

A TERRIBLE CASE

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The servant of five and twenty years standing led Mrs. Elliott down the stairs to the waiting carriage.

The dishonor of her son had fallen upon the proud woman like a thunderbolt.

She spoke no word during the homeward drive, and Susan Taylor sat beside her, speechless also.

Many things were perplexing the shrewd attendant—most of all, Miss Fassel's refusal to reveal the secret of her faithless lover.

It was plain that the unhappy girl was seeking to hide some portion, at least, of Lepel's baseness—also that she knew whether he had fled.

Great indeed was her love when she could so long herself to shield him, in spite of his shameful treatment of her.

"Poor child!" thought Susan, pityingly. "To be thrown over in this heartless fashion, and she such a proud, petted creature! How will she ever hold up her high, fair head again?"

They reached the Beacon street house. Evil tidings travel fast. The frightened servants were all up, and awaiting the return of their mistress.

Mrs. Elliott gathered them around her in the great drawing room. In her winking diamonds and stiff brocade, her look was "something horrid."

"Breathlessly she questioned one and all concerning her son.

Mr. Lepel had left the house that night, afoot and alone, immediately upon his mother's departure for Windmere. He was in evening dress, but muffled in a great coat.

He had spoken to no one but a footman, and his remark to that lackey related simply to the inclemency of the night.

The man had watched his young master cross the street, and spring into the strange carriage waiting openly—

...after, leaving one child—the boy Nigel. Since her husband, too, is no more, my nephew must be quite alone in the world."

"Yes." "Did you inform him of my purpose in hunting him out?"

"I told him, madam, that you were casting about for an heir. He remarked, rather flippantly, that if such was the case, you had better pass him by."

"Really he is a somewhat extraordinary young fellow. He said—ahem!—that he had managed to exist for more than twenty years without the assistance of the people who had disowned his mother, and it was quite probable that he might continue to do so for the future!"

"You mean Elizabeth Hillyer," interrupted Mrs. Elliott, sharply, "the daughter of my late husband's niece. Yes, the Elliott family is now extinct save for her, and she, like young Hume, is altogether unknown to me."

"I have carefully weighed the rival claims of the two, and decided that the son of my sister shall have the first chance to give him the preference. It is not strange that he should feel a little hard toward his maternal relatives—that he should receive my advances ungraciously. He will grow wiser with time."

"Here we have his name and dwelling place," said one of the men, reading the same aloud by the light of the lantern. A moment of horrified silence succeeded.

"Elliott! Good Heaven! He was one of the richest young fellows in the city," said a voice. "Poor fellow! his own mother would not know him now."

"To another of the party the proud man recalled a bit of newspaper gossip, recently read."

"Why, this is the man," he said, "who was to have been married tonight to some heiress. What was he doing, where he was going, on that night?"

"Not on his wedding day, certainly," answered the train man, who had escaped unhurt from the catastrophe, and was now lending his aid to the less fortunate.

"I saw the youngster myself, when he stepped aboard in Boston, just a minute before starting time, and he was quite alone. Put him down as identified, and we'll send word to his people."

"He was but one of many who had perished in that holocaust. A cloth was thrown decently over the disfigured face, once so gay and handsome, and the party turned away to look for other victims."

And so it came to pass on this autumn night that Lepel Elliott, curled darling of fortune, last son of a rich and powerful family, weak and faithless lover, was arrested at the very beginning of his dishonorable flight from home and love and waiting bride, and sent suddenly on the way that all dead men go.

"Tell me something of yourself," she said. "I want to know you better."

"The wistful tone touched Hume. Youth is generous. He felt a sudden compassion for this broken, bereaved woman, who had called him from his obscurity, and was now seeking to dazzle his eyes with the prospect of a fortune."

"Apart from such things as you have already heard from Mr. Stephens, there is little to tell," he answered, very gently. "I am neither good nor bad, neither dull nor brilliant, neither fool nor wise man."

"And were you to die today," she said, "no one, I suppose, would care much?"

"Not a farthing, I assure you." "You have no ancient name to perpetuate. Your future is not worth speaking of; no hopes are centered in you."

"No true." Her voice took a resentful tone. "My son had all that you lack—here you are strong and full of life, and he—oh, great Heaven! why was he taken, and you left?"

"A mother's wild, unreasoning grief spoke in this outburst. Hume preserved an unflinching demeanor. Perhaps he thought it natural that she should wish him dead, and her son alive in his place. He looked up at the picture above the mantel."

"That the portrait of my cousin?" he asked. "He perished in some railway disaster?"

"Yes." "Was the body recovered?" "All that was left of it lies in the Elliott vault at Mount Auburn."

