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A TERRIBLE CASE

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER IX.

His Failure.

On the following day Nigel Hume appeared at the Beacon Street house, full ten minutes in advance of Mrs. Elliott's dinner hour. He meant to be punctual.

As the footman opened the drawing-room door a strain of music greeted Hume's ears. Some one was at the piano, singing in a soft, dreamy voice that song of Swinburne's:

"Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,
To think of things that are well
Of fruitless hush, and fugitive
Of the dream foregone and the deed
Forborne?"

Hume crossed the threshold, and a lush fell. The musician arose from the instrument, and came forward into the light of the mantel candelabra.

It was a girl in a dinner dress of some rich shimmering fabric. In her corsage was pinned a spray of tuberoses. The whiteness of her skin made her look like something out of Arabian Nights. She glided toward the intruder, fixed upon him two wide brown eyes.

"I am Nigel Hume," she said; "I dare say my aunt is expecting me."

"And I am Edith Fassel," replied the vision. "Mrs. Elliott has had a sudden illness, but she will be down directly. Yes, she told me you were to dine here today."

Hume felt a sudden, strange impulse to take to his heels.

"Miss Fassel!" It was the bride that Leping Elliott had deserted on her marriage night. "I have heard of you!" he stammered, idiotically.

"Very likely," said Hume, "with a faint smile. And I can give you—Mrs. Elliott has found a nephew. She is old, infirm and alone. You will comfort her—you will reconcile her again to life."

Brazen enough under all ordinary circumstances, Hume felt himself coloring now, like a schoolboy.

"I fear you overrate my powers. Can I comfort her?"

"Yes, and in a measure fill her son's place."

He shook his head.

"I have small hope of doing that. First of all, some evils are too great for consolation. Then I am a stranger, and the child of a sister with whom she was at variance; I have none of the brilliant gifts of that precious fool!" He pulled himself up suddenly. "I mean," he concluded, with increasing confusion, yet looking her squarely in the face, "Leping Elliott must have been a queer sort."

"Did you know your cousin?" asked Miss Fassel, dryly.

"Not at all," he replied, "I have no particular regret. I pitied him till that moment. Now I see that he was an unheard-of idiot, who deserved all!"

Luckily the door opened before he could finish the sentence, and Mrs. Elliott cordially. She greeted her nephew coolly.

"I have had a slight indisposition," she said. "These attacks—with a sad smile—"warn me to set my affairs in order. Ah!" she flashed a quick glance from Hume to Miss Fassel, "you two need no introduction. That is well. I want you to be friends."

They went out to dinner. Hume did not shine at the meal. He was silent and shy. Though he was careful to keep his eyes from Miss Fassel, not a movement of that young person escaped him. He marked her slow, lingering smile, the graceful turn of her head, the beauty of her dazzling, reticent hands; and the scent of the tuberoses which she wore in her bosom remained in his nostrils long after he left the house. "Report has exaggerated her charms," he thought; "she is simply a counterpart of Tennyson's Maud:

"Faultily faultless, lily regular,
Splendidly null."

She seemed quiet at home in that desolate house—quite at ease, also. And it was plain that Mrs. Elliott adored her.

Coffee was served in old Dresden cups; and as Hume was about to make his adieux, his aunt drew him into her library, and opened a check book.

"I hear that you live in obscure lodgings, and in a very humble manner," she said; "I wish to change all that."

He drew back, reddening to his temples.

"Pardon me—I cannot take your money. I live quite as well as the majority of my fellow students. My wants are but few, and Spartan simplicity—with an uneasy laugh—"is good for a man."

She looked at him steadfastly.

"You are too proud to accept help from me," she said; "you prefer to remain independent."

"That is it!" he answered; and she closed the check book, and permitted him to depart without further words.

After that, he was summoned often to the Beacon Street house—to stately dinners, to cheerful five-o'clock teas, to delightful lunches. Said Parker, the butler, to Susan Taylor:

"My stomach rebels again that young man as slashes up cold corpses; he comes 'ere much too often; I 'ave no liking for your Mr. Hume."

"He isn't my Mr. Hume," sniffed Susan; "I want no part in him. Indeed, I couldn't bring myself to look with favor on the Angel Gabriel himself, if I saw that he was trying to slip into poor Mr. Leping's place."

