the queer, enchanted sort of existence when she awoke to an imperfect, con- bert Vye intruded constantly. Where Sometimes she would sit before the log fire in the drawing-room, with Lispenard's dogs around her, and weep wildly at the remembrance of her childhood's idol. Sometimes she would he had placed it there at the ceremony stand for hours in some window and strain her great brown eyes into the distance, praying passionately for him to come back to her, or, if that might ing waiting-place the servant-woman not be, for some news of his fate. Mignon's heart was still as true as steel to the father who had vanished so

> never more to return. It was a chilly winter day. Mignon dined early, and then went out into

There was no snow on save pallid heaps, dwindling here and known only to a winter landscape, half north of town, and noted that the The two girls surveyed each

"Did you marry him for his money? said Miss Berkely, dryly. A streak of color shot into

"Certainly not," she answered "For his social position?" "No." with cold scorn: "a thousand mes no!"

nelp it." said Mignon. "A novel reason, truly!" "And oh!"-with a real concern in

"For what, then?"

"You delightful simpleton! He sent me here today."

"To see how you were getting on-if ou had grown lonely and all that!" "It was very kind of him." Nina Berkely laughed, but in a very

standing there, with the setting sun shining on her dazzling tints, filled the "It is the old story!" she said, bit terly: "he flings his grand heart away on a pink and white face and some yellow hair!"

Mignon was not the simpleton which the poetess supposed her to be

"You err" she answered with digni ty; "he married me because he pitied stood alone and undefended. kindred across the river had treated me very badly-I was forced to fly from them-forced to appeal to Abel Lispenard for help. Then he asked me to be his wife, and, under the circumstances," naively, "I could not refuse." Nina lifted her eyebrows. "Is this a true version of the story"

she asked, dryly. "Lispenard himself would tell me nothing. Do men marry for such reasons?" "Generous, kind-hearted men-why

"Could he not have defended you in ome other way?" "He said no, he could not; and he is

"And he left you as soon as the cer nony was performed! No, you need not explain. I am aware that he is at St. Margaret's Home, with his dying brother-in-law. It seems that poor Lilian Lispenard was married to her French adventurer, after all. Are you quite contented here at the tower?" "Yes."

"Do you miss Lispenard?" "Certainly not." Nina Berkely laughed again, but not

a mirthful way. "Oh, this is unique! foolish girl! You remind me of some pretty, untutored savage who finds a iewel worth a kingdom, and does not even dream of its value. In some other sphere of being, Lispenard and I will meet again. There, I shall triumph-not you. There, mind will conquer-not matter. Well, your husband asked me, as a personal favor, to come to you, and, in case I should find you pining here, to take you back to town with me. My carriage is at the door. Pray consent to become my guest for awhile. I am sure you look bored and

lonely. Perhaps the girl of seventeen was growing somewhat tired of Lispenard's great, silent house. Her face betrayed her pleasure.

"I am not bored, I am not lonely Miss Berkely," she protested, "but, all the same. I shall be delighted to go with you.'

(To Be Continued).

WATER WAS NOT POPULAR Some Queer Views of Its Use Three Centuries Ago.

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good word for it. One or two only are concerned to maintain that, "when begun in early life, it may be freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the curious instance given by Sir Thomas Elvot in his "Castle of Health." 1541 of the Cornishmen, "many of the poorer sort, which never, or very seldom, drink any other drink, be notwithstanding strong of body and like and live well until they be of great Thomas Cogan, the medical age." schoolmaster of Manchester fame, confessed in "Haven of Health," 1589, designed for the use of students, that he knew some who drink cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt, and Dr. James Hart, writing about fifty years later, could even claim among his acquaintances "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink the strongest." The phenomenon was undenia-

none the less to be resisted. Sir Thomas Elvot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornishmen, that "there be in water causes of displeen and liver." He complains oddly also that "it flitteth and swimmeth," and concludes that "to young men, and them that be of hot complexions, it doeth less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old and melancholy it is not convenient." "Water is not wholesome cool by itself for an Englishman," was the version of Andrey Borde-monk, physician, bishop, ambassador and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. And quote the "Englishman's Doctor" Both water and small beer, we make no question.