"With a thrill of keen interest Hume continued to gaze at the handsome, smiling face limned on the canvas."

"Poor fellow!" he muttered, involuntarily. "There was a moment of silence; then he held out his hand impulsively to the lonely old woman."

"I do not wonder that you resent my presence here in health and strength," he said; "that you feel as though Providence had treated you unfairly, in snatching away a son that was precious, and leaving a nephew altogether without value."

"She made haste to resume her usual composure." "Forgive me," she answered; "I did not mean to be unkind. Will you dine with me tomorrow?"

"With pleasure," said Nigel Hume. As he arose to go she detained him with a gesture.

"Stay—I must ask one question before I leave me. Pardon an old woman's curiosity. Were you ever in love?"

"He started; then, without the quiver of an eyelash, answered: "Never."

"Think again!" she said, earnestly. "More depends upon your answer than you can dream of now. You are entirely heart-whole?"

"A faint, amused smile curled his lip. "Entirely! My dear aunt, I have no time for that sort of thing. A man in my position cannot afford to meddle with love. Believe me, I do not need to think twice before I answer you."

"Her face brightened strangely. "Do believe you," she answered; "the finger of truth is in your voice. What are your faults may be, it is plain that you are honest. At some future time you shall know why I have asked these foolish questions."

"And with that she dismissed him. To be continued.

IDEAL GOLD IN BANKS. Proposition in British Parliament to Look After It.

The house of commons gave a first reading yesterday to Mr. Bottomley's bill to make banks give in return to the state of unclaimed balances and valuables which have been undisturbed in their possession for six years or more and hand them over to the public trustee.

"The object," he said, "is to bring into possession and control of the state the vast amount of wealth which is at present lying dormant and entirely unproductive in the vaults and strong rooms of the various banking institutions of the United Kingdom."

"After all you did not refuse to do," she said. "No," he answered, quietly; "I was curious to see the aunt who, after twenty-two years of forgetfulness, had suddenly remembered that I was her nephew."

"She winched a little. Leaning both on ivory-colored hands on her gold-headed stick, she looked critically at Nigel Hume."

"He was about the age of his dead cousin, and he had little of Lepel's striking beauty. He was insignificant in stature, lean in the cheek, square in the jaw. His glossy dark head rested firmly on a thick, columnlike throat, and his gray eyes were the keen, cold brightness of a sword blade."

"You have lost no time in doing it," Stephens, she said, approvingly. "I was wondering, as you entered, if you would succeed in discovering the boy. Where is he? What is he like? Is it not a sad fact, Stephens, that no person seems complete without an heir?"

"I understand," he answered, laconically. "Stephens, for many years the family lawyer of the Elliotts, cast a pitying glance at the childless old woman, so poor and needy in the midst of her grandeur."

"It is, indeed, madam, I received your instructions, as you doubtless remember, just forty-eight hours ago, and at once set about looking for the young party called Nigel Hume. An advertisement in one of the daily papers brought him promptly to light. He is no boy, but a man of two and twenty, attached in some trifling capacity to the anatomical department of St. Mark's hospital. At the same time he is a studying medicine and surgery with a view to general practice."

"Of course, he is poor." "As a church house. He frankly confessed that he possessed nothing but a lot of medicine inherited from his dead father—a poor country surgeon—and the money required to pay his expenses at the medical school."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE SOUTH CALLS TO ITS EXILES

Its 1,500,000 Wanderers Are Needed at Home.

In his address before the convention of the South Carolina Press association at Gaffney recently, Mr. R. H. Edmondson, editor of the Manufacturers' Record, after embarking in striking manner the wonderful natural advantages possessed by the south said:

