

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

There was a minute during which the two parties could hear each other's breathing. Sir Deakin set down the nutmeg, wiped his thin fingers on a napkin, and addressed the Captain wearily:

"Before asking your business, sir, I would beg you and your company to taste of this liquor, which, in the town of France—the old gentleman took a sip from the mixing ladle—has had the extreme honor to be pronounced divine." He had smacked his lips and, rising to his feet, let his right hand rest on the silver foot of the lamp as he bowed to the Captain.

Captain Settle's bravado was plainly boiling away before this polite audacity, and seeing Sir Deakin taste the punch, he pulled off his cap in a shamefaced manner and sat down by the table with a word of thanks.

"Come in, sir—come in!" called the old gentleman, "and follow your friend's example. 'Twill be a compliment to make me mix another bowl when this is finished." He stepped around the table to welcome them, still resting his hand on the lamp as if for steadiness. I saw his eye wink as they shuffled in and stood around the chair where the Captain was seated.

"Jacques, bring glasses from the cupboard yonder! And, Della, fetch up some chairs for our guests—no, no, pray do not move!"

He had waved his hand lightly to the door and he turned as well as the bright success of this comedy flashed upon me. There was now no one between us and the stairs, and as for Sir Deakin himself, he had already taken the step of putting the table's width between him and his guests.

I touched the girl's arm, and we made as if to fetch a couple of chairs that stood against the wainscot by the door. As we did so, Sir Deakin pushed the punch bowl under the Captain's nose.

"Smell, sir," he cried airily, "and report to your friends on the forecastle."

Settle's nose hung over the steaming compound. With a swift pass of the hand the old gentleman caught up the lamp and had shaken a drop of burning oil into the bowl. A great blaze leaped to the ceiling. There was a howl—a scream of pain, and as I pushed Mistress Della through the doorway and out to the head of the stairs, I caught a backward glimpse of Sir Deakin rushing after us, with one of the stoutest among the robbers at his heels.

"Downstairs, for your life!" I whispered to the girl, and turning, as her father tumbled past me, let his pursuer run on by sword, as on a snit. At the same instant, another blade passed through his fellow transversely, and Jacques stood beside me, with his back to the lintel.

As we pulled our swords out and the man dropp'd, I had a brief view into the room, where now the blazing liquid ran off the table in a stream. Settle, stamping with agony, had his palms pressed against his scorched eyelids. The fat landlord, in trying to beat out the flames, had increased them by upsetting two bottles of aqua vitae, and was dancing about with three fingers in his month. The rest stood for the most part dumbfounded; but Black Dick had his pistol lifted.

Jacques and I sprang out for the landing and round the doorway. Between the flash and the report I felt a sudden scrape, as of a red-hot wire, across my left thigh and just above the knee.

"Tenez, camarade," said Jacques' voice in my ear; "un mal la pert—à vous le maitre, la bas;" and he pointed down the staircase, where, by the glare of the conflagration that beat past us, I saw the figures of Sir Deakin and his daughter standing.

"But how can you keep the door against a dozen?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulder with a smile.

"Mais—comme ça!"

For at this moment came a rush of footsteps within the room. I saw a fat paunch thrusting past us, a quiet pass of steel, and the landlord was wallowing on his face across the threshold. Jacques's teeth snapped together as he stood ready for another victim; and as the fellows within the room tumbled back, he motion'd me to leave him.

I sprang from his side, and catching the rail of the staircase, reach'd the foot in a couple of bounds.

"Hurry!" I cried, and caught the old woman by the hand. His daughter took the other, and between us we hurried him across the passage for the kitchen door.

Within, the chambermaid was on her knees by the settle, her face and apron of the same hue. I saw she was incapable of helping, and hasten'd across the stone floor, and out toward the back entrance.

A stream of icy wind blew in our faces as we step'd over the threshold. The girl and I bent our heads to the wind, and the door, which had been pulled Sir Deakin with us out into the cold air.

The yard was no longer dark. In the room above one had push'd the moment open, letting in the wind;

and by this 'twas very evident the room was on fire. Indeed, the curtains had caught, and as we ran, a pennon of flame shot over our heads, licking the thatch. In the glare of it the out-buildings and the yard gate stood clearly out from the night. I heard Settle's voice shouting an order, and then a dismal yell and clash of steel as we flung open the gate.

