

The Watchman and Southron.

THE TRUE SOUTHERN. Established June, 1866.

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SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1882.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

The Watchman and Southron.
Published every Tuesday,
by the
Watchman and Southron Publishing
Company,
SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per annum—in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS.
One Square, first insertion, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, 50c.

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

FOR LEASE OR SALE.

THE PLANTATION KNOWN AS AN-
DERSONVILLE, in Charleston County,
eighteen miles above Moncks, most
beautifully situated on Sea
Way, with a good landing for ves-
sels of 4 to 6 feet draft. The place is quite
healthy, with fish and game in abundance,
and the soil quite productive, being adapted
to both cotton and provisions. The finest
quality of Long Staple Cotton has been grown
upon it. It contains between eight and nine
hundred acres, a large part of which is
wooded and timbered. The place is in need
of repairs, but it has on it a dwelling house,
in good condition, and some out-buildings.
To a good tenant, who will obligate to put
the place in order, a favorable lease will be
given, or if preferred it will be sold for a
fair price.

For further particulars apply to
N. G. OSTEN,
Sumter, S. C.

F. H. FOLSOM, L. W. FOLSOM,
F. H. FOLSOM & BRO.
Native-born Sumterians.

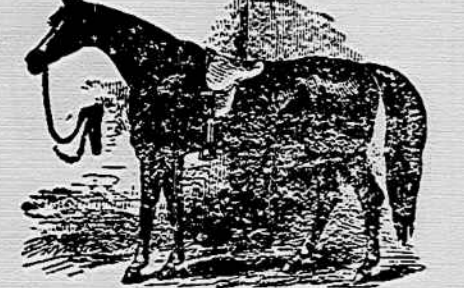


ESTABLISHED IN 1868

Practical Watchmakers and Jewelers,
Main-Street, opposite John Reid's,
DEALERS IN
**Watches, Clocks,
GOLD AND PLATED JEWELRY,
Spectacles, Silver and Plated Ware,
FISHING TACKLE,
Sewing Machine Needles, Oils, Etc**

General Repairing done at Conscientious
Prices.
Give us a call and be convinced.
Oct 25

**GRAHAM'S STABLES,
REPUBLICAN STREET,**



JUST ARRIVED
One Car Load of
**CELEBRATED
Old Hickory Wagons,**
Manufactured by the Kentucky Wagon Manu-
facturing Company, of Louisville, Ky.

They are made of the best material, by
skilled workmen. Every wagon sold guaran-
teed for 12 months. They run lighter, and are
in every respect as good as any wagon
made, while at the same time their price is as
low as wagons of inferior grade.

Also, on hand, a fine assortment of
**BUGGIES,
OF ALL STYLES AND GRADES,
At prices to suit the times
JUST ARRIVED ONE CAR LOAD OF
Fine Kentucky Horses,**
some of them extra good drivers—selected
with care for this market.
Oct 25 W. M. GRAHAM.

**CHEWAS AND DARLINGTON AND CHEWAS
AND SALISBURY RAILROADS.**
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
SECURITY HILL, S. C., Nov. 23, 1881.
ON AND AFTER THIS DATE, TRAINS
on these roads will run as follows—every
except Sunday.

Leave Wadesboro	8 40 a m
Leave Bennetts	9 00 a m
Leave Morris	9 15 a m
Leave McFarlan	9 35 a m
Leave Wadesboro	10 15 a m
Leave Bennetts	10 30 a m
Leave Morris	10 45 a m
Leave Darlington	11 35 a m
Arrive at Florence	12 10 p m

UP.
Leave Darlington 12 30 p m || Leave Bennetts | 1 10 p m |
Leave Morris	1 25 p m
Arrive at Wadesboro	2 30 p m
Leave Bennetts	4 15 p m
Leave Morris	4 30 p m
Leave Darlington	5 15 p m
Arrive at Florence	12 10 p m

**PAVILION HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.**
THIS POPULAR AND CENTRALLY
located HOTEL having been entirely
renovated during the past Summer is now
ready for the reception of the traveling public.
Special rates, \$2 and \$2.50 per day.
Special rates for Commercial Travelers.
E. T. GAILLARD,
Proprietor.

**THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
COLUMBIA, S. C.**
HAVING received my lease of "The Grand
Central Hotel" for a term of years, I
beg leave to inform the Public that the House
has been thoroughly renovated, and is now
furnished with new and improved Back
Walnut Furniture, Wire Spring Beds with
best Hair Mattresses, Velvet and Brussels
Carpets. Electric Annunciators connect with
every room, and the Hotel is connected
with the Columbia Telephone. Exchange
with every prominent place of business
throughout the City. These advantages, with
competent attendants, warrant me in assuring
the traveling Public as good accommodations as
the South can afford.

