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LOLA CRAWSHAY.

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

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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:

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 is 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. Sir Jaffray and Lola return to England, where Lola meets Turrian and ignores the fact that she is his wife, introducing him to Sir Jaffray as a musician from whom she had taken lessons, but secretly grants him an allowance. Turrian tells of a friend who was pushed from the Devil's rock by his wife, and Beryl recognizes those referred to. She declares to Turrian that she has proof of his marriage to Lola Crawshaw and warns him to leave the house the next morning. During the night Turrian tries to murder Beryl Leicester, but fails. He informs Lola that their secret is known and proposes that together they plan Sir Jaffray's death. Indignant, she strikes him. A struggle follows, in the midst of which Sir Jaffray enters and drives Turrian from the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was useless to fight any longer. That was the burden of Lola's thoughts as she sat with Pierre's short, peremptory note lying on her lap.

She had done her utmost in the fight for happiness. She had striven hard to retain it in her grasp, but the fates were fighting against her, and there was nothing left but to own herself beaten and accept the defeat as best she could.

It was hard to give it all up—hardest of all to lose Jaffray's love and to feel that he would know her for a cheat and a liar and worse.

She ran back in thought over the events of the time since her arrival in England and smiled in self-contempt as she saw one after another the line of false steps she had taken. How paltry and unworthy seemed now the little ambitions which she had cherished then, how utterly weak and poor the objects for which she had striven!

To be the wife of a rich man she had schemed and plotted and intrigued. And what had it proved to be? The least regret was that of her money and position. The one thing she dreaded to lose now was the one thing which she despised then—Jaffray's love. She had traded on his love to win wealth and honor for herself. The end was nothing but dishonor for him and a desolate, broken life for herself.

Yet he had loved her—loved her like the true, gallant man he was. The thought cheered her, though it brought scalding tears to her eyes, which she let gather and blur all her sight and then fall unchecked. In all the years to come and whatever might befall her or him he would never blot out from his memory the love he had once had for her, and she loved the thought of that.

If only the truth could be kept from him for always! She would give her life, she thought, if that could be.

What would he think of her if she were to die? How would he feel if he were to come into the room and find her dead?

Now she recalled some words that Pierre had spoken about drugs that told no tale and left no sign. What were they? How could they be obtained?

How would it be to go to Pierre as he said in his letter, to seem to fall in with his plan to poison Jaffray, to get from him the drug for that purpose and then herself take it? That would be easier than to find some poison by herself. Yet stay—there was no difficulty. It did not need any such elaborate preparation as that.

She had but to feign a bad headache with sleeplessness and take a sleeping draft strong enough—for her to wake no more.

No one would think of poison. Her life lay all before her, bright with a dazzling promise of happiness, thought the world. How little the world knew! Two people would understand, however, and know the truth—the man who held her in his merciless power and Beryl, who had guessed the secret.

What would they think? Nay, what would they do?

Would Beryl tell? She thought of the girl's cold, firm, deliberate nature and for a moment wavered how to answer the question. No; Beryl would not carry any feeling, however keen, beyond the grave. She felt that. If she had paid the penalty with her life, Beryl would be as silent as the grave in which she herself was to bury the secret.

But what of Pierre? As she thought of him she was cold and sick. She knew too well what he would do. He would seek at once to trade on the shameful knowledge. He would tell the whole story to Jaffray, threaten him with exposure if he were not paid hush money, and thus hold him in bondage by the knowledge of her shame till Jaffray should come to hate her very name and curse the day when he had grown to love her.

The gates of death were thus shut

against her, and she felt that she must work out some other means of escape.

Not once in all her misery did she think of telling Jaffray. She knew him so thoroughly and knew how he would turn from her and her shame that the mere thought of facing him at such a moment was more than she could endure.

For this there was another reason, known only to herself, and the knowledge of it had set up in her mind hundreds of confusing thoughts, fears, impulses and emotions. There was the hope of a little life that was some day to be born, and like a sword piercing the flesh and turning in the wound to prolong the agony, was the knowledge that the child—hers and Jaffray's—would be the child of shame.

She knew too well what Jaffray would feel and think and say if once this knowledge were forced upon him, and the fear, and the shame, and the love, and the misery all blended to drive the wretched girl to distraction.