"Jacques!" screamed the old gentleman; "my poor Jacques! Those dogs will mangle him with their cut and thrust!"

'Twas very singular and sad, but as if in answer to Sir Deakin's cry, we heard the brave fellow's voice; and a famous about it must have been to reach us over the roaring of the flames:

"Mon maitre—mon maitre!" he call'd twice, and then "Sauve toi!" in a fainter voice, yet clear. And after that only a racket of shouts and outcries reach'd us. Without doubt the villains had overpowered and slain this brave servant. In spite of our peril for they would be after us at once, 'twas all we could do to drag the old man from the gate and up the road; and as he went he wept like a child.

We found a hiding place in the woods where we remained all night, but the great exertion and the exposure to the cold was too much for the old gentleman. When morning broke Sir Deakin had breathed his last.

I delved his grave in the frosty earth, close by the spot where he lay. Somehow, I shiver'd all the while, and had a cruel shooting pain in my wound that was like to have mastered me before the task was ended. But I managed to lower the body softly into the hole and to cover it reverently from sight; and afterward stood leaning on my spade and feeling very light in the head, while the girl knelt and pray'd for her father's soul.

And the picture of her as she knelt is the last I remember till I open'd my eyes, and was amazed to find myself on my back, and staring up at darkness.

"What has happen'd?"

"I think you are very ill," said a voice; "can you lean on me, and reach the hut yonder?"

"Why, yes; that is, I think so. Why is everything dark?"

"The sun has been down for hours. You have been in a swoon first, and then talk'd—oh, such nonsense! Shame on me, to let you catch this chill!"

"She help'd me to my feet and steadied me; and how we reach'd the hut I cannot tell you. It took more than one weary hour, as I now know; but at the time hours and minutes were one to me.

In that hut I lay four nights and four days, between ague fit and fever. And that is all the account I can give of the time, save that, on the second day, the girl left me alone in the hut and descended to the plain, where, after asking at many cottages for a physician, she was forced to be content with an old woman reputed to be amazingly well skill'd in herbs and medicines; whom, after a day's trial, she turned out of doors. On the fourth day, fearing for my life, she made another descent, and, coming to a wayside tavern, purchas'd a pint of aqua vitae, carried it back and mix'd a potion that threw me into a profuse sweat. The same evening I sat up, a sound man.

Indeed, so thoroughly was I recovered that, waking early next morning and finding my sweet nurse asleep from sheer weariness in a corner of the hut, I stagger'd up from my bed of dried bracken and out into the pure air. Rare it was to stand and drink it in like wine. A footstep arous'd me. 'Twas Mistress Della; and, turning, I held out my hand.

"Now this is famous," said she; "a day or two will see you as good a man as ever."

"A day or two? To-morrow, at least, I shall make trial to start," I noted a sudden change on her face, and added: "Indeed you must hear my reasons before setting me down for an ingrate," and told her of the King's letter that I carried. "I hoped that for a while our ways might lie together," said I; and broke off, for she was looking me earnestly in the face.

"Sir, as you know, my brother Anthony was to have met me—nay, for thy sake, turn not your face away; I have guess'd—the sword you carry—I mark'd it. Sir, be merciful, and tell me."

I led her a little aside to the foot of a tall pine, and there, tho' it wrung my heart, told her all; and left her to wrestle with this final sorrow. She was so tender a thing to be stricken thus that I who had dealt the blow crept back to the hut, covering my eyes. In an hour's time I look'd out. She was gone.

At nightfall she return'd, white with grief and fatigue; yet I was glad to see her eyes red and swollen with weeping. Throughout our supper she kept silence; but when 'twas over look'd up and spoke in a steady tone.

"Sir, I have a favor to ask, and must risk being held impertinent—"

"From you to me," I put in, "all talk of favors had best be dropp'd."

"No—listen. If ever it befell you to lose father or mother or dearly loved friend, you will know how, the an-

glish stone—Oh, sir! to-day the sun seemed fallen out of heaven, and I a blind creature left groping in the void. Indeed, sir, 'twas no wonder; I had a father, brother and servant ready to die for me—three hearts to love and lean on; and to-day they are gone."

I would have spoken, but she held up a hand.

