

# The Easley Messenger.

TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

VOL. 1.]

EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1884.

[NO. 19.]

## Advice to A Bachelor.

BY W. B. DERRICK.

You ask me, sir, to write for you  
A poem or a song;  
I'll now comply, if this will do,  
But will not make it long;  
For, if I should let loose my thoughts,  
Which close their virgils keep,  
You would, I fear to grief be brought,  
Or else—would fall asleep!

You are quite fair, (the ladies say!)  
And I presume you're human,  
But why, dear sir, do you delay  
To get yourself a woman?  
Just think of all the pretty girls,  
And of their lovely charms,  
And their switches, bangs and curls,  
And—clasp one in your arms.

From top to toe, I do declare,  
You might, my darling lad,  
Possess one of those ladies fair,  
And two in one make glad;  
And this the scriptures bade you do,  
As sure as you're a sinner,  
So now proceed to win and woo  
Some one to cook your dinner.

You're going to a Western State  
To seek your fortune there,  
But first, you should select a mate  
Your joys and griefs to share.  
I've now advised you for your good,  
And hope you'll profit by it;  
To do so, it is to understand,  
The best way is to try it.

## Selected Story.

### A DESERVED REBUFF.

"Married?"

"Yes, Married!"

"But, Fred, it is impossible!"  
cried Guyon Martindale, with a  
troubled countenance.

"It is not only possible," said his  
younger brother, irritably, "but it  
is true. I was married to her in  
last February. Of course, during  
our mother's lifetime I preserved  
the secret religiously. She wanted  
me to marry Hilda Bonhair. How  
could I tell her that I had already  
wedded a penniless girl, without  
lineage or social standing? But  
my mother is dead and I feel that  
I shall not be long in following  
her."

"Do not be despondent, Fred.  
The doctor says that—"

"Oh, hang the doctor, with his  
solemn face and his six-syllabled  
phrases!" impatiently interrupted  
Martindale. "I tell you I am dy-  
ing, and I want you to go to Cedar  
Clove and bring Cora here."

"Of course, if it will relieve your  
mind," said Guyon Martindale,  
slowly.

"And lose no time," added his  
brother.

"My poor little Cora! I never  
should have left her there by her-  
self. I should have risked every-  
thing for her sake, as she risked  
everything for mine."

"What sort of a girl is she, Fred?"

"A jewel," feverishly answered  
the sick man, as he tossed to and  
fro on his pillow. "A girl with a  
heart of gold, and beauty of Hebe!  
Stop a minute! I have the address  
here in my pocketbook. It is a  
farm-house on the catskill road—a  
weary journey; but you won't  
mind it, for my sake, Guy. And  
be sure that you break it to her  
gently. Poor Cora—poor little  
thing! It will be a dreadful shock  
to her."

So Captain Guyon Martindale  
left his brother to the care of his  
trained valet and hired nurse who  
had been brought from Philadelphi-  
a, and traveled up into the Cats-  
kills in search of his brother's un-  
known wife.

"Fred was always a creature of  
impulse," he told himself. "Led by  
the first pair of bright eyes that  
came in his way. And either this  
woman was a manoeuvring schem-  
er, or a silly, simpering doll. It  
is a pity that such a complication  
should develop itself just now."

Cedar Clove was a wild wooded  
gorge, reached only by a winding,  
circuitous road. The Carson farm-  
house stood on a plateau of land  
surrounded by pines and birches.  
An old negress opened the door to  
him.

"Miss Cora? She done gone out-  
en de farm-yard," said Casy, "arter  
de red calf. 'Stonishing how offen  
dat calf gits into de wegitable gar-  
ding! If marse wants to see Miss  
Cora, he'd better go to de farm-  
yard."

And she closed the door in his  
face, as if that were the end of the  
matter.

The voice of sweet, girlish  
laughter at the back of the house  
served as a guide to our bewildered  
hero, and here in the farm-yard he  
found the farmer's daughter, tying  
up a big-eyed young Alderney.

