The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1903.

AN AFFRONT TO THE SOUTH.

Several days ago the Washington Post rebuked the people living in the neighborhood of Gallatin, Tenn., ffor driving off a negro letter-carrier. In the same issue of the Post appeared an interview with Congressman Gaines, of Tennessee, in which that gentleman pointed out that the people in the rural districts of the South were afraid to have a negro, be he letter-carrier or what not, making regular visits to the premises when the men were away from home and the women were left unprotected.

Everybody who knows anything about conditions in the South, knows that Congressman Gaines states the case correctly and knows also that there is abundant ground for these apprehensions.

In yesterday's Post, however, is another editorial article ridiculing the statement of Congressman Gaines, and saying that it is not to be taken seriously. "We know nothing of the man himself," says the Post, in referring to this Tennessee letter-carrier, "and are therefore willing to believe that he may be rude, offensive or impolite. Negroes often are. But the chances are all against it, and in our opinion, a negro letter-carrier is quite as likely to behave himself as a white one would be."

In other words, according to the Washington Post, a white man is just as apt to make a brutal assault upon an unprotected white woman as a negro is!

That proposition is so absurd and so offensive to every Southerner that it is not to be discussed. The Post is welcome to its view, but the newspaper which holds to such views is incapable of passing intelligently upon a question like this. If the Post thinks that the statement of Congressman Gaines is silly or exaggerated, let it send a representative around through the rural districts of the South and interview white men here and there, and it would come to a different conclusion.

Indeed, in the same issue of the Post containing the article ridiculing Mr. Gaines, is an interview with ex-Governor Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, in which he says that the people of the Gallatin neighborhood collectively constitute one of the most enlightened, progressive and thoroughly liberal communities in the United States, and he also concurs in the statement of Congressman Gaines that when the father, husband or son are away from home, they are not anxious to have a negro official go to the home and cross the threshold, either to deliver mail or for any other purpose."

The Petersburg Index-Appeal in the same connection, says:

Unless President Roosevelt is brutally and malignantly resolved upon encouraging the most horrible outrages upon the Southern whites—something we will not believe except on the most conclusive proof—then he will give serious consideration to what Mr. Gaines says, and find some other place in the public service for the negro, where he will be less a menace to the community and in less danger to himself.

We do not mean to say, of course, that every negro man is liable to commit this terrible crime when opportunity offers, but we do say that so many such crimes have been committee by black men, that the Southern whites are afraid and are reasonably afraid to have any negro prowling around the premises when the men are absent and the women are defenseless.

Congressman Gaines and Governor McMillin understand the situation and they speak the truth and they utter the sentiments of the Southern whites. The Washington Post may ridicule these statements, but in doing so it ridicules itself. It is no subject for ridicule or trifling. It is the most serious phase of the negro question and will forever receive from the white men the serious consideration which it deserves. It would be well for the President, if he would take the save view.

PARKHURST SEES LIGHT.

The annual sermon before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, now in session in Atlanta, was preached by Dr. Parkhurst, and in referring to the question of negro suffrage he likened the newly-emancipated negro to the convict just out of prison. He said that emancipation pushed the bolt for the negroes and let them into the sunshine.

"There was a great deal of heroism," he proceeded, "in the course of the war, North and South, but there was not much statesmanship in the construction of peace, and one of the radical mistakes made was in supposing that altering the colored man's condition altered the colored man; that letting a wolf out of a cage domesticates the wolf; that substituting coat and trousers for swaddling clothes makes an infant a man, and that emancipation not only relieved the slave of his fetters, but qualified him to be a citizen.

"I heard Mr. Cleveland state this matter in New York three weeks ago in terms of that strength and appreciation which ordinarily characterize his utterances.

"All the comment that the weighty words of the ex-President refer is the course of events during the past thirty years."

And so another prominent man of the North has come out boldly and proclaimed that the Fifteenth Amendment was worse than a blunder. All right-thinking men of the North now concede that fact, and if they should vote their convictions they would vote in favor of repealing that part of the Constitution. The Fifteenth Amendment will not be repealed for the present, at least, but the men of the North who realize the blunder that was made in enacting it are not going to interfere with the people of the South in the plans which they have adopted to get rid of the mass of ignorant negro voters.

LAWLESSNESS IN KENTUCKY.

