

## THE CARPETBAGGER

BY OPIE READ AND FRANK PIXLEY

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CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.  
A sneer was the only response. The officer stepped forward and laid his hand on Willetts' shoulder. "Come," he said, laconically. Big Jim stood in the doorway and did not step aside to permit them to pass. "Scuse me, sah," he said, "but I'd like to go."  
"Silence, you black rascal!" shouted the head-headed Major. "How dare you interfere in—"  
The Governor raised his hand. "Fardon!" he said. "Let him speak. Go on, Jim. What is it?"  
"Thankee, sah. Dis heah fool nigger Zeb was mah wife's cousin—an' he was a bad man. A didn't say nuffin 'bout it befo' and cause for why: I didn't want no knife holes in mah shirt. I didn't want nobody come slapping up my garments. An' dat's jest what dat fool nigger 'd do."  
"Well, is that all?" impatiently inquired the Carpetbagger.  
"Naw, sah. Dat ar lady what's a mohning for her husband has been comin' ober 't mah house most ebbery day an' she's been sayin' things 't mah wife."  
"Yes."  
"Pears like Willetts of 'em an' Mistah Willetts was bofe of 'em in dis heah railway lan' deal. An' dey quarrel. Den dar's Wiley Jones—killed. Den heah comes a fool nigger totin' 'round Wiley Jones' watch. Who'd git Wiley Jones' watch, 'ceptin' de man what kill 'im? An' why he want 't kill Wiley Jones, anyway, 'ceptin' he git paid fur 't?"  
Willetts looked bored. "All this may be very entertaining," he said. "No doubt you find it so. But there is no objection, I would prefer to—"  
"Hold on, Willetts!" sternly exclaimed the Governor. "I'll tell you when to go."  
"Dat mohning," proceeded Jim, "a nigger 'oman comes a runnin' up 't me an' she says 'Zeb a-lyin' ober yander in de lumberyard.' I run ober dar, an' dar is Zeb wid a big slash in his breast—dead. An' dis heah is a funny thing—"  
The negro stopped and began fumbling in his pocket. "Dat Zeb a-lyin' on de ground wid one han' shet up tight—dis way. An' hangin' right outen heah, atween his fingers, was dis little piece of 'chain what he cotch off de man what was a-killin' 'im—cotch off while he was a-grabbin' 'foh his life."  
Jim extended his hand. Resting on its palm was a golden watch chain—a large horse shoe set with diamonds. "I see dis heah watch chain befo'," continued the negro solemnly. "I see it often—right in dis heah room, too—right dar!" As he spoke he pointed dramatically toward Willetts' vest.  
Governor Crance took the glittering horse shoe and examined it critically. "It's a lie!" shouted Willetts. "It never was mine!"  
"Oh, course not, of course not," replied the Governor. "Do you doubt you can easily explain to a jury just why your watch chain at present isn't complete. If you have any trouble in doing so, however, we stand ready I think, to supply the missing link." Turning to the officer he added: "Take him away. No bail. Hold him for murder."