Gradually out of the blinding mist and sorrow an idea began to take shape. If she were to see Pierre and lure him on to delay any evil plan he might have formed by promising to work with him, something might happen to prevent his doing any harm.

Or, better still, if she were to fly from the manor house and let him know that she had done so, he might be driven from his purpose altogether.

She could see him that night at the time and place he had named, and then she fell to pondering all the points that occurred to her in this connection.

In the midst of this she was roused by a knock at the door. She made no response, but folded up the letter from Pierre and put it in her pocket.

The knock came again, firmer and more impatient, and then a voice—"Sir Jaffray's—called her.

She rose, and, wiping the tears hastily from her eyes, opened the door.
"Here is a letter for you, Lola, from Beryl," he said, giving to her a letter which Lola saw was fastened with a seal. Then, seeing by her face that she was troubled, he said very gently, "What is the matter, dearest?" And he followed her into the room. "You have been sitting here alone," he added in a cheerier voice.

"I am—not—not very well," she said, her lips trembling and half refusing to frame any words at all.

"Well, read your letter. Perhaps Beryl has some good news for you about her father. Read it and then let me see whether I can't cheer you up a bit. You are so strong usually that you startle me when you are like this."

She broke the seal of the letter and opened it and almost instantly shrank together, while a look of intense pain spread over her strained face, which turned as white as salt.

"What is the matter? Is he dead?" cried Sir Jaffray, alarmed and thinking of Mr. Leicester. "Beryl shouldn't send news like that so suddenly. The shock's enough to make any one ill."

By an effort Lola fought down some of her distress.

"No, he is—not dead," she answered very slowly, as though the words pained her. "It was not—not that. I am not well, dear. She smiled faintly and weakly, as if to reassure him. "I had a—a pain in my heart; that's all. It's not dear Beryl's letter or—news. There's nothing—not about death in it, only to say—she can't get here again for a day or two—and would like me—to go to—her; that's all." She folded the letter and put it away in her pocket, where it lay against that which she had had from Pierre.

It might well cause her pain, short though it was. It ran thus:

DEAREST LOLA—Come to me. I know the dreadful load you are bearing, and my heart is wrung for you. I know you are strong and brave, but the trial ahead of you would test the strongest and bravest. It breaks me down to think that it is to me that this has come to be known. Come to me and help me to shape the course ahead. When I think of you in that desperate man's power, I shrink with fear. Come to me. Your friend always, BERYL.

The end was closer than ever.

There was no mistaking either Beryl's meaning or the kindness with which she wished to temper the blow which she knew her letter must strike.

But the blow had to be struck.
"Come to me and help me to shape the course ahead," Lola knew well enough the only meaning which those words could have. The truth had to be made known and that at once.

She turned cold and shivered at the thought, and, seeing her shiver Sir Jaffray, who had no clew to the mental suffering which she was enduring, set it down to illness.

"You are ill, Lola," he said very gently and soothingly. "I shall send for Dr. Braithwaite." And he turned to leave the room.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "Don't leave me for a minute. Take me to your arms once more, Jaffray."

"Once more?" What do you mean, sweetheart?" he asked in astonishment. "God forbid that my arms should ever be closed to you!"

"Aye, God forbid it!" she cried. "Now pet me and soothe me as you used to wish to do in the days when I wouldn't let you."

He took her in his arms, and then

sitting down in the long, low easy chair where she had been he drew her on to his lap and held her there like a tired child, holding her head to his heart and smoothing her face and her hair, kissing her and murmuring soft, caressing words to her.

"You're not often like this to me," she murmured, opening her lovely eyes and glancing up into his smiling faintly. "Your touch is like what the wave of a mesmerist's hand must be when he wafts away pain."

For answer he kissed her again.

"Have I made you happy, Jaffray?" she asked after a long pause.

By way of answer this time he hummed the snatch of a song, "If this be vanity, vanity let it be," an old, teasing trick of his when she had seemed to look for a compliment from him.

"Yes, I am vanity today, but answer," she urged.

"My darling wife, I have never known since I was a child and felt the presence of my mother's love such happiness as you have brought into my life. That from my soul," he said earnestly, kissing her.

