

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1881.

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The Watchman and Southron.

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All communications which subscribe private interests will be charged for as advertisements.

Obituaries and tributes of respect will be charged for.

For job work or contracts for advertising address Watchman and Southron, or apply at the Office, to Business Manager.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA R. R.

ON and after May 15th, 1881, the following schedule will be run on this road:

Leave Wilmington	10:05 p.m.
Arrive Florence	2:25 a.m.
Leave Florence	2:40 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a.m.
Leave Columbia	10:00 p.m.
Arrive Florence	12:40 a.m.
Leave Florence	2:00 a.m.
Arrive Wilmington	6:30 a.m.

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South Carolina Railroad.

ON and after May 15th, 1881, the following schedule will be run on this road:

Leave Columbia	6:00 a.m.
Arrive Florence	12:25 a.m.
Leave Florence	12:40 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a.m.
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A Little Cretch.

A widow—the only one, A puny and decrepit one, That day and night, Though fretful old, and weak and small, A loving child, he was her all— The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—she, 59 sustained, She wanted comfort, not complaint, Though friends were fewer; And while she toiled for daily fare, A little cretch upon her care.

Was must to her. I saw her then—and now I see That, though resigned and cheerful, she Has sorrowed much. She has—He gave it cordially— Much faith, and carefully laid by A little cretch.

How I Lost My Diamonds.

An old bachelor, an I, with a very snug little income. Everyone at my time of life has his fads and fancies. I am a collector—not of old books or stuffed birds, or dirty scavenged and grasse, but of precious stones. My friends say it is an odd taste. I observe people always do say this of their neighbors' hobbies. Of course, my collection is a modest one; I cannot afford to buy stones at a price of five figures. I began my store with some really fine jewel mounts a relative picked up in the East, in those early days of our Indian Empire, when that operation known as "shaking the pagoda tree" was practiced. Then an old aunt bequeathed me certain "family diamonds," and I have bought a little for myself. It is for their intrinsic value than as specimens of different kinds of precious stones that I value my jewels.

The science of mineralogy has always been a fascinating one to me, and I mean, some day, to give the world a treatise on gems, which I have devoted years to drawing up. Except as ornaments, very few people care a straw about jewels. My nephews took the deepest interest in the experiences I thought of making to discover the Count St. Germain's secret for renovating flaws from diamonds—an experiment that, if successfully applied to the biggest stone in Aunt Dorothy's necklace, would have quadrupled its value. I was pleased to find the girls interested in scientific subjects, and repeated having called them frivolous. But when—falling to discover the count's secret—I thought of testing the most interesting experiment of converting diamonds into coals by the application of intense heat, the girls were absolutely rude on finding I was about to "try conclusions" in the matter with one of my best stones. Much they cared about scientific discoveries; they only wanted a necklace worth \$2,000 instead of \$750. I am minded to leave my jewels to—ah! have they not already left me?

I was sitting one morning in my study, when a note and card were brought to me. The card bore an unfamiliar name, Herr Schlossman. The note (unsigned) was from my old friend Merton. Merton lived a little way out of the town, but we constantly exchange letters and visits. Merton takes interest in science and mineralogy, and we belong to a great many societies, in which the ignorant general public, often lets me know when curious specimens of stones are to be sold at a reasonable figure, and so on. When I saw his writing I hoped the note was to say that his acquaintance, the wholesale jeweler, had seen an opal at my price. I have not a single decent opal in my collection, and have been looking for a specimen these ten years. However, Merton did not even mention opals. His note was only to introduce a foreign friend, Herr Schlossman, the bearer of the letter. It seemed that the Herr was a German savant, come to England on a visit to Merton. He (the German) was like myself, an enthusiast about gems, and Merton wanted me to allow him to look at my collection.

