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A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE.

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

Author of "An Artist in Crime."

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

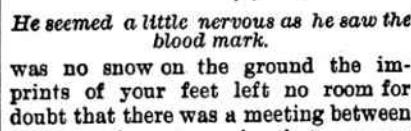
CHAPTER I.—Fifteen years before the opening of the story John Lewis went to live in a place called Lee, in New Hampshire, with a little girl 6 years old, Virginia, the daughter of his deceased sister. He had a son who had been left at school, but ran away and shipped for China. Five years after Lewis went to Lee a family named Marvel also settled there. Young Walter Marvel met and loved Virginia Lewis. Alice Marvel, Walter's sister, and Harry Lucas also met and were reported to be in love with each other. At the opening of the story a person purporting to be the missing son of John Lewis arrives at Lee. Walter Marvel proposes for Virginia, but she declines, whose name he bears, was a villain and a convict. Young Marvel draws a pistol and shoots at Lewis, but his aim is diverted by Virginia. Soon after Lewis is found dead in his room with two bullet holes in his body. His death occurs simultaneously with the arrival of the man who claims to be his son. II.—Mr. Barnes, the celebrated detective, and Tom Burrows, another detective, take up the case, strongly suspecting Virginia as the criminal. III.—They examine the grounds about the house where the murder is committed and find footprints of a man and a woman, the woman's footprints strengthening their suspicions of Virginia. They also find two pistols, one marked "Virginia Lewis," the other marked "Alice Marvel." Virginia writes a letter and goes away with it. Barnes, disguised, follows her. IV.—Virginia gives her letter to one Will Everly, who posts it. Barnes keeps his eye on it, gets possession of it and thus learns the whereabouts of Walter Marvel. V.—Virginia visits Alice Marvel, who betrays a knowledge of the murderer. VI.—John Lewis, the supposed son of the murdered man, produces envelopes addressed to him to prove his identity. He excites suspicion by leaving his room at midnight. VII.—An autopsy is made of the dead man, and Barnes arrives at Lee with young Marvel.

CHAPTER IX.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY.

During the delivery of the statement made by Sarah Carpenter there was the stillness of death. Her words caused a profound sensation, and even after she ceased no one spoke, but eagerly waited to hear what those in charge of the investigation would have to say. The squire at length addressed the witness: "You say it was about half an hour after you had parted from Everly when you heard the shots fired?" "Yes, sir," said the girl eagerly. "I am certain it was as long as that, for I went to the house to get my things, as I said, and when I found that I did not have my key I looked all about the room first, and it was some time before I concluded to search in the barn. When I did, I had to get a lantern, and it was quite a long time after I got to the barn before I heard the shooting." "Then, provided your estimate of the time which elapsed is correct, it must have been about 9 o'clock when this occurred?" "I am sure of it. I left just after and went home, and it was a quarter past 9 when I wound my watch before going to bed." "Miss Carpenter," said Mr. Tupper, "how is it that if you suspected your friend Mr. Everly you did not go to him and ask him about this matter?" "I came over here yesterday for that purpose, but Will had gone to New Market." "Was it snowing when you left the farm on Sunday night?" "No, sir; it had stopped." She was then allowed to retire, and Mr. Tupper called attention to the fact that her evidence had corroborated the detective's theory as to the time of the shooting. The next witness called was Harry Lucas. "Mr. Lucas," asked the squire, "do you recall the day on which Miss Lewis celebrated her birthday at Riverside?" "Certainly. I was there," answered Lucas. "Do you recollect the trouble between Mr. Lewis and Marvel?" "Yes, sir, perfectly." "When Marvel was leaving, did he utter any threat against Mr. Lewis?" "He said some angry words. I should not care to state positively what they were. I was too much excited myself at the time." "Do you recall what you yourself said to Mr. Lewis?" "Not exactly, sir." "Did you not threaten him?" "I don't recollect. I may have. I was very angry and quite excited." "You have heard of the death of Mr. Lewis, I suppose?" "I have, sir." "Were you in Lee on the night of the murder?" "I was." "Did you tell any one that you intended leaving town that night?" Lucas remained silent. "I have been told by several parties that you were heard to say that important business would call you out of town. Was that true?" "I did tell several people that, but it was not true." "I am to understand, then, that you told a lie?" Lucas colored deeply. "I did not look upon it in that way. I had good reasons for wishing people to think me out of town, and, under the circumstances, did not hesitate to speak as I did."