She kissed him in response and lay for a moment quite still in his arms.

Then suddenly she asked:
"If I were to die, Jaffray, would it break your heart?"

"Don't, Lola—don't even think such a thing."

"But I mean it. Would it?"
"It would close it against ever holding such a love in my life again," he answered, and his voice was like that of one in pain.

"I am selfish, but I am glad that I want no one ever to take my place, even to blot out the memory of this time, whatever happens."

"You are talking very strangely, child. 'Whatever happens'—what can that mean?"

"I am feeling very strange, Jaffray," she answered, taking his hand and rubbing her soft cheek against it and kissing it. "You laugh at my presentiments, but you do not laugh me out of them. I believe that if we could lift the veil that hides from us the next few days we should see a trouble that might make us both wish we were dead rather than have to face it. No; hear me," she said, putting her hand on his lips when he was going to break in and interrupt her. "It is this which is frightening me, and it makes me anxious to get a pledge from you of your love. Don't blame me and don't laugh at me; but, whatever happens, remember today and remember our love."

"Are you fearing anything that can happen, child?" he asked earnestly. Her words seemed more than a mere presentiment.

For a moment the issue to tell or not to tell hung in the balance, and she almost nerved herself to dare all and open out her confession while he was in this mood.

But he spoke and broke the spell.
"I sometimes think, as I have told you, that there is something." And the tone in which he spoke drove back the impulse and made her silent. She seemed to read in an unwillingness to forgive, a sternness that she knew was in his character, and it chilled the words even as they rose to her lips.

So the moment passed, and nothing was said save that she turned the question with an evasion.

"I am fearing something," she said, "and if only I could guess what it was and what shape it would take and what it would do I should be better again. As it is you must not scold me, but love me, Jaffray, always love me, always, and treat with me when I am like this, but always think of me with love."

Then she was silent, and after a time, when he had soothed her and petted her, she fell asleep in his arms, her last thought of him being that which a kiss suggested. He held her while she slept—it was not long—and thought of all she had said and wondered whether it had any hidden meaning, and, if so, what.

And he looked at her as she slept and was pleased when a smile flickered over her face, and he kissed it before it was gone, and kissing her he woke her, and she smiled still more broadly and sweetly.

"That is the sweetest sleep I have ever had in my life, Jaffray," she said—"in your strong, safe arms, kissed to

me."

And now to go back to the tragedy. About 12 or 1 o'clock last night a mob of 300 or 400 people gathered around the Lake City postoffice, which was also the dwelling of Baker's family. Baker's house had been fired into before and even the postoffice had been burnt not more than a month ago, but the mob was determined to do their work effectually this time, and they surrounded the little shanty, and at once set fire to it. Baker's whole family was in the house. It consisted of Frazier Baker, his wife, a son, two daughters and a babe of 12 months. Baker was killed outright and his body left in the burning building. As the mother attempted to leave the building with her children, surrounding her, wild with fear and excitement, and her innocent babe in her arms, they were all fired upon and the babe was killed in the mother's arms, and it dropped by the side of the dying father in the burning house. Each of the others was shot, and while they are all still alive yet it is said that they are all seriously wounded. The woman was shot down by the side of the burning building, and would have been burned to death had she not been taken up and carried away by other Negroes living nearby. The two daughters are about grown and it is said they are both seriously wounded, and even if they recover each will lose a limb. The boy is about 12 years

old, and is shot through the abdomen and cannot live.

The father and youngest child were burnt to a crisp, and some parts of their bodies were found among the charred remains of the cabin. It is hard to conceive of a more horrible ending to the Lake City postoffice muddle, and all right thinking people are bound to condemn it. Coroner Burrows empanelled a jury of inquest, with H. H. Singletary as foreman, who, after viewing the scene, adjourned to meet again on Saturday next.