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
The Waters Cleared.  
As Chief McCullough left the Governor's office with his prisoner, the latter's wrists encircled by steel handcuffs, Roy met them in the lobby. Breathless with astonishment, he rushed into the executive chamber and Nellie immediately undertook to explain to him everything that had occurred during his brief absence—the assault upon the Governor, her own opportune arrival, the coming of Jim, the meeting of Lummers, the arrest of Willetts and the charge against him. She made only one mistake—she attempted to tell all this in one sentence without stopping for breath and, as a result, Roy merely gathered from her excited chatter that something wonderful had happened. With true soldierly instinct, he regretted that he had not been on hand while the fighting was in progress.  
Major Reynolds extended his hand to Jim. "Give me your black hand, sir," he said. "For my father and for myself I thank you. I shall not forget what you have done. This place shall be yours, sir, as long as I am Governor, if you want it."  
Jim grasped the Major's hand timidly.  
"Thankee, sah," he said. "Thankee, kindly." Then he glanced toward the Carpetbagger. "But dar's nebbber gwine to be moh dan one gub'nor 'foh me, nohow, of he'll hab me wid 'im."  
"Governor," said the Southerner, "in advance of the Southerner, I congratulate you, sir, as the only man who ever defeated me in a personal campaign."  
With a little hesitation Melville Crance grasped the hand that was extended toward him. There was doubt in his voice as he wonderingly said: "Ah, Major, you're joking; but I'm heartily glad that the shoe is on the other foot today. You are virtually governing Mississippi at this moment and elected by the largest majority ever given a candidate. I'm not sorry. I congratulate the state, and I wish you—"  
"I repeat it, sir, the victory today is yours."  
"If you believe that, Major," said the Carpetbagger lightly, "my advices, I am certain, are more accurate than yours. You have carried Mississippi—that's all. You sir, have done more than that; you have carried yourself. A political victory is mine but in life I find the severest defeat of my lifetime."  
"Defeat?"  
"Unconditional defeat."  
Governor Crance looked at his gallant adversary in bewilderment. The

enough, nor Jews enough; for, said he, if there were more scholars there would be so many pluralists in the church; if there were more gentry, so many born would not be reckoned among them; if there were more Jews, so many Christians would not practice usury.  
Once he preached: "Beware, young men, of the three W's—wine, women and tobacco. Now, tobacco, you will say, does not begin with a W. But what is tobacco but a weed?"  
Discouraging one day on the advantages Christians had in having the Gospel preached to them—"Verily," said he, "the Word hath a free passage among you, for it goes in at one ear and out at the other."  
Again, from the pulpit: "England will never prosper until 150 are taken away." The explanation is L.L.L.—Lords, Lawyers and Levites.  
Preaching on the subject of duties, Peter said: "Observe the three fools in the Gospel, who, being led by the wedding supper, every one had his excuse:  
"One—He that had hired a farm and must go to see it. Had he not

Major turned toward Mrs. Fairburn, made her a courtly bow and walked away without a word.  
The room had suddenly grown still. Nellie and Roy had ceased their chatting. The silence was oppressive. Doubtfully, the Carpetbagger glanced at the woman who had saved him from himself. Slowly she raised her eyes until they met his gaze—they were swimming with tears, but there was no sadness in them.  
"Governor," she said as she extended her hand—her voice as sweet as music in the night—"the water of that mountain brook has become clear."  
Outside there was a confused babel of voices mingled with cheers and the sound of hurrying feet. Jim stuck his woolly head in at the door. "De legislatur hab adjourned!" he cried.  
But the Carpetbagger neither heard nor knew. The woman he loved was in his arms. "I have lost a state," he said, "but I have won an empire."  
THE END.

