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ARMS AND THE WOMAN

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

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CHAPTER V.

Hillars went to the sideboard and emptied half a glass of brandy. Coming back to his chair, he remained in a reverie for a short time. Then he resumed his narrative:

"The princess looked up into my face and smiled."

"Yes; thence to France. Ah, I could go along. But listen, monsieur. Above all things there must be a scandal. A princess elopes with an American adventurer. The prince will withdraw his suit. The king may or may not forgive me, but I will risk it. He is still somewhat fond of me notwithstanding the worry I have caused him. This way is the only method by which I can convince him how detestable this engagement is to me. Yet my freedom is more to me than my principality. Let the king bestow it upon whom he will. I shall become a teacher of languages or something of that sort. I shall be free and happy. Oh, you will have a merry tale to tell, a merry adventure. You will return to your country. You will be the envy of your compatriots. You will recount at your clubs a story such as men read, but never hear told." She was growing a bit hysterical. As she looked at me she said that my face was grave.

"Is there no other way?" I asked.

"Can it not be accomplished without scandal?"

"No. There must be scandal. Otherwise I should be brought back and forgiven, and no one would know. In a certain sense I am valuable. The Hohenzollerns love me. I am something of an idol to them. The king appreciates my rule. It gives him a knowledge that there will be no internal troubles in Hohenzollern so long as matters stand as they now do. Still, there are limits to the king's patience, and I am about to try them severely. But monsieur hesitates. He will withdraw his promise."

"No, your highness," said I. "I have given my word. As for the scandal, it is not for myself that I care. It will be a jolly adventure for me, and then I shall have such a clever story to tell my friends at the clubs."

"She saw that I was offended. 'Forgive me, monsieur. I know that you would do no such thing. But let me explain to you. At the station we will be intercepted by two trusted and high officials at court.'"

"What?" I exclaimed. "Do they know?"

"No, but I shall write to them anonymously, the note to be placed in their hands immediately we leave the premises."

"I looked at the woman in wonder. 'But this is madness!' I cried."

"Directly you will see the method in the madness. Without their knowing there could be no scandal. They will try to stop us. You will overpower and blind them. There will also be several other witnesses who will not be participants. Through them it will be come known that I have eloped with an American. Oh, it is a well laid plan."

"But supposing I am overpowered myself, thrown into jail and I know not what?" All this was more than I had bargained for.

"Nothing of the kind will happen. Monsieur will hold a pistol in each hand when the carriage door is opened. You will say: 'I am a desperate man. One of you bind the other or I will be done. You will spring upon the remaining one, and I will help you to bind him likewise. Oh, you will accomplish it well. You are a strong man. Moreover, you are rapid.'"

"I sat in my chair, speechless. Here was a woman of details. I had never met one before."

"Well, does monsieur accept the adventure or does he politely decline?" There was a subtle taunt in her tones. That decided me.

"Your highness, I should be happy to meet a thousand villains to do you service. What you ask me to do is quite simple. I know that I should lose my head in case of failure. I rose and bowed as unconcernedly as though she had but asked me to join her with a cup of tea."

"Ah, monsieur, you are a man!" And she laughed softly as she saw me throw back my shoulders. There was unmistakable admiration in her eyes. "And yet," with a sudden frown, "there will be danger. You may slip. You may become injured. Yes, there is danger."

"Your highness," said I lowly, compelling her eyes to meet mine, "it is not the danger of the adventure or its results that I most fear." I was honest enough to make my meaning clear.

"She blushed. 'I said that I trusted monsieur's honor,' was her rejoinder. 'Come,' with a return of her imperiousness, 'it is time that we were gone.' She drew on her cloak and dropped the veil. 'I might add,' she said, 'that we will remain in France one hour. From there you may go your way, and I shall go secretly to my palace.'"

"And the glamour fell away like the last leaves of the year."

"I had to wake up the driver, who had fallen asleep."

"Where shall I say?" I asked.

