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-- THE NECKLACE --

By Guy De Maupassant

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who, as if by a mistake of destiny, are born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and so she let herself be married to a petty clerk in the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was simple in her dress because she could not be elaborate, but she was as unhappy as if she had fallen from a higher rank, for with women there is no distinction of higher and lower; their beauty, their grace, and their natural charm fill the place of birth and family. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance, a lively wit, are the equals of their finest laces, and she suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the refinements and luxuries of life. She suffered from the poverty of her home as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs, the ugly curtains. All those things of which another woman of her station would have been quite unconscious would have been quite unbearable to her.

When she sat down to dinner at a little table covered with a cloth three days old, and looked across at her husband as he uncovered the soup and exclaimed with an air of rapture, "Oh, the delicious stew! I know nothing better than that," she dreamed of delicate dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestries which depicted the walls with antique figures and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious viands served in wonderful dishes, of whippersnappers gaily dressed who smiled as they heard the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a bird.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and she loved only that, she felt made for that. She was filled with a desire to please, to be envied, to be bewitched and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wished to visit because she suffered so much when she came home.

For whole days at a time she wept without ceasing in bitterness and hopeless misery.

Now, one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She quickly tore open the paper and drew out a printed card, bearing these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampoignieu request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry, Monday evening, January 1st."

Instead of being overcome with delight, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and it is such a fine opportunity, this! I had awful trouble in getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. You will see the whole official world."

She looked at him with irritation, and said, impatiently:

"What do you wish me to do with my lack of fortune?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It seems all right to me."

He stopped, stupefied, distracted, not seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stammered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

By a violent effort she calmed her feelings and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this ball. Give your invitation to some friend whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was to depart. He recalled: "Let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could wear again on future occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds, computing the cost, and also wondering what sum she could ask without bringing down upon herself an immediate refusal and an astonished exclamation from the economical clerk.

At last she answered hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage."

He turned a trifle pale, for he had been saying just that sum to buy a gun and treat himself to a little hunting the following summer, in the country near Nanterre, with a few friends who went there to shoot rats of a Sunday.

However, he said:

"Well, I think I can give you four hundred francs. But see that you have a pretty dress."

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing. He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere, in short, where a suspicion of hope led him.

She watched all day, in the same state of blank despair before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening with cheeks hollow and pale; he had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. It will give us time to turn around."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, looking five years older, declared:

"We must consider how to replace the ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went to the place of the jeweler whose name they found inside.

He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have furnished the casket."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, looking for an ornament like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with chagrin and anguish.

They found, in the shop at the Palais-Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he should take back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousand francs five louis here, three louis there. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous engagements, dealt with usurers, with all the tricks of money-lenders. He compromised the rest of his life, risked his signature without knowing if he might resuscitate a typical town of the Hawkeye State with its population about the width of the English yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the neck necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took the ornament back to Madame Forestier, the latter said coldly:

"You should have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, to see if she had returned it. She had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of the needy, moreover, all at once she took her part heroically. They must pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They dismissed their maid, they gave up their apartment, they rented another under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rough nails on the greasy pots and the bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, she rinsed the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line, she carried the garbage to the street every morning, and carried the water, stopping at each landing to rest. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, abusing, defending son by son her miserable money.

Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

The husband worked evenings neatly folding up the account books of some tradesman, and often far into the night he sat copying manuscript at five sous a page.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything—everything, with the exception of usury and the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel seemed old now. She had become the woman of an impoverished household—strong and hard and rough. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loud as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace. Who knows, who knows? How strange things, how changeable! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, as she was going for a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself after the labors of the week, all at once she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel was agitated. Should she speak to her? Why, of course. Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! my poor Mathilde, how changeable you are!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough since I saw you, days wretched enough and all because of you!"

"Me? How so?"

"You remember that necklace of diamonds that you lent me to wear to the ministerial ball?"

