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Selected Story.

THE BETTER WAY.

One evening, as the twilight was dusking into deeper shades, Farmer Welton stood in his dooryard with a gun in his hands, and saw a dog coming out of his shed. It was not his dog, for his was of a light color, while this was surely black.

The shed alluded to was open in front, with double doors, for the passage of carts; and the shed was a part of a continuous structure connecting the barn with the house. Around back of this shed was the sheepfold.

There had been trouble upon Farmer Welton's place. Dogs had been killing his sheep—and some of the very best at that. He had declared, in his wrath, that he would shoot the first stray dog he found prowling about his premises. On this evening, by chance, he had been carrying his gun from the house to the barn when the canine intruder appeared. Aye, and in the barn he had been taking the skin from a valuable sheep that had been killed and mangled with tigerish ferocity.

So when he saw the strange dog coming through his shed, he brought his gun to his shoulder, and with a quick, sure aim, fired. The dog gave a leap and a howl, and whirling around in a circle two or three times, he bounded off in a tangent, yelping faintly, and was soon lost to sight.

"Hallo! What's to pay now, Welton?"

"Ah—is that you, Frost?"

"Yes. Haven't you been shooting something, haven't ye?"

"I've shot a dog, I think."

"Y-es. I s'eed him scootin' off. It was Brackett's, I reckon."

Before the farmer could make any further remark, his wife called to him from the porch, and he went in.

Very shortly afterward a boy and a girl came out through the shed as the dog had come. Down back of Welton's farm, distant half a mile or so, was a grist mill, with quite a settlement around it, and the people having occasion to go on foot from that section to the farms on the hills could cut off a long distance by crossing Welton's lot. The boy and girl were children of Mr. Brackett.

When they reached home they were met by a scene of dire commotion. Old Carlo, the grand old Newfoundland dog—the loving and the loved—the true and the faithful—had come home shot through the head, and was dying. The children threw themselves on their shaggy mate and wept and moaned in agony.

Mr. Brackett arrived just as the dog breathed his last. One of the older boys stood by with a lighted lantern, for it had grown quite dark now, and the farmer saw what had happened.

"Who did this?" he asked, growlingly.

"John Welton did it," said Tom Frost, coming up at that moment.

"He's been leavin' sheep, and I guess he's got kind of wrathly."

But my dog never killed a sheep—never! He's been roared to care for sheep. How came he down there?"

"He went over to the mill with Sis and me," said the younger boy, sobbing as he spoke; "and he was running on ahead of us toward home. I heard a gun just before we got to Mr. Welton's, but, oh! I did not think he could have shot poor Carlo."

Mr. Brackett was fairly beside himself. To say he was angry would not express it. He had loved that dog—it had been the chief pet of his household for years. Literally boiling with hot wrath and indignation, he started for Welton's.

John Welton and Peter Brackett had been neighbors from their earliest days, and they had been friends, too. Between the two families there had been a bond of love and good will, and a spirit of fraternal kindness and regard had marked their intercourse. Both the farmers were hard working men, with strong feelings and positive characteristics. They belonged to the same religious society and sympathized in politics. They had warm discussions, but never yet a direct falling out. Of the two Welton was the more intellectual, and perhaps a little more tinged with pride than was his neighbor. But they were both hearty men, enjoying life for the good it gave them.

Mr. Welton entered his kitchen, and stood the empty gun up behind the door.

"What's the matter, John?" his wife asked, as she saw his troubled face.

"I'm afraid I've done a bad thing," he replied, regretfully. "I fear I have shot Brackett's dog."

"Oh, John!"

"But I don't know whose dog it was. I saw him coming out from the shed—it was too dark to see more than that it was a dog. I only thought of the sheep I had lost and I fired."

"I am sorry, John. Oh, how Mrs. Brackett and the children will feel. They set everything by old Carlo. But you can explain it."

"Yes, I can explain it."

Half an hour later Mr. Welton was going to his barn with a lighted lantern in his hand. He was thinking of the recent unfortunate occurrence, and was sorely worried and perplexed. What would his neighbor say? He hoped there might be no trouble. He was reflecting thus when Mr. Brackett appeared before him, coming up quickly and stopping with an angry stamp of the foot.

Now, there may be a volume of electric influence even in stamp of a foot, and there was such an influence in the stamp which Brackett gave; and Welton felt it, and braced himself against it. There was, moreover, an atmosphere exuding from the presence of the irate man at once repellent and aggravating.

