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FOR HER SAKE.

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

PART II.

"You are sailing under a false flag," answered Everard steadily, his heart full with anger that this escaped jail bird should have dared to be at her side day after day, as a friend and comrade, perhaps a lover, when she would have shrunk from him in horror and loathing had she known who and what he was. Silently they turned their backs on the hospitable cottage which had been their common destination, and made their way back to the camp.

In response to Everard's preoccupied nod he stepped in, closing the door behind him, and looked about the room with fiercely hungry eyes. In the flood of the rosy after-glow, which still filled the room, it had changed from a barren hole to crawl into for sleep, to the cozier of primitive dens. There were certain "traps," relics of gayer and idler days, which Everard always carried with him. Boxing gloves, fella tennis racket, a battered football, colored banners and innumerable photographs were hung and tacked up all over, to hide the uninviting bareness of board walls, and the afterglow of sunset was over all of them.

"I merely want to warn you to be on your guard," Hartley said slowly, his gloomy eyes still turned away from his host. "There is trouble brewing among the men—not yours, just the miners—and being right here in the midst of it, you might get dragged in. That is what I was going to talk with Thornton about."

He stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed on a group of photographs arranged on the wall in front of him. His face twitched convulsively for a moment, then a fierce blaze of anger swept over it, as though he cursed the fate which had made him what he was, and then the anger was gone, and only a bitter acceptance of the present was left. It was the face of a man standing outside the gate of Paradise, watching it inexorably close against him!

"I guess that's all. Good-bye," he said, shortly, and was gone, but the sound of his footsteps came stumblingly to Everard's ears, as though he knew not where he went.

Everard went closer to the pictures and examined them, wondering in which of them could possibly be the cause of this strange agitation. There were fifteen or twenty photographs there—friends, relatives, girls he had known at home, college friends, amateur groups—of his own taking. Which one could it be? Come to think of it, most of these pictures had been sent him from the very city in which Carter had committed his tremendous embezzlement. It might very reasonably be any one of them, but Everard had had at home so little during recent years that this enlightened him but little, and he rubbed his head and favored the innocent photographs with a puzzled frown.

Then a new inspiration came to him suddenly, driving the pictures and their strange effect on the ex-convict entirely from his mind. That money! The paper had said that no record or trace of it had ever been found, and it was supposed that the clever defalcator had hidden it away for use on his release. This was the money which had bought his interest in the Croesus mine! These stolen funds had changed the gliding, fortune fugitive in the striped suit to the man of power and success, calmly self-confident and rising in the world each day. What else could have done it?

The audacity of the thing took Everard's breath away. His wrath boiled in an instant, but with it all he was conscious of a sharp sting of pain. He had hated Hartley. Even as a rival, he could not find it in him to hate this man with the pleasant voice and magnetic friendliness of manner. Deep in to the night Everard lay awake and thrashed it all out again and again, and each time the complications of his own situation with regard to this man seemed worse and more tangled.

Plainly, his duty was to tell John Thornton what manner of man had intruded into his confidence. If Hartley, as Carter, had deliberately stolen until he almost ruined the bank and the group of men who stood back of it, would he hesitate now to ruin the president of Croesus mine at the first chance? It was intolerable to think of permitting this man, with criminal instincts and a criminal record, to enter the presence of a pure and lovely woman as a trusted guest—a possible lover. More than this, would not Everard himself be deserving of her haughtiest scorn and contempt if he allowed this situation to continue?

And yet—Hartley was on his mercy, as he had been once before. Should he give him the little push downward, much as he doubtless deserved it? Unless Hartley had lied, he was living an honest enough life now, barring that unforgettable stolen money invested in the Croesus mine. Everard knew enough of human nature to understand how far all chances of reform would be hung away, if he delivered this ex-convict over to his just deserts. On one side stood a fair woman, the possibility of her love, were this strangely likeable felon removed from her path and the financial security of her unsuspecting father. On the other, the betrayal of a fellow-man to the revenge of outraged justice, a vision of shaven heads and grizzled, striped suits, seven or more years of lock-step and the old monotonous horror of the prison cell.

