

The Jersey Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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The End of a Journey.

The Houghton landau drew up at the station and Louise alighted with her friend, Sybil Travers. The latter, young lady, clad in a gray Mother Hubbard, and wearing a pretty poke bonnet piled high with ostrich feathers, was the very picture of elegance. Louise was a little, insignificant thing, and she appeared less attractive than ever as she made her way to the waiting-rooms alongside of her distinguished-looking friend.

"It is too absurd, Sybil," she said as they sat together in a remote corner, enjoying a last confidential chat before Miss Travers left for the West. "The idea of your posting off to San Francisco all alone, simply because a harmless youth promises to come this way, and to act as your escort!"

"It is only three weeks earlier than I meant to go, anyhow," said Sybil, stoutly. "You know why I prefer to go alone, Louise. You see Uncle Jerry has made up his mind that propriety is the only thing necessary to make Mr. Vallean and myself fall madly in love with each other. He fancies that a trip across the continent is especially well calculated to bring about that much-desired result. But I don't see it that way. I know very well that I should hate Mr. Vallean from the outset. I should feel bound to do it just for contrariety. So, you see, I prefer to go home a few weeks earlier; and to go alone; for if I did wait for Mr. Vallean, as Uncle Jerry wished me to, and if I failed to fall in love with him, you know very well that it would be impossible for me to explain the phenomenon satisfactorily. As it is, can smooth matters over easily."

"How far-sighted you are, Sybil," Louise said, laughing. "Mr. Vallean will be terribly disappointed though, I fear. But there's your train, dear. Good-by. Write to me as soon as you arrive."

Then follow considerable girlish demonstration, which provoked a smile on the lips of a nonchalant young traveler who reclined at his ease before one of the windows of a parlor car, and who had been watching Louise and Sybil with interest.

"A very handsome girl, by Jove!" was his mental comment as Sybil took her seat just behind him, and the mirror at the end of the car enabled him to command a full view of face. "I wonder how far she is going?"

There was no means of ascertaining just then, but when the conductor came through the car, and the young man presented his ticket, to which was attached a long string of coupons running all the way from New York to San Francisco, he noted with satisfaction that Sybil had one like it.

"A through passenger," he observed. "I wonder who she is? Traveling alone, but evidently a lady. She must be a Californian, but she looks a New Yorker," etc.

The young man's fancy ran riot, and all the while he kept his eyes fixed on the mirror in which was reflected Sybil's lovely face, with its rich warm coloring and its beautiful frame of rippling hair. Very often their eyes met, as was only natural; but Sybil had wonderful composure for so young a girl, and the look of serenity she continued to wear rather chagrined the handsome stranger, who had entertained a hope innocent enough in its nature, that the long ride over the plains might be enlivened with piquant flirtations.

"Pallas Athene," he said, regretfully. "Beautiful, but susceptible of no passion that is not animated by reason."

Such a conclusion might have been rather hasty, but it appears that this aggressive young man in an ulster and traveling-cap made some pretense toward being a reader of character.

Meanwhile Sybil, constitutionally opposed to "ogling," as all sensible, womanly girls are, formed a pretty severe opinion of the stranger who took such a mean advantage of the power of reflection. But she scorned to change her seat. Her policy was one of complete oblivion, and,

settling herself comfortably, she soon forgot all about the handsome pair of brown eyes so deliberately fixed on the telltale mirror.

The other passengers were pretty well acquainted by the time they reached Chicago, but Sybil, naturally reserved, and becoming more so through the protective instinct which prompted her to make few friends when traveling alone, had not joined the little coterie which soon establishes itself in every westward-bound train. Her neighbor had been balled in several attempts to make her acquaintance, but difficulty only fired his determination.

"She's something new, in the feminine line, by Jove she is!" he remarked, when one of his deepest-laid schemes had been overthrown by Sybil's courteous but unapproachable dignity.

