

# THE ENTERPRISE.

True to Ourselves, Our Neighbors, Our Country and Our God.

VOL. XL.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1901.

NO. 2.

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXVI.  
CONTINUED.

"You are right, Tom. You will have to know it, and keeping it from you only aggravates the distress. Your good old uncle is dead."

"Dead! Uncle Tom dead? It cannot be possible!"

"It is not only possible, but a painful fact. The day you were brought here raving about Winnie and the lava and the priests, Uncle Tom gave way under the shock. He tried to do what he could for you, but was compelled to take to his bed. The next morning, as his attendant went to rouse him, he was found dead. He had passed quietly away in the night."

"Dead!" I murmured, as I lay back on my pillow and sighed wearily. "Winnie dead, Uncle Tom dead, and that hateful priestess alive! I must get well soon, Tilling. I'll tear that she-wolf from her hiding-place and slay her. Ah, what a cruel wretch she is!"

Again there was a peculiar look exchanged between Tilling and Gordon. "But your words regarding this priestess were very different while you were raving," said Gordon, watching me intently, and evidently moved greatly. In my own grief I almost forgot that he, loving my sister as he had told me he did, must have felt the loss poignantly. "You were continually calling her 'beautiful Kamai,' and telling her that you loved her."

"I raised my hand deprecatingly. 'Don't tell me any more, Gordon. Let the bright vision that once enthralled me sink behind the cloud of hate that followed. Yes, I had begun to love her. Ah, Gordon, you could not blame me if you had seen her one day as I saw her, melted to tears, a womanly woman instead of a heartless priestess. Yes, I loved her, Gordon. But when I saw that horrible sight—that awful—ah, I can't bear to repeat it—the love I felt for Kamai turned to hate, and the former passion only intensified that hate. I must kill her!"

"We were all silent a few moments. A half-choked sob came from Gordon. He looked away across the valley at the distant mountains, and dashed a tear from his eye. In his agitation he rose from his chair and tramped back and forth on the porch. This was always Gordon's way when under excitement."

"I think the time has come for an explanation of how you got hold of me," I said. "It is all so inexplicable. I fell on the rocks. I know that. But from that moment until the day I woke with you and Tilling standing over me, I do not remember a thing. It is all a blank. I do not even know how long ago it was."

Gordon sat down again, and recovered his composure by an evident effort of the will.

"There is so much to be said—so much to explain—all around that we hardly know how to begin," he said. "You do not even ask how long ago your uncle died, or if he is buried?"

"Time seems to be a thing that is beyond me," I replied. "Until I know how long I have been here, I cannot form any conception of time."

"You have been just two weeks in your bed," said Doctor Tilling. "Then, of course, Uncle Tom is buried. You attended to it properly, did you not?"

"Yes," said Gordon, sadly. "We did all we could. You know you are his sole heir and master of The Corals, now."

"Never mind that," I said. "My inheritance is not of so much moment as my revenge."

"When you are sufficiently strong," put in Doctor Tilling, who had been quietly watching me while he smoked a cigar, "there are sundry papers and documents that must be attended to. Berkton has the will and a few other papers."

between Mountain and Pearl Harbor. I was overtaken by a squad of about ten natives, who surrounded me and succeeded in securing me. I killed two of them, but they were too many for me. I was taken into a thick wood and held prisoner over night. I think their intention was to put me to death through some religious ceremony, for they had plenty of opportunity to kill me then.

"The next day, the entire army was out looking for me, and a company came upon us in the woods. The peaky natives wouldn't give up even then, until they were all shot. They are very devil for persistence and recklessness. When I got back to Honolulu, I found you were gone to Molokai. Dole told me what you had said to him, and your uncle said the same thing. But I know perfectly well that you would never go off in that way, so suddenly, simply to see about that monument. Anyhow, I knew you would not go, leaving my fate in doubt, unless there was a right fully stronger call on your affections, such as I knew a clue to Winnie's whereabouts would be."

"I didn't believe the Molokai yarn at all, says that the ship was going there. I concluded you had learned something, and had started out to run the clue down. I got hold of Malliakui, who is about the most decent native in the place, and told him that to my mind, your life was in danger. He was greatly alarmed, and promised to learn what he could and tell me."