"Now, when you spoke of Anthony—a dear lad—I lay for some time dazed with grief. By little and little, as the truth grew plainer, the pain grew also past bearing. I stood up and staggered into the woods to escape it. I went fast and straight, heeding nothing, for at first my senses were all confused; but in a while the walking cleared my wits, and I could think; and thinking, I could weep; and having wept, could fortify my heart. Here is the upshot, sir—though 'tis held immodest for a maid to ask even far-less of a man. We are both bound for Cornwall—you on an honorable mission, I for my father's estate of Gleys, wherefrom (as your tale proves) some unseen hands are thrusting me. Alike we carry our lives in our hands. You must go forward; I may not go back. For from a King who cannot right his own affairs there is little hope; and in Cornwall I have surer friends than he. Therefore, take me, sir—take me for a comrade! Am I sad? Do you fear a weary journey? I will smile—laugh—sing—put sorrow behind me. I will contrive a thousand ways to cheat the miles-stones. At the first hint of tears discard me and go your way with no prickle of conscience. Only try me—oh, the shame of speaking thus!"

Her voice had grown more rapid toward the close; and now, breaking off, she put both hands to cover her face that was hot with blushes. I went over and took them in mine.

"You have made me the blithest man alive," said I.

She drew back a pace with a frightened look, and would have pulled her hands away.

"Because," I went on quickly, "you have paid me this high compliment to trust me. Proud was I to listen to you; and merrily will the miles pass with you for comrade. And so I say—Mistress Killigrew, take me for your servant."

To my extreme discomposure, as I dropped her hands, her eyes were twinkling with laughter.

"Dear now! I see a dull prospect ahead if we use these long titles!"

"But—"

"Indeed, sir, please yourself. Only as I intend to call you 'Jack,' perhaps 'Della' will be more of a piece than 'Mistress Killigrew.'" She dropped me a mock courtesy. "And now, Jack, be a good boy, and hitch me this quilt across the hut. I bought it yesterday at a cottage below here—"

She ended the sentence with the prettiest blush imaginable; and so, having fixed her screen, we shook hands on our comradeship and wished each other good night.

CHAPTER VI.

I Lose the King's Letter; Am Carried to Bristol, and Escape.

Almost before daylight we were afoot, and the first ray of cold sunshine found us stepping from the woods into the plain, where now the snow was vanish'd and a glistening coat of rime spread over all things.

On the far side of the valley we entered a wood, thinking by this to shorten our way, for the road here took a long bend to eastward. Now, at first this wood seem'd of no considerable size, but thickened and spread as we advanced. 'Twas only, however, after passing the ridge, and when daylight began to fall us, that I became alarmed. For the wood grew denser, with a tangle of paths crisscrossing amid the undergrowth. And just then came the low mutter of cannon shaking the earth. We began to run forward, tripping in the gloom over brambles and stumbling into holes.

For a mile or so this lasted, and then, without warning, I heard a sound behind me, and looked back, to find Della sunk upon the ground.

"Jack, here's a do!"

"What's amiss?"

"Why, I am going to swoon!"

The words were scarce out, when there sounded a crackling and snapping of twigs ahead, and two figures came rushing toward us—a man and a woman. The man carried an infant in his arms, and though I called on them to stop, the pair ran by us with no more notice than if we had been stones. Only the woman cried, "Dear Lord, save us!" and wrung her hands as she passed out of sight.

"This is strange conduct," thought I; but peering down saw that Della's face was white and motionless. She had swooned indeed from weariness and hunger. So I took her in my arms and stumbled forward, hoping to find the end of the wood soon. For now the rattle of artillery came louder and incessant through the trees and mingling with it a multitude of dull shouts and outcries. At first I was minded to run after the man and woman, but on second thought resolved to see the danger before hiding from it.

The trees in a short while grew sparser, and between the stems I mark'd a ruddy light glowing. And then I came out upon an open space upon the hillside, with a dip of earth in front and beyond an open space of rime standing up black because of a red glare behind them, and saw that this came, not from any setting sun, but was the light of a conflagration. The glare danced and quivered in the sky as I crossed the hollow. It made even Della's white cheek seem rosy. Up amid the pines I clambered and along the ridge to where it broke off in a steep declivity. And lo! in a minute I looked down, as 'twere, into the infernal pit.

(To be continued.)