"Trouble among the men! It is an ominous phrase, and even Everard, as

little as he had seen of the ways of isolated mining camps, found himself for the first time wishing that the Thornton's were not there. How long the storm had been brewing it was hard to tell, since scarcely a mutter of the distant thunder gave warning of its approach before it had assumed formidable proportions. The next morning the men were quietly at work in the mines as usual, and Everard rode down the valley along the line of the new road, five miles of it now, and Hartley went through his more difficult diplomatic troubles at the mine, as though the discovery and wrathful judgment of the night before had never been. The time was coming when Everard would at least be compelled to move his quarters farther down the line, to follow the steadily creeping road on its way and keep in touch with his own men, but he dreaded leaving without telling John Thornton what he was feeling, and he dreaded still more the feeling of mental smallness which came to him at the idea of bearing tears, even against a felon. To leave Hartley there alone, daily by her side, with his pleasant voice and steady eyes masking a past of which she had no conception, would be insanity.

And the air in the gray dawn of the second day, someone came swiftly and quietly into Everard's room, shook him vigorously, and Hartley's voice was in his ears.

"The men have gone up to Thornton's. Hurry, man! They're simply crazy, the whole lot of them!" There was a commanding snap in the ex-convict's voice which brought Everard flying out of bed. His fingers seemed frantically slow and clumsy as he dove after his clothes, Hartley's swiftly whispered explanation keeping time to his thumping pulse beats.

"It all comes from a chap by the name of Lafferty, who came here about six weeks ago. He's a slippery scoundrel with just enough smartness to make trouble, and that's what he's been doing ever since he came. I've felt it in the air, but somehow I couldn't get my finger on it. I've been looking him up on the quiet, and find that he's made a big row everywhere he's been, and barely escaped with his miserable hide from some of them. I found something which enabled me to fix up a little plan to cut his claws once for all, but here the confounded little reptile has gotten in one ahead of me. He has thrown up some work-up to such an extent that they believe anything, and the Lord only knows what they'll stop at this day."

Out of Everard's window the two men dropped with superlative caution, revolvers cocked, and made their swift way toward the Thornton house. The gray of early dawn was deepening into its rose and gold, and already they could hear a sound like the distant roar of an ocean, and the huge, hoarse voice of a mob. With one accord they broke into a run, watchful eyes looking out that no one should intercept their progress.

"Thornton! Thornton! How we want Thornton!" The discordant howl resolved itself into this as they came nearer, skirting a strip of wood to get close to the house unseen. "They knew well enough what they'd get if they talked me, the scoundrels!" the treasurer and superintendent muttered, jerkily, a gleam of stubborn determination changing his pleasant face to flint and stone, but Everard's only answer was a quick exclamation of horror.

The Thornton veranda had just come into their view, and on it stood the ruddy, strong old man, his arms folded as he patiently awaited a hull which he could make himself heard. A stone shot past his head, crashing a window behind him, and at the same moment Jessica Thornton, started but bravely defiant, came swiftly out of the doorway and stood by his side, her slender hand laid protectively on her father's arm. Awakened by the uproar, she had hoped only to slip into her negligee and stand before them, her father's own daughter, in defiant courage and pride.

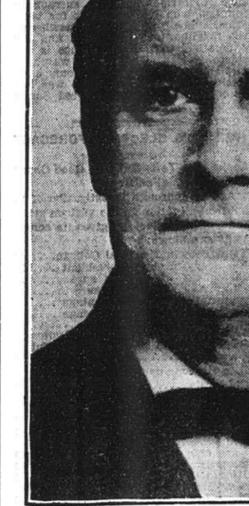
Near the side of the house a small cyclone suddenly struck the swaying mob, where the line was thinnest, as it stood temporarily silenced and astonished by this unexpected apparition. An arm, which had been raised to fling a handful of loose dirt at Jessica Thornton because she represented wealth and the spending of it, dropped suddenly numb and paralyzed under a crushing blow from the butt of Everard's revolver, two terrible figures thrashed their way through the line before the men had realized who they were, and in the next instant Hartley and Everard had bounded over the veranda rail and stood beside father and daughter.

knew that it was not—it never had been Hartley.