Who can measure the possible influence of the south upon the world's progress and industry and commerce? Who can measure its possible influence in shaping the destinies of mankind by reason of its strategic advantages for becoming a centre of industrial power, of commerce and of wealth? Upon this section the Almighty has placed a burden of responsibility for mankind's highest advancement, as great as is the opportunity for limitless material progress. Surely we need the help of the million and a half southern born whites who are living elsewhere. What a mighty host! Mighty in brain power as well as in numbers! They are leaders in the pulpit, at the bar, in education, in finance, in railroads and general business operations. A northern pulpist scarcely becomes vacant before a pastor. Southern men are filling many of the most important pulpits in New York, Boston and other leading eastern cities. If you would poll the vote of the country as to the most conspicuously able university president in America, it would be well nigh unanimous for Woodrow Wilson, Princeton, a Virginian by birth. In medicine you would find southern born men at the head of the profession in New York and other great centres of medical education, surgical skill and hospital work. The legal profession would show up equally as strong. Engineering ability is expressed in the great Isham Randolph, of Virginia, head of the Chicago Drainage canal, one of the most important undertakings of modern times, while three of the five engineers responsible for the construction of the Panama canal are southern men. The World's Fair of St. Louis, in proportion and wonderful in its results, was due to the executive ability of a Kentuckian, David R. Francis, now a St. Louis millionaire. Two of the most successful commercial clubs in the country, working out marvelous results for Pacific coast cities, are officered by southern men. A few months ago the United States Steel Corporation bought the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company of Alabama. This company has iron ore and coal sufficient to justify the expenditure of many millions of dollars. No sooner was the purchase made than the Steel Corporation selected one of its ablest men—a man regarded by many experts as the ablest steel maker in America—to take charge of the immense plant already in operation and to direct the outlay of the millions to be spent in its enlargement. That man was George G. Crawford, a Georgian by birth, who left the south 15 years ago, at the age of 21, to seek a broad field in the metallurgical world.

He rears a fine line of horses, worth \$150,000,000, and his work will lift the whole Alabama iron region to a higher plane. The Steel Corporation is building at Cary, Ind., a \$75,000,000 plant, the greatest industrial undertaking in the world's history. The president of this Indiana plant, who is also president of the Illinois Steel company, is likewise a young southern man, hailing from West Virginia. And thus the story might be spun on to interminable lengths, showing how the south has enriched other sections of her own coast. Think of the 1,500,000 southern people—men of energy and force, men who have wrought marvelously in every line of human endeavor—and estimate, if you can, what their leaving has cost the south. Estimate then what their return would mean to southern advancement in science, in industry, in education, in religious work. What a mighty uplifting power they would be to the south, if they were to return to the soil of their birth! How can the south progress while drained of its life blood to sustain and enrich other communities? If stated in terms of dollars on the basis of political economists' estimates as to the value of men to a country, these wanderers would, because of their experience, their knowledge, their energy, easily be worth \$5,000,000,000, or nearly as much as the assessed value of property in the south. Surely we need such men. In a nation's balance sheet men are a mightier asset than coal and iron and cotton. Then call them home, and like George Crawford, they will come when the opportunity is presented. Massachusetts has proved that brain power beats natural resources. Shall we combine resources and brains enough for every wanderer to come home and take part in the upbuilding of this Heaven favored land. Upon the press rests the responsibility of whether many thousands of these people shall hear and heed the call of the south to come home, or whether they shall continue to give the brain power and energy inherited from southern sires and southern mothers to the advancement of other sections of the world.

Bearing upon this question of exile from the south is a fiction still cherished in some parts of the country, that southern newspapers are prone to carry to the point of ostracism the persecution of individuals who may happen to antagonize by word or deed that vague influence known as public opinion in the south. The fiction is essentially false. But there is an element of truth in it.

There is a body of healthy public opinion in the south which determines that an individual who, for any reason whatever, either lack of mental balance, or desire for notoriety or personal gain, may set his face against principles grounded in sane and tried human experience, shall not be permitted to exercise the right of free speech. The prevention must be most aggressive that will cause that public opinion to degenerate into the unrelenting bitterness that makes it impossible for a man to remain in a community. They are, to be sure, "mar-

tyrs" expatriated from the south. Such martyrdom, though, may usually be ascribed to astuteness in the publishing business playing upon ignorance to move or less moral or mental incalculable finding refuge from ungenial work, or to other facts. Men induced, for one reason or another, to live outside the south after having been born there, have permitted new found admirers to represent them as martyrs to convictions alien to southern thought. But who ever heard of a martyr running away from the stake?

Nevertheless, and herein, lies the truth of the martyr fiction. There is a distressing habit of too many southern newspapers to assail the personal character of an opponent, to mistake vilification and vituperation for argument. Too many of us, unfortunately, are ignorant of the first principles of parliamentary rules in debate. Too many of us are so poorly equipped for the task to which we have been called that we are obliged to resort to the device of the petty lawyer, who seeks to defend a bad case by abusing opposing counsel. Too many of us, in the happy decadence of the custom of settling an argument by assassination, in the street duel or in the appeal to the code, presume upon the fact that we will not resort to civil action.

Consequently, it is almost impossible to have vital questions discussed upon their merits in a manner that will have standing with intelligence, but the debate degenerates, not merely into an exposition of the competency of an opponent to handle the question profitably, which is always permissible within the limits of regard for personal integrity, but into reckless denunciation of the personal character of the individual. One effect of this is the very denial of the accusation that the south suppresses freedom of speech. There is probably no part of the country today outside the south in which unrestrained language in print has a greater vogue. It is, in fact, a case of freedom of speech because license to berate or defame with impunity.