HONOR OF BIRTHDAY

Natal Day of George Washington Was Fittingly Observed

GOOD SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT

Representatives of Three World Powers Participate in the Exercises at the University of Pennsylvania, and President Roosevelt, the German Emperor and the British Ambassador Were Among Those Honored With the Doctorate of Laws.

Philadelphia, Special.—Commemoration of Washington's birthday by the University of Pennsylvania was notable for the fact that representatives of three world powers participated in the exercises. The United States, represented by the Chief Executive of the nation, President Roosevelt; Germany, represented by Baron Von Speck Sternberg, ambassador to this country, who acted as the personal representative of Emperor William; and Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador. The occasion was marked by one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations ever witnessed in the Academy of Music, where the exercises were held. President Roosevelt was the orator of the day, his theme being "Some Maxims of Washington."

The degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon the President, the German Emperor, the British ambassador, Rear Admiral Charles E. Clark, United States navy; United States Senator Philander C. Knox, and David T. Watson, a distinguished lawyer of Pittsburgh. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet and author, received the degree of letters, and upon Robert Simpson Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institute, was conferred the degree of doctor in law. Baron von Speck Sternberg received the degree for Emperor William.

When the President appeared on the stage the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the entire assemblage arose and cheered for nearly five minutes. At college exercises, during his address, the President was enthusiastically cheered, and his reference to the navy, which he addressed directly to Admiral Clark, who sat on his left, aroused great enthusiasm. The President spoke in part as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS: "As our full share of great men, but the two men of pre-eminence greatness who, as the centuries go on, will surely loom above all others, are Washington and Lincoln; and it is particularly fitting that their birthdays should be celebrated every year. The officials of their lives brought home close to their hearts. No other city in the country is so closely identified with Washington's career as Philadelphia. He served here in 1775 in the Continental Congress. He was here as commander of the army during the battle of Brandywine and Germantown, and was here that with that army he faced the desolate winter at Valley Forge, the winter which marked the turning point of the Revolutionary war. Here he came again as president of the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, and finally as lieutenant general of the army, after he had retired from the presidency.

One hundred and eight years ago just before he left the presidency, he issued his farewell address, and in it he laid down certain principles, which should form the basis of our whole foreign policy. Neither the United States, nor this republic for all time to come, his own words being, 'which appear to me all-important to the permanency of our felicity as a people.'"

Washington, though in some ways an even greater man than Lincoln, did not have Lincoln's wonderful gift of expression—that gift which makes certain speeches of the rail-splitter from Illinois read like the inspired utterances of the great Hebrew seers and prophets. But he had all of Lincoln's sound common sense, far-sightedness, and devotion to a lofty ideal. Like Lincoln, he sought after them by thoroughly practical methods. These two greatest Americans can fairly be called the best among the great men of the world, and greatest among the good men of the world. Each showed in actual practice his capacity to secure under our system the priceless union of individual liberty with governmental strength. Each was at the head of the vices of the tyrant as from the vices of the demagogue. To each the empty fulfury of the mere doctrinaire was as alien as the baseness of the merely self-seeking politician. Each was incapable alike of the wickedness which seeks by force of arms to wrong others and of the less criminal weakness which fails to provide effectively against being wronged by others.

Among Washington's maxims which he bequeathed to his countrymen were the two following: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations," and "To be prepared for war is the most effective means to promote peace." These two principles taken together should form the basis of our whole foreign policy. Neither sufficient taken by itself. It is not merely an idle dream, but a most mischievous dream, to believe that mere refraining from wrongdoing will insure us against being wronged. Yet, on the other hand, a nation prepared for war is a menace to mankind unless the national purpose is to treat other nations with good faith and justice.

FROM DR. HOHNZOLLERN. "Dr. Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Philadelphia, Philadelphia: "I am truly glad that the University has tendered me at the same time with President Roosevelt the academic honor that once honored George Washington. I beg you to accept with my thanks my best wishes for the continued growth and prosperity of the University. WILHELM, L. R."

DETAILS OF THE MINE HORROR

Thirty-Nine Bodies Have Been Taken From the Virginia Mine and No Hope Is Held Out That Any of the 119 Men Remaining Are Alive.