In reading the accounts in the Kentucky papers of the assassination of Lawyer Marcum in Breathitt county, it is not hard to find the secret. Judge Hargis is the county judge, and the Louisville Herald says that on the day of the assassination he had gone over to the courthouse to try a negro who had fired his pistol in the corporate limits. He imposed a fine, and the negro offered a twenty-dollar note in payment. The judge and the sheriff went out and had the note changed ,and after deducting the costs, returned the balance to the negro. When the assassin's shot was fired, Judge Hargis and Sheriff Callahan are reported by witnesses to have drawn their pistols to be ready for anything that might happen. "The poor negro was fined for shooting off his pistol in the city limits," says the Louisville Herald, "while the judge who fined him was himself violating the law by carrying about a concealed weapon. Yet he was not fined for it. The officer who swore to obey the law was on stronger ground than the friendless negro."

The Courier-Journal says that according to his own admission, the sheriff of Breathitt county, who was in sight of Marcum when shot down, did not lift a finger to apprehend the assassin, being afraid, as he confessed, to venture on the streets in the pursuit of his duty. It is to be said in behalf of the sheriff, however, that he has since arrested the assassin, and now has him in custody.

It is also to be noted that the assassin was deputy sheriff of Breathitt county!

This is, indeed, a most distressing state of affairs. When officers of the law in violation of the law carry pistols in their pockets, and when an officer of the law cowardly assassinates a citizen by shooting him in the back, how can it be expected that the law will be obeyed and upheld by the plain citizen?

THE RISE IN COTTON.

The president of three large cotton mills in Columbia, S. C., who has been largely instrumental in developing the cotton-mill industry, anticipates a general shutdown in New England and in many Southern mills because of the high price of raw cotton and low price of cloth. He says that by selling cotton on hand the mills can make $15 per bale profit, while the loss on the manufactured product would be $15 per bale. This is a question of serious consideration for the entire South. At various times suggestions have been made that the cotton planters form a trust in order to limit the supply of raw material and fix the price. Such a trust, if practicable, might benefit the cotton growers for a time, but in the end it would prove disastrous. The South has practically a monopoly of the cotton-producing industry, and it will continue so as long as she will raise a bountiful supply of raw cotton at reasonable prices. But if she should limit the supply and put up the price she would not only curtail operation in the manufacturing industry, but she would invite and encourage competition in the producing industry in Egypt and other lands. A plentiful supply of cheap raw cotton is the secret of success in the cotton industry for the South, and is and will continue to be, so long as it lasts, a great blessing.

The Umbria on her last trip outward from New York, came very near carrying on board an infernal machine with a clock attachment wound up to explode when the vessel got into sea; but, by a lucky discovery, the box containing the apparatus was found and plunged into the water, and afterwards carefully examined by detectives.

A letter accompanying the machine indicated that it was a part of a conspiracy of the Mafia Society to blow up the ship. The box had been placed among the Umbria's baggage. On the one hand, it is believed to have been a deliberate, cold-blooded design to murder the whole ship's company. On the other hand, some think that the whole thing was designed as a hoax. When the Umbria was two days at sea she telegraphed a passing ship to report her in New York as "all right." The mystery, however, is receiving very serious attention from th eport officers, and the owners of the Umbria, especially in view of the fact that the letter accompanying the infernal machine indicated that the Mafia had condemned British shipping generally, and gave notice that infernal machines would be used against the passenger ships of that nation whenever possible.

Apropos of the discussion of the relative value of wood and asphalt pavements, the City Engineer of London says he prefers asphalt to wood of the old or new style either. He recommends asphaltum for use in the new pavement of the Holborn Viaduct, the traffic on which is about 12,000 vehicles in twelve hours. The engineer's estimate is that the best granite will last thirty years, asphaltum fifteen, best wood ten, Belgium trap twenty, cedar blocks five, and macadam eight. Some of the sheet-asphalt pavements in London have lasted for thirty years. He adds that the only quality that recommends wood is noiselessness, which is possessed alike by wood, asphalt and brick in about the same degree. The "life of the wood block pavement of the very best conditions and careful maintenance is not more than an average of ten years." The expense of it is from $1.25 to $2 a square yard more than that of the best of other pavements.

The Board of Aldermen for the town of Greensboro recently decided to have refuse receptacles placed on the street. This is a movement in the interest of public cleanliness that we should like to see the city of Richmond adopt. These receptacles serve the double purpose of keeping trash off the streets and of reminding the people to be cleanly. Every such receptacles is a sort of object-lesson and is in its way educational. Everybody has noticed the improved appearance in our streets since the anti-spitting ordinance went into effect, and there would be additional improvement if we had a number of trash receptacles at convenient corners.

