The News and Herald.

VOL. I--NO. 9.] WINNSBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1876. [$3.00 A Year In Advance.

Selected Story.

A WOMAN'S WHIM.

Santa Cruz, California, is called the Long Branch of the Pacific. It is a pretty place, with the quaint old town of Monterey lying off in the distance. One lovely moon light night a party of people sat on the verandah of one of the principal hotels, discussing plans for making a pleasure trip the next day. They had come to the seaside in search of health, they said, and found love as well, for every lady, with a single exception, had a gentleman by her side.

The lady who sat alone was the handsomest as well as the haughtiest of the group, and appeared to be vexed.

"I will not consent to it," she said, in an irritated tone. "Just because you know I dislike the man, you all seem determined to force his society upon me.

"But, Miss Winstanly," said Mr. Radcliffe, "there is no other gentleman who can be your cavalier."

"I see that," she interrupted, with a sneer, "but don't distress yourself about me. There's no necessity for my going, so I shall remain at the hotel."

"No, no," arose from the lips of eighteen people.

"We won't go without you," said Miss Stevens. "Do be amiable for this once. It's our last party, and don't break it up."

"Grandfather" Sanderson next took the word; he was called grandfather because, although but twenty-six years old, a few gray hairs already appeared in his raven locks.

"I can't see for the life of me," he said "way you should object so strongly to George Blake. He is frank, upright and open-handed."

"Also smells of the sawdust," replied Miss Winstanly with a most provoking curl of the lip.

Exclamations of reprobation from every one, for the gentleman under discussion was a universal favorite.

"Come now, Kate," said Emily Lyttle, "that's ungenerous. I've understood that he was born a—in that class of life and of course cannot be blamed, as he availed himself of the first favorable opportunity to leave it. He merits respect and not contempt."

There was such a murmur of approbation at this little speech, that even the proud and fastidious Kate felt somewhat ashamed and hung her head.

"The only amends you can make for being so hard on him is to consent to be his partner for the day."

"No; no. Apart from is former disgraceful life, I detest the man," replied Kate.

"Then," said Sanderson, "you must be punished for showing such bad taste. We'll have a show of hands. Attention, ladies and gentlemen. All those in favor of Miss Winstanly being escorted by Mr. Blake to-morrow will please raise their hands."

Every soul did so with the exception of Kate herself, who rose instantly and hurried away, blushing with confusion and anger.

"She's dead in love with him," lisped little Nannie Peters.

"And so is he with her, and would be at her feet in a moment if she didn't treat him so outrageously," remarked a young fellow who had not yet spoken.

Quoth Emily Lyttle: "He's as good as she is, every bit, if he once did turn somersaults in a circus for a living. Everybody knows that Mr. Winstanly made his money by"— A loud buzz interrupted her revelation.

Sanderson *loquitur*: "One of the first rules of our society, Miss Lyttle, is 'no slander allowed.' You are on the point of breaking it."

"I'm sure it's not slander, but the truth," pouted Emily. "There are plenty of girls as handsome as she is that he might have for the asking."

Chorus of the ladies; "Plenty—plenty—shoals of them."

It was pretty Lelia David's turn to speak.

"It seems to me that in a small, nineteenth-century sort of way, this is quite a Benedict and Beatrice case. Two people affect to hate each other, and yet are longing to rush into each other's arms, and here are we all, friends of both parties, continually plotting and planning to throw them together. I wouldn't be surprised any time to hear him say: 'Against my will, I'm sent to bid you come to supper.'"

Radcliffe rejoined: "According to the rules which we twenty men and women undertook to observe when we all met here for mutual amusement, she must ride with him to-morrow; but how are we to get him to believe she has consented willing?"

"That's easy enough," replied Grandfather Sanderson. "I'll hatch up something for the occasion; but don't any any of the rest of you say a word for he's so sensitive that he half suspects why she treats him so uppishly, and the first word would make him fly the track."

"H—sh!" said every one. In the adjoining parlor, Kate had struck the first chords of a popular song, and as her rich voice rolled out on the balmy air, the ex-athlete strolled up to merry party on the piazza, and like them listened spell-bound to the tones he loved so well.

