WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1875.

THE FAIRFIELDHERALD

WILLIAMS&DAVIS. y in the Town of Winnsboro, at \$3.00 fool to goad her so. I shall never "He n variably in advance.

All transient advortisements to be PAID IN ADVANCE. Obituary Notices and Tributes \$1.00

FRENCH WITH A MASTER-A NEW POEM BY THEODORE TILTON.

The following poem was read during the trial by Wm. M. Evarts amids: great applause.

Aimer, aimer c'est a vivre.

[To love, to love, it is to live] Teach you French ! I will my dear ! Sit down and con your lesson here. What did Adam say to Eve? Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre.

Don't pronounce the last word long ! Make it short to suit the song; Rhyme it to your flowing sleeve, Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre.

Sleeve, I said, but what's the harm If I really meant your arm?
Mine shall twine it (by your leave), Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivi

Learning Prench is full of slips ; Do as I do with the lips; Here's the right way, you perceive, Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre.

French is always spoken best Breathing deeply from the chest. Darling does your bosom heave? Aimer, aimer, c'est a viere.

Now, my dainty little sprite, Have I taught your lessen right? Then what pay shall I receive? Aimer, ciner, c's a vivre.

Will you think me over bold It I linger to be told Whether you yourself believe Aimer, aimer, c'est a viore

Fretty pupil, when you say All this French to me to day, Do you mean it or deceive? Aimer, aimer, c'est a viore.

Tell me, may I understand When L.press your little hand That our hearts tegether cleave ? Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre.

Have you, in your tresses, room For some orange buds to bloom? Nay I such a garland seave? Aimer, aimer, c'est a vitre.

Or, if I presume too much, Teaching French by sense or touch, Grant me pardon and reprieve! Aimer, aimer, e'est a viere.

Sweatheart, no! you cannot go! Let me sit and hold you so. Adam did the same to Eve? Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre.

Love on a Log.

"Miss Becky Newton." "Well, sir.

"Will you mary me?"
"No, I won't." "Very well; then don't, that's all."

Mr. Fred Rekerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet up on the piazza, unfolded a newspaper. Mis-B cky Newton bit her lip and went in with her sewing. She wendered of that was going to be the last of it. She had felt this proposal coming for nearly a month, but the scene she had anticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm, notwith t.nding his most eager entreaties. She was to have told him that though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be to him more than an appreciative and carnest fried. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knelt into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexa-

"You will never have a better chance," he continued after a pause, sheet to find the telegraph reports. "A better chance for what ?" she

asked shortly. "A better chance to marry a young, good-looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by

his bravery in their defense." Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it. "And whose egotism is only excelled by his impudence," retorted

the lady, sarcastically. "Before long," continued Fred.

you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know are getting slimmer every day." "Sir !"

"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will growold and wrinkled and ----

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you mar ____ "
"Not if you were the king of Eng-

land," interrupted Miss Newton,

a ir work. "I am not

he...
"She is never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and reher." he exclaimed, aloud. "By Heaven, I'll have her, cost what it may !

Very different was the Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervous ly up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman be loved, with such calm and imperturbable exterior. For he loved Beckey Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The aughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury, and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no immediate idea of changing her situaten for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusual aristocratic line age had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be, sure he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow replied. such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip by unimproved.

But alus for human nature! If Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she ruu up stairs after that interview and take the starch all out of her nice, clean pillow-shams by crying herself inco hysterics on the bed. It was not all wrath, not all vexation, it was not all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure she would not some day be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as Fred Eskerson's wife, after

"But then," she cried, growing hot with the recollection, "I never osuld live with such a man, -never !" river. The Mississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the height of its annual "spring rise." Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly to-wards the sea, had nearly filled the "Ah!" in the farther bank, nearly opposite breakfast every morning you see." the house, and the windows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, not laid down on the maps. The m in current of the stream bore upon its coffee-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, ren dering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees which overhung the stream. New, it happened that by & curi-

ous coinci ence, Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out of the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found berself a the foot of a huge cottonwood tree at ner teet. But instead, he had ask-ed her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered had planned. being answered had plunged at once fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of fore-seeing the future, it would have been the last thing she would have done, for although it there in the shade with the soft sun. half believe him. light flittering through the leaves as he deliberately turned over the overhead, the awakening was not at all to her mind. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath her the tall cottonwood toppled and fell; and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her and she felt herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though precisely where, she was as yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Eckerson's whiskers nearly brushing

> "Well !" "Well !"

her face.

"Where am I ? asked Bocky, shirering and looking around her.

"In the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the carry you."