"John Welton, you have shot my dog!" The words were hissed forth hotly.

"Yes," said Welton, icily.

"How dared you do it?"

"I dare shoot any dog that comes prowling about my buildings, especially when I have had my sheep killed by them."

"But my dog never troubled your sheep, and you know it!"

"How should I know it?"

"You know that he never did harm to a sheep. It wasn't in his nature. It was a mean, cowardly act, and you shall suffer for it."

"Brackett, you don't know to whom you are talking."

"Oh! We'll find out. Don't put on airs, John Welton. You ain't a saint. I'll have satisfaction if I have to take it out of your hide!"

"Peter, you'd better go home and cool off. You are making yourself ridiculous."

Now really, this was the unkindest cut of all. Not all the mad words of Brackett put together were so hard as this single sentence; and John Welton put all the bitter sarcasm in his command into it.

Brackett broke forth into a torrent of invectives, and then turned away.

Half an hour later John Welton acknowledged to himself that he had not done exactly right. Had he, in the outset, in answer to Brackett's first outburst, told the simple truth—that he had shot the dog by mistake; that he was sorry, and that he was willing to do anything in his power to make amends—had he done this his neighbor would probably have softened at once. But it was too late now. The blow had been struck; he had been grossly insulted, and he would not back down.

Mr. Brackett was not so reflective. He only felt his wrath, which he nursed to keep it warm. That night he hitched his horse to a job wagon, and went to the village for a barrel of flour. Having transacted his store business, he called upon Laban Pepper, a lawyer, to whom he narrated the facts of the shooting of his dog.

Pepper was a man anxious for fees. He had no sympathy or soul about fact.

"You say your dog was in company with two of your children?"

"Yes."

"And this passage over Mr. Welton's land and though his shed had been freely yielded by him as a right of way to his neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, ever since I can remember."

"Then, my dear sir, Welton is clearly liable. If you will come with me we will step into Mr. Garfield's and have a suit commenced at once."

Mr. Garfield was the trial justice. All this happened on Friday evening. On Saturday it had become noised abroad in the farming district that there was not only serious trouble between the neighbors Welton and Brackett, but that they were going to law about it.

On Sunday morning John Welton told his wife he should not attend church. She had no need to ask her husband why he should not go out. She knew he was unhappy, and that he could not bear to meet his old neighbor in the house of God while the dark cloud was upon him. Nor did she wish to meet either Mr. or Mrs. Brackett. So they both stayed at home.

Peter Brackett was even more miserable than John Welton, though he perhaps did not know it. He held in close companionship the very worst demon a man can embrace—the demon of wrathful vengeance—and in order to maintain himself at the strain to which he had set his feelings, he was obliged to nurse the monster. He did not attend church on that day, nor did his wife. Two or three times during the calm, beautiful Sabbath, as he glanced over toward his neighbor's dwelling, he found himself beginning to wish that he had not gone to see John Welton in such a heat of anger; but he put the wish away, and nursed back his wrath.

On Monday, toward noon, the constable came in from the village and read to John Welton an imposing legal document. It was a summons issued by Wm. Garfield, Esq., a justice of the peace and quorum, ordering the said John Welton to appear before him at two of the clock on Wednesday, at his office, then and there to answer the complaint of Peter Brackett, etc. The officer read the summons, and left with the defendant a copy.

It was the first time John Welton

had ever been called upon to face the law. At first he was awe-stricken, then he was wrath. He told himself that he would fight it to the bitter end. And now he tried to nurse his wrath, and became more unhappy than before.

On Tuesday evening Parson Surely called upon Mr. Welton. "The good man had heard of the trouble and was exceedingly exercised in spirit. Both the men were of his flock, and he loved and respected them. He sat down alone with Welton, and asked him what it meant."

"Tell me calmly and candidly all about it," he said.

After a little reflection Mr. Welton told the story. He knew the old clergyman for a true man and a whole-hearted friend, and he told everything just as he understood it.

"And neighbor Brackett thinks, even now, that you shot the dog, knowing that it was his?"

"I suppose so."

"If you had told him the exact facts in the beginning, do you think he would have held his anger?"

"This was a hard question for John Welton, but he answered it manfully."

"Truly, parson, I do not think he would."

"Were you ever more unhappy in your life than you have been since this trouble came?"

"I think not."

"And, if possible, neighbor Brackett is more unhappy than you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. He is the most angry and revengeful."

