

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE-A-WEEK---WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

VOLUME 44.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897.

NUMBER 7.

LOLA CRAWSHAY.

BY A. W. MARCHMONT, B. A.

Author of "Miser Hoadley's Secret," "The Mystery of Mortimore Strange," "By Whose Hand?" and "The Old Mill Mystery."

Copyright, 1897, by the Author.

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:

Lola Turrian, whose father, an exile for crime, is at the mercy of her husband, goaded by Turrian, pushes him from the Devil's rock and supposes him to be dead. Sir Jaffray Walcott, partly pledged to his cousin, Beryl Leicester, proposes to Lola and she finally accepted. Beryl, though she loves Sir Jaffray, magnanimously acquiesces. Lola and Sir Jaffray are married and leave England. Turrian makes his appearance at the home of Beryl Leicester and learns of Lola's marriage.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW LOLA HEARD THE NEWS.

The news that Pierre Turrian was alive did not reach Lola at New York, owing to a mischance. Sir Jaffray and she arrived there some days later than they had planned and not until the evening of the day before that on which they were booked to sail.

The letters were thus thrust away to be read on board the steamer, and in the confusion the postscript was overlooked.

Had she known the news Lola would have turned back at any risk and have arranged to prolong an experience which had been the brightest of her life.

She had never dreamed that marriage with Sir Jaffray would bring the happiness to her which she had found in it. She had married him from motives which were purely worldly and selfish. She had to make a position. She loved ease and luxury. She was done with love and sentiment, and she chose a husband as a man might choose a profession, because it gave her all that she wanted with the least personal effort and difficulty.

"We women sell ourselves, and she is the shrewdest who fetches the biggest price," had been one of her favorite opinions, and she was glad that she had been able to marry where the man would pay so freely and where he personally was not undesirable.

But she had made one miscalculation in her plans.

She was a woman whose heart was not dead, as she believed, but rather had never been quickened into life. She had imagined that she could go through life as a sort of unemotional lay figure by the side of a husband whom she did not love, suffering his caresses and endearments, but not returning them or at most paying with simulated affection for the comforts with which he would surround her. But in her there were no neutral tints. She must love or hate.

Sir Jaffray's nature fired her, and the more she endeavored to assure herself of her own coldness of heart the more was she moved by him. The very indifference which she affected helped to overcome her. She could not be indifferent, and she could not hate him, and there was therefore but one possible result.

She had chosen, moreover, that kind of holiday which helped to make indifference impossible. She saw her husband at his best during the whole time, and there was no incident of their travel to distract her from him, nothing that caught and held her attention which was not associated closely with him.

More than all, however, he was a man born to be loved by women—strong to command where strength was needed, gentle as a child where gentleness served, as brave as a man can be and courteous to the point of long suffering. In all bodily exercises he was exceptionally agile and enduring, and he possessed in a marked and extraordinary degree just those qualities which to Lola were the type and embodiment of manhood.

She was bound to yield in time to the forceful influence which he exercised, and the more she perceived this and struggled against it the more irresistible did she find it.

As her feelings softened so her fears waxed. She was afraid to grow to love him, because she saw all the dangers of it to her.

One thing she had learned clearly about her husband. With all the stubborn tenacity of his race he held the honor of his name and family as high as a religious creed and perhaps higher. Straight dealing was an instinct and deceit and treachery an abomination. She had seen 50 instances of this in the months of the honeymoon, and she was shrewd enough to understand that the deceit which she had practiced he would punish remorselessly and visit with implacable unforgetfulness if he ever discovered it.

His faith once given was given absolutely; once betrayed, was withdrawn forever.

She did not care while she knew that the tie between them was on her side one of tongue and not of heart. She knew, of course, that in the future, whether Pierre reappeared or not, she would need a clear head and calm judgment to walk safely, but if she grew to love her husband she would be neither clear in head nor calm in judgment.

So long as she could part from him,

if all were discovered, without any loss except such as touched her social position and her money interests, she felt that she could go through all with the certainty of ultimate success.

But if she loved her husband there were a thousand and one complications which might follow, each of which would be a source of undoing.

It was no trouble to her to feign love, to school herself to seem happy in her husband's presence, to be bright and cheerful with him and to shower upon him a hundred attentions which seemed the spontaneous outcome of a desire to please, but were in reality the more shrewdly chosen because a clever calculation prompted each and all.

Gradually she was surprised at the ease with which this acting was done and the pleasure which it seemed to give her in the doing, nor did she guess the real source of the pleasure until an incident which happened when they had been away some two or three months revealed the truth to her.