"How came you here !" "In the same conveyance with

lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or the perilous position, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the

with her in that way. But I'll have this happened?" she asked. "As long as you were. I was up

in the tree when you came." "You had no right to be there," she said, coloring,-"a spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded on my privacy, and while you slapt I watched over you, like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

"Thank you for your services, I'm sure." she said, bridling. "You snored awfully."

"Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm from my weist." "Then put yours around my

"Indeed I will do no such thing." "You will fall into the river if you

do not." Becky was silent for several moments, while their unwieldly oraft whirled along the current, rolling from side to side and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she

"What are we to do ?" "I think now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he

"To New Orleans," exclaimed Becky. "It is a hundred miles." "Yes, and the chance for a free passage for such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore if you prefer." She burst into tears.

treat me so."

"Cruel !" exclaimed Fred, drawing her closer to him, quickly,-'cruel to you ?"

disposition to rebel. For once in reached the ground in safety. her life she was dependent on a man.

"I want to go to New Orleans," continued Fred, and, after a pause; "because there is a young lady of When Fred Eckerson had walked my acquaintance residing there off some of his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the interthis neighborheod." "() p

"If we don't go to New Orleans, house, was at the time nearly at the and if we get out of this scrape, I shall write for her to come any-

lowlands for many miles. A crevasse for me as long I remain your fathof this description had been made er's guest. I can ride over after

"She is an intimate friend, then," said Becky. I expect to marry her before long,

he replied. "Marry her! Why you - you proposed to me this morning."

"Yes but you refused me. I told ther chance." Backy was silent again. It is a mitter of some doubt whether, had

Fred at that moment, sitting astride of the long ride were taken without that cotton wood log with his feet in alremark from either. It was Beeky the water and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time. she would have accepted him or not. To be sare a marvelous change had come over Becky's fe :lings since her tumble into the river : She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her, was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of such extreme peril, was one of no ordinary courage. But she was not yet quite seemed to have lost some of his haprepared to give up her golden bitual ease, for he kept his whip in dreams. The dross was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how much sha loved was very pleasant dropping asleep Fred Eckerson. Besides she did not

The clumsy vessel floated on, now root first, now sideways, and now half submerged beneath the boiling currept. Their precurious hold became more uncertain as their frames became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the bide her face and carefully separating shore. The cottonwood retained a the fringe of her mantilla, "thatcourse nearly in the middle of the perhaps -- if you asked me again the stream, too far from either bank to same question-that you did yesterrender their outeries of much avail. day morning-I might answer a little As it grew dark, their situation grew | - different." more and more hopeless, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from death, either by drawning in the darkness or by exhaustion before daybreak.

Yet to die in this man's arms seeuied not wholly a terror. She could hardly think, if death must come, of fork of a cottonwood-tree, and you any way in which sho would rather are voyaging toward the Gulf of meet it. Was it possible she loved Mexico just as fast as this freshet can him, and must needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart. Had she night."
loved all along? While she was Ano

house and slammed the door behind father's plantation, which, I fear, is and comfortable. Raising her head, she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat. "Fred !"

"Well !" "You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing." "No I ain't, I took it off because

it was so awful hot," and taking out his handkerchief with his disengaged hand he made a pretense of wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"How long have I been asleep ?" "About three hours. We are drifting on shore now."
"Snall we be saved?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I'm going to take mine away."

Beoky did this time as she was recurred. Nearly all the smaller

bidden. She not only throw her arms quickly around his neck, but she laid ber head upon his breast, without the slightest besitation. In the killed. darkness, Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirtbosom.

"Hold fast now !" he cried. "Hold on, for your dear life !"

The tog had been gradually nearing the shere for some time, and it now shot suddenly under a large sycmore which overhung the bank and trai ed its branches in the brown fl od Quick as thought Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked, it plunged heavily and partly turne over, its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific cracking of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while "You are cruel," she said, "to the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travelers were very nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred, balf supporting, half dragging There was no belp for it, and she Becky, worked his way to the trunk again relapsed into silence, quite by a series of gymnastics that would content, apparently, to remain ia bave done no discredit to Blondin, Fred's arms, and evincing now no and in a moment more both had

"That's a business we are well out of, he said, when he had regained his breath. "Now where are we ?"

He looked about. A light was glimmering from behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Bocky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in h.s arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter who was not lacking in shelter, Becky, was soon herself agair.

They drove home the following and elear, and the fragrance of the orange groves was in the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter you then you would never have an silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was no less silent now. Fred bimself did not appear particularly commu dentive, and many miles of the long ride were taken without

who spoke first. "Fred I" she said,

"Yes." "You have saved my life, have you "Happy to do it any day," he said,

not knowing exactly what else to "I thank you very much." "Quite welcome, I am sure."

