

The Lexington Dispatch.

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NO. 11.

The Judge's Surprise.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays were as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned, by inexorable duty, to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences. Of these luckless exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat; eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetrate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially in appetizing weather, must see to it that his customer's larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age, emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody on a charge of theft. The girl without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court the next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin, but three children—the youngest about three years old, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alarmed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappassable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer. At mention of the word "bread," little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"O, my poor little brother!" she cried, bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him!"

Here the child threw his arms around her neck, as if to detain her by force; while the other two children screamed piteously.

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to investigate. "Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!" replied the girl, wringing her hands; and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning.

Here the officer went away, saying that he would be back again in a short time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hush, Mollie, dear!" said Lena.

"I don't know what he is gone for. He's not a bad man, anyhow, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned, with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and condiments for the smallest children; while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At the sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, and while Lena cut up large slices of bread and helped the children and herself, the two men set to work and made a large fire in the stove, the glow of which soon diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for the four orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants till they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives, are innocence, mirth and joy! The children, after their dinner, didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down, Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka to work, about eight months ago, and we haven't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?"

"Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?"

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months; and said he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you got no letter from him at all?"

"Not one," replied Lena, with a deep sigh.

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but postal communication being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause, "but I will call for you to-morrow, and you'll have to accompany me to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know. Good bye." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of childhood soon gained the ascendancy, and before bed-time the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meanwhile, the report about the stealing of the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was well known and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy, and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries that a crowd was attracted next day to the police court. Judge Moses presided. The Judge bore the name of being upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault he had at all, it was thought to be somewhat uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the case was called. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified as to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them. Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, judge," said he, "I never knowed the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did—"

he dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You jest knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he knew anything of the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," he said in a half whisper, "hold yer pinafore," he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid behind the crowd into a corner, and holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

Then came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe that he was not bashful at all. "Judge," said Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"judge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hungry!" And poor Lena was once more the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused; but immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and I am particularly impressed with the ingenious defense made by my friend, Wabbling Joe"—here a good-natured laugh escaped the whole crowd—as if to put the judge in good humor—"but" continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my little girl?" asked the court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and my mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena, for short."

"Madeline Winters! Where were you born?" asked the judge.

"In Kansas City," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Madeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Madeline Moses! My God! My God! She was my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the desk while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and niece indulge the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.—*San Francisco Straggler.*

The tax levy for Darlington County for the past year is twelve mills.

The probabilities are that South Carolina will get a sixth Congress-man.

Buildings are going up rapidly at Orangeburg, and everything seems prosperous.

On Saturday in Newberry B. Byrd, a colored man, bought 700 acres of land for \$4,150.

It is estimated that the cotton crop will be less than that of last year in Chester County.

John Peoples, colored, the oldest inhabitant of Barnwell County, died last week, aged 111 years. He was born in Virginia, and preserved a vivid recollection of Revolutionary scenes up to his last days.

NEW LAWS.

An Act to Reduce the Length of Time Required to Notify Hands to Work the Public Roads in Lexington and Richland Counties.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this Act all hands liable to work the public roads in Lexington and Richland Counties shall be required to turn out and do such work, according to the terms of the Act now in force, except that they shall only be entitled to twenty-four hours' notice of the time and place of meeting of said hands for work, instead of three days as now required; and those who fail to meet, when warned twenty-four hours before, shall be subject to the same penalties as now prescribed by law for those who fail to meet after being warned for three days.*

SEC. 2. That all Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent or repugnant to this Act are hereby repealed.

Approved December 24th, 1880.

An Act to Make it a Misdemeanor to Entice or Persuade a Laborer to Leave the Employment of Another, or to Employ a Laborer Under Contract with Another.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That any person or persons who shall entice or persuade by any means whatsoever any tenant or tenants, laborer or laborers under contract with another, duly entered into between the parties in the presence of one or more witnesses, whether such contract be verbal or in writing, to violate such contract, or shall employ any laborer or laborers, knowing him, her or them to be under contract with another, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not less than ten nor more than thirty days.

Approved December 24th, 1880.

Words of Wisdom.

He who thinks his place below him will be below his place.

Good temper is, like a summer day, the sweetener of toil and soother of disquietude. It sheds a brightness over everything.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone.

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

A large number of negroes are leaving Abbeville County to work the phosphate mines on the coast.