Birmingham, Ala., Special.—As a result of the most horrible mine disaster in the history of Alabama, 39 blackened, bruised and twisted human bodies have been recovered from the Virginia mines at a late hour and laid out for identification by heart-broken mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts. It is now stated positively that 169 men were in the mine at the time of the dust explosion and not the slightest hope is held out as to sorrowing loved ones that a man of them will live to tell of the horrible disaster.

With the first ominous rumble of the coming catastrophe, by common impulse, every one in the village rushed to the mouth of the main slope, fear struggling against hope for the safety of loved ones. The scenes at the mines this afternoon were the most gruesome and harrowing that have ever been witnessed in the mining section of Alabama. Corpses were frightfully mangled and disfigured and identification is almost impossible. Many of the bodies are so bruised, twisted and discolored that negroes cannot be told from white men.

All day long at the mouth of the mine were waiting and moaning women and children whose relatives were among the unfortunates. One hundred families and 300 children are left destitute and without means of support by the calamity. As the bodies of the victims, which in many cases have been gathered together a piece at a time, are brought to the surface they are placed in rows on a rough improvised platform. Late Tuesday ambulances began the removal of those so far recovered to Bessemer.

Since the list of dead will probably go to 160, the local undertakers have wired to adjoining cities for coffins, as it was found there were not enough suitable coffins in the district to bury the victims. Out of the 50 bodies recovered, about 40 are believed to be this afternoon, which was barely alive. The body was carefully taken from the mine and heroic methods resorted to bring the man to consciousness. He is still alive, but scant hope is held out for his recovery.

President Flynn, of the Alabama United Mine Workers, said to the Associated Press: "I shall be surprised if a single person escapes alive from that mine. Ventilation is very difficult and if the men were not killed by the explosion they have certainly been suffocated by the mine gas. The bodies so far reached were in the main slope and it will be several days before we can get to the rooms which branch off from the main slope."

President Flynn worked all Tuesday night with a pick and shovel at the main slope, where the bodies were among the leaders in the rescue work. Conspicuous among these was W. R. Farley, member of the national executive board of the United Mine Workers from Alaska.

To Prevent Pool Selling. Jefferson City, Mo., Special.—The lower house of the Legislature passed a bill releasing the "old breeders' law." Pool selling on horse races in certain counties was legalized by the breeders' law, but the bill which passed the House today not only repeals the old law, but prohibits the selling in any part of Missouri of pools on horse races, whether the races are run with or without the boundaries of the State. The bill will now go to the Senate, where it is expected a determined fight will be made by persons interested in the several race tracks of the State.

Died at Age of 101. Trimble, Wis., Special.—Anthony Huddleston, aged 101, the first white settler in Pierce county, is dead at the home of his grandson, near here. Mr. Huddleston was born in Virginia, and was a direct descendant of the family of which Daniel Boone was a member. His youngest child is 52 years old, and his oldest 80.

Inquiries to Be Made. Chicago, Special.—United States officials commenced one of the most exhaustive inquiries ever started under the Sherman anti-trust act by issuing subpoenas for 185 witnesses, calling for a Federal grand jury to sit March 20 and making full arrangements for producing the operations of the packers in Chicago and other packing centers.

Bigw His Head Off. Raleigh, N. C., Special.—Late Tuesday afternoon, Edward Yarborough, aged about 45, committed suicide at his home here. He placed a shot-gun in a rocking chair, with its muzzle at his throat, holding it there with his left hand, while with his right he pressed a stick against the trigger, while he was lying on the bed. Death was instantaneous, and his head was partially blown away. He was a member of a prominent county family. His grandfather built and owned the Yarborough House. A relative of the same name committed suicide in a hotel here 12 years ago by taking poison.

Struck by a Train. Barnwell, Special.—Barney B. Easton, while on his way home from his farm Friday evening, was struck by the northbound Palm Limited train at the crossing above the oil mill. His horse was instantly killed, his rubber-tired buggy ground to pieces, while he, it is feared, is seriously injured. He was taken to Columbia on the same train that injured him, where an examination was made by physicians.

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TWO CAPITAL CASES

White Men on Trial For Murder at Spartanburg.

Spartanburg, Special.—The Court of General Sessions, Judge R. C. Watts, opening Monday morning. Solicitor Sessé was on hand and handed out a number of indictments. The grand and petit jurors were all present, which is worthy of mention on account of the bad condition of the roads and the fact that a number of them came a long way from points in the country. A true bill was found against Poik Adam, who shot and killed H. E. Hurre. The defendant was arraigned and entered the plea of not guilty. His trial has been set for Thursday. He is represented by C. P. Sims.