There is no excitement whatever in Lake City. Everything seems to be going on in the even tenor of its way. Stores all open and business going on just as if nothing had happened, except that all are now perplexed as to how they will get their mail. The general impression is that the Lake City mail will go to Scranton, three miles distant, until a new postoffice can be established at Lake City. Lake City is on the Northeastern railroad, about 20 miles below Florence. The people are noted for their sobriety, and it is considered one of the most moral towns in eastern South Carolina. Very few people seem to think that any of the citizens of Lake City had anything to do with this unfortunate affair or that they were in the mob at all. Lake City has always been known as a white man's town, not over a dozen Negroes living in the place, and not one owning a foot of land in the corporate limits of the town, and this makes it all the more strange that a Negro should have been appointed postmaster at Lake City.

It is said that one Edmund Deas, of Darlington, wrote Baker a letter a few days before his death, and commended him for his bravery, advising him to hold on to the office, and telling him that his name would go down the corridors of time as one of the bravest and most patriotic men of his race. It is but just to add that the wounded Negroes are receiving every attention in the way of eatables, as well as medical attention, from the white people of the town, most of whom seemed to be shocked that so horrible a deed could have occurred in their usually quiet little town.

G. S. B.

When he came back, his face was very stern and pale.
"Has Lady Walcott returned?" he asked instantly, and the servant told him she had not and handed him a letter. Glancing at it, he recognized Lola's handwriting, and he caught his breath as if in pain.

"When did this come and how?" he asked shortly.

"A messenger brought it about an hour ago, Sir Jaffray," answered the man. "He said he had been paid to bring it over on horseback."

"From where? Do you know the man?"

"He did not say where he came from, sir, and he's a stranger to me."

"You should have asked him," replied the baronet angrily.

He held the letter in his grasp, and it seemed to burn his hand.

Holding himself in restraint, he went quietly to the library, and, having shut the door carefully behind him, tore open the envelope with fingers that shook.

The first words were enough.

He went to the door hurriedly and locked it to prevent any one surprising him in his hour of agony and humiliation and disgrace.

Lola's letter told him in plain words that she had fled from home, never to return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

NEGRO POSTMASTER MURDERED.

Horrible Crime of a Mob in Williamsburg County.

News reached here early this morning, says a Kingstree special of last Tuesday to The News and Courier, that the Negro postmaster, Frazier B. Baker, of Lake City, about whom so much has been written and printed, had at last come to his death.

The news of the killing of Baker spread rapidly; but no one dreamed of the awfulness of the crime until later in the day, when we got full particulars revealing the fact that Lake City was the scene of one of the most awful crimes ever committed in the state. Frazier Baker, was a coal-black Negro about 40 years old, and was appointed and took charge of the Lake City postoffice about six months ago. He was a native of Florence county and had never lived at Lake City until he went there to take charge of the postoffice. The people of Lake City were justly indignant at the appointment of this Negro as their postmaster.

The authorities at Washington had been notified of their mistake and error in appointing this man, they knew of his incompetence. And the people of the whole United States ought to be made acquainted with the fact that the postoffice authorities in Washington are largely responsible for the death of Frazier B. Baker.

And now to go back to the tragedy. About 12 or 1 o'clock last night a mob of 300 or 400 people gathered around the Lake City postoffice, which was also the dwelling of Baker's family. Baker's house had been fired into before and even the postoffice had been burnt not more than a month ago, but the mob was determined to do their work effectually this time, and they surrounded the little shanty, and at once set fire to it. Baker's whole family was in the house. It consisted of Frazier Baker, his wife, a son, two daughters and a babe of 12 months. Baker was killed outright and his body left in the burning building. As the mother attempted to leave the building with her children, surrounding her, wild with fear and excitement, and her innocent babe in her arms, they were all fired upon and the babe was killed in the mother's arms, and it dropped by the side of the dying father in the burning house. Each of the others was shot, and while they are all still alive yet it is said that they are all seriously wounded. The woman was shot down by the side of the burning building, and would have been burned to death had she not been taken up and carried away by other Negroes living nearby. The two daughters are about grown and it is said they are both seriously wounded, and even if they recover each will lose a limb. The boy is about 12 years

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other man offers you after he has had it in his mouth; and the second is to refuse to drink out of the same glass that a man has just drunk from, or, worse still, to wipe it before drinking.

SOMETHING IN THE EAR.