Mrs. Elliott did not again offer her nephew money, nor seek to impose any obligation upon him. Hume met Miss Fassel constantly at the Elliott house. Plainly, the events of the previous year had in nowise disturbed that young person's affectionate relations with Mrs. Elliott. She bore herself like a daughter toward the children of her late husband; she blotted out all his transgressions. Hume secretly concluded, "Womanlike, she finds it easy to forgive the man she loved, and to

When she looks at me I do not know whether I am a medical student or a student of the law, and you will find occupation for both."

Hume had paused in the friendly shade of some wayside trees to read the letter. His back was to a stately garden wall, overtopped by English hawthorn. He leaned meditatively against the gray stone, smiling at his own thoughts.

"Poor old Jack!—rescued from typhoid, he must tumble into love. Who shall say that the last state of the man is not worse than the first? Cape Desolation—a sailor girl—a terrible case—pooh! What a medley! Of course, I cannot go."

He put the letter back in his pocket. As he did so a thud of approaching hoofs saluted his ears. Miss Fassel, mounted upon a superb bay horse, appeared in a bend of the road.

She wore an English habit of dark-blue cloth, a small, round hat of the same color, and silver-gray gauntlets. Her slender figure stood out in bold relief against the green trees and high stone wall which framed her on either side. She drew rein at sight of Hume. "I fear you are lost," she said smiling. "No," he answered; "only seeking fresh fields and pastures new."

"You may not know it," she said; "but you have stopped directly at my own gate. Yes, this is Windmere, as he started up from the wall, coloring hotly, "my birthplace. Ah, how awkward!"

The exclamation was called forth by a cool of lowered hair which fell sun-like on her shoulders from under her hat. Like a huge twist of bronze silk shrouded with yellow gleams, it swept down to her saddle.

"I have been riding far and fast," she said, "and the wind is high. Unfortunately, I lost sight of my groom some time ago, and have no idea where he now is. May I ask you to hold my whip and gloves, Mr. Hume?"

He took the whip and gloves, and with a dexterous turn of her white hand she gathered up her escaped tresses, and pinned them quickly in place. Hume gave one look at the supple curves of her figure—at the light gleam of her eyes—and he felt a certain manly blush at her, as she stood leaning against the rose-wreathed balustrade, her dull-blue gown and golden girdle shining in the sunset light; then, feeling as though the gate of an enchanted land had closed upon him, he strode off down the driveway, and took the road back to town.

For a week after he kept closely to his studies, and forgot to visit the Beacon Street house. At the end of that time a note from Miss Elliott stiffly reminded him of his neglect.

"I wish to see you immediately," she wrote, "on business of importance. I shall leave the city shortly for my Newport villa, and there are matters which I must arrange with you before my departure."

Hume read these words, and felt somewhat, that a crisis was at hand. He made haste to meet it.

In the dusk of the summer twilight he—for the last time—entered the Elliott drawing room. It was empty, but he found his feet behind the portiere which separated that apartment from the library told him that his aunt was not far away. Presently she pushed back the curtain and limped in, looking more feeble than ever.

"I have not seen you for a week," she began, with some asperity.

He hastened to push her favorite chair into place.

"I could not help it," he answered, mendaciously. "I am not a brilliant fellow, you know—I make my way only by hard and diligent study."

"Sit down beside me. I have called you tonight for a special reason. It is time for us to understand each other."

"Quite true," he answered, quietly.

"My mind is made up, Nigel. You shall be my heir, on one condition."

"Name it."

"I have chosen a wife for you. Marry her, and I will ask nothing more. As to your study, I have no objection. I have thought to keep you always near me. You know how Leping's falsity wronged my heart. I dreamed that Hume—but no, I will not offend your ears with his name. He is weighed in the balance and found wanting. From this moment I wash my hands of him!"

Miss Fassel struggled hard for composure. Perhaps the compassion which awakened her natural indignation and wounded pride.

"Oh, Edith, cannot you pardon the blunder of a heartbroken old woman?" groaned Mrs. Elliott. "You are a wonderfully sweet and generous nature."

The tears shone in Miss Fassel's brown eyes. She leaned and kissed her friend.

"Promise never to speak of this hour so long as we both shall live, and I will pardon you with my whole heart, Mrs. Elliott."

"I promise, dearest child."

Ten minutes later Miss Fassel had taken her departure from the house.

Mrs. Elliott left alone in the drawing room, rang the bell for Susan Taylor.