A brief pause, and then the parson resumed:

"Brother Welton, with you are needed but few words. You are more a man than brother Brackett. Do you not believe he has a good heart?"

"Yes."

"I wish you could show how true and good your heart is."

"Parson!"

"I wish you could show him that you possess true Christian courage."

"Parson, what do you mean?"

"I wish you had the courage to meet and conquer him."

"How would you have me do it?"

"First, conquer yourself. You are not offended?"

"No. Go on."

And the upon the good old clergyman drew up his chair and laid his hand upon his friend's arm and told him just what he would have him do. He spoke earnestly, and with tears in his eyes.

"Brother Welton, have you the heart and courage to do this?"

The farmer arose and took two or three turns across the floor, and finally said:

"I will do it."

On the following day, toward the middle of the afternoon, Peter Brackett stood in the door way with his head bent. He was thinking whether he should harness his horse and be off before dinner, or whether he would wait until afternoon. He could not even put his mind to ordinary chores.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "how the trial will come out! I s'pose Welton'll hire old Whitman to take his case. Of course the officer'll be crowded. Tom Frost says it's noised everywhere, and that everybody'll be there. Plague take it! I wish—"

His meditations were interrupted by approaching steps, and on looking up he beheld neighbor Welton.

"Good morning, Peter."

Brackett gasped, and finally answered:

"Good morning"—though rather crustily.

Welton went on, frankly and pleasantly:

"You will go to the village to day?"

"I s'pose so."

"I have been summoned by Justice Garfield to be there, also, but really, Peter, I don't want to go. One of us will be enough. Garfield is a fair man, and when he knows the facts he will do what is right. Now, you can state them as well as I can, and whatever his decision is I will abide by it. You can tell him that I shot your dog, and that your dog had done no harm."

"Do you acknowledge that old Carlo never harmed you—that he never troubled your sheep?" inquired Brackett, with startled surprise.

"It was not his nature to do harm to anything. I am sure he would sooner have saved one of my sheep than have killed it."

"Then what did you shoot him for?"

"That is what I am coming at, Peter. You will tell the justice that I had lost several of my sheep—killed by dogs—that I had just been taking the skin from a valuable wether, that had been so killed and managed—that I was on my way from my house, with my gun in my hand, when I saw a dog come out from my shed. My first thought was that he had come from the sheepfold. It was almost dark, and I could not see plainly. Tell the justice that I had no idea it was your dog. I never dreamed that had fired that cruel shot at old Carlo until Tom Frost told me."

"How? You didn't know it was your dog?"

"Peter, have you thought so hard of me as to think that I could knowingly and willingly have harmed that grand old dog. I would sooner have shot one of my oxen."

"But you didn't tell me so at first. Why didn't you?"

"Because you came up so—so—suddenly—"

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Brackett, with a stamp of his foot. "Why don't you spit it out as it was? Say I came down upon you so like a hornet that you hadn't a chance to think. I was a blamed fool, that's what I was."

"And I was another, Peter; if I hadn't been I should have told you the truth at once, instead of firing up. But we will understand it now. You can see the justice?"

"Justice be hanged! John, hang it all! What's the use? There, let us end it so!"

From her window Mrs. Brackett had seen the two men come together, and she trembled for the result. By and-by she saw her husband, as though flushed and excited, put out his hand. Mercy! was he going to strike his neighbor? She was ready to cry out with affright, the cry being almost upon her lips, when she beheld a scene that called forth rejoicing instead. And this was what she saw:

She saw these two strange men grasp one another by the hand, and she saw big bright tears rolling down their cheeks, and she knew that the fearful storm had passed, and that the warm sunshine of love and tranquility would come again.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

How Commodore Ammen Did It—A Good Story Well Told.

Washington Cor. Chicago Times.

From all accounts the captain of a man-of-war must be a very unhappy being. He is grand, you know, but he must be lonesome. He has his separate cabin, dines alone, reads alone, and when he ascends to the deck all of the officers at once cross to the other side and leave him one side unobstructed. He could not be more left alone if he had the small pox. Officers claim that this unending rigidity of behavior is alone one of the most potent elements of discipline with a crew.

