

# The Fairfield Herald.

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## THE FAIRFIELD HERALD

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### THE MISSING WIFE.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

Helen Hunter was the prettiest and sweetest girl, to my thinking, that I have ever seen, and she returned my love with an equal tenderness. I had not known her many months when I put my engagement ring upon her finger, and she promised to marry me as soon as I was settled. More fortunate than most young clergymen, I had not long to wait; and the day I became pastor at M. I urged her to set the day for our nuptials, and we were married within a month.

Never shall I forget the day upon which I brought her home, the delight she expressed at the sight of our picturesque garden, with its great trees, and the old disused well, which overran the sides of the house, and the low brick wall which surrounded the enclosure. Nothing could be disturbed, she said. A few bright flowers should glow in the beds, but otherwise the old garden should remain intact.

We had been married a week when we went out into the garden about twilight to plant the seeds she had brought from her home. She knelt down beside the box-edged borders and turned up the dark mould with a dainty little trowel. I had given her for the purpose a rich dark silk, with a gleam of garnet and through its prevailing shadow, and at her throat and in her ears she wore a set of rubies that were an heirloom in her family. The costume accorded well with her dark beauty, her velvet eyes and crimson cheeks. No one could have looked more charming. We crouched close together on the gravel. I felt that we must look like a pair of silly children to the grim old servant, who came to me with the announce-

ment that "Donald Black was bad indeed, and wanted me. I am afraid I obeyed the summons less than I ought. I shall wait for you, Edward," she said, as I left her to go into the house.

Having secured my hat and cane, I returned to the garden where Helen was gathering some flowers from one of the borders.

"I will not be gone long," I will be back to tea," and then with a kiss I left her.

Donald kept me well employed for three hours. However, the old man was by no means dangerously ill. As I hurried home, I recalled with pleasure the sight of his wife bending over him, and thought how love lived on through care and change, and how this aged woman had once been a girlish bride and Donald a gay bridegroom, and how it was plain to see that he could never be to her the uninteresting old creature he was to others, just because of the old love between them.

And then it came to me, so happily, so sweetly, that if such hearts were so true, that of one like my Helen could be truer still; and that all life's ills would fall harmlessly upon me if I were to be loved as she loved me now through out my life. I had dreaded old age a little, but if we were spared to each other, what was there for me to fear? She would always be beautiful to me; I always to her. The golden glasses of love would throw a glory over everything, and hallow life for us.

With these thoughts I passed my threshold and looked into the parlor. The tea-table was spread there. Her chair and mine faced each other as usual, but both were empty. There was no one in the room. I waited a moment, standing before the fire, which, in this spring weather, was acceptable, and then, surprised that my wife did not come to meet me, I went up stairs in search of her. She was not in her room, nor in any other. Perhaps she was still in the garden.

I hurried down stairs again, and passed out at the back door. "Helen!" I called; "Helen!" No voice replied. Was I foolish enough to be alarmed? It seemed so. I laughed at myself, and called still louder, "Helen! Helen! Helen!" but still no answer.

"I know where you are, Helen," I cried. "Come out of your corner, come, Helen."

old woman, and her looked up at me in surprise. "What do you say, didn't you see her?"

"No!" I said. "No!" said Jane. "She must," said Ann. The girl's eyes distended with terror.

"I heard him cry this out, as I lost consciousness. The truth had come to me at last. I knew it had, before he told the tale to others and owned that the scene of this terrible story was the parsonage at M—; before they lifted the stone from the old well, and found in the mire at its bottom the broad wedding ring which proved that what else lay there, was all that was left of my beloved wife."

"THE NEW BOY." A Graphic Pen Picture—M. Quad in the Detroit Free Press.

He made his appearance at one of the union schools the other morning, and, arriving ahead of time, he prevented any feeling of loneliness from seizing him by kicking three boys and riding the gate off its hinges. He went in with the crowd when the bell rang, and, finding no empty seat, he perched himself on the wood box. When the children repeated the "Lord's Prayer" in concert, the new boy "kept time" with his heel, and when they came to sing he argued that variety was the spice of song, and attempted to sing one of his own—one about a gentleman named Daniel Tucker, who dreamed that he was dead, and so forth. The teacher warned him to keep still, and he replied that he wouldn't come to that school if his musical qualifications were to be overlooked. When school finally opened the teacher secured his name and began asking him questions, in order to find out how he should be graded.