"I must see my lawyer, Mr. Stephen, immediately," Susan said, as that scraggy female appeared in haste.

"It is long past office hours," said a messenger at once to his house.

"In his second term in congress, Mr. Bryan became the open champion of free coinage of silver, and was elected chief lieutenant of Bland. He was continued on the ways and means committee and was the first, it is said, to suggest the income tax clause in the Wilson tariff bill. At the end of his second term, Mr. Bryan undertook the editing of the Omaha World-Herald as a free silver organ, hoping to win election as United States senator. But the enemy carried for two columns the chief editorial page of Mr. Bryan's paper, and used it so effectually that Bryan went to court to annul the contract. But he failed in that and in his hopes of becoming a senator. In his first nomination 12 years ago was won by his remarkable speech on free silver. He had prepared this speech carefully, but not with the idea of being nominated for president. It is said that the nomination was made by the chief editor of the Omaha World-Herald, and that Bryan has always had a large percentage of Populism in his composition, and his views have been startling to the east. He early advocated control of railroad rates, and nearly all the "isms" that have appeared in the country.

A Political Backset.

His second defeat in 1900 was disappointing, but he was not dismayed. In 1906 he made a tour of the world and was received by crowned heads, a mark of esteem and honor seldom accorded to a private citizen. Upon his return he made a speech advocating government ownership of railroads and

He grew a shade paler.

"I decline to consider your proposal for an instant, by dear aunt! You must be mad to choose me, of all men, for Miss Fassel's next suitor. I swear to you, I have not the effrontery for such a role." Then, waxing vehement, "I would rather be shot than attempt it! You will have to excuse me—as Heaven hears me, she had been cherishing her plan in secret. His prompt opposition filled her with rage and disappointment."

"This is the first command I ever laid upon you," she said, bitterly, "and you immediately refuse to obey me! Hitherto, Miss Fassel has been considered by the world at large a rare avails—a wonderful creature. What good thing do you find lacking in her? You are a fool!"

"Stop, I beg you! God knows she lacks nothing. You purposely misunderstand me."

"When you first entered this house," she cried, raising her voice to a shrill staccato, "I was careful to ask if you were heart-whole. You assured me that you were."

"I spoke the truth!" he answered, gloomily.

"And yet—with accession of wrath—you refuse to approach Miss Fassel in the character of a lover?"

"I refuse!"

"She does not suit your fastidious taste,"—mockingly. "You, the son of a penniless country surgeon, deliberately slight a belle and an heiress, whose place is at the very top of the social ladder."

He made no answer.

"In short, you will not attempt to redeem Leping's honor?"

"It cannot be done," he replied, with a bitterness born of the tumult which she had aroused within him. "No man who respects himself would undertake the task."

"In a towering passion she rose from her chair.

"Ingrate! Say it again, that I may be certain my ears have not deceived me; you will not try to woo Miss Fassel!"

"I will not!"

"You give up the Elliott fortune sooner than ask her to marry?"

"Most cheerfully."

"There was a sudden movement on the other side of the portiere, as though some other hand had pushed back a chair suddenly. Mrs. Elliott started—changed countenance. The sound seemed to remind her of something which, in the excitement of the moment, she had forgotten. She limped to the curtain, dashed it back, and on the other side of that admirable drapery Hume saw—would he ever forget the sight!—Edith Fassel, in street dress, standing with one gloved hand on the chair from which she had just risen, and the other pressed against her heart. She had heard every word of the conversation in the adjoining room.

"Edith! Edith!" cried Mrs. Elliott, in a frightened voice, "I quite forgot that you were waiting here—I did, indeed!"

It was useless for Hume to call upon the earth to open and swallow him. Without a word—he was past speaking—he seized his hat and rushed from the house.

Mrs. Elliott limped up to the motionless figure, and threw her arms around it.

"How could you?" said Edith Fassel, in a low, broken voice. "Oh, Mrs. Elliott, how could you—after all that I have endured in the past?"

"Edith, you break my heart! Yes, it was a foolish scheme—an outrage—an insult—I acknowledge it now. Forgive me, you wholly, and since you could never be my daughter, by this way I thought to keep you always near me. You know how Leping's falsity wronged my heart. I dreamed that Hume—but no, I will not offend your ears with his name. He is weighed in the balance and found wanting. From this moment I wash my hands of him!"

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Miscellaneous Reading.