The ears of children are favorite receptacles for small sticks, pebbles, beans and the like. Insects may also occasionally crawl into the ear, and flies are sometimes put there by children who enjoy the buzzing sound and the tickling which the prisoners cause in their efforts to escape. Sometimes the fly, despairing of exit by the way he entered, this being closed by the little hand, will crawl in the other direction, and if he chances to reach the drum membrane his revenge on his tormentor will be complete.

The ear is usually very tolerant of any inert substance which has found entrance, the presence of which may be discovered only accidentally during the child's bath; and then the trouble generally begins with the nurse's attempt to extract it. If the body is a pea or a bean, however, it will absorb moisture and swell, causing severe pain.

The chief danger of a foreign body in the ear is that it tempts unskillful persons to try to remove it, for almost invariably the only result of such efforts is to jam it farther in, perhaps even so far as to break the drum membrane and cause irreparable injury to the delicate structure in the drum of the ear.

It is so hazardous, indeed, to attempt extraction in these cases, that it is almost wiser to advise that the offending object be left alone, no matter how much pain and distress its presence may cause. Certainly if a physician can be reached, even with some delay, the work should be left to him; but a doctor may be inaccessible, or the pain, as from the presence of a live insect, may be so excruciating that something must be done at once.

The first rule for removing anything from the ear is a "don't"—don't poke in the ear! If the trouble is due to an insect, let the child lie on the opposite side and then pour a little lukewarm water into the ear; the insect will almost always come to the surface of the fluid and crawl out of the opening.

Syringing the ear with lukewarm soap-water will usually suffice to dislodge a hard body which is too tightly wedged in; if, however, this is something that will absorb water and swell, we must refrain, for the only result will be to fasten it more securely.

Sometimes a loop of very thin wire can be slipped behind the intruder, which can then, by a dexterous manoeuvre, be pulled out. But this is one of the measures that had better be left to the doctor, if one can be found without unreasonable delay. Indeed, nothing should be done by either mother or nurse if it is possible to wait.

Very serious injury, resulting in permanent deafness, has been caused by bungling efforts to extract a little pebble that was for the time being doing absolutely no harm, beyond causing the mother needless alarm.—Youth's Companion.

IMITATORS OF THE IMMORTAL G. W. A pocketknife was returned to the hardwareman with a blade broken off short, says Hardware. "How did you break the blade?" asked the hardwareman. "I broke it while cutting a little soft pine stick," said the man, who, like our beloved Washington, never told lies about hatchets, knives, or other articles of hardware. "Very well," said the hardwareman, "I will give you another, and return your broken knife to the manufacturer."

Soon after this, a small, well-dressed boy came in and threw down a 25-cent knife, which also had a blade that had come to grief, and the boy said, "Knife's no good." "What is the trouble?" asked the hardwareman. "I broke it whittling on a little pine stick," said the boy, who was a regular attendant at a Sunday school. "You shall have another, my boy."

"During the week there were three additional knives returned, all of which had been broken cutting little pine sticks, and each of the purchasers was given a new knife. But one day a ragged little fellow came into that store and said, 'I broke that knife you sold me, and I want to buy another. It was a good knife, but dad tried to get a cork out of a bottle with the small blade, and I broke the large blade trying to split a big hickory stick.'

The hardwareman threw his arms around the little boy's neck, and in a voice choked with emotion, said, "Take a dozen knives, my dear little fellow, a bicycle, a fishing-rod, a sled, and anything else that you would like to have. You are the first one to return a pocketknife to me that did not say it was broken by being used to whittle a little pine stick."

WHERE WAS THE SQUINT?—An illustration of the ridiculous and annoying way in which a church choir will sometimes run together the words of a hymn is afforded by the remark of a small boy in one of the front pews of a large and fashionable church. The hymn beginning "The consecrated cross I'd bear" had just been sung, and in the momentary quiet which followed, the small boy turned to his father and asked, in an earnest whisper: "I say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"—New York Journal.



"When did this come and how?" he asked shortly.

sleep and kissed to wakening. It makes me strong for whatever may come."

With that she rose, and, with a laugh and a last kiss that his recollection of her might be all of love and brightness, she sent him down stairs happy and loving.

In all the time of stress and pain that followed that last look of her haunted his memory always, and he learned to blame himself severely for hav-