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WITHIN THE LAW

BY MARVIN DANA

FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XIX.

Anguish and Bliss.

Garson shouted his confession without a second of reflection. But the result must have been the same had he taken years of thought. Between him and her as the victim of the law, there could be no hesitation for choice. The prime necessity was to save her, Mary, from the toils of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would be a ghastly dread, but there would never be regret over the cost of saving her. He had saved her from the waters—he would save her until the end, as far as the power in him might lie.

The suddenness of it all held Mary voiceless for long seconds. She was frozen with terror of the event. When at last, words came, they were a frantic prayer of protest.

"No, Joe! No! Don't talk—don't talk!"

"Joe has talked," Burke said, significantly.

"He did it to protect me," she stated, earnestly.

The inspector disdained such futile argument. As the doorman appeared in answer to the buzzer, he directed that the stenographer be summoned at once.

"We'll have the confession in due form," he remarked, gazing pleasedly on the three before him.

"He's not going to confess," Mary insisted, with spirit.

But Burke disregarded her completely, and spoke mechanically to Garson, the formal warning required by the law.

"You are hereby cautioned that anything you may say may be used against you." Then, as the stenographer entered, he went on with lively interest.

"Now, Joe!"

Yet once again, Mary protested, a little wildly.

"Don't speak, Joe! Don't say a word till we get a lawyer for you!"

The man met her pleading eyes steadily, and he shook his head in refusal.

"It's no use, my girl," Burke broke in harshly. "I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson, and the whole gang for murder—yes, every one of you. And you, Gilder," he continued, lowering on the young man who had denied him so obstinately, "you'll go to the house of detention as a material witness." He turned his gaze to Garson again, and spoke authoritatively: "Come on now, Joe!"

Garson went a step toward the desk and spoke decisively.

"If I come through, you'll let her go—and him?" he added as an afterthought, with a nod toward Dick Gilder.

"We'll get the best lawyer in the country," Mary persited desperately. "We'll save you, Joe—we'll save you!"

Garson regarded the distraught girl with wistful eyes. But there was no trace of yielding in his voice as he replied, though he spoke very sorrowfully.

"No, you can't help me," he said simply. "My time has come, Mary. And I can save you a lot of trouble."

"He's right there," Burke ejaculated. "We've got him cold. So, what's the use of dragging you two into it?"

"Then they go clear?" Garson exclaimed, eagerly. "They ain't even to be called as witnesses?"

"You're on!" Burke agreed.

"Then, here goes!" Garson cried, and he looked expectantly toward the stenographer.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias?" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing," came the sharp retort. "Garson's my monaker. I shot English Eddie, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Vituperation beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I croaked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on it, so that it didn't make any noise."

Garson paused, and the set despair of his features lightened a little. Into his voice came a tone of exultation indiscribably ghastly. It was born of the eternal egotism of the criminal, fattening vanity in gloating over his ingenuity for evil. He stared at Burke with a quizzical grin crooking his lips.

"Say," he exclaimed. "I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever croaked with one of them things! Ain't it?"

The inspector nodded affirmation.

"Some class to that, eh?" Garson demanded, still with that grewsome air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me $60, and it's worth every cent of the money. Why, they'll remember me as the first to spring one of them things, won't they?"

"They sure will, Joe!" the inspector conceded.

"Nobody knew I had it," Garson continued, dropping his braggart manner abruptly.

At the words, Mary started, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak.

"Nobody knew I had it—nobody in the world," he declared. "And nobody had anything to do with the killing but me."

"Was there any bad feeling between you and Eddie Griggs?"

"Never till that very minute. Then I learned the truth about what he'd framed up for you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former fierceness in recollection of the treachery of one whom he had trusted.

"He was a stool pigeon, and I hated him! That's all, and it's enough. And it's all true, so help me God!"

The inspector nodded dismissal to the stenographer, with an air of relief.

"That's all, Williams," he said heavily. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

Then as the stenographer left the room, Burke turned his gaze on the woman, who stood there in a posture of complete dejection, her white, anguished face downcast. There was triumph in the inspector's voice as he addressed her, for his professional pride was full fed by this victory over his foes.

