

The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. I.

LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1885.

NO. 10.

The Old-Fashioned House.

Of all the tender and comfortable things that now and then sweet memory brings, there is nothing dearer to love recalls than the old-fashioned house with its white-washed walls.

Not a mansion to-day, though a marvel of art, can ever usurp its place in my heart. For there my earliest prayers were said, and I slept at night in a trundle-bed.

Neath coverlets reaching from feet to chin, by a mother's hand tucked gently in, and a good-night kiss on my forehead—O, earth holds no such blessing now!

The garden was fragrant in flower-beds where marigolds lifted their velvet heads, and warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew. The bachelor-button and touch-me-not grew.

In the river, that curved like a shepherd's crook, we fished for minnows with bent pin-hooks, or with little bare feet waded through, and bravely paddled our own canoe.

'Twas a home of welcome no one could doubt, whose inter-string hung invitingly out, and many a stranger stopped at the door, while blessing logs in the chimney roared.

Q. This is an age of reform and change. And things esthetic, modern, and strange—improvements that savor of silver and gold—transcending the cherished and old.

But I turn from palace built for show, with marble roof, and stories below, Of frescoed, calcimined, doted halls, To the old-fashioned house with its white-washed walls.

—Boston Budget.

A YANKEE SCHOOL TEACHER IN UTAH.

Lehigh is a little town a few miles south of Salt Lake City. I reached it late one cold Friday afternoon in December, and when I alighted at the station, I asked a small boy who was standing near if he would direct me to the hotel.

"Hotel! There ain't no hotel in this town."

"Where do people go who want to stop in Lehigh over night?"

"They go to the Bishop's house over there."

"The Bishop's house! A Mormon Bishop, and I a Yankee school teacher sent out as a missionary from the Episcopal church! But there was no help for it, as I must have shelter for the night, so I crossed the road and knocked boldly at the door. It was opened by the Bishop's wife, a tall, thin, careworn woman, who eyed me sharply.

"Can I stay here all night?" I asked.

"I have just come to Lehigh on the train."

"Who be you?"

I told her my name, and added that I had lived part of my life in Louisiana, that portion of our country being less known to these people than the Eastern States.

"Be you a Gentile?" she inquired, after another sharp look at me.

"I am not a Jew, that's certain," I said laughingly. "So I suppose I must be a Gentile."

"The Bishop don't low Gentiles in this town. They never set foot here. But you can come in if you want to."

I was surprised at the end of her sentence, which bore no resemblance to the beginning, and gladly accepted the rather equivocal invitation.

The room which I entered was small and poor, used for parlor, dining-room and general sitting-room. In the apartment beyond I heard the click of a sewing-machine and the sound of girls' voices.

"What d'ye come to Lehigh for?" Mrs. Evans inquired, still eyeing me with immense curiosity.

"I came here to open a school," I said.

"A school! What sort of a school?"

"A school for all the boys and girls that want to come. Haven't you daughters that you would like to send?"

She ignored the last question and faced me with her arms akimbo.

"What be you going to charge?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! That's a queer way to keep a school. Guess you'll get tired of it soon enough."

A long pause followed, during which she seemed to be studying me and growing more and more perplexed. At last she shot at me this question:

"Do you a Presbyterian?"

"No."

"A Methodist?"

"No."

She turned around abruptly and flung open the door of the next room, where I had heard the sewing machine.

"Girls, come out here. Here's a woman, an' she's young an' she's goin' to keep a school, an' you can all go, an' she ain't a Presbyterian or a Methodist!"

It is impossible to express the vigor of her tones as she announced these separate facts, each one seeming equally surprising to her.

The girls crowded around me—such a number of them!

"Are all these your daughters?" I inquired, though I felt that it could not be possible.

"Oh, no. They are Matilda's, and Jane's, and Loreny and Martha Ann's."

"And who is Matilda, and Jane, and Loreny and Martha Ann?"

"The Bishop's families," and she set her teeth hard and turned away from me.

I found afterward that no first wife of a Mormon ever speaks of the other women who are "sealed" to her husband as his wives. They are always "families."