LAZIEST OF MORTALS.  
A Panama Foreman's Description of Jamaica Negroes on the Canal.  
"The Jamaican negro is about the slowest proposition that the Lord ever put the breath of life into," remarked Roy F. Round, a foreman of construction of the Panama railroad, who is enjoying a brief furlough with his family at Macon, Mo., to a New York Sun correspondent. "If there was a law that he had to dig his own grave he would have to start at it in his early manhood."  
"Ten American tramps, the kind your city marshal runs out of town here, will do more work than forty of those fellows. Two white men can very easily carry a cedar tie, but when you want the Jamaicans to do the job a squad of five or six will go after the tie. A 750 pound rail that seven or eight American workmen could lift easily would necessitate a swarm of Jamaicans so thick that you wouldn't see the rail."  
"These negroes are widely different from the American brand. They haven't the slightest idea of music and can't even dance. It delights their ears just as much to hammer on a couple of tin pans as it would to hear the finest orchestra in the land. They are gullible beyond comprehension. You could sell 'em anything on the face of the earth. It doesn't make any difference what the thing is or whether it is of any use. A couple of fellows landed at Gatun one day and set up an outfit. All in the world they had was a wooden head that twisted around in a grotesque fashion and which the owners said would probably be worth \$2 or \$3. The Jamaicans swarmed in that tent like flies all day long to have their fortunes told by the wooden headed seer. Next day I saw the two fakers carrying a sack full of coin and it was about all they could do to lift it over to the depot."  
"On payday at Empire, which is the largest pay station on the canal, the men come to get their pay. As far as the eye can reach, sometimes it takes the whole day to settle with the laborers. Awaiting the paid off men is a market the like of which was never seen in all the world. There are Hindus with bright shawls, fancy handkerchiefs and dazzling ribbons; hoodoo doctors with strange charms that ward off evil and bring wealth untold; old hags offering to tell fortunes; half clad girls and bananas; boys in the same costume or perhaps less; photographers ready to take pictures; writers tendering their services to compile letters, and so on beyond all computation—sometimes 500 people are there trying to earn a penny from the laborer by selling him something he doesn't want but thinks he does."  
"One reason why the Jamaica negro is so hard to energize is because he understands he is a British subject and he thinks that King Edward is averse to his being worked too hard, and that if he learns of it he will send warships along to start trouble."  
"If a few of the old Mississippi steamboat mates could be recalled temporarily from the happy land to instruct the Jamaicans in the art of moving along the canal could be completed ahead of the schedule."

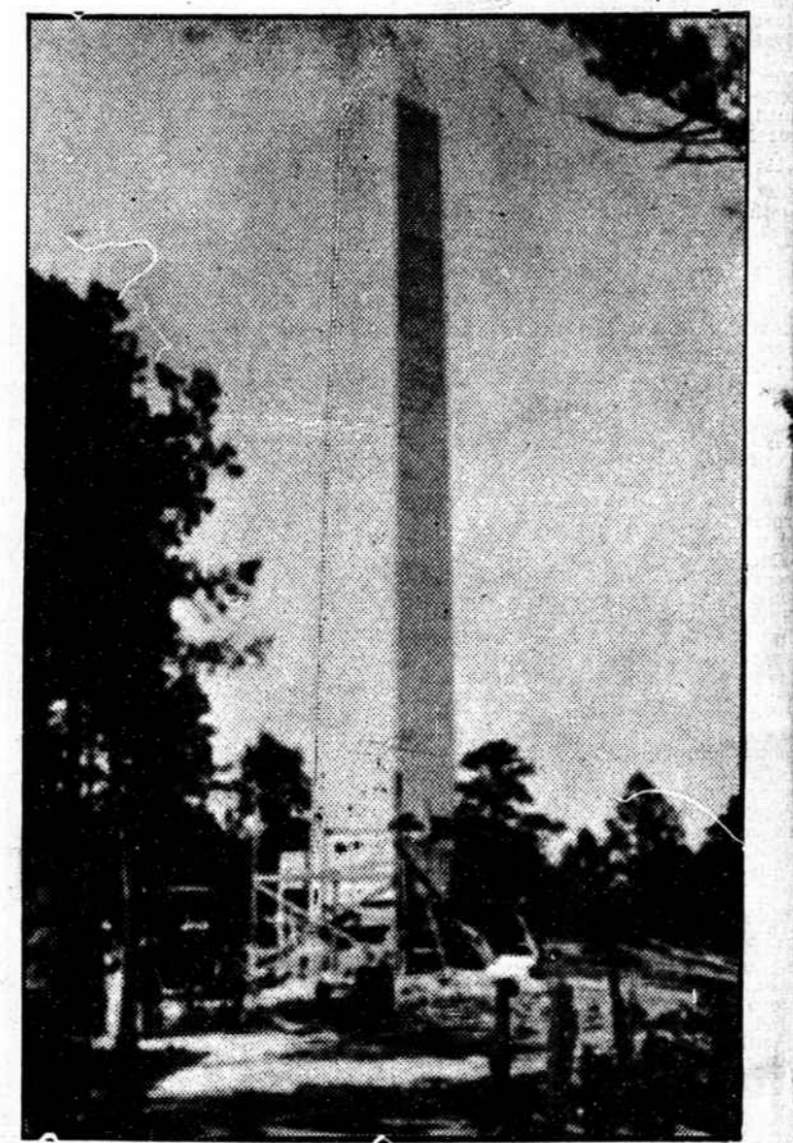
AN OLD TIME DIVINE.  
A Group of Witty Sayings That Strikes At Truth.  
The Rev. Hugh Peters, who from 1636 to 1641 was settled in Salem, Mass., combined his duties as a minister of religion with the business of trading so successfully that he was spoken of in the colony as "the father of our commerce and the founder of our trade." He was also a man of so much humor that after his death a collection of his witty or humorous sayings was published in book form. It is interesting to recall that the Rev. Mr. Peters was executed as a regicide. He was not directly implicated in the death of Charles I., but was accused of encouraging the soldiers to cry out for the blood of the king, whom he had likened to Barabbas.  
Mr. Peters had preached one morning for two hours. The sand in the hour glass had run out. He observed it, and turning it over, said to his hearers: "Come, let us have another glass!"  
Preaching on devils entering the swine, he said that the miracle illustrated three English proverbs:  
"One—That the devil will rather play at small game than sit out."  
"Two—That those must needs go forward whom the devil drives."  
"Three—That at last he brought his hogs to a fair market."  
"Perhaps the reason the goddess of Fame is fickle is simply because she is a goddess, and therefore necessarily feminine."

