

The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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Talking in Their Sleep.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull grey mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."
"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the Spring of the Year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."
"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you, then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

DOING WASHING.

"I shall charge seventy-five cents for that Swiss muslin dress, with the flounces and the lace insertion," said Rosamond Rayforth, as she shook out a white, fluffy mass, and plucked it deftly on a line which was stretched from a silver-birch tree to a tall, young mountain-ash. "It's worth more than that, but these fashionable ladies are so distressingly parsimonious in their ideas!"

The orange glow of the sunrise was just flinging its sheaf of reddening arrows across the wooded side of Spicberry Mountain; the birds were whistling their mating songs, and the hidden waters of Spicberry Creek were swirling with merry music around the gnarled tree-roots and moss-covered boulders that obtruded themselves across its current.

The wild clematis and rank fox-grape vines that had wreathed themselves picturesquely above the deserted charcoal-burner's cabin were fluttering their tendrils in the morning breeze; and the fire of dead sticks was cracking bravely under a huge kettle, where Miss Rayforth's second tubful of clothes was already boiling like a witch's cauldron.

For she and Clara Seton, her roommate at college, had come up here before the dawn had unfurled its pearly banners, kindled their fire and gone bravely to work.

"Doesn't it seem ridiculous?" said Rosamond, as she sorted out half a dozen or so of sheer linen pocket handkerchiefs, and plunged them up and down in the bluing-pail. "Last night, you and I were waltzing in the ball-room with those two young army officers; this morning we are getting out our wash. Just hand me a few of those clothes-pins, Clara, please! How romance and reality do jostle one another in this world, to-be-sure!

These handkerchiefs will dry directly, the sun touches them, and then we can have the lines for the large articles. Are you sure the starch isn't lumpy, Clara? Miss Cayendish is so very particular about her lawn wrappers. And how are the irons heating up?"

Clara Seton, who had just finished coiling up her inky-black hair, and had transfixed it with a long shell pin, peeped into an impromptu furnace of charcoal that glowed under the slope of a prodigious rock, before which half a dozen fatirons were set on end.

"They'll be in prime order in half an hour," said she. "Do you suppose, Rosy, they'll be there to-night again?"

"The fatirons?"

"No, the army officers."
"Most likely," said Rosamond, with a clothes-pin in her mouth, as she stood on tiptoe to hang a ruffled petticoat to the breeze. "I heard them ask Flora Foster if we were staying at the Mountain House."

"Oh, did you? And what did she say?"

"She said she believed we were camping out somewhere."

"So we are," said Clara, laughing.

"And she added—the dear gossip little thing!—that we were artists, who spent most of our time in sketching. There, Clara, the clothes-lines are full at last. We'll adjourn long enough to drink our cold coffee and eat some bread and milk. Oh yes! we're camping out—there can't be any mistake about that," she went on, with a laugh, as the two girls sat down in the shade of the hazel bushes to partake of their simple morning meal. "But I often wonder what the Mountain House

people would say if they knew that we were the French laundresses to whom the landlord's wife sends their muslin gowns and Swiss polonaises to be done up."

"What do we care?" retorted Clara, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Nothing in the world. But isn't it comical, Clara, when one thinks back over it all? How we came here with our easels and our palettes and our color-tubes, expecting to make our fortunes as artists, painting woodland scenes on birchbark, and reproducing the sunsets on bits of mill-board. And then we discovered that every farmer's daughter in the neighborhood was doing the same thing, and that art was at a hopeless discount. And next—you remember Clara—we tried to play the piano for the dancing, until the colored fiddlers came over the mountain and underbid us altogether. And we had no money to buy our tickets back to the city, nor to pay our hotel bills, until—until—one fortunate day the laundress lost her temper and left at an hour's notice, and I helped Mrs. Fitch out of her dilemma!"

"And now," said Clara, "we are making eight or ten dollars a week."

"Out of the wash-tub," said Rosamond, blithely; "and boarding ourselves. Oh, how thankful I am that I spent that long, dreary, dismal winter with old Aunt Abigail, in a haunted house where no help could be induced to stay, and then and there learned to wash and iron equal to any heathen Chinese!"

"I believe, Rosamond," "that you would laugh at anything."