JOHN T. WILLEY, Proprietor.
Sept 20

**COLUMBIA HOTEL,
R. N. LOWRANCE, Proprietor**
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Table, Rooms and Servants First-class.
RATES REASONABLE.
Sept 20—3m

**ROBERT HOUGH & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Brandies, Wines and Whiskies,
44 South-Street, Baltimore, Md.
December 3**

**WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND
AUGUSTA R. R.**

ON and after Nov. 6th, 1881, the following
schedule will be run on this Road:
NIGHT EXPRESS AND MAIL TRAIN (Daily)
(Nov. 4th West and 4th East.)

Leave Wilmington	10 40 p m
Arrive at Florence	3 00 a m
Leave Florence	3 20 a m
Arrive at Columbia	6 40 a m

Leave Columbia	10 00 p m
Leave Sumter	10 35 p m
Arrive at Florence	1 55 a m
Arrive at Wilmington	6 20 a m

This Train stops only at Brinkley's, White-
ville, Flemington, Fair Bluff, Marion, Florence,
Timonville, Myrtleville, Sumter, Camden
Junction and Eastover.

THROUGH FREIGHT TRAIN.
Leave Florence, Union & C. Depot 11 40 p m || Leave Sumter | 2 25 a m |
| Arrive at Columbia | 5 30 a m |

Leave Columbia	5 00 p m
Leave Sumter	5 30 p m
Arrive at Florence	11 10 p m

LOCAL PASSENGER TRAINS.
Leave Florence, Union & C. Depot 6 00 a m || Arrive at Sumter | 10 55 a m |
| Leave Sumter | 11 40 a m |
| Arrive at Columbia | 4 00 p m |

Leave Columbia	7 00 a m
Arrive at Sumter	11 15 a m
Leave Sumter	12 10 p m
Arrive at Florence	5 10 p m

A. POPE, G. P. A.
JOHN F. DIVINE, General Supt.

**Columbia and Greenville Rail Road,
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.**
COLUMBIA, S. C., August 31, 1881.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, September
1st, 1881, Passenger Trains will run as
before in accordance with this road and its
branches—Daily except Sundays:
No. 42 Up Passenger.

Leave Columbia (A)	11 20 a m
Leave Abbeville	12 15 p m
Leave Newberry	1 21 p m
Leave Hodges	3 52 p m
Leave Belton	5 05 p m
Arrive at Greenville	6 27 p m

No. 43 Down Passenger.
Leave Greenville 10 33 a m || Leave Belton | 11 57 a m |
Leave Hodges	1 12 p m
Leave Newberry	3 47 p m
Leave Abbeville	4 46 p m
Arrive at Columbia (E)	5 50 p m

SPARTANBURG, UNION & COLUMBIA R. R.
No. 42 Up Passenger.
Leave Spartanburg, S. U. & C. Depot (B) 4 03 p m || Arrive Spartanburg R. & D. Depot (E) | 4 12 p m |

No. 43 Down Passenger.
Leave Spartanburg R. & D. Depot (G) 10 47 a m || Arrive Spartanburg S. U. & C. Depot (B) | 10 55 a m |
| Leave Union | 2 36 p m |
| Arrive at Abbeville | 4 36 p m |

LAURENS RAIL ROAD.
No. 42 Up Passenger.
Leave Laurens 8 55 p m || Arrive at Columbia | 6 45 p m |
| Leave Columbia | 8 30 a m |
| Arrive at Newberry | 11 30 a m |

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.
Leave Hodges 2 50 p m || Arrive at Abbeville | 4 46 p m |
| Leave Abbeville | 12 15 p m |
| Arrive at Hodges | 1 05 p m |

BLADE RIDGE R. R. & ANDERSON BRANCH.
Leave Blade Ridge 5 48 p m || Leave Pendleton | 6 20 p m |
Leave Seneca (C)	7 20 p m
Arrive at Walhalla	8 45 p m
Leave Seneca (D)	9 25 a m
Leave Seneca (E)	9 54 a m
Leave Pendleton	10 30 a m
Leave Anderson	11 18 a m

On and after above date through cars will
be run between Columbia and Hendersonville with-
out change.

CONNECTIONS.
A—With South Carolina Rail Road from
Charleston; with Wilmington, Columbia & Augus-
ta Rail Road from Columbia; and with points north
thereof.

