

The Jersey Herald.

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

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JACK AND JILL.

"Two figures standing in the bay-window of a country drawing-room; a glorious Summer's sunset was gilding the topmost branches of the trees in the old garden with its last rays, and the chimneys in the village church-tower rang out eight o'clock. Their sound broke a long silence which had reigned in the room, and the young man, fixing his eyes on his girl companion, spoke hurriedly.

"I did not know it was so late! I must be off, or I shall miss my train to town, and my regiment at Portsmouth, and all my chances of getting on in the world. But, by Heaven, I'll do even that, if you will only say to me 'Stay!'"

"But I don't say Stay, Jack; I say Go, Go, and God bless you!"

There was a deep tenderness in her low voice which any man might have been proud to hear, but, because she would not grant him his wish, young Marriott found her harsh and cruel.

"And what's the good of that, if you yourself won't bless me, Jill? What else in the world do I care for but you?"

"Then go and do your duty, and prove yourself worthy of me!"

"But if you will not promise me that you will be mine?" he asked sadly. And Jill went on to answer him in her sweetest, finest way.

"I have told you, Jack, that, though I will not promise now to be your wife, I will promise it to you in five years, or sooner, if you come home; and, till then, you and I are both of us to be free. I know my own heart well enough, and I darsay you think you know yours, but how can you tell with whom you may fall in love while you are away? You are only one-and-twenty now, and I am almost the only girl you have ever known. How can you tell what the world may have to teach you and show you?"

"Oh, my darling! No one else in it can ever be the same to me that you are!"

"Well, then, if you think so after three years, I will be your proud wife. Surely, if we are in earnest, we can be true to each without any formal promise to bind us! And, if we cannot, then it will be ten times better for us never to have been engaged. Now, good-bye, Jack," she added, after a pause. "As you say, if you stay longer, you will really be too late. Good-bye."

"You are so calm and I quiet. Ah, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!" And he seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

She was very calm, certainly, but for all that, when in another moment he was gone and there was no one to see her emotion, she threw herself on the sofa, murmuring between her deep sobs: "Oh! my darling, my darling! And he thinks it is because I do not love him enough. Am I right to treat him so? Is it wise?"

Was she right? Was it wise? At any rate she had sent him away from her. And as he left her that Summer's evening, a bright, splendid, perfect knight, whom any fair lady might well be proud of, she never saw him again.

And yet it was because he was so splendid that she had refused his proposals. Jack was the only child of the squire of the parish, General Marriott; and Jane Armstrong, once named Jill by Jack and afterward universally called so, was the eldest daughter of the rector. The rectory garden was bounded on two sides by the woods around the hall, and, from their childhood, Jack and Jill had been accustomed to play together during the holidays like brother and sister.

When she was seventeen, he passed with credit into the engineers, and when he came back from his first term there, the old relationship between the two was at an end, a change in it being unavoidable, if only: Jill was shy and Jack officious.

The day of wearing his best clothes fighting he was likely to meet her, morning, her flowers from his father's o'clock Rose and grapes from his house where he was, fact, making hot love get milk. He saw the occurrence of the scene

General Marriott saw it all plainly enough, but being fond of Jill, he was well pleased at the prospect of having her for his future daughter-in-law.

It was Jill, only Jill, who saw any hazard in the engagement, although it seemed to her that her whole happiness depended upon it. It was for that very reason she wished to win, not the rash, impetuous, boyish love Jack could give her at present, but the love of his future manhood, of his life. She was so well aware of all the advantages he possessed; his social position which would introduce him into the best society; his physical beauty, his winning grace, his ready wit, which would insure him friends and admirers wheresoever he might be; was it likely that he would always remain true to the everyday English girl who with no especial gifts? Yes, it was likely, Jill thought because she knew something of his character, but it was not certain, for he was untried. Let him be tried, and then if he proved faithful, he should be rewarded by a love as deep as the fathomless sea, as strong as the elements themselves, and faithful unto death. Little did Jack know as he left the rectory gates, that such a gift was his already, whether he ever came back worthy to claim it or not.

And so two years passed away while Jack was in India. They did not write to each other except on birthdays and special occasions, because Jill had forbidden correspondence as likely to make him feel less free. From General Marriott, she heard of him every other week, and he seemed to be well and popular and happy.