It appears that this handsome stranger had been a lady's man for many a day. He was of a peculiar temperament. When he made up his mind to anything he usually accomplished it, and in accomplishing it was quite willing to relinquish all subordinate interests. He, too, held himself aloof from his fellow-passengers, and so it was that when they reached Council Bluffs not a soul was on board the train who could have told who the lady and gentleman were that traveled alone and were so very exclusive.

Any one who has made a transcontinental trip will appreciate the desire to take a turn on terra firma that seized Sybil's peculiar vis-a-vis when he reached Council Bluffs. He was a little athletic fellow, and during the hour and a half that the train halted he made a pedestrian tour into the surrounding country. Unfortunately, he prolonged his walk beyond a desirable limit, and when he reached the station again the train had already begun to move slowly. Many a time he had boarded the train when it was going much more rapidly, and with a moment's hesitation he ran for the rear platform of his car, making a spring and catching at the iron railing.

As often happens, he had not calculated on the full speed of the train. He missed the step and fell backward, striking his head on the platform, and only escaping a terrible fracture by the presence of a pile of empty mail-bags, which broke his fall.

The train stopped, and the injured man was taken aboard. He was wholly insensible, and the blood gushed freely from the wound in his head. A skillful surgeon who happened to be among the passengers was summoned at once, and, having seen the young man made comfortable in a sleeping-car, he examined the contusion.

"Will some one please help me with these bandages?" the doctor asked. "No, thanks," he added, as a gentleman offered his services. "A lady, please."

He glanced around the car and his eyes fell on Sybil's calm face, on the slim white hand that looked so deft and agile, and he noted the composure with which she bore herself, while the rest of the ladies were nearly all in semi-hysterical state.

"Will you hold these bandages, miss?" he asked, kindly. "Do you understand how to do it?"

"O, yes, said she promptly. "My father was a doctor. I am used to such work."

The wound was shortly dressed, but it was a whole day before the young stranger awoke from the stupor occasioned by his fall, and then it was only to pass into a state of delirium.

"Do you know who he is?" the doctor asked Sybil, who had been installed by common consent as the sick man's nurse.

"This dropped out his pocket," she replied, handing him a business-card. "I think that is his name, as his baggage is marked with those initials."

ed for Sybil. "I wonder what Louise will say when she hears that I have been playing nurse?" she pondered the day following the assumption of her new duties. "Poor fellow! I am sorry for him."

At Cheyenne, happily for the sick man, the train was delayed two days by a landslide. During the interval of quiet and rest the doctor succeeded in breaking his fever, and on the fourth day after the accident Mr. Vincent opened his eyes in weak astonishment as his returning consciousness discern in his faithful attendant the handsome young lady with whom he had tried so assiduously to flirt.

He felt too weak from the shock and from the loss of blood to ask any questions, but Sybil divined his wonder, and she explained to him the details of his accident, with a gentle grace as charming as her former reserve had been admirable.

Nothing could have been prettier than Sybil's devotion to the unfortunate stranger, and the other passengers seemed to appreciate it, for they held aloof and were content with being merely spectators. She waited on him with persevering devotion. It was Sybil's way to do that. She read to him, or when he wished it, talked to him. The presence of an invalid seemed to infuse a home feeling into the life aboard the train, and when the week's journey was protracted by various obstacles to ten days no one complained.

Before they reached San Francisco Mr. Vincent was able to sit up. It would take some time for the wound to heal, but he had recovered pretty well from the shock. In the opinion of some of the passengers he was altogether anxious for immediate convalescence, which was hardly to be wondered at; and really I think Sybil felt a twinge of regret as she sat the last evening beside Mr. Vincent's couch and listened to a party of gentlemen warbling a Swiss air out on the front platform. It was twilight, and the porter had not yet come in to light the lamps.

"Don't you think, Miss Sybil," Mr. Vincent said in a low voice, "that some acquaintances ripen very much faster than others? I feel as though I had known you for years, yet I cannot tell what your last name is. The doctor calls you just Miss Sybil."