"Of course I am aware that it is too valuable to be exhibited to casual strangers," wrote Merton, "but you need have no fear of Herr Schlossman. He is an old and valued friend of mine, a rich man, and a collector himself." This, by the way, was rather an argument against his honesty; collectors are sometimes light fingered among their neighbors' treasures. "He is merely anxious to look at your jewels as a sample of a fine private collection of gems."

"Yes, I flatter myself mine is—, I mean, a very good collection; my family stones were curious from their very fads."

"Show the gentleman in," I said, as I selected the key that opened the iron door of the large safe, embedded in the library wall, where I keep my collection of jewels. The safe is behind a sham bookcase, and the iron door is covered with glass with backs of books pasted against it; no one could detect it among the rows of books.

"I never see a conjuror put a watch up his sleeve when he makes believe to slip it into a cake, and you don't know how he gets a bow into a cake, and you don't know how he gets a bowl of water and gold fish out of an empty cloak, do you, sir?" he inquired. "Why, those light-fingered genies can almost take the rings off your hand without your knowing it." He did, however, ask me whether any else had been in the room during the time the safe was opened, and I answered, "Only the real Herr Schlossman, the gentleman this impostor pretended to represent." I omitted to add that I had never before seen "the real Herr Schlossman."

The police authorities held out hopes of the recovery of the property, as they had been so promptly on the track of the supposed thief; and after taking all necessary steps in the matter, I returned home to wait anxiously for further tidings.

I breakfasted early next morning, and was gratified to see a haughty dash up to my door between ten and eleven o'clock. Listening into the hall, hoping to hear if my swindler was caught, and my presence required at the police station, I encountered Merton.

"How about my diamonds?" I cried. "Hang your diamonds!" was Merton's most unkind reply. "What could Merton's note to me, my old friend, Herr Schlossman, in this—this instance name?" If, however, they were not allowed to publish the opening sentences of Julius's speech, "I am not an anarchist," he said.

"I follow the necessity of a Government, which always must exist; and it is the Government must be for the people, and not the people for the Government. I demand for the people freedom and representation, freedom of the press and freedom of speech; and I further demand the right for the people, to whom it right belongs."

"Have the courage to wear your old clothes and you pay for your new ones."

Nothing but may be better.

Bill Arp on Hogs, Fences and the President.

Fence or no fence—that is the question. I had about given it up and become reconciled, but I see now that some few counties have determined to try it, and it encourages me to hope. It is a big thing, and it is no joke to say there's millions in it for there is. There are a power of things to worry a man in this sublimity life, and he can stand the big troubles pretty well, but these little troubles that come along every day and can't be helped will bring the crow's foot to the corner of his eyes after awhile. Here I've been farming for years and never let my stock run out to annoy my neighbors, and some of 'em treat me the same way but some don't. I've built fences and made water gates, and fixed up everything as near to bomb proof as possible, but still my neighbors' hogs keeps getting in my premises. There is a passel on the other side, a mile or so apart, and they roam up and down the big road every day, and they root at the farm gate until they root it open some way, or they get in at the water gate; or they lie around and watch until the children leave a gate unlatched, and first thing we know the infernal nuisances are in the field or the garden or the melon patch and if you dog 'em you hear of it, and if you kill 'em you have to pay three times as much as they are worth and it gets up a breach of good feeling and a neighborhood quarrel. But a man can't stand everything. These are the first hogs I ever heard of that are too good to be dog'd. I thought that biting hogs was a part of a dog's business, and I thought it was a part of a hog's business to be dog'd. Whether it is so or not, I'll be dog'd if I don't dog 'em as long as they keep annoying me, dog on 'em. I had a cucumber patch and a bean patch in the upper field and they were just coming on the nice and ready for the table, and this morning when I went out to gather vegetables there wasn't a bean or a cucumber vine left and hogs were stepping around as big as Watch, and looked at me with a grunt of impudence as much as to say: "You see we are here again don't you?" Well human nature is human nature the world over, and I just stepped over to the house and got my double-barreled gun and called the dog and they didn't seem inclined to go but I thought I'd try to get 'em out of the house, and I let fly and they've gone home with their noses like a pepper box, and I reckon they can't root very much for a few days anyhow. Well of course my neighbor will be powerful mad; but I don't care. In powerful mad too. Now the law tells exactly what kind of a fence a man must have to be a lawful fence, but it don't tell what kind of a hog a man must keep to be a lawful hog, and that's where the trouble comes in. These here hogs are like the confederate scouts, always on the go, hunting something to eat. They get nothing at home and they have to forage on the neighborhood, and here they do and there they go, up and down a mile and a half of boulevard, perusing the country and watching for an opening into my premises. If they were well fed at home they would be round the front gate and sleep and breed fads, which they ought to do for anybody who lets 'em go loose and vagabondize over the country.