B—With Asheville & Spartanburg Rail Road for
points at Western N. C.

C—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. R. for all
points South and West.

D—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. R. from At-
lanta and beyond.

E—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. R. for all
points South and West.

F—With South Carolina Rail Road for Char-
leston; with Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta
Rail Road for Columbia and the North; with
Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Rail Road for
Charlotte and the North.

G—With Asheville & Spartanburg Rail Road from
Hendersonville.

H—With A. & C. Div. R. & D. R. R. from
Charlotte and beyond.

Standard time used in Washington, D. C.,
which is fifteen minutes faster than Columbia,
which is fifteen minutes faster than Washington, D. C.
J. W. FRY, Supt.

A. POPE, General Passenger Agent.
August 30, 1881.

South Carolina Railroad.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 15th, 1881,
Passenger Trains on Camden Branch will
run as follows, until further notice:

EAST TO COLUMBIA—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.
Leave Camden Junction 7 40 a m || Leave Camden | 8 00 a m |
| Arrive at Columbia | 11 00 a m |

WEST FROM COLUMBIA—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.
Leave Columbia 5 15 a m || Arrive Camden Junction | 6 40 p m |
| Arrive at Camden | 8 15 p m |

EAST TO WASHINGTON AND AUSTIN.
Leave Camden 5 45 p m || Leave Camden Junction | 5 20 p m |
| Arrive at Charleston | 7 40 a m |
| Arrive at Augusta | 7 40 a m |

WEST FROM CHARLESTON AND AUGUSTA.
(Daily except Sundays.)
Leave Charleston 6 30 a m || Leave Augusta | 11 00 a m |
| Arrive at Camden | 1 10 p m |
| Arrive at Camden | 1 10 p m |

CONNECTIONS.
Columbia and Greenville Rail Road both ways
for all points on the Road and on the Spar-
tanburg, Union and Columbia and Spartanburg
and Asheville Railroads, also with the Char-
lotte, Columbia and Augusta Rail Road to and
from all points North by trains leaving Camden
at 7 40 a m, and arriving at 8 45 p m.

Connections made at Augusta to all points
West and South; also at Charleston with
Steamers for New York and Florida; and on Wed-
nesdays and Saturdays ROUND TRIP TICKETS are
sold to and from all Stations at one first class
fare for the round trip—tickets being good full
Monday noon, to return, except on Saturdays
good for 10 days and regularly on sale to and
from all stations at 6 cents per mile for round
trip.

THROUGH TICKETS to all points, can be
purchased by applying to James Jones, Agent
at Camden.
D. C. ALLEN,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
JOHN L. PECK, General Supt.
Charleston, S. C.

**NORTH-EASTERN R. R. CO.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
NORTHEASTERN RAILROAD CO.
CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 25, 1881.**
On and after this date the following Sched-
ule will be run, Sundays included:
Leave Charleston 8 09 a m || Arrive Florence | 12 55 p m |
| Leave Florence | 1 15 p m |
| Arrive Charleston | 1 30 a m |

Leave Florence Arrive Charleston | 2 40 a m || Leave Charleston | Arrive Florence | 6 45 a m |
Leave Florence	Arrive Charleston	8 45 a m
Leave Charleston	Arrive Florence	11 00 a m
Train leaving Florence at 2 40 a m. will not stop for way passengers.		
J. F. DIVINE, Gen'l Supt.		
P. L. CLEAROR, Gen'l Ticket Agent.		

RUBBER STAMPS.
NAME STAMPS FOR MARKING CLOTHING
with indelible ink, or for printing visiting
cards, and
STAMPS OF ANY KIND
Call on
C. P. OSTEN,
At the Watchman and Southron Office.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

Sweetheart, good-bye! You proved untrue,
And now I'll bid farewell to you.
A vision haunts my soul in sorrow,
And I think with bitter pain
Of the days that ne'er again
Will come so bright to you and me,
Sweetheart, good-bye! Good-bye to thee!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Since all is past,
And this sad parting is to last,
When other faces you may meet,
And other friends you chance to greet,
Give but one gentle thought to me,
Whose every thought once turned to thee!
Who thinks of thee with tear and sigh,
Good-bye, sweetheart! Sweetheart, good-bye!

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry afternoon in January,
away up in the bleak attic of a
wretched tenement house, a pale, sad-
eyed woman sat sewing. The gar-
ment upon which she was engaged
was a very rich dress. The twilight
closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall
of snow, a bitter, wailing blast that
made the windows rattle in the cas-
ements. Still the pale-faced woman
stitched on.

