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THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

"FOR US PRINCIPLE IS PRINCIPLE—RIGHT IS RIGHT—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER."

VOL. XII. NO 49.

DARLINGTON, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1886.

WHOLE NO 622.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Our job department is supplied with every facility necessary to enable us to compete both as to price and quality of work, with every branch of the printing and book-binding business. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular and charge nothing for our work. We are always prepared to fill orders at short notice for Blank, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, and bill Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c. All job work must be paid for.

Cash on Delivery.

Selected Poetry.

The Lyric of Action.

PAUL H. HAYES.

"'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes
And dust?"

"What though the heart's music be fleet?
Still shines the grand heavens overhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear
On the soul."

"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to goal!"
If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebuke on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will
That defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost
Floor—
"Too late!" in a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.

If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortality may raise.
While in striving to reach thou shalt
Strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with Fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes
And dust?
What though the heart's music be dead?
Still shines the fair heavens overhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Demands the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

Work for December.

(W. L. Jones in Southern Cultivator.)

Last month attention was called to the importance of supplying animals, in winter, with warm water and warm food. It was suggested that water be brought from springs in underground pipes, directly into the stalls, whenever this was practicable. But as this cannot be done on many farms, we suggest another arrangement, which is practicable on every farm. A force pump may be placed in the barn or stable with pipes running from it to a well near by. With such arrangement, the farmer without exposure, and without taking his animals from their stalls, could supply them with fresh, warm water, by pipes running from the pump to drinking vessels in each stall. The pipe, leading to the well, should be sunk deep enough in the ground to escape freezing in the coldest weather. How quickly, how easily, how pleasantly could stock be supplied with fresh, warm water in winter and cool, fresh water in summer. The first outlay would be soon returned in the saving of time and labor in taking animals in and out of their stalls. Irregularity in feeding and watering lays the foundation for much of the sickness of stock. Arrange everything, therefore, about barn and stable with reference to greatest convenience and dispatch. The easier a thing can be done, the more certainty of its being done.

Rainy weather usually sets in this month and continues during the winter. If stock has been allowed the run of the fields up to this time, stop it at once. There is no practice in our farming more short-sighted than allowing stock to tramp the wet fields during winter. Pretty much everything of value as food has been gleaned already; the stock will get little or nothing, but they will damage the land greatly. The land is entitled to all the debris of the crop. Don't be so short-sighted as to get everything out of it at once. Remember the story of the goose that laid the golden egg. Moreover, it is true economy, as well as kindness to stock, to keep them out of the cold rains. The little cleanings they get will not produce more animal heat than that which exposure to cold rains will take from their bodies. In other words, the animals will gain nothing, the fields will lose their vegetable matter and the soil its fertility. In all the more thickly settled portions of the country we have passed beyond the mixed pastoral farming state, and have reached the farming state proper. Our policy now is to provide special pastures and to raise food for all the stock kept on the farm. This must become, as much as any other organized, well-developed part of our farm economy. See how readily and quickly it assumes this shape, on the stock farms scattered over the country. Owners of Jerseys—who attach value to their stock—very soon have good pastures and unlimited supplies of forage. It only requires that one should make up his mind to have them. With Bermuda grass, red, white and buff clovers, lucern and Spanish clover, orchard, berds and blue grasses, barley, rye, German millet, sorghum pea vines and drilled corn; why should one ever be at a loss in providing for his stock?

With so many available crops, supplemented by an unlimited supply of cotton seed and a mild, genial climate superadded, why should not Southern farmers raise more stock? Why should a mile or a