He gave himself one brief instant of heaven, taking her face in both hands and drawing her to him with a tenderness almost fierce in its haste, since duty urgently called him out there, and his help might at any moment be needed to fight for her ultimate safety. When he was gone, she knelt at a chair where she could peep at him unseen, and note with proud beating pulse how straight and unafraid he stood in the face of danger.

Everard heard Hartley's voice before he got out again, stern and wrathful, and then the insistent roar of the crowd.

"We ain't treated right."
"We want more money."
"Won't stand these slave-driver hours."
"You don't want anything of the kind!" Hartley thundered back at them,



FOR PRESIDENT.

fearfully, a blaze of angry scorn in his eyes. The strong nerve which this man had once shown in court under sentence for crime, was there still, defiant and undaunted. "There isn't a man in this state that gives its men better wages or shorter hours, and you know it! And there isn't one in the Union where the men get more consideration and treatment. You know that, as too! I could pile up instances on you until you squirmed with shame. You never thought of making a complaint until six weeks ago, when that sneaking hound over there came and began to make trouble among you. And you've listened to him like brainless lunatics, and you've let him work on the worst there is in you, and lead you about by the nose until a free country ought to be ashamed to call you citizens. If I asked you to explain where the trouble lay this minute, you wouldn't know what to say, until you asked Lafferty. Whatever Lafferty thinks you think, and whatever Lafferty says you tune it and sing it after him. Bah! I'm ashamed of you! I thought we were hiring men, and now I find we have a lot of sheep to look after!"

Thornton and Everard stood with cocked revolvers, listening to the approving amazement to the blazing vitals of scorn which Hartley poured out upon his men. Of all the unprecedented modes of treatment for a maddened mob! It was suicidal. Everard was brave enough, even reckless on occasion, but this seemed like dropping over the edge of a volcano to see how it felt.

But Hartley knew his men. They were angry, stung with sullen resentment, but an uneasy note of shame crept into the surging murmur of approval. And Hartley was not afraid of them; that was the beauty of it. Then the unshakable voice of Lafferty arose again from their midst, flinging back his own gibes at the men for seeming to halt turn, but another excitement drowned him out.

On the edge of the crowd, the man whose arm Everard had struck down looked on with venomous hate in his heart and the fiercest of aches filling his arm and shoulder. Cautiously raised his left hand, steadying a revolver on it, and aimed full at Everard, who stood well forward, watching only that tumultuous spot from which Lafferty's voice came, that he might be ready for an attack upon his companions at that quarter.

But Hartley's alert glance had caught the deliberately hateful movement, and all that Everard realized in the first moment was the sudden crack of a revolver. Hartley's shoulders swiftly hurried themselves in front of him, and Hartley's body sagging limply for a second, before he straightened up again. Everard would have assisted him in the house, sick and remorseful for he knew not what, but the ex-convict shook his head.

"It is all right, I guess—I owe you several good turns anyway." And amid the confusion of the moment, Everard was conscious of just one coherent thought. Whatever had happened, he would not—he could not betray this man now.

a life that was swift and terrible. The law was upon them. Two of the horsemen dived suddenly into the crowd and brought out a struggling, cursing captive. It was Lafferty.

Hartley watched it all with grim interest, as he leaned on Everard's shoulder and pressed his hand closely to his chest, apparently undisturbed by the close proximity of the law he himself had once outraged. In the rush and excitement he had come here hatless and coatless, and an ugly red stain was creeping out on his linen, and he was growing slowly larger. He leaned forward as though to speak, and the same tense silence waited upon his words.

"Men, this is the sheriff of the county, and his official escort. They are here to preserve order. I did not expect them so early, but they have an errand of their own, to arrest Mr. Daniel Lafferty, alias a dozen other names, for killing an honest and decent man."

The letter had been delayed, and they were due at the county seat that afternoon. Everard swung himself on his horse and rode mile after mile as rapidly as the willing animal could go. The minutes crawled for him; the bustling county seat had never seemed such an endless distance away.

But when the train drew into the station he was waiting there, and the two black-robed women had scarcely reached the steps before he was there also.

