

The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

WINNSBORO, S. C., AUGUST 2, 1883.

ESTABLISHED 1848

DEATH IN THE SKY.

Who that looks upward to the sky
In some transparent summer night,
When mystic stars are burning bright,
When there is nothing wide and high
Save what enchants the sight—

Who that looks upward to the life
We call eternal, and which seems
Quiescent as the flow of streams,
Unmarked by bitter death or strife,
Ethereal as our dreams—

Thinks that within the calmly vast
World-nature rolling overhead
Suns circle which are cold and dead,
And spheres which blazed in ages past
Are lifeless globes, that shed

No glimmer through the lucid air,
Yet whirl upon their unseen ways
Like ghosts of other skies and days,
Like shadows lingering darkly where
The ancient splendor stays?

As radiant earth is but the tomb
Where death awaits behind its bars
Hearts torn with many wounds and scars,
The sky is an unfathomable gloom—
A sepulchre of stars.

A DEAD HEART.

Everybody wondered when Robert Egerton married his wife.

He was plain, and quiet, but honest and good as gold, and he worshipped Marguerite as a devotee does his saint.

But all the same people wondered how in the world such a plain unassuming man had won such a gloriously beautiful creature as she, while equal astonishment was felt and expressed that Marguerite Lasseur had taken up with him when so many other more desirable men had been at her feet.

Of course nobody knew the true inwardness of the affair, how that in her twenty years of life, Marguerite Lasseur had never had a friend so good to her as Mr. Egerton; how, notwithstanding all her admirers, no one of them all had ever caused her a quickened heartbeat; how gratitude urged her acceptance of Robert Egerton's suit, when he asked her, in his quiet, intense way, to be his wife.

He loved her so entirely.
It seemed to him that his heart and soul were one flame of passion for her, and yet, in his reserve and reticence, he very seldom gave expression to it.

Well, Marguerite liked him infinitely better than any one else in the world.
He was able to give her a delightful home, and many of the things of life that she wanted, and she married him, and they were happy.

That there was no delicious contrast about her feeling for him, she never cared, and believed there was no capacity for deep passion about her.

Then, when they had been two years married, Eugene Sartoris came home with Mr. Egerton to dinner one day, and then—his first glance into her magnificent eyes, great dark-grey eyes, that shone like star-beams from under the heavy black brows, as the luscious scarlet lips, and pale, proud face, told him that there was a woman whose heart had never been touched by love's fire yet.

He was wonderfully handsome—this friend of Marguerite's husband—as handsome for a man as Marguerite was wonderfully beautiful for a woman.

He was rich, and all through his life he had been accustomed to having things pretty much as he wanted them—his horses, his servants, his travels, and among women, who idolized him.

That one very first look into Mrs. Egerton's serene eyes told his observant glance its own story.

He looked at her keenly, sharply, with his handsome, lazy blue eyes, noted the exquisite beauty of her face and figure, heard the sweet melody of her low, womanish voice, watched the lissom grace of her manner, and—fell in love with her there and then, as he had never fallen in love before.

And deliberately set himself to work to awaken her sleeping heart.

And succeeded.
It was not a week later when Marguerite discovered what had come to her, and in her first discovery she was horrified and frightened to know that there had been depths lying dormant in her nature of which she had no idea until Eugene Sartoris's master hand touched them with unsealing power.

It seemed to her that very first moment of it all that suddenly some rapturous cup was given her to drink, if only she would lift it to her lips.

But she would never do it, nor lift the cup, because of her conscience, that would not hush its ceaseless monotone of warning, that faithful desperate conscience of hers that continually reminded her how horrible, how sinful, how hopeless it would be to yield to the sweet temptation.

But Sartoris, understanding so well just what a woman of her temperament would of necessity have to go through before the struggle between passion and duty, wrong and right, were adjusted, patiently bided his time, and by his looks, his words, his manners, made her love him even more and more.

Until at the moment of awful indecision, he made the temptation the sweeter, and conquered, and hit a masterful blow on her conscience that deadened it.

After the confession and the avowal, oh how rapturous was the descent into that enchanted land! and even in the midst of her wild, wicked happiness, Marguerite remembered that it was a "descent," not an "ascent."

I hardly know how to chronicle the pitiful story of those days.

Mr. Egerton never doubted his wife,

a devotee would sooner have doubted his patron saint.
He was kindness and hospitality combined to the man who professed to be his friend.