"I thought you knew," she said, simply, ignoring his first question, which had sent a thrill to her heart.

"My name is Travers."

"What?" he almost shouted. "What did you say?"

"Travers," she repeated, looking at him surprised. He sank back on the cushion helplessly, and, turning his face toward her, he murmured: "Kismet!"

"Do you know," he continued, after a pause which Sybil felt to be pregnant with meaning—"do you know we have been as badly mixed up as to our identities as the people in a play. I had no idea you were Miss Travers, your Uncle Jerry?"

"Do you know my uncle Jerry?" she cried in surprise.

"I ought to," he replied, with an old smile. "I am—Sybil, do you ever forgive people who practice little deceits upon you?"

The familiar manner of this address did not offend her, strange to say.

"That depends," she said softly.

"What would you say if I were to tell you that my name wasn't Vincent at all?"

He had contrived to get hold of her hand, and he felt it flutter slightly but she made no response.

"I do not know what led you to believe that my name was Vincent. At first I could not correct the impression, and, when I was able, I didn't care to, for I was so pleased with our relation that I feared to do anything that might jar upon it. It is all the worse for me now, for I fear this deceit may have prejudiced you. I am your uncle's friend, Sybil. I am Royal Vallean."

It was her turn to start in astonishment. She scratched her hand away from him, but he secured it again.

love you and you must not be so cruel. You will at least forget that I have deceived you at all?"

Sybil gave no spoken reply, but her hand was still clasped in his, and before the porter lit the lamps she suffered him to carry it to his lips.

This story was detailed in a letter to Miss Louise Houghton the following week, with the appended comments:

"And just think of it, Louise! I have actually engaged myself to him I meant to hate him so, too! Uncle Jerry is delighted, of course. For myself, I can only say that I am perfectly happy, and leave the rest to your imagination. Wasn't it funny though? He left New York three weeks before he had intended to, because he didn't want to be bothered with looking after me; and I ran away from him in the same unceremonious style. Yet we both got on the same train after all. It is quite like a romance, isn't it dear? But I must close, as Roy is begging me to hurry and finish. I will write you more again. Your loving friend, SYBIL."

One Kind of Reading.

And how few persons who can devote but an hour or half an hour a day to reading and study, take due thought as to how they can make the most of their little leisure. They read in a desultory way whatever comes to hand, and think that if they had more time for books they would soon become much better informed. But the half hour a day, if used in the wisest manner, would make a vast difference in one's mental growth as the years glide by.

An incident occurs to me that well illustrates this. A pretty maiden fern, growing in a flower-pot, was given to a young girl, hopelessly ill with spinal disease. It proved a thing of beauty and of inexhaustible interest, as the delicate, graceful fronds came up, one by one, and slowly uncurled. There was a little pot beside the fern and under spreading fronds, in which grew an aloe. By and by the sick girl noticed in the little pot some tiny ferns, scarce an inch high, quite unlike the maiden-hair. Whence came they? Her interest was aroused. She was no botanist, but she wanted to learn something about ferns. She could use her eyes for reading but five minutes at a time, and not more than twice a day. A book on ferns came to her, and another. Friends, knowing her interest in ferns, brought them to her fresh and green from the wood, or sent her pressed specimens of rare varieties gathered in distant lands. Sometimes a visitor would read to her from one of her precious books, but only for four or five minutes. "I cannot remember more at a time," she would say, "and you have read enough for me to think about for a long time." It is now some years since the maiden-hair fern was given to her, and she has become an authority as to the species and culture of ferns, and is an enthusiast in regard to them. It is true that she has become educated in one direction only, and is not particularly well-informed in other respects. But is it not a great gain that she should talk about her ferns and their wonderful method of reproduction, awakening her listeners' interest and teaching them many things worth remembering, rather than to dwell chiefly on her pains and privations? It is many years since she was able to step out of doors, but when you are with her you do not think of her as an invalid, so interested and interesting is she.