Of a young curate, who came to the parish, and after doing his utmost to win Jill's love, left the place in anger and despair, it is needless to write here; his pride was, after all, more wounded by the utter coldness of her manner than his heart smitten by it.

At the end of two years the old Gen., who had been a long time a widower, died, and Jill learned no more now of Jack's welfare, for the hall was entirely closed. At that time, too, the second Afghan war broke out, and his regiment was sent to the front.

Those were anxious days for her, when she daily waited at the rectory gate to meet the old postman who brought the morning paper, and with trembling hands would open it to see if any battle had been fought and what names among the killed or wounded or sick.

At last one evening her brother came back from a neighboring town with the news of the defeat of Marwand; he knew no particulars, and Jill had to wait till the next day in sickening anxiety. She spent the night sleeplessly, but not tearfully, for, if her darling died a soldier's death, why she, a soldier's sweetheart, must be brave, too—if only she could be sure she was his sweetheart still! Surely the war was a special occasion which would have warranted his writing to her. Yet never a line from him had come.

The next morning, when the postman put the paper in her hand, she leaned against an old old chestnut tree in the garden and opened it and read—first, the names of those killed in battle. Thank God, thank God, he was not among them! Then, the seriously wounded. Ha! there it was, one of the very first—Lieutenant John Marriott, of the Royal Engineers! He was suffering agonies in a camp hospital—perhaps dying, or perhaps dead! Oh! why had she not gone out at the beginning of the war, with other ladies as a nurse? Then she might have been with him now, to win him back to life again with her care and tenderness, or to comfort him until the end.

Wish was vain as it was earnest! for she was in her far away English home and must hurry into the school-room to superintend the lessons of her young sister, and into the garden to see about having the Autumn fruits picked for jam-making; and to a dozen other small duties, which make up the sum total of a woman's daily life.

Two days afterward there came great comfort for her in an Indian letter from Jack, written some weeks

before the Marwand disaster, and brimful of good spirits and hope, and these words were at the end of it:

"If I get through the campaign all right and come home again safe and sound, will any time of probation be over then? Tell me, my darling, for indeed, indeed, I am getting weary of it!"

Aye, the time of probation was over, but would he ever know it?

After that, Jill heard nothing of him for over six months, and, although she had not seen any mention of his death in the papers, hope, growing less and less, had almost left her. In spite of her good courage, it was with a white face and a weary step that she went about her duties; she, who was wont to be so cheerful in the days gone by, that she had been called by the family, "Sunshine."

She had now a strange fancy for sitting, toward sunset, alone, in the bay window, where he had last parted from her lover, and one evening—it was a Sunday—having excused herself from going with the rest to church on the plea of fatigue, she lay there in a rocking chair, dreaming sweet day-dreams of that bright, manly young fellow which had looked so entrancing into her eyes, and seeming to hear again his reproachful cry: "Ah, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!"

A day-dream, and yet a reality, for, as she raised her eyes, Jack or else his ghost, was standing beside her!

But it was no ghost who flung his arm round her neck, and repeated again and again:

"My darling! My Jill! my treasure!"

"Oh! Jack, Jack; I thought you would never come!"

"So did I," he said, solemnly. "But look at me, my dear one; I am not the same."

Then she saw that the right sleeve of his coat was hanging empty at his side.

"No, Jack, you are not the same," she said, catching up her breath, "for you are mine now, whatever is in store for either of us. Only forgive me for not having trusted you sooner."

"Yet that was well, my love, because, you see, if we had been promised to each other and I had come back to you like this, why you would have felt obliged to have me, and—perhaps—perhaps—"

"I should never have been so worthless as that, I hope; but doing without you has taught me to value you now, and if the lines have been hard—"

She was crying on his poor wounded shoulder.

"Please God, the hard lines are over for us both; for me they are, at any rate," he whispered, looking down at her fondly and proudly, "for the angels are not all in heaven yet."

