## เลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเลกเล THE AMERICAN COUNTESS

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VI-Continued. This leader of the haut ton, this ueen of society, who rarely indulged in emonstrations of any kind, leaped from her easy chair and kissed her daughter tenderly. She was happy With Lawrence Harding's departure mighty load seemed lifted from her heart. She could now remain in peace and safety at Lucerne to await the count's reappearance, and the question he wished to propound to her. Indignant as she would have felt had any one dared whisper that Ethel was cap

self out of her way at last. A few days of comparative quiet followed. The Bradfords departed for Italy, and Alice, in bidding adieu to her school friend, said, with the spite peculiar to her age and sex:

able of a mesalliance she vet experi-

enced a lively relief in finding that

this troublesome lover had taken him

"Sans doute, I shall soon hear portant news from you, ma chere. I hope the count is not mercenary—these foreign noblemen usually are. Poor Larry Harding! Fred says he is sure to go to the dogs now-whatever that may mean. Your rejection of him in the midst of his other troubles was like Pelion piled upon Ossa. Well, adieu

dearest, till we meet again in Paris." On the evening following the Bradfords' departure, Ethel stood alone at her window, looking listlessly out or the lake. She had just come up from and Bee. Day was dying. A crimson light, like a sheet of fire, rested on the distant snow peaks, streamed along the broken ampitheatre of hills and flung its splendor over the blue water. Adown the promenade in front of the hotel people were strolling, laughing talking in a dozen different languages. Boat's flashed hither and thither; a steamer had just arrived from Weggis, and fresh tourists poured into the house The shrill American voice was audible ab we all others-Miss Sardis wondered why the tones of her countrywome should seem so much like their native northeast winds. Lovingly the sunset fell upon her as she stood framed in the window-lovingly it flashed adown her rich dinner dress, touched a jewel at her throat, kissed the pale Greek face, with its wide, shining eyes and disdainful mouth, and glanced off the ripples and waves of her chestnut hair, ful French fingers. It was small won-

for that matchless beauty. The room grew dim. The fiery light died away on the distant peaks that thrust their mighty alabaster walls up against the purple of the eternal heaven. Out on the lake some boatmen were singing a wild, sweet Swiss air. She could hear no words, but the music was full of pain and passion-the old, old story, forever new.

der that Mrs. Sardis courted a corone

"Ethel!" She started and turned, to find Mrs Sardis standing at her side, calm and cool indeed, for who ever saw her other-wise? but with her thin, haughty face-yea, her extended hand the very rustle of her gros-grain dress full of suppressed triumph.

"Ethel, go to the saloon-go at once -the count is there, I have given him

permission to speak to you." A certain startled expression overswept Ethel Sardis' pale face. She had A marriage de raison, Bee, is the propscarcely expected to be called upon so soon to decide her own destiny

At once! That was imperative, and brooked no delay. Mother and daugh ter exchanged one look; then Mrs. Sar dis' jeweled fingers closed around Ethel's. She led her to the door.

"You will be envied beyond measure at home and abroad," she whispered "You will be the star, not of watering places, but of courts. You will take your place among the great ones of earth-

"Go! You know my heart; he is all that I can desire. I shall order your trousseau in Paris before we start for home Go."

She had obeyed that voice all her life She walked straight across the thresh old of the door, which closed softly be hind her, and entered a little salon, picturesque with the bare, waxed and polished floor the tinted walls, the wide windows and flower-hung balcony peculiar to Swiss hotels. At a round table in the center of the room stood the count, pale, handsome, his right arm in a sling, the dying light giving to his blond face a sad, romantic look. He advanced to meet Miss Sardis, and led her to a seat with an air eager and

adoring. "I fear you have been ill," she began looking hard at his disabled arm. "Yes," he answered; "nothing les than illness could have kept me from you for six interminable days; they have seemed to me like so many cen-

turies." She did not answer. The scent of flowers floated in from the balcony; outside the stars were already coming

out above the Righi. "Tell me." sighed the count, "have you thought of me once in my absence? "Once?" she echoed, with a sweet slow smile; "oh yes, many times."

He flung himself into an attitude devotion seldom seen of late years, except upon the stage-that is, he fell at

Ethel Sardis' feet. "Madame, your mother, has given me permission to lay bare my heart," cried. "I love you-I ask you to be my wife. Do you remember our first meeting in the forest at Baden-Baden? tied, a tattered shawl covered her

vowed that day that, if it were possible I would win you for my own. I followed you to Lucerne for that sole purpose. I desire nothing so much as the like an unclean thing, stole out into the possession of your heart and hand. Tell me, may I hope?"

His blue eyes, uplifted to the face of ation. Verily, he was in earnest! With in law! all his soul he desired to have this girl. be a countess or not? Would she at never!"

he heard a second step on the stair and this time it was Mercy herself descending with a little cracked pitcher The state of the s this moment turn traitor to the school well enough, for the milk for her hum-

ble breakfast.

