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ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1915.

Close to the serried backbone of the Cumberland ridge through a sky of mountain clarity, the sun seemed hesitating before its descent to the horiered above a creek called Misery was pointed and edged with emerald tracery where the loftiest timber thrust up its crest plumes into the sun. On the hillsides it would be light for more than an hour yet, but below, where the waters tossed themselves along in a chorus of tiny cascades, the light was already thickening into a cathedral gloom. Down there the "furriner" would have seen only the rough course of the creek between mossvelveted and shaded bowlders of titantic proportions. The native would have recognized the country road in these tortuous twistings. A great block of sandstone, to whose summit a man standing in his saddle could scarcely reach his fingertips, towered above the streams, with a gnarled scrub oak clinging tenaciously to its apex. Loftily on both sides climbed the mountains cloaked in laurel and timber.

Suddenly the leafage was thrust aside from above by a cautious hand, and a shy, half-wild girl appeared in the opening. For an instant she halted, with her brown fingers holding back the brushwood, and raised her face as though listening. As she stood with the toes of one bare foot twisting in the gratefully cool moss she laughed with the sheer exhileration of life and youth, and started out on the table top of the huge rock. But there she halted suddenly with a startled exclamation and drew instinctively back. What she saw might well have astonished her, for it was a thing she had never seen before and of which she had never heard. Finally, reassured by the silence, she slipped across the broad face of the flat rock for a distance of twenty-five feet and paused again to listen.

At the far edge lay a pair of saddlebags, such as form the only practical equipment for mountain travelers. Near them lay a tin box, littered with small and unfamilar-looking tubes of soft metal, all grotesquely twisted and stained, and beside the box was a strangely shaped plaque of wood limbs, and began exploring with effiplaque was a painter's sketching palette was a thing which she could not stars. It was one of those vague mysteries that made up the wonderful life trickled blood. of "down below." Why had these things been left here in such confusion? If there was a man about who owned them he would doubtless return to claim them. She crept over, eyes and ears alert, and slipped around to

A half-rapturous and utterly astonished cry broke from her lips. She stared a moment, then dropped to the moss-covered rock, leaning back on her brown hands and gazing intently. "Hit's purty!" she approved, in a dead beautiful!"

Of course it was not a finished picture-merely a study of what lay before her-but the hand that had ing of the bushes, was in a measure placed these brush strokes on the academy board was the sure, deft hand of a master of landscape, who had caught the splendid spirit of the thing and fixed it immutably in true and glowing appreciation. Who he was; where he had gone; why his work stood there unfinished and abandoned, were details which for the moment this half-savage child-woman forgot to question. She was conscious only of a sense of revelation and awe. resented the work of other days; but they were all pictures of her own gun to creep back into his cheeks, left mountains, and in each of them, as them again, and his lips compressed

her heart leap. To her own people these steep hillsides and "coves" and valleys were a matter of course. In their stony soil they labored by day, and in their shadows slept when work was done. Yet someone had discovered that they had a picturesque and rugged beauty; that they were not merely steep fields at the stranger's good-natured nod and where the plow was useless and the hoe must be used. She must tell Sam- to pain. It relieved her of the necesson-Samson, whom she held in an sity for contempt. artless exaltation of hero worship; Samson, who was so "smart" that he thought about things beyond her understanding; Samson, who could not only read and write, but speculate on

problematical matters. Suddenly she came to her feet with a swift-darting impulse of alarm. Her ear had caught a sound. She cast searching glances about her, but the tangle was empty of humanity. The water still murmured over the rocks undisturbed. There was no sign of human presence, other than herself, that her eyes could discover-and yet to her ears came the sound again, and this time more distinctly. It was the face with almost disconcerting steadisound of a man's voice, and it was moaning as if in pain. She rose and unblinking and unsmiling. searched vainly through the bushes of the hillside where the rock ran out from the woods. She lifted her skirts and splashed her feet in the shallow creek water, wading persistently up and down. Her shyness was forgotten. The groan was a groan of a human creature in distress, and she must find and succor the person from whom it

rection. A voice from overhead or broken by echoing obstacles does not readily betray its source. Finally she stood up and listened once more intently-her attitude full of tense ear-

nestness. "I'm shore a fool," she announced, half aloud. "I'm shore a plumb fool."