"Oh, my boy! my boy!" Margaret Wendel clung to her first-born as to her last hope in life; Bettie, his step-sister fragile, delicate, an Ailone flower, laid her cheek against his arm and looked up at him with the eyes of a hurt animal. A sudden chill of apprehension struck through him. How frightfully Bettie had changed! Bettie, whose cheeks had once been June roses, and her every movement the lightness of pure joy. Not until he had settled them at the most respectable hotel the county seat afforded, and Bettie had left the room, was any reference made to his mother's strange letter. Then Margaret Wendel stood before her son with every nerve quivering, and told him of the shame that had come upon him.

"My husband is dead. He shot himself because he dared not live and face what was before him, and he left a confession, which the terrible newspapers flouted far and wide. I think they've all eastern papers, though, and I prayed that they might not come here where you could see it. He stole, Dick—my husband and Bettie's father—because the passion of speculation was on him, and he lost, until other men's money, coming too easily into his hands, followed where his own had gone—so much of it that there was no hope of restoration. When the crash came too near, there was no escape but death."

Everard dropped his eyes and stared at the floor, the dull red of shame creeping over his face. And he had dared to stand up in righteous wrath and judge another man for such a crime as this! His mother's broken voice was in his ears.

"This is not one-half of it, Dick. Once before the same thing occurred—five years ago. To think that such a thing could happen twice! At that time suspicion fell upon a young clerk in the bank, and my husband led him to rest there. He knew he was a coward and despicable, but he dared not speak. The memory tortured him for five years, and he went back to speculation again to drown it. They convicted Ralph Carter of another man's crime, and gave him twenty years in prison. The confession said he thought Mr. Carter knew who had done it; but he took the guilt when he saw how it was thrust upon him, because—he was engaged to Bettie, and he would not show her father up to the world as a thief and coward. We did not tell you of the engagement, Dick; you were away from home, and it had come to so terrible an end anyway. Bettie never spoke of Ralph Carter again; but since that day she has been dying before our eyes. Oh, Dick, where is that wronged boy? He escaped from prison, but to what end may not undesired disgrace have driven him? Bettie will die if Ralph Carter is not found!"

Everard arose like a man walking in his sleep. His hands opened and closed nervously; black shame was upon him, and when he spoke, his voice sounded hoarse in his own ears.

"Mother, you must be ready to continue your journey at the first ray of dawn tomorrow. I must get you to camp—immediately."

On the second morning after he had been shot, as Hartley lay quiet and dispirited in the blue room, wondering what blue fate meant to launch at him next, his quick ear caught the sound of a soft commotion down stairs. It was quite natural that people should be down there, but it made him restless and excited.

After that there was five, ten minutes of comparative silence, then a hasty step at his door, and Everard beside him, his boyish face gray and miserable, his speech halting.

ed guest all the care and attention that well-trained servants could bestow. Hartley turned his face to the wall and set his teeth. How much longer must this sort of thing last?

Jessica Thornton would marry Everard; he was glad of that, both for her and for Everard. Her father had more than once hinted that no brilliant alliance for his daughter would cause him half the joy of being able to call Hartley his son. Poor old chap, he would drop that idea quickly now, as though it were a long time since he had said it.

"It's just as well, I suppose. He doesn't know, dear old man, that the one I loved I had to put behind me, and that even if my position would permit me to court another woman, no one else would ever be quite the same. I wonder what they'll do to me, now that they know? Poor Everard, he took it hard, as much as he despises me. He's a good fellow. He hasn't been near me, either. I thought possibly he would; I wish he would."

What was Everard, that nothing had been seen or heard of him? Hartley was not the only one that wondered, but Everard had that day received a letter from his mother which had called him away in the utmost haste. It was brief and incoherent. His step-father was dead, had been dead three weeks, and they had not sent him word for reasons which would be explained later. She had left her affairs in the hands of her brother, and was coming to him with Bettie. If it would not be convenient for her to have them, they would go to the nearest town and stay there.

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even his respect for Everard's misery could not wholly conceal.