I have said that the stair at No. 1

Seedy Court was narrow and dingy

and poorly carpeted with oil-cloth; bu

as that girl appeared upon it, it seeme

all at once to become something beau

tiful and grand. There she was with

her perfect, statuesque figure and glor-

jous young face, her deer-like head

crowned with rippling masses of gol-

den hair, her violet, velvet eyes looking

darker, sadder than ever under their

splendid, night-black lashes. Rich she

thing else. She might be the child of

been before the police court, and served

but what lady in all the length and

readth of the city could match her

loveliness, her strange unconscious

air of breeding, the cold, white inno-

cence of her heroic young face? He

think of his own position and or all the

barriers, present and future, which

might thrust them apart—as she glid-

ed softly down the stair. What did he

mean to do? Did he still choose her

from all the world-this poor, young

banking-house clerk, who had pretend-

ed to love the girl a few hours before?

The blood rushed like fire through his

veins, flashes of light burned under his

evelids. He stepped out into the hall

and met her face to face, just as she

put out her hand to open the outer

The two words burst from his lips in

The color surged into her beautiful

shy face. She looked at him with

surprised, half timid air. Haggard

sleepless, worn-it was plain that som

thing had happened to Val. In a dry

hot clasp he held her hand as if he

"What is the matter?" said Mercy

"No, to both questions," answere

Val, how early you are up! Good

heaven! what a hard life it is, sewing

from dawn till midnight. Is it always

"Usually-but I don't mind it," she

He took up his hat and followed her

replied, evasively, "at least, not much."

quickly, "are you ill? is anything

"Mercy-darling!"

would never let it go.

wrong with Miss Affry?"

great, involuntary cry.

had time to look at her well-time

reared? "Speak!" implored the count; "do no keep me in suspense. I lay my heart at your feet, and with it my ancien name, my ancestral estates, my hotel in Paris, my honors, my wealth, my all Speak! Tell me that I am the most blessed of men-say that you will mar

in which she had been so carefully

ry me!' For a moment the little salon seeme whirling hefore her eves A face came between her own and the count'sbrown handsome clear-cut face, full of stern anger and reproach. And then I was over; her fate, for evil or for good was sealed. She held out her hand, and the count seized and carried it to his

Her eyes did not droop before hi nor her cheek redden. In a sweet, even voice that had in it neither tremor not embarrassment she answered "I am

That night, when the placid moon was shining over the Righi, the lake and the two spires of the old Cathedral Ethel sat alone in her own chamber

and wrote as follows to Beatrix Sardis: mamma is very, very happy. Does not your prophetic heart already hear he talking grandly to her dear five hundred friends of 'My daughter the countess?' And think of all those belles with whom I disputed laurels at Saratoga and Newport last season-how piqued they will be, ma chere, at my good fortune. Shall I like to be a countess do you ask? Yes, verily!-what girl of my kind. If one does not live for society, mamma says, one may as well be out of the world; and she ought to know. I like distriction and homage -I like to fill people with envy and admiration. Think of me as the wife of a poor man! Would not you pity the man. Bee? Moreover, it would not be safe for mamma's daughter to make an imprudent marriage. Often she has frankly declared that she would leave me to starve without remorse or compassion-that she would direct pans to bequeath his wealth to charities, and disown me altogether, should I dare to disgrace her in that way. Ugh, it was no idle threat, either, for she is a wohard and unpleasant things. Now, however, my future is settled to her entire satisfaction. She is absorbed, heart and soul, in the thought of my prospective honors, my trousseau, and the splendor with which she means to sol-

The pavement glistened with night's rain. Seedy Court was very still, but in the distance the rumbling of milk wagons could be heard over the stones of the street. As Mercy glanced up at her lover-at his broad shoulders emnize my wedding. Congratulate me, and red hair, and strong, unhandsom face, it seemed to her that he had put darling Bee. How can I fail to be hapon a grave dignity, a certain solemn py in the possession of a title, a hotel reflective air, as strange as it was new in Paris, and old castles and estates in "Mercy," he said, before he had gone Saxony? Of course, you are now at half a dozen steps, "I wish you would Newport with Miss Vann, catching your first glimpse of fashionable life tell me that you love me here in open and waiting impatiently for your dedaylight-I want to make sure that but. Unsophisticated darling! Take have not been dreaming." care that you do not lose your little.

Pursuing a milkman at half-past fly in the morning may not be a favorable warm heart to any of Charlotte Vann's condition under which to talk sentimale friends, for she particularly afment; but these humble young folks fects poor young men of genius, and did not think of that. Romance had papa has full control of your person

little to do with either of their lives. and your fortune till you are twenty Mercy's violet eyes fell, and her low one, you know. I warn you, mammi voice faltered: would oppose a mesalliance in your case quite as determinedly as in mine "I love you," she answered solemnly; "it is no dream." "Blessings on you!" cried Val, with er thing, the only thing, for both of us

Ethel.

luck."

CHAPTER VII.

A New Lodger.