"I was painting—up there," he said; FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS fire last week. About 85 bales of cot- ATTACKING THE WAREHOUSE and I guess I got too absorbed in the work. I stepped backward to look at the canvas and forgot where the edge

The man rose to his feet, but he tottered and reeled against the wall of ragged stone. The blow on his head had left him faint and dizzy. He sat NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY Spartanburg at an early date, a com-

"I'm afraid," he ruefully admitted, that I'm not quite ready for discharge

"You jest set where yer at." The girl rose and pointed up the mountainside. "I'll light out across the hill and

"Who and where is Samson?" he inquired. He realized that the bottom of the valley would shortly thicken into darkness, and that the way out, unguided, would become impossible. "It sounds like the name of a

"I means Samson South," she enlightened, as though further description of one so celebrated would be redundant. "He's over thar 'bout three

"Three-quarters of a mile?" She nodded. What else could threenuarters mean?

"How long will it take you?" She deliberated. "Samson's hoein' corn in the fur hill field. He'll hev

half-hour." the dripping walls of rock, looking "You can't do it in a half-hour, can down while her hair fell about her face. Then, dropping to her knees, "I'll jest take my foot in my hand,

> nod was gone. At last she came to a point where clearing rose on the mountainside above her. The forest blanket was stripped off to make way for a fencedin and crazily tilted field of young

corn. High up and beyond, close to the bald shoulders of sandstone which threw themselves against the sky, was the figure of a man. As the girl halted at the foot of the field, at last, panting from her exertions, he was sitting on the rail fence, looking absently down on the outstretched panorama below

Samson South was not, strictly speaking, a man. His age was perhaps twenty. He sat loose-jointed and indolent on the top rail of the fence, his hands hanging over his knees, his hoe forgotten. Near by, propped against the rails, rested a repeating told you that the truce in the "South-Hollman war" had been unbroken for two years, and that no clansman need n these halcyon days go armed afield.

her journey, the climb across the end, and the hoed ground was uneven; but with no seeming of weariness her red dress flashed steadfastly was raised to shout: "Hello Samson!

remove his hat or descend from his place of rest, and Sally, who expected She lifted her skirt and tore a long no such attention, came smilingly on. strip of cotton from her single petti-Samson was her hero. Slow of uttercoat. Then she picked her bare-footed ance and diffident with the stranger way swiftly to the creek bed, where words now came fast and fluently as she told her story of the man who lay hurt at the foot of the rock

> she urged. "Hurry, Samson, an' git vore mule. I've done give him my promise to fotch ye right straight back."

n folks what we hain't acquainted with," he objected. In the mountains guarded from outside eyes.

in' thar, kin we?" Suddenly her eyes caught sight o he rifle leaning near by, and straightway they filled with apprehension Her militant love would have turned to hate for Samson, should he have proved recreant to the mission of reprisal in which he was biding his time, yet the coming of the day when the truce must end haunted her thoughts. She came close, and her voice sank with her sinking heart.

"What air hit?" she tensely demand ed. "What air hit, Samson? What fer have ye fotched yer gun ter the

field?" The boy laughed. "Oh, hit ain't nothin' partic'ler," he reassured. "Hit erbout, only I kinder

strangers jest now.' "Air the truce busted?" She put the

"No. Sally, hit hain't jest ter say added in half-disgust, "nothin' won't

herself again of her mission. harm in him, Samson," she pleaded.

man. He's real puny. He's got white skin and a bow of ribbon on his neck-an' he paints pictures." The boy's face had been hardening with contempt as the description ad-

came to the eyes, and he demanded almost breathlessly: "Paints pictures? How do ye know

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one

his arm. It's shore es beautiful esshe broke off, then added with a sudden peal of laughter-"es er picture." The young man slipped down from the fence, and reached for the rifle. The hoe he left where it stood.

"I'll git the nag," he announced briefly, and swung off without further first time, let her eyes drop, while she parley toward the curling spiral of of a mile below. Ten minutes later his bare feet swung against the ribs anced across the unsaddled withers. Sally sat mountain fashion behind the public schools of the state.

him, facing straight to the side.

As Traced In Early Files of The aged by fire last Wednesday night

Yorkville Enquirer

Bringing Up Reco.ds of the Past and adge of the Things that Most Con- ficer. cerned Generations that Have Gone

The first installment of the notes Greenville, last week. ppearing under this heading was sublished in our issue of November 14 The notes are being prepared 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 genera-

106TH INSTALLMENT

(Thursday Morning, Jan. 6, 1862.) The vigilence committee of this place, a few days since, arrested E. E. McCaffrey, (a northern man) who was heretofore in the employ of Mr. E. M. Kirkpatrick, jeweler and silversmith. It appears from what we could understand, McCaffrey has been in the habit of using language which was not compatable with southern interests. He was accordingly lodged in jail for safe keeping.