"Now I know why it was that I saw her picture in your room. How that memory has tormented me! Tell me, Everard, is she—"

But Everard merely raised his voice and called:

"Betty!"

She came in like a spirit of joy, swift and eager, dropping her head with little sobbing breaths in the hollow of the arm outstretched to receive her, and Everard stepped out softly and left them alone. It was his turn to stand outside the gate of Paradise. These two were happy, but he must set down his own cup of joy unshared. Jessica was a proud woman; he might not ask her to share an heritage of cowardly dishonor. He would let her go, and go away himself as soon as his work here would permit.

What beautiful intuition told her what was in his mind, and saved weeks of miserable misunderstandings? She met him at the foot of the stairs, and showed that she knew what for the sick man's sake he had already briefly told her father. The light touch of her fingers on his arm was eloquent.

"Dick, dear, you must let Mrs. Wendel stay here with us, and the little sister also. The hotel is no place for them, and besides, our mother—"

What Everard said to her then no man heard, nor could he have heard, since it was not altogether coherent or consecutive, but the language he spoke was as old as the mighty hills which raised their heads around them, as new as the fairest half opened flower that bathed in the sunshine of the lower slopes, and both of them understood and were satisfied.

"THE END."

ANDREW JOHNSON'S END.

To the Last He Was Bitter Against General Grant.

William H. Crook's reminiscences of "Andrew Johnson in the White House" in the Century deal with that president's impeachment, trial and acquittal and his last days. Mr. Crook says:

There was one man of those whom he considered his enemies whom Mr. Johnson had not forgotten. It was only a day or two after he took his seat in the senate that he sent for me to come to his hotel—the old Willard on Pennsylvania avenue. I found him, on a nearer view, looking very little changed. He was older, of course; there was more gray in his hair; his whole face looked bleached. He seemed finer to me; not less strong, but more delicate. There were no more lines in his face; those that had been there were deeper grown; that was all.

I asked for all the family, and he told me what there was to tell. Mrs. Johnson, I knew, was still living, but poor Robert Johnson, had died soon after his father returned to Tennessee. He spoke to me of them both. The grandchildren were growing up. He told me of his fight for election.

"And now," he said, "I want you to tell me where I can find notices about Grant in my scrapbook. You remember where you pasted them in. I don't." He got the scrapbooks and I put slips of paper in to mark the references he wanted. As I rose to go he said:

"Crook, I have come back to the senate with two purposes. One is to do what I can to punish the southern brigadiers. They led the south into secession and they have never had their deserts. The other—" He paused, and his face darkened.

"What is the other, Mr. Johnson?" I asked.

"The other is to make a speech against Grant. And I am going to make it this session."

He made the speech in less than two weeks from that evening. It was a clever one, too, and bitter. Every

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE COURSE OF CHOLERA.

Always First Appears in Russia and Travels Across Europe.

Russia has the melancholy celebrity of being the first European country in which cholera has made its appearance in all the visitations of this scourge, says the Boston Transcript. The first great epidemic, that of 1830, passed into Russia apparently from Siberia, thence spread westward into Germany and France, leaped the channel barriers and afflicted Great Britain, thence it was carried by immigrant ships to Quebec.

So rapid was its advance on this continent that though the first death from cholera of which we have any record in North America, occurred in Quebec on June 8, 1832, it was followed by another at New York exactly a fortnight later. The disease spread over the greater part of the United States, and was said to have been carried into the straggling hamlets of the then "far west" by the troops destined for the Black Hawk war. That visitation of the cholera was the most terrible the western world has known. It is estimated that on the continent of Europe there were at least 900,000 victims.

For a time the medical profession, confronted by a malady which few of its members had ever seen, was overwhelmed. Men died in obscure villages in rural regions, as well as in crowded cities, though where population was most congested the rate of mortality proved the highest.

Since then the course of every cholera epidemic has been practically the same, first making itself known in Russia and then traveling rapidly across Europe. When the world recovered from its first horror it set to work to study the cholera, and now it is known that pure drinking water is the first requisite for the defense. The cholera germ must be taken into the system, for the disease is not contagious.