"To your hotel. I shall give the driver the remaining instructions," said I, as I took my place in the carriage, "how I am to become a guest at the dinner to-morrow evening."

"I spoke to the king this morning. I said that I had a captive. He replied that if I would promise it to my last he would grant it. I promised. I said

that it was my desire to bring to the dinner a person who though without rank was a gentleman, one who would grace any gathering, kingly or otherwise. My word was sufficient. I knew before I asked you that you would come. Twenty-four hours from now we—that is, you and I—will be on the way to the French frontier. I shall be ever in your debt."

"Silence fell upon us. I knew that I loved her with a love that was burning me up, consuming me. And the adventure was all so unheard of for these prosaic times! And so full of the charm of mystery was she that I had not been a man not to have fallen a victim. What possibilities suggested themselves to me as we rode! Once across the frontier I should be free to confess my love for her. A princess? What of that? She would be only a woman—the woman I loved. I trembled. Something might happen so that she would have to turn to me. If the king refused to forgive her, she was mine! Ah, that plain carriage held a wonderful drama that night. At length—too shortly for me—the vehicle drew up in front of my hotel. As I was about to alight her hand stretched toward me. But instead of kissing it I pressed my lips on her round white arm. As though my lips burned, she drew back.

"Have a care, monsieur; have a care," she said icily. "Such a kiss has to be won."

I stammered an apology and stepped out. Then I heard a low laugh. "Good night, Mr. Hillars. You are a brave gentleman!"

The door closed, and the vehicle sped away into the darkness. I stood looking after it, bewildered. Her last words were spoken in pure English.

With the following evening came the dinner, and I as a guest—a nervous, self-conscious guest who started at every footstep. I was presented to the king, who eyed me curiously. Seeing that I wore a medal such as his chancellor gives to men who sometimes do his country service, he spoke to me and inquired how I had obtained it. It was an affair similar to the Balkistan, only there was not an army, but a mob. The princess was enchanting. I grew reckless and let her read my eyes more than once, but she pretended not to see what was in them. At dinner a toast was given to his majesty. It was made with those stuns I showed you, Jack.

The princess said softly to me, kissing the rim of the stein she held. "My toast is not to the king, but to the gentleman!" I had both steins bundled up and left with the host together with my address.

"It was not long after that the eventful moment for our flight arrived. I knew that I was basely to abuse the hospitality of the king. But what is a king to a man in love? Presently we two were alone in the garden, the princess and myself. She was whispering instructions, telling me that I was a man of courage."

"It is not too late to back out," she said.

"I would face a thousand kings rather," I replied.

"We could see at the gate the carriage which was to take us to the station. Now came the moment when I was tried by the crucible and found to be dross. I committed the most foolish blunder of my life. My love suddenly overleaped its bounds. In a moment my arms were around her lithe body; my lips met hers squarely. After it was done she stood very still, as if incapable of understanding my offense. But I understood. I was overwhelmed with remorse, love and regret. I had made impossible what might have been."

"Your highness," I cried, "I could not help it! Before God I could not! It is because I love you better than anything in the world—you cannot be of it—and all this is impossible, this going away together."

Her bosom heaved, and her eyes flashed like a heated summer sky.

"I will give you one minute to leave this place," she said, her tones as even and as cold as sudden repression of wrath could make them. "I trusted you, and you have dared to take advantage of what seemed my helplessness. It is well indeed for you that you committed this outrage before it is too late. I should have killed you then. I might have known. Could ever a woman trust a man?" She laughed contemptuously. "You would have made me a thing of scorn, and I trusted you!"

"As God is my judge," I cried, "my respect for you is as high as heaven itself! I love you. Is there nothing in that? I am but human. I am not a stone image. And you have tempted me beyond all control. Pardon what I have done. It was not the want of respect."

"Spare me your protestations. I believe your minute is nearly gone," she interrupted.