His horses, and his home, and his wife, were always placed at Sartoris's disposal, and before his very eyes the two lived their life.

People saw and remarked upon it. People said Egerton was as blind as a bat not to see the desperate flirtation going on under his nose.

But, as usually is the case, no word of town-talk came to his ears, the injured husband or deserted wife generally remains longest in actual ignorance.

And then, as if the furies had added their choicest benison upon Sartoris and Marguerite, it so happened about this time that Mr. Egerton was obliged to be absent from home several weeks.

And then!

After he had gone, Marguerite suffered awfully in her conscience, that, faithful and true, had struggled up from its prostration and renewed its good word.

But Sartoris had no such inward monitor, and because his influence over Marguerite was the strongest that had ever been placed upon her, it was hardly a matter of surprise that, when in his sweetest and most persuasive way he urged with her that their only hope of happiness was in her giving her home, her husband, up, and going with him.

After a little, Marguerite consented. And left her home, her beautiful home, while the man who loved her was away, loving and trusting her with all his great good heart.

Well, she was wicked, but don't judge her too harshly.

Had she been wholly depraved, her conscience never would have given her such ruthless twinges, and never, in the very midst of her fairest dreams of bliss, was there a moment when she was not in mortal fear and terror of the God she had thus dared, by her sin.

Then, Egerton came home, to learn all about it.

Did he wish her evil, or burn for revenge upon her for the wreck and ruin she had worked in his life?

Perhaps you may not believe it. But that night when he reached home, and sat down alone, he laid his head on the arm of his chair and cried like a child, not for shame, not for anger, but because he loved her so.

And if Marguerite had come to his door just then he would have snatched her in his arms, and begged her to be merciful to him.

It was a terrible experience for him—out in the world, and alone in his empty house; but the weeks passed away somehow, as they will pass whether one suffers, or enjoys, and the months rolled up into years—three of them—just one year more than he had enjoyed with the woman he loved so well.

Three years!

He had got into the new groove by this time, and had learned to live his life without her, when one stormy, sobbing November night, she came to the door and rung, and was shown in, so muffled in her veils and wraps that the servant did not recognize her.

Not a pulse of his heart quickened as he saw who she was.

He arose, and handed her a chair.

"You are not angry, then, enough to cast me out of your house?"

She threw aside her veil as she spoke, in her sweet pathetic voice, that had once been the most enchanting music to him.

"I do not know why I should cast you out."

"I am not in the habit of turning chance comers from my doors."

"I presume you wish to see me, or you would not have taken the trouble to call."

"Robert, Robert!" she cried out agonizingly. "I would rather have you strike me than speak to me like that. Tell me you despise me, hate me, scorn me as I deserve, as I do myself, anything rather than like that."

He looked at her—elegant, ladylike, beautiful and young as the day he saw her last, when she had been his wife.

There was a cold curious look in his face, thoughtful, pitying, but oh, cold, cold as ice.

"I don't understand the good taste in your coming," he said at last, "but if I can be of any service to you I hope I may be."

"Are you in trouble, or is Mr. Sartoris?"

Not a faltering of the quiet, icy-polite, thoughtful voice as he spoke the name, but an awful deadly agony spread over her face at the sound of it, and she rose to her feet, pale as a dead woman.

"Don't call his name in my hearing!"

"You know as well as I where he is."

"I never have seen him since that accursed day when I went with him from here."

"I swear to you I did not sin against you, Robert; but who would believe me?"

"I stayed away, afraid—as I should have come and told you I never had been the worst you were thinking of me, Robert."

She fell on her knees, her fair hands clasped in pleading.

He smiled coldly, sarcastically.

"I think I have read somewhere of a man who had a living soul in a body to all appearance dead."

"I have a dead heart in a living body."

"Your explanations, your prayers, your tears, your oaths, your sworn oath written in your heart's blood, are all nothing to me."

"Can I be of any service to you, pecuniarily or otherwise, madam?"

And Marguerite, poor, weak, wicked Marguerite, who had sinned, but not so deeply as you may have thought—knew that even her humility and repentance could never avail with the man who had once worshipped her so.

She went away, poor Marguerite, and Robert Egerton neither knew nor cared, for his heart was dead, and she had been its murderer.

Native Gold.