"Will you tell me what those circumstances were which would make you think it excusable to resort to a falsehood?" "I would rather not." The squire nodded to Mr. Tupper, who took the witness. "Mr. Lucas," said he, "was it not because you intended to visit Riverside farm that you spread the story of your absence?" Lucas made no reply. "Did you not go to Riverside that night to meet a lady?" Mr. Tupper spoke slowly, and Lucas started and looked confused, but still persisted in his silence. The lawyer continued: "Did you not meet a lady in the summer house, and was not that lady Miss Lewis?" "How did you know that?" blurted out the witness, at last aroused to speech and evidently amazed. Mr. Barnes smiled slightly. "How I know is of small consequence," said Mr. Tupper, "but I will tell you. The detective has been all over the place, and as fortunately there



He seemed a little nervous as he saw the blood mark.

was no snow on the ground the impressions of your feet left no room for doubt that there was a meeting between a man and a woman in that summer house. All that was left was to discover their identity." "And how have you done that—that is, if you have done so?" "Do you deny that you and Miss Lewis met at that place and on that night?" "I neither deny nor admit it." "Perhaps you will later. You say you were in Lee. If not at the farm, where were you?" "I was out for a time and then went home." "Mr. Lucas, did you hurt yourself that night?" "I believe not. How do you mean hurt myself?" "Did any accident happen to you?" "I don't recall any." Mr. Tupper stooped and picked up a small paper covered parcel, which he unrolled, and taking therefrom a man's white shirt handed it to Lucas and asked: "Do you recognize that as your property?" "I can't be sure," faltered Lucas. "It has your name on it," suggested the lawyer. "Where did you get it?" "Never mind that. Just tell us if it is yours." "It looks like one of mine." "Exactly. Now, if you please, how did you get the blood on the wristband?" Lucas examined the garment more closely and seemed a little nervous as he saw the blood mark. "I don't know how it got there," said he, and then with some anger added, "I won't answer another question till you tell me how you came into possession of this shirt." "It was sent to your washerwoman on the day following the murder, and as she had heard of the crime she kept the blood stained garment." "Do you mean to say that you accuse me of killing Mr. Lewis?" "I accuse no one, but I will remind you that it is the duty of every honest man to help and not to hinder the machinery of justice. If you are an innocent man, you should not hesitate to reply to my questions. That we may have no more evasion I will tell you at once that I know how the blood got on your shirt." "How should you know, when I tell you I do not know myself?" asked Lucas incredulously. "The blood is your own. You were bitten by a dog," continued the lawyer. Lucas started in surprise. "You went to Riverside, and you were attacked by the mastiff." "You seem well informed." "I only state what is a fact." Then suddenly producing the pistol, "Do you recognize this weapon?" At last the young man showed signs of distress, as he replied more humbly, "Yes, sir, it is mine." "It was found at the farm near the summer house. Will you admit now that you were there?" Lucas made one last effort: "I may have dropped it there at any time." "In which case," interrupted Mr. Tupper, "it would have been covered by the snow." Lucas now seemed to recognize that further attempt at concealment would be useless, and Burrows even thought that he seemed relieved, as though, in fact, he had been previously playing a part which little pleased him. "You have the best of me," he replied. "Go on. I will answer your questions."

