

Easley Messenger.

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

VOL. 1.]

EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1884.

[NO. 34.

The Easley Messenger.

Entered at the Postoffice at Easley S. C., as Second Class Matter.

J. R. HAGOOD, Editor and Prop'r.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, strictly in advance.....\$1.00
Six months " " " " " " " " " " 65

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (1 inch) 1 insertion.....75c
Each subsequent insertion.....40c

Liberal discount on contracts or by the column, half or quarter column.

Marriage notices free and solicited.

Obituaries over 12 lines charged for.

Correspondents, to insure attention, must give their full address.

We are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

All communications for the paper must be addressed to the Editors;

business letters to the Publisher of the MESSENGER, Easley, S. C.

BRUNETTES NOT COQUETTES.

They say the brunettes are arch coquettes.

That they break the hearts that love them.

But that eyes of blue are tender and true

As the sky that bends above them.

Ah! but you will find love is color blind.

And he comes with as little warning

To hearts that lie back of eyes that are black

As of those that are blue as the morning.

For he comes and goes as the free wind blows.

That asks not as it passes

If it touches the heads of the roses red.

Or violets down in the grasses.

So all the coquettes are not the brunettes.

Nor the maidens with golden tresses.

They are those unto whom love never has come

With his kisses and fond caresses.

[From Atlanta Constitution.]

BETSY HAMILTON'S LETTER.

A Dark Cloud Causes Flurridy Ten-nysy to Get Scared.

HILLABEE, TALLADEGA CO., ALA.

—DEAR COUSIN: The men folks has read out'n the paper about them harry-causes and si-clones a raiden' thu' the country not leavin' so much as a ash-hopper or a chicken-coop in ther track; and it's got the women folks about skeered so bad they can't do no work. They gethers in gangs at one anothers houses and talks about the jedgement day and the world a comin' to a cend, and some of 'em is skeered all but into fits putty nigh. Right smart sprinkle of 'em has dug 'em holes to run in when they hear them harry-causes a comin'. Pap and Buddy has dug one under the shedroom for we'uns, and all we've got to

do is to histe a plank and slide in. Flurridy Ten-nysy gits in ever time she sees a cloud a risin'. Maw she believes in makin' use of everthing, so she turned in and sot her last bar'l of saff soap down thar. That was Flurridy was at Annt Nancy's, and when she come home here tother night, time that big wind riz jist about dark, she was skeered so bad she riz the plank and slid right down spank kerdab in that bar'l of lye soap, and fetched a yell you'd a thought the jedgement day had come, or the si-clome had struck her. Cap Dewberry was a settin' up a cour-ten' er me in tother house, and me and him flew in thar like the house was a fire, and Maw she was a try- in' to pull Flurridy out and drop- pin' her back and yellin' for Pap, and here come Pap and buddy and betwixt em all they got her out, and of all the sights ever you seed she was the outdaciousest lookin'. Maw she fussed and rarr- ed turrible about losin' all that saff soap, and Flurridy she had as hard a time a gittin' sht of the soap as Tom Davis did the lasses off'n his head.

The rain riz the creek smack up into old Miss Strong's house that night, and she thought it was the flood and that her time had come, and she sot in to prayin' Lord and old man Noey to fetch his ark; and she prayed and shouted so loud they hear her spang to Miss Loftises and Jake he taken the canoe and paddled up thar and tuck her out. He lowed she was a prayin' loud as she could holler and a fassin' up her sins in a hur- ry. "Oh, Lord, jist let me live to git my foot once't more on dry ground and I lay I'll sarve you all my life, and I lay I never sarves the devil no more, and I never sells no more settin' aigs while I live, and I lay I'll allers hereatter gin good measure on ever pint of saff soap and sorghum lasses I sells, and I lay, if I don't drown and this here haint the jedgement day, I lay I'll try to sarve the Lord and shame the devil from this day out." I don't know as Jake was a lyin' or no, but he lowed she was monstrous skeered, and after all that prayin' and shoutin' that quick as he landed her on the ground she ketches her breath fast and said: "Darn the rain; I would not er bin skeered so bad for all I'm wuth," and right then I know in season a hamper basket would er helt ever dud she had in her house.