Five steady, solemn strokes rang ou

from the clock on the mantel. Valentine

Black, humble clerk in the Boston bank-

from sleep. But he had not slept.

Somewhere in the wee sma' hours,

after a long, a very long, talk with her

nephew, Aunt Affry had hobbled away

to take a little repose, but not Val. He

had been listening to a strange revela-

tion, to the unfolding of a secret, kep

religiously for years, and his head was

As he arcse now from the table, hi

eyes fell on the newspaper, folded at

the paragraph which had agitated Miss

Affry so much on the preceding even-

ing. He caught it up in a hurried

guilty way, tore it in strips and tossed

it into the fireless stove; then went

over to the window, drew up the white

shade and gazed out into the morning.

"Strange! I cannot comprehend it

yet!" he muttered, and his rugged,

good-natured face looked five years

night. "Can I go back to my desk to-

day, as if I did not know this thing?

Can I keep my secret as faithfully as

God help me! Have I strength, or have

get all that I have heard, and act as if

The door that opened on the narro

hall was standing ajar. Miss Black's

lodgers were scarcely astir, as yet, but

down the stair Val saw a stealthy fig

ure creeping-a forlorn, miserable

unkept, black hair an old hood was

shoulders. She unbarred the door and

early day. He watched her vanish

Over her

haggard figure-Moll Dill.

it was still unknown to me?-ah!"

not to be the same man still-to for-

regular, his conscience clear.

tremor of his strong, square mouth. "And I-if I loved you last night, I adore you this morning! It's a blessed wonder how you, with your dainty beauty, should ever come to think of an ugly clown like me-a fellow who has no earthly right to any such good

ing house of Sardis & Co., started out She made a little gesture. of a maze of troubled thought, and "Don't! you hurt me when you talk pushing back his chair, rose up from like that-exalting me when I have the round table, like a man waking cause-such cause!-to be the lowliest of women. Did you tell Miss Affry?

"Yes." She kept her eyes on the wet pave ment along which they were walkingvery slowly.

"What--did--she--say? The unbecoming blood fled into hi ugged face and out again.

in a whirl, his mind full of amazement "It's all right," he answered hastilyconfusion, perplexity. All night long h it's all quite right, darling. Did I not had sat there, unmindful of the passsay we had nothing to fear from Aunt ing hours-a most unusual circum Affry? She will not meddle with us in stance, for this happy-go-lucky fellow the least. She wants me to be happy was not given to solitary vigils o above all things, and trusts perfectly midnight meditations. His habits wer my judgment to decide how I can best compass that end."

She gave him a quiet, searching look "You do not tell me what she said

Val?" "I really don't remember the exac vords," replied Val, with great effrontry, "they were of no importance I as sure you-she wished me to do as thought best. Have no fear; we shall meet with no opposition from Aunt Affry. Some other time I'll think up every syllable of her conversation on the older, at least, than on the preceding subject and repeat it to you faithfully Now, however, give me your hand-no body is looking-the court is quite deserted. It's an odd place for a be-Aunt Affry has kept it all these years? trothal, but we do not care for that, do we? There! now you are pledged to me Mercy, and as God is my witness I will never give you up, come what may."

> ld-fashioned gold band-the very ring that Aunt Affry had given him the pre ceding night. "It was once my mother's," said Val simply: "it is now my betrothed wife's Wear it and remember that you ar

He slipped upon her finger a plain

mine. Mercy-whatever happens, you are mine." How oddly he spoke. Clearly he was thinking of something unpleasant. Mercy wrinkled her brows in a perplex-

ed way. "I am yours," she said thoughtfully

The omnious words rushed back anew some manhood in me, after all-som tenacity of feeling and of purpose. to his memory. Did any truth dwell in can no more help loving you than Had the night's meditation wrought any change in his heart tocan help breathing. I could no more ward Aunt Affry's fair young lodger? resist your beauty and youth, your in-The telling of Aunt Affry's secret had nocence and loneliness when you came to us here, than steel can resist th altered all his life in a moment-it magnet that draws it, And once giving EXTRA RUSH DURING THE HOLIDAYS made him look at the world this morn ing with changed eyes, but did it overup to you my whole heart, how can ever recall it? I could not if I would turn his 'idol-did it lead him to already wish to recall the words spoker I would not if I could. I love you! that only a few hours before? And just the tells the whole story, and-I said as much to you last night-I count myself her hand-going out, as he knew

court, and the appearance of a milk wagon there, cut short the conversa tion. Mercy, made her humble purand retraced her steps. Val ing by her side as proudly and loyally as if she were a princess. He did love her with a power and passion that Erwin (colored). startled even himself.