"And then—there was a crunch on the gravel behind us. The princess and I turned in dismay. We had forgotten all about the anonymous note. Two officers were approaching us and rapidly. The elder of the two came straight to me. I knew him to be as inexorable as his former master, the visitor of Sedan. The princess looked on mechanically.

"Come," said the count in broken English. "I believe your carriage is at the gate."

I glanced at the princess. She might have been of stone for all she life exhibited.

"Come; the comedy is a poor one," said the count.

I followed him out of the garden. My indifference to personal safety was due to a numbness which had taken hold of me.

"Get in," he said when we reached the carriage. I did so, and he got in after me. The driver appeared confused. It was not his fare, according to the agreement. "To the city," he was briefly told. "Your hotel?" turning to me. I named it. "Do you understand German?"

"But indifferently," I answered listlessly.

"It appears that you understand neither the language nor the people. Who are you?"

"That is my concern," I retorted. "I was coming about and not unnaturally became vicious."

"It concerns me also," was the gruff reply.

"Have your own way about it."

"How came you by that medal?" pointing to my breast.

"Honestly or dishonestly, it is all the same."

"He made a move to detach it, and I caught his hand.

"Please don't do that. I am extremely irritable, and I might throw you out of the window. I can get back to my hotel without guidance."

"I am going to see you to your lodgings," asserted the count, rubbing his wrist, for I had put some power into my grasp.

"Still I might take it into my head to throw you out."

"You'd better not try."

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes. There would be a scandal. Not that I would care about the death of a miserable adventurer, but it might possibly reflect upon the virtue of her highness the Princess Elidegarde."

"What do you want?" I growled.

"I want to see if your passports are proper, so that you will have no difficulty in passing over the frontier."

"Perhaps it would be just as well to wake the American minister." I suggested.

"Not at all. If you were found dead, there might be a possibility of that. But I should explain to him, and he would understand that it was a case without diplomatic precedent."

"Well?"

"You are to leave this country at once, sir—that is, if you place any value upon your life."

"Oh, then it is really serious?"

"Very. It is a matter of life and death—to you. Moreover, you must never enter this country again. If you do, I will not give a penny for your life."

He found my passports in good order. I permitted him to rummage through some of my papers.

"Ach, a scribbler, too!" coming across some of my notes.

"Quite right, Herr General," said I, submitted because I didn't care.

My luggage was packed off to the station, where he saw that my ticket was for Paris.

"Good morning," he said as I entered the carriage compartment. "The devil will soon come to his own. Ach!"

"My compliments to him when you see him!" I called back, not to be outdone in the matter of courtesy.

"And that is all, Jack," concluded Hillars. "For all these months not an hour has passed in which I have not cursed the folly of that moment. In—"

Scrap of Local History.

REMINISCENCES OF YORK.

Valuable Bits of Local History Preserved by a Septuagenarian.

Dr. Maurice Moore in The Enquirer of 1870.

THE TURKEY CREEK NEIGHBORHOOD

Was settled, in great part, by families from the lower portion of South Carolina. Among these were the Palmers, Williamses, Marlons, Kings, Normans, Pierces, and Courtiers. Some of these came up prior to the Revolutionary war—some after its close. They were wealthy, and brought with them into the district, a large number of Negroes. Being high livers and poor managers, they soon scattered among their thrifty up-country neighbors, a number of their slaves, as it was quite a common rule with them, to sell one or two Negroes each year, to bring in a revenue for next year's expenses.

Although they were not enterprising and money-making citizens, these families were a valuable accession to York district. They were people of high tone of character, warm hearts, genial hospitality and courteous manners. This mingling with the earlier settlers, had a softening influence in social life, and introduced a gentler element of modes and means. I distinctly remember old Captain Joseph Palmer, the very embodiment of an old-school gentleman, always wearing the beautifully plaited ruffled shirt, well blacked top boots, and riding a fine horse; with a bow of grace and elegant dignity, old Sir Charles Grandison could not have surpassed. During the war he was, part of the time, commissary for Colonel Edward Lacy's regiment of mounted infantry. After peace was restored, he held for many years the office of magistrate. He was a surveyor by profession, and one of the most accomplished of his kind. His plats were models for their accuracy of measurement and neatness of execution. He was universally looked up to and respected. Even a stranger was bound to feel the power of his finished manner and courtly address. It was really an advantage to the youth of his vicinity to enjoy the opportunity of imitating such accomplishments. These, too, held him a good deal in awe, for they well knew that a gauche or rudeness, would not pass, in his presence, uncorrected. Over the broad mantle-board in the hall of his house, during the Christmas holidays, in plain letters, easily deciphered, he would chalk the following quaint distich:

"Pray stand aside, sirs, 'tis every one's desire,

As well as you, sirs, to see and feel the fire."

And the shivering little urchin who would thoughtlessly plant himself in front of the blazing logs, to the exclusion of others, would hang his head abashed, and step deftly to one side, when his attention was pointed "to the writing on the wall."

Some of these families, after a few years, sold their purchases and returned to the low-country. Others made York their permanent home, and their descendants still reside in the district. When it was a boy, numbers of the Huguenot families of Pineville would, every summer, travel up in their carriages, spending the season in our more salubrious climate, with their relatives and friends, who were settled here.

To a Septuagenarian, nothing is more striking than the change of social customs within his recollections. A young man wanting to address a girl, in the olden time, would ask of the father or guardian of his inamorata, "the liberty of the house." This being granted him, whether the attentions were agreeable or otherwise to the young lady, she was bound by respect to her father and every sense of politeness, to receive the swain's attentions with courtesy, till he came directly to the point with her; when she could give him a decided refusal or acceptance.

I recall a practical joke played by a young and beautiful young widow, Mrs. M., and her niece, Miss Betsy M., who was not far inferior in attractions. It would now be deemed a jest unrefined beyond fastness—in those days a merry humor, though I cannot say I would not now question its propriety, if committed under my tutelage. But those who perpetrated it, would have shrunk with blushes, from the indelicacy of a round dance.

It was Christmas week and hog-killing time. Two young gents—Jimmy M., and Mansfield G.—concluded to go a sparring, and the charming widow and Miss Betsy M. were, to each, an attraction. The cherry blazing fire inside was a pleasant contrast to the snow on the ground outside. So cozily did the day pass, that they concluded they would remain during the night. They would remain during the night, they would remain during the night; old stories, asked riddles, and the evening passed away merrily. When the hour for retiring came, the ladies made an excuse that the candles were out and that they had not yet another supply—the fire light must serve the gentlemen in their stead, and by it; they hoped they could make their way to the bed. Jimmy M. said he knew their quarters, having occupied them before. Mr. G. was equally complacent. Good-nights were exchanged, and all went to their beds—Jimmy and Mansfield to their bed-fellow and ran disrobed before bed. As he slipped in, and jumped drew up the covering to exclude the frosty air. Out he bounced, crying at the top of his voice, "Snakes! snakes!—snakes in the bed."

"Snakes!" exclaimed the astonished Jimmy. "Snakes, and snow on the ground?" And seizing a blazing pine knot, he ran to the bed, threw down the covering, lying about the middle, a coil of—expanded hog entrails.

There had been a larger amount than was needed prepared for the sausage, and the surplus was seized by the girls to blow up, and with them, perpetrate the joke. A burst of smothered merriment from the next room—the domicile of the ladies—explained the affair to the young men. Jimmy M. was badly in love—took the trick in good part, laughed heartily at the excellent counterfeited and G.'s unseasonable snakes. The latter, more sensitive, re-dressed,

declared he felt himself insulted and would leave. The ladies, who were still in full toilet, came out and met him as he was starting, begged his pardon, assured him it was but a jest of the season, etc., etc. He could not blow them up, as they had the entrails, so he rode away in cold dignity.