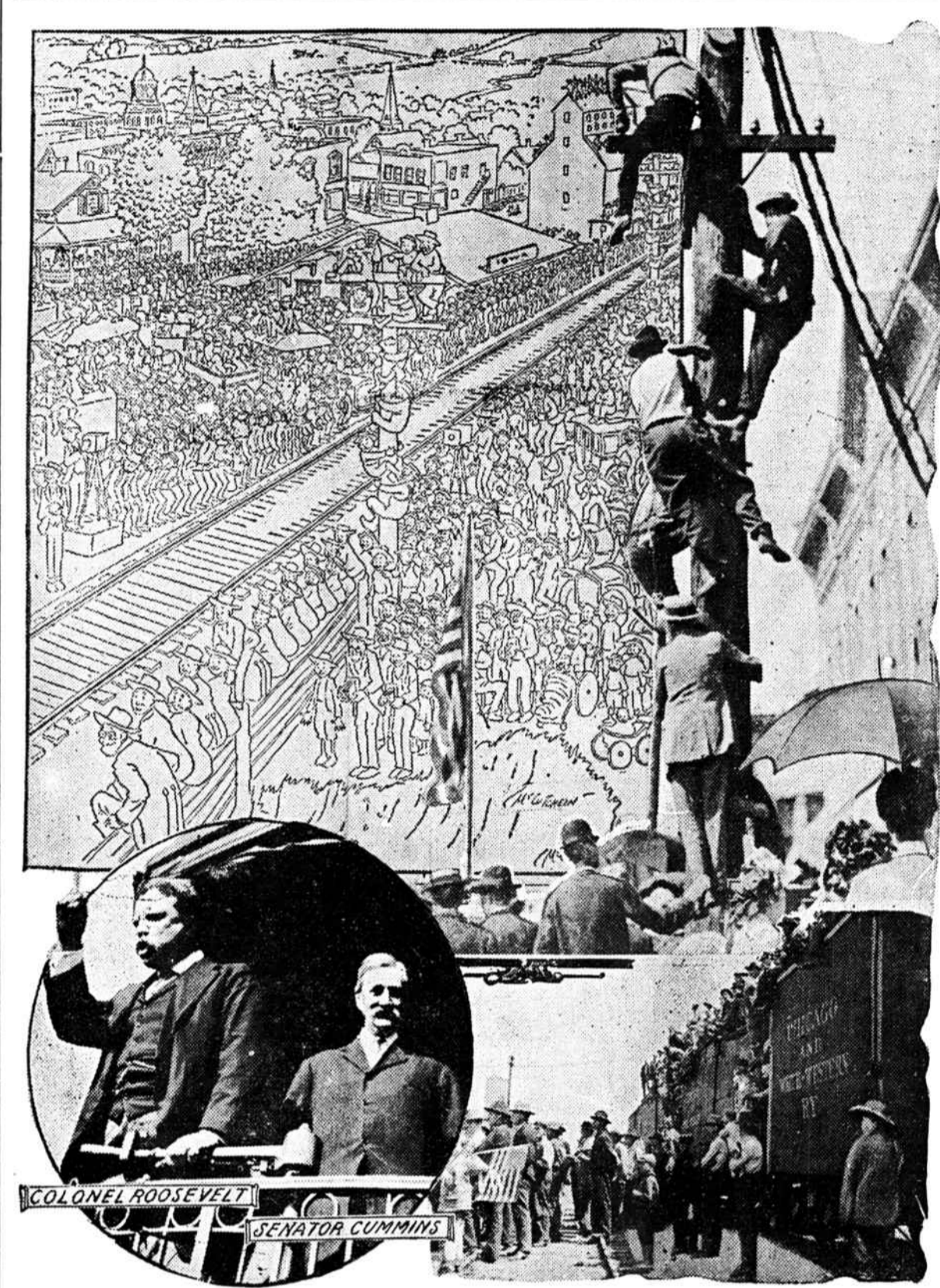
"Yes, well?"

"Well, I lost it!"

"How? But you returned it to me!"

"I returned to you another exactly like it. These ten years we've been paying for it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last

Camera Proves Welcome of Colonel Roosevelt In West as Anticipated by Cartoonist.