The curious discoveries in the exploration of the altar mounds in Anderson township, Ohio, are made all the more interesting by the fact that the native gold has for the first time been found in the mounds. Among the numerous ornaments unearthed, including those of mica, shell, beads, teeth, stone, copper, iron and silver, was one small copper pendant, covered with a thin sheet of gold. Other copper ornaments were covered with hammered sheets of native silver, and the hammered metal bracelets, the large spoon-shaped earrings, the terra-cotta figures revealing the peculiar methods of weaving the hair, show that the fashionable young woman of Madison square is not so far apart in ethnologic interest from the mystic maidens of the altar mounds as she might suppose. Moreover, in thousands of objects of interest obtained in these mounds, there are ornaments made of meteoric iron, plated with iron. A serpent cut out of mica, an animal carved from stone, three hundred astragol of the deer and elk, apparently collected for some important reason, and unique objects in micaceous schist, obsidian chalcedony and chert were found upon these quaint altars. Bit by bit, as the leafy mould is taken off the footprints of time, there seems to come out of darkness glimpses of a cultured race that passed over this continent before the North American Indians came here, burying their dead in stone boxes along the Ohio, where they are now being unearthed, and ornamenting their persons with peculiar and precious metals.

Origin of the Names in the Week.

In the Museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representation from the idols from which the names of the days of our week are derived.

From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world.

The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.

Tuesday, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skins, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Wednesday, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory.

Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a scepter in his hand.

Friday, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left.

Sater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wickedness; he is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a water-pail in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

Use and Abuse of Bathing.

A warm bath, with liberal use of castile soap, is best for cleanliness, and night the best time. Twice a week is often enough. Too frequent warm baths debilitate the system. A cool sponge or wet cloth bath should be taken daily for its tonic effect, and always in a warm room.

If strong and vigorous the best time is the morning; if not strong, the cold baths had better be omitted and the tepid substituted. After exercise, if greatly fatigued, take no bath, but rub down vigorously with a dry towel.

If thoroughly warmed up but not tired, take a tepid sponge bath standing. Never take a tub bath, except when bathing for cleanliness. A warm shower bath followed by a cool sprinkling is preferable to a cold bath after exercise.

Vigorous exercise renders Turkish baths wholly unnecessary; those should be reserved for medical cases. Skin disorders are frequently caused by excessive bathing and the use of too much soap. Although general rules for bathing could be given, every man must be guided by his own physical condition and his occupation.

The Education of Women.

Before we can decide what education our daughters need we must know what their lives are likely to be, and what demands life is likely to make upon them. Luckily, we know in the main, and the contingencies are such that we may provide against them. So large a proportion of our girls will become wives and mothers that our only safety lies in giving all of them proper preparation for the life of wives and mothers.

For such a life they will need, first of all, good physical health. So certain and so imperative is this need, and so surely must neglect of it result in wretchedness, that inattention to this matter may fairly be called criminal. Yet in no other particular, perhaps, is the education of girls more generally neglected or more frequently misdirected.

There is not only too little systematic effort made to educate girls' bodies into supple robustness, and to give them stamina and buoyancy to their constitutions, but there is, too commonly, positive education in ill health given them. Very much that is most carefully done for girls is directly productive of ill health, weakness, and want of stamina. The error given to the constitution, for example, by which too many mothers mean only whiteness of the skin, commonly consists of restraints which break down the nervous system, impair vitality, and invite invalidism. This is not a lecture on hygiene, and it is no part of our purpose to suggest the proper hygienic governance of girls' lives. We seek only to emphasize the importance of proper physical training as a necessary part of the education of girls.

As wives and mothers our girls are to be, in Addison's phrase, "the cement of society." Without their purity and grace, and intelligence and good temper, society would crumble to pieces. It will be their task to keep the world sweet and wholesome; to create, regulate, and maintain social intercourse of a graceful, profitable kind; to make life worth living. It will be theirs to make homes with the material means which men furnish; to turn mere dwelling-houses into centres of attractive domestic life. Upon them chiefly will fall the duty of ornamenting life, cultivating the world's taste, keeping its moral nature alive, and inspiring the men of their generation with high and worthy conceptions of purity and duty. It will be theirs to entertain the world, too, and to amuse it in profitable ways; to minister in all its wants, moral, physical, and intellectual health and comfort. Women only can create that sweet and wholesome atmosphere in which domestic life springs into existence and grows. Above all, and beyond all these other duties, they must be pure, and their next generation of men and women, and upon their fitness to discharge this task well, the character of the future men and women of America depends.