Now, my friend, Nat Marion, took his mortification more gently. He escorted home one Sunday, from the meeting-house, one of old Col. Beckham's daughters. There were beside, going to Colonel Beckham's hospitable house, several young ladies. Each had an escort, and the young men all accepted an invitation of the old gentleman to remain during the night. After tea a servant entered to remove the boots of the gentlemen, bringing a pair of slippers for each to assume, while he was blacking the boots for the morrow's wear. As it was customary, although the ladies were present, the beaux without hesitancy, submitted to the pulling of their boots, and the comfortable substitute offered, until Nat's turn came. He declined. "His boots were not much muddled," "were very hard to get off," he said, and "the servant need not black them." "Oh!" replied the colonel, "this boy can pull any boot I ever saw—let him take them off for you."

"No, I thank you," returned Nat, unabashed, "I am sure he could not succeed with these. I have always to use a boot-jack or get to the crack of the door." Old Colonel Beckham's pride in Caesar's efficiency was aroused, and he insisted on his being allowed to try. Nat was in for it and the stout Negro laid hold. Nat was a small man; but just then, a very determined one. He held a stubborn foot and rigid toes, but the burly strength of the black was too much for him; his foot gave way, the boot slipped off, and there, in full view of the ladies and all, lay the gist of the matter. Poor Nat boasted no foot to his stocking—a leg and a heel was all that remained, and he called on repeated use of the oft-repeated pun, "each toe spoke its perfect health, for they were all able to be out."

At weddings, quillings, or parties of any kind, where there were enough assembled together, the young people would always have a dance. No one ever made any religious objection, and I've seen an elder, of pure piety as any man who ever lived, lead off the reel. Our minister used to look on and say he much preferred it to the games sometimes introduced to vary the entertainment. When pawns were forfeited by some faux pas, by an unlucky individual in the game, a frequent penalty in paying was—the offender being a young man—to kiss some designated girl through the rounds of a chair, placed on his head for the purpose. I must agree with him. It is a far more pleasant sight to see well-taught feet, keeping time to lively music, than to witness the romping games which are instituted as a vent for the exuberance of spirit that youth, health and untried hearts are given by Dame Nature.

When a few young persons accidentally met at a friend's and would gather in the long winter evenings around the huge fireplace, which took almost the half of the end of the good-sized hall they would agree alternately, to tell a tale, ask a riddle and sing a song. The share compelled each to contribute their part to the evening's amusement. All would comply, and those whose attempts were failures, stood being laughed at good naturedly; feeling, in that way, if not the other, they had given their quota to the evening's fun. Those who sang well were called on repeatedly for songs, and there is a ballad much admired, sixty years ago, which I have never seen in print; but my memory serves me so well as to enable me to recall all but four lines. It is, I think a pretty sequel to the always popular Scotch song of "Auld Robin Grey," and I cannot refrain from giving it. It was called

"THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

"The summer it was smiling,
All nature round was gay;
And Jennie was attending,
On poor auld Robin Grey,
For he was sick and weak,
And had no friends besides,
Save only poor Jennie,
Who newly was a bride.
'Oh! Jennie, I shall die,' he cried,
'As sure as I had birth;
Then see my poor old bones, I pray,
Laid decent in the earth;
And be a widow wif make,
A twelve-month and a day;
And you shall have what e'er belongs
To poor auld Robin Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth,
As decent as I could;
And shed a tear upon his grave,
For he to me was good.
I took my rock in my hand,
And with my cot I lied;
Crying was I me! what shall I do,
Since poor auld Robin's died?
Search every land, throughout the world,
There's none like me forlorn;
I'm ready 'en to ban the day,
That ever I was born.
I tried to laugh, I tried to sing,
To pass my time away,
For father was dead, mither was dead,
And e'en auld Robin Grey.

At last the merry bells rang out,
I could na' guess the cause;
But Rodney was the man they said,
Who gained so much applause.
I doubted if the tale were true,
Till Jamie came to me,
And shewed to me a purse of gold,
Said Jennie 'tis for thee;
Auld Robin Grey is dead I find,
And still your heart is true,
'Oh! Jennie take me in your arms,
And I will be so too!
Pres' John will join us in the kirk,
And we'll be bythe and gay,
I blushed, consented and replied,
'Adieu! auld Robin Grey.'