An abundant supply of good water, rigidly protected from pollution, is a much more common possession of large communities now than it was seventy-five years ago, and public sanitation has made great strides. It is in backward countries, those which lag in the rear of sanitary development, that cholera gains volume. Hence it is that Russia is the point of departure of the disease for Europe. In Russia there are vast regions which modern sanitation has not touched, where the disease rapidly becomes epidemic even before its presence is known or heeded in the great cities.

The Reformed Broncho.

To the general public the word broncho suggests everything wild and vicious in horseflesh. One associates the usefulness of the broncho almost entirely with the rugged west. That this wily little animal could ever develop the points of a good park horse would be received with much reservation by most persons.

Yet some ten years or more of cross-breeding, says Country Life in America, has accomplished this somewhat amazing result. Today one can see on the bridge paths of Central Park the well-groomed broncho fraternizing as an equal with the Blue Grass thoroughbred, and his number is constantly growing.

To be sure, he is no longer the hammerhead with a pronounced ewe neck, almost as devoid of flesh as a skeleton. He has developed a fine crest in this upbreeding and can show as the neck as any Kentucky-bred horse.

His middle piece is no longer distended from much eating of grass food, nor is he so loosely joined to his quarters as his prototype. Higher living has rounded him into a strikingly well-proportioned saddle horse. In his new estate he subsists less on the fresh

passed since these swift moving carriages appeared, the capital already invested in London taxicabs is \$10,000,000. There are 758 taxicabs on the streets, 2,600 taxicabs on order and 1,700 licensed drivers. There are eight London taxicab companies, the average day's earnings of a cab being \$11.20. The average cost is \$1.70.

THE LAW AND THE MOB.

Interesting Incidents of the Spartanburg Episode.

Assistant Adjutant General Brock, who is back in his office after an exciting experience with the mob at Spartanburg, says the Columbia correspondent of the Charlotte Observer, is bubbling over with enthusiastic praise of the militia that was on duty at the jail, and relates some interesting sidelight incidents of the two strenuous days, which have not been published.

"My experience at Spartanburg," said General Brock, "demonstrates strikingly that all that is needed in this part of the country to check mob violence is a firm, determined stand by the authorities, with a sheriff of grit and manhood like Sheriff Nichols to hold the fort till the militia can be brought into the city. There is good credit for the enlisted men of the militia throughout the state. They can be depended upon to act like soldiers every time they have leaders who set the example. The men we had about that jail in Spartanburg meant business and they would have shot to kill at the command. That was because the sheriff had grit and nerve and was determined to do his duty at any cost. And one company particularly, Captain Nichols' company, deserves special credit for its valiant bearing and conduct. These men were recruited from the very mill where the lady was assaulted and the men in the mob were of their own flesh and blood, their very kinsmen."

"A striking illustration of this conduct came under my own observation. A private, who came to Columbia with us, was one of those on duty. I saw him but afterwards only an attendant with his own father, whom he caught sight of in the crowd. He went to his father and warned him that the militia meant business and would shoot to kill, that the elder man had better go home as it might possibly be his fate to be shot dead by his own son. The father at first tried to shame the young man, but he failed and went away. I saw him afterwards and he said he was glad he took his son's advice."

"But this speech-making to mobs gives me a tired feeling, and I think it should not be indulged in, at least so far as making the mob promises and concessions. The mob needs to learn, possibly by bitter experience, that it is outside of law, is a violator of the law and will be given no consideration. An effort was made to have Sheriff Nichols make a speech to the mob. He declined as did Governor Anderson, I understand."

It is reported here that both Judge Klugh and Solicitor Sease in their talks to members of the mob promised them that the negro Irbly would be speedily hanged, although there is no charge that Irbly committed the actual crime for which the mob wanted to lynch him but merely only an attempt, being frustrated. Year after year the legislature has refused to make attempted criminal assault a capital offense.

"Little Bill" Howard, the moonshiner in prison at the time, who was pressed into duty when the sheriff had only himself, two constables, Mr. Brock and another Howard to defend the jail against the mob, did splendid service. An effort was made to lynch him but he was only an attempt, being frustrated. Year after year the legislature has refused to make attempted criminal assault a capital offense.