I noticed a small organ in the back room, standing opposite to the sewing machine.

"Do you play?" I asked.

They all shook their heads rather sadly. I learned that the organ was to them a great and awful mystery. It had never been opened since it was brought into the house some months before, taken by the Bishop in part payment of a debt. There was a man at the railroad station, they told me, who could play an organ. Evidently they felt the greatest admiration for the man at the station.

In packing my trunk that morning, I had accidentally left out a little singing-book, and as the last minute tucked it into my satchel. I was thankful that I had it within reach. I sat down to the organ and played and sang to them. As I went on from one piece to another, they grew more open-mouthed and wider-eyed.

"How many tunes do ye know?" one of them asked at last.

I laughed as I told them I knew a good many.

"Never counted 'em?"

"No; I never counted them."

The man at the station, they informed me, only knew six. It was plain that my musical reputation was already far above that acquired by the man at the station.

When I went to bed that night the Bishop had not returned. As I approached the dining-room the next morning I heard a gruff bass voice growling, with a jerk on each word, "Put her out! Put her out!" I naturally supposed some sort of wild animal had entered the house, and hesitated an instant before opening the door. "A Gentile woman—all night—in this house! A Gentile woman! You put her out! Put her out!"

I opened the door then and walked into the little room. The Bishop stood in the middle of it, in a perfect fury.

"Good morning, sir," I said, as pleasantly as I could.

"You're a Gentile woman!" he growled, in response to my salutation.

"I laid out this town of Lehigh just thirty-four years ago, and you're the first Gentile woman who ever got into it."

"Well," I said, as I took a chair and seated myself comfortably, "that is quite an interesting circumstance. I'm sure I'm proud of the honor of being the first. I appreciate it."

"You've got to go," he growled, in the same jerky tone in which he had said "Put her out! Put her out!"

"Oh, no," I said; "I've come to stay. It is all the more necessary for me to stay if I am the only one, but I assure you, Bishop Evans, there are plenty more who will come after me."

He looked as if he were going to strike me. I have no doubt but that he would have done so if he had dared. But one's life is safe enough in Utah. The killing days have gone by, and the Mormons know it. They are afraid of our Government interfering when they shed blood. The Bishop simply glared with a ferocious look and clinched his hands, then strode out of the house, giving the door a terrific bang behind him. Mrs. Evans was nearly frightened out of her wits by the noise.

"Here's a train from Lehigh at 11 o'clock," she began, when I interrupted her. "I didn't come to Lehigh at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon," I said, "to leave it on Saturday morning. I have come to stay, my dear madam, as I told your husband."

That day I attempted to find a boarding-place, the attempt consisting in walking from house to house, knocking at the door and asking for a room of some sort, not being particular as to size, location or furnishing. I managed to get my trunks, boxes and some provisions into it, finding that hurried and unsatisfactory operation preferable to returning to the Bishop's house for the night, even if he had not carried into execution his threat to "put her out."

Sunday morning brought divers of his "families" to visit me in my new abode—Matilda, Jane, Loreny and Martha Ann all had their representatives under my roof.

"You sing us a tune out of your own head," one of the girls asked.

I sang a few lines for her, then said: "Wouldn't you like to get a lot of your young friends in Lehigh to come and have a good sing this afternoon? I have plenty of books in a big box, and I'll teach you."

"All the young folks in Lehigh?"

"Yes; just as many as you can get."

"Oh, my! They'll all come!"

I never mentioned the words Sunday-school, but that is the way I began one of the first in all the thirty-four years in Lehigh.

My day-school grew slowly and through bitter opposition. I had furnished two of my little rooms with the appliances sent from the East, and enough wonder and curiosity was excited by them to keep some of the children in daily attendance.

But their greatest wonder was about my religion. They became convinced at last that I was not a Presbyterian, but that I was remained a mystery. One day a girl said to me in an insinuating manner: "Teacher, you ain't a Presbyterian or a Methodist, and I can't think what you be. Don't folks have any religion where you come from?"