"I cannot let you go on as you are, he said, as they reached the door of No. 10-"working day and night for bare subsistence. It is true I have no better times are sure to dawn for me. With you to work for, there is nothing I cannot do. You'll not be afraid to take up life with me, even at my present salary-will you darling?"

low, steady voice; "but don't talk of that-yet-don't! You must have time to think well of what you are doing; and-and my mother-I must have time to think about her, and to do something for her. There! let me take the pitch-

"Afraid? oh. no!" she answered in

and he gathered her to him, regardless of the splashing lactea fluid and kissed her fervently. A moment after, Mercy was decor ously ascending the stair with her

breakfast, and Val walked into Miss Affry's sitting room, humming deri-Who was then the gentleman?"

Miss Affry was spreading the table for breakfast. She had not slept either, as her weary eyes and anxious face showed plainly She gave her "hov" quick, questioning glance, He went straight up to her and laid his hand on her rheumatic shoulder.

conclusion I have reached: I love her, and every consideration I have been able to think of, falls dead before that one fact. Whether I could live without y her—I shall take the goods the gods | Ann Denton. August 27—Frank C. Whitesides and rovide and ask research her or not I do not know, but I shall not make the experiment. I shall marand ask no questions of provide future."

A little shadow flitted across her old face, then she smiled brightly up at him from her vastly inferior height. "Just as you think best, laddle! shall not meddle in the matter at all, only consider well what you are doing -there may be much, very much involved in it that you cannot foresee

He made an impatient gesture. "I know\_I shall marry her my mind

is made up." "Very well," returned Miss Affry, in voice of calm resignation, "I have had good reason in my day, God knows to distrust love-matches, but I say, very well! whatever you do, you are sure of Aunt Affry's blessing boy-and of her devotion to you and yours."

He knew that well enough. He gave her a grateful glance, as if casting away from him a burden-the burder perhaps, of the secret he held with her He made a hasty breakfast and wen away to his daily toil-to the familiar desk in the banking house of Sardis & Co., where his fellow clerks would snub him, jest with him, and exchange commonplaces; never dreaming that the big, loutish fellow who had once been an office boy in the establishment, and was the shabblest of all the clerks, could have anything mysterious in his

life, past, present or to come, Val had always been the butt of his companions at the banking house. He worked the hardest of them all, and received the poorest pay. He wore thread bare coats, and was the unresisting victim of all sorts of impositions from his associates. His poverty was wellknown among them; also the fact that he lived with a decrepit aunt who kept lodgers in a wretched part of the city. Though he had risen from the pos of office boy, no favor had ever beer shown him in the establishment. Jacob

least efficient man there. "Black is an honest fellow," he wa wont to say, "but dull-abominably dull. He'll be nothing but a poor plod

Phillips, the head clerk, called him th

der as long as he lives." As for Cullen Sardis, that great capitalist never interested himself in his employees nor pretended to know them -always excepting Phillips himself who had long been the banker's confi dant and friend. It is probable that he had never heard the name of Valentine Black-certainly he knew nothing of his faults or his merits.

(To be continued.)

Ancestry of The Revolver,-Since the introduction of gunpowder as propellant and the general use of firearms in warfare and hunting, there has been a more or less insistent de mand for mechanisms that would give the soldier or hunter a number of shots at his command without reloading and enable them to be rapidly discharged. writes S. J. Fort in Outing. The first patent for a firearm of this description seems to have been issued by the British patent office in 1718, to James Puckle, a citizen of London, for a gun mounted upon a tripod, having a single barrel and a revolving cylinder Strangely enough, one of the claims set forth in this patent appears almost verbatim, 130 years later, in a patent taken out by Rollin White, an American inventor of a revolving pistol. An-'The mechanism permits the use of

## MARRIAGE LICENSE RECORD

Total Issue from Beginning to Date Foots Up 690.

te List of All the Licenses Is sued by the Probate Court Buring the Past Six Months. Up to the last publication on July 18 the list of marriage licenses issue

y the probate court for York county, number stood at 436. Since then u reased to 690. The list is as follows: e Bell Hyde. July 18-Marcellus Nivens and Fran

July 19-James Robinson and C. Lu genia Sawyer (colored). July 20-Otto Starr and Georgia A 20-Luther Bechter and Cor July 20-James Nance and (colored). 20—Willie Gettys and July -James McDonald and Be July 22-Strait C. Camp and Ethe

July 27—Dock S. Mosteller and Rildie Craige. July 27—Thos. July 27—Thomas July 30-Henry M. Robins and Mag

August 1—John colored). August 1-Adam A. Lentz and Beu lah E. Wilson August 2-Jas. A. Latham and Mat August 3-Thos. Sylvanus Montgon ery and Mary Kelly (colored).

August 6—Edward A. Turner and
Bertha Mae Pruett.

August 9-Charlie W. Wilkie and Ja August 9-Jess Lanier and Mar August 10-Henry G. Neely ie L. Sheek. August 14—Terrell H. Wilkins August 17-John Williams (colored)

August 17-Henry Caldwell (colored). August 17-David McNab Mackintosh and Mary Harley Peacock White and Euni Partlow (colored). August 21-Willie Garvin and Fran cis Joiner (colored).