"But it is so ridiculous," persisted merry Rosamond. "To think of the downfall that our lofty ideas had. From artist to washerwoman! From Prussian blue and Venetian red to indigo bags and starch!"

And she jumped up and ran back to the boiler, which was now spluttering and bubbling like some infuriated monster.

"It's boiling over, Clara—it's boiling over!" she cried, in loud, sweet accents. "Help me off with it—quick, or the clothes will be burned."

"Allow me," spoke a calm, deep voice; and the next moment the kettle was swung off the impromptu crane upon the grass below, and Rosamond Rayforth found herself face to face with Captain Alford, the taller and handsomer of the two officers with whom she had waltzed the midnight before. While Harry Drayton, the younger cavalryman, advanced through the bushes, with his gun balanced over his shoulder, and the countenance of one who was sure of welcome.

"So this is camp!" said he.

"Yes," said Rosamond, stealing herself to the occasion; "this is the camp! Won't you walk in, Captain Alford? And you, Mr. Drayton?"

"But I shall be interrupting you!"

Rosamond smiled; a cheery sparkle came into her soft, dark eyes.

"A little," she owned. "We are always busy at this time of day, Clara and I. In the afternoon—only in the afternoon—you will probably see us at the hotel, in our best frocks and with our hair out of crimping-pins."

Captain Alford glanced helplessly around.

"Oh, I see," said he. "But just here you are—"

"Doing the washing," explained Rosamond, serenely. "Don't you see the clothes on the lines? And we shall be ironing in an hour or two. We are working-bees, Captain Alford."

"Couldn't we help?" said Harry Drayton, grounding arms at once.

"I'm afraid not!" said Clara reddening.

"Oh, Captain Alford," cried Rosamond, unable longer to repress her laughter, "don't look so bewildered, and I'll tell you the beginning, the middle and the end of it at once!"

"I suppose you are doing this for a joke," said Captain Alford; "or as a wager, perhaps. Ladies do sometimes bet, as I have heard."

But Rosamond shook her head, still with the roguish dimples gleaming around her lips, the diamond-sparkles in her eyes.

"No," said she, "we are not doing it for a joke, nor yet for a wager. We came up here as artists, but we soon found that we should starve to death on art."

And she told the whole of her simple story.

"No one knows it but Mrs. Field, the landlady," said she. "Not that we are ashamed of it, but—with a sudden rising of color to her cheeks—"one doesn't like to be talked about, you know."

"Ashamed!" cried the captain. "I should think not. Why, I never saw such plucky girls in my life."

"You are regular heroines," applauded Mr. Drayton.

They sat and talked until the blue

shadows crept off the mountain-side, and the tramp of the guide's footsteps on the rocks warned the two officers that it was time to set forth on their day's expedition; and when they vanished into the gloom, Clara and Rosamond stood watching them.

"For the last time!" said Rosamond, Clara started.

"Why?" said she.

"Why, because?" said Rosamond. "You will see. It's very easy to talk, but they will not come back to us again. If there's anything a man dislikes, it is to see a woman strike out for herself."

"Nonsense!" said Clara.

"It is true," nodded Rosamond. "You will see."

But her prophecies failed. The two hunters stopped on their way back, to leave some squirrels and a tempting branch of wild plums at the charcoal cabin. The next day they strolled up again.

"It's a deal jollier up here than it is down at the hotel," declared Alford.

"If we shant bore you," said Drayton.

And so they kept coming until the end of the season arrived, garlanded about with still night frosts, scarlet leaves and stealthily-dropping nuts.

"Do you know," said Alford, mournfully, "the regiment is ordered to Arizona? And I've got to report at headquarters next week."

Rosamond viewed him with sympathetic eyes.

"Is Arizona so very bad?" said she.

"I—I shouldn't mind it," stammered the young officer, "if you were going with me. Tell me, Rosa, would you be willing to go to Arizona for my sake?"

"Not," faltered Rosamond, "what would Clara say to my leaving her, when we've always been in a sort of partnership, you know?"

Captain Alford's arm stole softly around Miss Rayforth's trim waist.

