Easley Messenger.

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

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BILL ARP.

He is Visited by "Cousin John" Thrasher—A Snake Story.

Cousin John Trasher came to see us the other day and it made us proud. For it is no small compliment for a man like him to ride five miles on a dirt road in hot weather to do us honor and show his regard. He dident stop long, for he is always in a hurry, and so just before leaving he said he wanted to go down to the spring and dip up a drink of pure water. I went down with him and kept a little ahead. I stept down off the log that was close by the spring, and Uncle John stept down just behind me, and he stept high and far, and hollered "snake." Sure enough I had stept over the varmint—a big, rusty moccasin—and he made for a hole in the rocks and we lost him. Cousin John dident get over it for several minutes, and had to set down and blow, for he is awfully afraid of snakes. It is mighty hard on my wife, for snakes are her everlasting horror. If we kill one on the premises, she always declares there is another close by, and if we kill two she says there must be a den of them, and so there is no way to pacify and make her calm and serene. Carl is getting to be a right smart chunk of a boy now, and hankers after a gun, and so the other day I told him we would go hunting snakes. I gave him the small gun and I took the big one, and we meandreed slowly along the branch, and sure enough he spied that same big moccasin down below the spring sunning himself on a plank, and I got him a rest and cocked his gun, and he took a trembling aim and fired and killed the beast, and he was the proudest boy I think I ever saw. We killed four on that excursions, and now he don't want to do anything but hunt snakes and swells up and struts round with his new importance. We killed a rattlesnake's pilot over in the field and ten young ones came crawling out of her mouth. It is snake time now. This hot, dusty weather makes them travel around in search of food, and you can see their wormy squirmy track across the road most every day. The books say that snakes that lay eggs are non-venemous, and those that give birth to their young are venemous and that none but the latter ever allow their young to run in and run out of them. But they are all the same to me, and I let none escape if I can help it. Our mortal antipathy to snakes is to my mind one of the strongest proofs of scripture, and it is apart of my religion to "bruise his head" whenever I have a chance.

My wife, Mrs. Arp, loves to go down to the spring house and see after the milk and superintend the churning, and she is proud of the rich cream, and prouder of the butter, and I dont want any of these insidious perambulating reptiles to interfere with her perfect serenity. I love the buttermilk, the cold buttermilk that she prepares, for I know it is nice. She called me down to the spring house yesterday to show me how much nice yellow butter she had made at a double churning. Of course I complimented her with gushing and uxorious language, and when she told me to go to the house and look on the pantry shelf and bring her down the bowl of salt, wherewith to season the butter I went with alacrity and brought it and I then watched her as she sprinkled it all over and stirred it in with a paddle, and in course of time she concluded to taste it and see if it was salty enough, and I never will forget the lost and lamented look she gave me as she exclaimed: "William you brought me sugar."

She sat down on a chair and looked away off. "I thought it was the salt," said I, "I found it just where you told me." 'Of course you did, she said. "I'm not blaming you at all; I forgot there was a bowl of sugar there, and if I had had on my specks I could have told the difference. Oh my! what a pity it is to be old and nearly blind. It was a beautiful lot of butter and now it is all spoilt.

"My dear" said I, wont it do for cake, and you said you was going to make a bread pudding to-day and it will be splendid for sauce. It is already mixed."

She never said anything, but handed me the butter and told me to set it in the spring house. I did so and ventrued to remark that is was mighty nice sweet butter. Well, I got the pudding for dinner and eat about twice as much as I wanted just to show her how good it was, and now everything is calm and serene. I expept we will have pudding and cake every day for a week, but I dont expect to ever mistake sugar for salt again as long as I live. There are some things, that wont bear repeating in a family, and Mrs. Arp sometimes suspects me of doing a little devilment out of pure cussedness.

We are preparing to go to winter quarters now. My wife has called my respectful attention to a few broken window glass and a leak in the roof and a brick or two that are loose in the chimney back, and she has mentioned that another pair of blankets will be needed, for the grandchildren will be coming out, and she says that my flannel shirts are getting old and dilapidated; she alwas looks after me, bless her heart, and I always look after her, bless my heart, too, for she wont ask for anything and I have to talk to the girls and find find out what their mother needs. If she ever asked me for anything in her life I dont know it, and I reckon the reason is I dont give her a chance. She has got things in that big old family trunk now that I have done forgot I ever bought. Winter is coming and I am glad of it. I do so love the cheerfull blazing fire in the family room and the children sitting around and Mrs. Arp in her accustomed corner and the good, warm carpet on the floor and the rich fat pine by the closet door to kindle the fire in the morning.

Well there is power of pleasure in this subloonary life if we will look for it. BILL ARP.

A Delicious Bit of Repartee.

The following bit of wit upon the part of North Carolina girl comes to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia watering-place: Among the regular habitues is Col. B——, a well-preserved, handsome old beau of uncertain age. His society record is brilliant, and, though he has raised many hopes, season after season has ended and the Colonel has yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting, as he does, in season and out of season, not only in the bluest South Carolina blood, but the most direct Hugenot descent. During the past summer there appeared flitting about the broad piazza and through the long drawing room a bright dashing girl from the "Land of the Sky." The Colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly and the ambitious young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the Colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best and watched him the closest were sure that he was on the eve of victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty than ever before, and the poor ancestral Huguenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately a bit of eavesdropping the dim star-lighted seclusion of what the Colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza told the story of such worful disconfiture that he fled the place within twenty-four hours afterwards. He had evidently proposed in his most pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

'But, I think—I am sure,' said the Colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, 'you do not understand, you do not appreciate, Miss, the honor that has been conferred upon you, that you so lightly decline. I am a huguenot of South Carolina!'

'Ah, Colonel, it is you who forgot,' said Miss——, with her most roguish smile. 'You do not appreciate the honor to which you aspire. I am a Lightwood Knot of North Carolina!'—Harper's Magazine.

—It was a commercial traveler who sang 'My face is my fortune.'

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