They had ridden into a far outlying town in one of the southern states, and Lola was standing in the street alone waiting for her husband, who had been detained at the place where they had established the horses. A couple of drunken rowdies passed, and, noticing her beauty, stopped and spoke to her. She took no notice except to glance at them with so much contempt in her expression that one of them lost his temper and, with a deep oath, tried to clutch her by the wrist, vowing he'd kiss her for her insolence.

He reckoned without her strength and pluck, however, and as he grasped at her she pushed him violently backward and struck him with the heavy end of her big riding whip in the face. He staggered back and measured his length on the roadway, to the intense

amazement of his companion, who laughed and swore gleefully.

When he got up, the ruffian, red with rage and swearing that he would have revenge, approached Lola, who awaited his attack with unflinching courage, eying him steadily the whole time. Rendered cautious by his first defeat, he held off for a moment watching his opportunity, and then with a cunning feint he put her off her guard and rushed in, pinioned her arms and held her.

She struggled to free her hands, but the fellow's sinews were too much for her, and she was beginning to fear that he would overpower her when she heard him vent a hoarse, guttural, choking sound and saw that Sir Jaffray had come up and caught him by the throat, half strangling him in his fierce temper. The next instant the man was on his back again in the roadway, flung there with great violence by her husband.

"Are you hurt, Lola?" he asked, with the pain of suspense in his eyes.

"No, not in the least. Come away. That brute's getting up again."

The fellow was on his feet again directly, and both he and his companion had drawn their revolvers.

"You don't shoot women in these parts, do you?" said Sir Jaffray sternly.

"Wait. Come, Lola."

He led her away to a house that was open at some little distance, and, putting her inside, told her to wait.

"You mustn't go back, Jaffray," she said, a fear that she had never felt for herself awaking on account of him, and she clung to him to keep him by her.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly, and, putting her hand off his arm with a firm, gentle strength, he went out again. He walked straight up to the bully who had assaulted Lola, and, disregarding contemptuously the revolver which the man held threateningly, struck him with his clenched fist a fearful blow in the face, knocking him down with a thud which resounded all about the road. The man lay like a stunned ox. Then Sir Jaffray turned to the companion, but he, seeing what had happened, fired his revolver at random and ran away, swearing.

When Sir Jaffray went back to Lola, he found her more agitated than he had ever seen her, and she did not seem

herself again for many hours and indeed for days afterward.

He did not understand the cause of it all.

In that instant the revelation had come of the new feeling which was developing in her, and the knowledge, in view of all that it meant, had agitated her as much as any incident in all her turbulent life.

In the days that followed, Sir Jaffray noticed for the first time in his wife a waywardness and uncertainty of temper which were quite unusual, and they surprised and rather grieved him. She was in reality fighting against her new emotions and striving resolutely to conquer them.

But she fought in vain, and from that moment onward she felt herself drawn closer and closer to him until she ceased at last to wage a useless fight.

Her return to England was thus unwelcome. So long as they were thousands of miles away from Europe she was safe against discovery, and could she have had her way she would have prolonged their journey indefinitely.

But Sir Jaffray was beginning to feel a strong desire to be home. He loved the place and longed to be there and to see Lola installed as its beautiful mistress. He would have hurried home earlier had he followed his own inclinations, but he could not interfere to stop the pleasure which she showed on every occasion in all the incidents of their traveling. He was delighted, however, when at length he stood with Lola on the big Atlantic liner and watched the lighthouse at Sandy Hook growing dimmer and dimmer in the haze of distance and felt that they were homeward bound.

He was surprised that Lola was silent and thoughtful.

It was a new thing for her to feel foreboding.

But now if what she had begun to dread came true she felt half helpless to grapple with it. And it was part of the effect of her new love and the fears it bred that the danger which, when she did not dread its coming, had seemed remote and all but impossible now appeared almost certain and inevitable. She blamed herself for not having taken any of the thousand precautions at the time of Pierre's death which she now saw she ought to have taken, and her father's words recurred to her over and over again:

"You did not see him dead."

How she wished she had.

Sir Jaffray rallied her once or twice when he caught her brooding apparently.

"Beginning to think what a serious matter marriage is?" he asked. "You'll have no end of fuss made of you in the country. Different from the wild west."

"I suppose one is quizzed a bit," said Lola. "But I know most of the people, and I can manage them, I think."