THREE TIMES FOR PRESIDENT.

Career of Mr. Bryan as the Idol of His Party.

Twelve years ago William J. Bryan was nominated for the presidency of the United States at Chicago for the first time. Mr. Bryan was renominated in 1900 without a dissenting vote. But the convention did not acknowledge his dictatorship, repudiated his candidacy for vice president and came near rejecting his demand that the silver coinage declaration of 1890 should be re-enacted. In 1904 Bryan was nominated without difficulty, but a vigorous opposition developed within the convention, and winning a victory in the resolutions committee, forced him to write his gold standard telegram and thus created dissensions which helped to aggravate his defeat. It was in the 1904 convention that Mr. Bryan made a most vigorous campaign in the committee on resolutions, the session of that body lasting for seventeen hours. For the third time Mr. Bryan has become the candidate of his party. Three times was Henry Clay, an unsuccessful candidate for president and twice he was elected. In 1824 the election went into the electoral college, and the election was decided by a vote of 37 to 130. Grover Cleveland's record equaled Jackson's. James G. Blaine was an aspirant for the nomination for president at the hands of the Republicans three times. He failed the price only once, when he was elected in March, 1860, at a time when the country was deep in trouble, so that he has been the party nominee three times before he has reached his fiftieth year. His career has been varied. His aptitude for politics was early marked, and his absolute control of a great national party like the Democratic has stamped him among men as an adept in his line. A remarkable feature of the nomination of Mr. Bryan is that the former big leaders of the party who have been in the convention and he ran the machine himself, took the nomination tendered him and dictated its policies.

Oratory Helped Him to Fame.

Mr. Bryan is of Virginia stock. His father was Silas L. Bryan, who was born in Culpeper county, Va., at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and lived there until 18 years old, when he moved to Illinois, where he eventually became engaged to a politician to be elected a state senator. Mr. Bryan graduated from the Illinois college in 1831, and later entered the law office of Lincoln Turnbull, who later became United States senator, and was one of the most remarkable men of his day. The influence of Turnbulb upon the young law student had much to do with forming his mind and his future career. He settled at Jacksonville, Ill., and within a year married Miss Mary E. Baird, the only daughter of a merchant in the neighboring town of Perry. Bryan was now 24 years of age. He had a wife, was a fluent talker, had very little law practice, but plenty of pluck and honor. He visited Lincoln, Neb., in 1837, upon invitation of a college chum, Adolphus Talbot. He was of opinion that the country of the Platte offered better opportunities than Illinois and he moved to Lincoln. His law practice was not worth more than \$1,500 per year, and there did not seem to be much chance of its increasing. But a stroke of fortune came. Mr. Bryan was elected a delegate to the Democratic state convention at Omaha. During a lull in the proceedings he was invited to make a few remarks upon the tariff. It was the turning point in the life history of the young man. His remarks attracted attention; next they thrilled his hearers, and finally he captured the convention. The next day he found himself instead of a struggling lawyer one of the foremost figures in state politics. His theme was reform of the tariff and anti-discrimination by the railroads. The farmers were deeply into those subjects. Bryan was overwhelmed with invitations to make addresses, and his fame spread. Soon he was known as "The Boy Orator of the Platte."

Gets into Congress.

In 1859 he declined the nomination for lieutenant governor, but a year later he accepted the nomination to congress from his district. The district was naturally 3,000 Republican, but the Republicans of the state had for some time been affected with prohibition ideas imported from Iowa, and had committed themselves to an amendment to the state constitution prohibiting the liquor traffic, as it was prohibited in Iowa. Bryan won by 5,713 and was re-elected two years later by 140 majority. He was given a place on the ways and means committee and became a lieutenant to William L. Wilson on his great tariff fight.

Becomes Free Silver Champion.

During his second term in congress, Mr. Bryan became the open champion of free coinage of silver, and was elected chief lieutenant of Bland. He was continued on the ways and means committee and was the first, it is said, to suggest the income tax clause in the Wilson tariff bill. At the end of his second term, Mr. Bryan undertook the editing of the Omaha World-Herald as a free silver organ, hoping to win election as United States senator. But the enemy carried for two columns the chief editorial page of Mr. Bryan's paper, and used it so effectually that Bryan went to court to annul the contract. But he failed in that and in his hopes of becoming a senator. In his first nomination 12 years ago was won by his remarkable speech on free silver. He had prepared this speech carefully, but not with the idea of being nominated for president. It is said that the nomination was made by the chief editor of the Omaha World-Herald, and that Bryan has always had a large percentage of Populism in his composition, and his views have been startling to the east. He early advocated control of railroad rates, and nearly all the "isms" that have appeared in the country.

