The Easley Messenger.

Truth, like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines.

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The Easley Messenger.

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Never Mind What "They" Say.

Don't worry and fret,
  About what people think
Of your ways or your means—
  Of your food or your drink.
If you know you are doing
  Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
  Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning
  Your plans for each hour,
And never forget
  That old time is a power,
This also remember
  'Mong truths old and new—
The world is too busy
  To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes
  That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimage
  Honor's bright flowers.
Should grumblers assure you
  Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
  Never mind what "they" say.

Too many have loitered,
  Until the ebb tide,
While seeking opinions
  From those at their side,
Too many good swimmers
  Have chosen to sink,
Because they are martyrs
  To "what people think."

Then let us, forgetting
  The insensate throng,
That joistles us daily
  While marching along,
Press onward and upward,
  And make no delay—
And though people talk,
  Never mind what "they" say.

—The trial at Charlotte, N. C., of Mr. J. E. Adams, late ticket agent of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and Capt. Oscar Nesbit, late conductor on the Air Line road, that was set for a hearing before the Inferior Court on the 26th instant, will not be heard, having been continued to the next term of Court by reason of a confession, and of a sudden, startling turn in the aspect of the case, involving other parties besides Adams and Nesbit.—News and Courier.

—He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named their baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

[From the Constitution.]

ARP'S THANKSGIVING.

A Day full of Thanksgivings and Joy.

Thanksgiving day was bright and lovely. The blessed sun gave us a warm and genial light all the day long. The fields so green with tender wheat seemed happier for the day and made a beautiful contrast with the autumn leaves that still linger upon the trees that adorn the hills and mountains around us. Dame Nature is very kind to us for even in midwinter she spreads a carpet that does not fade and is always grateful to the sight. It was a good day to give thanks in the country as well as the town. We dident have any turkey at our house, but we had a good dinner, nevertheless, and Mrs. Arp made an old-fashioned sliced potato pie with her own little number two hands, and when she makes a pie it is always fit for a king. At least it is salubrious and respectful to say so, and I always do it. Thanksgiving day is one of the mile stones that mark the journey of life. Old father Time don't stop, but he makes his mark—he cuts another notch and goes on. His tally sheet is never closed. Like the song of the brook he can say:

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Thanksgiving day is the day for the nation to observe—for there is no sect or class or color who can reasonably refuse to be thankful once a year. Some folks do not respect the Sabbath, some have no reverence for Christmas, some care nothing for the 4th of July or St. Patricks day, or the passover, but any man or woman, or child, who is out of jail and has enough to eat can afford to be thankful and ought to be thankful. If a man does not believe in God or immortality he can still be thankful—thankful to nature and her beneficent laws—thankful for sunlight and air and water, and the seasons that come and go and bring us food and clothing, thankful for liberty of conscience, and the capacity to think and plan and enjoy. A poet who loved nature said:

"The world is very lovely; Oh, my God,
  I thank Thee that I live."

And it is lovely. It was made to please us as well as to sustain us. I don't know where in it I could be bettered, unless we were better. It wouldent exactly suit angels, who don't eat anything nor wear store clothes, but it suits us. I never see a rose or lily or a beautiful evergreen or a bird of bright plumage, I never listen to the sweet trains of melody, but what I think that all these things are extras, something thrown in and not down in the bills, something we dident deserve and could have got along without. And then there are pearls and diamonds, and delicious fruit and oysters, and silks and satins and women, beautiful women, all extras and made especially for man, that is at first. But woman was made, she came in for a share, of course, and monopolised most all of the pretty things and captured man besides.