Now, there is a law about public roads that I am going to try and enforce whenever anybody forces me to go to law about hogs. The supreme court says the big road in front of my house is my land if I own on both sides of it and the public only has the right to pass over it in a peaceable manner. They shan't stop and hitch to my shade tree, nor cross me, nor use bad language in the big road, no more than they could in my own yard for the road is mine and the traveler must keep moving. That's what the roads is for. It's a passover. It's a trespass to use it for anything else. Now I'm going to make a point on these hogs. I want 'em made to tell where they are going and what for. I'm going to see if they've got the right to lay in wait at my gate. I can prove according to reason that when they left home before day this morning they meditated devilment upon me and it was a trespass the minute they stopped travelling and turned aside into my bean patch. Judge Bleckley told me that was good law—that swine was a historic nuisance, that the devil took refuge in 'em 1880 years ago, according to scripture, when they run down into the sea—that they was a nuisance per se then, and they are a nuisance per se now, and if folks let 'em run about nosing into other people's business it was right to kill 'em whether in the abstract or the concrete and that's the law. I would buy these hogs and put 'em up and kill 'em, but the owners would get another set as mean or meaner right away. Nabor Freeman and I and Lowry and Munford and Allen join hands, and we have no trouble with our stock for we keep it up, and it saves a power of fencing, and my hope is that the law will work so well in these counties that adopt it, that it will spread and keep spreading till it covers the State.

I'm glad the president didn't die. I like him better than I thought I did. He is nothing more than any other man to me but I'm for anybody that a brute tries to sass me and I wish the brute could be hung for it, crazy or not crazy. It's them kind of crazy folks that ain't fit to live and it only shortens their lives a few days to hang 'em, as Galtin said about the president. I reckon he is crazy after a fashion, and I don't see as how anybody is responsible for it. It's more than the rebels were responsible for Booth killing Mr. Lincoln. It was the devil and mean whiskey that got into the fellow, and that's the whole of it. I believe that General Garfield was going to try to purify the administration of the Government—but he wasn't going out of his par-

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allowances for him; but my work appeared to turn his wrath into pity. "Jones," he said solemnly, "I did not think you were to be so easily gulled. I see it all now."

"Then you have the advantage of me," I retorted, rather testily, for no one likes hearing that he has been easily taken in.

"Your pleasant, agreeable man," went on Merton, in a tone of exasperating certainty, "is at this moment exulting in the possession of your lost jewels. The 'dirty little German,' as you please to entitle him, the real Herr Schlossman, who has just telegraphed to me from the police-station where your blundering has had him locked up."

"But the other man brought a letter—a card," I gasped.

"Of which he had robbed my friend at the railway station," said Merton, coolly. "Need I dwell on the rest of this tale?"

I completed Merton to the police court, where his injured friend was identified and set free. I cannot say that Herr Schlossman showed a very forgiving disposition, for he received our apologies and explanations with a remarkably bad grace, and utterly declined to fulfill his engagement with Merton, announcing that he had "seen enough of England," and intended to return to the Continent that evening. So off he went, and six months afterward, when he died, the names of the Merton family were remitted from his will, though he had promised them legacies. I doubt if Merton has ever thoroughly forgiven me. I am sure his wife has not.