"Very well. You admit, then, that you went to the farm to meet Miss Lewis and that you did see her?" "Yes, sir." "At what hour was your appointment with the lady?" "A quarter to 9." "Miss Lewis left you at the summer house and went toward the river, did she not?" "How do you know that?" Lucas was plainly very much surprised at the knowledge displayed by the district attorney, who, of course, had previously been posted by Mr. Barnes. "Footprints," said Mr. Tupper tersely. "Oh, well! You are right." "When did the dog attack you?" "As soon as Miss Lewis left me I started for home, and the brute came for me." "Did he bite you?" "Yes, sir, on the arm." Drawing up his sleeve, he showed that his arm was bandaged. "Ah! Then that accounts for the blood on the shirt, as I supposed. Now, then, Mr. Lucas, there is another matter. This pistol of yours has an empty shell in it. How do you account for that?" "I used the pistol to defend myself against the dog, but he was too quick for me, and before I could aim at him he had buried his teeth in my arm. The weapon was then discharged." "You are sure," said Mr. Tupper, speaking with great deliberateness and looking Lucas straight in the eyes, "you are sure that you did not fire this pistol first, and that the noise did not attract the dog and make him attack you?" "What should I have fired at?" asked the witness. "Mr. Lewis perhaps," continued Mr. Tupper in the same measured tones. Lucas seemed about to make an angry retort, but controlled himself and answered: "The whole thing occurred as I have related it. As soon as the dog opened his jaws again I ran for my life, and as I did so I thought I heard two shots in quick succession." As this seemed to corroborate the story told by Sarah Carpenter, Mr. Tupper paused in his inquiries, and the squire asked: "Did you see who fired those shots?" "No, sir; I did not think of looking around. I was too intent on getting away." "Can you say about what time this shooting occurred?" "I met Miss Lewis at a quarter of 9, and we talked till about 9, I should say. It was a few minutes after when I started to leave." Mr. Tupper resumed the examination. "Can you tell me who it was that Miss Lewis went to meet on the other side of the river?" "Did she cross the river?" "Her footprints were found over there and also those of a man. Now, you must know who that man is?" "I don't see how that follows." "Why did Miss Lewis have you meet her at so late an hour?" "I do not think that this is my secret. I would prefer to have you ask the lady herself." "I think we may do that, Mr. Tupper," said the squire. "Yes, yes, squire, that will do quite well," replied Mr. Tupper, and with a nod the squire dismissed the witness. He then called for Miss Marvel. The young lady appeared and plainly showed that she was very nervous over the prospect of testifying. "Now, Miss Marvel," began Mr. Tupper, "we are sorry to trouble you in this matter, but it is so very serious that we are compelled to examine every one who by any possibility may be able to throw any light on the terrible crime." "How should I be able to do so?" asked Miss Marvel, already alarmed. "We do not know that you can," replied Mr. Tupper, hastening to reassure her. It was plainly evident that if anything was to be learned from this witness it would be by dint of the greatest care. "But," continued he, "if you do know anything we feel certain that you will not hesitate to inform us at once." "But I tell you I do not know anything about it, except what I have heard." "Perhaps even that may prove valuable. But stop a minute," for she was about to interrupt him; "let me ask the questions, and you answer. That will be the quickest way of proceeding. To begin, then, when did you first know of the murder?" "Monday morning. Virgie came and told me." "You are sure you did not know of it sooner?" "Virgie found me in bed, so how could I hear of it sooner?" "I said 'know,' not 'hear.'" "Well, know, then; it is all the same." "Were you at home on Sunday night?" "Why—why—of course. Where else should I be?" stammered the girl. "You told my daughter that you were going to drive with Mr. Lucas," interrupted the squire in his kindest tones. "Mr. Lucas could not keep the appointment." "Do you know why?" asked Mr. Tupper. "I suppose he had some business. In fact, he told me so." "Did he say that it was out of town?" The girl started with surprise. "Yes, sir. How did you know?" "He told the same thing to others. Do you know why he should have told so many people that he was going out of town and then not have gone?" Alice in great perturbation looked appealingly

toward Lucas, but the latter avoided her glance. Very hesitatingly she answered: "Mr. Lucas could tell you better than I." Her equivocal reply made Mr. Barnes conclude that she knew the reason, which, it will be remembered, Lucas had refused to give, and he gave the lawyer a sign to press the point. "The question has been asked Mr. Lucas, but we want to hear what you know about the matter. Have you seen him since Sunday, when he told you that he meant to leave town?" "That is the last time he called." "But have you seen him?" Alice was evidently troubled by the question, and the lawyer determined to come to the main point at once. He continued: "After he left you on Sunday where did you go?" "I did not go anywhere," stammered the poor girl. "Come, you will best serve yourself and your friends by telling the truth." "The truth! Why, what do you mean?" She seemed greatly agitated, if not positively alarmed. "After he left you," continued Mr. Tupper, "you went to Riverside farm. You went there not to see your friend Miss Lewis, but—"

