

Easley Messenger.

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

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The Faithful Housewife.

I see her in her home content,
The faithful housewife, day by day,
Her duties seem like pleasures sent,
And joy attends her on her way.

She cares not for the loud acclaim,
That goes with rank and social strife,
Her wayside home is more than fame;
She is its queen—the faithful wife.

When summer days are soft and fair,
And bird songs fill the cottage trees,
She reaps a benison as rare,
As her own gentle ministries.

Peace shrines itself upon her face,
And happiness in every look;
Her voice is full of charm and grace,
Like music of the summer brook.

In winter, when the days are cold,
And all the landscape dead and bare,
How well she keeps her little fold,
How shines the fire beside her chair!

The children go with pride to school,
The fathers toil half turns to play,
So faithful is her frugal rule,
So tenderly she molds the day.

Let higher stations vaunt their claim,
Let others sing of rank and birth,
The faithful housewife's honest fame,
Is linked to the best joy on earth.

—Wenga.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The "Shycoon" Discussed--His Effort to Console, Etc.

I reckon the elements are satisfied now and will let us alone for a season. We've got nothing to complain of at my house and much to be grateful for, nevertheless one of my props waz been knocked from under, for I've been saying and thinking for seven years that these hills and mountains that surround us were like fortifications against storms and tempest and cyclones and simoons and tornadoes and all those sort of things. I thought that the high peaks and ridges broke them to pieces when they come and we were in no danger, but the day we could look out at our windows and see the raging balloon on its winding way tearing up things and paying no respect to houses or trees or man or beast. It lifted up the roof off of Nabor Munford's nice dwelling like the shingles were feathers, and then took hold of his big two-story barn and twisted it all to pieces, and then dropped the fragments about on nine mules and two horses and a carriage and all sorts of machines, and nine niggers to boot that were inside the building. No, those darkeys were not in. They saw the cyclone fooling round the dwelling houses and they run out of the barn just as the suburbs of the monster got there.

Says I, "John what did those darkeys do then?"

"Good gracious, boss, I tell you

—dem niggers just frow demseves down on de groun', and holler 'Oh, Lordy—good Lord hab mercy on a poor nigger. Nebber be a bad nigger any more, oh Lordy—good Lordy'—and de old shycoon pay no 'tention at all, but jes' lif 'em up and twis' 'em ober de fence into the red mud and Gim, my soul I wish you could hab seen Gim, for as he gwine ober de fence he struck a postis dat was stickin' up, and gethered it with both arms and held on and hollered wuz than eber, 'Oh, Lordy—oh, my good Lord. Blessed de Lord, hab mercy on a poor nigger,' and about that time old shycoon twis he tail roun' and lif Gim's feet way up ober he head and his holt broke and bounced off on de groun' and den took anoder bounce into de mud hole and dar de consarn lef him.

"Arter de shycoon gone clean away I run up to Gim, and says I, 'Gim, is you ded or no.' Gim lyin' dar in de mud hole wid nuffin but he head out. Gim neber spoke nary word, and his eyes wuz walled like a ded steer, and so says I agin, 'I say Gim, is you done gone clean ded,' for you see I thought if Gim ded no use in my wading in de mud attar him, and Gim he walled one eye attar me and whisper, 'whar is he.' 'Whar's who,' said I. 'De dbbil,' said he. 'Done gone,' said I—gone clean away. Git up from dar—git up I say.' Gim groan and say, 'I can't. I'm done dead.' 'Git up I tell you,' said I, but Gim neber move. Bymeby I frow up my hands and look down de big road and say 'my good Lord Almighty, ef dat ole shycoon aint a comin' right back here.' Neber seed a ded nigger come to life like Gim. He bounced outen dat mud hole and start off up de road a runnin' and hollerin' for a quarter of a mile. White folks come along and stop him and look all ober him and neber find a scratch. When he got back we was all cuttin' away de timbers from offen de mules, and it was a half an hour before we could git Gim to strike ary lick. Tell you what boss, we was all mighty bad skeered, but I neber see a nigger as onready for judgement as dat same nigger, Gim. When de old debbil do git him he raise a rumpus down in dem settlements sartin and shore.