horse ever be brought from the north side of the Ohio river? Why should hundreds of tons of butter and ocomargarine from the North be sold in the South every year? Why work ourselves to death to raise cotton to buy horses, mules, bacon, flour, lard, meal, glucose or starch syrup when every one of these, except the glucose, which can be supplanted by sorghum syrup, can be raised at home without the slightest difficulty? Why play into the hands of middlemen, railroads, banks, speculators, etc., to say nothing of the dependence upon the unsteady, unreliable laborers in our midst? You claim cotton is always salable, always brings cash. So does first class butter, so does bacon, so does lard, so does a good mule or horse. Jersey butter finds ready sale simply because it is good butter. The owners of such stock make better in a business-like way; they have good milk-houses and proper arrangements for cooling and keeping milk; water power or some other mechanical device for churning. They do not lose patience in cool weather and pour hot water in the churn; they know that slow churning makes the most and the best butter. They know that large feeds of cotton seed spoil butter, and they feed something else. If all of our farmers handled their milk and butter in like manner, Northern butter would soon be driven out of the market. In the olden time, the little surplus butter on our farms was regarded as a trifle, and little attention given it. Hence, we have fallen into careless ways and methods—let us change them. Let every farmer arrange to make some butter for market—handle it properly, make its quality good and its appearance attractive and he will always find ready sale at good prices.
(continued.)

Cotton Culture.

For some months past a young Russian, Mr. Peter K. Sizkin, has been stopping with Hon. W. L. Perk, of Rockdale county, and by his gentlemanly bearing has won the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact.

Mr. Sizkin was sent to America by the Nicolaev Manufacturing Company, near Moscow, Russia, for the purpose of investigating the method of cotton culture in this country, with a view to introducing the same in Russia.

Mr. Sizkin is a cultured, gentleman, and having traveled extensively, possessed of a large fund of general information, hence well equipped for the mission on which he comes. He said:

"Col. Perk has been very kind to me, and from his neighbors I have received only courteous treatment. Every facility for the study of the cultivation of the cotton plant has been afforded me, though in regard to the botanical and agricultural character of the plant it differs very little from other plants that are sown and cultivated in rows—that is, the so-called row plants. From this standpoint it seems to me that cotton culture should be conducted on the same general principles that are common to all drill cultures, though one finds a difference between the American practice and that of the old world. The principal feature of drill culture in Europe is a thorough preparation of the soil before planting in a shallow cultivation with light implements during the summer. No deep plowing is allowed, as it tends to desiccate the land by exposing the new layers of the soil. With us light cultivators, which break the upper crust of the whole middle at one 'walk,' have taken the place of the sweeps, scrapes, etc., for summer work. My observations lead me to believe that they could be profitably substituted for the shovel plow pattern used by the Southern cotton planter."

"But are our lands adapted to the use of cultivators?"
"Of course they are. The principal objections I have heard urged against cultivators are that they can be used only on level land and that they do not kill the weeds as well as scrapes or sweeps. The first objection only applies to the very large sulky implements which, I don't know why, are called cultivators, when they are more like some apocryphal beast. The true cultivator is easily handled in all soils and in all situations. The second objection shows only the poor condition of the land, and it is not the work of the cultivator to kill weeds. The farmer should take care of them before they come. In my country the fields and meadows are sometimes covered with a luxuriant growth of a weed of the genuine Brassica, which propagates itself equally as successfully as the crab grass, and our farmers exterminate it by cutting off the tops while the plant is yet in bloom. If such method was adopted in regard to crab grass, it seems to me, cotton fields would be cleaner."

"What is the difference in the methods of cultivation of the plant here and that in vogue in other cotton growing countries?"
"America is much in advance. All over India, with very few exceptions Persia and the Asiatic dominions of Russia, cotton is sown broadcast, weeded with the hands and cultivated with the hoe. The more or less dry climate does not allow the weeds to grow too luxuriantly, therefore the planter does not find it difficult to keep them down."

"What is the yield per acre in those countries?"
"As statistics are scarce and unreliable in those countries, I cannot say, though in Russian provinces it hardly exceeds two hundred pounds. The cotton grown in India, Persia and the Russian provinces is different from that grown here—the fibre is shorter than the average upland, and it is claimed the plant has a longer tap root and is of more sturdy growth, which enables it to endure, uninjured, the prolonged droughts."