Col. T. J. Lipscomb was unanimously re-elected Superintendent of the Penitentiary by the Legislature.

At public auction in Columbia on Saturday a number of horses and mules were sold ranging in prices from \$37 to \$60.

Ten thousand five hundred and twenty-four bales of cotton have been shipped from Abbeville since the present season commenced.

On Christmas day, at Jno. Odum's place, Darlington County, J. W. Odum and Henry Stricklin both under the influence of liquor, got into a row with Dumpsey Morrill, in which Odum shot and killed Morrill. Odum and Stricklin are both in jail.

Fair Weather Farmers.

It is comparatively an easy matter to farm in fair weather, and if there were no rainy days, cold, slush and sleet, rural life would be as near perfection as anything we have in this lower sphere. But he who takes up the vocation of farming must do it after the style of that interesting ceremony that says: "For better or for worse," and must make provision for a great deal of cloudy weather, rain and snow. He should have ample shelter for all his stock, and storage room for all crops, or both will suffer and the farmer be the loser. These things add greatly to the expense of farming, but they must come or the farmer will see much of his labor go from him for naught.

This fact points out why there are so many unsuccessful farmers. They are fair weather men, sailing smoothly enough over a smooth sea, but placed at great disadvantage when the storms and rain come. Hay, grain, implements, manure, everything remains out of doors to take the rains. Having made no provisions for dry walks about the premises, everybody, including wife and daughters, have to plunge through mud and slush as often as the weather is wet. No wood and kindling stuff are put away at the proper time, and when the storms come there is extra trouble in getting them, wet jackets, wet feet, muddy floors, poor fires, and, quite likely, sour tempers to boot. Stock, perhaps, has to be fed in the rain, if fed at all, and much of the fodder is trampled in the mud and wasted. No water furrows have been opened in the wheat, oat and potato fields, and so the water covers the ground till injury is done. Stock, perhaps, break into the garden, the orchard, or the barn, because some little repairs have been neglected, and more injury is done than would have been paid for the mending thrice over. A broken window is forgotten till the baby takes cold by playing too near it on a damp day, and sickness, perhaps death, results.

And thus in one or many ways the fair weather farmer is constantly suffering loss and inconvenience. He is never prepared for rainy weather, and when the rain comes it leaks upon him. Reader, do you know of any farmer of this class?

Looking on the Wrong Side.

Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. A neighbor chanced to drop in to see a man of this kind the other day, and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all getting on?" asked the visitor.

"We are all tolerable except Bob," replied he of the dark side of things. "He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know he is going to come home drowned, or howling with a fish-hook sticking in him somewhere."

"Well, the rest seem to be cheerful."

"Yes, sorter. Jeminy is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy-pulling; but I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming home from a candy-pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a three-story window, and killed her."

"Killed who?"

"Jeminy."

"Why, no; there she is."

"Well, it might have been her if she had been going by on the pavement below where the woman fell."

"Well, you are looking healthy."

"Yes. But I feel just like the man did who dropped dead in New York last week from heart disease. He was in high spirits, and had a good appetite; and them's just my symptoms."

The North Carolinians are leaning strongly in favor of a prohibitory liquor law. Several counties have refused to grant licenses, and others will follow.

Creative and Sexual Science, or Fowler's Great Work

ON MANKHOOD, WOMANHOOD, AND THEIR MUTUAL INTERRELATIONS; LOVE, ITS LAWS, POWER, ETC.

For centuries the world has endeavored to solve the vexed problem of the mutual relations of the sexes, but thousands of the wisest of men and women have abandoned the effort in despair. It was reserved for the present century to throw the greatest amount of light upon the subject that it has ever received, and at the present day men and women hold a truer position towards each other than they have ever before occupied. Each year adds to our store of information on the subject, corrects errors, reforms abuses, and places social life on a higher and nobler basis.

The most valuable contribution to this subject is the present work, from the pen of Professor O. S. Fowler, who is acknowledged by all classes as the most distinguished exponent now living of the science of phrenology and the mutual relations of the sexes. He has been for nearly half a century prominently before the people of America and Europe as a teacher of this great subject, his lectures have been listened to by hundreds of thousands, and his works have been read wherever the English language is spoken. He has been consulted by thousands of persons whose ignorance of the great laws which govern the sexes has involved them in trouble, and we may safely assert that but few of those who have faithfully followed his teachings have failed to find relief. His long and intelligent observation of human nature, his intimate acquaintance with the various ailments of which he treats, his vast professional learning and experience, and his recognized position as a teacher and lecturer, give him a right to speak with authority, and this book will be welcomed and eagerly read wherever his great fame has penetrated.