"You're a dreadful rogue! Sweet-

ie!" said she, shaking her pretty  
brown finger at the resisting calf;  
'but you'll not cheat me again—no,  
never again!"

So Captain Martindale stood  
and looked at the lithe, graceful  
figure, in its worn calico gown, the  
blooming young face half hidden by  
the wide-brimmed sun-bonnet,  
with a thrill of mingled admiration  
and disgust.

Yes, she was as beautiful as a  
Peri—there could be no question  
about that. But her coarse boots,  
her sunburned hands! The idea of  
Fred Martindale's wife in single  
combat with a red Alderney calf.

Captain Guyon's fastidious soul  
revolted from all this. And in the  
moment, Cora Carson turned and  
saw him.

He advanced toward her.

"You are Mrs. Frederic Martin-  
dale?" he asked.

She colored vividly.

"Then," she cried, "you know it  
all? But I cannot tell who you are."

"I am your husband's brother,"  
said he, coldly.

"Captain Guyon Martindale?"

She held out her hand, but he  
did not take it.

"The same. And I have come to  
escort you to your husband," he  
added, the sentiment of antipathy  
seeming to grow stronger and more  
strong as he spoke on. "He is ill,  
and desires to have you with him.  
And you will oblige me by making  
every preparation as promptly as  
possible."

Cora looked at him, the color  
varying in her cheeks like white  
and red banners.

"Is—is he dead?" she faltered

"No," Captain Martindale an-  
swered, shortly. "What a very fool-  
ish question to ask!"

"Yes. I dare say I am foolish,"  
said Cora, clinging to the fence,  
and quite heedless of the pet Ald-  
erney, which was seeking in her  
pocket for apples. "But—but it  
was so sudden! Yes, I will go  
with you."

So Captain Martindale took this  
lonely uncultivated sister-in-law of  
his to her husband's death-bed.

"She must have lived all her life  
in these wildernesses!" he thought.  
'Her gloves don't fit; her boots are  
outlandishly shaped, and the cut of  
her gown is something positively

pre-Raphaelite! She might be pret-  
ty if she was decently dressed; but  
as it is I can only wonder how on  
earth Fred ever fancied her!"

Poor little Cora! She was only  
seventeen. She never had been  
out of the Catskills until now.  
Frederic Martindale had fallen in  
love with her, and, stung by the  
rivalry of some rustic swain, had  
married her while on a hunting ex-  
cursion in the mountains, and she  
scarcely knew how to comport her-  
self in these changed circumstan-  
ces. And when at last Fred died,  
the third day after her arrival at  
Cape May—she felt herself ship-  
wrecked on the shores of the great  
world.

"Black dresses?" she said.  
'Crape bonnets? But, Captain  
Martindale, I have no money to  
buy these things.'

'Your husband has left you suffi-  
cient to maintain you comfortably,'  
said Guyon, coldly. 'Every widow  
is expected to wear mourning.'

So there she sat, listless and si-  
lent while the milliners and dress-  
makers surrounded her with bil-  
lows of black crape and inky rolls  
of Henrietta cloth; and one even-  
ing she heard the family lawyer,  
who had arrived in the evening  
train, talking to her brother-in-law  
on the verandah below.

"Poor Fred! poor lad!" said Mr.  
Tape, sonorously blowing his nose.  
'I never was so surprised in my  
life as to hear that he was married.  
What sort of a girl is she now?'

'She belongs to the milkmaid  
genus,' said Captain Martindale,  
scornfully. 'How Fred ever came  
to marry her, I can't imagine.'

'Pretty?'

'Rather; but coarse and com-  
mon. She has no style, no educa-  
tion, no polish. What I am to do  
with her, I'm sure I don't know.  
It is a positive misfortune to be  
left with such an incubus on one's  
hands.'

So far Cora had listened; then  
she sprang up, clasping both hands  
over her ears.

'He need not fear,' she thought  
with cheeks tingling as if every  
drop of blood in her veins were a  
separate needle thrust. 'I will nev-  
er be a burden to him. I will ac-  
cept Aunt Melinda's offer to go to

[CONCLUDED ON 2ND PAGE.]