The crew of a man-of-war is largely made up of reckless, dangerous men. In numbers they are not always able to seize upon the small arms of the ship and overpower the officers and turn the vessel into a piratical cruiser. To keep down a gang of reckless men of this class the slightest infraction of a rigid discipline cannot be passed over unnoticed. A story told of Commodore Ammen, of the navy, the inventor of the steam ram, illustrates how important is unhesitating action in case of a mutiny. So severe are the penalties for mutiny, and so closely are the men held in check, that mutinies of late have become very rare. At the close of the war Ammen was the captain of a Pacific mail steamer. He had shipped as a part of his crew a lot of soldiers, men who had served since that time in the army. They were a reckless, bad lot. Almost before the steamer had left New York it was evident that there was going to be trouble. These sailors flouted at the grub furnished them and said they must have as good as the cabin passengers. One day the affair culminated by this gang forming and coming aft. When they entered the saloon they were headed by two desperadoes who had incited the mutiny. At their appearance several army officers on board volunteered their services to Ammen. He thanked them mildly but said he would not need their help. He walked forward languidly toward the mutineers, and without giving them an opportunity to say a word took out his watch and said: "Now, men, I want you to go right back to the fokesel. I will give you one minute to go."

Ammen has the appearance of a benevolent old deacon who would weep with pain at the necessity of killing a fly. His voice was as soft as if his mouth was lined with plush velvet, and as sweet as a maiden's whisper when Adolphus first encircles her timid waist.

When he said simply to the men, "Now, I want you to go right back to the fokesel," the leaders grinned. This mutiny was to succeed too easily. So during the minute they scoffed at the old man. At precisely sixty seconds after the expiration of Ammen's remark he raised a pistol and shot one of the ringleaders dead. "Will you go back to the fokesel?" said Ammen to the second ringleader, pleasantly. The man hesitated; a flash! a report, and he too fell dead.

The deadly persistent blandness of Ammen's composure drove terror through the ranks of the mutineers. They went forward, and there was never any more trouble. This prompt action alone saved a very rich ship and a large number of passengers from plunder, outrage and murder.

Judge Mackey has issued an order directing that all the State arms in Lancaster county shall be collected and turned over to the Sheriff.

Miscellaneous.

KOENIGSTEIN.

About thirty miles from Dresden, where the Elbe flows between the Saxon hills and the Bohemian valleys, where the valley is scarce a mile wide, and is hard pressed for room to accommodate the winding stream, the railway and the splendid macadamized road which, with the river, for centuries has formed the only avenue of communication between fertile Saxony and its Bohemian neighbors, nature, in some volcanic throes, has heaved up three immense sandstone rocks, blocking up the narrow valley still more, and frowning down upon it like giant conquerors of a subject land.

The highest of these rocks is known as Lilienstein, is about two-thirds of a mile from the river, and though overlooking all the others, yet the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient water supply, has prevented its being fortified. Pfaffenstein, the lowest of the three, is also useless for military purposes, for the same reason. But the gods of war must have planted Koenigstein just where it stands, on the water's edge, where it scowls grimly down on either side from an attitude of nine hundred and twenty-one feet of sheer precipice, locking up railroad, river and highway with the bronze and iron keys of its guns, and saying to the invader from either side, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

It makes its debut in history, as a fort, in the thirteenth century, being then in the possession of the kings of Bohemia, from whom it passed, by cession, to the margraves of Meissen, the predecessors of the present rulers of Saxony. Still it could not stand a siege from lack of water, until after forty years of labor, the splendid well (as great a wonder as the fort itself) was dug and blasted through the solid rock to a depth of six hundred and sixty feet, where it struck water. Then its owners knew they had a "sure rock of defence," and for years they labored, hewing, blasting and fashioning the great rock into bastions, curtains, batteries, ditches, scarpes and demi-lunes, excavating tunnels and casemates, and finally fashioning the work into a tremendous bastioned fort with walls two hundred feet high, and a circuit of a mile and a half around, enclosing seven acres away up almost in the clouds, with barracks and prisons, restaurants and magazines, lookout towers and royal lodgings, and a great grove of trees, three hundred years old, wherein deep shade and solemn seclusion reign. And it is now the proud Gibraltar of Central Germany.

When distant rumors of war frightened the denizens of the palace at Dresden, away go the priceless treasures of the famous grove vaults, with queens and princesses more precious still, to its impregnable guard.

After 1866, when the German Empire was reconstituted, this fortress was, for a short time, garrisoned by Prussian soldiers, but latterly it has been garrisoned by Saxon arms. Two hundred artillery, engineers and infantry, with as many more civilians and women, and provisions and munitions of war for six years make up the total of the dwellers on this lofty rock.