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THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Various Attempts to Lay It That Failed.

The 17th of next August is the fiftieth anniversary of the sending of the first cable message across the Atlantic. The message was of ninety words, from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan. It took sixty-seven minutes to transmit. It was the first tangible proof that one of the greatest attempts of man in the field of science had succeeded. When a little company of men, under the leadership of Cyrus W. Field, began to organize for the purpose of bringing the Atlantic cable, and the New within speaking distance of each other by means of a protected thread of wire across the Atlantic they were hooped at as madmen. Capitalists who invested their money in the scheme were thought by their friends to have become bereft of reason. Few imagined the feat possible.

By formal agreement, on Sept. 29, 1856, the Atlantic Telegraph company was organized. Its object was "to lay, or cause to be laid, a submarine cable across the Atlantic." Among those present in the forming of the company were Charles Cooper, Chandler White, Moses Taylor, William O. Roberts and Cyrus W. Field.

The first step in the programme was to be the laying of a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Cape Ray Cove to Cape North. The first trial was disastrous, because of a furious storm, but in the following year the cable was successfully laid. Newfoundland was to be the western terminus.

Assistance was obtained from the United States, Newfoundland and English governments. The United States frigate Niagara, which was detailed to assist in submerging the cable, went to England, April 24, 1857. The coiling of a cable in Liverpool occupied three weeks. A strand of seven copper wires, composing the conductor, occupied the center. There was a gutta percha insulation, a covering of specially prepared hemp, and then the outer covering of iron wire, for protecting the cable.

Five large cones were arranged in the hold of the Niagara, round which the cable was coiled. The length carried was a total of 1,834 mps. The remainder was carried on the English ship Agamemnon, 1,700 nautical miles being required between the termini at Newfoundland and Ireland. Specially constructed and complicated apparatus was designed for paying out and, if need be, winding in the cable.

Nature seemed to favor the project for extending along the bed of the ocean, exactly between the two points to be connected, is a great plateau, like an immense prairie, stretching over an extent of 1,400 miles from east to west, with but a very slight dip of about two miles. As it approaches the Newfoundland coast it is entirely free from the effects of icebergs which ground on shallow bottoms. In every other part the Atlantic is characterized by abrupt declivities and mountain heights.

Another advantage was found in the deposit of infusoria, covering the bottom in abundance. The material showed a tendency to unite with the iron wire protecting the cable, thus forming a concrete mass, making it easy to bed of down for the cable to rest upon.

The landing of the cable in Dolus bay was successfully accomplished on the 6th of August, 1857. Never before had such a mass of people assembled on the shores of that bay. They came from miles around—from their homes on the steep hillsides and the mountainsides, from the storied scenes of Killarney, and the interior and the bleak coast in the south.

It was a great day for all. Five days the Niagara sailed, overcoming great difficulties in the laying of the cable; then, on the sixth day, when the Niagara had left the shore 300 miles behind, a mistaken order to put on brakes resulted in a strain which broke the cable.

There was nothing to do but return to England. The Niagara sailed for New York the following November. On the 21st of November it was found that the scheme had been fairly tried once and failed, and that any further attempt to achieve this impossibility was mad and a criminal waste of sea and of money. It was the first of all this opposition, the little band of resolute men, led still by the indomitable Cyrus W. Field, determined to persevere. They had learned by their experience many valuable lessons. One was that it would be better for the two vessels carrying the cable to meet in midocean, make a splice and then sail in opposite directions. Other lessons were learned. It was found impossible to wind in the cable after it was once out, as the very weight of the cable was sufficient to break it.

The telegraph squadron arrived at Plymouth, England, June 3, and after an experimental trip on the 15th, they had received a fresh supply of coal, started for midocean on the 10th, the point of rendezvous having been ascertained by message.

When the splice was finished connecting the cable of the Niagara with that of the Agamemnon, the two vessels separated. A terrible storm came upon soon afterward, and after 142 miles and 280 fathoms of cable had been paid out the line broke. It was returned to land in safety.