"Mother," piped a sweet voice
from the cot beneath the window,
"will you get the fine dress done?
Oh, mother, I'm so hungry! If I only
had some tea and a bit of sausage!"

She worked on steadily for a time,
pausing only to brush a tear from her
white cheek, then arose and shook
out the glimmering robe.

"Tis done at last," she said. "Now
mother's little girl can have her
supper; but be patient a little longer,
Flora. Ross, come, my boy!"

A manly little fellow came out from
the bedroom beyond.

"The fine dress is done, Ross, and
you must run home with it as fast as
you can. Miss Gracie will be out of
patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't
finish it one moment sooner, and ask
her to give you the money. We must
have it to-night. And you can
stop at Mr. Ray's as you come back
and buy some coal; and we must have
some bread and tea, and a mite of
butter, and you must get a sausage,
Ross, for poor little Flora."

"I'll get them all, mother," he said,
"and be back in time. You shall
have a big sausage, little sis," turning
toward the cot.

The girl nodded her curly head and
her great wistful eyes sparkled with
delight.

"And you shall have half of it,
Ross," she piped, in her splendid
bird voice.

"Hadn't you better put on your
thick jacket, my boy?" continued the
mother. "The wind cuts like a knife."

"Pshaw! little mother, I don't
mind the wind," and away he went
down the creaking stairs and out into
the storm. Miss Gracie Fontenay
was in a perfect frolic of impatience
and anger. Her dear 500 friends
were assembled in the halls below,
and her handsome dress had not
come home. "What did that beggar
woman mean by disappointing her?"

At that moment there was a ring at
the door and a voice in the hall.

"Please tell Miss Gracie my mother
could not finish it sooner; she wants
the money to-night."

The servant took the handsome
dress and message.

"I'll never give her another stitch
of work," cried the angry beauty.
"I ought to have had it three hours ago."
Here, Fancheon, dress me at once—
there's not a minute to lose. No, I
can't pay to-night; I haven't time.
I'll be back to-morrow."

"But we've no fire and nothing to
eat, and my little sister is sick,"
called the boy, pushing up the grand
stairway.

"Shut the door, Fancheon com-
manded Miss Gracie. And the door
was shut in his face.

From the porch at the parlor win-
dow Pansie watched the whole scene,
her violet eyes distended with child-
ish amazement.

"Poor little boy," she said, as Ross
disappeared down the stairway; "Sister
Gracie ought to pay him. It must
be dreadful to have no fire and nothing
to eat."

She stood for a moment balancing
herself on the tip of one dainty foot,
her rosy face grave and reflective;
then a sudden thought flooded her
blue eyes with sunshine, and snatch-
ing something from the table she
darted down stairs. The servant had
just closed the street door, but she
fluttered past like a humming bird
and opened it.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little
fellow that he was, face in his hands
sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?"
questioned Pansie.

Ross looked up, half believing that
it was the face of an angel looking
down upon him through the whirling
snow.

"Oh, I cannot go home without
the money," he sobbed; "poor mother
worked hard, and Flora is sick and
so hungry."

"Here," she said, "do take this,
little boy, and buy her lots of nice
things. 'Tis worth a good deal; papa
bought it for my birthday present,
but do you take it and welcome."

She extended her dimpled hands,
and something like a shower of stars
fell at the boy's feet. He caught it
up in amazement—a necklace of em-
eralds, lustrous, gleaming, things, set
in tawny Indian gold.

"No, no," he cried, running up to
where she stood. "I cannot take this
necklace—take it back!"

light blazed brilliantly in a fashionable
jewelry establishment, and its bland
proprietor looked down inquiringly
on little Ross as he approached the
glittering counter.

"Would you like to buy this, Sir?"
There was a tremor in the boy's
voice as he asked the question, and
the hand that held the emerald neck-
lace shook visibly. The lapidary
took the gems, examining them closely
for a moment, and then shot a
sharp glance at the child.

"See here," he said, presently, his
voice stern and commanding. "I
want to know how you came by this."
The boy's clear eyes fell; he
blushed and stammered, evidently
embarrassed. The jeweler put aside
the emeralds and, taking the lad's
arm, led him into a small ante-room.

"You are a thief, Sir," he said.
"That necklace belongs to Mr. Fontenay—
he bought it of me not a
month ago. You stole it; you are
a thief!"

The little fellow straightened him-
self, and his brown eyes blazed. "I
am no thief," he retorted. "A little
girl gave it to me, and I know it was
wrong to take it, but—but my mother
and sister are starving."

"You don't look like a thief," he
said, "but I will send for Mr. Fontenay;
that will settle the matter at
once."