"How do you know I did not go to see Virgie?" interrupted Alice excitedly. "You did not go to see her, because you had discovered that there was to be a meeting between her and Harry Lucas." "It is false! How can you say such a thing?" "You went into the summer house and hid there, so that you might overhear what passed between the two." "It's all a lie—a wicked lie!" cried the girl, hysterically sobbing between the words. "I did not go near the farm, and I did not go after Harry—and—it's all made up—and— Here she broke down utterly, sobbing so that it was necessary to delay the proceedings till she could recover from her agitation. Lucas, much distressed, arose and addressed the coroner: "Squire, is it necessary to continue the examination of Miss Marvel?" "If it could have been avoided, I should not have called her." "But can you not let it drop now, since you see that she knows nothing?" "She knows what passed between you and Miss Lewis in the summer house," said the squire sharply. "If I cease questioning her, will you give us the information which we want?" "It is impossible," said Lucas dependently, "and I doubt that Miss Marvel knows anything about it." "We will let her answer that question; she seems to be recovering her self possession." Lucas reluctantly returned to his seat. As soon as Alice had sufficiently regained her composure Mr. Tupper resumed: "Now, Miss Marvel, you see that prevarication is useless. We are fully informed as to your movements on the night in question. What we want you to tell us is what passed between Miss Lewis and Mr. Lucas." A great weight seemed lifted from Alice's mind, and she replied quite readily: "Oh, if that is all, I'll tell you the whole thing." Lucas barely suppressed a groan. "Before I go any further I must tell you how I came to be at the farm. Mr. Lucas came to me on Sunday and told me that he could not go driving, as we had planned, because he had to go out of town. Of course I believed him and was satisfied. After he had gone I found a note on the floor, and picking it up I saw that Mr. Lucas must have dropped it from his pocket, for it was addressed to him. I should never have thought of reading it, but I recognized the writing and knew it came from Virgie, so I read it at once." Lucas started in surprise, but did not speak. Alice continued: "When I saw by the contents of the note that Virgie invited Mr. Lucas to meet her at night in the summer house, I determined to be there also. I did so because—here she seemed a little confused, and her rich blood mantled her cheek—"well, because Virgie is engaged to my brother, and for the minute I could not understand why she made an appointment with another man." Most of those present smiled at the girl's naive explanation. "I reached there first and hid in one side of the appointed place. Not long after they came. I heard nearly all that passed." "Tell us, please, as much as you can remember." "They talked quite awhile, and then she left. What they said was all about my brother. It seems that he had written to Virgie, in the care of some friend, and asked her to meet him that night down by the river and tell him whether she would marry him. He said that would be the only way he could come back after what Mr. Lewis had done. Just at this point the dog commenced to bark, and they spoke lower, perhaps because they thought the dog had heard their voices, and they were afraid to attract attention, and, in fact, after a minute, the brute did stop his noise, but it was hard for me to hear the rest of the talk. At any rate I made out that Virgie was afraid that Walter would be angry if she did not go away with him at once, and that, she said, was out of the question. She asked Mr. Lucas to meet my brother after she had seen him, so as to prevent him from doing anything desperate." "What did you understand her to mean by 'desperate'?" "I think she was afraid he might commit suicide." "It did not occur to you that she might be afraid he would kill her uncle?" "No, of course not!" Once more she seemed excited. "You surely do not

think—My God, what have I been saying?" "Come, come, Miss Marvel, there is no need to be worried. No one accuses your brother. Let us come to another point. While you were at the farm did you hear any pistol shots?" She looked at him and trembled violently, but uttered not a word. The lawyer then produced the weapon with her name on it. "Is this yours?" he asked. Alice covered her face with her hands and groaned. "Miss Marvel," said Mr. Tupper, "after a few moments' pause, 'pray calm yourself. A great deal depends upon your testimony. A man is in danger of being accused of this great crime unless you can throw some light on the subject which will corroborate his statements.'" She seemed dazed as she asked almost in a whisper: "Who is he?" "We found a pistol, with one chamber empty, lying near the summer house." She shivered. "That pistol bears the name of Harry Lucas." "Is he the man whom you accuse?" "It will depend on your evidence whether we do or not. His pistol is empty, and he admits having fired it there that night!" The girl made a superhuman effort and spoke rapidly: "And you think that he killed Mr. Lewis? It is not true. I know to the contrary, for I saw Mr. Lewis alive when Harry was running from the place." "Ah! Now, are you willing to tell us how that happened?" She hesitated a moment, but she had gone too far to stop, and besides her fear for her lover spurred her on. "I was still in the summer house when I heard the growl of the dog. I looked out and saw the beast attack Mr. Lucas. I heard the pistol fired and also the sound of breaking glass. I guessed that he had tried to kill the dog, and his bullet must have entered the house through the window. But it did not strike Mr. Lewis. Of that I am positive, for as I stepped to the door to see what was going on I distinctly saw Mr. Lewis push up the sash and look out. What is more, he raised a pistol and fired at Mr. Lucas, who was running away from the dog." "Did you actually see Mr. Lucas fire his pistol?" "No; I was then in the summer house." "Then, although you saw Mr. Lewis come to the window, it is possible that Mr. Lucas may have fired at the deceased instead of at the dog, which latter is only a guess on your part?" "I tell you Harry is innocent. I know that he is." "How can you know it?" "Because when I saw the coward fire at a man who was already fighting with a dog I shot him myself." Then, overcome by the strain upon her nerves, Alice swayed and fell forward in a swoon.



Alice swayed and fell in a swoon.