The air was a sweet, plaintive one, that suited well the simple tenor of the tale; and the voice now low silent that poured forth the melody, better far—untaught though it was, by all but a true ear and fine taste—than many a one I've heard since, trained under masters to trill Italian Sonatas and French Rigolettas, not one word of which could the listeners understand, to add interest to notes my old fashioned ears deemed more torturing than pleasing.

As the witching hour of midnight drew near, the tales would increase in horror and mystery. Each one of the circle drew their chairs nearer to one another, and the sinking fire, and excited imaginations all aglow, made even

the boldest half afraid to look behind them on the gloaming darkness.

Vehicles of all kinds were scarce. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, usually rode on horseback, and many a well-to-do farmer hauled up his corn crop on sleds. The said corn was made with a trac chain, for they used as a substitute, laths made of white oak. As they knew no better, these did excellently well except at the end of the row, as in consequence of the stiffness of the laths they had to lift the plough clear around. It was a great improvement when raw cow-hides, made of green cow-hides, were introduced. The stretching and contracting properties of these gears were exemplified—over-well, perhaps—by the tale told by a countryman, who was swapping lath with an old acquaintance.

He said he cut down a be tree about a half a mile from his house, on the creek. The tree broke as it fell, and out gushed a stream of honey into the creek, that made methglin of its waters for a matter of 25 yards. He ran directly home for his cart and yoked up his oxen, the gears of which were green cow-hides. He drove back to his be tree, loaded his cart heavily, and then drove off for home. The oxen went well, but the cart never moved a step, for the cow-tugs kept stretching till they stretched all the way to the house. He turned the oxen loose when he got there, threw the yoke over the limb of a tree, and in the evening the cart came creaking up to his home, for the sun had drawn up the cow-tugs to the right length again.

At the period of which I speak, there was but one glazed house in the district, outside of Yorkville. That was built by old Colonel Bratton. It boasted two or three windows, filled by one sash, each, composed of four panes, not more than about 6x8 inches in size. I am under the impression that the building is still standing at Brattonville. I often think those primitive times were very happy ones. The very absence of elegance and luxury stifled envy and extravagance, and encouraged sociability and hospitality.

Bacon was almost invariably out by harvest, and from that time on till winter, there would be slaughtered alternately a pig, beef and sheep, to furnish meat. Boned turkey, eggs lacram, etc., were unknown efforts; and a roasted fowl, baked pig, or big chicken pie were the chef d'oeuvre of our cuisine. The low-country families of Turkey Creek usually had as daily diet, the luxuries of coffee and sugar; and I remember an instance of a gentleman of the Scotch-Irish stock marrying into one of those families. On his next trip afterward to market—Charleston—he brought home, for his new wife's menage, a full sack of coffee and a barrel of sugar. His relatives looked on this as unparalleled extravagance. It was the amount of stock usually laid in by a store! With forbidding they prophesied "that woman would surely break Alec." Their habit was a cup of coffee for breakfast on Sunday mornings, and this, with its invariable accompaniment of fritters, was a feast worthy a laird.

Practical jokes were much in vogue, and usually taken in good part, though occasionally an irascible disposition felt like resenting them. Old Mr. Jamme Mc—was an Irishman born, and a perfect gentleman. He, though rich, never owned slaves, but had a family of free Negroes in his employ, and a man-of-all-work—Jim Downs, an Emerald Islander, too. He always ate and slept in the kitchen, and was a dirtier specimen of the genus homo than most of the blackamoors.

One day General Lacey went to Mr. Daniel Williams's, on Turkey Creek. The compliments of the day being passed, Mr. Williams naturally enquired if there were any news afoot.

"Yes; Jim Downs is dead."