The growth of cryptogamous plants would not be a matter of absorbing interest to all persons, but the habit of reading thoughtfully and carefully what we read, and of retaining it in memory, is a great factor of mental growth.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cleveland's Southern Tour.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The details of the President's trip to Atlanta have been arranged. The special train will leave this city on Sunday night, October 16, and will reach Atlanta on Monday night. The President will spend Tuesday and Wednesday in Atlanta. He will be escorted through Virginia by Governor Lee and his staff, through North Carolina by Governor Scales and his staff, and through South Carolina by Governor Richardson and his staff, all of whom will go with him to Atlanta. At the Georgia line he will be met by Governor Gordon and staff. At Atlanta he will be met by the Governors and United States Senators of various Southern States. It is expected that he will spend Tuesday looking at the Exposition, and on Wednesday will hold a public reception and make a short address.

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Man's Development.

How diverse the influences of heredity must be can perhaps be learned from consideration of the vastness of the number of the channels through which they have reached the man who lives to-day. The different classes of people in existence produced from two and one-half to three and three-fourths generations per century. Assuming that there have been three generations to each 100 years and that there had been no intermarriage of blood relations, a person would have had two parents, four grandparents and eight great-grandparents, fourteen in all, in the first 100 years. In the two centuries the number of ancestors would have been 128; in the five there would have been 65,536 and in the ten centuries there would have lived 2,198,683,648 human beings whose diverse traits of body and character, whose impulses, feelings and thoughts have mingled to produce the man of to-day.

Yet these generations do not even extend back to the beginning of the Christian era, and before that date on a century before the dawn of written history is reached. And still beyond that stretch dimly generations innumerable along the path which led up from the age of the brutes from whom man is descended. What wonder that man is a bundle of inconsistencies; that he, staggering under this load of instincts inherited from ancestors who were only yesterday savage robbers and outcasts, is forever struggling upward toward a high ideal, only often to slip and lose much of the progress he has made.

Of the multitudes of facts which might have thrown strong light on the laws that govern the development of man, only a very few have been intelligently observed and recorded, even by the nations that consider themselves the most highly civilized. It is more than possible that ancient people may have noted such facts and derived from them rules for hastening the improvement of their kind, or at least for maintaining the supremacy of the initiated over the masses.

The incestuous marriages of the ruling classes of the oldest known civilizations seem to have been in obedience to well defined knowledge of the fact that by such means the instinct and power of the ruling would be intensified and perpetuated. Before the time of Ptolemy I the Egyptians were divided into castes, the members of which married within their own classes. It seems to be certain that the wedding of brothers to sisters was by no means so uncommon as to excite comment for kings and nobles customarily married their fall sisters, nieces and cousins, that the veins of their descendants might not be defiled by ignoble blood. Of thirteen Ptolemies seven married their sisters, two wedded their nieces, two married full cousins and one his niece-in-law.

The custom of marrying near kin was by no means confined to Egypt. The founders of the tribes of Israel obeyed the laws of high breeding, even incestuously. The patriarch Abraham took his half sister Sarah to wife; Nahor wedded his niece Milcah; the case of Lot and his daughters needs only a reference; Jacob married with his first cousins, Leah and Rachel; Esau married his first cousin, Malabath, because his parents insisted so strongly on his strengthening the blood of the family, and to this day the descendants of those worthies are exceedingly exclusive in regard to marriage connections. The result is that the Hebrews are a people in whom peculiar characteristics have become so intensified and strengthened that they are an almost constant and irresistible factor in human affairs. "Wherever the Jewish race has hitherto been studied," says M. Boudin, "it has shown itself governed by statistical laws as to births, deaths, and the proportion of the sexes, entirely different from those which govern the surrounding communities."