And my lost jewels. They are lost still. That clever swindler has never been caught. To dole out to injury, everyone seems to think I was so easily gulled. I don't think I was at all. I was too alert, in fact. It was my very sharpness that caused me to leave the wrong man arrested, and so lose Merton's friendship as well as my diamonds. Why did the real Herr Schlossman come with a story exactly similar to that of the swindler the newspapers were warning us against? Why did he look such a dubious character?

Well, I have one comfort. The clever swindler is still at large. One day he may pay a visit to some of the people who are now laughing at me, and they may find themselves "done" as completely as I was.

PLUCK IN DEATH.

Colonel Malleson, in the closing volume of his history of the Indian mutiny, commonly called the Sepoy Mutiny, gives some curious instances of pluck in death. Brigadier Horsford, he states, "had driven a strong rebel force across that river (the Rapti), and in forcing it, in pursuit of them, many men of the Seventh Hussars and the First Punjab Cavalry had been swept away by the force of the current and were lost. Among these was Major Home, of the Seventh Hussars. After some search his body was drawn out of a deep hole, his hands having a fast grip of two of the rebels, while the bodies of two others who perished with him were found, each with his hands clutching a rebel sword."

In his "Reminiscences" Carlyle tells how he once rode sixty miles to Edinburgh, to consult a doctor, having at last reduced his complexities to a single question. Is this disease curable by medicine? or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so? This question I earnestly put; go, response. "It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco. Gave it instantly and strictly up. Found, after long months, that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's, whose name I will not mention."

CARLYLE AND HIS DYSPESIA.

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We wish for more in life rather than more of it.

A great reputation is a great charge.

AN EXTENSIVE VIEW.

Scotchmen are not famous for wit, but if they put any humor into a strong statement they always know how to substantiate their words. One whom a Yankee thought testy about by telling him of mountains in America so high that Europe could be seen from the top of them, replied, dryly: "From the top of Ben-ledi I can spy the moon."

The story of the West of Scotland shepherd who told an English tourist that he would see six kingdoms from the summit of the hill they were ascending, is instructive as well as amusing. "What the mischief do you mean, shepherd?" demanded the skeptical Southron. "Well, sir, I mean what I say," and then he pointed out in succession Cumberland in England; the Isle of Man, once a kingdom and a sovereignty in the families of Derby and Athole; the coast of Ireland, and the ground on which they were standing, part of Scotland.

"Yes," said the visitor, "that makes four, and you have two more to show me."

"That's true, sir, but don't be in a hurry. Well, sir, just look up above your head, and this is by the best of all the kingdoms; that, sir, above, is heaven. That's five; and the sixth kingdom is that down below your feet, to which, sir, I hope you'll never gang."

PRESS FREEDOM IN RUSSIA.

The censorship exercised on the foreign correspondents in St. Petersburg during the recent Nihilist trial was not nearly as severe as usual. Among other things, in this—this instance name? If, however, they were not allowed to publish the opening sentences of Julius's speech, "I am not an anarchist," he said.

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Bill Arp on Hogs, Fences and the President.

