

# Easley Messenger.

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

VOL. 1.]

EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1884.

[NO. 50.]

## The Easley Messenger.

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

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

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## BILLY'S BARBECUE.

### The Cherokee Philosopher Entertains his Friends.

I was peeling some nice soft peaches for dinner just to save Mrs. Arp the trouble, and get an approving smile, when suddenly she came up behind me and said, "William are your hands right clean," I held them up for her to look as I remarked, if they were not at first I reckon they are now. It seems to me that some folks get more particular about such things as they grow older, and it takes more water and soap and white-wash and sweeping and scouring than it used to. Maybe the appetite is not so good, and the spectacles magnify too much. I used to could knock the ashes out of my pipe on the piazza floor and get a little dirt from my shoes on the banisters and leave some dirty water in the pan at the back door, but I am gradually quitting these things for the sake of being calm and serene in my declining years. Cleanliness is a good thing I know, and the scriptures say it is next to godliness, and if so I know some good women who are mighty nigh sanctified already. But somehow I like a little clean dirt scattered around just to enjoy the contrast when we do clean up. I don't think a man can enjoy a clean shirt until he gets one dirty. When I showed Mrs. Arp my fingers that the peaches had made so clean it reminded me of the venerable Judge Hillyer, the old patriarch, whom I use to venerate when I was a boy, for he was handsome and eloquent, and used language with such precision and accent. He was always looking into the reason of things—the why and the wherefore and if he saw anything strange he stopped and perused and enquired until he got to the bottom of it. The first time he ever went to New York, Howell Cobb was his com-

panion, and Howell had a hard time in getting the Judge along, for he wanted to see everything and know everything. "Now Howell," said he "just stop right here and tell me what that is, and what is it for." Howell do you suppose that all these people have got pressing business that hurries them along so fast? "Howell have you any idea what that store of Stuart's cost?" Cobb was hurrying him along a back street when the judge stopped, looking over a window scene into a room, saw the heads and shoulders of two men going up and down with a curious motion. His curiosity was excited and says he, "Howell what are those men doing?" "Oh I know Junius. Come along," said Howell. "We will never get to the hotel if we keep stopping to examine everything you see." "But Howell, I want you look at those men. They are engaged in something very peculiar, and conscientiously, I would like to know what it is."

Howell peeped through an opening in the scene and said, "Why, Junius they are treading up dough in a trough, they are making bakers bread. Don't you see?"

The Judge was amazed. He looked earnestly at them as they tramped the dough with their bare legs and feet, and with great emphasis, said slowly and distinctly. "Howell, do you suppose their feet are clean?" "I haven't a doubt of it Hillyer," said Cobb. "I know they are clean by this time." And he hurried him along.

Cobb said afterwards that the Judge was very fond of bakers bread, but he noticed that he did not eat any more of it in New York.

But folks get tired of eating the same kind of vittles every day and in the same room and keeping off the same flies and kicking the same old cat from under the table, and so the other day I took a notion to change the programme. Mrs. Arp told me many a time that she had never eat any barbecued meat since she was a child, and she thought then that it was the best meat she ever eat. And so I got an old fashioned darkey who said, "Yes, boss, I used to barbecue meat for old marster away when Mr. Polk run agin Mr. Clay, and old marster and all of us niggers was for Mr. Clay, and we used to give barbecues and have a powerful time just afore delection come off."

I cleaned up the ground and trimmed the trees in a beautiful little sycamore grove down by the branch, and I had a little pit dug, and we sacrificed a fat lamb and a fat pig and hung them up over night, and we hauled a load of bark and stovewood and the old

darkey had a big bed of coals by daylight, and had the meat on and after breakfast we built a table and some plank seats and put up a swing for the children and swung the hammock, toted down some chairs and put everything in shape for the company. Of course I invited Mrs. A. first and foremost, and the kindred and friends who are our welcome guests. The gils fix-up the vinegar and pepper and butter to baste the meat with while it was cooking, and they made an old fashioned Brunswick stew, and I roasted a lot of green corn in the shuck under the hot ashes at one end of the pit, and while everything was in a weaving way about 12 o'clock I blowed the horn for the company and about a score of them came down and were delighted with the prospect and the place. Everthing seemed happy, especially the children, and Mrs. Arp organized herself a toasting committee of one and in due time she pronounced it very good and ready for business. Gallant gentlemen carved the odorous carcasses and prepared it for distribution. The stew was declared splendid. I noticed the married women all flavored it with the hot onions sauce and it always seemed strange to me how soon after marriage a woman begins to love onions. The meats came on in due time and everybody got a sweet and juicy rib. The ribs are the best part of any, and I reckon that is why a woman is so sweet, for she was made of ribs while a man was made of dirt. After this course was over the girls surprised us all with lemon pies and cakes and frozen sherbert and after that we all rested and played cards, and had music and song on the banjo and the man told some big yarns which the young ladies believed and the old ones didnt. Can't fool a married woman long with yarns. One of our party told about hunting deer up in the Chohatta mountains, and he rode up a cliff so steep that when he got most to the top he pulled the top burrs of a pine tree a hundred feet high that grew at the base of the mountain. Another one told about killing 19 wild turkeys at one shoot away out in the Indian nation where he said they broke down the trees, and there were fifteen thousand killed on one creek in the month of December. These sort of yarns are catching and one calls for another, and so I was just about to wade in when I noticed that Mrs. Arp was perusing me and I modestly refrained, and postponed my adventures to a more convenient season. It is not prudent for an old man to tell the heroic exploit of his youth if his wife lived in the same settlement and knows his raising, and so I never

brag much when she is about.

Well, we had a splendid afternoon, and wound it up with melons from the spring, and then adjourned to the house feeling all the better for this episode in our daily life.

BILL ARP.

—She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made a request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dream, nor in a grand cemetery where sight-seers counting over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away under the counter of a store of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found peace passing all understanding, a depth of quiet slumber on which the sound of neither the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.

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