"Will our cotton grow there?"
"That is as yet an open question, and awaits solution. The experiments with American seed in India made by American planters in 1859 and 1860 at the request and expense of the British government, gave very different results for different years. The common opinion is that imported seed degenerate very rapidly. This, however, may be attributed to the primitive methods of cultivation, as it is anything but easy to induce the natives to adopt the new system of culture. This is not strange when you consider that the American system requires more work and more expense, while the merchants and brokers will pay no more for the improved lint. On Asiatic plantations irrigation is extensively practiced, especially where large and properly situated natural basins are at hand."

"How is the staple prepared for market?"
"In this too, the methods are primitive, and America is much in advance. The crop is ginned on a number of small machines, called 'chukrabs,' which are very much like the old roller ginners. The cotton from the Asiatic plantations for Russian consumption is shipped partly by the Caspian Sea and some of it, loaded on camels, is brought to the merchants through the arid sands and mountains of middle Asia. There is little doubt but that these primitive methods will gradually change and Europe will get her cotton supply a little nearer and cheaper than now. The American planters are loud in their complaints now that cotton does not pay, and when this is the case they will probably revolt entirely against the old king, who is so numerous to his true subjects."

"What portion of Russia does the Nicolaev Manufacturing Company propose to try the experiment of raising cotton?"
"In Georgia, that portion of Russia which lies south of the Caucasus mountains. I think cotton can be successfully grown there if we can protect the plant from the prolonged droughts which usually prevail during our summers. This I think can be done by a thorough system of irrigation, the topography of the country being admirably adapted to that mode of culture. From here I go to California for the purpose of studying the system of irrigation in operation in that State. So you see it will be some time before I go back to Russia yet."

"Before he leaves for California Mr. Sizkin will visit Sumter, S. C., to see the famous Mason cotton harvester, which promises to do so much to reduce the cost of gathering the cotton crops, and when he goes back to Russia will carry all that can be learned about the cultivation of our staple product and its economical preparation for market."

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day did the people know that a vigilance committee had determined work, when the lifeless body of Caesar Robinson was seen hanging to a small elm tree in the yard in the rear of the town hall, but a few feet from the guard house. The body was swinging by a rope around the neck, the rope being passed over the largest limb of the tree, which was not an inch in diameter, and secured around the trunk of the tree. The face was towards the northeast, and the eyes were covered with a handkerchief, the hands being also tied with a handkerchief behind the back, on which was posted "Our wives and daughters shall be protected"—a terrible warning to the evil doer. The feet were but about two feet from the ground, and the rope from the neck to the limb about a foot and a half.

The assault occurred on the open road a little beyond the residence of Mr. P. A. Brunson, on one side of which was a low fence, and on the other a ditch. The ground was trampled and torn up where the struggle took place, and the signs were also plainly evident on the side of the ditch, where the grass was trodden down, as they swerved in the struggle. The negro probably selected this spot to make the attack because of the view from all sides, as he could see should any one come upon him from the road or across the fields, and then have ample time to make his escape.

The occurrence was reported, and neighbors gathered to identify the man, and to take such steps that would lead to his capture. Miss Bowey gave his name, and they knew their man at once, as he was firing temporarily on the railroad, in place of his brother, who was absent for a few days. Nothing was done till that night, when several gentlemen came into town to look for Robinson, and they captured him in a shanty car about 11 o'clock that night. They at once took him before the young lady, who identified him as her assailant. They then brought him back to town and locked him in the guard house, where he remained all day Tuesday.