"Not much fear of that," replied her husband, with a smile of admiration. "There are not many people you could not manage. We shall have to have a function or two, and there'll be a bit of fuss when we get back, I expect. But we won't stay longer than you like at the manor. We'll get up to town. We shall have to go about a bit, you know."

"Yes, marriage isn't an excuse for refusing invitations, as it used to be in Galilee. It makes one look out for them rather."

"There won't be much looking out for them, I promise you. When once you're seen, they'll come fast enough."

"I suppose so, but I'd rather have our time back there, with a movement of the head toward the west, 'than a London season."

"You'll grow out of that fast enough," he said. "But I'm glad you haven't been bored. After all, there's no place like the manor, to my mind. I'm awfully fond of the old place, and so my word I go back to it with greater gusto every time I've been away."

Then, after a long pause, he added, "I shall like it better than ever with you at its head, Lola, and I think you'll get to feel about it pretty much as I do."

"I shall, if you make it a pleasant place to me," she answered, with a laughing look of affection. "If not, I shall hate it."

"I'll try not to make you do that. I shall be glad when we get there. We're due in tomorrow afternoon, and if all goes as it has hitherto we shall be well up to time. We shall be home before midnight, all being well. I'm afraid that our getting in at such a time will be a bit upset any arrangements which the Walcott people may have made for a reception, but we must have 'em up next day and give 'em a lunch or a feed of some kind. Wonderful cure for disappointment is a good feed. Jove, I shall be glad to see the old place again!"

That night, the last they were to spend on board, the baronet went up on deck to smoke a cigar after supper, and Lola went with him. It was a clear, crisp, sharp air, and the moon and stars were shining brightly. She took his arm, and, pressing closely to him, walked up and down the deck.

"Our last night at sea, Jaffray," she said.

"And a lovely one, eh?"

"Have you enjoyed the time?"

"Never had a better in my life," he answered enthusiastically. "Didn't know marriage was half so good."

"Or you might have tried it before?" And she laughed.

"If I'd met you before," he replied, like a lover.

"I'm glad I've given you one span of happiness, Jaffray," she said, and the tone in which she spoke seemed rather sad.

"It seems to have changed you a good bit," he said. "You're not like the same girl in some ways."

"Not with you?" She put the question in a tone that touched him at once.

"I'm the same with you. You forget that till you came into it mine was a fighting life."

"So that chap must have thought in Calladua," he said, laughing at the recollection of the way she had treated the man who had tried to insult her.

"But you had to come to the rescue then. I wonder if you always would and will."

"We don't breed cowboys in old England," he answered.

"True, but there are other villains. Do you believe in omens, Jaffray?" She put the question impudently.

"Yes, of a kind," he said. "When I've been hunting big game, for instance, and missed at the first shot, I always took it for an omen that if I didn't hit with the second I should have a bad time, and I took good care not to miss, I can tell you."

"Oh, I don't mean things you can avoid."

"Then I don't believe in any other. Bad luck doesn't begin with a man as a rule till he's made a mess of things for himself."

"Yes, but I mean if you fear something's going to happen?"

"But a man doesn't fear that unless he knows there's something that can happen. A man who walks straight isn't afraid of tumbling into the ditch at the roadside. But once I had a presentiment, by the way, and it came true," he added after a pause.

"What was that?"

"When I saw you that day in the little woman's house, I had a presentiment that you would be my wife, and here we are."

He laughed pleasantly and pressed her arm, and she thought it wiser to say no more about omens after what he had said.

Their arrival at Walcott manor was necessarily very quiet. They reached Liverpool in the afternoon of the following day, and as soon as the baggage could be got together started for home.

Lady Walcott had remained in the house by Lola's special wish—one of the results of the change in her feelings—and Lola did her utmost to follow up the kinder letters she had written with a greeting of really affectionate warmth.

But the old lady had not changed on her side, and, though resolved to act up to the promise she had made to Sir Jaffray before the marriage, she did not like the woman he had chosen and would not pretend that she did.

Thus the home coming was chilled on the threshold, and Lola herself was both disappointed and irritated, and there was more of the old ismalmistish feeling of defiance in her manner than her husband had observed since the marriage.

With Jaffray himself his mother was all tenderness and love, but she felt the change in the position.

It was the first time that he had come home from any of his wanderings when she herself had not had the first place in his thoughts. If the other woman had been Beryl, she thought, it would have been tolerable, but to give place to Lola was unbearable.

She staid with them for a long time while they talked to her of their travels, and she listened attentively.