There is fame and there is infamy. John C. Czolgosz, a brother of the assassin of President McKinley, suffers from the latter and feels safe only when he is locked up in a cell or travels under an assumed name. Since his brother's great crime John has allowed himself to be jailed most of the time on the charge of being a suspicious character, but really to protect himself against any one who might wish to become the President's avenger. He is, however, at liberty now, having been discharged from the Los Angeles jail on Saturday. The police are satisfied that he is a quiet, peaceable and law-abiding citizen, more intent to keep out of the hands of the McKinley avengers than to wreak vengeance against those who caused his brother to be tried and condemned.

We wish Richmond were not so distinguished for its dust. Our streets dry off with exceeding rapidity after a rain, and then the dust begins to fly, making the season of open windows a part of the year to be dreaded by nice housekeepers. A correction of the evil is not easy. The most that can be done is to have plenty of street sprinklers and gradually to substitute other and better pavements for those now in use. Sprinklers are particularly needed along the routes of street car lines—witness the clouds of dust which follow every rapidly moving street car.

The students of the Missouri University have been burlesquing the Legislature of that State, using "the baking powder investigation" as their subject. They have succeeded in "raising" a row, but we dare say they will not be investigated. Legislators and St. Louis City Councilmen have all the investigations before them that they have any fancy for, and they will barely have time to close them up before the Exposition opens and will demand all their attention.

In Atlanta on Sunday, the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., of New York, preached the anual convention sermon before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections. The Baptist Tabernacle, the largest auditorium in Atlanta, was crowded to hear him. The sermon was a vigorous one, pointing out the mistake made about the negro, and asserting that emancipation did not qualify the negro to vote.

The Sully clique in New York are said to have netted $6,000,000 on their recent raid on cotton. That proved to be a pretty valuable piece of cotton netting. What would it have been worth had it been silk?

The Charlotte Observer announces that it will soon begin the publication of the Evening Chronicle. If the evening paper is half as good as the Observer, the people of Charlotte will have no reasonable ground to complain.

"The Confederate Veteran," for May, just to hand, publishes a portrait of Bishop Dudley, "an old Richmond boy," in connection with an approving notice of his lecture on Lee.

It is not strange that we have been having winter lingering in the lap of May, but it is remarkable that no one has mentioned the fact before, this year.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Times-Dispatch is not the only newspaper that thinks well of the water-power at Weldon. The Raleigh News and Observer says:

"The recent sale of the Roanoke water-power to Richmond and Norfolk capitalists is a matter of great importance. We have always believed that this power, when fully utilized, would make the section from Weldon to Roanoke Rapids one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the South."

Here's a good sentiment from The Twin-City Sentinel:

"Memorial Days recalls the noble effort of the Daughters of the Confederacy to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to the brave sons of Forsyth county who fell in the war between the States. A shaft set up in some prominent part of Winston-Salem would be a constant reminder of the sleeping heroes, and we would do fitting honor to their memory three hundred and sixty-five days in the year."

The Newbern Journal says that while men cannot be legislated into sobriety there are influences at work that have greatly decreased drunkenness. "The demand of the twentieth century," says our contemporary, "for men morally, mentally and physically sound, thus equipped to meet the exigencies of the day and hour, is prohibitive and mandatory, and the man who will dissipate, let the dissipation be of such character as to weaken his powers of mind or body, means that such a man cannot run the race, cannot meet the test of the hour, is not wanted.

"Sobriety, and this covers more than the drink habit, is not merely a virtue, but a human necessity."

The Davis Memorial—A Suggestion.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It appears from the papers that the question of the method of the Davis memorial is open, at least, to discussion. The arch does not seem to meet with the favor of Mrs. Davis, though it has her consent, and a statue appears to be not universally approved, I beg to suggest the memorial take the form of something useful as well as beautiful and commemorative. I especially suggest a public library. Let the funds that the ladies have with such noble effort collected be used to erect a beautiful and stately building known as "The Jefferson Davis Memorial Library." I feel confident the city will undertake to maintain it with loving and generous care.

There will be a double joy and beauty in such an institution, which will be a living memorial, visited and seen by hundreds where an arch or a statue would be by tens.

It will do more than all else to recall and vindicate the memory of the President and heroes of the Confdracy, for on its shelves could be placed such literature, accessible to the children, as will give them the knowledge of the facts, give them the power of this knowledge to vindicate the memory of their fathers, when the fathers shall be no more.