## THE KING'S MOUNTAIN BATTLEGROUND AND ITS OLD AND NEW MONUMENTS

By CLAUDE A. EURY.

Charlotte Observer, August 22.

King's Mountain, August 21.—With the exception of a few minor details, the new monument erected by the government of the United States to commemorate the battle of King's Mountain on October 7, 1780, now stands complete, and is ready for the dedication exercises which will take place on the 7th of October next, the anniversary of that great event. Although this great battle was fought mainly by North Carolina troops, and that the battle, when fought, was within the limits bounding North Carolina



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT. Erected by the Federal government at a cost of something less than \$30,000. The photograph was made shortly before the monument was completed. A correct picture would show a fence around the base of the shaft.

been a fool, he would have seen it before hiring it.  
"Two—He had bought a yoke of oxen and must go try them. He also was a fool because he did not try them before he bought them."  
"Three—He had married a wife, and without complement said he could not come. He, too, was a fool, for he showed that one woman drew him away more than a whole yoke of oxen did the former."  
One rainy day Oliver Cromwell offered Peters his great coat.  
"No, thank you," replied his chaplain. "I would not be in your coat for 1,000 pounds."—Youth's Companion.

Good Road or Good Roads.—Shall it be a good road or good roads? questions H. H. Windsor in the August number of Popular Mechanics, and adds:  
"The state of Pennsylvania appropriated \$3,000,000 to be spent during the next two years in the construction of a good road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and on to the Ohio state line. The distance to be about 300 miles, which makes the average cost per mile \$8,300. Inasmuch as the route will doubtless follow to a large extent highways now in use, much of which is already fairly 'good roads,' the expenditure of such a sum, if honestly applied, cannot fall of superior results."  
"The plan, however, is to be regretted. In the first place it is not needed. There is not now, nor is there likely to be, any considerable amount of trans-state freight traffic for such a road. All classes of freight are being moved by the railroads at rates which make hauling on highways prohibitive."  
"The cities and villages on the immediate route would, of course, be benefited, but at the expense of other portions of the state."  
"As an example of high-grade road building to the rest of the state it is of doubtful value, because of its very excellence. Few counties and fewer townships could or would feel able or inclined to duplicate it locally. On the contrary, on account of its cost, it places an argument in the mouths of those opposing the good roads movement calculated to create adverse feeling."  
"Vastly better would be a distribution of this money on a basis say, of \$2,000 a mile, to such counties as would spend an equal amount of their own money. This would provide for 1,500 miles of excellent roads, at \$4,000 a mile spent on present highways would make a really good road where road material is as abundant as it is in Pennsylvania. This is the plan which has been adopted elsewhere, and is found not only to stimulate the desire for good roads, but enables any and all parts of the state to be equally benefited."

