

# THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1872.

VOLUME XX--NO. 11.

## DRIFTING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Perhaps the prettiest thing Read ever wrote was "Drifting," which was written after the poet's return from Naples and Vesuvius:

My soul to-day is far away  
Stilling the Vesuvian Bay;  
My winged boat, like a bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw, through deeps  
below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With out-stretched hands, the gray  
smoke stands  
Overlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles;  
And under, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits; her sapphire gates  
Begetting to her bright estates.

I heed not if my rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:  
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies  
Under the wall of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls  
The Bay's deep breast at intervals:  
At peace I lie, blown softly by,  
A cloud upon the liquid sky.

The day, so mild, is Heaven's own child,  
With earth and sea and sky united;  
The air I feel around me steed;  
And murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense, the cooling sense,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

Her children, hid the cliffs amid  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;  
Or down the walls, with tipsy curls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand bequilted,  
With glowing lips sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

You deep bark goes where Traffic blows  
From lands of sun to lands of snow--  
This hapless one, its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship to rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew, my heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings away.

No more, no more the worldly shore  
Upholds me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

From Appleton's Journal.

## Miss Inglesby's Sister-in-Law.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "MORTON HOUSE," "MABEL LEE," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

La belle vie, as Rose inwardly styled her sister-in-law, made her appearance the next morning in a becoming trifle of a Marie Stuart breakfast-cap, of the sheestest white crepe, which gave to her costume the last possible touch of refined elegance.

"Why did Providence ever see fit to make such a ravishing creature a widow?" was Miss Inglesby's thought, as she watched the graceful entrance of the stranger, and exchanged a moderately affectionate greeting with her.

"Am I early or late?" asked the latter, in her rich, sweet voice--the voice of a born contrast. "You did not mention the breakfast hour last night, and I am always lazy on the least provocation."

"You are early, as it chances," said Rose, watching her with unconscious envy, and almost wishing herself a widow, that she might be able to wear such an irresistible coif. "Mamma is not down yet, and breakfast is not ready."

"And are you always so early?" asked Mrs. Inglesby, glancing at a hat and veil by her, which had apparently been laid aside.

"Not always, but I have been a little unwell this spring, and Dr. Rawdon advised a walk before breakfast, so I try it occasionally. There is a very pleasant square near us, and it is always deserted early in the morning. One might practice gymnastics there with perfect impunity."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Inglesby, smiling. "I am rather fond of a constitutional myself," she went on. "If you have no objection, I think I will join you some morning."

"I--of course will be very glad," said Rose--but she stammered, and, despite herself, looked unmistakably dismayed.

This expression, quickly as it was banished, did not escape her sister-in-law. The beautiful brown eyes gave one keen glance which Rose did not soon forget, and then, as a flush came over the delicate guelder-rose complexion of the girl, Mrs. Inglesby walked toward the low French windows which overlooked a garden blooming with the royal beauty of May.

"What beautiful flowers you have!" she said. "I suppose the dew is gone by this time, and one might venture out with impunity?"

"Jackson, our gardener, is so careful to keep the walks clear of grass, that you need not fear any amount of dew," said Rose, following her, and enclosing the walk.

They walked down the garden-paths together; but while Mrs. Inglesby was delighted with the dewy freshness and fragrance of everything around, and while she stopped continually to admire or gather some tempting bud or half-blown blossom, Rose seemed strangely indifferent to the winsome charms of these bright darlings of the spring. She sauntered listlessly along, and looked so often in the direction of a house near by--a large, handsome, old-fashioned garden, which was divided by a high wall from their own--that at last her sister-in-law remarked the fact.

"Who is your next-door neighbor?" she asked. "Being so near, you ought to be sociable."

"We have no next-door neighbor," answered Rose, a little shortly. "The house is unoccupied."

Mrs. Inglesby stopped in the act of pulling a Noisette bud, and looked at the house in question. For an unoccupied dwelling it certainly presented a strange appearance just then--blinds were open, windows were raised, stir and movement were plainly visible within. As she looked, a gentleman showed himself at one of the open windows, and then hastily vanished.

"Your house is not occupied, it must be haunted," said she, turning to Rose with a smile.

But Rose was frowning as she gazed in the same direction, and her companion, whom nothing escaped, saw that one tiny foot was beating nervously on the gravel-path.