A carriage road zigzags up a portion of the rock, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with breathing places every one hundred yards, which allow the horses to rest. From the point where this road ceases, the visitor, whether friendly or otherwise, must climb up winding walks, under arches and across ditches, everywhere exposed to half a dozen vertical and flanking fires, until at last he crosses a drawbridge and passes under a spiked portcullis, which will vivify recall the tales of medieval romance.

Just within is the guard-house, where, for the sum of one dollar, an intelligent guide can be procured, who will show everything. Only one must not smoke, and on no account speak to the prisoners.

The first object of interest is, naturally, the famous well, whose tremendous depth is made appreciable by the simple device of holding a mirror obliquely to the sun, thus throwing a ray of light on the little glimmering speck of water far, far below. This well is pumped by steam, and yields ninety barrels a day.

Coming out of the wall-house, placards in various tongues greet the eye, cautioning visitors not to speak to the prisoners. One would suppose there was some strange fascination in the conversation of the prisoners to require such repeated cautions.

From the ramparts, whose circuit takes about two hours, magnificent panoramas delight the eye on every side. The Elbe looks like a tiny thread of silver, while the steamers on its bosom, the cars on the railroad track, and the houses in the neighborhood look like toys. And there are winding highways, like yellow ribbons on the green surface of the fields and woods, with here and there a tiny village, while in the far distance the gleam of Dresden's spires can barely be perceived in the golden sunlight. And the ram-

parts themselves are no less objects of interest, with their great bronze muzzle-loading guns, rich with royal crests and armorial designs; the hoistways, projecting far over the walls and worked by steam, where material of war, from the base far below; and especially the wicked-looking little brass cannon called "Depressions Lafitte," which can be raised by machinery so as to fire an almost vertical shot from the ramparts to the foot of the rock below.

Within the enclosure may be seen the bear pit, where in olden time, the Kings of Saxony kept pot bears, the palace, the quaint old garrison church built in 1608, and store-houses and magazines four and five hundred years old. There are also strong prisons here, from which, however, three French prisoners escaped, by lowering themselves over the ramparts with a rope made of towels and underclothing, to a rift in the rock, from whence they scrambled down to the bottom, aided by friendly bushes, and so to the Bohemian hills and safety. A fourth was less fortunate. Missing his footing he fell and broke his back, lingering in great agony for twenty-four weeks, and dying just two weeks after peace had been declared and all his fellow-prisoners had gone home.

Altogether, the great fortress is an object whose interest will well repay any traveller in Europe for a visit, whether it be considered as a great work of engineering, a wonderful effort of nature, or a lookout, from whose lofty height the surrounding country may be advantageously overlooked.

Wholesale Matrimony.

A very curious procession took place recently, says the New York Mercury, on East Second street. It consisted of thirty-two young couples, all of them dressed in the national costume of the Bohemian Czecha. The men wore short jackets, richly embroidered in red silk, and the girls white skirts and crimson jackets, with caps of green velvet, embroidered in gold and silver. The procession, which was headed by a small band and by a venerable prelate in his full vestments, moved through Second street to Avenue A, and then through Essex street to Broome street, where in the large hall of the building No. 237 a ceremony such as has never been witnessed before in New York took place. It was simply a wholesale wedding of thirty-two young Czecha with thirty-two buxom lassies from the land of Nepomuk, the patron saint of Bohemia. There is probably no country in the world where the wedding ceremony is looked upon with more religious awe than in Bohemia. The Czech colony in this city, consisting mostly of men and women engaged in the manufacture of cigars, or in glass-blowing, has recently received strong accessions, principally from Prague and the surrounding country. Notwithstanding the prostration of business, these Czecha have flourished more than any other element of our foreign population. They are very thrifty, sober and industrious, and they say that there is not a single Bohemian pauper in the city. Some of the female cigar-makers of that nationality have relatively large sums in the savings banks. They are a very energetic class of females and by no means unattractive in personal appearance. There being no priest here able to perform the nuptial rites in the Czech language, the young couples that were ready to get married clubbed together and sent for the Right Rev. Bishop Habelsek from Prague, to marry them all at once. When the bishop arrived here, a singular complication occurred. The number of couples that had sent for him was found to be thirty-three, a very unlucky number, and hence it was determined that only thirty-two couples should be married. They drew lots as to which couple should be excluded, and the hapless lovers who were selected manifested their disappointment in a very lively manner. The bishop consoled them by promising to marry them soon. The wedding ceremonies on Broome street were quite impressive. After the service had been read the older portion of the female audience, among whom there were many mothers of the brides and big legrooms, burst into startling lamentations, while the grooms looked unconcerned, and the brides busily dropped their eyes. When the prelate had blessed them, salt and bread were handed round and partaken of by everybody. The bridegrooms did not kiss their brides, the Czecha considering it indecent even for husbands to kiss their wives in public.