In such an institution the beauty of utility will be added to the utility of beauty, bearing, like the quality of mercy, a "double blessing."

EDWARD N. CALISCH.

Richmond, Va., May 11, 1903.

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Coke Dandruff Cure

and Hair Tonic

Makes the Hair Grow, Keeps the Scalp Healthy.

Sold Everywhere in $1.00 and 50 Cent Bottles.

A. R. Bremer Co., Chicago.

THE MAN ABOUT **Town** —BY— Harry Tucker

DAILY CALENDAR.

1801—Major Howard goes to the first Chiefs' Convention.

2004—Still attending the meetings.

* * *

It was one of the greatest games of ball that ever was, and for three days afterward not a member of the Olympia Club was able to get up stairs unassisted. The line up was irresistible, and looked as follows:

Catcher—J. W. Moore.
Pitcher—L. H. Bailey.
Short-stop—M. Morton.
First base—J. W. Watts.
Second base—Colonel Billy Allen.
Third base—William Hart.
Fourth base—W. D. Fergusson.
Fifth base—C. S. Wells.
Sixth base—W. B. Walke.
Fielders—E. A. James, T. J. Marshall, D. E. Baber and W. V. Bradshaw.
Umpire—Archie Williamson.

The game and the line-up were not exactly according to Hoyle, but it was an Olympia Club game, and nobody had anything to do with the rules except Umpire Williamson, who didn't understand them himself.

It took a longer time to get around the bases than in an average game, but the Olympias did not care to run so far or so fast, and they had six men on bases nearly all the time.

The contest ran longer, and First Baseman Watts had to take the place of Colonel Allen on second base, because the latter refused to stop any balls that were thrown at him.

Third Baseman Hart did stop one ball and put a man out, but the bases were full, and the next man up hit a ball to center, and the whole team ran after it. Fourth Baseman Fergusson fell down, and for a minute it looked like a football game, and when the crowd untangled itself and Colonel Allen's whiskers were straightened out the bases were cleared of runners.

This started a contention, and Umpire Williamson is still wearing court plaster.

They are going to have another game next spring.

* * *

We feel like a spring chicken, and our friend George Ehmig, is the cause of it all.

When he asked us to let him try his new electrical shaving and massage apparatus on us, just like he would on a goat or a hare, we felt like declining, but we needed a shave, for we had begun to look like a hedge-hog, and we thought we might as well go as a lamb to the slaughter then as any other time, and take some chances.

We take chances all the time.

Our friend Dutch Leaman gave us a twenty-dollar William the other day, but when we started to get it changed we found out it wouldn't work, and the Dutch gave us a hearty "ha, ha!"

But, getting back to the main subject, we must say that when we sat in that chair, with Ehmig pushing an electric button through us, it felt good, and reminded us more of a Turkish bath effect afterward.

It acted better than a bottle of bromo seltzer would have done, and it removed the wrinkles of care that had formed on our countenances.

And that's why we say we feel like a spring chicken, because the electric shampoo has already removed the bald spot from the top of our head, and our red nose is getting back its normal shade.

We wouldn't have missed that electric shave and shampoo for anything that may be coming.

Enthusiastic for Cleveland.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Your editorial, "Can Cleveland Win?" was to me delightful reading. If he cannot win, no Democrat can. He is to-day, by immense odds, the most popular man in the United States. The politicians do not like him for the very reasons that make him irresistible among the people. They can't boss him, and the people love him more in consequence. He is a man; a man who never sags with doubt nor shakes with fear. His strong sense, his indomitable will, his self-reliance, his incorruptible honesty, his supreme self-oblivion in the discharge of official duty, his proud scorn of everything that is little and low, will draw him into the White House with the resistless force of gravitation. Nominate him, and you will have no need of platform, for he will be all the platform that the people want. Nor will you need much organization or the machine. Turn Grover loose before the people as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and the pent-up enthusiasm of the people will break forth at once and sweep the country from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That great name will shame opposition into his support. The Commoner and the Courier-Journal will see at once what small factors they are in American politics. They may snarl awhile, but are not to be feared.

Turn Grover loose and give the voters a fair chance at him. We shall then at least have a Democratic President, who already has been three times before the voters and three times received the popular majority.

Four years more of Grover.

B. PURYEAR.

Orange, Va.