The song ceased, and after a moment's pause she began a duet, expecting, no doubt, that Sam Williams, who usually sang with her, would take it up outside. Instead of which he nudged Blake, who immediately, as if irresistibly, began in a round, rich voice, the like of which the disdainful maid had never heard before, but supposed it was Sanderson, or one of the rest. How exquisitely their voices blended; only hers was untrained, while his had all the culture of an opera singer. Indeed, many of his hearers wondered if ever he had been a professional singer as well as athlete, and thought what a loss to the public was such a voice.

Every one enjoyed the singing, and was especially amused at the thought that Kate was unconsciously pouring out her whole heart in united melody with the man she professed to despise.

"Did she? Of all that group of young men, California's finest, freshest sons, George Blake was beyond cavil the Adonis. Although in reality thirty-two years of age, his exceedingly fair complexion and light brown hair made him look years younger. There was not a line on the broad, white forehead, nor a crow-foot around the limpid violet eyes. "Where did such a low fellow get such heavenly eyes?" Kate asked herself the next morning, as she drew on her riding gloves.

He was over six feet tall, and might have been just a trifle heavy for the ring, but for every thing else his proportions were splendid. All that the proud beauty and belle, Miss Winstanly, urged against him was true, except that he was "low." Nature made him a gentleman, though of low birth and iron fortune. Ten years prior to the opening of this story Blake had come to California with a circus troupe; he was Signor Francesco Sellterino, the "strong man" of the company. He vaulted with the rest, but his specialty was firing a cannon off his breast, lifting a dozen men at once, and other immense weights. He was of an old circus family, and never thought to leave "the profession," but having some money when he reached the Pacific slope, he was seized with the mania for dabbling in stocks, and to his joy and surprise, by one of those sudden rises in stocks possible only to California, he made almost a fortune with as much trouble as turning a handspring would have given him. This lucky stroke determined him to retire from the sawdust, and he soon developed a business talent which, in a few years, made him a prominent and influential man in Frisco, while his character as a man, and his exceedingly polished manners, won him the respect of everybody except the wayward beauty on whom he had set his heart. It remained for her to drag up and taunt him with the old trade, never alluded to by anybody now, except as a bit of personal history and never to his discredit.

When, the morning after the conversation on the balcony, the party of twenty assembled, sunrise was tinging the red woods and the wild flowers.

They were soon in the saddle. As Kate glanced disdainfully at her companion, her heart fairly ached as she thought that he was too handsome for a man, and if he had been anything but a low circus creature, even a respectable hod-carrier—but she would die before she would marry such a fellow.

And he thought, "She looks more like a goddess than a mere woman. I would lay my body down under her feet, and let her crush my life out, if she would but smile on me."

She had on previous occasions snubbed him so terribly, that they rode a long time in silence before he ventured to begin a conversation with her; but when they reached the crest of the hills overlooking Santa Cruz, and he glanced across the bay, and saw the fleecy, sun-tinted clouds hovering over the Monterey range, an exclamation of delight escaped him, and he said with enthusiasm:

"Look, look, Miss Winstanly! Is not that a picture painted by God's own hand?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, in an ungracious and contemptuous tone; "but I never gush—it is not 'good form.'"

The insolence of the spoiled beauty stung him to the very heart's core, and pangs of despised love and sudden anger caused him to forget himself, and he retorted with restrained passion:

"Miss Winstanly, be pleased to remember that if I have by my presence again placed it in your power to insult me, it was at your request."

They had trotted along until they reached the beautiful stream—in other countries it would be called a river—which heads at the Big Trees and flows down the canyon to the sea. The precipice was sheer and steep.

"Insult you! how, sir? can I insult you?" inquired the provoking girl, her anger rising at the sight of his.

"By presuming to dictate to me what 'good form' is. But for my former life, you would not dare do it."

"Dare, indeed!" she echoed, the red blood dyeing her cheeks. "How dare you say I requested your presence?"

It was a lovers' quarrel and a hot one In her excitement she dragged so at the reins that her horse reared.

Blake instantly seized the bridle, shouting and pulling the beast toward him: "Let go! let go!"