"Well, he used all his arts on the daughter of old Lowai, who, it appears, gave you some information while he was dying."

"Well, he could not get anything definite out of her, although I believe if she had known anything she would have told. But he managed to learn that she had overheard you and Lowai talking about Lanai and Patua, the fisherman, at Kanaakakia, and the inference was that you had gone to Molokai to get Patua to take you to Lanai. There was nothing definite about it, but it was better to follow up a slight trace than to remain inactive. I took twenty soldiers, and in the steamer belonging to the Department went to Kanaakakia. Inquiries for Patua, the fisherman, elicited the fact that he was not there. This much seemed to point to the truth of my surmises. We then steamed to Lanai. We had a rough time of it landing, not knowing the coast. We wandered about striking off in new directions, and I sent scouts out to hunt for traces of you. One of them climbed to the top of Kapatoli and discovered traces of life down in the crater. He hurried to report to me, and I followed him there with what force I had—about eight men. When we reached the top, a horrible sight met us. The volcano was just springing into life. You were lying on the ledge of rock stretching around the crater, and a dozen or so crazy priests were dancing around you. We fired into them, and made our way down to you as fast as we could. We had no time to lose. Any minute might be our last, for the old volcano was rumbling at a tremendous rate. We picked you up, carried you out of the crater—which was not an easy task—and took you to the steamer. You were in need of medical attendance, so we hurried home. That is all. We have been hanging over you ever since, waiting for you to get well and explain your presence in that strange place."

I had listened breathlessly to Gordon's narrative, which he told in a voice sometimes broken with emotion.

"Ah! Had you come but a moment sooner," I said, "you might have saved poor Winnie. They had just—just—oh, Gordon, I cannot resist it even though I saw the horrible thing with my own eyes. Oh, if you had come a little sooner!"

"I wish to God I had," replied Gordon, with a tremor in his voice. "And did you not see Kamai?" I asked.

"No. I saw nothing of any priestess or woman. There were a few priests, as I told you. That is all."

"Do you know whether the eruption of Kapatoli was a violent one or not?"

"No. The indications were that it was going to be a violent one, and we got out of the way as soon as possible. We could see nothing of it from the steamer after we left the island."

"Were you able to learn from what I said in my fever anything of the scenes through which I had been?" I asked.

"In a measure," said Gordon, gloomily. "With what I saw and what you have since said in your ravings, it was possible to form an idea of what you had been through, and the awful fate that poor Winnie met."

Here Gordon's emotions overcame him, and he again paced to and fro on the porch.

Doctor Tilling was evidently getting nervous. The excitement was, in his judgment, too much for me. He had raised his hand warningly, and was about to say something, when a carriage rolled into the big gate and toward the house.

"Here comes Dole," said Gordon, stepping into the house and bringing

out a comfortable chair for the president.

Mr. Dole came at once and shook hands with me. "I am sincerely glad, Warrington, that you are so much improved," he said, taking the seat proffered by Gordon, near me. "It was exceedingly good news when Gordon told me you were to be allowed the luxury of the porch to-day. I concluded that if you were even so far on the road toward convalescence, it could do no harm to drop in and see you. Was my conclusion correct, Doctor Tilling?"

"Quite so, Mr. Dole," replied the doctor.

And, in fact, Tilling seemed relieved. Dole was so calm, and his manner of talking was so soothing and easy that it had the effect of undoing the excitement brought on by my talk with Gordon.

"Of course, Tom, you know all about your uncle's death," said Mr. Dole. "It was a sad blow to all of us."

"Gordon and Tilling have just told me," I replied. "It makes me feel still worse, but the grief I was already in seemed to exhaust my nervous force. I could feel no more."

Dole bowed his head, as if he wished to signify that he understood. But he looked inquiringly at Doctor Tilling. He evidently had not been told of the fate of Winnie, as disclosed by my mild ravings.

"Tom will have his hands full now," said Gordon, "with The Corals and all Mr. Warrington's wealth."

A cloud rested on Dole's face. "Yes," he replied, with a slight hesitation. "Yes, but there is something to be said about that. Something that you do not understand—any of you. But it will not do to talk about it now. Tom is not yet strong enough. In a week, perhaps, at Berkton's office, we will talk it over."