Under a Land Roller.

Among the passengers in a parlor car on the Lake Shore Road the other day was a handsome young man, whose husband shared the seat with her and a quiet, sedate, absent-minded man. The seat opposite was occupied by a flashily-dressed young man, with a lady-killer's twist to his mustache, and he was continually surprised when the handsome young man handed him a daily paper, with the remark:

"Have a glance at the news; plenty of excitement around the country, I observe."

The young man was busy with the paper, and he handed it to the other man, who said, "How I'd like to see your eyes." Mrs. Mulkitte had paid no attention to the boy's impudent questions, for if there is anything in the world that can relieve a woman's mind of family affairs, it is dry goods.

When she had so readily corrected the child, when she met the first clerk, she was purchasing something for her husband. Now she was selecting dry goods for herself.

"Yes, you was bald before then," the boy persisted.

"No, I wasn't. Yes, I think this will make up well."

"Yes, you was. You was bald when you was a baby, I bet you."

The girl giggled and "nudged" the widow again.

"How long does it take get bald?"

"I don't know."

"How do you make that hair on the back of your head come around and curl on top?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do know. Is your head soft on top like a baby's?"

"Hush!" screamed Mrs. Mulkitte realizing the situation of affairs, and reaching around she pinched the youngster.

"Ouch! Quit that now."

"What makes you talk that way, say?" and she shook him. After a few moments, and when Mrs. Mulkitte had again become absorbed in the array of goods on the counter, the boy asked:

"If boys would laugh at you, would you kick 'em bears on 'em?"

"You haven't got any 'em bears have you?"

"No," and he lifted down another bolt of goods.

"If anybody was to slap you on the head it would go 'cospack,' wouldn't it?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the man, striking the counter with the yard-stick. "It's no trouble to show goods, and I will like very much to have your trade, but I have to request you to take that reputation out of here. Take him out and nail him to a tree, and then come back and do your trading. No, I won't sell you anything. Never mind which one you select, take him away. Go now, before I lose all control of myself."

The poor woman seized the boy and hurried out. As she passed through the door, the boy asked:

"What's a reputation?"

A Broken Promise.

"Willie," said Mrs. Mulkitte to her son, "I am going down town to do some shopping, and I want you to behave yourself while I'm gone. Don't bring any more of that old hoop-iron into the house. I'm tired of picking up your trash; and, say, if you put any more rusty nails in the bureau drawer, I'll whip you. You ruined one of your father's shirts, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Let me go with you, please."

"Will you be a good boy?"

"Yes; I'll be so good you'll always want me to go with you."

"I'm almost afraid to take you," she said, lingering for a moment in that hesitation in which a woman so perfectly acts the character of the weaker sex.

"Come on, then."

The boy lost no time in getting ready. Under severe restraint he walked along the street. Occasionally he would exhibit a disposition to loiter and investigate, but a word from his mother would bring him back to her side.

Once he stopped where a man was sprinkling a flower-bed, and had asked a question, when his mother plucked him by the sleeve and hurried him along. Mrs. Mulkitte reminded him of his promise as they entered a dry goods store, and declared in an undertone that if he opened his mouth she would take him home and lock him up, and not give him anything to eat.

"I'd starve, then, wouldn't I?"

"Hush, now! Don't you open your mouth."

"Must I breathe through my nose?"

"Hush!" she said, as a polite clerk advanced. She wanted to look at some cloth. The clerk would be pleased to wait on her. He handed down a bolt of goods.

"What is that made out?" the boy asked.

"Wool; all wool."

"Is it yard wide?"

"Yes, just about."

"Then it's bad, ain't it?"

"Why, my little fellow?"

"Cause its a yard wide and all wool."

"Hush!" said his mother pinching him.

"Ouch! Quit that!"

After a few minutes Mrs. Mulkitte went over to another department, where she was met by a smiling old bachelor on whose head there was not enough hair to spoil a plate of soup. Just then, a young widow to whom, as report said, the old fellow was very devoted, and several young ladies came forward. The bachelor blushed, and turned on a pivot of politeness from first one customer to the other.

"What a nice girl, very nice, very nice, you see a bald-headed man, don't you?"

"Hush! What did you promise me?"