A Road Hint.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In many places our roads on hills are worn ten or fifteen feet deep and ten or twelve feet wide. It is impossible to make a road with side ditches in the old road-bed. I think it best and cheaper to buy land along such hilly ground and make the old road a water way.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Powhatan, Va.

THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER III.

A TRAITOR UNMASKED.

"So it's you, is it?" Jack exclaimed in a tone of angry surprise, as he toyed irresolutely with the whip. "Turned thief, have you? What's that in your hand? Drop it!"

Joel Spanish reluctantly let a piece of paper flutter to the floor. The fiery contact of the lash had been his first intimation of danger, and he looked the detected culprit that he was, very frightened and uncomfortable, as he stood in a half-cowering attitude, with one arm raised to ward off a further assault.

The discovery that the desk had been opened with a key not his own did not improve the young officer's temper. As yet he was unsuspicious, in spite of the colonel's warning. He kept gold and silver in the bungalow, and he formed the too hasty conclusion that this was the motive of the burglarious visit. He was very careless with money, and might easily have been robbed on previous occasions.

"It's a good thing I've caught you," he went on. "This isnt the first time, I'll warrant. You rascal, I've a mind to give you what you richly deserve—a sound thrashing."

He advanced a step, his arm uplifted, Joel Spanish backed against the desk, and his face burned dusky red under the brown skin.

"Stop!" he said hoarsely, with an ugly flash in his eyes. "I won't take another blow, sir. And the one you've given me I shant forget."

"Be careful, my man," Jack replied. "No insolence, or you'll pay dearly for it in the end."

With a jerk he flung the whip across the room, lest he should be tempted to use it, and so degrade himself in his own estimation. "I am amazed at your conduct, bitterly disappointed," he continued. "You ungrateful dog, to rob the man who trusted you and treated you with kindness! And now you have ruined your career.'

"If you'll try me again, sir—"

"That's impossible!"

"What do you intend to do with me?"

"Have you locked up to await your court-martial?"

"Never that, sir!" snarled Spanish, showing his white teeth. "By God, no!"

Blind to the consequences of his folly, which meant a death sentence, he accompanied the mutinous words with a staggering blow on the young officer's chest. Then, leaping over a table that barred the way, he snatched a pistol from a rack at the rear of the room and turned. Jack, livid with rage, seized a sword that hung over the desk and gave instant chase.

Spanish realizing that it was 10 to 1 he would be cut down before he could make good his escape, stood at bay.

"Keep back, curse you!" he cried. "I'm a desperate man, and if you come on—"

"You infernal scoundrel!"

The interruption, roared in a furious voice, came from Colonel Erlton. His sudden appearance on the threshold of the room startled the would-be murderer, and caused his hand to shake as he was in the act of firing.

The trigger fell, there was a splash of flame and a report. The bullet whistled by Jack's ear, and struck and extinguished the lamp, shattering it to fragments. Spanish, profiting instantly by the darkness, flung the empty pistol with a crash into the litter on the table, and then plunged headlong through the nearest window, carrying the curtains with him.

It was quite dark outside, and though Jack and the colonel hurried with all speed to the veranda, and thence across the compound to the low wall, they caught only a brief and disappointing glimpse of the fugitive as he plunged into the edge of the jungle.

Knowing that he had escaped them for the present, and that it would be useles to follow, the officers returned to the bungalow, and Jack procured a fresh light. All was quiet. No other houses were in the immediate vicinity, and the pistol shot had evidently not attracted attention.

"Gad, what a narrow shave you had!" said Colonel Erlton. "I don't know how it was, but something seemed to tell me that I had better come after you. And I got here in the nick of time. But what was the trouble about? The fellow must have been mad, or drunk."

"He was neither," replied Jack.

He briefly explained in a few sentences, while he searched the desk with eager fingers.

"This looks serious," said the colonel. "I doubt if the scoundrel's object was money. Are my papers safe—the plans?"

"They are gone, sir!"

"Don't say that. You are mistaken, Fane!"

"It is only too true," Jack answered in a tone of despair. "Here is the book, but the plans are not inside of it. And you can see for yourself that they are not in the desk. Spanish has carried them off."

"By heavens, it's a black case. There is treason in the very air, and if the signs are to be believed—hullo, what's this?"

The colonel picked up a bit of paper from the floor, glanced at it keenly, and tossed it to his companion with an exclamation of disgust.

"A letter of yours," he said, as he turned to the table and mixed himself a brandy peg. "So the plans are gone! It's a bad business. I must think it over and decide what to do."