Arthur Leister, who shot and killed George McAllister at Adlington Mills, on December 28, will be tried on Wednesday. He is represented by Starnes Wilson, while Solicitor Sessé will be assisted in the conduct of the prosecution by J. E. Atkinson. Late Saturday afternoon Acting Coroner Holt held an inquest over the remains of Corrie Mammond, who was run over and killed by the Glen Springs train. The tragedy occurred on the short trestle between the Southern depot and the C. & W. C. station. The coroner was talking the track and contacted her way across the trestle, despite the fact that the train was approaching. When it neared her she made an effort to outrun it, but fell and before the engineer could bring his train to a stop, she had been crushed to death under the wheels of the engine. Her face was mutilated beyond recognition.

INTERSTATE V. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

A Highly Interesting Meeting to Be Held at Asheville in March.

The Second Annual International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet in Asheville, N. C., March 11-14, 1905. The program was a very attractive one, including some of the leading religious speakers of the country. Addresses on topics of the work will be made by S. D. Gordon, Cleveland, O.; E. L. Shuey, Dayton, O. (expected); Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, Newberry, S. C.; Charles C. Johnson, New York; W. D. Weatherford, New York; Dr. J. M. Fisher, New York; C. L. Gates, Atlanta, Ga.; R. H. King, Charleston, S. C.; H. J. Knobel, Charlotte, N. C.

Topics—"Advance Steps" will be the general theme. Studies will be made of the various departments: Religious, Educational, Physical, Social, Boys' and "Advance Steps" will be suggested. Special Features—The "Quiet Talks," by S. D. Gordon, of Cleveland, O. Mr. Gordon has few equals in giving helpful messages to the Christian life.

The Men's Meeting at the Great Auditorium. Platform meetings. The Boys' Meeting in the Association Auditorium. The Reception to Delegates and Local Members on Saturday evening. The Presentation of Educational Work, by E. L. Shuey, of Dayton, O. Addresses by Dr. J. A. B. Scherer. Each delegate or visitor must be supplied with credentials. The meeting will be a very profitable one and the attendance from both States is expected and desired.

A SHOOTING NEAR DARLINGTON.

Mr. Mack James Dangerously Shot by West Skipper While Acting as Peacemaker.

Darlington, Feb. 19.—Mr. Mack James, who lives about six miles from here on the Timmonsville road, was shot in the abdomen on Friday night at his home by West Skipper. Mr. James had given an entertainment at his home. Two of the men present became involved in a dispute. They went out of the house. Mr. James, who was acting as a peacemaker, was shot in the abdomen by West Skipper. Mr. James had given an entertainment at his home. Two of the men present became involved in a dispute. They went out of the house. Mr. James, who was acting as a peacemaker, was shot in the abdomen by West Skipper. Mr. James had given an entertainment at his home. Two of the men present became involved in a dispute. They went out of the house. Mr. James, who was acting as a peacemaker, was shot in the abdomen by West Skipper.

Live Items of News.

Negroes are taking the places of foreigners in South Chicago steel plants.

William Breedlove was killed in a quarrel with Patton Willard in Dickson county.

Mrs. Kate Edwards, who, with Samuel Gresson, a negro, is to be hanged at Raleigh for the murder of the late Edwards' husband, has given up hope and is in a state of collapse.

Killed on a Trestle. Spartanburg, Special.—Carrie Hammond, a colored woman, while walking on the trestle between the Charles ton and the Western Carolina depot and the Southern station, was struck by the locomotive of the Glen Springs train and killed. The body of the woman was tossed to the embankment on the left side of the track. She had almost walked across the trestle, when the engine struck her, and it is probable that she slipped between the cross-ties. Engineer Cummings tried his best to stop the train, which was pulling out slowly. Her face and breast were crushed and death must have been instantaneous.

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No Filibustering. Mobile, Ala., Special.—In an interview Mr. D. M. Moraques, consul for Nicaragua, and also an extensive ship owner whose vessels touch at all Central and South American ports and also in Mexico, stated that nothing in the way of filibustering is going on in Mobile. He is in a position to know because he has close communication with all vessels touching at Mobile. There is no gathering of laborers for any foreign country there.