August 21—Elliott Gettys and Pear August 22-Arthur L. Sturgis an Mary Jane McFadden August 24-C. Fred Rogers, Jr. and Nina Barnett August 24—Eugene Scott and Lizzi

August Ethel Belk August 24-Fred Edwards (colored) August 27-Hugh B. Jones and Id August 27

Mary Cauthrin.

August 30—Rasmus McGill and An August 30-Alley Hopper and Jan August 31-Lawrence Godfrey Maggie Drury.
August 31—Will Wilson and Lil'ia Sept. 2-John McMackin and Sudi

(colored). Sept. 3-David M. Parrott and Mar garet Barnett. Sept. 4-Vander Robinson and Car rie Wilson. Sept. 4—David Miller and Martha Lindsay (colored). Sept. 7—Colonel Mayfield and Mamie Sept. Woodward (colored). Sept. 7-Hugh Jackson and Vent Armstrong (colored).

August 7—Samuel P. Benner

Myra B. Workman. Sept. 7-John Floyd and Nola John Sept. 7-Andy Boyd and Loni Sept 7-West Pagans and Anni Sept. 9-Fred Blackwelder and Lul

-Jos. Sanders and Mary Brat Sept. 9—Knox D. Phagan and Annie Roddey Miller. Sept. 10-Will Siggles and Annie Ja mison (colored). Sept. 10-Fred Springs and Ann Glenn (colored). Sadler and Nann 11-Wm. Sept. 13-Jesse W. Williams and Sal lie Ramsey. Sept. 13—Robert McClinton an Rosa Gill (colored) Sept. 17-Will Jamison and Jani White and Burnet Sept. 17-Lee

Sept. 19-Thos. Crawford and Rein Davie (colored) Sept. 19-John Watson and Annie Lindsay (colored) Sept. 21-Sam Carothers and Fanni Erwin (colored) Ratchford 21-Walter Sept. 21-Walter F Mary Lindsay (colored). Sept. 23-Robt. Gilmore and Jessi Latta (colored). Sept. 23-John O. Ormand and Pearl colored).

Sept. 24-David McNeel and Fanni 24-Alonzo Reeves and Lizzi Hood (colored). 25-Wm. L. Robinson an Sept. 25—V Blanche Barr. Sept. 27-Claude Johnson and Mar-Sept. 28-Johnnie Moore and Pear Lawrence (colored). Sept. 28-Sam Miller and Sallie Mas Sept. 30-John Russell, M. D., an

Gertrude Crawford (colored).
Oct. 1—Luther Daniel and Minni Oct. 1-Luther Williams (colored) Oct. 2-A. W. Whitey and Pearl Wilkerson Oct. 2-Tillman Phillips and Mar-Phillips.
Oct. 5—Jack McClure and Mima Big ers (colored).
Oct. 5—Will Barber and Ada Hutchi Oct. 5-Israel Erwin and Mary Join er (colored). Oct. 9—Brison Surratt and Pearl Gill (colored) Oct. 10-John Floyd and Lula Wood Oct. 11-O. Wallace McCarter an Oct. 12-Sam M. Jenkins and Quee Oct. 12—Campbell Berry and Orphe lia Good (colored). Oct. 15-Edmund O. Hull and Sara Oct. 15-John T. Gibson and Josie F

S. Craig. Knight. Oct. 16-Pearl Parham and Sara Oct. 17-Richard Nelson and Cynthi Speers (colored). Oct. 19-Arthur Davidson and Id Hagins (cole Oct. 19-Walter G. Julian and Foss Leazer. Oct. 21-Benj. J. Black and Josie Oct. 21-Jas. E. Merritt and Mar Oct. 22-Henry L. Hancock and Lula Taylor 22-Walter Neal and Mattle Rayfield. Oct. 26-Joe Simpson and Annie Ratchford (colored).

. Oct. 26-John L. Floyd and Ida Hen-Oct. 28-Geo. Rawlinson and Hatti Boyd (colored). Oct. 28—Sam Williams and Mary nel Harper Oct. 28-J. R. Garyls and Lizzle Mis Nov. 2-Frank Adams and Oct. 29-Will

Sterling (colored) Oct 30-Charlle H. Anderson an Nov. 2-Smith R. Bigham and Nan Nov. 2-Frank Adams Nov. 2-Lewis Nov. 2-Rufus

Nov. 4-Edward Robinson and Iren Massey Nov. Emily E. Norman le L. Duncan. Nov. 8-Ernest Good fontgomery (cold

Nov. 8-Charlie M. Steele Nov. 9-Jas, Archie and Rosie Nov. 12-Geo. L. Lan Nov. 15-Jas. Doster and Mary Ram

Nov. 16-Dock lams (colored) White (colored) Nov. 16 Hugh D. par beth D. Clinton Nov. 16-Walter G. Wallace Margaret E. Faris.

Nov. 15-Mance

Nov. 16—Wm. Rinehart Hemphill (colored). Nov. 18—Alexander Turry Nov. 18-Perry Chisolm (cCullogh (colored). Nov. 19-Rich Tims and Lula Carte colored). -Newton Burris Crawford (colored).