The young subaltern's face darkened as he examined the object that Spanish had dropped. It was an empty envelope addressed to himself, with the left-hand top corner torn off. The postmark was London, and there were other marks to show that it had been forwarded from Calcutta and had reacher Meerut that very afternoon.

"The scoundrel!" cried Jack.

"What now? Missed anything else?" asked the colonel.

"Spanish has opened a letter that came during my absence and has stolen the contents. I cannot imagine why. Here is the envelope, stamped London. The writing is utterly strange to me."

"It looks like a legal envelope, the kind solicitors use," Colonel Erlton replied. "And so Joel Spanish has carried off the inclosure. I thought the man was to be trusted, or I should not have recommended him to you. He has a black record back of him—insubordination, a couple of doggings and an attempt to desert. But five years ago he turned over a new leaf, and from that time there hasn't been a mark against him, not a private in the fusiliers was more steady and more obedient, more attentive to his duties."

"I have found him all that," said Jack. "This business to-night is inexplicable; I don't understand it. He came here to steal those plans; that is beyond question. But with what end in view?"

Colonel Erlton was pacing the floor in great agitation. He stopped and put his head close to Jack's.

"With what end in view?" he echoed. "I will tell you, Fane, and you may believe me or not. There is Rajput blood in Spanish on his mother's side, and at heart he is more than half a native. I am convinced that he secretly hates the English; that his reformation was a sham. For five years he has been deceiving and hoodwinking us all, while he played a deep and cunning game. He has been in the pay of the treason plotters, and he will carry those plans straight to—can't you imagine where?"

Jack shook his head.

"To the rajah of Jhalapur," the colonel exclaimed hoarsely. "I have long suspected the loyalty of Chandra Singh. There is plenty of devilitry afoot. A storm is brewing that will convulse India from end to end, and God only knows when it will burst."

"I trust you are mistaken, sir. But I must admit that I have not been entirely blind to the signs. If Spanish is bound for Jhalapur—"

"That is his destination," the colonel interrupted; "but he must not reach there. There is little chance of his getting a horse, so he will probably travel on foot and keep to the jungle paths. He must be headed off, intercepted and caught. Yet I hesitate to send a force in pursuit of him; for good reasons I don't want this affair to leak out at present."

"I have an idea," said Jack. "With your permission I will ride at once to Estcourt's place at Rampoora. He and some of his men will go on with me toward Jhalapur. Spanish should reach there toward daybreak, and it's ten to one he wil fall into our hands. I think I know the track he will take and where he will emerge from the jungle."

"Good!" approved the colonel. "I like that, Fane. I believe you will succeed. Be sure that Estcourt provides sufficient men for the purpose."

Within ten minutes the young subaltern had taken the pick of his two horses from the stable and was riding towards the Jhalapur road. The distance to the rajah's town was eighteen miles, and half way between, nine miles from Meerut, lay the plantation of Rampoora.

It belonged to an American named Estcourt, who had inherited it several years before from an uncle, with whom he had previously lived in India for a time. Ralph Estcourt's parents were dead, and when he came out to take possession of his property and work it he was accompanied by his sister. They had met Lieutenant Fane in England, and the acquaintance there begun had subsequently ripened to a warm friendship in Calcutta and up country.

It was no secret that Madge Estcourt was at no distant day to become the wife of the handsome young officer of the Bengal fusiliers.

Having seen Jack depart on his mission, Colonel Erlton returned from the stable to the bungalow, steadied his nerves with a second drink and a cheroot, and looked about for a few minutes in the vain hope that Joel Spanish might have dropped the precious plans. The servants had not come back, and he had no intention of waiting for them.

He was about to leave when he heard hoofbeats ringing on the hard road. They drew rapidly nearer, and ceased at the compound gate. After a brief interval footsteps mounted the verandaa, and there was a double rap on the door.

"Come in!" shouted the colonel, wondering who the caller could be.

A lean, rugged man of more than middle age, burned by the sun and dusty with travel, entered the room. A revolver holster swung from the right side of his belt and to the other side was strapped a small leather bag with a stout lock. The visitor—he was a stranger in Meerut—removed his sola-topee, stood very stiff, and made a respectful salute.

"I wish to see Lieutenant Fane," he said.

The colonel, having given his own name, briefly accounted for the subaltern's absence. "You have missed him by a very short time," he added.

"When will he return, sir?"

"That is uncertain."