Some of 'em grumbles powerful about the rain. Old Miss Green lows she's afeard to say anything agin it—skeered God-a-mighty, mought send some kind of a cuss on her. She thinks it raindd jist bekase she hung up a snake. "Hit

wasn't but a little bitty old chick- en snake," says she, "but I be bound I never hangs up nairy nother'n."

Last Friday, me and Flurridy sot in to warp a piece of cloth. Friday is as lucky as any other day. Miss Freshours step in and looked skeered. "Laws, Betsy," says she, "ef you haint a startin' a piece of work and this a Friday. It's turrible bad luck, it's a sign you'll die fore its wore out. I al- lers begins mine of a Thursday if it haint but a stich or two." I was tickled to death kase every- body knows old Miss Freshours don't kill herself startin' work no day. She is as idlesome and do less one day as tother, and raily does more a Sunday than airy day in the week. "Yes," says I, "I knowed it was a Friday, but it reads in the book some'ers 'Six days was made to work and Sun- day to rest,' and I don't keep no day cept Sun lay, and don't git much rest then," for I thought about how she allers come and fetched a gang er chillun to spend the day. "Well," says she, "I've allers heara em say it was a on- lucky day, and I has enough bad luck throt startin' work on Fri- day, and I know in reason I'd have a power more if it wasn't for my horse-shoe over my door, and my rabbits foot in my pocket; and when I sees a rabbit run across the road I allers turns my pocket in- side out'ards, and he allers turns his hat upside down'ards; and shore as I fergits and has to go back attar anything, I makes a cross mark and spits in it; and I know monstrous well these here blood beads has kep my nose from bleedin' and this here brass ring on my middle finger has kep down the rheumatiz. I know some folks don't believe in sigus, but I've tuck notice, and whenever I dreams of losin' a tooth some of my folks dies." Thinks I to myself, a sight of em must er died, for ther haint but one or two old snaggle teeth left in her mouth.

"And, I've tuck notice," says she, "that I allers dreams of a wed- din' afore anybody dies." And I never wondered at her dreamin' of a weddin', kase she's eternally a medlin' about somebody a maffry- in'. She's got a dream and a sign ready for everthing.

Ole Miss Strong and ole Miss Green, was both here that evenin', and Maw she was mighty besot about the hawks ketchin her chick- ens. "They've tuck all but two of old 'Bunty's,' and old 'Dominick's,' and all but one of old 'Frizzle's,' and haint left old 'Top knot' nairy'n," says Maw. Miss Green lowed she allers kep flint rocks in the fire to keep the hawks off'n her'n. Old Miss Strong spit out

a big quid er terbacker and lowed: "I've tried that and it never done nairy grain of good—not the fust smiggin. Old Miss Freshours spit on the hath and tuck another dip of snuff, and lowed: "Sister Strong, you shorely never done it right. You had orter take three big flint rocks the same size and lay 'em in the middle of your fireplace; put em right whar you kivers your chunk the over night, and let 'em git cold, and I lay a hawk'll never come a nigh your chickens."

"The best thing ever I tried," says old Miss Strong, crammin' another quid of terbacker in her mouth, "is to take the for'ardest lookin' chicken of the fust litter that's hatched out in the spring and make you a bresh-pile, and lay it on top and set it a fire and burn the chicken bolaciously up, feth- ers, gizzard and all, and I lay if you do that a hawk wont come a nigh." Miss Freshours taken off her shoe and knocked the dirt out'n it, and lowed: "My foot eaches, and it's a sign I'm gwine ter walk on strange land." Thinks I that's what I been a wantin' you to do a long time; but after I seed her foot I didnt low that was what made it eache. Soap and water would er hope it more'n all that scratchin'.

This is what Iky Roberson writ in my fust reader at school. It was McGruffley's electrified reader, and he writ it in blue ink, bekase its the sign of true love, and he made the poetry hisself:

"My love for you ever flows
Like water down the co. on rows."

Your'n,
BETSY HAMILTON.

—A elegyman, who was consol- ing r young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very seri- ous tone, remarking that he was 'one of the few.' Such a jewel of a Christain—you cannot find his equal, you well know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart: "I'll bet I will!"

—A plain and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field, and the forest; and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, whilst speaking of chil- dren, remarked, with true and beau- tiful simplicity, "The little chips are nearest the heart."

—Docter, looking learned speak- ing slow: "Well, mariner, what tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or an incisor?" Jack, short and sharp: "It is in the up- per tier, on the larboard side, Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster."