

Major Redmond Coming Home.

Judge W. G. Field, of Pickens, who, although not a moonshiner, has been the fast friend of Lewis R. Redmond, the famous moonshine chief, sticking to him when others had forgotten him, was in the city yesterday. He has positive assurances that Maj. Redmond will be transferred from Auburn prison where he is serving a ten years' sentence, to the penitentiary at Columbia within the next fortnight. The removal will be made on the recommendation of the Surgeon of Auburn, who says that Major Redmond's lungs are seriously injured, the left one being almost entirely gone, and that he will not live out the remaining eight years of his term unless he is taken to a milder climate. Judge Melton has taken an interest in the case, and cordially aided the efforts to save the repentent prisoner's life.

Mrs. Redmond, with her three children, is living with a relative in Pickens county, and as soon as her husband reaches Columbia Judge Field wishes to take her down to meet him.

William Kelly, the man sent from Pickens to Auburn for two years and eight months for shooting Deputy Marshall Gary, has served out his time, less six months commutation for good conduct, and was in town to the circus yesterday, having gained thirty pounds of flesh, lots of experience and a fine suit of clothes during his incarceration. He says Major Redmond's wounded leg has straightened so far as to allow him to touch his foot to the ground. The Major is learning shoemaking, and Kelly wore a pair of boots made by him yesterday, having obtained them by special request. He brought with him a very handsome cane made of steel and leather by Major Redmond and sent as a present to his friend Judge Field.—Greenville News.

Dead on the Track.

Early yesterday morning when the train from Charlotte due here at 6 a. m., was approaching the city the engineer discovered a man lying between the rails. The signal was given "to flag" and the brakes applied but the train was not stopped until it had run seventy-five yards beyond the man. The engineer and train hands ran back and discovered the body lying between two cross-ties and in such position that neither the head nor feet touched the rails. The body was cold and rigid showing it had been dead for some time. In all probability freight train No. 20 which arrives from Charlotte at Greenville at 9.50 p. m., struck the unconscious sleeper and hurled him into eternity. He was found about 20 paces west from where the fragments of the jug were, and had evidently been rolled over and over by the train without getting under the wheels. Marks of blood could be found every few steps, and where the body lay quite a quantity of blood had soaked into the ground. Portions of his clothing were scattered along the track westwardly for a distance of two hundred yards, his vest being found at the crossing of the road. The deceased was a hard working, industrious man, a farmer by occupation and indulged only in periodical spree. He leaves a wife and five children, the oldest not being more than nine years of age.

The body was that of Edward D. McKittrick, about 35 years of age, and a resident of Greer's Station, living just beyond the line, in Spartanburg county.—Greenville News.

"I haven't heard anything from you in some time," wrote an Arkansas father to his son, "and I fear that you are dead." "No, I am not dead," the young man replied, "but I am sentenced to be hanged next week. If you can spare the time, come over. There will be quite a crowd and you may meet some of your old friends."—Arkansas Traveler.

Job work of all kinds done at this office.

ANOTHER CIRCUS TRAGEDY.—Columbia register: A couple of North Carolinians were at Walhalla Wednesday night with a wagon load of apples. One of them got full of apple jack, or some equally inebriating beverage, and wanted to clean out Sell's circus, which was on exhibition there, wild animals elephants and everything connected with it, but he was persuaded not to take an advantage of the circus. Before daylight on Thursday the party, with their team of a horse and mule, got three miles from Walhalla and endeavored to cross the railroad in front of the down train when the locomotive struck the team, killing the horse and crippling the mule beyond recovery. The front of the wagon was torn off. The driver, seeing his danger, jumped from the wagon and was struck on the arm by a piece of the vehicle. The fellow who wanted to wipe up the ground with the whole circus outfit jumped out of the rear of the wagon, and had not been heard from when the up train reached the scene Thursday afternoon.

CONSCIENCE WHISPERS.—It was an Ohio man, who, when a terrible storm began one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out:

"Jones, this is the ending up of earth!"

"I am afraid it is," was the reply.

"And what shall we do?"

"Make our peace with heaven."

The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake, and the excited man exclaimed:

"Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall?"

"Yes."

"And you have your suspicion?"

"I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up."

"Can you forgive him?"

"I can."

"Well—"

Here the wind suddenly dropped, and after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished. Yes, if ever I meet him, I'll advise him to call around."