He dispatched a messenger accord-
ingly, and Ross sat down in a corner
and sobbed bitterly as he heard the
driving wheel and thought of his
mother and poor little Flora. In half
an hour Mr. Fontenay came, bringing
his little daughter Pansie with him.

The little creature darted toward Ross
like a humming bird, her cheeks
ablaze, her eyes flashing like light-
ning.

"He didn't steal my emeralds!"
she cried. "I gave 'em to him to sell
'em, and buy-bread for his little sis-
ter."

Ross sprang to his feet, struggling
hard to keep back his tears. He put
out his little brown hand, which
Pansie instantly clasped in her chubby
palms.

"I am not a thief, Sir," he said at
last, addressing Mr. Fontenay; "I
never stole anything in my life. I
know it was wrong to take the neck-
lace—but—but, Sir, my little sister
is starving."

The merchant drew his hands across
his eyes.

"You're a marvellous little fellow," he
said patting the lad's head, "and I do
not in the least blame you, but I will
take Pansie's emeralds, and she shall
give you something more available.
Here, Pansie, give this to your little
friend."

He put a gold piece into Pansie's
hands, which she tendered to Ross,
with the injunction that he should
run straight home and buy lots of
goodies for his sister—a command he
was not slow to obey.

"I think we shall not lose sight of
the little fellow," continued Mr.
Fontenay, as Ross disappeared in the
stormy darkness. "Shall we, pet?
Let's see what we can do to help
him. He's a promising young lad
and an honest one I'm sure. Mr.
Lenox, you're in need of an errand
boy; why not try him? I wish you
would."

The jeweler consented, to Pansie's
great delight, and on the following
day Ross was duly installed as an
errand boy in the fashionable estab-
lishment.

Fifteen years after, one blustering
March morning, a young man sat be-
hind the counter of a thriving jewelry
establishment in one of the Northern
cities. He was a handsome man, a
traveler, a man of taste, intellect and
money, for he was a junior partner in
the firm, which was a prosperous one.

But, despite his good fortune, Ross
Dunbar was not happy. His mother
and his little Flora had gone to their
long home, and he was utterly alone
in the world, without kin or kin.
Sitting alone one morning, with the
roar of the March winds in his ears,
his thoughts were running back to the
days of his boyhood, to his mother's
humble home. How vivid the past
seemed, and how dear and sacred,
despite its privations and sorrows?
His eyes grew dim and his heart
swelled. All were gone over the
wide waters of time and change. A
tender smile softened his sad face as
he recalled the stormy night when he
sat sobbing on the steps of Mr. Fon-
tenay's mansion. And little Pansie,
the remembrance of her sweet face, as
he saw it through the snow wreaths,
haunted him constantly. In all the
fifteen years never for one hour had
he forgotten her. But she was gone—
lost to him forever. His reverie
was broken by the entrance of a cus-
tomer, a lady closely clothed and
veiled. She approached the counter
with a jewel case in her hand.

"Would you buy these?" she asked,
simply, in a clear, sweet voice, that
contrasted the young man's heart as no
other woman's voice had power to do.
He took the casket, opened it, and
spread out its contents. A watch,
an elegant and costly diamond ring,
two rubies and an emerald necklace.

Ross Dunbar barely suppressed a cry
of surprise as his eyes fell upon it.

He turned it over with eager, trem-
bling fingers, and there on the clasp
was the name that had lived in his
heart for so many years. "Little
Pansie."

"You wish to sell them all?" he
asked, striving to steady his voice
and the wild throbbing of his heart.

The lady hesitated an instant and
then she put out her slender hand and
drew the emeralds toward her.

"I dislike to part with this," she
said, "it was my father's gift—and
—but no matter, take them all, I
must have the money."

In her eagerness she had thrown
aside her veil, revealing a life face,
lit by lustrous sapphire eyes. Ross
Dunbar stood silent a moment, every
nerve in his manly form thrilling with
delight. He had found her
at last, the idol of his life.

"They are fine gems," he said,
after a moment, "and I am willing to
give you a fair price—suppose we
say \$1,000—will that do?"

The girl flashed a dazzling glance

of surprise from beneath her heavy
veil.

"So much as that?" she said trem-
ulously. "You are very kind, Sir,
Oh, you cannot know how much this
money will help me."

The young man made a polite reply,
and proceeded to put aside the jewels
and draw a check for the money.
The March winds were still bluster-
ing without, and the girl shivered
and drew her wrapper closer as she
started out.

"Won't you let me run down to
the bank for you?" said