"You have been a good correspondent, Jaffray—better than usual, I think." The baronet had thoughtfully made a point of writing much more frequently than he had been accustomed to write on former occasions. "The letters from you both have been most bright and interesting. You have had all mine, I suppose?"

"Yes, I think so. We got the last batch at New York."

"And what is your theory of the five stringed violin enthusiast? Is he a lunatic? He has been here and was most impatient to know when you would be back."

"Five stringed violin?" exclaimed Sir Jaffray. "What do you mean?"

"There, you haven't read my letters. I told you about him and his queer visit to Beryl."

"Who is he? What is it? I must have missed it."

"The foreign violin player, M. Pierre Turrian, who has a theory about violins."

"Jaffray, I think I'll go, dear. I'm dead tired," exclaimed Lola, rising the instant Lady Walcott finished. "We must have all the home news in the morning," she added, with a smile.

So it had come already, she thought as she went away, with a great pang at her heart, but making no outward sign of any kind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RAILROADS TO KLONDIKE.—A railroad building race, involving the expenditure of \$16,000,000, has been commenced by two wealthy corporations, each of which desire to own the first railroad into the Yukon country. Each will be about 400 miles long, running from Pyramid, near the head of the Lynn canal, to points on Lewis river, below Five Finger Rapids.

The companies back of the railroad projects are the London company and the Yukon company, organized last summer by Andrew F. Burling, the principal stockholders of which are Philadelphia and New York men. Both corporations have surveyors and engineers at work between Pyramid harbor and the Lewis river. The projectors of both roads figure on an average cost of \$20,000 a mile, requiring an outlay of over \$8,000,000 for each road.

The equipment of each will cost about \$1,000,000 more. Both companies have secured the right of way from the Canadian government and are now working to secure from congress necessary rights of way through 80 miles of American territory.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

Mr. J. J. Hogue Writes to Friends in South Carolina—Tempted To Move Back to His Native State.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

GLEN ROSE, Texas, January 14.—While visiting my relatives and friends in South Carolina during the Christmas holidays, I was requested by quite a number of readers of THE ENQUIRER to give them a short sketch of Texas as through its columns.

At the outset, I must remark that to attempt to write up Texas as a whole, with her varied climates, soils, productions and people, would be a task rather greater than I would care to undertake.

This is a country of magnificent distances, and, consequently, great variety of climate. For instance, during the winter, in the extreme southern part, the weather is warm and pleasant. There are to be seen great fields of sugar cane growing luxuriantly, the wild flowers are in bloom, shedding forth their fragrance, and the birds are warbling their sweet notes the same as during a Piedmont springtime. During the same season, in the extreme northern part of the state, all vegetation has long since yielded to the frequent blizzards which have swept the country, and the chilly blasts of winter reign supreme.

Our little town is located near the center of the state and has a milder climate; but it is nothing to brag on. We are subject to changes that are sharp, sudden, and often disagreeable. One day it may be warm and pleasant, and the next will call for overcoats and wrappers.

This county (Somervell), of which Glen Rose is the county seat, is one of the smallest counties in the state. The Brazos river flows through the entire eastern part, while the Paluxy, one of its main tributaries, flows through our town and empties into the Brazos about two miles to the east. These streams never go entirely dry, the Paluxy being fed by numerous flowing wells. Glen Rose has 72 of these wells, flowing streams of from 1 to 4 inches in diameter each, and in consequence is not only a famous watering place; but also quite a popular summer resort. Hundreds of people come here during the summer months; some in search of health, and others to enjoy the pleasure of hunting, fishing, and of the beautiful mountain scenery.

The greater part of the country is somewhat broken, being diversified by hill and dale. The growth on the hills is principally cedar and live oak. About 25 per cent. of the land is tillable, and is very productive; but owing to the irregular seasons a full crop is uncertain.

Farming and stock-raising are the principal industries. No attention is given to manufacturing except in the larger cities. This occurs to me as a great mistake on the part of our people, as I think that nothing we could do would more quickly build up town and country than cotton mills.

I was glad to see, after an absence of 20 years, that my native state is leading all the southern states in the manufacturing industry. The improved condition of my former neighbors, as the result of this, is quite noticeable. In fact, I was so impressed that I am almost persuaded to return and again cast my lot in South Carolina.