"While hurrying through the streets to the jail on the first warning of immediate danger," said Colonel Brock, "Sheriff Nichols had to push his way through a crowd of men who were shouting at him demanding the keys."

"Here are my keys," called back the sheriff, holding his keys up. "If you want them you will have to take them. I want you to understand I will never give them up."

Rev. Mr. Harley came into the jail, said Colonel Brock, at a critical time. "But" he continued, "I couldn't repress a smile in spite of the seriousness of the situation at the head-by-words between the preacher and the sheriff."

"Good bye, sheriff," the preacher said, grasping the sheriff's hand warmly as the tears gathered in the ecclesiastical's eye. "I shall certainly remember you in my prayers."

"Now look here," replied the sheriff, "that's your kind of you to remember me in your prayers, but I would advise you to do most for your praying, and less for me as they are going to need a lot of sympathy before this is over."

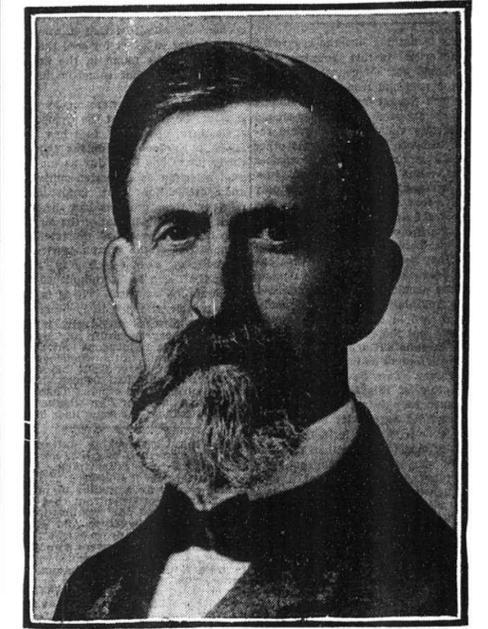
CATCHING DEVIL FISH.

Thrilling Sport in Sparing These Queer Denizens of the Deep.

There is no more thrilling sport than harpooning the devil fish, the giant ray of the Gulf of Mexico, says the Illustrated London News. Some of these fish, which are very gregarious to behold, measure from twelve to eighteen feet and weigh more than fifteen hundred pounds. It requires tremendous skill to harpoon them, and infinite tact to land them once they are struck. It is not unusual for the fish to run for an hour or more, and they can tow a ten-ton sloop.

The fish is wily and will often go to the bottom to rest, to prevent his being taken. He is in a constant state of panic by hauling the tow in close to him. At a moment of weakening another harpoon and a rifle shot will dispatch him.

During a recent run, it was three hours before the cable could be fastened to the boat's windlass in order to pull the devil fish under the bow, where another lily iron was secured in him, and then followed a rush of extraordinary impetuosity. Following this method and only after there were three harpoons in his back and a rifle shot in his head, the fish was hauled. As night came on the sharks began to come in, and long after dark could be heard fighting over the stranded carcass.



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

point of Gen. Grant's career which might be considered vulnerable was very skillfully attacked. The fact that he had taken gifts and that it was suspected he desired a third term were played upon. Yes; Mr. Johnson did what he had intended to do, had been intending to do ever since he left the White House. He was the best hater I ever knew.

He went back home at the end of the session, and then to visit his daughter, Mrs. Stover, in eastern Tennessee. There, given up to the family associations he clung to, and with the grandchildren he loved, he was stricken suddenly with paralysis, and on July 31, 1875, he died. It seemed as if, with his speech against President Grant, some spring of action which had kept him fighting broke. The rest was peace.

Juicy grasses, and the new order grows quite a different animal. But through all this transformation he still retains the leg characteristics of his bronco ancestry, perfect in symmetry, rather light in muscle and strong in bone, but the muscles of superior quality and the sinews very firm.

His power of endurance has diminished somewhat, but even so he has few equals and no superiors. His toughness and grit have changed little in the cross-breeding, and doubtless if turned out to the freedom of the range himself as did his ancestors in the early days of the west.