"Then I must follow and overtake him," replied the stranger. "I am speaking, sir, to one who will respect my confidence. I have come from England, charged with certain instructions relating to Lieutenant Fane, and I must deliver those instructions to him in person without delay. To wait here for his return, if his present whereabouts are known to me, would be contrary to my orders."

"Your business is important?"

"I have papers and a parcel to deliver," was the reply. And the man's hand instinctively gripped the leather bag at his side. "My name is Tobias Clink," he added, "and I am in the service of Glynn & Skelton, bankers, of Conduit Street, London."

"They sent you to India?"

"Yes."

A low, sharp exclamation fell from Colonel Erlton's lips, and a bewildered expression, with something of fear and consternation in it, altered his features.

"You have been a soldier?" he asked, to hide his confusion and gain time for thought.

"I have, sir," Tobias Clink replied. "I served in India in my younger days, in the Royal Dragoons. But for twenty years I have been in the employ of Glynn & Skelton as confidential messenger. Will you kindly tell me, sir, where to find Lieutenant Fane?"

A grim specter of the past had risen from old memories, and was dancing before Colonel Erlton's eyes. He was silent and abstracted for a moment, and then, telling himself that there was no way out of it, he gave the desired information, and added directions for reaching Rampoora.

"You will probably overtake him there," he said "How is your horse?"

"I rode him from Delhi, sir," Tobias Clink replied, "but he is fit for a gallop of a dozen miles further. I shall start directly, sir, but first I have a story to tell you. I intended, had I found Lieutenant Fane here, to come straight to you afterward."

"What is it?" said the colonel. "Be brief, my man."

"I learned Hindustanee in India, and I have not forgotten it," Tobias Clink answered. "When I left Calcutta for the terminus of the railway line there were two natives in the same carriage with me. I recognized one of them, and knowing the peril that threatens India in these days, I took pains to overhear some of their conversation. I saw them subsequently at Benares, Lucknow and Cawnpore, and as I was detained for a day at the latter place I have no doubt that they gained on me by twenty-four hours. Their destination was Jhalapur—"

"And who are they?"

"The younger was Azim Ullah, the secretary of Nana Sahib. I saw him in London in 1853, when he was sent there on a diplomatic mission by his master. His companion, an older man, was a stranger to me."

"Describe him."

"He was tall and lean, with deep-set eyes and beetle brows, an aquiline nose and lantern jaws."

"The Maulavi!" exclaimed Colonel Erlton.

(Continued To-morrow.)

BAD BLOOD

"I had trouble with my bowels which made my blood impure. My face was covered with pimples which no external remedy could remove. I tried your Cascarets and great was my joy when the pimples disappeared after a month's steady use. I have recommended them to all my friends and quite a few have found relief."
C. J. Pusch, 967 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Cascarets — Best For The Bowels. CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

JUDGE DEW NOW AN LL.D.

Nashville College Honors the Second Auditor.

EXECUTIVE APPOINTEES

Governor Names Members of Boards of Visitors for Mt. Vernon and Deaf and Dumb School—Want Farms.

Judge John Garnett Dew, Second Auditor of Virginia, now a distinguished resident of this city, has been honored by the Nashville College, of Nashville, Tenn., with the degree of Doctor of Laws, or LL. D., as it is usually written. The action of the college was a great surprise to Judge Dew, but he is wearing his mead of approval with becoming modesty. He has a sheepskin almost large enough for a table cover, which is signed by William Farr, Ph. D., LL. D., president of the Board of Trustees, and L. B. Armstrong, LL. M., secretary of the same body. Judge Dew is a Bachelor of Law of the University of Virginia.

Governor Montague has appointed members of the Board of Visitors of Mt. Vernon Messrs. Archer Anderson, Richmond; Landon C. Berkeley, Jr., Danville; William H. White, Norfolk; Gardner L. Boothe, Alexandria, and A. Moore, Berryville. His Excellency was busily engaged yesterday with the many routine matters of his office. He sent to the Senate yesterday the names of Messrs. G. W. Butts, M. D., and Sam. H. Miller, of Lynchburg, to be members of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia School for Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Charles H. Smith, of Washington, D. C., has written to Commissioner of Agriculture Koiner, saying that he wanted to buy a large grazing farm in the Southwest suitable for raising sheep. Inquiries regarding farms in Virginia came also from D. G. Van Allen, Selkirk, N. Y.; Joseph Brennaman, La Salle, Ill., and B. La Pard, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Koiner has received from the Test Farm a specimen of Hairy vetch, four feet high. This is a feed for cattle similar to clover, only it can be grown on much thinner soil.

