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

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DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me But when you go so late I wish you would be careful, dear, To never slam that gate.

For Bessie listens every night, And so does teasing Kate, To tell me next day what o'clock They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly 10 last night, you know But now 'tis very late-(We've talked about many things;) O, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it Will say our future fate We've been discussing; so I beg You will not slam the gate!

For though it is all very true, I wish that they would wait, To canvass our affairs—until— Well-pray don't slam that gate!

At least not now. But by and by, When in "our home" I wait Your coming, I should always like To hear you slam the gate!

[From Atlanta Constitution.] BETSY HAMILTON'S LETTER.

Betsy Sick .- Old Miss Green Again.

-Dear Cousin: I was so upset in think I should er died. She on- a raidin' now, why hit would kill you've get in your apron?" asked my mine about Maw and flanted tied her ridicule and tuck out her her shore. I jis tole her Maw hit a lady of her colored cook, who around so in the wind endurin' of old pocket-knife she cuts her ter- was a tarnaital blessin' she sont was in the act of going home. her spell that quick as she riz I backer with, and let in to cuttin' atter me in time." was tuck down with the in'ard fe- up roots and yarbs to make me Then ole Miss Freshours spit I got in dis yeah ap'un?" "Yes in ver and sore thote, and mizry in some tea. She had a power of out her snuff and lowed: "I tole that there apron." "Vidduls." my head, and what should Maw one truck and another-white war- 'em all I knowed Betsy or some of "Let me see?" She opened her do unbeknownst to me but send nut bark, Sampson's snake root, 'em over here was gwine to be sick, apron, which was nearly large atter ole Miss Green.

with her, and she hollered so loud had been awful hongry, but that me; but jes then Maw she stepped in' fur sich cuis folks."-Arkan you could have hearn her spang upsot me so I didn't keer if I to the door and lowed: "Come in saw Traveler,

to old Miss Freshourses, and when never seed no more soup. I told tother house, sister Green, you an she riz and scrambled up she spilt Flurridy to dash it out, I didn't sister Freshours, and git a bite to all her yarb truck out'n her ridi- want it. The ole 'oman lowed: eat; we'ers all so ailyfied to-day I thar pickin' of it up, and upsot that's to eat; fetch it here, and I'll its clean, and you're welcome to another cheer, and knocked over drink it." That, was the feather it." And the minute they landed the churn er milk a turnin by the that broke the cow's back. I layed out I riz and buttoned the door, fire, broke the jar all to flitters. thar and prayed to die if I had to and jerked off Pap's ole sock and and spilt all the milk Maw had go thu' with much more. She them strings and flung on a piece been a savin' for a week. I axed flung back her head and drunk it of light'ood, and hustled into my her to set down and be seated on all down, and turned to Flurridy duds in a hurry, skeered if I got that ar three-legged stool. I know- and lowed: "Git one of your Pap's any wussershe'd dost me to death, ed it was the onlyest thing in the ole socks to tie round Betsy's neck; and I had no notion of dyin' by house that would hold her bekase hit's the best thing in the world her hands. I tole 'em all if they our cheers was all agittin' rickety. for the influanzy of the tunsils, couldn't send after the dock not I had to yell to make her hear me: I've had information in my thote to send atter nobody. she had her years tied up with a 'fore now and tied a stockin' on it "Tis sweet to love, but oh! how bitter homespun rag; lowed she had tuck the over night, and by mornin' hit To love a gal and then not git her." cold endurin' of that snow and was well. I allers tie on one er That's the poetry Sam Dave hadn't hearn good out'n her left me own, kase his'n is too full of Thompson writ me. year sense. Our yaller dog sot grit atter he plows all day. Now, up sich a bark at he ridin' critter, gimme a couple er yarn strings to and drug his block and kep sich tie round her wrists. Hits the a racket Maw she went out and best thing in the world to keep up fastened him up in the smoke-the vibration of the blood." hous., and he howled wusser'n Jis then ole Miss Freshours ever, and the chickins and geese stept in with her mouth all stick let in to eacklin' and the turkeys in' full of snuff, barred the door gobbled, and the guineas pot-wide open right fernent my head, racked, and I thought in my soul and hollered like she was in a my po' head would split wide open mill, "Why, what on yeth ails Bet-

afore she'd ever git back. door tel down she fell, bucket, her pipe, "Betsy thar is monster water, gourd and all, and she ous bad off; she has got a implica ratters she fetched a scream like jaws is. Wal, that's all the occa-