The Vanderbilt Children.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, relict of the man, who, when he lived, was the richest man on earth, was a Miss Kissam, daughter of an American clergyman, whose stock was originally English. She had the extreme good fortune to marry Vanderbilt when he was working for his father for \$8,000 a year, poor, dependent and as thoroughly in awe of the old commodore as when he was a lad. She bore Vanderbilt eight children—Margaret, now Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard; Cornelius, William K. Emily, now Mrs. Emily Thorne Sloan, wife of the great carpet dealer; Frederick W. Florence Adele, now wife of W. McK. Twombly, the pushing westerner, now in charge of some of the heavier Vanderbilt interests; Lela, who married Dr. W. Seward Webb, son of the old fighting editor, Dr. James Watson Webb, and now head of the New York Central Parlor Car Company; and George W., the eighth child and fourth son. Not a girl has married who in England is called an "aristocrat"—an idler. Every one of their husbands made his way in the world before he married a Vanderbilt. The boys also took care of themselves.—*The Argonaut.*

Just That.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—"I'm so tired that I should like to retire and sleep for the rest of my life."

Mr. Crimmonbeak—"Well, that's just what you will do, for sleep is just that thing."

"Just what thing?"

"The rest of your life."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FRESH MEN IN CONGRESS.

A Glance at the New Bidders for Statesmanship.

WASHINGTON, November 30th.—The members of Congress are rapidly arriving in the city, and by Saturday night Washington will buzz with the life of the new session.

There are three hundred and twenty-five members in the next House, and of these 168 are Democrats, 153 Republicans and 4 are independents.

The Democrats thus have 15 majority over the Republicans and 11 majority over all. This will make the House a very close one, and the session will be one of the liveliest in our history. The Independent members may be depended upon to go about equally to the Republicans and Democrats.

Anderson, of Iowa, has made Democratic speeches this year, and Hopkins, the Independent member from Virginia, said the other day that he was as good a Democrat as any man in the House. On the other hand, Smith, the Independent member from Milwaukee, will probably affiliate with the Republicans, and it is probable that Nichols, the Independent member from North Carolina, will go in the same direction.

This will make the two parties stand substantially 155 Republicans to 170 Democrats, and the Democratic majority will be 15.

Sam Randall, I am told by a friend who has seen his list, has twenty-eight members of the new House whom he can depend upon, and these come from nine different States scattered over the North and South. In the meantime the Congress contains 130 new members, and the complexion of many of the delegations has been entirely changed.

The New York delegation, which was a tie last year, has eighteen new members. Nineteen of the entire delegation are Republicans and only fifteen Democrats. The Ohio delegation has eight new members, and in Pennsylvania ten out of the twenty-seven are Democrats.

In California the Democrats gain one, and in Kentucky the Republicans have three members instead of the one they had last year. Massachusetts has four Democrats in the place of the two of the last Congress, and the Maine delegation is, as usual, unchanged. The four members of the Maine delegation have served since the 18th Congress and Reed has been in Congress ten years. The Arkansas delegation is unchanged, and there has been no change in the delegation of Florida, Colorado, Nevada and Vermont.

On the other hand only one of the old Minnesota delegation is returned. This is Knute Nelson, the Republican Norwegian, who has it is said, the largest majority of any man in Congress, having had nearly 40,000 more votes than his opponent. Among the other Minnesota men, John Lind, a one-armed soldier and Republican, succeeds Wakefield, a Republican, and the Republican member, Strait, is succeeded by McDonald, a Democrat. Gillilan is succeeded by a Democrat named Rice, of St. Paul, a man sixty years and a jolly good fellow. The Indiana delegation has five new men. Alvin Honey, the Republican who succeeds Mr. Kleiser, a Democrat, was a general in the late war. He is a man sixty years of age, and is possessed of considerable means. Cobb, who declined to be a candidate, is succeeded by a young Democratic lawyer named O'Neal, and the convivial Judge Ward is succeeded by Joseph B. Chadler, a preacher and a prohibitionist. Chadler is already here. [He is a fat, jolly, red-headed fellow, and he is one of the half dozen new red-heads of the House. White, the Republican of Fort Wayne, succeeds Lowry, and Lowry contests his seat on the ground that White was never naturalized. White is an Irishman, stout, heavy-set, dark-faced, and about fifty years of age. He is a lawyer, and is said to be an able man. Benjamin Shively, the Democrat who succeeds Ford, represents the old Calkins district and he will be the tallest man in the House. He is six feet four, and he was in Congress as Calkins's successor. He was then elected as a Greenbacker, but he now returns as a straight Democrat. He is a newspaper man, a bachelor, a good fellow and is not over thirty years of age.]