Are enemies to health and good digestion. But the most formal water is that of Venner, who, writing in "to dwellers in cold countries it doth very greatly deject their appe-tites, destroy the natural heat and

overthrow the strength of the stom

Aleck Canova brought a three

-London Telegraph

pound trout to the St. Augustine Record office, and gave a very interesting description of the manner in which i was caught. His son Frank observed a big fishhawk swoop down on the fish near Bar creek, about a mile and a watched the big bird until it hovered range, and he picked up a stone, and she heard a footstep, the soft swish with splendid accuracy hurled the fleecing the visitors to Boscotrecase missile at the hawk, striking it. The ran forward and took charge of it. The head was torn open, but the body was uninjured, except for the punctures made by the talons of the hawk. The Collinsville correspondence o the Kansas City Journal says "Jersey Cat Farm," is the very latest industry to be established in that part of the country. The "farm" is about eight miles west of there, directly on the Cherokee and Osage nation line. There are nearly 600 cats of all kinds and descriptions. The owner, John Pol-"I married him because I could not ston, formerly of Ozark, Ark., says: "I hope to be able to produce a jet black cat that will sell for ladies' neckwear. I can raise about 2,000 cats every year at a cost of less than 10 cents

Miscellaneous Reading.

ostoffice, is probably the only man n the United States who was in the Sepoy mutiny in India fifty years ago. Mr. Quealey was hardly more than a lava. Worst of all his sufferings was boy at the time, although he was in the queen's service and shouldered a flowing lava." gun in more than one campaign. In the mutiny of 1860 he was in a garrison at Monu, in Central India. In this tors contribute liberally to the fund small garrison there were but a handful of soldiers. For months hints of the mutiny among the Sepoys had profoundly touched by the sight. reached the garrison, but it was

The Sepoys were Indian soldiers and among the most valued of her majesty's soldiers. They were considered the mutiny showed their inborn hatred for the East India company. When it fields. was known that they were on the brink of a massacre orders were given to all white women and children to gather at the garrison.

frightful suspense. You have read of the uprising in China, when men, women and children were herded together, with the yellow devils crazy to get at them. It was but a replica of that aged to keep them off until even our which was considered a remarkable than death stared us in the face.

"The women were brave and cheered us on while we stood at every loophole ready to send a shot into the heads of those grim, yelling brown fiends. Many of the native servants

of the men sent to our relief.

"The sight of those columns was

grim days of warfare and terror. There were many whispered tales of horror, and we had many a black score to pay back.

"So I was one of the men that stood by the guns when the Sepoy prisoners were led to the cannon's mouth and

"I recall the bravery of an old Seto think of their attitude in the face of when the boy, a mere stripling, heard the sounds, and saw the men blown into strings and lumps of flesh from he whimpered. When it came their turn, the father drew himself up proudly and walked alone to the cannon's mouth. "The son turned away his head and shrank back into a heap. The father turned and spoke to him with a tone of contempt in his voice that brought the boy up standing. The old Sepoy went on to the cannon's mouth, staring straight before him, vers diseases, as of swelling of the his black eyes blazing with hatred for the white man, and his grim mouth fixed in a sneer of haughty insolence. His last word was an admonition to the son to remain brave and not give

way before the white man. "The boy straightened without quiver and walked to the cannon as unbendingly as did his father, only the boyish terror in his brown eyes betrayed his state of mind.

"And that was how we rid ourselves of the Sepoy mutineers. We blew them from the mouth of the cannon.

of Omaha, coming here over thirty years ago, and engaging in the manufacture of soap and tallow. He has lived in his present home on South Twenty-seventh street, a spacious resdence, for eighteen years, and is very popular among his fellow-employees in the postoffice.—Omaha World-Herald.

BEGGARS ON VESUVIUS.

Harvest Reaped From Tourists as Result of Last Year's Eruption.