"Young woman," Burke said briskly, "it's just like I told you. You can't beat the law. Garson thought he could—and now"— He broke off, with a wave of his hand toward the man who had just sentenced himself to death in the electric chair.

"That's right," Garson agreed, with somber intensity. His eyes were grown clouded again now, and his voice dragged leaden. "That's right, Mary," he repeated dully, after a little pause. "You can't beat the law." He hesitated a little, then went on, with a certain curious embarrassment. "And this same old law says a woman must stick to her man."

The girl's eyes met his with passionate sorrow in their misty deeps. Garson gave a significant glance toward Dick Gilder, then his gaze returned to her. There was a smoldering despair in that look. There were, as well, an entreaty and a command.

"So," he went on, "you must go along with him, Mary. Won't you? It's the best thing to do."

The girl could not answer. There was a clutch on her throat just then, which would not relax at the call of her will.

Of a sudden, an inspiration came to him, a means to snap the tension, to create a diversion wholly efficacious. He would turn to his boasting again, would call upon his vanity, which he knew well as his chief foible, and make it serve as the foil against his love.

"You want to cut out worrying

"That's all right. That's all right, Mary."

about me," he counseled, bravely. "Why, I ain't worrying any, myself—not a little bit! You see, it's something new I've pulled off. Nobody ever put over anything like it before."

He faced Burke with a grin of gloating again.

"I'l bet there'll be a lot of stuff in the newspapers about this, and my picture, too, in most of 'em! What?"

The man's manner imposed on Burke, though Mary felt the torment that his vainglorying was meant to mask.

"Say," Garson continued to the inspector, "if the reporters want any pictures of me could I have some new ones taken? The one you've got of me in the gallery is over ten years old. I've taken off my beard since then. Can I have a new one?"

"Sure you can, Joe. I'll send you up to the gallery right now."

"Immense!" Garson cried boisterously. He moved toward Dick Gilder, walking with a faint suggestion of swagger to cover the nervous tremor that had seized him.

"So long, young fellow," he exclaimed and held out his hand. "You've been on the square, and I guess you always will be."

Dick had no scruples in clasping tha extended hand very warmly in his own.

"We'll do what we can for you," he said simply.

"That's all right," Garson replied, with such carelessness of manner as he could contrive. Then at last he turned to Mary. This parting must be bitter, and he braced himself with all the vigors of his will to combat the weakness that leaped from his soul.

As he came near, the girl could hold herself in leash no longer. She threw herself on his breast. Her arms wreathed about his neck. Great sobs racked her.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" The gasping cry was of utter despair.

Garson's trembling hand patted the girl's shoulder very softly, a caress of infinite tenderness.

"That's all right," he murmured huskily. "That's all right, Mary." There was a short silence, and then he went on speaking more firmly. "You know, he'll look after you."

He looked up over the girl's shoulder and beckoned with his head to Dick, who came forward.

"Take good care of her, won't you?"

He disengaged himself gently from the girl's embrace and set her within the arms of her husband, where she rested quietly, as if unable to fight longer against fate's decree.

"Well, so long!"

He dared not utter another word, but turned blindly, and went, stumbling a little, toward the doorman, who had appeared in answer to the inspector's call.

"To the gallery," Burke ordered curtly.

Garson went on without ever a glance back.

There was a long silence in the room after Garson's passing. It was broken at last by the inspector, who got up from his chair and advanced toward the husband and wife. In his hand he carried a sheet of paper, roughly scrawled. As he stopped before the two and cleared his throat, Mary withdrew herself from Dick's arms and regarded the official with brooding eyes from out her white face.

Burke extended the sheet of paper to the husband.

"There's a document," he said gruffly. "It's a letter from one Helen Morris, in which she sets forth the interesting fact that she pulled off a theft in the Emporium, for which your Mrs. Gilder here did time. You know, your father got your Mrs. Gilder sent up for three years for that same job—which she didn't do. That's why she had such a grudge against your father and against the law too!"

Burke chuckled, as the young man took the paper, wonderingly.

"I don't know that I blame her much for that grudge, when all's said and done. You give that document to your father. It sets her right. He's a just man according to his lights, your father. He'll do all he can to make things right for her, now he knows. Now, you two listen. I've got to go out a minute. When I get back, I don't want to find anybody here—not anybody! Do you get me?"