Editorial Correspondence. From the 12th Regiment. 'Camp Pemberton," near Pocotaligo

S. C., Dec. 29, 1861. Dear Enquirer:-Many of your readers have doubtless come to the conclusion that my letters are "few and cries of his little daughter. far between." The want of matter proper to be published is the excuse we offer for our apparent desertion of account of the high water in Thompduty. Rumors abound in our camp nearly every day, stating enough to forty feet of the dam of the Chestersatisfy the most inveterate newsmonger, but on investigation, the mountain s generally found to have been in labor, and the product a mouse. Our regiment left Pocotaligo, on the

18th, instant, at 8.30 o'clock p. m., pursuant to an order from General Lee, who had received dispatches advising him that the Yankees were landing in force near Port Royal rifle, though the people would have ferry. We left our encampment with tachment of the North Carolina flying shire, and the man will be returned to light baggage, accompanied by a deartillery, under command of Lieut. McElhaney, and proceeded to Gardner's Corner, a distance of seven miles. Col. Jones, who was stationed at that last week, adopted resolutions asking fence and started on the last stage of place, faced his regiment about and the legislature to pension every Conmarched it back about two miles felerate veteran and every widow of above Poctaligo, and bivouaced a veteran in the state. among the the bushes for the night. tillery, was, however, detailed for drowned in Lynche's river near Timpicket duty, and ordered to a position monsville, Friday afternoon. The young man looked up and to Pages' Point. On the appearance of on the river bank and was drowned waved a languid greeting. He did not daylight, it was ascertained that the before he could be rescued. Vankees had landed, or attempted to

> On Monday morning the company o picket duty returned to the regiment and all the camp equippage was brought down from Pocotaligo. On Tuesday the "long roll" was beaten, the the vessel, and is valued at \$800. regiment formed and marched to Gardner's Corner-the report having reached us of another landing. This however, turned out to be story No. two. On Thursday, another alarm another march and wolf story No

three. Everything remained quiet Wednesday morning, the 18th, when the firing of artillery was heard in the direction of Port Royal Ferry. All were on the qui vive for the "long roll," and preparations were made for noving on a moment's warning About sundown a courier arrived from the ferry, stating that the North Carolina artillery had fired on one of the enemy's gunboats, disabling he seriously-that she was aground-and could easily be captured. The command was immediately put in mo tion and marched to whithin two miles of the ferry, where we were in formed that the boat had fired into their flats loaded with men, who had come to her assistance-sunk one flat, and done much other damage to the Yankees. There being nothing for us to do, we "marched down the hill." There are matters about which we

could write, calculated to interest and satisfy your readers, but prudence nor Manning. dictates silence. In regard to our forces, suffice it to say that a sufficient number of men can be concentrat ed at any point where our enemies can harm us, to drive them back to the cover of their guns. We have no fear that they will accomplish much hain't nothin' fer a gal ter fret herself towards subjugation in South Caro-

Since my last letter, the "Palm Guards" have received many articles question in a tense, deep-breathed of comfort from good friends at home and in their behalf we hereby tender thanks. To Col. A. B. Springs for a contribution of \$25.00; to the ladies busted, but 'pears like hit's right of Yorkville, Bethel and Bethesda smart cracked. I reckon, though," he Relief societies for clothing, blankets. shoes, etc.; to Rev. E. E. Boyce, Maj J. B. Lowry and Wm. McGee for Somewhat reassured, she bethought clothing; to Mrs. Samuel Blair; they are under obligations for similar fa

The postoffice address of the regi ment is Pocotaligo, S. C.

(To be Continued.)

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

News Items from All Sections South Carolina. Dr. W. W. Wolfe was elected mayor

of St. Matthews last week. Rev. A. T. Cornwell has resigned the

Charleston. A. S. Salley, Jr., was on Friday, re elected secretary of the South Caro lina historical association.

Fire at Furman University, Green ville, last week, did damage amount ing to less than \$100

Sheriff John W. Davis of Ocone county, was seriously injured in run-away accident, last Friday. Senator Verner has introduced bill in the state senate which would jumping in the flames for a few min- should have transported his fleecy

allow motion pictures to be shown in A warehouse belonging to R B Laney of Cheraw, was destroyed by with a bone.