"Can you spell?" she asked. "What kind of spelling?" he cautiously replied. "Spell 'house,' if you please." "Frame or brick house?" he asked.

"Any kind of a house!" "With a mortgage on it?" "You may spell 'man' if you will," she said, giving him a severe look.

"Man?" "I don't care much about spelling 'man' this morning, but I will this afternoon. I've spelled it with my eyes shut."

"Do you know your alphabet?" she asked, changing the subject. "Never had any!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you know anything about reading?" "I read like lightning!" he answered.

and the sound of a girl singing in her house. I can see the blood on my hands, and hear the gravel under my feet as I ran away. I got some money by the job, but I took no comfort in it. I've never taken any since. A woman, young and pretty, and doing no harm to me."

"What is the matter? Help! help! Great heavens, how you look!"

"You seem to be!" "Gimme a diploma, then."

"You clear out or I'll have you arrested."

"Hain't I a scholar in the school no more?"

"Who owns this school house?" demanded the boy.

"No matter; you clear out."

"Will you come out in the yard here, where you can't hang to anything?" asked the boy.

"Peg-a-c, I say."

"Don't draw no darringer on me," warned the boy, as he backed off; "nor don't you think you can scare me with any of your bowie knives."

The principal took him by the collar and jerked him around, got kicked on the shin and bitten on the wrist, and finally landed the young student on the walk.

"Now, you go home!" he shouted as he tried to recover his breath.

"Am I educated?" inquired Richard.

"You clear out or I'll have you arrested."

"Hain't I a scholar in the school no more?"

"Who owns this school house?" demanded the boy.

"No matter; you clear out."

"Will you come out in the yard here, where you can't hang to anything?" asked the boy.

"Peg-a-c, I say."

"Don't draw no darringer on me," warned the boy, as he backed off; "nor don't you think you can scare me with any of your bowie knives."

The Address of the State Democratic Convention, which will meet at a time and place to be hereafter designated by this committee. The following gentlemen are charged with this organization of the party in every precinct, ward and township in their respective counties:

Abbeville—J. S. Coltran. Anderson—James A. Hoyt. Aiken—G. W. Croft. Bamwell—T. J. Counts. Beaufort—William Elliott. Charleston—B. P. Barron. Chester—W. A. Walker. Chesterfield—A. McQueen. Colleton—J. J. Fox. Darlington—F. P. Warley. Fairfield—J. Scott Allen. Georgetown—B. H. Wilson. Greenville—T. B. Ferguson. Horry—J. T. Walsh. Kershaw—E. M. Boykin. Lexington—Gerhard Muller. Lancaster—J. D. Wylie. Laurens—B. W. Ball. Marion—A. Q. McDuffie. Marlboro—J. H. Hudson. Newberry—Y. J. Pope. Oconee—R. A. Thompson. Orangeburg—J. P. Izlar. Pickens—R. E. Bowen. Richland—John McKenzie. Spartanburg—J. H. Evans. Sumter—T. B. Fraser. Union—R. W. Shand. Williamsburg—S. W. Maurice. York—Jas. F. Hart.

The organization of Charleston County is entrusted to the Committee of Fifteen, of which Col. Chas. H. Simonton is chairman.

In conclusion, the State Committee earnestly say to their fellow citizens that we are not as those without hope. The magnitude of the task before us can hardly be over-rated. Every step is beset with difficulty, if not danger. But, knowing this people, the Committee are confident that the future can be made as bright as the present is dark. This is the accepted time! By organization, labor, patience, boldness and liberality, can peace and plenty and political security be restored to the State.

M. C. BUTLER, Chairman. SAMUEL MCGOWAN, WM. WALLACE, J. S. RICHARDSON, S. P. HAMILTON, THOS. Y. SIMONS, JOHNSON HARGOBB, W. D. SIMMONS, M. P. O'CONNOR, W. W. SELLERS, P. W. DAWSON.

THE DARK CELL. The Horrors of Prison—Physical, Mental and Moral Results of the Dark Cell.

In our eastern penitentiary, says a Philadelphia paper, dark cell treatment is only resorted to in the most obstinate cases. The last annual report shows twenty applications in a criminal population of seven hundred and more.

"You will bear in mind that under the laws which govern the common wealth neither the lash nor the paddle can be applied to obdurate prisoners," said our informant.

"Does the same man undergo such treatment often?" "The cases are very rare of a double application. One does generally suffice."