I answered: "Oh, yes, a very beautiful religion. I was writing some of it this morning on the blackboard," as indeed I had done, and I turned the board that she might read these words from Ephesians:

"Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. Be ye kind one to another; even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you."

God was not an unknown word to the Mormon children, for they are taught that every Bishop becomes a god in reward for faithful service, and I was not surprised at the girl's next question: "Is your God a smarter man than Brigham Young?" They seemed profoundly impressed when I read to them that God made the mountains. "Brigham Young couldn't do that," was one of the comments. "Did your God make the mountains round here, teacher? I shouldn't think He could make them if he lives way off in the States." One of the boys brought me several packages of books from the post office, and confidentially informed some of his playmates that "God was a real good friend of teachers, and He lives in the States, and made all the mountains in the whole world, and sent her books through the post office."

Though all the Mormon fathers and mothers were opposed to the school, many of them came regularly, to my surprise. Upon questioning one of the girls, who every day brought her little sister with her, as to how she dared to do so, she answered: "Father hasn't hurt me yet, and I know he won't meddle with little Rachel till he's

whipped me—and I'd rather have a beating than stay home from school."

Bishop Evans threatened to disinherit one of his grandchildren if she persisted in going to the Gentile school. The message reached her in the street. She stood still for a moment, looking thoughtful, then with a sudden loss of the head she said: "You tell grandpa that he isn't very rich, and the other 150 grandchildren besides me, and I'd rather have an education than my share of the property."

One night the people turned out and stoned my house—I had often wondered why they didn't burn it down, but they would demolish it, but I lay perfectly still until after a while I could hear their speculations as to whether I was inside, and if so, how I could sleep through such a commotion. The next day one of my scholars said to me: "Didn't the stones wake you up, teacher?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "they made a good deal of noise."

She gazed at me in astonishment.

"Wasn't you scared?"

"Scared! No. I never thought of being scared."

"Why wasn't you?"

"Because I was warm and comfortable in bed inside, and they were out in the cold and snow working hard, and I was pretty sure they would get tired after a while."—Boston Transcript.

THE WRONG MAN.

Working the Confidence Game on an Old New York Soldier.

James Chittenden is a well-to-do farmer of western New York, who fought under Gen. Grant, and who came to the city to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of his old commander. Time has whitened the long hair which streams over his coat-collar, and long tendons at the brow has imparted a stoop to his broad shoulders; but his face is ruddy with health, and his step as firm and spry as ever, while his arm is as strong and his glance as bright as when he first shouldered a musket. Many eyes were turned upon him as he sauntered slyly down Broadway on his way to the city hall yesterday afternoon in his traveling-hat and dusty overcoat, heedless of the clamor of the passing crowd, and the clatter of car-bells and carriage-wheels. A sorrowful expression clouded the benevolent countenance of the veteran, and he was walking along slowly near Canal street, saddened by thoughts of days that were gone, when he was astonished by a cordial salutation from a slim, dapper youth, who suddenly smiled up at him and waved at him an ambrosial and glittering ring.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. Smith," exclaimed this prodigy of late-day civilization in the most honeyed tones, "who ever would have thought of seeing you? This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Mr. Chittenden for a moment was taken aback. He surveyed the newcomer from the crown of his white tie to the points of his dainty patent-leather shoes, and saw at once that he was an entire stranger, but he loves a joke, and a twinkle showed in his clear gray eye as he replied with a quiet smile:

"My name is not Smith; it's Brown."

The dapper young man bowed his most fashionable bow and at once passed on, with profuse apologies for his mistake, and Mr. Chittenden again pursued his way. He had stopped laughing at his little adventure and had related it to his former train of meditation when he was a second time accosted by another apparition in a standing collar and cuffs, and a voice even more unctuous than the first, saluted him as "Mr. Brown." Whether Mr. Chittenden's faith in human nature had been shaken by his first encounter, or whether his love of a joke again impelled him, he does not now remember, but he immediately seized the hand extended to him and shook it with cordial violence, uttering at the same time the warmest greetings.

"How do you find yourself, my dear friend? There, stand off so I can look at you," cried the exuberant farmer, emphasizing every word by tightening his grasp of the stranger's hand.