The boys' dormitory of the Spartar academy at Landrum, was badly dam-

The origin of the fire is unknown. A new flour mill is to be built in been orgnized for that purpose.

The first official act of Governor Giving the Younger Readers of To- Manning last week, was to sign the day a Pretty Comprehensive Knowl- commission of a Beaufort county of-

Charlie Jewell, a 11-year-old boy, was run over by an automobile and seriously injured near the Poe mill in J. E. Holmes, coroner of Edgefield

long illness with Bright's disease. He was about 70 years of age Dr. R. M. Grim of the United States Spartanburg to take charge of the

county, died last Friday, following

pellagra hospital there. Mrs. Douglas Jenkins, wife of the American counsel at Riga, Russia, and a native of Charleston, died in Russia last week, following an opera-

The annual meeting of the South Carolina Bar association was held in Columbia, last Thursday. Hon. Chas A. Woods of Marion, was the principal speaker of the occasion. Rev. C. A. Jones has resigned th

pastorate of the Thomas Memorial Baptist church of Bennettsville, to become educational secretary of the South Carolina Baptist convention. The dead body of Joseph Sullivan,

former soldier in the United States army, was found in his home on Sullivan's island, last week, by neighbors who were attracted to the house by the The town of Chesterfield was

darkness several days last week or son's creek, which carried away abou field Light and Power Co.

Representative Joseph A. McCullough of Greenville, has introduced bill in the house providing for an amendment to the constitution for equal suffrage. There is small possibility of the measure's passing.

Sheriff Rector of Greenville county has located Ellis C. Blackstone, who is wanted in Greenville on a charge of desertion of his family, in New Hamp-South Carolina in a few days.

A committee of Confederate veterans -one from each congressional district Col. Donovant after conferring with in the state, which met in Columbia A negro preacher named Davis, pas-

The two miles distant, on a road leading negro drove into a barbed wire fence A handsome open face watch, stolen

from the cruiser Olympia at the Charleston navy yard last week, has een recovered by the Charleston police, who found it in a pawnshop. The watch is the property of an officer on

The children of Arthur Blackman of Society Hill, were horribly burned last week, when a kettle of boiling water was poured over them. The children were playing on the floor when the kettle on the stove in some manner was overturned.

Portland Ned, the famous safe cracker who, after his pardon by Governor Blease, escaped from Federal officers, was last week convicted of robbing two postoffices in North Caro lina and was sentenced to serve seven years in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

Representative Bowles of Greenwood county, has introduced a bill in the legislature which asks for four rural policemen to serve in that county. The need for additional policemen in Greenwood is urged because of the wave of crime which has been pre vailing in that community.

the Steedly hospital of Spartanburg, has taken the position of assistant surgeon on the medical staff of the state Baptist hospital in Columbia.

Former Governor Blease has been appointed a notary public by Gover

Greenville county, charged with burning the barn of C. P. Barnett of that county. Barnett found an illicit dis tillery, the property of Dabb, on his place, and demanded that the owner remove the same at once. Dabb became angered and shortly afterward

burned Barnett's barn. Herbert Clayter, Jr., 17-year-old son of a Richland county physician, was shot and instantly killed near Hopkins, Friday. The young man in company with several friends, had been hunting and attempted to unload his gun while crossing the railway track Finding the weapon stiff, he struck the arm upon the rail to open the breech when it was discharged, Clay-

ter dying in a few minutes. J. F. Crawford, a traveling salesman f Columbia, was seriously injured tanburg, last Thursday, when he was struck by a cuspidor hurled by D. M. Reaves, a traveling man of Spartan- the pernicious interference of the latourg Reaves intended hitting a newsbutcher at whom he had become ships on the high seas, even now ingered. Crawford got in the way with the above named result. Reaves friendly, blood relationship and identiwas placed under bond in the sum of

troubles. One of these men who prehow to raise twins successfully while national parties in the halls of con the other wanted to know how he gress. might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers were forwarded by mail, ment for existence when a McLaurin but the editor put them in wrong envelopes, so that the man with the a breath from his wonder-compelling twins received the answer: "Cover lungs? them carefully with straw and set fire "give castor oil and rub their gums Jason, having overcome all the crops

Would Kill Promising System in the

COLUMBIA INTERESTS MAKE ASSAULT

Unable to Advance Argument of Facts, Newspaper Organ Makes Resorts to Generally.

Editorial. Columbia Record, Friday, January 22.