* * * * * *

When the official was gone, the two stood staring mutely each at the other through long seconds. What she read in the man's eyes set the woman's heart to beating with a new delight. What he read in her eyes set the husband's pulses to bounding. He opened his arms in an appeal that was a command. Mary went forward slowly, without hesitation, in a bliss that forgot every sorrow for that blessed moment, and cast herself on his breast.

The End.

HISTORIC SHRUB FOR TRINITY

It is a Descendant of Joseph of Arimathea's "Holy Thorn."

Passersby paused to watch two of the Trinity churchyard gardeners yesterday as they busied themselves in the old churchyard with the planting of a tiny shrub. A shallow hole was first carefully excavated and in it was placed the plant, which to the lookerson appeared to be nothing more than a cutting from some commonplace tree.

The little plant, however, was sent from the Abby of Glastonbury, Somersetshire, England, and it is a cutting from the tree or shrub which in turn is a true descendant of the famous shrub known as the Holy Thorn.

The history of this plant dates back to the year 63 A. D., and in the history of its original planting figures the name of Joseph of Arimathea. The legend runs that Joseph, a disciple of St. Philip, in the year 63 A. D., carried a hawthorn stick in his hand when he went into Great Britain and this he stuck into the ground. It took root and flourished and has since been known as the Holy Thorn.

The little shrub planted in old Trinity is the gift of Walter Sully of Glastonbury, who sent along with it an affidavit of the head gardner of the Abby of Glastonbury, giving its pedigree.—New York Sun.

John Bright and Queen Victoria.—In the "Life of John Bright" the author relates that the great man's first visit to Queen Victoria was an ordeal, but it passed off well. The incident was described in a letter from Lord Granville to Mr. Gladstone in which the writer says:

The beginning of dinner was awful—the queen with a sick headache and shy—Princess Louise whispering unintelligibly in my ear and Lady Cliffden shouting ineffectually into the still more impenetrable receptacle of sound belonging to Charles Grey, Bright like a war horse champing his bit and dying to be at them. At last an allusion to children enabled me to tell Bright to repeat to her majesty his brother's observation, "Where, considering what charming things children were, all the queer old men came from." This amused the queen, and all went on merrily.

☞ The man who spends his time sitting on a nail keg at the grocery store ranks as a producer along with the hen that sits on a doornob—only the hen is honest in her intentions.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The following notes are being published as time and opportunity permit their preparation.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Thursday, December 18, 1856.—"We publish somewhere in this issue, a somewhat remarkable ordinance eminating from the town council of Yorkville. It is the most remarkable exercise of a 'little brief authority,' that we have ever heard of. If the prosperity of the village or district would be promoted by this extraordinary proceeding on the part of the council we would remain silent; but as it is at war with every consideration of interest both to the planter and merchant—in fact with every class of the community, we most solemnly protest against it. Where do you get your authority gentlemen? The broadest possible construction will not give it to you under the charter. There is not a provision in the charter that gives you the slightest semblance of authority. Even if there was ample authority for such a course, what good purpose would be subserved by adopting it?

"Is the interest of the planters of the district protected or promoted by such an ordinance. Will they be enabled to get better prices for their produce? We have tried to learn the why and wherefore of this strange proceeding and the only pretext that is given, is that non-resident cotton buyers pay no taxes! This is simply ridiculous. The money they scatter broadcast throughout the district is a far greater consideration than a merely nominal tax paid into the treasury. Is it the small tax paid by a few resident cotton buyers that establishes a market here? Will planters of the district be content to receive a less price for their produce simply because the buyer pays a tax into the treasury of the town council? If you impose this tax on the cotton buyer, of course the farmers have it to pay. The presumption arises that the local buyer can afford to pay 50 cents more on the bale than other buyers; but when the tax is imposed, he must lower his price and the interest of the planter suffers to that extent. It surely was a short-sighted policy that originated such a measure, and one that will seriously effect the pecuniary affairs of our district. It can result in good to none, not even to resident cotton buyers themselves because it is a direct stab at our trade, and will cause it to seek another channel, and leave us without a market. We hope, therefore the town council will at once retrace their steps and avoid the evil consequences that will inevitably result from it. Not that we consider their action legal; but if persisted in it will certainly create a prejudice that will operate unfavorably to the best interest and prosperity of our village and district."