In rearing, her horse had turned so that she did not see the danger in which she stood. She was on the canyon's precipitous brink, and below ran the river. "Let go, you," she answered, cutting him across the hands; "how dare you touch my lines? You have lured me to leave the rest of the party behind in order that you might get me in your power; but I am not afraid of you—take that!" and in her fury she struck him again. Between the two the restive animal was half maddened, for Blake was dragging him forward and Kate backward, so that he was plunging and rearing. Blake was white with fear. He did not heed or seem to feel her blows, only to see her danger, for, in spite of his herculean strength, the horse was backing, backing nearer and nearer the precipice. Another moment and she would be thrown over the yawning chasm. He sprang from his horse, seized both reins with the left hand, and with the right tore the stirrup from the saddle.

"Impertinent clown!" she shrieked, but he paid no heed to her screams; her foot free, he instantly let go the reins, grasped her around the waist, and with almost superhuman strength lifted her from the maddened beast and flung her into the road behind. He was not one moment too soon, for, as he did so, the horse backed over the cliff and disappeared.

When the rest of the party came galloping up, alarmed by the screams, they found the retired athlete in a dead faint on the edge of the canyon, and Miss Winstanly in like plight lying some distance from him, but not within several feet of the frightful precipice. The young lady was soon restored and proved to be unhurt; not so Mr. Blake. The horse had trampled on his feet and the pain had caused him to lose consciousness. Being only a few miles from Santa Cruz aid was soon procured, and he was carried back to the hotel a very sick and badly bruised man.

Now the willful and high tempered Miss Winstanly really loved Mr. Blake, but her pride had kept her from showing it or even owning it to herself. When she realized the true cause of his grabbing the lines had been to save her from certain death, her heart was filled with conflicting emotions—thankfulness for her life, gratitude to him for preserving it, and shame and remorse at her unwomanly insolence and rage. She had actually beaten him as he was trying to drag her away from the chasm. In her agony and penitence she opened her heart to Emily Lyttle, and confessed that she had loved Blake all along, but now that he had saved her life her passion overflowed all barriers and she wanted to tell him so. Nearly all of the gay party left Santa Cruz a fortnight after George's accident, but Radcliffe, his bosom friend, and Miss Lyttle staid to keep her betrothed company.

Blake's foot was crushed and it would be a long time before he could be removed to San Francisco.

Kate resolved that she would not leave until she had an opportunity of asking George's forgiveness. At last, reports were brought to her that he was improving, was able to talk and at length to sit in an arm-chair, but he never alluded to the accident, nor mentioned Miss Winstanly's name.

Day after day she plied Emily with questions, and a fierce despair seized her when she comprehended that she had lost him—and through her own pride. That was all swept away by her new-born love and humility. She was so abject in her remorse and sorrow, that to obtain a smile from the despised "clown," as she had called him, she would gladly have turned circus rider herself.

One day she crept to his door. It was closed against her, but she could hear Emily's voice and Radcliffe's talking with Blake. She alone was shut out from paradise, but she had deserved and must bear it. In a fit of silent tears she sank down on her knees and offered up a prayer that she might yet obtain his forgiveness; suddenly the door opened and Emily came out, shutting it quickly after her when she saw the crouching girl. "Why! what's this?" she inquired, astonished. "What do you mean, Kate, by crouching around on all fours like this?"

"Oh, Emily," sobbed the wretched beauty. "I am perfectly miserable! I must, I will go in and see him! It was all my fault! Do you think he will ever forgive me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Emily, dryly; "I wouldn't in his place. I'd be revenged; but you can go in and see." Kate sprang up overjoyed. Emily grasped her arm, saying: "But mind you, don't taunt him about his past any more. He's proved himself a gentleman, and above all remember it was only because he was an athlete that he was able to hold your horse until he could wrench you from the saddle and toss you out of danger. No other than a strong man could have saved your life. So go in and humble yourself to him." She opened the door and called Radcliffe out. They strolled off together, while Kate glided into the room and flung herself at the feet of the ex-athlete.

He took his revenge, for when he got well he married her.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

The Negroes as Voters.

From the New York Herald.

It is commonly assumed by prominent Republican leaders and journals that States like South Carolina or Louisiana must necessarily be Republican because the blacks there are in the majority; that is to say, they assume that the colored voter is unmoved by reason and necessarily supports the Republican ticket. Now, if this were true, it would be a public calamity, and would show that the colored man is unfit to be a voter; for he has now had nearly ten years' training in political duties, and ought to be a more or less reasonable being, ought at least to be affected by appeals to his own interests.