"Pleased to see me? The pleasure is mine, sir, entirely mine. Only to think of it's being you! What, come to think of the interest! How considerate of you, eh?"

"Oh, yes, and—and all that sort of thing," replied the other, his smile a little fainter and his tone a little less cordial than at first. "Why, what an affectionate fellow you are, Mr. Brown?"

"Aye, lad; cordiality runs in our family," rejoined the farmer, closing his fingers relentlessly and working his arm like the handle of a fore-saw; "a firm hand shows a warm heart. Affectionate? Well, I reckon I am. None of your loose grips for me. Meet a friend as a friend, I say, and don't be backward in showing your friendship. Why, how well you look. I should never have known you."

"Time does alter one, it's true. There, there, Mr. Brown; I have been suffering with a sore hand, if you would kindly—"

"Don't mention it, sonny; don't mention it. Nothing like exercise to keep the blood circulating. I can never control myself at the sight of an old friend. Well, well, only to think that it's you. How—how—you've grown!"

"Yes, indeed, and that reminds me—I've an important engagement, and I see I have no time to lose, so if you'll just excuse me—"

But Mr. Chittenden is not the man to part from old friends so hastily, and so he only jerked the arm of his new acquaintance the harder, renewing his expressions of delight. By this time the thing was getting serious. The would-be confidence man was capering with pain, and struggled in the vice-like grip of the stalwart rustic like a lobster in the clutches of an octopus. His face and his were colorless, and his brow streamed with cold perspiration. His eyes stood out like saucers. His collar broke loose, his hat fell off, and the light seemed to have faded out of his life. The agony depicted on his face was not lessened when he saw that a crowd was gathering; and the farmer released him only after a final wrench which nearly tore the wily sharper's arm from its socket.

"What, going already?" exclaimed Mr. Chittenden, who had never turned a hair and rather enjoyed the exercise. "Well, well, you needn't be in such a hurry," he continued, in a reproachful tone, as the confidence man picked himself up and darted around the corner out of sight of the approaching figure in the helmet and brass buttons.

"That's rather shabby treatment of an old friend like me—but he didn't seem so very glad to see me, after all," and Mr. Chittenden beamed benignly upon the grinning bystanders and calmly pursued his journey.—New York World.

THE NEWS OF THE STATE.

Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in South Carolina.

Daily freight trains are now run on the Blue Ridge Railroad.

Chicken cholera prevails to a considerable extent in York county.

O. T. Culbreth's life was insured for \$2,000 in favor of his children.

Greenville and Pelzer have been placed in telephonic communication.

The annual fair of the Piedmont Fair Association is only two weeks off.

The Newberry County Fair will be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th inst.

There were three deaths in Camden during the month of September—all colored.

New buildings are going up rapidly in Charleston and old ones being improved.

M. A. Waldrop, of Greenville, exhibits a stalk of cotton with 143 matured bolls.

The residence of Mr. Jerome C. Miller, of York, was burnt by an accidental fire.

Capt. H. F. Edwards, of Darlington, was found dead in his bed on last Friday morning.

Road-workers in some parts of Abbeville county are excused on account of headache.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of South Carolina will meet at Lexington on the 23rd inst.

A sturgeon weighing 100 pounds jumped into a boat crossing Sand-Bar Ferry and was captured.

Spartanburg banquets the Greenwood, Laurens and Spartanburg Railroad men on the 13th inst.

The State Baptist Convention will meet at Newberry on Thursday before the third Sunday in November.

Robert L. Connor, son of Mr. L. D. Connor, of Cokesbury, was killed in a railroad accident in Arkansas.

A protracted meeting at the Baptist church in Williamston has attracted much interest and worked great good.

J. A. Attaway, of the Red Bank section of Edgefield county, claims to have discovered a coal deposit on his plantation.

A young man of Abbeville county gave a cow and calf, a shotgun, a sow and seven pigs and six dollars in cash for a hound.

The next term of Court for Edgefield county will convene on the second Monday in November. Judge Hudson will preside.

