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ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By JOSEPH KNOWLES

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CHAPTER VIII. Wilderness Neighbors.

You don't have to get near any wild or domestic animal to tame it.

It will come to you and live with you and sleep with you. All you have to do is simply to conceal your own curiosity.

Whenever you see a wild animal in the woods go toward him carelessly. Let the creature know that you have seen him and then suddenly change your course or do something to show that you aren't apparently interested in him.

It is not man that the wild animal is afraid of, but the human scent. If a deer, for instance, sees a man standing still in the forest and the wind is blowing in the wrong way for him to catch the scent, he thinks the man is a part of the forest just like a log or a tree, but the minute he catches the scent he is on the alert.

Deer and moose never fight unless cornered. Even the wildest will sink away to the underbrush at the sound of a man's footfall.

All kinds of dogs will come up to me. They seem to care instinctively that I am their friend.

Don't think for a moment that you can say to any ugly dog, "Nice doggy," in a voice that is quivering with fear.

Finally I reached the other side. Over there, what was my dismay to find that the mud was even worse. Then I discovered that I was on a floating log. I knew it would be useless to go on, so I again crawled back over the log.

It was the longest night I ever spent and when morning finally dawned, I was to use a familiar expression, "all in."

The mere realization that I could move myself around without fear of tripping over some fallen tree gave me courage to go back through the swamp in search of my pack.

That night found me with a good fire in my lean-to on the northwest side of Bear mountain. More from exhaustion than anything else I dropped into a deep sleep, but it was not a restful one.

I awoke in the darkness burning up with heat. I threw my bearskin covering to one side for relief. I began to have chills, and I reached for my bearskin and threw it over me.

"It's all off now for sure," I muttered to myself. "I'll make a try to get to King and Bartlett's in the morning."

All the rest of the night I thrashed around on my bed of moss and boughs. I began to wonder if I was going to lose my mind.

When daylight came at last I tried to get up. I felt light headed, and my head ached dreadfully.

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

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 first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in issue November 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit.

The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

SEVENTIETH INSTALLMENT Friday Evening, May 17, 1861. Dear Enquirer:—Some movements which we are not informed upon fully enough to speak of in detail and with satisfaction, are just now being made among our South Carolina volunteers in the neighborhood of Charleston.

Gen. Beauregard, however, on yesterday wrote to Gov. Pickens pressing upon him the exposed condition in which the coast would be left, with two or three war vessels of the enemy frequently in sight, and the necessity of retaining a portion of the troops—say five or six hundred—to assist the regulars here, and the volunteers of Charleston, in preventing the possible invasion of our coast.

The thought came confusedly into my mind that it was September. Any way, I had stayed until September? Presently I started off again. I could hear perfectly well, for the next moment I heard an awful racket of the trail to my left.

Others shrink from encountering the yellow fever, or other diseases during an idle garrison life—as they suppose—for the summer among the marshes, and swamps of the low-country; and others still, feeling that the state is secure, are desirous of returning to their work-shops, their farms or their merchandise.

As we proceed with this writing now, after the island boat for one o'clock this evening has arrived, two or three hundred official reports of our "status" and probable future, reach us. All reports concur to make us believe that the regiment will not be disbanded—so the Virginia fever may as well, for the present, die out in our camp—and of

all parts of the state, and he regrets that he cannot be here himself and talk to you. I told you we were interested in political remedies, and is subject which has always been first in Judge Doster's mind.

"You will remember how some years ago his political doctrines were ridiculed by the conservative minded, but all the ideas he then advanced are now incorporated in the platforms of nearly all political parties and that many of them have already been enacted into laws in Kansas. As you all know he is an advanced political thinker. But there is one thing that is not so very clear. Wherever he is, he is not so very clear. Wherever he is, he is not so very clear. Wherever he is, he is not so very clear.

The programme continues and at the close Mrs. Doster-Farnsworth makes a speech confirming her sister's reasons why "Dad" should go to the senate and announces that "literature" concerning Judge Doster's candidacy will now be distributed.

The two boys passed out Doster political literature and are glad to have the fun of being part of the excitement. A copy of the poster spread throughout the state by the two feminine campaigners, is here shown.

NOVEL ATTRACTION Following the BAND CONCERT In the City Park FRIDAY EVENING

FREE Come and Bring the Children. Mrs. Chase Doster finds her fluent knowledge of French and German a convenient means of vote getting among the foreign population.

Unusual Campaign That is Being Made in Kansas.

A strange political campaign is being carried on throughout Kansas by Mrs. Irma Doster-Farnsworth and Mrs. Chase Doster, says a Topeka letter.