After a short chat Dole left, and I was hustled back to bed. Tilling said he had been very lenient. That I had had a good day of it, and he feared I had overdone it. But if there were no ill results, I might continue each day to be out more.

CHAPTER XXVII.  
A week later I was so much improved as to be able, so Tilling said, to paddle my own canoe. The week had dragged slowly, so impatient was I to get out in search of the perfidious priestess and bring her to punishment. I was also anxious to settle up Uncle Tom's affairs, and my curiosity had been excited by what Dole had said about my heirship.

During the week of convalescence, Gordon had been with me almost constantly. Doctor Warren had been out to see me once, but the journey was getting a little long for him; age was telling on him to that extent.

Jolley Seacamp had been to see me several times. This good-natured, sympathetic fellow sat with tears in his eyes while I told him what I had seen. He was especially moved by my recital of the hopes that had been aroused in me by Kamai's words, and the utter desolation that followed the discovery that she was false to me and true to Dole, her godfather.

"I tell you what, Warrington," he said, "there's only one thing for you to do: Find her, if she's alive. Perhaps she met well-merited punishment in the volcano. But, if not, you must find her. Tear her in pieces. Slow death, torture and all that. And the priest! Kill them! Burn them alive! These blamed natives never were any good, and never will be. I tell you the sooner you kill every member of the damned old Kamailoukanilauwale the sooner you will confer a favor on this country and humanity in general. Yes, sir. Do it. If you want me to go along and help you, I'll go, as sure as my name is Seacamp. I'll pile 'em onto a fire and prod 'em with a stick while they are roasting. Cuss 'em! That beautiful girl to meet a death like that! Gordon, I conjure you and lay it upon you as a sacred duty to find that cruel priestess and her gang of fanatics, if it takes the whole army to do it. Kill 'em, I say, kill 'em!"

Gordon's lips were compressed and his face pale. "They shall be punished," he said grimly, "if they are alive and can be found."

When the week was up, I gave myself into the hands of Lawyer Berkton. It had been arranged that I should go to his office with Gordon and Doctor Tilling and that President Dole should meet us there. I did not know what Dole had to do with my uncle's affairs, unless as executor or something of that kind. The weather had for a day or two been unpromising, and for my benefit it was agreed that the meeting should take place at The Corals.

So we gathered in the library to read some important papers left by Uncle Tom.

Lawyer Berkton was quite an old man. He stooped considerably and spoke in a slow, hesitating way. But he was the best lawyer in Honolulu.

President Dole, Berkton, Gordon, Tilling and myself formed the group. (To be continued.)

## A ROOSEVELT FAMILY SKETCH

### The New Executive's Family and Ancestry.

### A VERY BRAVE ACT OF HIS MOTHER

### Wherein She Proved Her Southern Grit—His Accomplished Wife and Interesting Children.

The circumstances under which Theodore Roosevelt comes to the presidency are such as to bring out the finest elements of his nature and insure to the country a business-like and statesman-like administration. The people are expecting much of him, and the first official acts of his are well calculated to meet their expectations.

His accession to the high office under such tragic circumstances marks an era in our government. It is a transition from the past to a living present.

Theodore Roosevelt is the first president since the war of secession who was not in some way connected with

finding it. His gaze soon was directed to the fluttering emblem of the South.

The Roosevelt nature has never faltered before a crowd. Theodore the elder saw that imminent danger would probably be averted only through persuading his wife to remove the objectionable flag. With a word to the crowd he left, entering the house and finding his wife. He told her what she already knew—that the anger of the mob had been excited by her indiscreet display of her colors, and that it would be well for her to take in the flag.

"I shall not do so," declared the mother of the President. "The flag is mine; the boudoir is mine. I love the flag, for it represents my native land. No ruffian hand shall invade the privacy of my boudoir to drag down that flag, nor shall ruffian shouts force me to remove it from the window of a room that is wholly mine. Explain to them that I am a Southern woman; that I love the South. Do anything you like except touch that flag. It shall not come down."