But the facts are all against the Republican assumption; many causes have conspired to alienate the respectable and intelligent colored men in the South from their usually corrupt and selfish white Republican leaders. We will enumerate only a few. The failure of the Freedman's Bank, inflicting distressing losses on a great many industrious blacks, has led many to leave the Republican party. The high taxes imposed by Republican rule in such States as Louisiana and South Carolina have induced a great many colored property owners to go over to the Democratic ranks. The constant turbulence of these States, compared with the orderly condition of Arkansas and Alabama, has led many colored men to seek similar quiet by giving the local government to the Democrats They have discovered that negroes have all their rights in Democratic States, and are more prosperous than in the Republican States. Again, disappointment at not receiving from General Grant, after many years of waiting, the celebrated "forty acres and a mule," which Republican politicians in the South so freely promised, has embittered many ignorant plantation negroes against the Republican party. The fact that employers of labor, impoverished by public robbery, could not afford wages to labor, has had its just influence, for, in some parts of Louisiana, dozens of costly sugar plantations are not worked because their owners cannot afford to run the risks of a crop with the prevailing high taxes.

It must be remembered that all these pleas against the Republican party were incessantly and properly urged upon the colored voters during the past canvass, not only by the whites, but by men of their own race. Thirty colored speakers, prominent and influential men, canvassed Louisiana on the Democratic side, while on the Republican side such influential colored leaders as Pinchback were silent and absent from the State Nor is this all. We are not to forget that in the course of years the relations between the races have become more kindly and confidential, and thus the natural and just influence of intelligence and property has been brought to bear upon the colored voter.

Whether the three Disputed States have cast majorities for Tilden or Hayes remains to be ascertained. But if they or any of them have gone Democratic, it would be absurd and mischievous to claim that this would be *prima facie* evidence of fraud or intimidation. On the contrary, it ought to be expected as the result of natural and proper causes—causes so numerous and strong that, except for the Federal interference during the canvass, we should have confidently expected such a change, and even now the presumption lies, it seems to us, in favor of the Democrats rather than the Republicans.

Last week as the mail train from Columbia was within a half-mile of Woodward's, three negroes attempted to cross the track in the face of the train. Two of them succeeded, but the third was struck by the cow-catcher, and, singular to relate, was thrown upon that part of the engine known as the bumper. He was carried to Woodward's, where he dismounted, unhurt and laughing at his adventure.

A meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church was held in Due West a short time since, and it was determined to send Rev. W. A. Wilson, of Arkansas, to Egypt as a missionary. Mr. Wilson will visit the various churches of the synod to stir up the missionary spirit before his departure, which will take place next spring.

A Letter to Gen. Ruger.

COLUMBIA, S. C., November 30.

General T. H. Ruger, commanding United States Troops in South Carolina:

DEAR SIR—We have just heard, through Major McGuinnis, of your staff, your orders communicated to Mr. Wallace, Speaker of the House of Representatives, that at 12 o'clock to-morrow the members elect from Edgefield and Laurens would not be allowed upon the floor. To say that we are surprised at such an order after the explanations and pledges made by you to each one of us, is to use very mild language. When the outrage of Tuesday was committed by the placing of armed sentinels at the door of the hall of the House of Representatives, who decided upon the admission of members to their seats, and when the decisions of the Supreme Court were brought to your attention, you distinctly and warmly asserted again and again that your orders were misunderstood; that you had not intended to have sentinels at the door of the hall, and that you had not and did not intend to assume to decide upon the legality of any man's seat or upon his right to enter the hall. You were then reminded by us that your guard received instructions from one Dennis, a citizen and partisan of Governor Chamberlain, to admit parties upon his own pass or that of one Jones, and had, through armed forces, excluded all Democrats from the hall until the Republican organization was completed. You assured us again that such were not your orders. You were told by us that, notwithstanding the perpetration of this inexpressible shame upon our free institutions and the rights of the people, the evils could be still remedied without any violence or bloodshed by the simple withdrawal of your guard from the doors of that hall; that the Democratic members could still enter, and by a parliamentary wrestle with the Republicans and a majority of votes decide all questions in accordance with law and the usages of legislative bodies. You stated that no troops should be at the door, and that under no circumstances would you interfere except there should occur a serious disturbance of the peace. You affirmed your determination to exercise no supervisory control whatever over the body or bodies claiming to be the House of Representatives. All this occurred on yesterday. In a later interview last night with Senator Gordon you made the same assoverations, and this morning, after both bodies were assembled in the hall, you assured General Hampton that under no circumstances would you interfere, except to keep the peace. What now can justly measure our astonishment at the issuance of such an order as the one just sent by you? There is no breach of the peace, and no prospect of its disturbance. You had it officially brought to your knowledge that absolute good humor prevails in that hall. We cannot refrain from expressing the apprehension that the fact that a number of leading Republicans are taking issue with the legality of the proceedings by the Republican House has changed your views as to your line of duty.