When Chief Justice Frank Doster, of the Kansas supreme court, decided to run for the Democratic nomination for the United States senate, his daughter and daughter-in-law, were his most enthusiastic supporters.

The idea of using their musical ability in his political race originated with them and was well under way before their father knew of it. Their method is to give an open-air concert interspersed with two-minute political speeches.

"We are not traveling in the interests of a cure-all for humanity's physical ills," she tells the denizens of each town. "But we are interested in all political ills, and have come to you in the interest of our father, Judge Frank Doster, of Topeka. He is known to most of you. You stood by him in the old Populist days and elected him chief justice of the supreme court of Kansas. He is counting on you to stand by him now, for United States senator."

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Each young woman has traveled considerably. Mrs. Chase Doster has studied in Paris and Berlin, and Mrs. Doster-Farnsworth in the conservatories of the east.

The young women are defraying their own expenses and are glad to be of service in their father's campaign.

Officers and Men of the Russian Artillery

Each quail worth \$5. Careful students of its habits have rated every quail as worth \$5 to the farmer, says the Baltimore Sun.

Head of Servian Army. General Putnik, commander-in-chief of the Servian army.

Who They Are, What They Do and Where They Live.

YORK COUNTY VOTERS.

These Are the People Who Will Nominate Primary Officers in the Approaching Municipal Elections, Beginning August 25th.

T. B. Ayers, mill work, Fort Mill. W. B. Ayers, mill work, Fort Mill. M. J. Adcock, mill work, Fort Mill.

J. R. Halle, farmer, No. 1, Fort Mill. W. H. Howard, carpenter, Fort Mill. Robt. Hafner, farmer, 15, Pineville, N. C.

J. M. White, carpenter, Fort Mill. H. C. Wisner, mill work, Fort Mill. S. L. Warren, farmer, Fort Mill.

Saw Europe in Flames and Heard the Lamentations of Battlefield.

In February, 1913, the Globe-Democrat printed an article by Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, in which she told of an interview she had had with her great relative, Leo Tolstoy, in the autumn of 1910, in the course of which he described to her a vision that had appeared to him frequently during the two years preceding the interview.

"I have had," he said to her, "some really strange experiences which I could not publish as fiction. There is something that has haunted me for the past two years. I don't know how to explain the nature of it to you. I cannot call it a dream, because I have seen it often while I have been sitting at a dining table, or at other occasions. It has appeared to me at twilight, before my dinner hour. I am not a believer in ghosts, nor in the spiritualistic explanations of phenomena; but I admit that I cannot account for this mysterious affair."

"Something of that order, but very clear. So clear that I could draw a detailed picture of all that transpired. Furthermore, I can call up the whole vision at will. I am almost sure I could do it while you are here. The only difficulty is, that I am not able to write anything during the time of the manifestation. My hands are absolutely paralyzed."

"I shall be happy to write down what you dictate," I urged.

"Very good. That settles the matter. I will write for you for some time immediately. There on the table are paper and pencil. Or use a pen- whatever you want."

In a few minutes I was waiting for the great moment, pencil and paper in hand. My aged host leaned back in his chair, covered his eyes with his hand and relapsed into an apparently comatose condition. For ten minutes he remained absolutely motionless. When straightening up like one in a trance, he began in a low and hollow voice:

"This is a revelation of events of a universal character, which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her pose, her smile, her jewelry, her per- yama. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair- ornament of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name: 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follows in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hand. The first torch represents the flame of war, that beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is the roar of guns and the scouter.

"The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the West—Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little military training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. The end of the great calamity will make a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only the four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Governor Bleese has written the following letter to Hon. E. J. Watson, under date of August 6: "Dear Sir: In accordance with your request of August 3rd, 1914, that I appoint delegates to an extra-ordinary session of the Southern Cotton Congress to be held in Washington, D. C., August 15th and 14th, 1914, I have this day appointed the following gentlemen to represent the state of South Carolina at this congress: First, J. D. Ackerman, Cottageside, Second, Col. W. J. Talbot, Parkville; Third, Hon. L. W. Floyd, Newberry; Fourth, Hon. T. G. Wilburn, Union; E. F. D. F. H. Hon. T. J. Cunningham, Chester; Sixth, Hon. Thos. B. Brown, Florence; Seventh, Hon. L. Brodgon, Sumter; State at large: Hon. John L. McLaughlin, Bennettsville; Hon. J. Arthur Banks, St. Matthews; Hon. Josh W. Ashley, Home Path; Col. E. L. Landrum, Spartanburg. I presume you will notify these gentlemen of their appointment and furnish them with such information and suggestions as you may deem necessary as to place and time of the meeting."