'Didn't the cyclone take off the roof of your cabin, John?'

'Of course he did boss. He take de roof off all along eberywhere he go. Look like ebery house he come to he dip down and say take your hat off, don't you see me comin', aint you got no manners, and zip he strike 'em and take it off hissself. He take de roof offen de roof offen de culud school and

offen de white school all de same. He no respeckter of pussons, bress God. Tell you boss what I tink about dis old shycoon. I tink he nuffin but de old debil on a scurcion. Yah, yah, yah,' and John cackled at his own ideas.

Well, I was mighty sorry for Nabor Munford, for it tore him up awfully, but it left him his wife and his pretty little children and good old mother and all, and he is thankful for that and said to me that his gratitude would be complete if his made trees had been left, for he couldnt replace them. It was only a few days ago and now you could hrrdly tell that the storm had been there. In 24 hours he had 75 hands at work repairing the damages for he just called for the hands at the nines close by and they came and it was lively times there for a few days and now everything is as good or better than before.

I wish all the sufferers could do that way but alas, there are a hundred families who have lost treasures that money could not replace—treasures of the heart and home that will never return. What a terrible death. Verily these cyclones seem like things of life, or instruments of vengeance in the hands of the gods we read about in old mythology. All that ancient romance has recorded of Ajax and Hercules and Jupiter, or all that the Arabian Knights tell us of the genii does not surpass the pauer and grandeur and desolation of the modern cyclone. It humbles us more than prayer or preaching. It takes us unaware. It is constant dread of the timid defenceless, and now it takes all my philosphy to keep my household calm and serene. 'There is the basement,' said I, 'and we could all run down stairs and be beneath the tract of the cyclone, for it never was known to attack a basement that was below the ground, nor a cellar, nor a well.' Mrs. Arp laid down her knitting and said, 'you don't suppose for a moment that anybody in their right mind would go down in that basement during a cyclone and have all the timbers of the old house crash in on them?' 'Why, my dear,' said I, 'the timbers of this house are fashioned and strong. Do you know that these sills are 14 inches square and all framed and draw pinned.'

'So much the worse,' said she; 'the heavier the timber the heavier it would fall on us. If the house was light it might blow clean away and leave us unharmed, but these big sills you tell about would just be lifted up a little and dropped back into the basement.'

'Well then there is the flower pit,' said I. 'That is a good place

There are no timbers over that.' 'But how are we going to get to the flower-pit,' said the girls. 'The cyclone comes before anybody knows it, and while we are running to the flower-pit it catches us and carries us off.'

'Not only that,' said Mrs. Arp, 'but the trees are all about and they would be pulled up by the roots and crush down on the flower-pit and even the sash frames and the glass could kill us, and then there is always hail with the cyclone and that would beat us all to pieces—no I'm not going in the flower-pit.'

'All right,' said I. 'We will stay right here in the family room and see it out. I don't think it will do anything but take the roof off.'

'Why, it tore Mr. Munford's big strong barn all to pieces and killed his mules,' said she. 'It wouldn't mind this house rt all.'

'Then where are you going,' said I, and there was silence for a season. Finally Mrs. Arp said she wanted to move somewhere where there were no storms or cyclones. 'There is no such place' said I, 'this side of heaven.'

Last night my women folks stayed up at nabor Freeman's to tea and about ten o'clock he came down alone and said he wanted somebody to go up after my folks.

'Why didn't they come down with you?' said I. 'Afraid' said he. 'Afraid of what?' said I. 'Cyclones,' said he. I was about to express my indignation, when he said they had all been talking about spirits and ghosts and his wife didn't want to be left alone and so he left my folks up there while he came down. It does look like spirits and magnetism and cyclones are about to take this country and a man don't hardly know whether it is worth while to plant a crop or not, but I reckon we will plant. We have been sowing oats all the week as hard as we can and are still living in hope that sunshine and the seasons will continue and the earth give its increase and this year be a better one than the last.

So mote it be. BILL ARP.

—He who would admonish others should above all things, be careful of their reputation and sense of shame. They who have cast off blushing are beyond amendment.

—Light-minded young thing in a bathing suit: "Surely, Annt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles into the water!"

Aunt M—"Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."