"There's Nothing In It." We have before us the report of State Warehouse Commissioner John L. McLaurin to the general assembly. The report is a pamphlet of some eleven pages of printed matter, principally devoted to a disquestion on ablic health service has arrived in the handling, financing and exporting of cotton, and setting forth the munificent results the commissioner could achieve if he were granted all the money and power necessary for the purpose at the hands of the legislature, but nowhere is there any reference but in the most general terms to the operations of the warehouse system with which he is charged and which it is presumed the general assembly would particularly desire to know about in this connection.

The commissioner says he will file a supplemental report in which he "will include." "as directed by the act a list of the warehouses, locations, names of managers, amount of cotton on storage and such other details as may be necessary for your (the general assembly's) full information," but when he will do so is not specified. He does inform the body that "we

have twenty-eight warehouses, with an aggregate capacity of 45,000 bales," but as to whether the storage capacity has been utilized and to what extent we are not told.

But these are apparently minor and disconsidered details in Commissioner McLaurin's scheme of things. He dreams of bigger things.

He is fascinated with his calculations of the potentialities that inhere in the simple title of "sales agent" for South Carolina of her cotton crops. state-for one and a half million peomillion and a half bales of cotton each vear.

It is a dream worthy of the dream Aladdin's wonderful lamp never

disclosed such heaps of hoarded yellow gold, rubbed he it ever so industriously. He would build compresses;

would do away with middlemen of every description; he would float ships; he would deal directly with trusting the execution of the scheme Germany where 25 cents is being to Mr. McLaurin, and the last in ac- of wheat. the bacon"—that is to say, some trifling hundreds of thousands profits for each cargo, being the difference reducing theory to working practicalbetween 8 cents and 25 cents on the other side.

Harken to our South Carolina Colonel Mulberry Sellers:

"If the state had one plant, as a be ginning, located in Columbia, with fect in advancing the price of cot-

He gives an illustration of a Savannah pool that "floated bonds for a vessels, in which cargoes of cotton were shipped to Germany" and "sold there, those gentlemen stated to my informant, at a net profit of thirteen cents a pound. "If any argument were needed, this

mere statement should be enough. Here is one man producing a bale of cotton at a loss of \$20; here is another making \$70 clear for flinding a mark-

The trifling circumstance of floating a half million dollars' bonds to buy ships—the taking the risk of finding a market by navigating seas sewed with floating mines and searched by belligerent war ships looking for contraband and all the chances by flood and field of the "Strumpet Fortune. cuts no figure in the calculations of Mulberry Sellers McLaurin. The difference between 8 and 20 or 25 cent cotton safely landed in Germany is all "net profit."

D. W. Kemper of the Galveston co ton exchange, was quoted in an As sociated Press dispatch printed in thi newspaper yesterday, as saying that "it costs \$12.50 per bale to secure an American vessel to carry a bale of cotton from Galveston to Rotterdam, which is but two days' journey from Liverpool."

"What excuse has a government for existence which cannot correct such gross inequalities in the distribution of wealth," exclaims Mr. McLaurin, mere wave of the wand of his imagiobstacles and difficulties that lie be logic of the virile and acute mentality of a Woodrow Wilson-which have gravity since the Eagle and the Lion ed. clawed and clashed with each other one hundred and more years ago over ter with our sailors and merchant

bridge over amicably-which have caused the Democratic president to mentalities. bring in the most extraordinary meas ure providing for the purchase of a government-owned merchant ma newspaper was mourning the loss of rine and precipitated an apparently two subscribers. One wrote asking drawn battle between the two great

> What excuse, indeed, has a govern can obviate all these difficulties with

But alas just as like as not whe to it, and then the little pests, after our new worker of Arabian wonder utes, will be speedily settled." And the staple to Germanic shores by means man with the grasshopper was told to of magic carpets, or, like another the anti-tipping bill which provides of armed men and other obstacles, he

should have gained his destination with his Golden Fleece-as like as not, the shrewd Teutonic trading mind would rate cotton that could be obtained so easily as not in the 25-cent class of cotton that could not be had in sufficient amount to supply the demand

at all. "If we can find an outlet abroad," the South Carolina cotton produce may revel in riches, is the keynote o Mr. McLaurin's divinations-but wha Effort to Discredit the Warehouse has all this to do with the matter of Commissioner and Create Prejudice warehousing the South Carolina crop which the legislature entrusted to Mr.

McLaurin at his own instance largely? ployment to 1,000 men. About all Commissioner McLaurin tells us on this score is that the "present warehouse act is but a small beginning in so great a work."