Commissioner of Labor Doherty is now at his office after a prolonged spell of illness. He is trying to get some one to take the place of Captain Boyd, deceased, in preparing a report on the minerals of the State. He is in correspondence with several gentlemen with that end in view.

THE MAY CARNIVAL

Enjoyable Affair in Progress in the Basement of St. Peter's.

A large crowd attended the opening of the May Carnival in the basement of St. Peter's Cathedral last evening. Among the articles to be voted are a handsome painting of American beauty roses, a beautiful doll and a marine scene. Each night there will be an especial attraction.

The feature of this evening will be an excellent musical programme by the boys of St. Peter's School. Among the popular songs will be: "The Moonlight on the Lake;" "The Quail Song;" "My Love is Fair;" "Columbia," and a dialogue entitled, "The Trials of a School Teacher," by Masters Walker Poh and John Bryne. Miss Therese Donohue will play the accompaniment.

The affair is under the management of Mrs. Harton, assisted by the ladies of the parish.

Property Transfers.

Richmond: Mary Etta and D. A. Brown, Jr., to Mary E. Sullivan, 25 feet on south side of Grove Avenue, No. 1115, $11,000.

Roger Gregory and wife to A. S. B. James, 56 feet on south side of Grace Street, 336 feet west of Allen Street, $2,912.

A. S. B. James and wife to Ro. M. Kent, Jr., trustee, 28 feet on south side of Grace Street, 364 feet west of Allen Avenue, $1,540.

George W. Lewis, special commissioner, to Mechanic' Saving Bank of Richmond, Va., 30 feet on Beverly Street, $950.

J. H. Luckenburg and wife to James J. Finegan, recorded in Henrico County Court September 18, 1897.

D. Wiley McCauhey to American Can Company, lot of land bounded on north by Venable Street, on east by Rose Street, on south by Burton Street and on west by Pink Street, and lot 12 6-12 by 171 feet on east side of Twenty-fourth Street, southeast corner of Burton, $100.

Henrico Mrs. Mary P. Boyd to Dr. Francis D. Browne, 380.45 acres about six miles north of Richmond on the Wilkinson Road, $8,500.

J. Thompson and LeRoy E. Brown and J. P. Dillard and wife to Adelle Christian, 41 feet on west side of Auburn Avenue, 150 feet south of Floyd Avenue, $1,800.

Same to Ora L. Franck, 41 feet on west side of Auburn Avenue, 150 feet north of Main, $1,800.

Fairmount Land Company to W. H. Oxenham, 18 8-12 feet on north side of Y Street, 106 feet west of Twenty-third, $25.

Joseph J. Meyer and wife to August H. Bucher, 26 feet on north side of Leigh Street, 60 feet east of Dinneen, $975.

E. S. Read and wife to Ida V. Blakey, lot 25, block 1, section 1, Highland Springs, $45.

Samuel P. Waddill, clerk, to W. C. Crenshaw, lot 3 in square 14, Barton Heights, in name of Elizabeth Harvey, for taxes.

Secret Order Notes.

A complimentary musicale will be given by Marshall Lodge, Knights of Pythias, to its friends at Lee Camp Hall to-night.

Capital City Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted Saturday night at Abou Ben Adhem' lodge-room, with a charter membership of thirty.

A pie party will be given at Powell's Hall Wednesday night for the benefit of Pocahontas Tribe of Red Men.

Machinists' Smoker.

International Association of Machinists, No. 10, will hold an open meeting and a smoker at Smithdeal's Hall on Wednesday, May 20th. The committee in charge consists of Messrs. T. J. Jones, C. A. Osborne and E. S. Hurley.

Mr. and Mrs. Welsh Back.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Welsh will return to-day from their wedding trip, and will be at home to their friends at No. 2613 East Grace Street.

Richmonders in New York.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, May 11.—Herald Square—J. H. Fiske; Marlborough—G. A. Marks; P. B. Elain, I. C. Cohen, S. Cohen and wife; Hoffman—W. M. Meyers, A. B. Warren, W. R. Williams, S. L. Kelley; Abemarle—R. S. Bosher and wife, T. Williams, Jr.

Gold to be Exported.

(By Associated Press.)

NEW YORK, May 11.—Lazard Freres will ship $1,500,000 gold to Paris by a steamer to sail from here to-morrow. A shipment of $500,000 to South America will probably be made on Wednesday.