Colonel Roosevelt's journey through fourteen states has furnished photographers and cartoonists with many interesting subjects, and probably several thousand pictures have been taken of the former president or places that he visits, but none of them is more interesting than the reproductions above. Some days before Mr. Roosevelt reached the middle west cartoonist McCutcheon of the Chicago Tribune offered the subscribers of his paper a cartoon depicting the anxiety of the people of Iowa for the coming of their distinguished visitor. The cartoon represented a typical town of the Hawkeye State with its population about the width of the English yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the neck necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

is over, and I am very glad." Madame Forestier stood staring at her.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes; you did not notice it, then?"

"Yes, you very like."

And she smiled with a proud and naive pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth five hundred francs at most."

THE EARTH CAVING IN.

Great "Sinks" in Florida Caused by Subterranean River.

Another "sink" on Alachua lake, just across from the chain of "sinks" south of the city, developed some time during Wednesday night, and as a result the train over the Atlantic Coast Line was annulled after the Leesburg-Jacksonville train, which reached here Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

The first report that reached the city was brought by Conductor Frederick, who was advised of the trouble by Section Foreman Thigpen, who made the discovery early in the morning on his way to the south end of his section.

When Mr. Thigpen first discovered the sink it was not more than ten or fifteen feet in diameter, but it spread very rapidly during the morning hours, and by the arrival of the Leesburg passenger train it had grown to about forty feet, one large chunk of earth following after another in rapid succession and the ground cracking for a space of several feet around the entire hole.

At about noon the place presented a rather interesting scene, for at this time the great chunks of earth were rolling in at intervals, and with them the water would boil and sizzle as though it was hot iron being struck in place. The great pool also resembled the waves of the sea, for during the day it was in motion, sometimes being greater than at others, and up to last night the earth was still falling.

Reports from the place last night were to the effect that the hole had covered a distance of 125 feet running north and south, while from the east to west bank the distance is fully 100 feet.

This sink developed some 200 yards this side of the one that occurred here a few years ago when a local freight train with many cars, fell to the bottom of the place, but fortunately there was no water in this one, and it was easily filled in, and is used today the same as the old roadbed.

Just how deep the water in this new place is cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy, for during the forenoon a large tree that was fully thirty or more feet tall was in the middle of the place, and in the afternoon it had disappeared as though nothing but a bottomless hole was there to receive anything that came its way.

There are a number of old sinks in the vicinity, but the new one is larger than any of the others.—Gainesville, (Fla.) Sun.

THE ISLAND OF BATANES.

Customs in Northernmost Province of the Philippines.

"The capital of our northernmost province, Santa Domingo de Basco, on the Island of Batanes, is an interesting place. The route of our transports lies a few hours steaming west of the group, passing between them and the Island of Fomosa on their way to Nagasaki, yet comparatively few Americans have visited this group of islands," said Dr. Louis Otford, who has recently returned from this part of the archipelago.

"Santa Domingo has a population of about 2,000 and is entirely different from any other town in the Philippines. In the first place all the buildings are of stone and whitewashed. The roofs are made of cogon grass, closely trimmed so as to afford no purchase to the severe typhoons which sweep over the islands.

"The streets are about twelve feet wide, many of them paved with stones. Some walls extend along both sides of the streets their full length, giving them the appearance of lanes. The walls are about three to five feet in height, broken at intervals for entrance to the yards, which in turn communicate with each other by stone walls. Most of the yards were clean and exceptionally neat and attractive.

"The principal building, residential, school house, church and the parochial school are all built of stone, neatly whitewashed, and the grass covered plaza, fenced by a low stone wall, was the scene of neatness.

"Unlike most Philippine towns there were no native houses, they are confined to walled-in sections below the level of the streets. I noticed a few stone houses, they seemed to be well built. There is not a single 'chinita' in the town; in fact for that matter not one on any of the islands grouped in this province except San Juan. There were but five white men there, the priest, who had been there for twenty-seven years, the governor, who, I was told, is a Spaniard, two Spaniards who are cattle buyers, and one American connected with the bureau of public works.

"There is not a single store in the town. The sole industry is the raising of cattle which are called for by steamers from Aparri or Manila. When one of the steamers anchors there the cattle are paid for in cash ranging from \$12 to \$16 a head. Some of the residents then take the steamer for the first port on the island of Luzon, bringing some onions and garlic with them and the producing for themselves and their friends.

