

Easley Messenger.

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

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IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hour with sweetest things,
If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;

We should love with lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or weary wills
By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the days were but one—

If what we remembered and we regret
Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves so free
To work or to play,
And be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

A RURAL LOVE AFFAIR.

HOW THE ARKANSAS YOUNG MAN WINS THE GIRL OF HIS CHOICE.

The love affair between the rural Arkansas boy and the girl of his choice is pathetic. The young lady has no "parlur" where she can receive the young man, and where, safe from intrusion, make him feel the power of her smile. The old folks stay in the room, and between the inquiries made by the old man concerning the condition of the crops, and the solicitude of the old lady with so many matters of poultry and household economy, there is very little left for the girl to say. Sometimes, by

studied arrangement, she manages to place her chair near the young man. Then they occasionally turn and regard each other with looks of deepest affection. Sometimes the girl catches up a string and waves it coquettishly at the young man. He grabs at it, and says:

'You'd better quit that, ur he, he.'

'No, I won't,' she replies, 'an' you kain't make me.'

'Don't you fool yourself, ur he, he.'

'Have yer run aroun' yer co'n yit?' asks the old man, who, although his early experience was very much like that of the young man, seems not to understand the situation.

'Sided it one way,' replies the young fellow.

'Cut-worms putty bad?'

'Only tolerable.'

Then the old lady looks up and asks:

'Did your mother's last settin' o' goose eggs hatch?'

'I don't noame.'

'I lowed that the bad weather mout 'ev had sumthin' ter do with their not hatchin.' A goose is sich a plaguetaked thing ter set when yer want 'em ter, an' sich fetched things ter set when yer don't want 'em ter, that yer kain't put no confidence in 'em.'

The girl look at the young fellow and giggles.

'What 'er you laughin' at?' he asks.

'What do you reckon?' and at this brilliant repartee they both laugh. In the meantime she takes up the string again and waves it at him.

'I'll take it away from you if you don't quit.'

'You Kain't.'

'Keep on a foolin' an' I'll show you.'

She 'keeps on a foolin'' and he catches the string, and says 'thar now,' and puts it in his pocket.

'What are you going to do with that old string?'

'Goin' ter keep it as long as I live,' he says in an undertone of care, lest the old folks should hear him.

Sunday, when they attended church, he conducts her to the door and then joins the collection of young men who have deposited themselves outside on shawls. When the "hime" is begun, he saunters in, and during the sermon, should he remain inside, casts glances at the girl. Meeting eye to eye he blushes and for some time he has not courage to look at her again. They take dinner at a neighboring house, where quite a number of young men and women congregate, and at night he accompanies the young lady to church.

Should a "revival" be in progress, the girl begins to look longingly at him when the preacher calls for mourners, and after awhile when the performance begins to glow with fervor, she goes to him and begs him to kneel at the bench. He hesitates, but finally goes and kneels. This action tells the congregation that they are in love with each other. After services, as they rode along, he says:

'I wish I had your picture.'

'What do you want with it?'

'I want it to keep. I'm going to have my picture tuck in a few days.'

It is his hope that she will ask him for one, but as that on her part would be too decided a confession of love, she says nothing, except to speak to her horse and complain of his stumbling, regardless how sure-footed he may be.

'I ain't goin' to have but mighty few tuck,' he says, endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her face, when they ride from the shadow of a great tree into the moonlight.

'Why?' she asks.

'Cause I ain't.'

'Cause ain't no reason for a man.'

'It is for me,' he replies with a sigh. 'Nobody don't want one o' my picturs.'

'How do you know?'

'Cause I know.'

'Somebody might want one.'

'I don't know who.'

'Who do you reckon?' she replies with a little laugh.

'I don't konw who wants it, but I know, who I wish did want it.'

'Who?'

'Who do you reckon?' and he attempts to laugh.

'I know somebody that wants your pictur,' she says.

'Who?'

'She ain't very fur from here.'

'How fur?'

'I'd like to know?'

'Kain't you guess?'

'I might make a mistake.'

'No, you wouldn't. Just try it an' see.'

'Is it Sue Joyner?'

'Sue Joyner, the mischief?' she repeats, contemptuously. 'What does that great, strappin' ugly thing want with anybody's pictur? I reckon you want hers.'

'No, I don't'

'Yes, you do, and you know it.'

'Please don't treat me that way,' says he, in an imploring voice.

'Never mind, sir. I'll tell her that you want her ter have your pictur and when you give it to her—' she almost breaks down, but finally says—'When you marry her I—' here she completely broke down.

Their horses stop in the road. Leaning over, he catches her hand and swears that he will never mar-

ry anybody, but her. They kiss each other, and with hearts from which the dark shadows have crept and into which the moonlight is shining, they ride on, purer in soul, and with more unselfish devotion than all the diamond flashes under the oleander boughs.—Arkansas Traveler.

Pitting Webster Against Himself.

Public men sometimes find it inconvenient to be confronted by a previous utterance after they have changed their opinions. The "Youth's Companion" gives an interesting incident of this sort which occurred in connection with a speech by Mr. Webster at a great tariff dinner at Philadelphia, in 1846:

At that time no Philadelphia paper had a corps of reporters at all competent to make quick work of a two hours' speech, which required eight men to report verbatim with the requisite dispatch for an early issue. The consequence was that it was past ten o'clock the next morning before the Whig paper appeared.

There was a saucy little Democratic sheet published then, called the Pennsylvanian, edited by the late Col. Forney, which played a nice trick upon an expectant public. The editor hunted up Mr. Webster's great speech on the tariff delivered in 1824, which was a thorough-going argument for free trade, in direct opposition to the oration of the evening before. Col. Forney struck off a large edition of this speech as a supplement to his paper, heading it, in his largest type, Webster's Great Speech on the Tariff.

The newsboys made the town ring with this cry soon after sunrise. Horace Greeley, who had come over from New York on purpose to hear the speech, and was anxious to get an early copy for publication in New York Tribune, rushed out of his hotel and bought several of them. Many thousands of copies were sold before the joke was discovered.

The Democrats were naturally in great good-humor to see Mr. Webster thus arrayed against himself. The Whigs could not be expected to relish the jest, least of all Mr. Greeley, who vented his anger in unmeasured language.

Mr. Webster himself, who loved a joke, took it in good part, laughed heartily, and said to the friend who handed him the paper, "I think Forney has printed a much better speech than the one I made last night."

—True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. 'It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield.'