SHE WOULDN'T TALK

Mrs. Chadwick Declined to Divulge All She Knows

REFEREE SCOLDED HER IN VAIN

Supported by Her Counsel, the Female Financier Refuses Even to Give Her Name in Bankruptcy Proceedings Which She Declares Closely Allied to the Criminal Proceedings Against Her—Consented to be Sworn With Reluctance—Will Testify at a Hearing March 13, if Criminal Case Has Then Been Concluded.

Cleveland, O., Special.—Mrs. Chadwick, when placed on the stand in the bankruptcy proceedings against her before Referee Remington, she refused at first to be sworn. After consultation with her attorneys she finally consented to take the oath. She was then asked to state her name. She refused to reply to this or any other questions that followed.

Mrs. Chadwick sought refuge in her privileges as an accused person, and she refused to answer most of the questions on the ground that what she said might tend to aid the prosecution of her criminal case. Referee Remington found in her favor, although he insisted, against her counsel's wishes, in making her give a quasi-explanation of her refusal.

"My financial affairs are so closely allied with the case in the Federal Court that anything affecting the one must necessarily affect the other," said Mrs. Chadwick, and the referee declared that that explanation of her position was as admirably expressed as it could be.

"What they want is to get possession of our information," stantly declared Attorney Dawley, on behalf of Mrs. Chadwick.

Despite Dawley's objections and his late declarations that Mrs. Chadwick was being unfairly and improperly imposed on Mrs. Chadwick was forced to take the stand and be sworn. This she did very gracefully, smiling pleasantly and cheerfully, as the referee administered the oath. But she refused to say that she was Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick Remington, as she had previously appealed to her, explained to her, cooled her, and almost threatened her. Mrs. Chadwick was an interested listener to all he had to say, but his conversation moved her not a jot. Finally Referee Remington, in despair, resorted to her cheerful indifference.

"Is this by your advice?" he sternly inquired of Dawley.

"I refuse to answer," was Dawley's reply. "Counsel can take care of himself," he said significantly. "I am not under obligations to disclose to any one, not even the court, the nature of my professional advice to my client."

The entire examination was a series of wrangles and disputes. Mrs. Chadwick answered a few questions but her answers were remarkably free from information. Finally the court and counsel agreed to resume the hearing March 13, with the understanding that Mrs. Chadwick would testify freely on that date if the criminal case against her had been disposed of by that time.

Virginia Cadet in Trouble.

Annapolis, Md., Special.—For leaving the Academy enclosure and going to Baltimore, where he spent Thursday night without notifying or asking permission of the authorities at the Naval Academy, Midshipman Bradley S. Johnson is confined aboard the prison ship Santee, awaiting the Department's action in his case. Young Johnson, who is from Richmond, Va., is a member of next year's graduating class. He is a grandson of the late General Bradley T. Johnson, the noted Confederate officer, and a son of Col. Bradley S. Johnson, of the famous Maryland Line, of the Confederate Army. Midshipman Johnson's offense is a serious one, which places him in danger of being expelled from the Academy.

Gen. Miles to Retain Full Pay.

Washington, Special.—The conferees on the army appropriation bill perfected an agreement which covers all points of difference. The agreement regarded as most important is that affecting the pay of retired officers and involving the pay of General Miles, who at present is the recipient of the full pay of a lieutenant general. The effect of the agreement as to General Miles is to give him his full retired pay, without reference to any compensation he may receive for service on the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts.

Position Very Strong.

Tachinidoxa, Manchuria, By Cable.—A tour along the right flank gives a correspondent of the Associated Press reason to believe that the main line of the Japanese fortifications is somewhat in the rear of Saadepas, this village being held as a mask and occupied by several batteries of artillery. The position of the Japanese are very strong, fortified village) connected by fortified roads rendering the re-entrance of threatened points safe and strong.

No Filibustering.

Mobile, Ala., Special.—In an interview Mr. D. M. Moraques, consul for Nicaragua, and also an extensive ship owner whose vessels touch at all Central and South American ports and also in Mexico, stated that nothing in the way of filibustering is going on in Mobile. He is in a position to know because he has close communication with all vessels touching at Mobile. There is no gathering of laborers for any foreign country there.