THE BEAUTY TREATMENT.
How Famous Women Gain and Retain Good Looks.
Some one who professes to know, says that Lady Randolph Churchill never "makes up" at all, but she keeps her youth by means of daily lotions used in the right way. She is one of those women who are always exquisitely groomed. Her face is clean, absolutely so, without trace of powder or paint upon it. It is a fresh face and a lovely face, although her complexion is what you might call olive. This is the way Lady Randolph Churchill keeps her fresh complexion: Every night when she goes to bed she rubs a bit of grease into her face, using sometimes a preparation of tallow and sometimes plain vaseline. She rubs it well into her forehead, for this is where the wrinkles begin to show, and she takes care that it is massed into every crease and fold of her neck. In the morning she washes it off with hot water and then dashes her face with cold. By this simple means she keeps her natural beauty always perfect. There are other beautiful American women of title who hold their own after years before the public. One of these is Lady William Beresford, who is one of the most charming of women. As the Duchess of Marlborough, she was the handsomest woman in England, and as Mrs. Hamersley, she was the prettiest matron in America. "The trouble with Lady William Beresford is her tendency to embonpoint. She is inclined to get a little full round the hips and round the throat. The former trouble she manages by a special course. The latter she keeps down by beauty treatment. This beauty treatment is one that was brought to London by a maid of the Princess of Wales. The princess told the process to several of her friends. It is the throat massage conducted on scientific principles. The throat is exercised with the hands until it feels strong and firm. Three or four slaps upon the neck will show what this means. It is then warmed by laying on hot wash cloths until it feels delicate to the hand. Now, into this warm surface there is rubbed a little cold cream, which is carefully spattered in until no trace of it remains. The throat is then in "preparation." It can be lightly powdered or dressed for evening, and it will not be found other than cool and comfortable. "The hair of American women is something that attracts universal attention in London, because in England the women have scanty locks. Spread them out as they may, they never appear beautiful or glossy, but the Americans have a way of making the hair shine or 'bloom,' as it is sometimes called. "The Duchess of Craven has the most blooming hair in London. It is said that she keeps it so by rarely shampooing it. Each morning her glossy locks are spread over the back of a chair and shaken by a maid until each hair stands out separate from the others. A brush is then applied until the hair is glossy, and, finally, when it is done up, it shines like the sun. "Mrs. James Brown Potter though not a titled American woman, has marvelous hair, made so by treatment. She shampoos it constantly until it always stands out from the head like an aureole. She does it up without a suspicion of curl or wave, yet it has the appearance of being very elaborately dressed. It lies in loose natural coils upon the head. "The young Duchess of Marlborough has a forehead that is perfectly shaped. Its oval has never been equaled. This is not a natural oval, but a cultivated one, and was managed by her by the hairdresser of a New York establishment where she at one time attended school. This hairdresser cultivates the oval of the forehead, and was so successful in young Miss Vanderbilt's case that she has since tried it upon many of her patients. It consists in training the curves of the hair. Most people have over the forehead the most distressing points, which extend far back. Upon these bald places a little of the best hair restorer is rubbed daily until the hair begins to grow there. But in the middle of the forehead, where it grows down to a point, the hair is killed. This is done by a vigorous brushing, and, when finally all has disappeared except a few straggling hairs, these are killed by the electric needle."

Miscellaneous Reading.

DOES IT MEAN REVOLUTION?
The South Does Not Take Kindly to the Cylindrical Cotton Bale.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.
The cylindrical bale of cotton was on exhibition again all day yesterday in the office of Mr. Parker, on Perdido street. The bale was examined by a great many people in the city. It got the marble heart. There were cotton factors, merchants, steamship men, cotton press men, cotton mill men, screwmen, stevedores and many others interested in cotton who went in there to inspect it, and of the 500 people, at least, whom Mr. Parker says saw the cotton, not one of them in his presence gave it a favorable opinion. The suggestion of this style of cotton bale taking the place of the square bale has, of course, created a great deal of interest among local cotton people. If it ever becomes the style in this section of country, as one of the cotton men said yesterday, it will not only do away with the local cotton factors, local buyers, local compresses and screwmen, but will close up all the country compresses, obviate the necessity of having country buyers—in fact, revolutionize the whole cotton business and paralyze those branches indicated above. It is proposed that the backers and promoters of the round bale buy their cotton direct from the consumer in the field, thus doing away with all middlemen. The cotton men here say that the system would result eventually in the trust people dictating terms to the producer of cotton. They might give probably a better price than any one else for a year or two, but as soon as they got control of the