"But suppose you form a new partnership?" said he. "As for Miss Seton—why there's Drayton worships the very ground she walks on, you know. Come! about Arizona? It would be the Garden of Eden to me if you were there. Won't you say yes, dear Rosamond?"

And how Rosamond and Clara rejoiced in spirit that they had saved up enough money from the proceeds of their summer campaign to buy two neat little trousseaus!

"After all," said Rosamond, joyfully, "there is nothing like being independent."

"Harry says," whispered Clara, "that I never looked so well in my life as when I stood there hanging out clothes on the mountain side."

"And Will declares," added Rosamond, "that he fell in love with me when I tried to lift the big kettle off the fire, and couldn't. Dear Clara, what fortunate girls we are!"

"And what happy girls we are!" cried Clara.

The Suicide of Hindu Widows.

According to a writer it has been almost a cruelty to forbid the practice of *suttee*, or the suicide of Hindu widows, while taking no steps to defend such unfortunate persons from the miseries to which they are condemned by native, social law. The theory is, as enunciated by the ancient Hindu lawmaker Manu, that "a virtuous wife ascends to heaven if, after the decease of her lord, she devotes herself to pious austerity; but a widow who slights her deceased husband by marrying again brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord." Hence he directs that she shall "emaciate her body by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots and fruits, but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practicing the incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as were devoted to only one husband." These laws, though laid down nearly 2,500 years ago, are still mercilessly enforced, and the life of a Hindu widow is, in consequence, almost unbearable; in fact, many cases are known where death from exhaustion and starvation follows the attempt to observe the prescribed routine of life. For two days of each month, for instance, she must neither eat nor drink anything, no matter how feeble may be her health. Otherwise she loses "caste" and forfeits the respect and care of her family. We advise all American widows to stay where they are.

All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples.

There are now in this country more than 225,000 patents for inventions.

THE WOMEN OF CAPE COD.

Beautiful Creatures at 16 and Old and Haggard at 30.—The Reason Why.

"If there was ever a blighted race of women," said a New York gentleman, recently returned from a visit to Cape Cod, "it exists in the peninsular villages of Massachusetts, which depend on the fisheries for the support of their inhabitants. Nowhere else in all New England will one see so high an average of female beauty, especially in symmetry of form and freshness of complexion; but it will not take one long to discover that this girlish beauty and freshness, while unusual and unexpected, is also in its duration very brief. The change produced in these girls by the lapse of a few years is painful to observe. No matronly graces are to be seen among them after their girlhood days are past. That charming middle age of maturing womanhood, between the freshness and buoyancy of the girl of 20 and the woman of 35 or 40, is entirely absent. The heightened color of the cheeks is gone, the eyes are sunken, and wear a constant look of sadness and anxiety. Gray hair in heads over which a score and a half of years have scarcely passed, and deep lines in faces which should show no trace of age for years to come, are rather the rule than the exception. These women besides suffering from all the inevitable sorrows which fall to woman's lot, no matter in what station she may be placed, have an added intense and perpetual sorrow all their own. Theirs is a life of continual suspense and anxiety, which is almost certain in time to be embittered by an overwhelming grief.

Fair weather keeps hope warm in many an anxious woman's heart; the howling north-easter fills it with doubt and despair. Constantly watching by day, waking in the night to listen to sounds from the sea; whether they may be the roaring of the dreaded tempest or merely the moan of the surf on the beach, is it any wonder that the torture of mind and heart and the strain of the nerves and vital force that must follow this perpetual suspense and longing destroy the fountains of youth and beauty in these patient, suffering women and place upon them the marks of age while they are yet young?

"Yet the girls grow up with but one thought of what their future lot will be, with one object in view upon which their visions of happiness are based. Go among any group of these bright girls, in any of the villages of the class I am speaking of, and you will find that nine out of ten of them look forward to a union with some one who will spend his life fishing in the summer and coasting in the winter. The idea that there might be any other future than the one which is to come to them as fishermen's wives or that the life of a fisherman's wife is anything different from the natural sequence of married life, never seems to occur."

OBEAH POISONING.

A Superstition Which Flourishes in All of the West Indian Islands.