On Tuesday night a meeting of the Hope Steam Fire Engine Company was held at their hall, next the guard house, and early in the evening a crowd of negroes gathered in the vicinity, for what purpose is not known. Some time after 10 o'clock, the negroes gathered near the hall, and made such a noise that no business could be transacted. Warden Cole was in the hall, and he deputized E. P. Pawley to go out and disperse the crowd. He went out and told them to go away, and says that Lew Gadsden drew his pistol, as did others (who are known), and said that they were tax paying citizens, had as much right there as anybody and refused to move. Pawley went in and reported, when Cole told him to deputize enough men from those present to assist him in enforcing his order, and twelve men were chosen. They then went out and told them they must disperse, when they again refused, but subsequently retired across the street, and entered the enclosure of the brick walls of the burned store of D. A. Layton. Immediately on getting in there, they commenced throwing bricks, when this seemed to be a signal of some sort, and a shot was fired from the west side of Tom Jefferson's store, and suddenly a large number of negroes came from the lot in the rear of G. F. Buchheit's store, and they, too, opened fire on the gentlemen in front of the hall. To avoid a disturbance, which had been so seriously determined on by the blacks, the whites returned the fire, but emptied their pistols in the air. The blacks immediately scattered, and quiet reigned. Mr. A. A. Cohen, who had closed his store and came down the street to get some oysters, corroborates this statement that the negroes made this first fire, for he heard the noise, and was on his way to see what it meant, and he was by the side of the man who fired the first shot, and he put his hand on his shoulder and accused him of it, at the same time recognizing who he was. He, with a friend, were the only white men on that side of the street, and were amongst the negroes till he reached the engine house, and was immediately in the way of the fire from the whites, which he says but an alarm raised by their shooting, as they fired their pistols in the air. There were several hundred blacks together, and no other reason can be assigned for congregating, unless it was that they had determined to release Robinson from the guard house.

Some time after the above occurrence, A. W. Thomson, the policeman on duty, was accosted at the town hall, and the keys of the guard house demanded of him. He refused to surrender them, when he was seized and overpowered after a fierce resistance, and his person searched. They did not find the keys, and the crowd went into the engine house and procured the heavy, ironed tongue of the engine, with which they battered the door and broke the staple. Mr. Thomson says that everything was conducted in the most quiet manner, and not a word spoken. He was surrounded until the crowd broke up, being unable to make the slightest effort to save the prisoner, the intent of the party now being plainly divined. The men were masked and unrecognizable, so no clue exists as to who were concerned in the lynching.

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The Governor's Message.

Gov. Sheppard's message to the Legislature is one of the ablest and most complete expositions of the condition of the affairs of the State that has been written in many years. It shows great familiarity with the workings and details of every branch and interest of the State government, and the most of his suggestions to improve it, we think, are needful and wise. What we like about it is, that it is a practical, business-like document, which opens up though for those to whom it is addressed, and will greatly aid the Legislature in perfecting such legislation as will benefit the people. The Governor, during his short term of office, has not been an idle official, but has discharged the duties of his high office with an industry and ability that makes him rank as the equal of his predecessors.—*County Record.*

Cannot Help Admiring Him.

Governor Sheppard will probably return to his home in Edgfield on Friday. During Governor Sheppard's stay in Columbia he has made many warm friends and gained many sincere admirers. Mr. Sheppard spent weeks, perhaps months, in the Capital at different times before he became Governor, but the people did not know him and consequently could not appreciate him. Since, however, he has been living here all those who have been thrown with Governor Sheppard, all those who have watched his actions and demeanor have found out the man and consequently cannot help admiring and respecting him.—*Columbia Cor. News and Courier.*

Governor John C. Sheppard.

Governor Sheppard retires from his high office with the good will, respect and admiration of the people of this State. Since 1876 he has been at the front holding up the banner of retrenchment and reform. As Speaker of the House and president of the Senate he distinguished himself as one of the best presiding officers the State has ever had. He has lost nothing since he occupied the Governor's chair. Every paper issued by him has been marked by elegant diction, the best of style and pregnant with meaning and force. His course has been wise and the people have no fault to find with him. We trust he may live many more years of honor and usefulness.—*Abbeville Advertiser.*

The Future has Much in Store for Him.

South Carolinians here, who have read Governor Sheppard's farewell message to the State Legislature, refer to that document in the most eulogistic terms. A prominent official, whose name I will not mention, says that the message stamps Governor Sheppard as one of the brightest lights, legal official and political, in the State, and the future has much in store for him. He handled the various topics of the hour in a most judicious and admirable manner, and surprised many people who heretofore failed to appreciate the full scope of his ability as a public man and an executive official.—*Wash. Cor. News and Courier.*

Governor Sheppard's Message.