He comes to the new legislature Pa. asking new powers and grants of money, but like the man entrusted with the one talent of whom the Bible tells us, we are constrained to think from his failure to report on it that he must have gone and buried his talent ecause it was so small.

But, what then? Can the lord of the vineyard make him master over big things who has proved faithless in small things?

Some weeks ago we clipped from The Yorkville Enquirer, whose editor has been the friend and familiar of Commissioner McLaurin in the warehouse and other matters, an article

which in part follows: "While in Columbia, Wednesday, the editor of The Enquirer called on Hon. John L. McLaurin, at his office in the state warehouse down on Gervais street near the river, and found him hard at work on problems connected in February." with the financing of cotton.

"Asked about the details of the sys along generally, Mr. McLaurin said that he was still taking over other warehouses, and that the system was growing, but unless the general asembly should see proper to enlarge the powers of the commissioner especially as to the matter of making sales and negotiating loans, the law may as well be repealed so far as any present or future value to the farmers s concerned."

If Commissioner McLaurin knows of feels that he has made a failure in so far as the present warehouse system Think of it! The factor for an entire is concerned, it seems to us that it would be the frank and proper course ple! The proposer and disposer of one for him to inform the legislature of that fact.

We have had an open mind with regard to this warehouse experiment and have desired to see it made a practical success. We believe Mr. McLaurin in have been sincere in thinking he could benefit the state and farmers by means of it, but we have not had much hope for its practical success since the legislature and Mr. McLaurin made the Some men have a mission to talk and theorize and some have the talent for ity. Both of these types are useful in their way, no doubt, but it is as impossible to make them fit in each other's place as to put a square peg n a round hole

Mr. McLaurin is on record as con compress, just at this time, the sale of fessing that he is easily "stringed" a single cargo of cotton in Europe at and gulled in business matters. He 25 cents a pound, which is being paid quotes and swallows the theories and there, would have a tremendous ef- speculations of Theodore Price and others on the cotton problem (to the confusion of his own argument, if it be analyzed) as glibly in his report to the general assembly as he ever dishalf million dollars to purchase several coursed on the subject of "Commercial Pa., last week, due to failure to ob-Democracy," at a former period in his career when some bunco artist "commercialized" him, as we have been led to believe from his own confession of his jejune career. But we suggest that all this has nothing to do with of condition. the practical working and detailsthe success or non-success of the particular warehouse system that Mr. Mc-Laurin was commissioned to conduct. We do not apprehend that the legislature constituted Mr. McLaurin commissioner to travel about the country, to hobnob with presidents and potentates, in some sort of ambassadorial capacity; to devise international schemes of trade and negotiate plans for revolutionizing the established system of commercial business. If it did we do not wonder that he declined to

> enses" out of the picayune \$15,000 that the general assembly appropriated for his experiment. How many junkets, think you, Washington and New York in the style that befits Mr. McLaurin's elegant proportions and his ideas of what is "the thing" for an ambassador of trade for the ancient and historic Carolina commonwealth would be required to reduce that \$15,000 pittance to the condition of a last year's bird nest after it had passed through a

accept any salary beyond "actual ex-

siege of wintry winds? We do not believe the state of South Carolina is either in the humor or in and our Mulberry Sellers would at a the circumstances at this time especially to enter upon a new, extensive nation sweep out of our path all the and untried experiment in paternal government. It cannot by itself dominate and control the currents of the and 25 cents cotton in Germany, which cotton trade. If the effort to better have engaged and taxed the powers of the conditions of the farmers by the warehouse system as authorized by the last general assembly has proved given rise to an international issue or is destined to prove a failure, we between Great Britain and the United believe the warehouse act should be States that has not had its equal in repealed and the experiment abandon-

It would clearly be idle, in our opinion, at this time for the state to by a jury in Alaska." enter upon a scheme which confessed ly entails the creation of compresses the building or purchase of ships straining to the breaking point the the elimination of all the system of middlemen and established instrumenty of interests of the two powers to talities of business and the supplying the places of these with new instru-The attempt would be foredoomed

to failure, if South Carolina had not already had a surfeit of experience political exploitation of her material and financial resources.