The Sorrel Harg.—There is no color of horse so insensible to heat as the sorrel. There is seldom any coat so silky or responds so quickly to good care as the sorrel, and many horsemen claim there is seldom any horse with such sound feet and limbs or possessing the endurance of the sorrel.

quarried by the North Carolina Granite corporation and was erected by the Southern Marble and Granite company of Spartanburg, S. C. Mr. Harry Martin of New York, was the government's inspector in charge of the work. The monument was designed by the firm of McKim & White, of New York (of which firm Thaw's victim was a member), and is said to be a duplicate of the monument erected by the government at Gettysburg. The exterior work is all of smooth finish, what is known as six-cut. Work was first started on the foundation on June 22, 1908, but the excavation took up so much of the appropriation that work was discontinued until February, 1909, pending the change in plans and specifications to make the construction come within the appropriation. In order to do this it was necessary to build a monument 88 feet high instead of 115 as was first planned and on which the contract was awarded. The monument proper was completed on June 1.

Location.  
The new monument stands on the elevated plateau, about midway between the monument erected in 1850 and the old soapstone monument placed in 1815. This point is about 100 yards from the spot marked as the place where Colonel Ferguson was killed in an attempt to break through Sevier's column of mountain men. It should be remembered here that the elevation known as the battleground is not the "pinnacle" of King's Mountain, which rises majestically in Gaston county, seven miles away and is the real beginning of the King's Mountain range which extends through the edge of Cleveland and several miles into South Carolina. The battleground is seven and a half miles from the town of King's Mountain and through King's Mountain it is the easiest of access. Visitors to the battleground coming to King's Mountain can make the trip and return home in a day, which is not possible from other points, unless those visitors happen to live in the neighborhood.

Locating the Site.  
On September 18, 1807, a party consisting of Congressman E. Y. Webb, Col. and Mrs. A. Coward of Charleston, S. C., Capt. E. B. Steward of the United States Army Engineers; Mr. M. H. Shuford of Gastonia; Mr. Joe Shuford of Texas; Mr. E. A. Patterson of Cleveland county, and a number of members of the Yorkville Chapter D. A. R., met at the battleground and selected the site above referred to.

The Dedication.  
The monument will be dedicated with suitable ceremonies on October 7, 1909. The exercises will be in charge of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Yorkville, S. C., and will probably embrace the entire day. The programme for this event has not yet been arranged, but those contemplating attending can be assured of an event which would properly fit the occasion.