A wild turkey gobbler runs with a drove of tame turkeys in Orangeburg during the day, but at night goes into the swamp.

Sarah Scott, a colored woman, died suddenly on a steamboat in Charleston as she was on her way to St. Helena Island.

The good will, material, etc., of the Rock Hill Hotel, is offered for sale by Francis W. Williams, assignee of J. M. Fry & Co.

The Associate Reformed Synod of the South was in session several days in Due West. The next session will be held at Bethany, Miss.

John Benson, convicted of killing another colored man in Laurens and recommended to mercy, has been sentenced to be hanged November 20.

Capt. H. F. Edwards, of Palmetto, Darlington county, was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 30th ult. He was perfectly well the night before.

William J. Cunningham was tried last week in the Lancaster Court for the murder of Robert Bowers at the Halle gold mine on May 12, last and acquitted.

W. G. Smith, of Anderson county, from one-sixteenth of an acre expects to make about 100 pounds of good tobacco, which at 25 cents a pound would be worth \$25.

The farmers of Eastern Kershaw, where the cholera has been killing out so many hogs recently, are thoroughly disgusted with hog raising and are anxious to sell out their entire stock.

In Abbeville county, a few days ago, a colored woman living several miles from the village, who has been somewhat notorious for her immoralities, was visited and whipped by the "regulators."

The new Catholic church at Abbeville will be dedicated on the fourth Sunday in this month with appropriate ceremonies. Work on the new Methodist church in the same town is progressing rapidly.

The gin-house of McDaniel & Brooks, at Modoc, Edgefield county, was accidentally burned on the 26th ult., together with 25 bales of cotton belonging to farmers in the vicinity. Loss about \$2,000; no insurance.

It is said that Mr. O'Shields, a well known farmer in Spartanburg, has been warned to leave the county after he gathers his crop, the charge being that he warned the sheriff of the approach of the late lynching party.

George D. Wadley, Superintendent of Construction of the Georgia Central Railroad System, will commence work on the Savannah Valley Railroad immediately, and expects to complete it inside of eleven months.

There are thirty-seven practicing physicians in Newberry county, one of whom is a colored man, Dr. Z. W. McMorris, who graduated in 1883 at Meharry School of Medicine of the Central Tennessee College, Nashville.

There was a heavy freshet in Lynch's River, in the eastern part of Kershaw county, last week, caused by recent rains. The low lands were flooded and the damage to the corn and cotton planted along that stream was very great.

The old Star Fort at Cambridge, in Edgefield, the Advertiser says, still remains as a monument to the memory of those who shed their blood for liberty in the great war with our mother country. The trench which General Green had dug in trying to undermine the fort is still open, and the marks of the pick, made over a century ago, are distinctly seen. The trench is 200 yards long, 4 feet wide and 5 feet deep.

A DESPERADO SHOT.

A Negro Lunatic Killed by a Constable in Summerville.

There was great excitement in Summerville, twenty miles from Charleston, on Monday the 25th inst. That morning, before day, Andrew Flower, colored, who had been in the State Lunatic Asylum, went through the village firing off his pistol and raising a disturbance. He assaulted his own wife and daughter. He then left his house and assaulted a widow woman and her daughter, who are white. They fled from the house. Constable Limestone, a son of Judge R. J. Limestone, went the next morning. He drew a revolver and Limestone shot him dead. The coroner held an inquest at once. The verdict was "justifiable homicide." After assaulting his own wife and daughter, he set fire to his own house, and it was burned to the ground. He also fired the house of the widow and her daughter after they fled. He also burned up the universal verdict of Charleston, where Flower is well known, is that he was suffering from *dementia tenens*, and did not know what he was doing.

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE R. R.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after July 19th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as herewith indicated upon this Road and its branches: DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 53—Up Passenger.