-Governor Manning on Saturday signed an order approved by Adjutant General Moore, calling for an immediate inspection of the National Guard. the inspection to begin at Edgefield on

-Judiciary committees of both the enate and house of representatives ave returned favorable reports upon GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

NO. 8

Interest Gathered From Al

Around the World. It is estimated in London that England will have fully 1,000,000 fighting

men in France by the first of March There are more than 10,000 earthquake victims being cared for in the regular and temporary hospitals of

Eight iron furnaces of the Thomson Steel Works at Braddock, Pa., were put in operation last week, giving em-

The Grafton state bank at Grafton W. Va., was closed last week following a run, caused, it is said, by the failure of a big bank at Uniontown,

The rail mill of the Illinois Steel company at Gary, Ind., is to resume operations February 8, adding 1,500 men to the force of 3,000 now employed by the company.

Major Devile, of the French army medical service, has received not less than 97 wounds since the war began. Most of his wounds have been slight. but several have been quite sericus.

After a strike lasting five months, in which a demand for an increase of wages was the issue, 1,600 glove cutters of Greenville and Johnston, N. Y., have returned to work. The demands were not granted.

A dispatch from Athens, Greece, says: "The decision of Roumania to enter the arena as a belligerent is confirmed from various sources. All agree that the time is to be the first week

During the year 1914, there were 190 fatal grade crossing accidents in New em, and as to how he was getting York state. In 1913, the total of such deaths were 134. Automobiles on grade crossings were responsible for 35 deaths last year.

> The steamship Maryland of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic railway, was destroyed by fire in Chesapeake bay, Friday. Twelve of the 108 passengers and crew are unaccounted A story sent out from Paris is to the

> effect that the ministers of finance of

England, France and Russia, at a re-

cent joint meeting in Paris, arranged to float a war loan of \$3,500,000.000. to bear 31 per cent interest. A correspondent writing from Rome, says: "It is again insistently rumored that Emperor Francis Joseph, while fully realizing the danger of the cessation of the sovereignty of Hun-

gary at the present time, has decided to abdicate.' The Efficiency Board of the National Bakers' association, in Chicago, last week, recommended that the bankers of the country make loaves to weigh mistake, as we think, the first in en- 26 ounces to sell at 10 cents, putting the increased price on the higher cost

> Two million dollars will be distributed among farmers in various states, as compensation for the destruction of their cattle and property in the crusade against the foot and mouth disease, if the promises of congressional leaders are carried through.

> Twenty-two of the special deputy sheriffs charged with firing on striking employes of the American Agricultural Chemical company at Roosevelt, N. J., last Wednesday, in which one man was killed, are being held for trial under bail bonds of \$2,000 each. As the result of the failure of the

> First National Bank at Uniontown. serve the banking laws, and the first big failure under the reserve banking laws, the Federal Reserve board is considering the idea of having the national banks submit weekly statement Peter S. Tully, known by his comrades as "Slice Bar," of Vallejo, Ca.

was the first of the veteran sailors of

the battleship Oregon on her dash

around South America in 1898, to take

advantage of the voyage-enlistment

of the Spanish war crew of the Oregon, for the ceremonies incident to the official opening of the Panama canal. Judge Worschauser at White Plains, N. Y., last week, following the acquittal of a defendant charged with shooting Chas. H. Wilson, before discharging the jury, said to that body: "I cannot agree with your verdict, but I must accept it. There is but one conclusion in my mind, and that is

that this is a clear case of blackmail.

The verdict indicates a miscarriage of justice." The military committee of the lower house of congress, has favorably reported the McKellar bill, providing for the establishment in each state of a military training school, which must have at least 300 students, who will receive a thorough academic education and such military instruction from army officers, as will fit them for the duties of reserve or volunteer officers in time of war.

Dr. E. Lester Jones, public commissioner of fisheries, in a report to President Wilson, after an investigation of charges of wholesale and continual violations of liquor laws in regulations in Alaska, says: "Wherever the white and that has had more to do with the ruination of the Indian and the Aleu than all other causes. I am advised by reliable authority that up to this year there had not been a single conviction

Jos. J. Ettor, leader of Industria Workers of the World, is in jail at St. Clairsville. O., charged with treason. Ettor was scheduled to make an address at Rellaire when arrested his announced subject being: "Against war: war for the classes and war against all capitalists of the world." Mrs. Frances Munds of Yavapa county, is the only woman member of the Arizona senate, now in session at

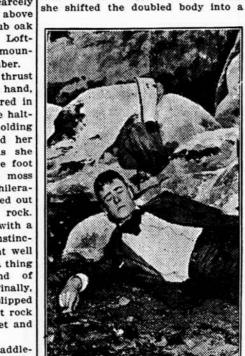
The following is the substance of Order No. 4, issued by Governor Man-The purported order of the 11th day of January, 1915, by declared void and of no effect. All rights, duties, privileges and obliga-tions, whether civil or military, of the National Guard and of the volunteer militia, in whole or in part, and of the officers and men thereof, are not affected by said illegal order, but have

chief of the militia: continued and do now penalty for giving tips to employes in though said order had never been ishotels, restaurants and other public sued. This order is to take effect imsued. This order is to take effect im-mediately.