Iowa has four new men. Geer, the Republican, of Burlington, takes the place of Hall, who, after his defeat for Congress, was appointed by President Cleveland commissioner of patents. Geer dresses well. He has nothing of the wild West about him, and he is said to be a man of ability. Hays, a young Democrat, who succeeds Murphy, of Hennepin Canal fame, has been a young Judge, and he is bright and brainy. A. R. Anderson, the Independent member from Iowa, is the successor of Hepburn, and he takes the place of one of the ablest men in the last delegation. In the campaign Hepburn lost the election through being made to appear to favor corporations, while Anderson was a violent anti-monopolist. He is a young man, and will be married between now and the time Congress meets, and his journey

to Washington will be his wedding tour.

The Kentucky delegation has three Republicans this year instead of one, and five of its men are new. The delegation as it now stands is a very strong one, and Breckinridge, McCree, and Taulbee, who have now learned the ropes, will be leading figures upon the House floor. Taulbee is a Democratic member from the mountain district described in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels. He is a rough diamond, quick, bright and fearless. He does not care what he says and he does not think very kindly of the Administration on account of its civil-service ideas. He was opposed in the last campaign by a one-eyed Republican mountaineer, who had more money than brains, and who could not speak at all.

Taulbee is a good stumper, and the two had joint meetings. Taulbee would denounce the Republican party in most eloquent terms, and his one-eyed opponent, who, with his long hair hanging over his shoulders and his trousers in his boots, stood beside him on the platform, would only remark: "Taulbee, that's a blanked, blanked lie, and you know it."

A. B. Montgomery is a Democrat who succeeds Tom Robertson, of the last Congress, and Asher Cantrill, of Louisville, has the place of Willis. Willis was a good, hard-working fellow, but his support of Virginia Thompson, the post-mistress of Louisville, was partially the cause of his defeat. Cantrill is a bright fellow. He is young and handsome, and is said to be a fine speaker. He comes of one of the old families of Kentucky, and I am told he was the only man in Louisville who could have beaten Willis. He is noted as a criminal lawyer, and is a man of means as well as brains.

The Massachusetts delegation is also strong, and among its newcomers are Henry Cabot Lodge, the litterateur, and Leopold Morse, who has so often been in Congress before. Morse is one of the most popular men in Boston, and he defeated Judge Ranney, who conducted the Pan-Electric investigation last year. Morse was a candidate only two weeks. He came home from Europe, and in the district which gave Ranney 6,000 majority two years ago, was elected by about 2,000 majority. Morse came to this country from Bavaria poor, and has made a very large fortune by selling clothing. Pat Collins is back, and hopes to be chairman of the district committee. Charley Allen, who showed himself a great friend of the Indians during the last session, will return this year and promises to make his mark. Edward Burnett, the Democrat who succeeds Ely (Republican) is a son of the Cocaine man, and his father is said to be worth a million. Burnett is a gentleman farmer by profession. He is about forty years old, of medium height, rather slender form, and dark, cultured face. John E. Russel is another rich man, and must be a bright one, for he defeated Rice, a Republican, in a strong Republican district.

In Michigan there are five new members. Maybury, of Detroit, is succeeded by Judge John Logan Chipman, who is said to be a man of ability and an orator. Eldridge's place was taken by a Republican named Allen, and the rich furniture man, Comstock, is succeeded by a young Democrat named Ford, who is also rich, and who has a fortune in law and lumber. Mark S. Brewer, the Republican who succeeds Winans, has been in Congress before, and Justin R. Whitting, who takes Carleton's place, is also a Democrat and a lawyer.

In Mississippi Gen. Charley Hooker represents the Jackson district, and he will be one of the finest actors of this Congress. He has been in Congress before, and his speeches have often gone ringing around the country. Gen. Singleton, who was perhaps one of the oldest members in point of service in the last Congress, is succeeded this year by a Democrat named Anderson, and Van Eaton's successor is a Democrat named Stockdale, who is six feet tall, and who is said to be bright.