"But I didn't know we'd see a bald-headed man," and he looked at the annoyed man with an interest he always felt when confronted by such a curiosity.

"Which interest could keep from cropping out. The girls giggled and 'nudged' the widow.

"How long have you been bald, mister?"

"This was twenty-five a yard," said the bachelor, pretending not to have heard the boy's question.

"I say how long have—"

"This, which I think is a much better quality, is worth thirty."

"How long have you been bald—"

"Ten years—I mean ten yards of this only is left."

"Wasn't you bald before that?"

"No," he said, giving the boy a glance which plainly said, "How I'd like to see your eyes." Mrs. Mulkitte had paid no attention to the boy's impudent questions, for if there is anything in the world that can relieve a woman's mind of family affairs, it is dry goods.

When she had so readily corrected the child, when she met the first clerk, she was purchasing something for her husband. Now she was selecting dry goods for herself.

"Yes, you was bald before then," the boy persisted.

"No, I wasn't. Yes, I think this will make up well."

"Yes, you was. You was bald when you was a baby, I bet you."

The girl giggled and "nudged" the widow again.

"How long does it take get bald?"

"I don't know."

"How do you make that hair on the back of your head come around and curl on top?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, you do know. Is your head soft on top like a baby's?"

"Hush!" screamed Mrs. Mulkitte realizing the situation of affairs, and reaching around she pinched the youngster.

"Ouch! Quit that now."

"What makes you talk that way, say?" and she shook him. After a few moments, and when Mrs. Mulkitte had again become absorbed in the array of goods on the counter, the boy asked:

"If boys would laugh at you, would you kick 'em bears on 'em?"

"You haven't got any 'em bears have you?"

"No," and he lifted down another bolt of goods.

Squid and Squid Jiggling.

One of the greatest curiosities among the inhabitants of the deep is the squid, just now the orthodox bait for killing the codfish. The squid is a smaller edition of the huge devil-fish, or octopus, wonderful specimens of which have of late years been found on the Newfoundland coast. The squid, take him concretely, is a revolting-looking creature. Cut a section, say ten inches long, from a common cod, transform its flesh into a tough jelly, give it a cruciform tail at one end and eight short sucker-armed feelers at the other; conceive the suckers, each armed with a circle of small teeth, and the feelers converging to a cruel hawk-like beak—then we shall have a weak likeness of the squid. The creature's mode of progression is original. It has within its body an elastic tube holding almost a pint of water.

Filling the tube by drawing water through holes in its mantle, the squid, by a sudden squirt, drives itself backward as fast as a fish can swim, and by inverting its tube can move with equal velocity in the opposite direction. Jiggling for these squids is a rare spectacle.

The "jigger" is a red stick of wood circling with sharp but barbed hooks. The hook is let down, the squid, which enters these bays here by myriads for food, is attracted by the red color, clasps its arms over the hooks, and is drawn up to its death. But as it reaches the surface the novice must be on guard, for the squid shoots straight at its captor his charge of ink fluid, followed by another squirt of onky fluid, which on light garments is almost indelible. The fishermen know the creature's trick, and by a skillful movement induce the squid to deliver his charges upon one side.

Then by a quick inversion of the hook drop the squid in the boat. A squid fishing fleet of boats, closely grouped, so as to keep the schools of young octopi collected, is an animated sight. Each man tends three or four lines, and has all he can do when squid are around. The bustle of the fishers, the thumping of the squid in the boats, and the incessant squirts of water to a height of several feet in all directions through the fleet, make up a most picturesque sea spectacle. The flesh of the squid has some poisonous quality that makes even the tough skins of the fishermen sore by long handling. On the codfish hook its flesh grows white and tough, making very alluring bait.

Ruskin on Courtship.

When a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is really, really, and take his chance bravely with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once without severe reasons.

If she simply doesn't like him she may send him away for seven years or so—the wailing to live on cresses and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance; if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and to be courted is to be shorted.

There are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, as distinct from those which have become the fashion—almost the law—in modern times: when, in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight and limelight—and anything but daylight—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dimly-remembered, young people smirking and ogle and whisper and whisper and sneak and stumble and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call love—expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honor of life for a folly and all the joy of it by an accident.

Recognized as a Liar.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic, that, while listening to them, you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories.

One day they were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravous nature of them potato-bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potato-bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potato patch for the second crop!"