Since the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius the volcano had been extremely profitable to the beggars that infest Naples and its vicinity. They are and Ottajano, the two places laid waste by the lava flow last year. Huddled in groups which might have been posed by a skillful stage manager, the population of Boscotrecase awaits the arrival of the strang-Men, women and children, ers. shricking and howling, begin to depict the terrors of the catastrophe of 1906. Emotional women are moved and mmediately contribute. Those who do not give freely are so beset by the weeping and complaining natives that they are finally convinced that it would be heartless not to help those who have suffered so deeply. Every day the beggars make a highly profitable haul in spite of the fact that not one of them ever lived or was at Bos-

cotrecase until after the eruption.

At Ottajano the same appeal

tors and often by the same impostors. Here the beggars have made a sort of

itors to talk with an old man. Seated on a block of lava with the

locks and beard, he stares in front of "This old man was very rich," says the chief of the beggars. "His house his fields, his fortunes are under this

At these words all the beggars begin to wail and weep. Many of the visithat soon accumlates in the old man's open palm. Some return to Naples

They would be consoled by the fact, did they but know it, says the New York Sun, that not a person was killed at the explosion last year either in Boscotrecase or in Ottajano. The beggars are nevertheless earning a loyal and faithful to their queen until fortune out of sympathetic travelers who journey there to see the lavs

GENESIS OF BELL ROPE.

Combat That Settled Conductor's Su

anything in common between pugilism against four regiments of the Sepoys and railroad rules, yet the adoption and twenty out of our forty men were of the familiar bell rope that stretch-We had many women and es through every car of the modern children in the garrison and their train was the result of a fistic enlives depended upon our ability to counter. At the same time and by hold those cursed Indians at bay. We the issue of the same combat, says knew too well the horrible tortures the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the "It would take days to tell of the Philadelphia which gave both to the

it would take many days for help to The first schedule contained one pascome from Bombay and we stood at senger train, which went to Baltimore our posts days and nights. We man- one day and came back the next, spirits flagged and we felt that worse feat in rapid travel. When a train a day each way was placed in service the people of the two cities served

Next to the president of the railroad the most important functionahead of the line was considered a subsidiary official in popular estimation to the men who ran the train; but Robert Fogg, who pulled the throttle, braving four regiments of tricky and John Wolf, who collected fares, scoundrels. And then one day they won the deference of the public bevanished when they heard the sound cause of their high and responsible

duties. Fogg, an Englishman, had all the the prettiest thing I ever saw. The tenacity of opinion of his race; women broke down and wept with Wolf, an American, had the ingenuity of the Yankee, and seeing the need of some method by which he could communicate with the engineer, devised women and the innocent babes that a scheme of running a cord through the cars to the locomotive. As the en-"The rest is not a pretty story. Told gine was a wood burner, Wolf fastenaway from those terrible scenes, it is ed one end of the cord to a log, which less a pretty story. But those were was placed on the engineer's seat and was pulled to the floor when the con-

ductor desired to signal for a stop. Fogg resented what he considered an interference with his rights on the platform of the locomotive, and on the first run out with the new device paid no heed to the displacement of the log tied there to be blown away. I do from the seat when the conductor denot like to think of it now. But then sired to take on a passenger from a we stood filled with a fierce joy at the farm near Gray's Ferry, but sped on sight, remembering the deeds they over the bridge and did not deign to poy and his son, and somehow I like Schuylkill, had been reached. Then

> Wolf hotly declared that he had where he pleased, and that, too, without any reference to orders from the conductor, whom he did not regard as his superior in the management of the train. The altercation grew very heated, and Wolf invited the engineer from his cab to settle the matter, and the challenge

> Passengers and a group of men who had gathered at the station to see the train come in formed a ring about the combatants, but the fight did not last long, as Wolf proved by far the superior artist with his fists. and with a few blows made it almost impossible for the engineer to see sufficiently to complete his run; but Fogg admitted that he had been fairly beaten, and the supremacy of the conductor on a railroad train was set-

> As the log signal was crude and inffective, Wolf devised the use of a pell on the locomotive, and this method was soon adopted by all of the American railroads. Then a code of signals was adopted, and these remain practically to this day. The only change in the bell cord is that by use of the air from the brake system a whistle has superseded the bell in the locomotive cab.