"The women wear a peculiar head dress made of cogon grass to protect them from sun and rain and without an exception each one fitted it in satisfaction. For three months of the year the islands are typhoon swept and no steamer can approach them and other times, though a regular mail service is well established, they are shut off from outside contact."—Manila Times.

Miscellaneous Reading.

BLEASE AND FEATHERSTONE.

Some Press Comments on the Two Leading Candidates.

A Remarkable Result.
Columbia Record.

Official returns will put the vote for Mr. Blease up to 26,000. It was expected that Mr. Blease would poll in the first primary very nearly his full strength.

Two years ago in the race for governor Mr. Blease received 42,000 votes. He will have to gain 12,000 votes in the second primary to equal his vote of two years ago. It is believed, however, that Mr. Blease will have to receive the votes of 29,000 men who did not vote for him in the first primary.

It will be the most remarkable result in the history of South Carolina politics if Mr. Blease is elected.

For Featherstone.
Florence Times.

It is not often that the Times feels that it is its duty to its constituency to take a stand in the primary election between men, but we do think that it is our duty to say emphatically as possible that every citizen, regardless of his views on the liquor question or on any other question, should get out at once and work as hard as he can and as effectively as he can for C. C. Featherstone for governor. The returns were in the nature of a surprise to many people who thought that they had their finger on the pulse of the public. Waive everything to work for the election of Featherstone. We do not deny Mr. Blease's ability or his strength with the people; he is a most fascinating man, but in our cool, deliberate judgment, backed by our varied experience, we feel that it would be a serious mistake to make Mr. Blease governor of the state, and that the voter would not, and could not, be aware of the mistake until after he had made it; so that the safest thing to do is to take the advice of those in whose sincerity and disinterestedness you can have no doubt and vote for the election of Featherstone. Don't run the risk of a mistake.

Featherstone in Laurens.

Mr. Blease, with characteristic political shrewdness, is quick to direct attention to the fact that in the first primary he received more votes in Mr. Featherstone's own county than Mr. Featherstone did. It is a legitimate political maneuver.

The circumstance is not difficult to understand. Mr. Blease has made several campaigns for state office. He has built up throughout the state a following that is remarkably loyal, a tribute to the strength of his personality. Moreover, in this Blease following more loyal than in the county of Laurens. As a candidate for governor Mr. Blease could probably poll a plurality in Laurens against any opponent. His ability to do so would be no reflection on his opponent. The Blease vote in Laurens is a Blease vote. It is not anti-Featherstone. Out of 2,200 votes cast in that county all but 220 went to Blease and Featherstone, and while Blease received 120 votes more than Featherstone, according to the returns at this writing.

In Newberry, the home of Mr. Blease, he being mayor of the city of that name, Mr. Blease received barely 100 votes in excess of a majority, and Featherstone was the second candidate in that county.

The vote a man receives in his own county in a race such as that of last Tuesday does not necessarily indicate the respect in which he is held by his neighbors; it may indicate his popularity but under conditions prevailing in this campaign it more probably indicates the popularity of the issue he represents. There are few issues here in Columbia, for instance, yet men in Columbia, for instance, who stand higher than Mr. Hyatt, voted in the recent election he received only about 300 votes in this county, running next to the last man on the ticket in Richland.

For ten years Mr. Richards has been sent to the legislature from Kershaw by a vote that has been marvelous; he has never been in a second race even, having been elected each time

on the first ballot. Yet in the election of Tuesday, Mr. Richards, so recent reports indicate, lacked 100 votes of a majority in Kershaw.

Candidate Blease.
Columbia State.

Few men are devoid of traits of character that are commendable. For example, Candidate Blease "sticks to his friends through thick and thin." He has said so.

Broadly speaking, loyalty to one's friends is a characteristic that the world deems admirable, and the world is right. The man who will make sacrifices for a friend, who will suffer for him, who will defend him against a majority—all for unselfish friendship—can not be wholly bad, however bad he may be.

But there are occasions when the man who "sticks to his friends through thick and thin" may use that disposition to outrage justice and to bring widespread reproach upon his state. If such a man is governor and if he does not possess a high conception of his obligation to law and justice and good government, his personal friends—the men who have done him service in the past or from whom he expects service in the future—stand first, they are put before the people, before every other consideration.