"What is the usual effect mentally, morally and physically?" "Mentally, I never noticed any; neither have I physically. Morally, it has a considerable effect. When a prisoner once undergoes such treatment he rarely desires to try it again. A man once conquered by dark-cell treatment is conquered for his full term."

"Is it always so effective?" "I have never known it to fail. I remember that some years ago, when I was more closely connected with our prisons, there was a murderer brought from one of the interior counties to the eastern penitentiary. He was a colored man, of excellent physique, but brutal in the extreme. The crime he had committed was most atrocious in its character, and that he was not convicted of murder in the first degree was simply owing to cowardice on the part of the jury. He had been incarcerated but a few hours when he attempted to rule the prison. He grossly insulted his keeper, and announced that he intended to do just as he pleased. In order to discipline him he was put on bread-and-water diet, but with no good result. Then the dark-cell treatment was resorted to. For two days he bore it bravely. At the beginning of the third he sent for the chaplain and desired to know what such treatment meant and how long he would be compelled to undergo it.

"Until you submit to the rulings of those who have you in charge and resolve to conduct yourself decently," replied the chaplain.

"How long will that be?" answered the culprit.

"That depends on yourself," answered the chaplain.

"Well, nobody ever conquered me yet," said the prisoner, "and nobody's going to do it now!"

"Very well," said the chaplain, "perhaps you'll think differently before many days roll round." Forty-eight hours more passed, when the prisoner sent for the warden.

"How much longer am I to stay in this place?" he inquired.

"Until you resolve to obey the rules which govern this institution. When you apologize to your keeper and promise to comply with all our requirements you shall be released."

"Suppose I don't do that, what then?" "Then you will remain just where you are."

"How long will that be?" "You are sentenced to twelve years, and unless you do as I have said you will spend every hour of those twelve years in this cell, unless you die in the meantime. The matter rests entirely with your course."

"Well, I tell you that you can't conquer me this way."

"Very well," said the warden, and the interview ended.

Three days more passed, and the warden was again sent for.

"I have come to terms, said the prisoner, "and am ready to do as you desire." He then apologized to his keeper, promised obedience and proved a most exemplary prisoner ever afterwards. This was one of the longest applications of the treatment that I ever knew of in the eastern penitentiary. Physically or mentally it had no visible effect. In fact, I have never known of any case of injury resulting from the treatment. Our dark cells are different from others. In the eastern penitentiary the dark cell is formed by placing a covering over the skylight of an ordinary cell. In the Auburn (N. Y.) prison the dark cell is nothing more than a stone box. The floor is formed of a single slab, and the ceiling of a slab, and the walls of masonry. The cell is three feet wide, six feet high and six feet long. There are two doors, one of iron and the other of oak, with no openings. A sprinkling of sawdust half an inch deep covers the floor, and a jill of water and four ounces of bread form the allowance for twenty-four hours. Such a mode of treatment may be imagined. The reports of the prison show that about one-half of the insane cases at Auburn have resulted from such treatment. In our penitentiary the prisoner is allowed all the water he wants and from half a pound to a pound of bread per day.

### MOUNT ZION INSTITUTE.

THE exercises of this institution will be resumed on Wednesday, January 12th. For circulars containing terms and full particulars, address: W. M. DWIGHT, Principal.

### Executors' Notice.

All persons indebted to Turner & Turbett, deceased, are hereby requested to make payment to the undersigned, and those holding claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present them duly attested. T. W. & J. A. TURBETT, Executors.

### FOR SALE.

A valuable piece of town property on which is situated a commodious dwelling and outbuildings belonging to Mrs. J. P. Means. For particulars address: GAILLARD & DAVIS, Winnsboro S. C.

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### CHRISTMAS GOODS!

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### BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!

C. F. N. C. Mountain Butter. Also Six dozen D. S. Fish-Rose—a nice brown ash dish, for sale low for the cash by PIERRE BACOT, nov 9-2w Agent.

### REMOVED.

J. H. BROWN

WILL now be found in that large and splendid store formerly occupied by McLaughlin & Co. He has on hand THE BEST STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes and Millinery in Winnsboro, to which he invites the attention of his friends and the public. dec 11

LONDON Layer Raisins, Currants, Citron Extra Cream Cheese, Pure Italian Macaroni at the lowest cash prices at PIERRE BACOT'S, AGENT.