Phoenix.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY SPINATION OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

the deep cleft between the gigantic bowlder upon which she had been sitting and another-small only by comparison. There, ten feet down, in a narrow alley littered with ragged stones, lay the crumpled body of a The sugar-loaf cone that towman. It lay with the arm doubled under it, and from a gash in the forehead trickled a thin stream of blood. Also, it was the body of such a man as she had not seen before. Although from the man came a low groan mingled with his breathing, it was not such a sound as comes from fully conscious lips, but rather that of a brain dulled into a coma. Freed from her fettering excess of shyness by his condition, the girl stepped surely from foothold to foothold until she reached his side. She



A Low Groan Mingled Breathing. leaning posture straightened

She had found the left arm limp above the wrist, and her fingers had know, since the ways of artists had diagnosed a broken bone. But unconto do with a world as remote from sciousness must have come from the her own as the life of the moon or the blow on the head, where a bruise was already blackening, and a gash still

she drenched the cloth for bathing and bandaging the wound. When she had the front of the queer tripod, with all done what she could by way of first her muscles poised in readiness for aid she sat supporting the man's shoulders and shook her head dubi-

Finally the man's lids fluttered and his lips moved. Then he opened his "Hello!" said the stranger, vaguely "I seem to have-" He broke off and low, musical murmur. "Hit's plumb his lips smiled. It was a friendly, understanding smile, and the girl, fight ing hard the shy impulse to drop his

> reassured. "You must hev fell offen the rock she enlightened. "I think I might have fallen into

shoulders and flee to the kind mask

worse circumstances," replied the un-"I reckon you kin set up after a little." "Yes, of course." The man suddenly realized that although he was quite comfortable as he was he could scarcely expect to remain permanently Then she saw other boards, like the in the support of her bent arm. He one upon the easel, piled near the attempted to prop himself on his hurt paint box. These were dry, and rep- hand and relaxed with a twinge of extreme pain. The color, which had be

in this one, was something that made themselves tightly to bite off an exclamation of suffering. "Thet air left arm air busted," an-

nounced the young woman, quietly. "Ye've got ter be heedful." self and behaved stoically it would have been mere matter of course; but her eyes mirrored a pleased surprise his quiet refusal to give expression

"I'm afraid," apologized the painter 'that I've been a great deal of trouble Her lips and eyes were sober as she

"I reckon thet's all right." "And what's worse, I've got to be more trouble. Did you see anything of a brown mule?" She shook her head. "He must have wandered off. May

ask to whom I am indebted for this first aid to the injured?" "I don't know what ye means? She had propped him against the rocks and sat near by, looking into his vanced, but at the last words a glow ness; her solemn-pupiled eyes were

"Why. I mean who are you?" "I hain't nobody much. I jest lives ver yon." "But," insisted the man, "surely you ave a name."

"Hit's Sally. "Then, Miss Sally, I want to thank

Once more she nodded, and, for the

sat nursing her knees. Finally she smoke that marked a cabin a quarter glanced up and asked with pluckedup courage: "Stranger, what mout yore name of a gray mule and his rifle lay bal-

"Lescott-George Lescott." "How'd ye git hurt?" Then she turned and disappeared in He shook his head.

She nodded.

was. I stepped too far."

from your hospital."

fotch Samson an' his mule."

strong man."

quarters.'

asked stood for a moment with one hand on ter cotch his mule. Hit mout tek a

an' light out." She turned, and with

CHAPTER II.

"Hit hain't long now tell sundown,

Samson took off his hat, and tossed the heavy lock upward from his forehead. His brow wrinkled with doubts "What sort of lookin' feller is he?" While Sally sketched a description he young man's doubts grew grave "This hain't no time ter be takin

any time is the time to take in strangers unless there are secrets to be "Why hain't it?" demanded the girl 'He's hurt. We kain't leave him lay

whisper, and the boy replied casually, almost indifferently.

come of hit." "This here furriner hain't got no vors. 'He 'pears ter be more like a gal than

when he fell offen the rock and busted rectorship of St. Paul's church, is