"Obeah is the dread of nine negroes out of every ten in the West Indies," said the Trinidad gentleman, whom, for the sake of convenience, I shall call Mr. Smith. "It is a nuisance to them and to the whites, but all the efforts of the various governments to crush it out have been unavailing. It has as many believers now as ever, notwithstanding the education of many of the blacks, and wherever there is any conflict between the two races it is still dangerous. I can not tell you the derivation of the word. Obeah (which as you must have noticed, is always pronounced 'ohy') is not an imaginary being or tangible thing, but simply the name of the wretched system of juggling and poisoning. Certain men among the negroes set up for 'Obeah men,' and profess to be able to do marvelous things. I suppose there are five hundred 'Obeah men' on this island, to whom the other colored people go for assistance and advice. They have to pay for this assistance, so the conclusion is inevitable that the Obeah men go into it as a matter of business, seeing a way to make an easy living out of the superstition of their comrades. They are naturally shrewd fellows, who know how to give some impressiveness and plausibility to their nonsense. There is something like a system in the 'Obeah worship,' but it has so many variations that it is difficult to trace. It is substantially the same in all the islands, with such differences as each performer chooses to invent. In every island, for instance, three white cocks' heads are used to bring trouble to an enemy. There is no variation in that. Though there is a great deal of the Obeah business in Trinidad, this island is by no

means one of the worst. It flourishes more in Hayti than anywhere else. In Jamaica it is very much on the increase. There is no doubt that it came originally from Africa. Nearly every African negro in the West Indies is a firm believer in it. There is a great deal of it in Sierra Leone, and thence it flourishes in its worst form, that of poisoning. Its home in the West Indies is St. Vincent. There it is carried to a greater extent than anywhere else, and old Obeah men for a consideration teach the secrets of the trade to beginners and make them accomplished poisoners and jugglers. Pupils of these humbugs have spread through the other islands, and a 'St. Vincent Obeah man' is considered an expert. There is very little poisoning done by them in the West Indies now (unless it may be in Hayti), because there is no occasion for it. In the slave times it always had to be guarded against.

Some of the Obeah men are very expert in preparing poison. They have several kinds, to be used according to circumstances. One of the worst of them is made from the root of the cassava. They express the juice and allow it to ferment, and quantities of small worms as soon seen in the liquid, one of which taken into the stomach is almost certain to cause death. One of the worms is concealed under a thumb nail, which is allowed to grow long for the purpose, and the operator in handing his victim a cup of coffee or some dish of food manages to drop the worm into it. In Jamaica almost every negro has growing in his garden numbers of arsenic bean plants, which are neither useful for food nor handsome in appearance, but the beans are very poisonous. It is said, too, that a dangerous poison is made from the liver and gall of the alligator. The Obeah men are also too handy in the manufacture of narcotics. They could procure opium without too much risk, but they know how to distill narcotics from various plants. Some of them seem to have a considerable knowledge of botany. They can find leaves anywhere that if put into a water vessel will make the water a deadly poison in a few hours. Others are said to carry a snake's poison under a finger nail—a drop is enough, and a scratch from the nail will cause death in a few hours. I have never seen a well authenticated case of this sort, but have heard of them frequently. Kingsley in his visit to Trinidad picked up a number of cases of Obeah poisoning. He says the habit of poisoning did not spring up among slaves desirous of revenge upon the white master, but that it was imported from Africa.

The First English Country Newspaper.

In 1695 appeared the first country newspaper as the *Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury*. The prospectus of one of these early country papers, the *Salisbury Postman*, "or packet of intelligence from France, Spain, Portugal," &c., Sept. 27, 1715, ran thus: "This paper contains an abstract of the most material occurrences of the whole week, foreign and domestic, and will be continued every post, provided a sufficient number will subscribe for its encouragement. If two hundred subscribers, it shall be delivered to any public or private house in town every Monday, Thursday or Saturday morning by 8 o'clock in winter and by 6 in summer for 1d. each. Besides the news, we perform all other matters belonging to our art and mystery, whether in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, algebra, mathematics, &c." By 1782 the number of provincial papers had increased to 30. A vivid description of the state of the roads in this country in winter time two centuries ago is given in the following extract from the "Collections for Husbandry and Trade," March, 10, 1693: "The roads are filled with snow, we are forced to ride with the packet over hedges and ditches. This day seven-night my boy with the packet and two gentlemen were seven hours riding from Dunstable to Hockley, but three miles, barely escaping with their lives, being often in holes and forced to be drawn out with ropes. A man and woman were found dead within a mile hence, and six horses lie dead on the road between Hockley and Brickhill smothered."