She rammicked around "Do pray, don't fling out nothin' never fixed much, but sich as it is

sy?" Then ole Miss Green layed I never seed sich a time in all herself out to tell her what was the And to head it all matter with me, and upon my Flurridy Tennysy come from the word if all she said had er been so spring with a bucket of water, I'der died fore night. "I'll tell you, and didn't more'n land in the sister Freshours," says she puffing fetched a yell, and ole Miss Green tion of ailiments; you see she tuck hollered, and here come Maw a cold in the tunsils of her thote and runnin' to see what was the mat- hits flew to her head and fetched ter, and when she seed her bran about all that information. You new milk jar broke all to flatter can see for yourself how red her the house was afire, and they all sion of in'ard fever that's flew to stood there and mirated jes like I her face, and hits all riz from the never had no head. Maw she influenzy of the tunsils and allegomighty quick wiped that greasy ry of her thote, and hits fetched milk off'n her clean scoured floor, on the newralligy and mineral jeand ole Miss Green drawed the tus in the spine of her back, and stool up fore the fire and gin a hits fast a workin' of its way togrunt and sot down. I was thank 'ards the immaterial fever; and if law, if no other way will be effect ful she never tuck nairy nother it should happen to turn into the ual. HILLABEE, TALLADEGA Co., ALA. cheer, for if she'd fell again I oldfashioned tyforward fever thats

the devil's shoe-string, life ever- for no longer'n night afore las' I enough for a wagon cover. "You She come a puffln' and a blowin' lastin', wild cherry bark, calamus dreamp of seein' Flurridy Tenny- ought to be ashamed of yourself, and her valler brogan shoes a root, and pine rosum and a sight sy marry, and I seed her as plain for you have taken nearly every screakin' every step like a new more. I layed that and let her fix as I see my hand afore me." I thing in the house. I thought you side saddle and I thought my it, but I knowed nary drap of it was a gittin' sicker and sicker ev- were a church member." "Hold on head would shorely bust. She wasn't a gwine down my neck, ery minute, and when she let in to right whar yer is, lady. Dar wuz weighs up'ards of two hundred, She sot it a drawin' by the fire tell about how sick ole man Wig- two pies in the safe, and I tuck and shakes the house as she moves; then turned in and filled her ole gins was with the white swellin' one. I tuck ha'fo' de meat and Maw had stepped to the kitchen cob pipe, run it in the ashes and and couldn't git nothin' to lay on ha'f o' de udder stuff. Ef I wa'nt to fix a bite to eat. I axed Miss sot in to smokin'; then she up and his stomach for a week, and a church member I'd er tuck all. Green to set down, and she taken spit on the hath whar wy bowl er what ailed this'n and that'n and Thinks dat I'se acted fa'r ter leab the wrong cheer and it fell thu' chicken soup was a warmin'. I tother'n I reckin it would er kilt yer ha'f. I'se gwinater quit work

BETSY HAMILTON.

-The Cartersville (Ga.) Free Press suggests that it is the duty of every railroad to stop its trains at night, when such floods as we have had recently are failing. The events of the past two weeks not only show the wisdom of the sug gestion but the absolute criminal ity in not adopting them. It is altogether useless for enterprise to buck directly against the elements. A train of cars cannot be made to leap a chasm twice its length, swim a river, wrestle successfully with lightning or a cyclone, and any experiment of the kind is very likely to end in great dicomfiture and loss of property to the companies and life and limb to the public. There is hardly anybody who starts upon a journey, no matter how fast they may be in their views, but that would rather be 30 minutes late at their destination than go back home a corpse.

Therefore, we heartily join the Free Press, in saying that all trains ought to be stopped in case of severe storms at night, especial ly, and that it should be done by

Curious Folks .- "What's that "Who, me?" "Yes, you" "Whut's