Such a governor shields his friends from justice; such a governor pardons his friends when convicted of high crime; such a governor is a menace to peace, and a disintegrator of his party.

An example in point is Malcolm R. Patterson of Tennessee. He pardoned his friend, Cooper, convicted of assassination.

"Almost to a Man."
Sumter Herald.

The best people of this state will support C. C. Featherstone almost to a man. They are not all state-wide prohibitionists, either.

For the Young Men and Boys.
Sumter Herald.

Previous to the first election the Herald espoused the cause of no special candidate for the office of governor, for the simple reason that there were several candidates for this high office, any one of which would have been acceptable to this editor, but the conditions are no longer thus. So far as we were able to judge from their platforms, both Featherstone and McLeod were in favor of prohibition. Their only difference was simply a difference of methods. Featherstone advocated prohibition by a state-wide process, while McLeod felt that better results could be obtained by allowing each county to vote out the dispensary. Since the elimination of McLeod, the only course open to his supporters who really want whisky reduced to a minimum, is to vote for Featherstone. Featherstone is a Christian gentleman of the highest type. He is, also, a man of statesman-like ability and proportions, and would make a governor of whom the Palmetto state would feel justly proud. The editor of the Herald would not hurt a hair on the head of Mr. Blease—even if he is as bad as his worst enemy thinks he is, but the good of humanity is of more importance than any individual, so in behalf of civic righteousness and in behalf of the young men and boys and helpless women, who have suffered by the demon rum, we beg the voters of the state to go to the polls on September 13th and cast their ballots for C. C. Featherstone.

Will Be True to Himself.

Spartanburg Herald.

As between Mr. Featherstone and Mr. Blease Spartanburg county will be true to itself and to the state. The county gave Mr. Featherstone a plurality in the first primary and will give him a majority in the next. The intelligent voters of Spartanburg realize that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the state and they will be present on election day.

Unquestionable Character.

Dorchester Eagle.

If you are inclined to vote for a good man and a man of unquestionable character, cast your ballot for C. C. Featherstone. He is the winning candidate now, and if you value your vote you will be on the safe side by voting for Featherstone.

Featherstone Will Win.

Charleston News and Courier.

This, then, is the political situation as it now presents itself. Summed up in a few words, the probabilities are that in the second primary Mr. Featherstone will win. If so, he will be elected on account of his personality and in spite of his prohibition views. It will be true to the material assistance rendered him by the men who have been the supporters of McLeod, the local prohibitionist. Mr. Featherstone cannot afford to forget it altogether if his ambition shall be realized and he comes next January to occupy the office of chief executive in the state house at Columbia.

Two Kinds.

Spartanburg Journal.

Mr. Blease is a local optionist. But there are two kinds of local optionist. One kind is opposed to the sale of liquor, the other is in favor of the sale of liquor. Mr. Blease is the kind of local optionist who favors the sale of liquor. Are you that kind of a local optionist?