WRESTLING WITH A TELEGRAPH POLE.—It was midnight, and the situation near the "World" office. The man was fearfully and wonderfully full. He walked up to the fire-alarm signal box and placed a nickel in it. Then he sat down on the curbstone.

"Why don't the car start?"

He received no answer.

"Why don't the car start?"

Still no answer.

"Gimme back me fare, then?"

It was not returned.

Then he jumped up, grabbed the telegraph pole around the waist and attempted to trip it up. There was a spirited tugging for several seconds, and then he had made a terrific kick at the "feet" of his adversary; and the result was that he kicked himself over his own head.

He picked himself up and moved off, saying:

"Yer smarter conductor than I thought yer wuz, but I believe now that I'd a throwed yer, if yer coat hadn't come off yer."

IT RESTED WITH THE COURT.—"Have you got any family?" asked a young Austin lawyer of a colored man whom he was appointed by the court to defend, the latter being charged with having stolen a horse.

"I've not got no family yet. I looks to you for dat."

"Look to me to supply you with a family!"

"I looks to you an'de jury."

"What kind of stuff is that you are talking?"

"Hit's just what I says. Miss Matildy Snowball says ef I only gits a yeah in the penopentiary she'll wait fur me, but ef I gets moah, den she's gwine ter marry de berry fust niggab what comes along. So yer sees, boss, what a 'sponsibility dar am restin' on yer."

A SPECIMEN COMPOSITION.—The following is a verbatim et literatim copy of a note recently received by a young lady of this place, from one of the too utterly intense dudes sojourning in the community:

Miss —. My most adorable de-
vine effulgence of beauty will you con-
desendingly to desend so far from
your native dignity as to allow your
humble admirer the supreme felicity of
escorting you to preaching next
wednesday night

Yours Very
respectfully

Sept — 1883

A SINECURE.—A certain physician,
who has not got much practice hired
a small colored boy to accompany him
in his visits, and hold his horse.

"How does yer like yer new place?"
asked the boy's mother when he came
home on Saturday night.

"I likes it fustrate. We neber has
to stop at de houses at all like the
udder doctors. I jess gits all de riden
I wants" was the reply.—Austin Sif-
ings.

—The chap understood human
nature quite well when he re-
marked: "When your pocket
book is empty, and everybody
knows it, you can put all your
friends in it, and it won't bulge
out worth a cent."

Get your Bill-heads, Letter-
heads, Note-heads, Envelopes, Busi-
ness cards, Visiting cards, Invitation
cards, blank Postal cards, Circulars,
Posters, Handbills, Blanks, &c., done
at THE MESSENGER office, with neat-
ness and despatch, and as cheap as any-
where this side of Charleston.

—A philosopher who had married a
vulgar girl used to call her "brown sug-
ar," because, he said, "she was sweet,
but unrefined."

—Never propose to a girl in writing.
It is "present company" that is "al-
ways accepted."

—The weakest spot in any man is
where he thinks himself the strongest.

BLACKSMITHING

In all its branches, done by
JAMES ROSEMOND.

Easley, S. C.

Give him a call and satisfaction will
be given, both as to work and charges.
Oct 12—12m

**A WORD
TO THE PUBLIC
FROM
OWNBEY BROS.**

A visit to Ownbey Bros. will con-
vince you that we can sell you GOODS
as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST. Our
stock is now complete, consisting of
Flour, Bacon, Lard, Coffee, Sugar
Canned Goods of every description,
Plain and Fancy andies in endless
variety, Hardware, Tin and Hollow-
ware. A full line of

STOVES

that compete with Greenville prices.
Our line of Tobacco and Segars is
large and varied, and will be sold at
prices that will induce all to buy. If
you need anything in the shape of
Farming implements, we keep it. We
keep a full line of Clocks, and will sell
them cheap. Jewelry to please all—
both in style and price.

And please to remember that we pay
the highest market price for produce.
We have no house rent nor clerk hire
to pay, and can sell you any thing we
keep at the very lowest prices.

Very respectfully,

OWNBEY BROS.

Oct 12—12m

ALL PARTIES

Indebted

To us for

GUANO,

GOODS

AND

SUPPLIES,

either by Note

or Account,

Are earnestly re-

quested to call and

SETTLE AT ONCE.

Don't wait for us to

call on you—it is un-

pleasant for both you

and us—but come

right along and

PAY UP,

so that we

may be able to

"RUN"

YOU AGAIN

next year.

W. M. Hagood & Co.

EASLEY, S. C.

Nov 2—tf