It is proper that we should say, in conclusion, that we relied upon your honor as a man and your character as a soldier to maintain your pledged position of non-intervention. The Democratic members from Edgefield and Laurens are entitled to seats by the judgment of the Supreme Court of this State, and we have advised them to remain in that hall until removed by your troops, that the issue may be made in this centennial year of American independence whether we have a government of law as construed by courts, or a centralized despotism, whose only law is force. Let the American people behold the spectacle of a brigadier general of the army seated by the side of Governor Chamberlain in a room of the State House, and issuing his orders to a legislative body peacefully assembled in one of the original thirteen commonwealths of this Union.

Very respectfully, yours,

WADE HAMPTON,
J. B. GORDON,
A. C. HASKELL,

The following conversation between a prominent Louisville Republican and a member of the Opposition is given as a true talk: "Good morning, old man, you want that job, do you?"—"By jabers I do, and badly at that."—"Are you a good Catholic?"—"Faith, am I, from the sowl of me shoe to the top of this ould hat."—"What's your politics—what's your opinion of Republicans, old man?"—"By jabers, if the Son of the blessed Virgin was to come among yez wid slippers on, he'd go back bare-futted. Yer thaves, all of yez.

Dr. Baruch, of Camden, lately performed a rare surgical operation. The elk attached to Robinson's circus, broke off one of his horns; this necessitated the amputation of the stump, which was successfully done by this skilful surgeon.

The Method of Counting the Electoral Vote.

The extreme doubt in which the returns received recently left the result of the Presidential election, has made the counting of the electoral vote in February next, likely to be an event of very great interest and importance. On more tha one occasion the defects of the machinery for determining which of two or more candidates has been legally elected to the Presidency, have been strikingly shown, and attempts have been made to remedy them; but while none of these efforts have met with success, it has also been fortunate that on no occasion which has ever arisen, has the actual result been effected by the vote of any State which forwarded its vote and the validity of whose returns has been questioned. Now it seems possible that such a contingency may arise.

No provision has ever been made for settling a dispute of this kind. Section 1, Article II, of the Constitution, directs that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector."

The twelfth amendment to the Constitution provides that the electors "meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. * * * And they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each; which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of government of the United States, directed to the president of the Senate. The president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed," &c.

By acts of 1792 and 1804, as adopted in the Revised Statutes of the United States, the following regulations are made:

SEC. 135. The electors of each State shall meet and give their votes upon the first Wednesday in December in the year in which they are appointed, at such place, in each State, as the Legislature of such State shall direct.

SEC. 136. It shall be the duty of the executive of each State to cause three lists of the names of the electors of such State to be made and certified, and to be delivered to the electors on or before the day on which they are required, by the preceding section, to meet.

SEC. 137. The electors shall vote for President and Vice-President, respectively, in the manner directed by the constitution.

SEC. 138. The electors shall make and sign three certificates of all the votes given by them, each of which certificates shall contain two distinct lists—one of the votes for President, and the other of the votes for Vice-President—and shall annex to each of the certificates one of the lists of electors which shall have been furnished to them by direction of the Executive of the State.

Sec. 139, The electors shall seal up the certificates so made by them, and certify upon each, that the lists of all the votes of such State given for President, and of all the votes given for Vice-President, are contained therein.

Sec. 140. The electors shall dispose of the certificates thus made by them in the following manner:

One. They shall, by writing under their hands, or under the hands of a majority of them, appoint a person to take charge of and deliver to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, before the first Wednesday in January then next ensuing, one of the certificates.

Two. They shall forthwith forward by the postoffice to the President of the Senate, at the seat of Government, one or the other of the certificates.

Three. They shall forthwith cause the other of the certificates to be delivered to the judge of that district in which the electors shall assemble.