Unconscious of Fame.

George Grote, the famous author of the "History of Greece," long the standard on that subject, was a man of great simplicity and was wholly unconscious of his own celebrity. Several anecdotes, illustrative of this fact are given in "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," one of whom is

or two persons with some attention. nce turn to his wife in alarm.
"Have I got any dirt on my face,
arriet? Is there anything the mat-Harriet?

Once when he was on a visit to Cambridge, Grote wished to see the professor of natural history, but was old that the professor was so busy something that he could not be interrupted ing power, powerful light, shirt sleev-es up, cannot be bothered with any-The modest historian would but his wife persisted

formed himself and would not let made to the sympathies of the visi- them go for two hours.

explanations," answered Esther, cold-The light of the oil lamp shone on them both. He looked older, graver,

Colorado, Esther?"

panic seemed to seize Shirlaw. "I understand!" he stammered; have come out here to join your father -you expect him to meet you at this place! Yes, it must be so! Lispen-

She stared in cold surprise.

or future, cannot concern you in the least." "True-too true!" he answered, bitterly, "and yet I cannot refrain from warning you, when I find you in danger. That day, when I saved you from that I have already made-leave me! self-destruction at Rookwood, you vowed to hate me always, Esther-how

have come west to seek a home with CHAPTER XXXV. your father, take my advice-the ad-How They Meet. vice of one who has your safety close In a dejected frame of mind Esther at heart, and turn back without delay pursued her long and wearisome jour- -turn back, before you either see Gilbert Vye, or hear of him!" He was laboring under a great dis-

lip, he saw that she resented his inter-"Don't be angry with me, Esther Miss Vye," he entreated, humbly, "and do believe that I am not prying into sidered that he had never attempted to your affairs—that it is not curiosity able to keep you from harm." which urges me to question you. You are alone in a strange place. You may

> danger-be warned in time." She smiled, ironically. Time had not softened her heart toward Mignon's "You evidently are no friend of my father. Perhaps your heartless deser-

tion of Mignon put enmity betwixt you

"It was better to desert Mignon than to marry her without love" rehaunted by lively apprehensions on plied Shirlaw, gloomily, evasively. this subject, and when she reached "How can I frame my fears in proper the terminus she found they had not and effective words, Esther? It is not ain't the very chap I'm hoping to see been in vain. No Gilbert Vye was safe for you to put yourself in your father's care-you cannot trust your own father." ather! Don't look at me like that. You see he is not here to meet you today-he dare not show himself in Diaignorant of many, many things in Gil-

"It is quite impossible for me to tell

ou!" groaned Shirlaw.

be careful what you do. Esther!"

"You are vague and incoherent!" she some in the west but simply to accom- journey of forty miles south. olish a mission for another party. Massachusetts-more than this, I decline to say." He looked relieved, but unsatisfied.

en chariching anger against me since "On the contrary," she answered with cold indifference, "I have not given you a single thought." He colored with pain and mortifica tion. They stood in that bare room looked out on a street filled with she pale and disdainful, he flushed and log huts, canvas tents and board shan- shaken; his cap in his hand, the wet ties. Every other door seemed to open dripping off his military cloak, and into a saloon. As the dark drew on, making tiny pools on the bare boards you're aboard this stage. But don't you sooty oil lamps began to flare weakly on the floor. On his long ride through be afraid-we'll do the best we can out in the reeking barrooms. There silver-blue sage-brush, and swirling to take care of you!" vellow streams, and the deep te-

camps, passed along the street. A see more. And the unexpected interswart rider, in flannel clothes and view seemed likely to be a most un-"You have not given me a thought?"

> sent from my eyes, nor your memory from my mind." She made an impatient gesture. Then it is time for you to cease from such folly, Captain Shirlaw-it of Beauty and the Beast and departed, offends me deeply; I have neither pity

hinder me from loving you till I die!" She leaned against the table, thrillng with despair and shame.

greater than I can bear!"

"I do not seek your pity, Esther!

dignantly, "for a man to ask the love of a woman? to offer her all that is "Will you ask him to come in?" said best and noblest in himself? to love lips.