"Sexual Science" is simply the great code of natural laws by which the Almighty requires the sexes to be governed in their mutual relations. A knowledge of these laws is of the highest importance, and it is the general ignorance of them among all classes which swells the list of disease and misery in the world and wrecks so many lives which would otherwise be happy.

There is scarcely a question concerning the most serious duties of life which is not fully and satisfactorily answered in this book. Such a work has long been needed, and will be found invaluable to every man and woman who has arrived at the years of discretion. It should be read especially by the married, and by those who have the care of children, and it will carry happiness with it wherever it goes. Thousands will bless the Author for the knowledge contained in this work, which alone can save them from suffering and sorrow. The book is a real blessing to the public and is sure to be hailed as such.

It is printed from clear, new type, on fine calendered paper, comprised in one large royal octavo volume of 1065 pages, illustrated with nearly 200 appropriate Engravings, prepared under the personal supervision of the author, and will be furnished to subscribers, in neat and substantial binding by

JOHN SCHNEIDER,

Agent for Lexington County.

The Abbeville County poor house last year cost the county more than the jail, and about three times as much as all the Trial Justices put together.

The appropriation bill of the late General Assembly fixed the State tax at five mills on the dollar for the past year, which tax is uniform throughout the State.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Central National Bank, of Columbia, on the 4th instant, Gen. John S. Preston was re-elected President, and Col. John S. Sloan Solicitor. The showing of the bank was satisfactory and prosperous.

Profane Swearing.

Profane swearing is one of the evils of the present generation. Boys not in their teens imagine themselves men by the utterances of a few oaths. Then the habit is so unprofitable! Whiskey will make a man feel in a good humor until the pleasant effects die out, but profane swearing is utterly valueless. The worst feature is that the habit is becoming popular with church members, and it brings reproach upon religion. The other day we heard several men who stand well in the church ripple out all kind of oaths. They profane the name of God without any scruple and their blasphemy was so frequent and pronounced as to make the worldly minded shudder. The vice is not confined to any particular denomination. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Seceders seem to have forgotten all their professions, and have been cursing like sailors for the last month or so. It is sinful and disgraceful, and every man of them should be turned out of the church. The habit is abhorrent to civilization, morality, decency and christianity.—*Lancaster Ledger.*

Important to Real Estate Owners

In accordance with the Act defining his duties, Col. A. P. Butler, the commissioner of agriculture, is making strenuous efforts to secure a complete register of all the lands offered for sale in the State, together with information concerning their location, quality, resources and price. It is desired that all persons who have real estate which they are desirous of selling, will take the earliest opportunity of reporting the same to the agricultural department, as numerous inquiries are being daily received from every section of the Union concerning the lands for sale in the State. In the same particular it would be the interest of the manufacturers of the State to forward to the commissioner the nature and qualities of the wares manufactured by them, as it is desired that all information of this kind should be embraced in the report.

State News.

A fracas occurred near Foreston, Clarendon County, last week, between Lowder and Ridgeway, two young men, in which Ridgeway was stabbed.

Charleston has a fuel society, kept up by subscription. No doubt this extended cold weather causes them to receive many applications from those destitute of means.

The entire tax assessment of Chester County for 1880 is ten mills, being less, by one-tenth of a mill, than the citizens of that county have paid for the past ten years.

The Richland Volunteers, of Columbia, have accepted the invitation and will attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of President Garfield on the 4th of March.

Rev. Dr. Girardeau, of Columbia, during a recent visit to Louisville, Ky., raised a subscription of \$1,300 from the Second Presbyterian Church of that city, to aid the Columbia Theological Seminary.

On the night of the 4th instant a passenger train on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad went through the bridge over the Ashepool River, killing the engineer and two firemen. No passengers were hurt.

At Chester Christmas day was changed from a high feast to an orgy, the bar-rooms all giving free liquor. The drunkenness was unprecedented, and as a consequence a "dry" municipal party is being actively organized.

E. W. Mackey, of the second Congressional District, has served notice on Mr. M. P. O'Conner of his intention to contest his claims to a seat in the forty-seventh Congress. Mackey proposes to take evidence in Charleston, and expects to examine about forty witnesses, including prominent politicians of both parties.