Nov. 20—Martin L. Smith and Lon ie Miller. Nov. 20—Jos. Cunningham and Caro

ine Dee (colored). Nov. 21—Jas. F. Faris and Dals: Nov. Nov. 22-Richard Smith and Anni Walker (colored) Nov. V. Sullivan -Amzi Gaston and Mary Geer (colored). 23-Samuel R tena Mickel. Nov. 23-Clarence

Nov. 23-Jno. F. Love ergu Nov. 25—Sam Sibley and Lessie Mc Nov. 25-Thos. A. Bratton and Ma-

Arthur W. Thomasson Parline Lowry (colored).
Nov. 26—John Meadors and Alic White (colored). Hunter and Franci 27-Will Burris (colored) Nov. 27-Wm. N. Simril and Tammi

L Hayes. Nov. 27-Oney Grier and Alice Thom sson (colored) Nov. 27-Franklin Jackson and Daisy Nov. 27—Charley Garvin and Tilds Nov. 29-Gillus C. Clyburn and Mat-Nov. 29-Jas. A. Reed and Mary Tur-

29-Ralph Pride and Louiz Nov. Belton (colored). Nov. 30-Devonia Gibson and Tricol a Rippy Dec. 3-Zeb B. McGuirt and Minnie Dec. 3-Otis Kee and Lillie Culp Hardy and Virginia Dec. 4-Tom

Dec. 4-James Hall and Ella Cur ence (colored) 4-Walter Currence and Mattle Wright (colored) Dec. 5-Taylor Alexander and Mary oy. Dec. 6—A. J. Pruett and Vashte B arborough Dec. 6-Joe Gather and Sadle Mc

Clure (colored) Dec. 7—Ollie Cook and Ada Sa Dec. 7—Willie Thompson and Thompson and Belle Crawford (colored). Dec. 7-Russell Beaty and Mary Mc Clenen (colored) Dec. 7-Frank Montgomery and Ma mie Stowe (colored).

Dec. 7—William Alexander and Jes ie Brown (colored). Dec. 8-Mattoon Garvin and Iren

Dec. 9-Albert T. Mosley and Ott Dec. 9—John Dec. 9-Wade Jemphill (colored) S. Whitesides and Dec. 9—Martin Sallie C. Turner. Dec. 10-R. B. Price and Sarah Har grett.

Dec. 10-Sam Philips and Janie Pres ey (colored). Dec. 10—Edward B. Austin and Ber Dec. 10-Ephriam Harris and Silvie 11-Harvey L. Steelman and Ima Reece. Dec. 12-Leroy Lowry and Ivor Currence (colored) Dec. 12-Hope Setzer

Craig (colored) Dec. 13-Jake Brown and Antent smart (colored). 13-Raleigh Brown and Jani Dec lexander (colored) Dec. 14-Charley Clark and Margar Dec. 14-Jas. E. Howard Patrick and Mabel Brandon Dec. 16-Claude Harris and Annie White.

Dec. 16-Horton Thomas and Bessi Dec. 16-Willie Grier and Pearl By Dec. 16-Caesar Duniap and Dec. 17-John Witherspoon and Ve nie Hughes (colored). Shehan and Docis Cornwell Dec. 17-John McCameron and Belle

Dec. 17-Mert Love and Christin Dec. 17-Alfred Roberson and Anni Dec. 18-J. Johnson Hunter and Nancy W. Craig. Dec. 18-Jason Dec. 18-Jesse J. Crawford and Car le Sadler (colored). Dec. 18-Samuel E. Sturgis and Mary E. McCarter.

Dec. 19-Fate Barnett and Adeline Gist (colored). Dec. 19-Wm. Hoyles and Carrie Robinson (colored) Dec. 19-Robt. J. Brown and Mary Dec. 20-Hazel Wright and Lizzi Dec. 20-James Kee and Mary Mo Cree (colored).
Dec. 20—Arthur Fewell and Amand

Dec. 21-Fraser Johnson and Lucien-Dec. 21-Paul Bigger and Jeannett Harris (colored).

Dec. 21—M. D. Ratchford and Clari

Dec. 21-Isalah Thomass McClintic-Marshall company—destined to be later the particular butt of the Dec 21-Andy Mills and Mary Jan Grier (colored).

Dec. 21—Walter L. Good and Mary Dec. 21-Homesly Ro Rosa House (colored).

Dec. 21—Arthur Stewart and Eunice

Dec. 21-Jas. R. Fannie Belle Campb Dec. 21—Andrew Rinehart (colored). 21-Walker Dunlap and Mary

. 23-Wm. Grier (colored).

Dec. 23—Lafayette Harris and le Miller (colored). Dec. 23—Charlie Dec. 23-Anthony Nash and early Hensly Dec. 23-Alex Archie and Lilly Reed

Dec 22-Andrew Hinton and Cunthis Dec. 23-Walter Bratton and Mary Williamson (colored).