* * *

The ordinance against which the foregoing editorial was a protest was as follows:

"Whereas, certain persons not citizens of this village, have been in the habit whilst occupying temporary residence here, and contributing nothing in the way of taxes to the improvement of the village and the support of municipal authority, therefore

"Be it ordained by the town council of Yorkville and by the authority of the same, that hereafter any person or persons not being [illegible] of this place shall buy [illegible] ville, on every bale of cotton [illegible] 50 cents per bale; and one per [illegible] the price given by him or them on all grain, flour, etc., purchased.

"And to ascertain the number of bales purchased, or the value of all grain, it shall be the duty of such person or persons, once in every month or oftener if required, to return the same on oath."

Thursday, January 8, 1857.—An editorial on the new volume commencing with today's issue, mentions the returns of several clubmakers including the following; "Maj. Myles Smith, New Centre, 20; Capt. S. G. Brown, Meek's Hill, 20; Dr. Wright, Hopewell, 12."

* * *

A communication from Thos. J. Eccles, recorder of Mackey Chapter and Gibson Council, Royal Arch Masons, held on the 27th, the M. E. Scribe James L. Clark, presiding, tells of a certain eloquent discourse from Rev. J. D. Gibson and an address by M. E. Comp., Dr. J. R. Bratton. A committee consisting of Comp. R. Hare, A. F. Wood and S. J. Kuykendall was appointed to secure a copy of the discourse and address for publication.

* * *

Married—In Charleston on Thursday, 25th ultimo, by Rev. Dr. Blackman, Capt. Asbury Coward, of the King's Mountain Military school, and Miss Eliza Corbett, youngest daughter of Mr. John A. Blum.

On Tuesday, the 23d of December by Rev. Donald McQueen, Rev. James McDowell and Miss Mary Pauline, daughter of Dr. J. B. Witherspoon, all of Sumter.

* * *

There is a column article in this issue devoted to the schools of the district and representing them all in a prosperous condition. Among the schools mentioned are the following: The King's Mountain Military school, the Female college, the Brick academy, of Yorkville; "Bethel Academy" under Mr. J. T. Harry, a graduate of Davidson; "Union academy" under Mr. J. H. Black, a graduate of Erskine; "Ebenezer Academy" under John R. Shurley; "Rock Hill Academy," under Gen. Alston; "Blairsville Academy" under William B. Russell, a graduate of the South Carolina university.

* * *

Another instance of the very high prices negro property is now commanding is furnished by the estate of Wm. E. Anderson, by the commissioner in equity in this district, on Tuesday. A woman twenty-one years old and her infant brought $1,301; and a likely girl four years old, $751. A tract of land which five years ago could have been bought at $4 was bid off at $10 an acre.

* * *

A correspondent of the Savannah Georgian, writing from Tallahassee, Florida, on the 10th instant, states that Gen. Broome had sent a message to the legislature, enclosing important matter in regard to the Indian disturbances. The writer says:

"The matter was transmitted to the general assembly today, and caused general rejoicing as the action of Gen. Harvey has cleared the state from the duty of protecting the frontier at her own expense any longer. Things look now as though the war was either to be closed without bloodshed, or that a peace is to be conquered.

"Gen. Harvey will have ten companies of mounted volunteers and about 2,000 regulars to operate with—a force which in the hands of such an energetic and experienced Indian fighter, must end the war. While enjoying a cessation of hostilities, Gen. Harvey shows his good sense in collecting an increased force with which to strike vigorous and prompt blows the moment peaceful overtures are rejected, should such unfortunately occur.

"I apprehend, too, that this augmented force will operate as a persuader on the wily savages, and particularly when they learn that so large a portion of the force is composed of the much dreaded volunteers."

Thursday, January 15, 1857.—In the editorial conduct of The Enquirer, the local department has been assigned exclusively to Mr. Miller. Those, therefore, who have business with that department—communications, advertisements, notices, etc., will call at the commissioner's office. The books are in the keeping of Mr. Grist at the printing office.

* * *

Married—On the 13th of December, 1856, by Dr. Wilson, of Georgia, Mr. S. A. McElwee and Miss S. A. Wilson, both of York district.