The latest arrangement to insure the honesty of car conductors is a turnstile. The front platform of the car is closed entirely; no person is allowed to ride on the back platform, each being compelled to enter the car through the turnstile, which stands in front of the doorway, and registers the number of those passing through.

Mr. H. T. Hustin of Abbeville accidentally shot himself in the hand last week.

A New Route from Europe to China.

Should further explorations of the route from Europe to China, via the Arctic Ocean and the Yen esei River, across Siberia, as laid down by Prof. Nordenskiold, of Sweden, prove its entire practicability, a great stride will have been made both in commercial and in geographical science. The distance from England to Voligno, at the mouth of the Yen esei River, is about 3,000 miles, and from Voligno to Pekin, in a direct line, about 3,000 more. The present route from England to Pekin, via the Mediterranean Sea and Suez Canal, is about 12,000 miles. The Yen esei River has its source in the Altai Mountains, which form the boundary between China and Russian Siberia. It flows almost due north into the Sea of Kara, which is distinguished from the waters of the Arctic Ocean merely by the Islands of Nova Zembla and the capes of the main land, which appear to partially inclose it. The distance between the headwaters of the Yen esei and the sources of the Amoor River, which flows into the Gulf of Tartary and the Japan Sea, is about 160 miles. The navigation of these rivers would have to be done by light-draft steamers, while the short overland route of 150 miles might soon be "all rail" and resonant with fast trains. As the route lies through Russian territory, that country of course is master of the situation. At present a large proportion of the Russian and China tea trade is carried on overland by caravans, which the new route, if developed as suggested, would render obsolete. From a political point of view the proposed route is of much importance in its bearing upon the Russian and English possessions in the distant East, and may introduce new sources of trouble between those powerful rivals.

A Woman's Hallucination.

The London News of October 16 says: The newspapers yesterday contained a story of what seems to be a case of self-delusion, and rare indeed in character, but much more elaborate than is ordinarily found under similar conditions. It is the story of what purport to be a confession of murder, but which appears to have been a confession made under the influence of a complete hallucination. On Saturday evening, as the facts are reported, a well-dressed woman, not apparently in a state of disordered intellect, spoke to a police officer in one of the streets of London, and told him that she had committed a murder. She was taken at once to a police station, and there she gave a long and minute account of the murder which she said she had committed. She described herself as a nurse in one of the Metropolitan work houses, and declared that for a long time she had been filled with feelings of hatred and revenge against one of the matrons, that she had watched for and found an opportunity, knocked the matron down, stunned her, and then killed her by cutting her throat with a razor. After this she accused woman said she wrapped the body in her bed clothes and hid it under her bed. This done, she got a pass for leave, and she intended to make her escape, but afterward she thought there would be no chance for her safety, and she became stricken by remorse, and accordingly she determined upon giving herself up. The story, grim and ghastly as it was, seemed coherent, and had nothing in it that could be called incredible. The police accordingly made instant inquiries, and they found at once that in one rather important point it was incorrect. The woman said to be murdered was alive and well. In the room of the alleged murderess there was found, indeed, a long bundle or roll under the bed; but the bundle on being opened was found to contain no human body, only a bolster. The woman who accused herself was examined by a medical man, but he appears to have been unable to give any decided opinion at once as to whether she was sane or insane—that is, as to whether her condition, judged without regard to the story she told, could be considered that of madness. Sherminis, therefore, for the present, in charge of the police. Should the reports which we have read, and from which, of course, we draw our sole knowledge of the facts, turn out to be accurate, and the woman proved really to have been the victim of a delusion, her story will be a somewhat curious chapter in the strange and painful chronicle of morbid human self-deception. Perhaps not the least curious thing about it is that it has been anticipated far more often in fiction than, so far as our knowledge goes, in real life.

There was a fatal boiler explosion at Early Station in Pickens county last week, by which two men lost their lives, and others were wounded. The accident was caused by the bursting of the boiler of a stationary engine, blowing the entire machine into fragments. One unfortunate man was blown to pieces. No part of the engine could be found where it originally stood.

Chesnuts are plentiful this season in Pickens.