J. J. HOGUE.

HOW SLATE PENCILS ARE MADE. Slate pencils undergo a number of processes before they are ready for use, and in making them nearly all of the manual labor is done by boys. First broken pieces of slate are put into a mortar run by steam and are crushed to a powder, which is then bolted in a machine such as is used in flouring mills. A fine slate flour results, which is thoroughly mixed in a large tub with steatite flour and other materials, the whole making a stiff dough. The dough is kneaded by being passed between iron rollers a number of times, and it is then taken to a table, where it is made into short cylinders four or five inches in thickness, and containing from eight to ten pounds of material each.

Four of these cylinders are placed in a strong iron retort which has a changeable nozzle so that the size of the pencils may be regulated. In the retort the material is subjected to great hydraulic pressure, and is thus pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord. As the cord comes through the nozzle it passes over a knife, and is cut into the desired lengths. The lengths are laid on boards to dry, and are then placed on sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation preventing the pencils from warping during the baking process. The baking is done in a kiln into which superheated steam is passed through pipes.

The pencils go from the kiln to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are held for an instant under a rapidly revolving emery wheel, which neatly points them.

Finally they are packed in pasteboard boxes, one hundred pencils in each box, then one hundred of the pasteboard boxes are packed in a wooden box, and they are ready for shipment.

EDISON TO MAKE GOLD CHEAPER. Edison announced over his own signature a few days ago that his great iron mining experiment was now a finan-

cial success, and was running at a profit. Having finished this to his satisfaction, the wizard makes the further announcement that he has perfected a plan for gold mining on an equally colossal scale. He claims to be able to work low grade ore at a profit—ore running so low as \$1.25 a ton could be utilized. For this purpose the field of operations will be the south and not the west. Since low grade ores extend over vast areas in the southern states the outlook for the scheme, according to Edison, is peculiarly favorable. It would sound like hush from anybody but Edison. But he has made realities of so many visionary schemes that one feels obliged to credit both his sincerity and his ability.

WASHINGTON WELL FORTIFIED.

In view of the fact that the national capital was once taken and burned by a foreign enemy, it is reassuring to know that a calamity so humiliating is not likely to occur again, even in case of sudden war.

Washington is the best defended city in the country. A hostile fleet could not now ascend the Potomac, as was done in 1814, when President Madison and his wife were compelled to make a hurried escape across the Potomac to avoid capture by the British.

For military and prudential reasons little has been allowed to be made known concerning the new works and the heavy ordnance recently installed below the city; but for the past two years engineers have been busy at the river forts. Some very formidable guns are now in position there, and a system of torpedo defences perfected which would render the approach of an enemy's war ships within 12 miles of Washington, practically impossible.

The defensive works are located at the "elbow," or turn, of the Potomac where old Forts Washington and Sheridan stood, and where at one point the channel for vessels of deep draught is but three hundred yards wide.

The guns are protected on the water side by emplacement walls of stone and concrete 70 feet thick, and on the land side by redoubts for infantry.

The rapidly increasing wealth and importance of Washington, the grand new public buildings and the vast sums of money and bullion in the treasury render these protective and defensive measures a matter of national importance and necessity.

RARE OLD DAINTIES.—Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels. A description of it is furnished to the Boston Cooking School Magazine by one of the guests, Mr. Amaziah Dukes, of New York.

At that dinner I ate apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing, barefoot, with the boys of Genoa.

The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been put up yesterday.

THE TYROLESE LOVER.—In the Tyrol the first time a young man pays a visit as an avowed lover he takes with him a bottle of wine, and, pouring out a glass, presents it to the object of his affections. If she accepts it the whole affair is settled and his proposal of marriage (unspoken) has been accepted. Sometimes she is not prepared to surrender at once, and then she will make excuses as to wine disagreeing with her, or that her priest had forbidden her to take any, or, in fact, any subterfuge, that occurs to her at the moment. The purport of the excuses is that the proposal made by the offer of the wine is premature. Not a word need be spoken, as the act of "bringing the wine," as it is called, is synonymous with the act of proposing, and the custom dates back to the Ninth century. If any of the wine is spilled it is considered an unlucky omen, and there is a saying for an unhappy marriage: "They have spilled the wine between them."

Some of the British troops in the Irish rebellion did not fight particularly well. A certain general, at a lord lieutenant's party in Dublin, was admonishing a begging woman to leave the place, when she said, "It is I that am proud to see your honor here in the red coat you wore the very day when you saved the life of my boy, little Mickie!" "Indeed!" replied the general, "not sorry to hear anything to his credit on such a distinguished occasion. I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?" "Well, your honor, when the battle was at its hottest, your honor was the first to run; and when me little Mickie saw the general run, he ran, too, the Lord be praised!"