* * *

Tuesday evening last, a "goodlie companie" of our people, ladies and gentlemen, heard a lecture by Paul H. Hayne, Esq., of Charleston at the court house. The announcement of such a treat was, it seems, quite sufficient to ensure a large attendance as creditable to the character of the Yorkville people as it was to the reputation of the already distinguished young lecturer—a just tribute to that native worth and talent which it should ever be the object of Carolinians to foster and reward. As the lecture is private prop- [illegible] ought not make a too general [illegible] of it, but we must at least [illegible] some of its features pro [illegible] The subject was the [illegible] of Literature," and it [illegible] in a chaste, beautiful and masterly style. Every hearer, great and small, as far as we can learn, was charmed with it. [Then follows a summary of the lecture].

* * *

Died—At his residence in this district, on the 31st ultimo, William Bratton, in the 41st year of his age. [Obituary tribute follows].

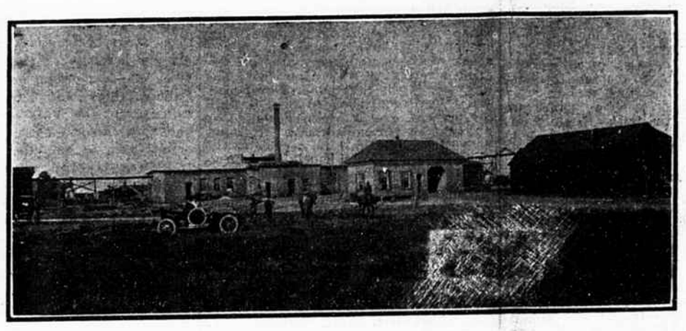
* * *

J. A. Brown, treasurer advertises that on and after February 16, a dividend of 5 per cent will be paid to the stockholders of the King's Mountain railroad.

* * *

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to leave one house and go to another—this is therefore to cite and admonish all men that I, Miles Johnson, have moved my saddle and harness factory to Welkort & Walker's Carriage shop, where can be found as good and cheap assortment of home made saddles and harness as can be happened upon anywhere this side of Mason & Dixon line. [Adv].

(To be Continued.)



VICTOR COTTON OIL MILL PLANT

The above is a panoramic view of the Victor Oil Mill plant which suffered very considerable damage from fire last Friday night. The damage was confined principally to the main building, the brick structure in the background from which the smokestack rises. All the other buildings were saved. The ginnery is the large building on the right and the smaller building immediately to the left is the office. The small section of a building to the right of the office is a portion of the seed house, and a section of the hull house shows up to the left of the picture. The brick section which forms the left wing of the main building is used as a warehouse for meal. The oil tanks are in the rear of the main building and are not visible. There are several of them. One was full of oil, another half full, and the others were empty. They were all subjected to tremendous heat; but were not materially damaged.

Miscellaneous Reading.

PARCELS POST IMPROVEMENTS

Important Changes Have Been Approved for Early Adoption.

Important changes in parcel post regulations, including general reduction in rates and increase in maximum weights, were approved last Saturday by the inter-state commerce commission. The revisions were made upon recommendation of Postmaster General Burleson, and in a majority of cases are effective January 1, 1914.

Books are admitted to the parcel post; weight limits are increased in the first and second zones from 20 to 50 pounds, and in all zones beyond the second, from 11 to 20 pounds, and rates are reduced in the third, fourth and sixth zones.

The changes in rates to be in effect January 1, 1914, follow:

To reduce the rates for the third zone from seven cents for the first pound and five cents for each additional pound, to six cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound;

To reduce the rates for the fourth zone from eight cents for the first pound and seven cents for each additional pound, to seven cents for the first pound and four cents for each additional pound;

To reduce the rates for the fifth zone from nine cents for the first pound and seven cents for each additional pound, to eight cents for the first pound and six cents for each additional pound;

To reduce the rates for the sixth zone from ten cents for the first pound and nine cents for each additional pound, to nine cents for the first pound and eight cents for each additional pound.

Will Promote Service.

"It seems obvious," says a statement by the commission. "that the service to the public will be promoted by these changes, provided the revenue from the service is not less than the cost thereof. Experiences seem to show clearly that the revenue will not be less than the cost of the service.

