

# Easley Messenger.

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

VOL. 1.]

EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1884.

[NO. 23.]

## A Poetical Wedding.

A couple were married in Ohio, recently, it is said, in the following poetical style :

MINISTER.

This woman wilt thou have,  
And cherish her for life;  
Wilt love and comfort her,  
And seek no other wife?

SHE.

This woman will I take  
That stands beside me now;  
I'll find her board and clothes,  
And have no other "frow."

MINISTER.

And for your husband will  
You take this nice young man,  
Obey his slightest wish  
And love him all you can?

SHE.

I'll love him all I can,  
Obey him all I choose,  
And when I ask for funds  
He never must refuse.

MINISTER.

Then you are man and wife,  
And happy may you be!  
As many be your years  
As dollars is my fee.

## Selected Story.

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

She was the proudest woman I ever knew. Poor and proud the Kathleen Langley; but the adopted child of a very wealthy aunt, she had never felt the chilly blasts of poverty; probably never would since now she was the betrothed of Arthur Fanshawe, and his name was good for a million.

I had been Kathleen's intimate friend and chosen companion ever since our schooldays, to me there had never been so true and dear a friend. But I could not shut my eyes to her besetting sin—pride. In vain I argued with her, lectured her on its evils. She had always listened patiently, but with a sarcastic gleam in her brown eyes, and when I had finished she would tap her head on my knee and smile up into my face mischievously.

"Dear old Menton!" she would say; "it's no use. Pride was the sole heritage left me, and, though it wreck all my happiness, I cannot conquer it."

One day she came to my side and held up one white finger encircled by a costly diamond ring. In answer to my startled look of inquiry she said slowly, as though it pained her.

"It is Arthur Fanshawe's ring, dear; I have promised to be his wife."

Arthur Fanshawe, the blase man of the world; a cynic, a sceptic, everything bad and unnatural. To throw away her youth, beauty and purity upon Arthur Fanshawe! It was a cruel thing.

"Oh, Kathie!" I cried, "tell me it is not true. You do not love him—I know it. Why, then, why do you make this sacrifice?"

Her red lip curled scornfully.

"There are a million reasons," she answered, bitterly.

Then she went away, and when I saw her again she was in the midst of a gay group, lovely in her glittering ball dress, and Arthur Fanshawe was at her side, his hard, cold eyes lighted with the frosty gleams of a selfish love, his engagement to the fair New York belle publicly announced.

I knew then that the match had been of her Aunt Langley's making that her ambition for her beautiful niece had at least attained the height of a wealthy marriage, and that to induce Kathleen to submit she had contrived to make her realize her dependence. And Kathleen, feeling herself a burden on her bounty, grew.

"Weary of eating another's bread,  
And toiling up and down another's stairs,"

Her pride had carried her through, and she had consented to the sacrifice.

Soon after Mrs. Langley projected a trip to Florida, and begged me to accompany her and Kathleen; Mr Fanshawe, of course was to follow.

We arrived at our destination, a romantic little town in the last stages of dilapidation.

We settled ourselves in a long rambling cottage near the loveliest lake in the world, and enjoyed the semi-tropical climate to our heart's content.

We had not been there three days when Kathleen appeared one morning, in the room where I was sitting with her aunt over our fancy work, looking charmingly in a short costume, with wide sun hat and gauntlet gloves.

"I'm going to learn to row, auntie, if you have no great objec-

tion," she began gayly.

"Who in the world is going to teach you?"

Kathleen glanced through the long French window to the shore, but a few rods away where a tiny boat lay moored, and a masculine figure lounged back among the cushions, lazily puffing a good cigar.

"Oh, don't know his name," she laughed, scornfully. "One of the aborigines here. I have engaged his services at so much an hour, and for the rest, as Mr. Toots would say, it is of no consequence, auntie."

"I trust Mr. Fanshawe approves," began her aunt.

"I am not Mr. Fanshawe's property as yet," suggested Kathleen; and before another remark could be proffered she was out of the house, down the path, and off in the direction of the lake shore.

Boating lessons seemed to take up a good deal of her time and attention after that, but I never chanced to get a nearer view of her teacher and, judging him by other of the native inhabitants whom I had met, I felt very little interest in the unknown.

"Come, ladies," said Mr. Fanshawe, one day, "let us go out on the lake; I have a boat engaged, and waiting your service."

We did not require a second invitation, and soon we gathered on the beach, where the lake spread out before us its broad unruffled bosom, its green, cool lily-pads, and over all the blue, cloudless sky of a Florida midwinter, with the sun like a great untwinkling eye, staring lazy down upon us.

"Miss Langley," said a voice near us—a low, rich, sweet voice, like liquid music—"I beg your pardon for intruding, but that boat is unsafe. The boat has been for some time out of repair. I fear you will meet with some accident if you go out in her."

A young man stood at Kathleen's side, tall, slender man, with a face like a picture with great, slumberous dark eyes, and a nameless grace and fascination about him. But his dress was coarse and common, and his hands embrowned with toil. With that wonderful face and figure, like some rare old

statue, he was only a fisherman after all!

Kathleen's face was flushed, and she glanced up timidly. But before she could say a word Mr. Fanshawe turned upon the intruder with a cool stare of insolence.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"How dare you interfere in my affairs sir?"

"The young man raised hat with a polite bow.

"My name is Sanford," he said quietly, "Ray Sanford, I live a mile above the beach. I am accustomed to the lake; I spend half my time upon it. I know all the boats; the one you have chosen is unsafe. If you go out in her you will certainly be drowned."

He put on his hat, and walked away without another word. He was proud, too; it was easy to see that.

I glanced at Kathleen. She did not see me; her eyes were bent upon the graceful figure in its coarse dress moving down the shining sands.

I saw her clench her hands and set her teeth together, then her gaze encountered mine, and slightly, she forced a smile.

"Are you ready, ladies?"

Mr. Fanshawe's voice broke the silence.

"Are you going in the boat?" asked Kathleen.

"To be sure. I am not foolish enough to pay any heed to the croakings of yonder clodhopper. I'll teach him that I, too, understand managing a boat, if I do not spend half my time on the lake.

"You are careless in your epithets, Mr. Fanshawe," observed Kathleen frigidly; "mistaken, likewise. Mr. Sanford is a gentleman."

"You have the honor of his acquaintance, it seems?"

Kathleen's eyes flashed, but she controlled her anger.

"He taught me to row," she answered, and no more.

But she said enough to set me to thinking. Well, we yielded to the ruling power; and soon, seated in the pretty boat, were dancing merrily over the water, far away from the land.

It was a perfect day, and full of

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]