Fence or no fence—that is the question. I had about given it up and become reconciled, but I see now that some few counties have determined to try it, and it encourages me to hope. It is a big thing, and it is no joke to say there's millions in it for there is. There are a power of things to worry a man in this sublimity life, and he can stand the big troubles pretty well, but these little troubles that come along every day and can't be helped will bring the crow's foot to the corner of his eyes after awhile. Here I've been farming for years and never let my stock run out to annoy my neighbors, and some of 'em treat me the same way but some don't. I've built fences and made water gates, and fixed up everything as near to bomb proof as possible, but still my neighbors' hogs keeps getting in my premises. There is a passel on the other side, a mile or so apart, and they roam up and down the big road every day, and they root at the farm gate until they root it open some way, or they get in at the water gate; or they lie around and watch until the children leave a gate unlatched, and first thing we know the infernal nuisances are in the field or the garden or the melon patch and if you dog 'em you hear of it, and if you kill 'em you have to pay three times as much as they are worth and it gets up a breach of good feeling and a neighborhood quarrel. But a man can't stand everything. These are the first hogs I ever heard of that are too good to be dog'd. I thought that biting hogs was a part of a dog's business, and I thought it was a part of a hog's business to be dog'd. Whether it is so or not, I'll be dog'd if I don't dog 'em as long as they keep annoying me, dog on 'em. I had a cucumber patch and a bean patch in the upper field and they were just coming on the nice and ready for the table, and this morning when I went out to gather vegetables there wasn't a bean or a cucumber vine left and hogs were stepping around as big as Watch, and looked at me with a grunt of impudence as much as to say: "You see we are here again don't you?" Well human nature is human nature the world over, and I just stepped over to the house and got my double-barreled gun and called the dog and they didn't seem inclined to go but I thought I'd try to get 'em out of the house, and I let fly and they've gone home with their noses like a pepper box, and I reckon they can't root very much for a few days anyhow. Well of course my neighbor will be powerful mad; but I don't care. In powerful mad too. Now the law tells exactly what kind of a fence a man must have to be a lawful fence, but it don't tell what kind of a hog a man must keep to be a lawful hog, and that's where the trouble comes in. These here hogs are like the confederate scouts, always on the go, hunting something to eat. They get nothing at home and they have to forage on the neighborhood, and here they do and there they go, up and down a mile and a half of boulevard, perusing the country and watching for an opening into my premises. If they were well fed at home they would be round the front gate and sleep and breed fads, which they ought to do for anybody who lets 'em go loose and vagabondize over the country.

Now, there is a law about public roads that I am going to try and enforce whenever anybody forces me to go to law about hogs. The supreme court says the big road in front of my house is my land if I own on both sides of it and the public only has the right to pass over it in a peaceable manner. They shan't stop and hitch to my shade tree, nor cross me, nor use bad language in the big road, no more than they could in my own yard for the road is mine and the traveler must keep moving. That's what the roads is for. It's a passover. It's a trespass to use it for anything else. Now I'm going to make a point on these hogs. I want 'em made to tell where they are going and what for. I'm going to see if they've got the right to lay in wait at my gate. I can prove according to reason that when they left home before day this morning they meditated devilment upon me and it was a trespass the minute they stopped travelling and turned aside into my bean patch. Judge Bleckley told me that was good law—that swine was a historic nuisance, that the devil took refuge in 'em 1880 years ago, according to scripture, when they run down into the sea—that they was a nuisance per se then, and they are a nuisance per se now, and if folks let 'em run about nosing into other people's business it was right to kill 'em whether in the abstract or the concrete and that's the law. I would buy these hogs and put 'em up and kill 'em, but the owners would get another set as mean or meaner right away. Nabor Freeman and I and Lowry and Munford and Allen join hands, and we have no trouble with our stock for we keep it up, and it saves a power of fencing, and my hope is that the law will work so well in these counties that adopt it, that it will spread and keep spreading till it covers the State.

I'm glad the president didn't die. I like him better than I thought I did. He is nothing more than any other man to me but I'm for anybody that a brute tries to sass me and I wish the brute could be hung for it, crazy or not crazy. It's them kind of crazy folks that ain't fit to live and it only shortens their lives a few days to hang 'em, as Galtin said about the president. I reckon he is crazy after a fashion, and I don't see as how anybody is responsible for it. It's more than the rebels were responsible for Booth killing Mr. Lincoln. It was the devil and mean whiskey that got into the fellow, and that's the whole of it. I believe that General Garfield was going to try to purify the administration of the Government—but he wasn't going out of his par-

allowances