"We can conceive of no opposition to the increased weights and reduced rates except from the carriers that transport the mails. We have heard some objections from them on the ground that the increased weight should not be permitted until provision for additional compensation to the carriers has been made."

It is provided by the postmaster general, with the consent of the commission, "that the rate of postage on parcels containing books weighing eight ounces or less shall be one cent for each two ounces or fractional part thereof, and on those weighing in excess of eight ounces, the zone parcel post rates shall apply."

This to be effective March 16, 1914.

Consent also was given to admission of shipments of gold, gold bullion and gold dust in Alaska and to and from Alaska in packages weighing not more than 11 pounds. The rate of postage fixed is two cents an ounce or fraction thereof for all distances.

"The postmaster general issued an order effective August 15, last, increasing the weight limit in the first and second zones from 11 to 20 pounds and materially reducing the rates of postage for these zones, and stated at that time that this step was in the nature of an experiment," said a statement issued last Saturday night by the postoffice department. "After these changes had been in operation for some time, a record was kept of the number of parcels handled in a large number of representative postoffices throughout the United States, and the reports received from these offices show that the changes in the service have been greatly appreciated by the public."

The statement says of the change relating to books, that it "has strongly been urged by circulating libraries, schools, colleges and publishers ever since the establishment of the parcel post service as the present restrictive limit and rates on books are prohibitive to a great extent except in the case of catalogues" and that it was not "deemed advisable to place the order changing the classification of books in effect on January 1, as it was desired to give at least three months' notice to firms whose catalogues were now being printed."

—"Gratifying progress has been made during the past year by the public schools of this state in enrollment, local taxation, teaching corps and professional supervision," says State Superintendent of Education J. E. Swearingen, in the introduction of his annual report to the general assembly, released for publication last Friday. The enrollment this year totals 361,161—167,914 white pupils and 193,247 negro pupils. During the year 1912-13, 156,280 white pupils and 175,307 negro pupils were enrolled showing a gain for 1912-13 of 11,634, or 7 per cent for whites; and 17,940, or 10 per cent ofr the negroes. The total enrollment for the state is 6,891 pupils larger than ever before, showing a normal gain of nearly two per cent during the year. It was pointed out that in the larger cities of this state that both the per centage of the population of school age enrolled and the per centage of enrollment regularly attending school showed marked variances. "These disparities, however, are also true of the rural schools and population," he states. "In the main, the urban children attend school longer than the country children, though the urban attendance is not as regular," the report continues. He deplored in the report the wide variances between the financial support of the urban and rural schools, and between schools of the same class.

FATE OF THE CARELESS PIRATES

Lack of Caution on the part of Sea Bandits Proves Their Undoing.

This is the story of the careless pirates, and the moral of it, from a piratical standpoint at least, seems to be that a knife in time saves nine. It is a true story, though it is not widely known at all, and it was told in a paper read before the Essex Institute, February 21, 1898, by Edward C. Battis, one of the men who profitted by the pirates' carelessness. Battis' account has recently been reprinted by Houghton-Mifflin, in a book entitled "Wonderful Escapes By Americans."

These things happened in the year 1832, when sailing ships still ruled the sea, and the town of Salem, Mass., of witch-craft fame, was a famous seaport. Out of Salem harbor, the 29th of August, sailed Captain Joseph Butman, in command of the merchant big Mexican. He was bound for the Caribbean sea, which in those halcyon days was still "the Spanish Main," and because banking facilities were feeble in those days, he carried, stored under his cabin floor, $20,000 in silver, with which he meant to purchase a return cargo.

Everybody aboard the Mexican was bothered by an unexplainable feeling that this voyage to the Spanish Main was going to be a Jonah trip. Two or three seamen who had gone to fetch the cook from his home to the docks, had seen a black hen fly up on a fence and heard her crow—and everybody knows that when a hen crows there is something mighty bad in the wind.

Then too, several Salem ships had come to grief at the hands of pirates in the last few months—and, as everybody knows, the Spanish Main is the prime place in the whole universe to encounter pirates. No, decidedly the crew did not relish this voyage. They sat around and told pirate stories in the dusk of the evening, and even Captain Butman admitted that he was worried, and began to talk to his officers about selling his life dear.