This journalistic falling in is one of the strongest drawbacks upon healthy advance of this part of the country. It is a natural outgrowth of the deterioration of the American public mind, which has changed politics from devotion to principles in government to a support of persons with no clear-cut convictions of any kind on broad public questions, or losing sight of convictions in furthering personal ambition. Confined to no part of the country this regrettable, but not incurable, manifestation is the more pronounced in the south because of the untoward conditions here, which have prevented divisions in political action upon an honest difference of opinions on economic lines. It differentiates the south from the rest of the country in that her politics is too often the dominant influence in the life of the community, while elsewhere it is an accident. Moreover, against a fairly uniform habit elsewhere of turning politics to the best account upon perfectly legitimate grounds in furthering the material welfare, we have in the south too many exceptions being used against the common interests under a mistaken view that a party name can never become a mere epithet, or that a political leader may be such a super-mann as to combine the virtues in him, or that the power to do a thing makes the doing right, regardless of consequences. No one can truthfully charge the south with the paterfamilias of the last mentioned concept. But no careful observer can dodge the fact that the south has welcomed the bantering with unprecedented enthusiasm and has given it its greatest chance in half a century. Our press is largely responsible for the luxuriance of the crop of evils growing from such over-advocacy of broad principles by personality in public affairs. Our press is one of the principal sufferers from the evils. Accustomed to measure things by men, some of us, many of us, lose sight of the ultimate possibilities in a project simply because it is presented to us by some plausible individual, whom, it may be, we may never have heard of before. The plausibility is strengthened when to it is added an appeal to the highest sensibilities of a people or when it is accompanied by apparently frank expressions of disinterested desire to be of service. Effects of primary suggestion are so intense that often victims of this plausibility cannot be convinced of their mistake even after the most positive proof has been presented that antecedents and associations of the plausible ones are positive denials of their pretenses, and that the merely a man in some great game in which the real vital interests of the south are to be considered secondarily, if considered at all. Hardly a year of the past fifteen years has passed without the south being approached by some superficially attractive scheme, engineer, usually from New York, and even from abroad, and turning upon actual need to play upon the greed of the south. Hardly a single one of such schemes has not managed to use a large body of the southern press to give it countenance with southern men, and one of the most unfortunate features of the situation is the readiness of some of our representative papers to stand by and defend the southern men who have been used in promotion of the schemes, even though the dangers of the schemes may have been demonstrated, and even though, after that demonstration, the used southern press give no evidence of regret at having been used or of determination to escape from the embarrassment. Standing by one's friends through thick and thin, and maintaining a position against all odds are admirable traits, provided one's friends are doing no wrong knowingly or wittingly, and provided one's position is founded upon truth and righteousness. In the absence of the provisos the traits are questionable, and possession of them renders one liable to become the medium of the furtherance of most vicious designs. Honest mistakes of judgment in this connection are calculated to weaken the influence for good of the press in all connections.

That weakening certainly happens when our newspapers lose sight of more important matters in giving undue attention to politics. Politics is

the most unprofitable business in the world, except for the individuals who live at the expense of the public by making a profession of office-holding or office-brokerage. Party politics is bad enough, but personal politics is even worse. For personal politics obscures demoralization as to principles. It means that this man or that man wants an office, a job that will give him fame, power of an easy wage, and it begets a state of public mind which estimates an economic question, according to the attitude toward it of the mere personal leader, and the mere personal leader is more likely to be influenced by a guess as to the effect of an action upon the superficial mind of his following than by a broad and statesman-like regard for the public good.

Another effect of personal politics furthered by the press was epitomized by the Albany Herald in comments upon the recent campaign in Georgia. It said: "Politics is materially interfering with business in Georgia. While there is so much agitation and at a time when friend and neighbors are divided and engaged in an effort to win each other in the campaign, it is all most impossible to procure co-operation in the promotion of community interests or industrial enterprises that should be receiving the attention that their importance would seem to demand, and all such matters and things as these are, therefore, being neglected until after the political campaign has run its course. Such political agitation as we are now having all over Georgia not only interrupts business, but arrests the spirit of community enterprise and is detrimental to material interests."