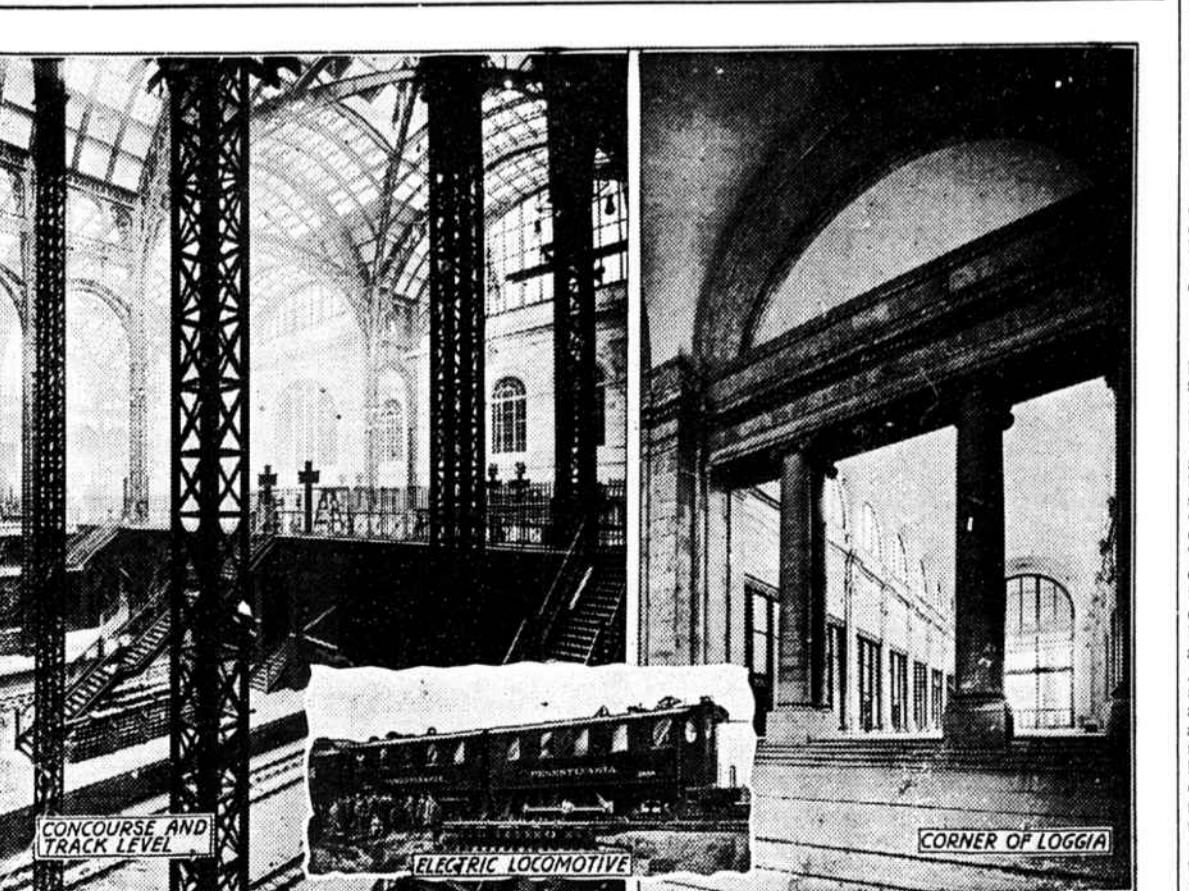
Liquor Question Disposed Of.

Charleston Post.

Now, it is perfectly clear that the people do not favor the enactment of a statewide prohibition law, and the general assembly will be influenced in its treatment of the question to the extent that it should be influenced by such an expression. Even those who believed that the law should prevail, will and should give heed to the determination of the opinion of the people at the primary. That the people should have determined this issue as they have determined it, is in no way surprising. All but six of the forty-two counties of the state have prohibition laws in effect, so, in a practical consideration, the vast majority of prohibitionists have been satisfied with having their will as far as their own interests are concerned, and a very large proportion of them, as reasonable men, are not disposed, so long as they are not thwarted in their desire, to interfere with others who may take a different view of the question. The pressure for statewide prohibition is not and cannot, in the nature of things, be so heavy with the great majority of the counties already given over to the prescription of liquor, as it was when there was a militant group in each county fighting to banish liquor from that county and half believing that this could be accomplished only by a general prohibition act.

The liquor question has been disposed of at the first primary. The personal of the next governor remains to be determined. Vote for Featherstone.

Pennsylvania Railroad Opens Its Great Station to Traveling Public.



The largest building in the world ever built at one time, the Pennsylvania railroad station in New York, has just been completed and declared officially open. It has also been announced in an official pamphlet distributed by the railroad company that train service will be inaugurated on Sept. 8. A comparison of the new station with other large structures in the world, according to the company, gives it first place in magnitude. It is explained that, while the Vatican, the Tuileries and the St. Petersburg Winter palace are larger buildings, it took very much longer to erect them and they were finished only after years of labor. The station covers eight acres, with the exterior walls extending half a mile. The time for the building was only six years. While the facades of the station were designed to suggest the imposing character of the ancient Roman temples and baths, the impression intended to be made upon the layman approaching the station in full view of the exterior of the general waiting room with its huge semicircular windows is that of one of the leading railway stations in the world.