Dec. 23—Allen Nichols Dec. 23-Moultrie Bowens Dec. 23-Charlie Th Craig (colored)

Miller (Core Simon Gillam and Henries

24-Wille Dec. 24-Eliza A. Putman and Dec. 24-Robt, Save Riddle and Sarr

Dec. 26-Arthur Haley and Jessie Dec. 26-Wm. R. Belk and Ella Sut-Dec. 28-James Barnett and Laura erguson (colored).
Dec. 28—Thos. Miller and Clarice 28-Chas. H. Smith, Jr., and Dec. 28-James Gwin and Lula Good

Dec. 28-Haskell Cobb and Cora Go Dec. 28-Jas. F. Gardner and Helen

Dec. 28-Wm. O. Brown and Berni Belle Wright. Dec. 30-John Short and Nettie Springs (colored). 30-Charley Mary B. Blake (colored). . Dec. 30—Harry Williams and Sallie Davis (colored).

30-Hamp Mackay and Adelaide Dec. 31—Craig Philips nderson (colored).
Dec. 31—Sam McKnight and Lizzie Jan. 1, 1913-Jim

GREAT DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY.

One of the Most Important Trials Criminal Annals.

What probably has proved to be on of the most important criminal trials ever held in America—a trial which exosed the intricate machinery of a band f labor leaders organized for the disemination of violence—comes to a close with the verdict of the jury sitting h Indianapolis in the dynamite case. Organized labor was not on trial-a fact which was pointed out many times in the course of the trial by Judge Anderson and the agents of the United States government, but the hands of justic was raised against those men in high places who had abused the trust reposed in them by the millions of labor-

ers whom they misrepresented. The government's exposure of a con piracy which resulted in the wrecking of buildings, bridges and construction machinery in nearly every state in the Union, a destruction which carried with it a considerable loss of life, had been before the court more than three months. Legal talent of national prominence was arrayed on both sides, and every point in the case was contended

bitterly. The dynamite conspiracy hinge about the operations of the McNamara brothers who confessed to their master part in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building and other similar operations. Fifty-two other mer were indicted as partners in the great labor conspiracy, and it was the parof the Indianapolis court to determine which of those on trial were guilty o the charge preferred in the indict-

Operations in New York.

Twelve of the men indicted were eliminated from the case before the jury's verdict was brought in. Ortic McManigal and Clark pleaded guilty and McManigal was used as one of the government's strongest witnesses in the McNamara trial and the other trial just finished in Indianapolis. . One man indicted never was found; another was incapacitated by a broken leg and eight men were discharged in the course f the trial for lack of evidence agains In this muster was included Clarence E. Dowd, general organize the guilt of the remaining two-scor the jury was forced to pass. The heavy hand of the lab

ators first was manifested in the course Bridge company in 1905. As the result ble between the company New Haven union local a general strike was called by Frank Buchanan, now a ongressman, but at that time interna ional president of the iron workers. Dynamite first appeared in the conflict in December, 1905. The American Bridge company was constructing oridge at Miller's Falls, Mass., and a this spot thirteen sticks of the explowere found. A fuse attached evidently had gone out and saved a gi-

Early in the same month a series attacks was begun in New York as a result of the strike. The number of these had run to three score before the end of 1906 and murder had been included in the crimes committed. lolence went on almost unabated, although several iron workers were conicted and sent to Sing Sing.

Newark Has Taste of It Eight times in 1906 dynamite was put into service as a result of the trecan Bridge company to give up its "open shop" policy and to unionize its entire operations. The outbreaks of dolence extended as far west as Cleveland, where an attempt was made

ean Bridge company wre stopping at The conspirators, however, did confine their operations to attacks gainst the American Bridge company. against the American Bridge company.
On May 31 of the same year a dynamite attack was made against the Pittsoursh Construction company of New ark, N. J., and in August an incendiary fire was started in a warehouse the

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conspiracy—was putting up at Conshe A dynamice explosion at Detroit in June, 1907 brought to the forefront two men who afterward were to figure largely in the labor conspiracy job was engineered by Ortie McMani-gal, the subsequent informer, and Her-bert S. Hockin, designated by United States Attorney Miller as the "ptain States Attorney Miller as the "ptain of the dynamite squad." The outrages at this point also became more national in scope, many of those previously per-petrated having been the products of

segregated malcontents an unions,

The Crowning Conspiracy. The four years after the plot took on its larger scope saw nearly a hundred dynamite attacks against non-union work. This period also marked the more prevalent use of nitroglycerine—the less deadly explosive having proved hardly efficacious enough to satisfy the fell designs of the conspirators.

The crowning work of the destruc-tionists came in the wrecking of the Los Angeles Times building, which re-sulted in the death of a score. With this culminating catastrophe sentiment was crystallized again men whose operations were be

ers and the startling confessions of t trapped McManigal.