And it did not. Theodore Roosevelt went again to face the crowd. He made a speech, dwelling with fitness upon his wife's love for her own land and moulding the mob to his will and to an indulgence of Mrs. Roosevelt in her desire to fly the flag of her beloved Southland.

### WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Roosevelt's literary attainments and domestic life.

Much interest is felt in the new "Lady of the White House," as she has studiously kept herself aloof from public notice as far as possible. It was not until Colonel Roosevelt became vice president that she consented to allow her picture to be published by the press, and then it was only upon Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion that as the wife of a public man she owed certain obligations to the public and should not refuse to accept them.

At her first official appearance in Albany as wife of the governor of New York, Mrs. Roosevelt created a most pleasant impression, as she has a charming manner, quiet, but cordial, and a face indicative of character.

The lovely domestic atmosphere that was a conspicuous part of the White House life during President and Mrs. McKinley's residence will be continued in his successor's case, predict all who know the Roosevelts well, as both the new president and his wife are essentially home-loving, and the former has never heretofore allowed public life to supersede the home claims, while the latter has steadily resisted the allurements of society when they threatened to conflict with her cherished domesticity.

Mrs. Roosevelt is the second wife of the president, whom she married in 1886. The little daughter of the first wife at once became her especial pet, and the two have ever since been devoted to each other. Miss Alice Roosevelt is now eighteen years old, and will make her social debut at the White House.

The literary proclivities of President Roosevelt are shared by his wife, who has published, for private circulation, a volume of poems that are said to show a great deal of talent.

She knows almost as much about politics as the president, and keeps posted on public affairs in Europe as well," said a friend yesterday in speaking of Mrs. Roosevelt, adding, "and at her official reception she will be able to chat in their own languages with half of the ambassadors there."

Mrs. Roosevelt is a good horsewoman, but not at all athletic, nor does she favor woman's clubs. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon her before their last election to become president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but she refused. The only society in which she takes a personal interest is the Mother's Association of New York state, of which she is a member. President Roosevelt is on the advisory board of the National Association of Mothers.

Miss Alice Roosevelt inherits her father's athletic tastes, and rides, fishes, and plays golf with enthusiasm. Theodore, Jr., the eldest of her five half-brothers and sisters, has been her companion in many romances and triumphs, and has proved his possession of his father's tastes by shooting a deer this summer.

It is said that the boy resembles his father closely in looks and temperament. That he possesses the paternal readiness in emergencies is shown by an incident that occurred during the last week, when an impertinent stranger asked him as he left the train at Washington with his mother whether he was more pleased that his father was president or that he had shot a deer.

"Theodore's eyes flashed through his glasses," said one who was there, "and he said: 'I have no time to answer such questions.'"

Theodore, Jr., has been entered at a well known preparatory school at Groton, Mass., where he will go this fall. Harvard, the president's alma mater, will undoubtedly be his. Kermit and Archibald were to have been in the public school this winter in Washington, but the accession of their father to the supreme place may make a change necessary as Mrs. Roosevelt fears that they may receive more flattery and deference as the president's sons than is good for them. This matter, therefore, remains unsettled for the present.

Between these two in point of age comes little Ethel, who will probably have a governess at home for some years. Her sister Alice was educated entirely by this system, as with something of her father's decision, she absolutely refused to be sent away to school. The baby, Quentin, has not yet reached the school problem.

Kermit gets his odd name from the Welch ancestry of his mother, whose maiden name was Edith Kermit Carew. Quentin's name is from a Huguenot ancestor.



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

the stirring events of those troublous times. He represents the younger elements of American manhood.

Theodore Roosevelt is not essentially a politician. On the civil service commission he served with marked ability; his doctrine being always with the man best qualified to do good service in the position which he occupied, with little regard for his politics.

It is believed that as president he will exercise his well-known virtues as an American patriot, and give to the



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

country an administration suited to the best interests of 80,000,000 free-born citizens, recognizing no section; and in the administration of the country's affairs, no political party. The South has much to hope from the new president and as he has assumed the new and important duties as president of the whole people, it is likely that their high hopes will be realized.

### ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER

### How She Displayed Her Southern Sentiments.

"This true story shows a maternal quality that has made a President," writes J. A. Buntner, of Savannah, Ga., to the Charleston News and Courier.