It was September 19, however, before anything happened. That night a schooner crossed the Mexican's bows. Next morning this same schooner was plainly visible, hovering to the windward like a hawk ready to swoop. It was a long, slim craft and it was painted black, with a white band above the water line. Captain Butman looked at it through the glasses and the appearance of the vessel was anything but reassuring. He counted thirty men clustered on deck—more men than any respectable merchant vessel of that size had any need of.

The captain ordered more canvas spread. Maybe it would be possible to sail away from this unpleasant stranger. It wasn't. The schooner soon overhauled and headed the unhappy brig.

There were only two small cannon aboard the Mexican, and it soon appeared that the round shot that had been brought aboard were several times too large to go into these guns. So when the strange schooner fired a shot that sailed over the Mexican's decks, Captain Butman ordered his ship to heave to. Then the schooner came within hailing distance.

It was flying the flag of Colombia, and its captain, after inquiring where the Mexican hailed from and where it was bound, ordered Butman to lower a boat and come alongside, and bring his papers with him. The captain had little hope that this Colombian ship was anything but a pirate, but his men were unarmed, and there was no choice. He went over the side with four of his men, and rowed alongside the black schooner. Before any of the merchantment could go aboard, five pirates leaped into the Mexican's boats, pushed off and ordered Captain Butman to return to his brig. Before leaving the schooner one of the pirates shouted to his captain in Spanish to ask what he should do with the American seamen.

"Dead cat's don't mew," replied that worthy.

Then the boat's crew, with its five ferocious looking passengers, rowed back to the Mexican. The pirates were a hard looking crew. They carried pistols in their belts and long knives, and they rolled their eyes and ripped out oaths in the most approved style.

When they reached the Mexican two of the pirates went to the cabin with Captain Butman, while the other three loistered on deck. In a minute the first mate came up and told several of the sailors to go down and bring up the money. Luscomb and Battis, two of the sailors, started for the cabin; as they did so they met one pirate coming up the companionway, who gave the signal to the three on deck to attack the two seamen. The pirates swung at the heads of Luscomb and Battis with their knives; a heavy woolen hat saved Battis and Luscomb dodged in time to escape with a slight slash. Then, apparently, the pirates decided to postpone the blood letting.

The seamen passed up the sacks of silver dollars from their hiding place under the cabin to the deck, where they were loaded into the boat and taken aboard the pirate vessel. On the return trip sixteen more pirates swarmed aboard. They rushed into the cabin and attacked Captain Butman and two of his sailors. They beat the captain with the flat and the backs of their long knives and smashed a speaking trumpet over his head, but did not try to kill him. Then the ship was ransacked and several hundred dollars that had been hidden in other places was dragged to light.

Sailors were running to and fro all over the ship with pirates chasing them. Battis remembered $50 belonging to various members of the crew. This money had been hidden in a pickle chest and Battis got it out and dropped it down between the inside and outside planking of the ship.

Two sailors were chased so hard that they dived head foremost into the forecastle to avoid their pursuers, and one of them broke two ribs in the fall. Finally the whole crew was in the hold. Whenever a man stuck his head above deck a pistol was thrust at it and he pulled it in again. Butman was a prisoner in his own cabin.

Finally the pirates battened down the hatches, cooping up the men of the Mexican, who armed with sticks and chair legs, crouched in the dark, prepared to take a few pirates with them to death when the invaders should decide to follow out their captain's suggestion about dead cats and mewing.

But the careless pirates failed to carry out that order. Maybe they realized that it would probably cost a life or two; possibly they were just too lazy, or it may be that they figured it would be a much more original bit of barbarity to burn the crew of the Mexican alive. At any rate these pirates, after tearing up and cutting to pieces all the ropes, sails and rigging they could lay hands on, throwing the nautical instruments and everything else that was loose into the sea, filled the cook's galley with combustibles, set fire to the mass and left the ship.