Governor Sheppard is one of the ablest young men in the State, and has been peculiarly fortunate in his political aspirations. Since the Democratic party came into power he has held conspicuous positions, and has sustained himself in them all. By the resignation of Governor Thompson he, by virtue of his office as Lieutenant-Governor, became Governor. His message to the Legislature is a very strong paper, filled with wise suggestions and is quite aggressive in the policy it marks out.—*Fee Dee Index.*

The Knights of Labor.

Another very important question has arisen, the settlement of the vexed question between labor and capital. It is the status of the negro. The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor recently in session at Richmond, has undertaken to enforce civil rights, and wish a negro member of the Assembly to be accorded all the privileges of the others. Richmond, as she ought to have done, rose up en masse against it. This organization may wield considerable power but as soon as it attempts to force the negro above his plane, and put him upon an equality with the white laborer, its days of usefulness and power are numbered. The Knights of the South we know will not put up with it. It is a result which the whole force of the United States Government could not bring about, and how do the Knights expect to do it? The negro is a troublesome factor in every question. He has bothered the State, the Church, and now he is likely to be the entering wedge to split the labor organizations of the country.—*Abbeville Messenger.*

The Latest Wrinkle in Society.

The society young men will surprise the girls with a new wrinkle this winter. Let it be only faintly whispered, but they will ponder their hair. To be prematurely gray is to be in the height of fashion. If you have a florid face so much the better, but gray you must be and still look young. A fashionable hairdresser has been besieged with applications for a lotion which will bring about the desired result, but he has failed to produce anything satisfactory as yet, although he has sold quantities of stuff which he claims will bring the "silver threads." Those who are impatient have given up its use, however, and will powder their hair.—*Washington Letter.*

State News.

On the morning of November 30, a serious fire occurred in the town of Aiken, and property to the amount of \$50,000 was destroyed.

The *News and Courier* says that since October vast improvements have been made in the Mason Harvest. The old defects have been cured; there is now no waste, and nearly 4,000 pounds have been picked in a day.

The work of inspecting the buildings in Charleston has been completed. The experts report that the injury they have sustained from the earthquake amounted to \$3,000,000, and that not one hundred chimneys out of 1,400 escaped injury.

The annual meeting of the State Bar Association was held in Columbia last week. The address was delivered by Judge Cooley, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan and the distinguished author of a number of law books.

During the past week immense forest fires, covering an area of ninety miles in extent, have been raging along the line of the North-eastern and the Central railroads. Considerable property was destroyed, and, for a time, things looked serious. Florence, Pinayola and other towns being threatened with destruction.

The railroad from Atkins has been completed to Bishopville and our friends up there have at last realized what they have been long desiring, viz: railroad connection with the rest of the world. A regular schedule is now operated on this road, carrying freight and passengers. The road is a monument to the enterprise of Messrs. Atkins & Barber.

Anderson county is still ahead, and is bound to keep in the lead. After other places had produced trees that rained, she came forward with a tree that snowed. That, however, was not sufficient, and now she can produce a tree that bellows like a cow. This tree is located a few miles north of the city, and was first discovered by a little boy, who informed his parents of it. Several persons have visited the tree and our informant states that they say it bellows at intervals like a cow.

Captured by a Tricycle.

During the recent ladies' cycling tour to Cape Ann, Mrs. C. was riding on the front seat of a tandem tricycle, the rear seat being occupied by her husband, when, without a second's warning, she suddenly felt herself being drawn downward upon the saddle until she could hardly move. At her startled cry the machine was brought to a standstill, when it was discovered that her dress had been caught in the gearing of the machine, the dress guard having been left off at the repair shop through an oversight. Two breaths of the skirts were effectually wound backward and forward into the machine that budge an inch the lady couldn't, while the combined efforts of the gentlemen of the party were unavailing in extricating every fragment of the blue flannel. "Out the dress," said one, but the lady said "No," very decidedly, for to appear in public with but three quarters of a dress skirt would never do in the world. Then the tricycle was attacked, and the dress was soon strewn with bolts, nuts, washers, wrench