> "Yes," she answered, "the deadlies of insults, when the woman is already He staggered back, and stared blankly.

"You force me to tell you my se

a wife when I first saw you at Rookwood! There was a moment of silence. would not look at him. She felt rather, than saw, that his handsome face had grown gray and strange.

"More than my own soul, Captain ne muttered; "so insensible to all my

"Married or single, it is the same, after all," he continued, sadly. "You are wife -won from pole. A fact that might be an cannot affect a passion that has grown part them! only in the atmosphere of discourage-

more "Leave you in this place-alone?" he "There is a love that serves for

neither. I must repeat the request

with a grin; "there are others bound told you all that." the same way, and I reckon they'll be

called after him, derisively:

nercy to drivers." Jehu gave a chuckling laugh. "Black Dave!" he answered, there above Esther's head, "I'm blessed if he temptible scoundrel!" tonight! I'd rather meet him than my A moment after a man entered th

"Can I trust you?-I think whip, and off started the horses not! I have not come to seek a through the mud and wet on the long A pang of misgiving thrilled through

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mignon heard the voice of the clergyman as one hears sounds in a and-twenty hours in which to leave dream. It was over; she was the wife Rookwood." of Abel Lispenard. ne repeated; "cruel words, Esther, for gand clergyman summoned with the utthe wet. After him came a miner on your image, from the hour of our most dispatch. The French clock on wretched parting, has never been ab- the mantel was now pointing to the with my consent," answered Lispenhour of one, and the sleepy, wondering ard; "you shall annoy her with no

> a sadly mystified and perplexed man. "At least, I have saved you from

> give away. The strain on her physical strength had been great. She groped toward the nearest chair and fell

"My poor child!" she heard him

sistance, and went away to a chamber Molly. obbed, and she cast herself down up-

fast alone, conscious that his servants

Vye turned sharply upon

china and a coffee-set of silver filigree, spread for herself alone. The room was full of warmth and hothouse flowers and-silence. A fugitive last night, this morning she found herself a sov- her voice-"I quite forgot, till this mo-"Heaven forbid that I should, in any me last night, after her flight from ereign lady. Lispenard's servants had ment, Miss Berkely, that you loved each, and any old hide will bring from been carefully instructed to anticipate him!"

ly messages-indeed, he had not re quested her to do so.

ose-leaf cheek.

FOUGHT THE SEPOYS. of Great Uprising In

India. P. J. Quealey, an employee of the

scarcely credited that the East Indians would actually rebel.

"We held the garrison for weeks, said Mr. Quealey, speaking of the mutiny. "On one occasion he held it and the terrible fate in store for those poor women and children.

remained with their mistresses, but in the garrison as well as without. "Twenty of our men were gone. Imagine the situation! A mere handful of worn-out, half-starved soldiers

thankfulness and I will not deny that some of the men brushed away a tear or two at the thought of the helpless

had done.

And the insides of a man are not a nic sight." Mr. Quealey was one of the pioneers

gypsy camp where they cook beans in

the hot lava and lead sentimental viswind blowing through his long white

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to see his wife swept alive under the

premacy Over Engineer. Although there does not seem to be

supremacy of the conductor in railroad travel was ordained. It was world. One of the oldest railroads in the country is the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, now known as the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washawful Indian mutiny. We knew that ington, which was opened in 1837.

concluded that the acme of convenireached they were not to be trusted and we ries were the engineer and conductor had to guard against foes from with- It was a question whether or not the

bring his engine to a stop until Blue Bell station, on the south side of the he demanded to know of Wolf why death. They were tied together, and he had been jerking that log all about the locomotive. signalled to stop, but Fogg retorted the cannon's mouth, his face drew and that he would stop when and

was quickly accepted.

Mrs. Grote. While Mr. Grote was walking in the park he would perhaps notice

with my hat?" clutch his headgear with both hands. "Why are those people looking at Mrs. Grote's proud answer was, "Be are George Grote, that's cause you

have retired that it was Mr. Grote who wished to see the professor.
"What?" he cried. "Mr. Grote? Give me my coat. I must wash my hands." In a minute he had trans-

and he would