But the lesson of hereditary influences were studied by nations that were old before the Hebrews began to have a history, and those lessons were taught in widely separated parts of the globe. In India caste regulations have done much more than forbid marriage between members of different castes. In China the most careful attention is paid to hereditary influences. Galton says: "There the system of examination is notoriously strict and far reaching, and boys of promise are sure to be passed on from step to step until they have reached the highest level of which they are capable." It is said that in China the parents and even the grandparents of the offender against the laws are punished jointly with the criminal for his wrong doing. So convinced are the Afghans of the high value of pure blood that they show marked contempt for a man who cannot trace his pedigree clearly for at least seven generations, and in this their neighbors of Beloochistan resemble the Afghans. The Mingreles of the Black sea, the gypsies of Egypt, and the nobles and royal

families of Polynesia follow the fashion inbreeding, as did the ancient Germans, Danes, Icelanders and Persians.

Before the reign of the first of the Incas the Peruvians, who, in many particulars if not in all peculiarities, customs and arts, very closely resembled the Egyptians, married their own mothers, sisters, and even daughters. Garcilasso de la Vega says that the Peruvians taught that the sun married the moon, his sister, and that from this union the Incas descended. Therefore the sister of each Inca was ever afterward chosen for his chief wife, and her son was successor to the throne. The avowed purpose was to always keep pure the blood of the Peruvian royal line. No female of that line was ever permitted to wed a vassal. Is further evidence were required to prove that in these and other affairs the ancient Peruvians acted in accordance with laws derived from long continued observation and careful study of hereditary influence, that evidence may be found in the fact that in Peru at that time trades and offices were usually hereditary; no one could leave his home for another, and members of each community were required to marry within that community; consequently the greater part of the marriages were between near kin. The result showed the wisdom of those who had studied the influences of continued breeding in one line for the development of peculiar faculties, and demonstrates the soundness of the laws they enacted; for the ancient Peruvians attained a skill in the arts and knowledge of philosophy and mortality probably equal to that of any civilization then in existence.—*Chicago Times.*

Indolence and Industry.

Clouds of smoke belched from a gravel-heap on Fifth avenue, opposite Delmonico's. A furious fire was roaring in a section of iron tubing under the heap, which it was heating to a proper degree of caloric to be of use to the street-paving men. Around the glowing mound gathered as squalid and miserable a group as ever camped by the roadside over in Jersey. Swaddled in rags and shuddering in the cold wind they cracked their cold knuckles over the hot pile, and two or three gnawed fragments of food like hungry wolves.

With the snake billowing up in whirling clouds of dun and black commingled, the piles of Belgian blocks, the smoking pitch boilers, the carts and wagons of the contractors, and the bare park dripping in the November drizzle, the picture was one that no artist could have passed by unnoticed. But it is not the tramps alone who find comfort in the contractors' fires. When the workmen knock off for dinner they gather about them in picturesque groups.

If you want to note the contrast between absolute and hopeless uselessness and patient industry you can do it with a glance at the contrasted groups of the men who work and earn their bread and those who do not. The laborers view their squatted neighbors with small favor. The sight of these hulking idlers with their hands in their pockets, looking sullenly at better men earning their honest living is not calculated to make the better men good-tempered. As one of them put it: "God knows, sir, it's no crime to be out of work in this town. But to be willing to be out of work, like those vagabonds, is enough to make any decent man tired. That big fellow there was offered a job to handle dirt this morning. What do you think he told the boss? That he was not a ditch-digger. But for three days he has hung about here and has not been too proud to pick up the scraps we throw away."—*Cor. New York News.*

There's No Place Like Home.

A young man who went to the West filled with enthusiasm and desire to grow up with the country, surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of but three weeks. He said that while he was out land-hunting in what he thought was the garden-spot of America he came across a boarded-up shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which explained his departure for the East:

Forty miles from a nayber
Sixteen miles from a postoffice
Twenty-five miles from a railroad
A hundred and atey from timber
250 feet from water—

There's no place like home. We've gone to spend the winter with my wife's folks.

In advance of the sickly season render yourself impregnable; a malarial atmosphere or sudden change of temperature is fraught with danger; use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial. \$1.00 per bottle.