A man don't have to be rich to be thankful. A poor man with good health is better off than most of the rich men that I know. Health is worth more than riches, and the account is pretty equally balanced all round. A man who is squeezing along and making a comfortable living has no excuse for grumbling. I know a good many bright-faced men who work hard and don't get ahead any. They hold their own and raise up their children and keep pegging away and take life happily. I met a man the other day in your town, an old friend, and I love to meet him, for his face is like a full moon and he carries weight wherever he goes, and when he speaks you can hear him and says he to me: "William, my old friend, I want you to come to see me and let us talk about the old school days and revive those old recollections and resurrections and interjections as it were. I am over here now with Maddox & Rucker, working in Cotton King cotton; you never saw the like in your life, the biggest warehouse in the State and there's cotton in the cellar and over the cellar and under the cellar and up stairs and down stairs, and in the loft and all over the platforms, and in the street and on the sidewalk, and I want you to see the avenues and revenues, and corridors and tunnels, and vestibules and Synagogues, as it were, running all through the length and breadth of that warehouse. They tell us there is a short crop, but there is enough cotton in that warehouse to make it a full crop and more too, as it were. I've traveled all over the world of late, plum from Dahlonega to West Point, and away down to McDonough and up to Big Shanty and about and about, as it were, and I tell you there is cotton everywhere. I havent seen the half of it, but I've seen enough to make a shirt apiece for all creation and have several yards left as it were. The country is in a hopeful state and condition, and I'm proud to see it, and this here city of Atlanta is progressing and exagerating, as it were, and is likely to be the foremost inland portfolio of the world. There is the Kimball house and capitol, and "The Constitution" building and the Armory going ahead, and Maddux and Rucker have gotten things in a swing. Dr. Evens come round here the other day and perused this vast concourse of cotton bales all standing up on end so orderly and uniform and he said it reminded him of a congregation of people at camp meeting, only they were more quiet, and there was more money in em.,'

Thanksgivingday served a double purpose at my house for it was the birthday of one of our hopeful children, and we surprised him with a new gun, and of course he wanted to go out and kill something right away. He brought home a partridge and a yaller-hammer and a rabbit, and made the feathers fly out of a big hawk. These boys are always making the feathers fly and they kill more birds they can't find than what they do find. Give a boy a dog and a gun and he is happy. These birthdays come mighty thick in my family, and Mrs. Arp thinks a heap more of em than I do. Well, that's natural enough I reckon, for she had more to do with em than I did, but poor folks' children ought to all be born on the 29th of February and they wouldent come round so often. Nevertheless, we must all do the best we can for the offspring and be thankful.

BILL ARP.

—Time is money, but how little set store by it. If one of the hours wasted each day on trifles or indolence was devoted to improvement it would make a man wise in ten years.

—Next to love, sympathy is divinest passion of the human heart.

THE ALLEGED INFANTICIDE AT CENTRAL.—On Wednesday "The News" published an account of the discovery of the remains of an infant in the back yard of a house at Central. At the time of the publication no arrests had been made. The following in "Charlotte Observer" confirms the statement made by "The News" that proper steps would be taken to arrest the suspected parties:

"Considerable excitement was created down the Air Line road Thursday night over the arrest of Miss Gunthrop, at Black's Station on a charge of infanticide. She was carried to Central, on the Air Line road, for trial. It appears that Miss Gunthrop, who is a daughter of the bridge builder of the Air Line road, resided with her mother at Central. Some weeks ago the family moved from Central to Black's Station, and the house vacated by them was moved into a few days afterwards by another family, who at once began to clean up the premises, and in doing so made a shocking discovery. In a pile of rubbish in the back yard they discovered the body of an infant in a partial state of decomposition, showing that it had been there for several days. It was buried but a few inches under the trash and its head was split entirely in two pieces, showing that an infanticide had been committed. The news of the discovery created a great excitement, and suspicion at once pointed to Miss Gunthrop as the mother of the child and the murderer. A number of suspicious circumstances were developed which led to her arrest at Black's Station night before last. Her mother, Mrs. Gunthrop, was also placed under arrest and carried to Central to stand trial as accomplice."—Greenville Daily News.

ARTEMUS WARD'S TRIP TO BOSTON.—While a great observer of men, and one of the most keen readers of character, Brown took comparatively little notice of places and other objects of interest. A lady who knew him well said that had a beggar in rags been seated by the most beautiful statue, he would have seen the beggar first. This neglect of places several times brought him to grief. Once, when going from Waterford to Boston, he went on board a Steamer at Portland late in the evening, and at once retired to his stateroom. A storm was threatening and the boat did not leave. He arose early in the morning and, going out upon the landing, called a hackman and asked to be conveyed to the Revere house. And not until he had broke the second commandment and had threatened to break the fifth, could he be persuaded that he was yet in Portland.—Scribner.

—There are nineteen railroad Presidents and Directors in the new House of Representatives. One of these gentlemen is a Director of eight railroad companies. Twenty-four are either Presidents or Directors of national banks. Five are interested in other large corporations. Among two-thirds of the members of the House, not including any of the above, there are 145 lawyers

—We cannot become liberal unless we avoid petty motives.

—Honesty of purpose must not be held as evidence of ability.

—Fools will often make success where prudent people fail.