"Sec. 142. Congress shall be in session on the Second Wednesday in February succeeding every meeting of the electors, and the certificates, or so many of them as have been received, shall then be opened, the votes counted, and the persons to fill the offices of President and Vice-President ascertained and declared, agreeable to the Constitution."

On several occasions prior to 1869, objections had been made to receiving the votes of certain States on account of alleged irregularities, but no such vote was ever formally rejected. In 1864 a resolution was adopted by Congress excluding the electoral votes of States then in rebellion, and as no votes were received from any of them, none were rejected. A precedent, was, however, set for the rejection of the vote of a State by a joint resolution concurred in by both houses of Congress.

When the questions arose during the first half of the century touching the acceptance or rejection of the vote of States, the returns from which were irregular, long debates sometimes arose, which seriously interfered with the prompt announcement of the result. To cut off such debate, the twenty-second joint rule of the two houses was adopted in 1865, and re-adopted by each succeeding Congress except the present. The following is the text of the rule:

"If upon the reading of any such certificate by the tellers, any question shall arise in regard to the counting of the votes therein certified, the same having been stated by the presiding officer, the Senate shall thereupon withdraw, and said question shall be submitted to that body for its decision; and the speaker of the house shall, in like manner, submit the said question to the House for its decision, and no question shall be decided affirmatively, and no votes objected to shall be counted, except by concurrent votes of the two houses, which being obtained, the two houses shall reassemble, and the presiding officer shall then announce the decision of the question submitted; and upon such question there shall be no debate in either house, and any other question to this object for which the two houses are assembled, may be submitted and determined in like manner."

In 1873, electoral votes were rejected from several States under this rule, but its operation was so unsatisfactory that the sentiment at that time was almost unanimous not only for its repeal, but also for an entire change in the mode of electing President. It was repealed at the last session of Congress by a failure of the Senate to adopt it.

From this hasty review, it appears, (1) that the president of the Senate has never assumed to determine any question as to the validity of the vote received from any State, but that when such questions have arisen, they have invariably been referred to the two houses of Congress for their decision.

(2.) That neither house of Congress, by itself, has ever claimed the right to reject the vote of any State, or to determine, in case two sets of returns from a single State appear, which of them shall be counted, except by authority of the Twenty-second Joint Rule, which no longer exists.

(3.) That while neither the Constitution nor the laws of the United States expressly provide the means of determining controversies that may arise in regard to the counting of the electoral vote of any State, that power has been exercised by the concurrent action of the two houses of Congress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Outrageous Proceeding.

Night before last Mr. Mazyck, a highly respectable citizen residing at the corner of Rutledge and Morris streets, was aroused in the dead of night by a noise of some one breaking into his house. He quickly put on his clothes, and quietly went down stairs with a double-barrel shot-gun in his hand, opened the door on his piazza, and there he saw a negro standing with the shutter of the window in his hands, which he had succeeded in wrenching from the hinges; he took aim at the burglar and pulled the trigger, but the cap snapped, the burglar threw down the shutter and ran, jumping over the banister into the yard. The second barrel was pulled on him and the fellow ran off, jumping over the fence; the place where he jumped over was examined and blood was on the fence and ground. The policeman on this beat hearing the report rushed upon the premises, and seized the gentleman who was thus protecting his home and fireside from the depredations of midnight robbers, arrested Mr. Mazyck, and he was held for the space of eight hours a prisoner. The burglar was allowed to escape and go off unheeded by this police officer, and a citizen protecting his home was dragged at night time to prison. This is the sort of government we live under to-day.—*Charleston Journal of Commerce.*

The gin house of Mr. W. P Devlin, a resident of Abbeville county, was burned by an incendiary last week. Two bales of cotton, several hundred bushels of cotton seed, with the machinery, gin-gearing, etc., were lost. There was about five hundred dollars insurance on the place, which may cover about one-half of the loss

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John Lee, postmaster of Chester, and one of the recently elected members of the Legislature from that county, was recently arrested, charged with misappropriation of public funds. It is said that money appropriated for a colored regiment, of which he was in command he converted to his own use Lee voted for Hampton, and it is not unlikely that this change was trumped up by his own color in revenge.

The Abbeville *Medium* reports a good deal of matrimonial gossip about Due West.