The Missouri delegation has only two new men out of fourteen and these are both Democrats. O'Neill, the poor man's friend, is back. Glover, who married Miss Hutton, has set up an establishment of his own in Washington, and Bland, the silver dollar man, is happy in the prospect that the secretary of the treasury will recommend the continuance of his dollar. Weaver, of Nebraska, is succeeded by John A. McShane, of Omaha, a rich newspaper man, who comes from Ohio originally and whose brain is said to sparkle like his own red head. He has made his money in cattle and owns a number of ranches. He will entertain, I understand, quite extensively. During his last campaign his opponent was a son of the late Postmaster General Howe.

In New Jersey there is one new member in the person of John Kean, Jr., who takes the place of Governor Green, the Democrat. Kean is rich, well dressed, and a great friend of

William Walter Phelps. He will rank with McCadoo as one of the young men of Congress, and McCadoo, by the way, will be one of the bright men of the next House. One of the old men of the next House will come from California in the person of Gen. Vandever, who was a Representative from Maryland in the 36th Congress, and who was a colonel in the Union army in 1861.

Another old California member will be Marion Biggs, who succeeds Louttit. Biggs met Sam Randall in the Capitol to-day and asked for some advice about the rules. Said he: "Mr. Randall, I have been a member of the California Legislature for years and I know the rules there. I don't know them here, and I will have to depend upon you old members to post me."

"Well," replied Randall, "I have been here for twenty-four years and I don't know anything about them yet. If you can master them you are a better man than I am."

Connecticut has a red head in the successor of Buck, and, like McShane, of Omaha, he is also a newspaper man. Waite, of Connecticut, who was the oldest man of the last Congress, is succeeded by Charles A. Russell, and Carlos French, who succeeds Mitchell, is said to be rich. He will take a house and will entertain. The new man from Delaware is the son of a Congressman. He is about 45 years of age and is a great friend of Secretary Bayard. And in Louisiana we have an instance of a father being elected to Congress, and dying before he takes his seat, his son is elected in his stead. This case is that of S. M. Robertson, the Democratic member from Baton Rouge. E. W. Robertson, his father, was elected to succeed Iron, and his boy takes his place. Gen. Napoleon Bonaparte Floyd King is succeeded this year by a Democrat, who has the epithetous name of Charabuso. Newton, and Michael Mahan's Republican Louisiana district is this year represented by a Democrat of New Orleans named Lagau.

In the Pennsylvania delegation Gen. Charles R. Buckalew has been in the United States Senate, and that as far back as 1850, and Smedley Darlington, the man who succeeds Everhart, will make a gesture with every word he utters. He is rich and has several pretty daughters. In Ohio Ben Lefevre's successor will be a young probate judge from Lima, who, in the words of one of the House, will not be so large as Lefevre in stomach, but having in brain, and Geddes will be succeeded by a lawyer of Norwalk, Ohio. The most notable man among the new Ohioans will be Robert P. Kennedy, a tall, black-whiskered, fine-looking Republican, who made something of a reputation while he presided over the State Senate, and in Illinois we have Jehu Baker as Morrison's successor.

Baker was a member of the 39th Congress, and he has been a minister to one of the South American countries. He is 65 years old, but his years have not injured his fighting qualities. He thrashed a newspaper man after his election because of a letter which the young man had published during the campaign, and there is iron in his muscles still, though the lack of it has turned his hair to gray.

Virginia has a son of Robert E. Lee, who takes the place of Barbour, and who is six feet tall and weighs 210 pounds. Yost, who succeeds Randolph Tucker as a Republican, was defeated by Tucker two years ago, and he only gets the election because Tucker declined to run. Hopkins, the Independent, who carried the district of Senator Daniel, is a small peak-nosed man of some ability and with a decided sympathy for the laboring men; and in West Virginia Charles E. Hogg, a Democrat, takes the place of Gibson.