The forty defendants brought before

Among those to whom the eyes of all persons in the court room were continually turned in the course of the long trial was Olaf A. Tveitmee of San Francisco, secretary-treasurer of the California Building Trades Council and the biggest man in the labor movement on the Pacific coast. The government charged that Tveitmoe was the guiding genius behind the bloodiest of all the outrages—the wrecking of the Times

Leader is Sercestic. With his 270 pounds of brawn comosed in a posture of stolid indifference Tveitmoe sat through most of the trial with a sarcastic smile playing over his face. In fact he was moved from the counsel table by Judge Anderson be-cause of the continual smiles of derision while witnesses were testifying.
Throughout the trial he took coplous notes which formed the basis of bitter articles which appeared from time time in Organized Labor, a paper which he is editor. At other times apparently would forget all about

case at issue and would lose him in deep study of the "Rubaiyat" Omar Khayyam. Frank M. Ryan, who succeeded Buch anan as president of the International Iron Workers, was another man who attracted marked attention. As the trial progressed his face took on an un-usual pailor and on the witness stand he proved most excitable. He was cau-

A third prominent figure was Hock-in. The government charged that he induced McManigal to become a dynamiter and coerced him into co his deadly work. In addition he was known as the traitor of the cause, the man who had "double-crossed" his fel-lows and made revelations which led to the McNamara trial and the greater trial to follow. When the court opened he appeared in the court room on ball ne appeared in the court room on ball out later he was sent to jail in defaul of a great increase in bond. When this occurred Judge Anderson took occasion to declare that Hockin "could not be trusted by any one on any proposition at any place in the road or at any time of the day."

McManigal's confession formed one of the most interesting chapters in the trial. Plans which the conspirators had in view were shown to be even n fiendish than those which they carried out. The informer told how carried out. The informer signs were being laid to dynamite the signs were being laid to dynamite the locks of the Panama Canal and thereby at the McClintic-Marshal company. Other plans of vengeance and violence of terrific import were laid bare by McManigal.

Disclaims Responsibilty. Papers and letters which the Federal authorities had seized in the rooms of the labor leaders on trial formed an important part of the proof against them. About one thousand letters were read to the jury, and many of these eemed to carry an import which was nmistakable. The Federal attorneys ontended that there could be no doubt unmistakable. bout the criminal character of the

Other items called to the attention of the jury included the \$1000 a month which John J. McNamara drew from the union from the latter part of 1909 until hs arrest. There were also many other payments to McNamara, for which no other accounting was made which no other accounting was made than "expended for organization purposes by order of the executive board."

No money could be drawn from the coffers of the ironworkers without the signature of Frank M. Ryan on the checks. No denial was made of the fact that his name was on the checks used in providing dynamite funds, but Ryan contended in defence that he knowing for what use the money was executive board who went on the stand made absolute denial of any knowledge of the use to which the funds were put. Dramatic interest increased as the trial neared its end. Union men all over the country were in a fever of ex-pectancy. Little else was talked of in Indianapolis and those cities where the worst of the outrages had been perpe

Had Given Him Wrong Banner,-Charles R. Holden told the following story at a banquet given to some law vers and their wives at Chicago: "A prominent educator of a co-edu

cational institution told with evident appreciation the following experience of a prominent professor of a celebrated university in New York city:

"The professor is blessed with a particularly energetic and progressive wife, who is a leader in the suffragette movement. When the recent demonstrative procession was organized in New York she insisted upon the professor adding his influence to the movement by participating in the procession. He yielded and set out. The wife's prominence in the movement gave her a place in the reviewing stand and she was mortally chagrined to see the professor, shame faced. straggling alone, carrying his banner in such a drooping and careless way that she could not even see what was

upon it. "At the first opportunity her proaches fell fierce and fast on the professor, who finally managed to break in with, But my dear, my dear, you really must not blame me; I had an awful time. What do you think that banner was? Imagine! It was a most horrible cartoon of a whiskysoaked and bedraggled bum with the motto, "This man can vote, why can't 1?"'"

down the court-watched the last flutter of her ragged shawl in the disthe American girl, glowed with eager tance, and something very like a shud-"till you grow ashamed of me-till you other curious claim of the patent was: passion. His kneeling figure was full der shook his stalwart figure. Mercy's cease to care for me. Val." of grace and strength and utter ador- mother!—his own prospective mother "Then you are mine forever square bullets against the Turk and eried. "Ashamed of you! How dare round bullets against the Christians you speak of such an impossible, outmoreover, so great is the rapidity of "Mercy is beautiful and good," And she? What did her heart say? Affry had said to him on the previous rageous thing? Cease to care for you! fire that ships armed with the gun can-Watson (colored) What did her ambition say? Would she night, "but you will never marry her-Let me tell you that I am a very plain, not be boarded by any attacking Dec. 21—Ben I. Williford and Carrie dynamite the Hotel Frankfort on March 13. Several employees of the Ameri-Oct. 26-Jas. Walker and Maggie boorish sort of a fellow, but there is force." Bell Wilson (colored). Lee Craig.