"Jim Downs dead? Poor old fellow! I had not heard he was sick. Well! what a life he led at Mc—; as bad as a Negro. In fact Mc—kicked and cursed him about worse than a Negro. When did he die and what was the matter?"

"Oh! Mc—came home in a frolic the other night, took a notion and made Downs wash himself right clean all over, put on clean clothes, out and out, and to top all, put him to bed in a clean feather bed. Next morning they found old Downs dead."

A good laugh followed the exposition of the hoax. It was repeated from one to another until it came to old Mr. Mc—'s ears. He did not relish the sarcasm, and laid up a good tongue basting, at least for Lacey, when he met him. A vendue in the neighborhood, not long after, afforded the opportunity. A drink or two taken, however, drowned malice and they were soon together, merry as boon companions.

Parson McCarra joined the group, and took more than one social glass. The whole party felt their liquor. Mc—stuffed, full of dead drink. Lacey's merry mood lifted the ascendant, with the parson's help, lifted the prostrate Mc—on some plank, then composed his limbs, like those of a corpse for burial, placed on each eye a silver piece, and paid McCarra a silver dollar to preach Mc—'s funeral sermon over him. When Mc—returned to consciousness, and learned the sport he'd made for others, his wrath was loud and strong, and for weeks after he carried a gun to kill Lacey. However, anger died out before he met the general, and it all at last passed, in its proper light, as a drunken humor.

I cannot say I commend this scene above the doing of the present generation. It will, perhaps, be hard for my readers to credit me, that two of the prominent actors were of the highest respectability—in fact, among the leading men of their community—considered themselves as gentlemen and were deemed so by every one. With McCarra it was different. His had been a higher vocation, and this had forfeited by his elevated standard of morals usually practiced by the clergy, raised them so far above common men, they were revered as those to whom "it was given to be called the sons of God;" while he was deemed fit to give zest to an inebriate's gleeful fancy. He was a talented reprobate, and had he been true to himself and

his calling, the record of his name might have been one of merit and honor, instead of the mournful memorial, "An unfaithful Shepherd."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SATURDAY.]

JANUARY COTTON CORNER.

Story of Monday's Remarkable Developments On New York Cotton Exchange.

New York Sun.

Excited short interests made a lively time on the cotton exchange yesterday morning, when they found themselves in a corner into which they had been gently shoved within a month. The flurry was wholly in January options. The price which was 10.30 a pound at the opening of the market, reached 12.75 in less than an hour. This is the highest price reached in ten years.

January cotton closed on Saturday at 10.20. That was the last day for the issue of the five day notices, or demands for delivery this month, and many such notices were sent out. Between the close of Saturday's market and the opening here yesterday, there was an advance of ten points. As soon as the market opened there was a rush of the shorts to cover. It became apparent that a small pool or clique had acquired the greater part of the January options, variously stated in the neighborhood of 75,000 bales, while holding at the same time a quantity of actual cotton, and when the total supply of the staple in the New York market was believed to be only about 75,000 bales. Some inkling of the conditions had spread abroad earlier in the month and there had been a rush of cotton toward this port, so that those who had sold what they hadn't got, could have cotton to deliver; but as it seemed unlikely that enough could be landed here in time, the short interests vied with each other in efforts to purchase, quotations leaping five, ten and even twenty points between sales.

It was said freely on the exchange that those whose interest it was to do so bid up the price energetically. To 12 cents the representative of a house comparatively new, that of Pernie, Wilson & Co., appeared as a seller and sold all the way from that figure up to 10.20. The house, which has New Orleans and Liverpool connections, received the credit for manoeuvring the deal in association with another firm. The name of a junior partner in the Wilson firm was mentioned as that of the man in no small way responsible for the ingeniously engineered squeeze.

At the average of 245 points, or 2.45 cents a pound, from the opening to the highest price of yesterday's market, the profit to a person who held cotton purchased at or below the opening figure would be \$12.25, or more a bale. Cotton bought at Saturday's closing price of 10.20 and sold at 12 yesterday would net