While the squadron was lying in the harbor of Queenstown, meetings were held by the board of directors in London. It was proposed to abandon the enterprise and sail the cable to the east. A terrible storm came upon soon afterward, and after 142 miles and 280 fathoms of cable had been paid out the line broke. It was returned to land in safety.

The vessels accordingly met again at the rendezvous on July 28, and after making the splice with some ceremony, separated. Anxiety was felt as to the progress of the cable running through the gulf percha through which not even a hair could pass. A terrible storm came upon on Aug. 5, 1858, the eastern end of the cable was landed in Trinity bay, Newfoundland, and the press of the country sounded loud praises in honor of the triumph. On Aug. 12 the famous message was sent and received by cable between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan.

On the 13th of August a message from the electricians on board the Niagara is reported to have made the statement that it was "cooked upon the wire." A terrible storm came upon soon afterward, and after 142 miles and 280 fathoms of cable had been paid out the line broke. It was returned to land in safety.

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SOLDIERS' UNEXPECTED ALLY.

How a Mohammedan Holy Man Came to the Rescue of a British Regiment.

Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, who recently died, a veteran of Crimea, the Maritz, the Zulu and Egyptian wars, was one of the leaders of the forced march to Cairo, which made its way for sixty-five miles across the desert and culminated in the victory of Tel-el-Kebir. A curious incident is told of this campaign. The story illustrates the absolute and superstitious devotion of the Arabs to their religion. Arabi Pasha had concentrated his forces near the English camp. The British soldiers were a queer looking set in their rough, loose, jackets, dusty and muddy, their growing beards, their dirty belts and helmets, and the strictest discipline was maintained. The men were steady, cheerful, patient to endure the scanty food, filthy water and the heat and dust.

A canal ran close to their line of entrenchments, from which they got their water. Arabi dammed this canal and cut a deep drain by which he intended to let out the water into the valley and so make it impossible for the British to get their supply.

A few days before the final battle the British engineers were astonished to find the water in the canal rising. The tendency before had been a rapid decrease from consumption and evaporation. As every one knew the canal was dammed, they supposed the only solution of the mystery was that the rising of the Nile had filled the canal above the level of the dam and that the water was pouring over it. The increase was availed of at once: the lock was opened and the level of the water raised.

The true solution of this increase of water never entered the European mind. Later it was discovered. Arabi Pasha had cut the dam. A dervish, or holy man, much venerated, had come to the camp. He had heard of the building of the dam and pronounced it contrary to the faith. He declared that although the British soldiers were infidel dogs they were still God's creatures and should not be made to suffer and that the divine blessing could be expected only if the water were set free.

Arabi was a devout Moslem, and he instantly complied with the dervish's decision.—Youth's Companion.

NEGRO BANDIT LEADER.

His Trick to Secure the Alliance of the Superstitious Islanders.

A war of extermination against the bandits in the island of Negros, in the Philippines, with the killing of several hundred natives, is the prediction of the Rev. Harry Maxfield, missionary of the Tabernacle Baptist church to this island, who is now at home on a furlough.

"The bandits of the island gave the Spaniards trouble for eight years, and it was only a year ago that our troops wiped out the leader and broke up the band," said the Rev. Mr. Maxfield. "The leader of the band was an ox driver named Dionis, who was opposed by the Spaniards in 1890 and fled to the hills, where he quickly gathered a band around him. The band he later increased to several hundred men. In 1900 he could muster 2,000 men.

"He found that it was difficult to govern such a large band of wild and unruly spirits and so he manufactured a scheme of worship. He dressed one of his lieutenants in a black suit, put a mosquito net over him, and between the mosquito net and the suit placed thousands of huge fireflies.

"Then he manufactured a mechanical device to slide up and down, by which this man slid during the night, making it appear as though he came from the heavens and as though he were clothed in fire. The bandits thought he was the Lord, and when he spoke every one groveled on the ground. The manufactured lord then appointed Daniel his lieutenant and called him Papa Ysno. "After that the bandits, who were very superstitious, obeyed every command. Every time they began to forget their obedience Ysno, the manufactured god, would appear and frighten them again. Finally they were stirred up to such a fanatical frenzy that they would do anything for the pope. In a battle with Spanish troops in 1896, 200 soldiers were killed. When the Americans took the islands, Papa Ysno was at his height, and the troops drove him into the mountains. Later the troops were recalled from the islands and the native scouts left in charge."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.