The was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's boof upon the road. Fred bimself constant motion, and held the icius

uervously.

"Yes." "Are you going to wilte to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I s'pose so." "Hadn't you-better-iry againbefore you-before you write?' He turned his eyes full upon her,

and opened them wide. "Try again ? try what ? ' "I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bend ng low to

"I cky's head went against Fred's shoulder, and her face became immediately lost to view.

"You darling I" he exclaimed, "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when, may I ask, did you change your mind?"

murmured. "I hove loved you all fice will not burn. the time, but nover knew it until last

The tornado of Saturday last, war in Aiken county and vicinity. Af the plantation of Mr. George W. Turner, on the Edgefield line, nearly all the out-buildings were utterly wrecked, while the residence itself was almost wholly demolished. Mrs. Turner had an arm broken, and her son-in law, Dr. W. D. Jennings, jr.,

falling timbers. Two colored men were instantly killed, as were also a considerable number of mules and At the plantation of Col. Jacob Foreman, at the other end of the:

was seriously out in the legs by the

was ruined beyond repair, and a colored man and girl were instantly At Mr. William Woodward's place, ten miles lower down the river, the effects of the storm were as painfully apparent. Out of fifteen

frame structure erected in the spring of 1872. The injury to the planting interests in and around Aiken are almost incalculable. No such storm has ever before prevailed there, even in the memory of the oldest inhabitant .- Union-Herald.

"You say, Mr. Springles, that Mr. Jacocks was your tutor. Does the court understand from that you received your education from bim ?" 'No, sir ; by tutor I wean he learned me to play on the French horn. He taught me to toot-hence I call him my tutor."

The respite by Governor Cham-berlam, until the 2d of April, of Auld, who murdered Butler Gholson, in Orangeburg, some time ago, caused a demonstration in that town, on Friday last. A serious row and an attempt at lynching was imminent; but the rioters were finally quieted.

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, de first night I open store I counts de monies and finds him nix right : I counts him and dere be tree gone; and vat yer tink I does den !" "1 hospitality . Here their wants were can't say." Vy, did not count him

"Can you let me have a dollar this morning, Husband ? I am entirely day, Fred having procured the loan out of change," "What I broke of the planter's herse, and chaise for again ! how this extravagance does that purpose, promising to return play the mischief with modern socie-them by Mr. Newton's servant the ty and domestic happiness. Where's day after. The morning was bright the dollar I gave you in September ?"

A Wisconsin genius, it is said has stumbled upon a perpetual motion machine. Its mechanical arrangement is very similar to that of a woman's tengue. His mother in-law was viciting with him at the time ho mad : the lucky strike.

In the Cincinnati Republican Convention, held on the 18th inst., "Old" John Robinson, the well-known circus proprietor, was unanimously nominated for Mayor. He ought to run well politically, as he is accustomed to riding two horses at once.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells of of woman there who has triplets, and of another who owns three pairs of twins. They disagree as to which of them holds the best hand. Schenck says three of a kind beats two pairs, but he don't say how many of a kind it takes beats three pairs.

A liquor dealer gave verbal orders for a sign to read "Fine Whisky's for Private Families," but was amazed to find that the painter had made t, "Private Whisky's for Fine Famiies." He concluded to accept it.

A Sunday school boy complains of the dilatoriness of the officers of the school in procuring Minister Schenck's new work on "Draw" Poker" for the library .- Norristown Herald.

Two men-James Gordon, white, and Charles Ramsey, colored -- were drowned in the river, near Augusta, a few days ago, by their boat up. settiog. A lazy school boy who spelled An-

drew Jackson "&ru Jaxon" has been equalled by a student who marked the first of a half dezen shirts "John Johnson," and the rest "do.", Sulphur it is said will extinguish-

ed fire in a confined place, like the hold of a ship. Burning sulphur "I have never changed it," she produces sulphurous acid, in which

On earth is nothing great but man;

A Chats Called LaContadions, was

particularly destructive in its effect JUST RECEIVED

-AND TO

ARRIVE. houses were swept away, the mansion

painfully apparent. Out of life and shoes, Gentlemen's and houses only two were left standing, whilst the timber all round was felled like wheat under the sickle.

Left the town of Aiken the shade BOOTS and SHOES, Gentlemen's and Boys Reads made Clothing, Blank, In the town of Aiken the shade trees, some of them two feet in diameter, were tora up by the roots, but no serious damage was done to be normally and shade trees, Buttons, Back nerson or property, except the utter person or property, except the utter demolition of the Catholic church, a Full assortment of Crockery and Glass-

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Lasingaments of Cotton or other Free Stomach and Bowel. Give it a trin luce to them in Charleston, or through and be convinced.