Tom Ochiltree has moved to New York, and will run for congress in one of the city districts next year. Tom will determine which party he will run with as soon as he picks out his district.

About the New Preacher.

"How do you like Brother Jones?" This was what Solomon Smith asked me, I having accepted his invitation to go and hear the new preacher in Smithville. I replied that I liked him very much, for he preached an earnest Gospel sermon.

"But did you see how awkward he was? Why, he knocked the hymn-book off the pulpit with one of his clumsy gestures. And then he used any amount of bad grammar. You did not like that, did you?"

"Of course not. But in spite of these little infelicities of manner and style, he is a grand preacher, and I will tell you why. First of all, he doesn't preach himself. He seems to forget all about himself. He talks and acts like an ambassador who has been sent on a mission, not who claims attention in his own name, nor by reason of any skill that he has in presenting his message, but on account of the message itself, and the dignity and claims of the sender. There is nothing so trying to me as self-consciousness in the pulpit. Better your awkwardness than that. In the second place, I like Mr. Jones because he believes in God. You can see that especially in his prayers. He talks with God just as Abraham did when he stood before him pleading for Sodom. He evidently realizes that the church is God's house, and that God Himself is there in special manner, to welcome His people, and to hear what they have to say to Him. Such prayers make me feel that I am at Bethel, standing by Jacob as he wrestles with the angel of the Lord. It is a great thing, I tell you for a preacher to have such faith in God's presence, as Mr. Jones has, to be able to stand before a congregation so absorbed in communion with God that he forgets all else in the fervor of his devotion.

"I like Mr. Jones in the third place, because he believes that all men are sinners, and he is not afraid to tell them so. How plain and emphatic, and how tender and loving, was his statement that 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint!' I tell you, Solomon, unless a preacher is thoroughly orthodox on depravity, he couldn't do much good. You must make men realize that they are sick, before they will apply to a physician. You must convince them of their sin before you can get them to welcome a Saviour.

"My fourth reason for liking Mr. Jones is that he believes in the Bible. He is constantly appealing to the law and the testimony. His sermon is bristled with quotations. They were not from the theologians, or from the poets, but from the Word of God. When he found a 'Thus saith the Lord' for anything, he was satisfied, and insisted that his hearers ought to be. I am sick of this modern rationalistic style of preaching. We don't want in the pulpit messages from men, but messages from God. I like to hear a preacher who speaks with authority, because he speaks the words of his Master and mine. How absurd for the most learned man to try to prove that which God has proclaimed true in His Holy Book!

"My fifth reason for liking Mr. Jones is that he believes in the assurance of faith. He thinks that, if people are converted, they ought to know it, and be happy in the knowledge. He has no patience with the moping, sighing sort of Christians who hope that they have a hope. He evidently knows in whom he has believed, and is persuaded that God is able to keep him, and he thinks that all ought to have the same knowledge and persuasion.

"I have many more reasons for liking him Mr. Jones, but I will give you only one of them now. He is as indignant as Paul was with the Christians who continue in sin that grace may abound. He believes in our showing our faith by our works. He believes that if we love a holy God, we will want to be like Him. He believes that we ought to be pressing towards the mark for the prize of our high calling; that we ought to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, to perfect holiness in the fear of God. I tell you, Solomon, we have too many poetical preachers, too many pictorial preachers; what we need in this age of abounding worldliness is plain, earnest, pungent Gospel preaching. And when I hear a man in the pulpit who speaks as if God had sent him to try to save a perishing world, I don't criticize his grammar, or his gestures—I honor him as an ambassador of my Lord."—*Occident.*

The burning of Patterson Iron Works is attributed to the English sparrow. The sparrows have been carrying straw and other inflammable stuff and building their nests among the girders, and it is believed that the sparks lodging in these nests caused the fire.

Far better than the harsh treatment of medicines which horribly grip the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach, Dr. J. H. McLean's Chill and Fever cure. Sold at 50 cents a bottle.