Weight of a Reception Costume.

A black silk reception costume that glittered with jet tipped the beam at thirty-nine pounds. I examined their construction to see where the weight came in. It lay a little in the forest of steels, to some extent in the balls of lead that were concealed about the skirt, and most of all, in the jet. I saw a tailor gown of fine wool that weighed twelve pounds. Fifteen, seventeen and nineteen were the figures of three others respectively. I found nothing short of ten pounds,

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Their History and the Manner of Their Training.

It is not known with what nation the use of the carrier pigeon originated, but there is no doubt that the custom is very ancient. The Romans used the birds for this purpose, and Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travelers from Europe to the Orient, states that he found them used in the same way among the Asiatics. We have the assertion of the poet Tasso for believing that they were so employed during the siege of Jerusalem in 1099, and it is an undoubted historical fact that they were used during the crusade of St. Louis in 1250. The most remarkable instance of the use of carrier pigeons in modern times was during the siege of Paris, in 1870. They have been more generally used in Turkey than in any other country for many centuries, and the art of training them is understood to be carried to its greatest perfection there. The trainer takes the pigeons when they have acquired full strength of wing in a covered basket to a distance of about half a mile from their home; here they are set at liberty and thrown into the air, and if any fall in returning home from this short distance they are regarded as naturally stupid, and no time is wasted in endeavoring to train them. Those that do come home are trained by being taken to greater distances, progressively increased to forty or fifty miles. When the bird is able to accomplish this flight he may be trusted to fly any distance overland, within the limits of physical power. This drilling must be begun very early, or even the best breeds of birds will not become good carriers. It is the general plan to keep the birds in a dark room for some hours before they are used. They are then fed sparingly, but are given all the water they can drink. The paper on which the message is written is then carefully tied round the upper part of the bird's leg or to one of the large feathers of the tail, so as not to impede its flight in any way. The feet are washed in vinegar to keep them from getting too dry during the bird's flight, so as to tempt it to descend to water and run the risk of getting its message wet. The ordinary rate of flight for a carrier pigeon is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, though instances of much more rapid flight are on record. The pigeon, when thrown up into the air, at first flies round and round. This is evidently for the purpose of sighting some landmark that it knows. When this is perceived the bird instantly flies toward it, and as other familiar landmarks come gradually into sight, continues its journey until its home is reached. If no landmarks is perceived the bird is bewildered and lost and finally returns to the earth again.

The Paris Stock Exchange.

The scene upon the floor of the Bourse five minutes before the stroke of the clock at 3, not only "baffles description," as the reporters say, but must positively be seen to be believed. One would refuse to credit any written statement of the mad excitement that prevails just as the solemn functionary at his desk closes the record of the day's transactions.

Grave and reverend seigneurs for the moment become the veriest schoolboys. The ordinary cool and calculating Semite loses his sense of calculation and discretion, shouts, vociferates, screams, pushes, jostles, howls, and throws his bargain, written upon its paper, at the scribe, who refuses at the latest moment to record it. The shouting or screaming is like that in a great battle; only the smoke and bloodshed are lacking. The spectacle is ridiculous, yet imposing. It gives to the full measure of human littleness, yet illustrates one of the wonderful forces of the human mind.

The Paris Exchange lacks the calm and solidity of the great Bourses of Hamburg, Bremen, Vienna, Leipzig, and Berlin, but it is methodical, commercial, mercurial. One feels that capital is there seeking its true level; that speculation is at its most audacious height; that reputations are risked, made, and lost with consummate coolness, despite the outward excitement; that rumor rules, fact being secondary and out of place. The wabbling flight of the duck has been adopted as a sobriquet for the somewhat unsady march of the false tales that have so much influence on the Paris Bourse. The canary has become an international synonym. It flies every day and returns to its nest at night, after having caused the most astonishing gains and losses. No one ever thinks of strangling it, or twisting its neck; and on the morrow, with refreshing impudence, it resumes its erratic career.