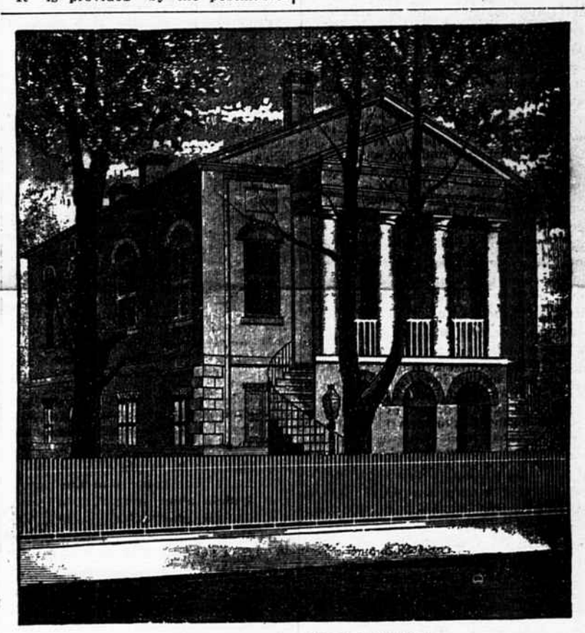
You have heard of the horseshoe nail whose absence caused such international complication. Well, it has its parallel in the case of these careless pirates. They had fastened every opening securely—all except one.

There was a little skylight in the top of Captain Butman's cabin that had been overlooked. And when Butman saw the pirates finally board their own ship and set sail, he climbed out the skylight, cautioning the crew to remain below. Too much energy in the work of fire fighting would bring the pirates back in a hurry, he knew. So Butman had the crew fill buckets of water. One bucketful at a time was handed him, and, crouching low along the rail, so that the departing pirates could not see him, Butman carried a bucketful at a time and sprinkled the fire in the cook's galley. He kept it in check, but he purposely did not put it out as soon as he might have, for he knew that if the smoke ceased to pour up the pirates would know their plans had gone awry and would return.

Finally, when the topmast of the black schooner had disappeared over the horizon, Butman released his men and they put out the fire that they had held in check. Then temporary sails were rigged up, and the brig sailed safely home to Salem.

As for the careless pirates, they paid the penalty for being careless. Butman was able to give an excellent description of them and their ship, and the vessel was captured by a British warship off the west coast of Arrica. The prisoners were handed over to the United States, tried in Boston for piracy, and the pirate captain, Pedro Gibert, and six of his men were sentenced to be hanged. One of the condemned pirates, a benevolent soul, who had saved the lives of seventy persons who had been wrecked in the Bahamas, was pardoned. But six of them were hanged, among whom was the astute Captain Pedro, who had so truly remarked that "dead cats don't mew." If his men had only taken his advice they would have saved themselves and their commander a world of inconvenience.—Kansas City Times.

—Columbia, December 6: For several days Commissioner Watson of the department of agriculture has been receiving communications from textile plants in various parts of the state, asking whether or not under the law relating to the hours of labor, in textiles the operatives could be worked extra in order to secure certain holidays at the Christmas season. The law provides without any discretion being left to anyone that lost time to the extent of sixty hours in the course of a year may be made up by the mills, provided that time has been lost "from accident or other unavoidable cause." It makes no provisions whatever for the making up of any time that is purposely lost and certainly none for time that has not been lost at all prior to the extra working. Commissioner Wason yesterday said that the law is perfectly plain in its terms, and every year heretofore since 1909 when it was enacted the mills have been advised to that effect. However, before replying to any of the mills this year Commissioner Watson consulted with the attorney general, and both are of the opinion that the law is specific and plain in its terms and requirements, and that no extra work can be done except for the purpose of making up time that has actually been lost from some accident or other unavoidable cause. This is the advice that has been given the mills. The commissioner says that he has no discretion in the matter whatever, and any violation of the law will of necessity be handled just as any other violation.



THE ORIGINAL COURT HOUSE.

The above is probably the only accurate picture of the original York county court house that has ever been made. It was secured for an illustrated write-up of the town of Yorkville in 1889, and was the result of much labor and expense. Because of difficulties well understood by photographers, it was impracticable to get a photograph that would take in the entire building, and it was necessary to take several pictures to enable the engravers to produce what was wanted. The above picture is a faithful reproduction of the building, except the walls, which appear to be stucco, showed natural brick. The original engraving of the above was burned with The Enquirer office in 1890, and this picture is a photographic reproduction of the cut as it was printed in 1889.