Georgia's experience, the concentration for many weeks within less than a year after the inauguration of a governor, of thought and energy upon the selection of a governor who may not even live to be inaugurated a year or more hence, was symptomatic. It differed in intensity only from the general southern experience. It rests with the newspapers of the south whether the experience shall continue or whether there shall be a real reform by which local politics at least shall be subordinated to everything else. A political campaign once in every four years and spread over five or six months is a big enough drain in all reason upon the resources of a country. When the campaigning becomes almost continuous it is amazing that there is any progress at all. Such politics thrives upon publicity. Close the channels of publicity and the politics will languish, the blight upon materialities will be removed. The intimate relations between some newspapers and some politicians may delay the consummation of the reform, but it can be accomplished. A start can be made in determining that political matters shall be treated only according to their news value, that the average political speech, being essentially an advertisement of the speaker, shall be published in full only at advertising rates, and that ten lines telling of the establishment of a new industry or of plans for civic improvement or social betterment are worth more than ten columns of details of a party convention.

There may be a temporary loss of advertising returns dependent upon the favor of party managers, but presently this loss will be more than repaired by returns from advertisements of people who do things and make things to sell. The doing and the making will be a part of the development that will come with a re-division of political activities to their proper proportions, and it is intended upon the doing and the making to divert the public mind from the politics of personal partisanry and permit it to give the needed attention to the politics that makes for business. If the press of the south will give to material affairs the energy and vim now given to politics—if it will train its readers to see more of interests in a story of washed soil redeemed by improved cultivation than in a political discussion, more in what some thrifty farmer is doing to diversify his crops or improve his stock, more in the advocacy of good roads, municipal improvements and local industries than in hair-splitting theories on protection on tariff for revenue, then will the press be making the way ready for the southward march of its wanderers.

For months Georgia was stirred with an activity in political affairs which ought to illustrate how every state in the south could be stirred with activity in material upbuilding. If the press of the south would bend its energies to the advancement of business interests with the sleepless energy the press of Georgia for months gave to political discussion and work, there would soon be seen a material upbuilding from Maryland to Texas, which would make the south the envy of the north. Men can be so imbued with energy in political affairs, why can't the same energy be wisely directed to the things which vitally concern the progress and prosperity of the people? The power to accomplish this is in the hands of the press of the south, and upon the press rests the responsibility of doing it or leaving it undone. What shall be the verdict of the future as to how the press has met this opportunity? My faith in the men who control the newspapers of the south makes me believe that they will deserve and receive the well done, good and faithful servant."

FED BY CLOCK WORK. Horses Given Their Rations by Means of a Cheap Clock.

A provision merchant in Oldham has invented an ingenious contrivance by which, it is stated, he has been able to feed his horses without personal attendance, through the medium of a clock. 6d American alarm clock, says Tit-Bits.

In a small office adjoining the stable the clock is placed on a shelf, attached to the winding-up key is a piece of copper wire, and this is fastened to a small brass roller that runs on a wooden rod. At the end of the rod is a heavy weight. When the clock "goes off" the wheel is drawn over the rod and releases the weight, which falls to the floor.

The corn box is filled overnight, and immediately the weight is released a small door at the bottom of the box flies open and the corn falls into the manger. The horses never fall to rise at the sound of the alarm, knowing what is to follow, and when the driver feeds his horses without personal attendance, through the medium of a clock "goes off" or 8 o'clock, the animals are ready for taking the shafts. Another advantage to the method is that the horses need never be placed in the shafts before the breakfast has had time to digest.

NEWS BY TELEPHONE.

Editor Carpenter Does Not Think the Hello a Complete Success. The editor of The Daily Mail was unable to attend the meeting of the State Press Association at Gaffney last week, much to his regret. He was on the programme to read a paper on "The Use of the Telephone in Gathering the News," and if he had been present this is what he would have read:

"The subject that has been assigned me, 'The Use of the Telephone in Gathering the News,' reminds me of the old negro's recipe for cooking the rabbit. 'First get your rabbit.' You must first have the telephone, and it must be in good working order before you can do much news gathering with it. And even then—but that is the point of this paper."

I am reminded at the outset of an experience I had some years ago while running the Greenwood Index. It was right after the Phoenix riot, in which the negroes gave battle, and many of them met sudden death, and the nerves of the people in that section were at high water. One day a man named Stacey Hiott, who lives at Cross Hill, called me up over the telephone, and a conversation like this followed:

"Hiott! Stacey Hiott at Cross Hill." "Yes; I understand. Anybody killed?" "Well, this is Stacey Hiott at Cross Hill." "The dickens you say! How did it start?" "Hiott! Stacey Hiott at Cross Hill." "Yes; I understand. Anybody killed?" "Oh, hell! That's Hiott; Stacey Hiott; Stacey Hiott at Cross Hill." "All right, now get on with it. Glad you let some men and guns and come right over on the next train."

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