S C Junction A	10 30 a m
Columbia (C G D)	10 55 a m
Ar Alston	11 55 a m
Ar Newberry	12 58 p m
Ar Ninety-Six D	2 14 p m
Ar Hodges	3 16 p m
Ar Belton	4 24 p m
Ar Greenville	5 45 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Ar Greenville	10 00 a m
Ar Belton	11 21 a m
Ar Hodges	12 31 p m
Ar Ninety-Six	1 23 p m
Ar Newberry	3 08 p m
Ar Alston	4 19 p m
Ar Columbia	5 15 p m

SPARTANBURG, UNION AND COLUMBIA.

No. 53—Up Passenger.

Ar Alston	11 58 a m
Ar Union	1 59 p m
Ar Spartanburg S U & C Depot	3 27 p m
Ar Spartanburg R & D Dep B	3 37 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Ar Spartanburg R & D Dep H	12 05 p m
Ar Spartanburg S U & C Depot	12 11 p m
Ar Union	1 48 p m
Ar Alston	4 05 p m

LAURENS RAILROAD.

No. 3—Up Passenger.

Ar Newberry	3 15 p m
Ar Goldville	4 15 p m
Ar Clinton	5 10 p m
Ar Laurens	6 00 p m

No. 4—Down Passenger.

Ar Laurens	9 10 a m
Ar Clinton	9 55 a m
Ar Newberry	12 00 m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Ar Hodges	5 20 p m
Ar Abbeville	4 20 p m
Ar Abbeville	11 25 a m
Ar Hodges	12 25 p m

BLUE RIDGE AND ANDERSON BRANCH.

Ar Belton	4 28 p m
Ar Anderson	5 01 p m
Ar Seneca City	6 15 p m
Ar Wallalla	6 45 p m
Ar Wallalla	8 50 p m
Ar Belton	11 02 p m

Trains run solid between Columbia and Hendersonville.

CONNECTIONS.

A Seneca with R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta.

A. With Atlanta Coast Line and South Carolina Railway, from and to Charleston.

With Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta from Wilmington and all points North.

With Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta from Charlotte and all points North.

B. With Asheville and Spartanburg from and for points in Western North Carolina.

C. Atlanta and Charlotte Division R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta and points South and West.

G. R. TALCOTT, Superintendent.

M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agt.

D. CALDWELL, A. G. Pass. Agt.

MAGNOLIA PASSENGER ROUTE.

G. L. and S. A. and K., and P. R. and A. Railways.

BLUE TIME—GOING SOUTH.

Ar Woodruff	7 50 a m
Ar Enoree	8 22 a m
Ar Laurens	9 52 a m
Ar High Point	10 10 a m
Ar Waterloo	10 34 a m
Ar Coronea	11 07 a m
Ar Greenwood	11 35 a m
Ar Greenville	5 50 a m
Ar Augusta	10 25 a m
Ar Augusta	10 50 a m
Ar Atlanta	5 40 p m
Ar Augusta	11 20 a m
Ar Chesleston	6 00 p m
Ar Beaufort	6 05 p m
Ar Port Royal	6 20 p m
Ar Savannah	7 00 p m
Ar Jacksonville	6 15 a m

GOING NORTH.

Ar Jacksonville	8 50 p m
Ar Savannah	6 55 a m
Ar Charleston	7 00 a m
Ar Port Royal	7 55 a m
Ar Beaufort	7 52 a m
Ar Augusta	1 55 p m
Ar Atlanta	8 20 p m
Ar Augusta	6 10 a m
Ar Augusta	2 30 a m
Ar Greenwood	7 00 p m
Ar Coronea	2 28 p m
Ar Waterloo	3 01 p m
Ar High Point	3 23 p m
Ar Laurens	4 03 p m
Ar Ora	4 43 p m
Ar Enoree	5 13 p m
Ar Woodruff	5 45 p m

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By buying your Drugs and Medicines, Fine Colognes, Paper and Envelopes, Memorandum Books, Face Powders, Tooth Powders, Hair Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Whisk Brushes, Blacking Brushes, Blacking, Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Tea, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Lamps and Lanterns, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff, Diamond Dyes, and other articles too numerous to mention, at the NEW DRUG STORE.

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No trouble to show goods.

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B. F. POSEY & BRO.,
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TYPE FOUNDRY

August 5, 1885. 1 1y