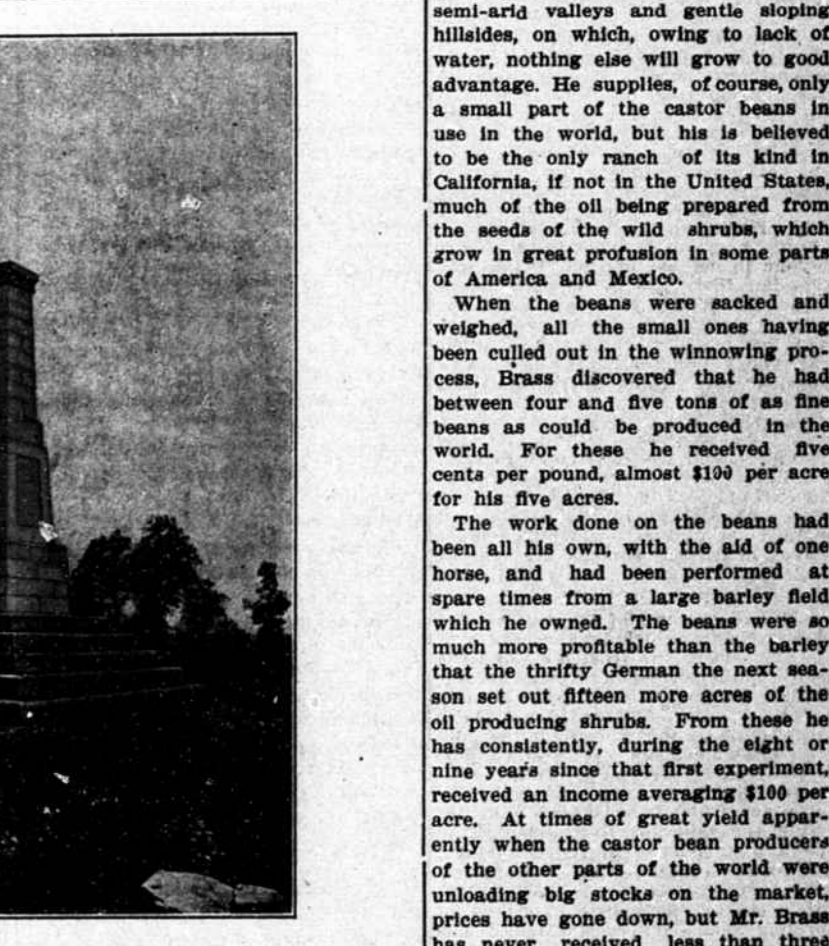
Former Celebrations.  
Three former celebrations have taken place at the King's Mountain battleground, the first in 1815 when Colonel McLean and others of Lincoln county set up the old soapstone monument shown below. It is supposed by many that this stone marks the place where Colonel Ferguson was buried, but this is not the case. Many have been led to believe this to be Ferguson's grave from the inscription on one side of the stone. This inscription, which has been greatly disfigured by bits of stone being chipped off, is as follows: "Major Ferguson, belonging to his British Majesty, was here totally defeated and killed October 7, 1780."

On the other side of the stone is the following: "Sacred to the memory of Major Chronicle, Captain Mattox, Lieutenant Boyd and Rabb, who were killed fighting in defense of

American liberty October 7, 1780." Rabb was a private in Major Chronicle's command, but the title does not appear in the inscription.  
This stone was cut on the ground and is to be found at the foot of the spur by the branch, where numbers of the patriot forces were buried. Major Chronicle and several of his men were killed in a charge up the hillside from this point.  
In 1855 just before the civil war another big celebration was held at

such a way, that all opposition to the bill, if there was any, melted away. With the house in shape it was necessary to get the attention of the speaker. Finally, on June 4, thirty days after his speech, Mr. Webb gained Speaker Cannon's recognition, and moved a suspension of the rules of the house and the passage of his bill. The vote was unanimous. The bill went to the senate where a slight amendment was made by Senator Overman, to which the house, on motion of Mr. Webb concurred. The bill was promptly prepared for President Roosevelt's signature. This signature was written with a gold pen, purchased by Mr. Webb for that purpose. This pen is the property of Mr. Webb today.

Inscriptions on New Monument.  
The two figures below are engraved on the corner-stones of the monument, this work being done by Mr. E. T. Quinn, a New York artist. The inscriptions are cast in bronze plates, which are placed on each side of the monument. The plates and inscriptions are as follows:



THE CENTENNIAL MONUMENT.

Erected by appropriations from North and South Carolina and subscriptions from private individuals throughout York County, South and North Carolina, and unveiled October 7, 1880. The contract price of this monument was \$2,800, and the actual cost was \$2,860.