And the true story deals with the unquenchable patriotism of President Roosevelt's mother, Martha Bulloch

## 48 SOLDIERS KILLED

### Fearful Slaughter of Our Men in the Philippines.

### OF 72 MEN, 24 ESCAPED DEATH.

### Were Surprised While at Breakfast Saturday Morning, on the Island of Samar—News Created a Sensation in This Country.

Manila, By Cable.—A disastrous fight between United States troops and insurgents occurred Saturday in the island of Samar, near Balangiga. A large body of insurgents attacked Company C, Ninth Infantry, only 24 members of the company escaping.

All others are reported to have been killed. The company were at breakfast when attacked and made a determined resistance, but the overwhelming number of the insurgents compelled them to retreat. Of the survivors who have arrived at Bassy, 11 are wounded.

According to the latest returns the strength of the company was 72. The survivors include Captain Thomas W. Connelly, First Lieutenant Edward Bumpus, and Dr. R. S. Griswold, surgeon.

Captain Edward V. Bookmiller, of the Ninth Infantry, reports that General Hughes is assembling a force to attack the insurgents. The insurgents captured all the stores and ammunition of the company and all the rifles except 26.

Washington, Special.—News of the disastrous fight between troops of the Ninth Infantry and the insurgents on the island of Samar was sent promptly by General Hughes, commanding in that island, to General Chaffee at Manila, and by him transmitted to the War Department. It reached the Department during the early hours Saturday and Adjutant General Gorblin realizing its importance, at once made it public after sending a copy to the White House. General Chaffee's dispatch, which agrees with the Associated Press dispatch, is as follows:

"Manila, Sept. 29.  
Adjutant General, Washington:

"Hughes reports the following from Bassy, Samar: Twenty-four men of Company C, Ninth Regiment, United States Infantry, eleven wounded, have just arrived from Balangiga. The remainder of the company killed. The insurgents secured all the company supplies and all rifles except 12. The company was attacked during breakfast on the morning of September 23. The company was 72 strong. Officers, Thomas W. Connelly, captain; Edward A. Bumpus, first lieutenant, and Dr. R. S. Griswold, major surgeon, escaped."

The news created a sensation in official circles. It was the first severe reverse that has occurred for a long time. Still the officials were not unprepared for news of just this character from Samar, in which the revolution started by Aguinaldo still continues. Samar is a country about as large as the State of Ohio and the American forces of occupation number in all between 2,900 and 2,500 men. These are distributed among various posts in the island, a large number being located at the more important centers. Spain never made any effort to occupy Samar and it only has been for probably three months past that the United States have undertaken the work.

The latest report made by General Hughes to the War Department was that the number of insurgent rifles in the island aggregated about 300. The Filipinos carried on a guerrilla warfare and operations against them were difficult. The disaster to Company C occurred, it is believed, while it was engaged in an expedition to clear the country of roving bands of these insurgents. The fact that the Americans were attacked while at breakfast indicates the pluck and daring of the insurgents.

### Two Men Killed by Fall.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Special.—John Wallace, engineer, and John Connelly, miner, were instantly killed at the twin shaft at Pittston. The men were being hoisted to the surface in a bucket and when about half-way up the shaft the bucket tipped over and both men were thrown out. They fell a distance of 20 feet and when picked up nearly every bone in their bodies was broken.

### Negro Whipped to Death.

Longview, Tex., Special.—News has reached here of a race riot at Hallville, in Harrison county. A party of white men Saturday night whipped a negro so severely that he died. They attempted to break into the house of another negro who shot and killed Julian Atwood. Armed citizens have been searching for Tom Walker, who did the shooting, and late reports say he has been hanged. The trouble was over crop mortgages. It is said the negro secured advances on their crops and then refused to fulfill the contract.

### Seven Chinamen Executed.

Pekin, Special.—It is asserted here on high authority that the German troops in Shanghai and the German garrison who are guarding the railroad beyond the Kiau Chou boundary will soon be withdrawn. At the request of the German minister, Dr. Mumm von Schwartzstein, seven Chinese have been tried and sentenced to be hanged for complicity in the murder of a German trader in a village near Peking last month.