It is said that Reid, the North Carolina defaulting member of the last Congress, was in Washington the other day. His place will now be held by a Republican named Brewer, who defeated him for re-election before his default was discovered. Reed will, it is said, settle in New York. Louis E. Latham, a Democrat, succeeds O'Hara, the colored Republican, and in South Carolina the portly negro Smalls is succeeded by William Elliott, a Democratic lawyer and a bright fellow. Smalls had 10,000 majority two years ago, but his colored friends became jealous of him and Elliott was elected.

In Tennessee, Senator Whitthorne will come again to the House. James Phelan, one of the richest men of Memphis and red-headed, has been elected as an Anti-Harris man, and the fussy Republican, Pettibone, is succeeded by a Republican named Butler. Texas will still have one of the tallest Congressmen in Charley Stewart, and it will have one of the queerest in Judge Reagan's successor. This man denies the statement that he blew out the gas at Willard's Hotel. He wears, however, a broad-brimmed hat, and his clothes look as though they were bought when he was married. He looks two minutes into your eyes before he answers

your questions; but I am told that he is a singed cat, and that he will make the eagle scream when he takes the floor.

In the New York delegation the rich Wall street broker, Stephen V. White, succeeds Darwin R. James, and Amos J. Cummins has the seat of Nick Miller. Gen. Bryen, a well-crossed young man and well-to-do, will have the seat of John J. Adams, and Gen. Spinola will sit in the chair of Aram S. Howitt, Bourke Cockran, who represented Kelly so well at Chicago, has the 12th district of New York city, and Ashbel P. Fitch, a Republican lawyer, will take the place of Gen. Viole. Popkins, of the 17th district, is said to be rich, and Burleigh will be succeeded by Greenman, and, I understand, it was very much to Burleigh's surprise, indeed, Frank Hiscock's place is taken by James J. Belden, of Syracuse, another rich man, and Newton W. Nutting, who has been in Congress before, will have the seat of Serezo Payne.

The House, as a whole, will size up very well mentally with those of preceding Congresses, and it is the general opinion among the members that its average ability will be superior to that of the 44th Congress.—*New York World.*

Miss-a-brace.

The Pomp of power—An athletic negro.

Keeps Still—The moonlight whiskey manufacturer.

Open to question—The mouth of an inquisitive person.

One of Ruskin's pencils: "It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born."

The roughest roads are those we have not travelled over.

The fly is generally acknowledged to be an aspirant for the crown.

You can smell some men's "smiles," even when you can't see them.

The man who depends upon himself is seldom disappointed in his friends.

What is the proper length for ladies' crinolines? A little above two feet.

Oh, why don't more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths.

People of culture will discard the vulgar termination and say "crystalline man."

It is better to put your money into the trust than to put your trust into your money.

Two heads are better than one if a person is desirous of entering the freak business.

If time is money some men have enough to start a bank.

Why is a small boy like a drum? Because the harder you beat it the more noise it makes.

There is no better cure for dyspepsia than the knowledge that there is nothing to eat in the house.

A woman never divulges a secret. As soon as anything confidential is told her it ceases to be a secret right there.

It may be that "a woman's work is never done," but man's work is always done.

Never disturb a contemplative man. It is not safe to get near a train of thought when it is in motion.

Sometimes a woman belongs to the upper set, and then again the upper set belongs to the woman.

An exchange makes no mistake when it says: "An application of warm buckwheat cakes is better than a liver put through these frosty mornings."

The waves of old ocean are by no means ready to sleep when they put their white caps on.

A society girl says that autumn leaves may be very beautiful, but they are not nearly so nice as 10 o'clock leaves.

"Does your husband swear as much as ever?" Swear! Why I can't keep a parrot two weeks in the house."

The older a man gets the more difficult it is to pull the wool over his eyes. He has a good deal less wool you know.

Paris is to have a three-story crematory. It is supposed the upper classes will insist upon being cremated in the upper story.

In the bright lexicon of the base ball player a home run in time save the nine.

Jay Gould has landed in England, but Queen Victoria still retains a controlling interest in the throne.

St. John remarks that the Prohibitionists will go into the next Presidential campaign with ardent spirits.

Misses (to applicant)—"And what is your name? Applicant—Mary Brown, mum; we spell it wid the 'e.'"

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he also gets more pay.