On the north and front face:  
Erected by the Government of the United States of America to the establishment of which the heroism and patriotism of those who participated in this battle so largely contributed.  
West face:  
To commemorate the victory of King's Mountain, October 7, 1780.  
East face:  
Killed—Col. James Williams, Maj. William Chronicle, Capt. William Edmondson, Capt. John Mattox; First Lieutenants William Blackburn, Reese Bowen, Robert Edmondson, Sr., Second Lieutenants, John Beattie, James Carry, Nathaniel Dryden, Andrew Edmondson, Nathaniel Glas, Humberston Lyon, James Phillips, Privates, Thomas Bicknell, John Boyd, John Brown, David Duff, Preston Gofforth, Henry Henigar, Michael Mahoney, Arthur Patterson, William Rabb, John Smart, Dave Slake, William Steele, William Watson and unknown.

Mortally Wounded—Capt. Robert Sevier, First Lieut. Thomas McCullough, Second Lieut. James Laird, Private Moses Henry.  
Wounded—Lieutenant Colonel Ham-bright, Major Micajah Lewis, Major James Porter, Captains James Dystart, Samuel Eskay, William Lenoir, Joel Lewis, Moses Shelby, Minor Smith; First Lieutenants, Robert Edmondson, Jr., Samuel Johnson, Samuel Newell, J. M. Smith; Privates, Benson Banning, William Bradley, William Bullen, John Childers, John Chittum, William Cox, John Fagon, Frederick Fisher, William Giles, Hilleland, William Gilmer, Charles Gordon, Israel Hayter, Robert Henry, Leonard Hyce, Charles Kilgore, Robert Miller, William Moore, Patrick Murphy, William Robertson, John Skeggs and thirty-six unknown.

American Forces.  
Washington county, Va., Col. William Campbell; Washington county, N. C. (now Tennessee), Col. John Sevier; Sullivan county, N. C. (now

Some Curious Wills.  
Efforts of the Dead to Control Actions of Future Generations.  
The Irish gentleman who has left £1,000 to a religious house on condition that his wife enters it and spends the rest of her life in prayer is another example of the quaint methods by which the dead sometimes endeavor to control the living, says THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

It was a blunt farmer who drew up his will leaving \$500 to his widow. When the lawyer reminded him that some distinction should be made in case the lady married again he doubled the sum with the remark that "him as gets her'll deserve it."  
"It was a wealthy German who fifteen years ago bequeathed his property to his six nephews and six nieces on the sole condition that each of the nephews married a woman named Anton. The first born of each marriage was to be named Anton or Antoinette, according to sex. Each marriage was also to take place on one of St. Anthony's days. What happened to the nephews and nieces is 'wrapt in mystery' in the office of the German registrar general.

"A play" remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."  
"What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.  
"If it's good," explained the manager, "every one wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."—Bystander.

Washington county, Va., Col. William Campbell; Washington county, N. C. (now Tennessee), Col. John Sevier; Sullivan county, N. C. (now

Somehow before he was elected to congress, Hon. E. Y. Webb had taken an interest in the battleground and had conceived the idea of having the government take a hand in commemorating this decisive battle in the American revolution. After being elected to congress among the first bills he introduced was the one asking an appropriation for the King's Mountain monument. This was February 8, 1804, and at his request Mr. Finley, of South Carolina, introduced a carbon copy of the same bill. The bill was referred to the library committee and went in for a "soak." Congress adjourned and the bill was still in the hands of the committee. This speech of Mr. Webb set the house right. He presented the case by giving the history of the battle in



WHERE FERGUSON FELL.  
This is a square granite pillar, with the inscription "Here Ferguson Fell," across the beveled top. This was erected by the late Major A. H. White of Rock Hill, on his own initiative, and at his personal expense. He also provided a similar stone to mark the spot where Ferguson was buried. This stone is lying on the ground; but has never been placed in position.

Washington county, Va., Col. William Campbell; Washington county, N. C. (now Tennessee), Col. John Sevier; Sullivan county, N. C. (now