"The new owner must have come," answered she almost bitterly. "When I said it was not occupied, I meant that the old man who used to live there is dead, and that his nephew, who inherits the place, had not arrived."

"So it has changed hands," said Mrs. Inglesby, looking with considerable interest at the stately house over which the bright May sunshine shone so lovingly and gayly as if so coffin had ever passed across the threshold. "I think I should hate to leave such a home. What was the name of the old man of whom you speak?"

"He was an old wretch," said Rose, vindictively, "and his name was Devereux."

More than this meagre information Mrs. Inglesby did not receive. As Rose uttered the last word, there came through the open windows the clear, ringing sound of the breakfast bell, and the two ladies retraced their steps to the house.

The day passed very quietly, and so, likewise, did the evening. But again no visitors dropped in; and it seemed as if the curiosity of Northorpe was to be restrained in simply heroic degree. This evening, however, Rose showed unmistakable signs of ennui. She strolled listlessly to and fro, haunted the neighborhood of the front windows, started whenever there was a step on the pavement near the door, and finally committed the enormity of an undesignated yawn. Somewhat ashamed of this last achievement, she went to the piano; but, in the midst of her very first song, there came a sharp peal at the door-bell that made her start and turn. A moment later John passed through the hall to answer the summons, and Mrs. Henry Inglesby, who was listening, with exemplary patience, to her mother-in-law's placid stream of small-talk, looked up with a little interest in the interruption.

As she looked up, her eye chanced to fall on Rose, and something in the girl's face attracted her attention. She was listening eagerly--listening with lips parted and color varying--to the sounds at the front-door; to John fumbling an instant or two at the handle before turning it, and to a voice--a round, jovial voice--inquiring if Colonel Inglesby and the ladies were at home. The bright brown eyes that were watching it saw a swift flush of vexation come over the listening face, and the lips meet only to be impatiently bitten. "Poor child!" thought the elder and more experienced woman, "she is looking for some man who has not come."

Somebody had come, however; for besides the voice aforesaid, a hat and stick were audibly deposited in the hall, and a stout old gentleman, in a wig, soon made his appearance at the open door.

He was greeted cordially by the Colonel as "Brent," and was plainly an intimate friend, from his own greetings to Mrs. Inglesby and Rose.

When he was presented to the young stranger, he at once claimed the privilege of shaking hands, on the score of having been a life-long friend to her husband and her husband's family.

The bustle of reception being over, and all due compliments paid, he sat himself down and plunged at once into social topics, in which Rose alone seemed to take no interest. While he talked at one end of the room, she went on playing at the other, and it was not until the name of Kennon caught her ear that she took her hands from the keys and turned round.

"What was that, Mr. Brent?" she asked, quickly. "Did you say that Mr. Kennon has left town?"

"I said he intended to leave," said Mr. Brent, while Mrs. Inglesby exchanged a quick glance with her husband. "I met him on the street to-day, and he told me that he was off--to be gone a week, I think he said. But I rather incline to think--here the old gentleman looked very significant--that he has gone for good."

"Why?" demanded Rose, with ill-restrained eagerness.

Mr. Brent glanced round at his audience before he tapped his snuff-box gently, and answered, with a smile, "Because Philip Devereux has arrived."

To say that this item of news made a sensation would be to state an extreme fact as mildly as possible. Whoever Mr. Philip Devereux might be, it at least was evident that his arrival in Northorpe was a matter of importance.

The colonel said: "Bless my soul you don't say so?" Mrs. Inglesby dropped her kerchief-work and said: "Dear me! is it possible?" while Rose, turning first red and then pale, uttered never a word.

"Devereux!" said Mrs. Henry Inglesby, speaking quietly in the pause which ensued. "Is not that the name of the person who hires next door?"

"It was the name of the person who lived next," said Mr. Brent, "and--yes, it is the name of the person who does live next door. Mr. Devereux, the old gentleman--a fine old fellow he was too--oh, Inglesby?" he said; but his nephew, who succeeds to the property, and who, I was just saying, has arrived in Northorpe, is named Devereux also."

"It is a good thing that the old name won't die out amongst us," said Colonel Inglesby, straightening himself back in his chair.

"I thought I noticed a great commotion of house-cleaning over there to-day," said Mrs. Inglesby, in her mild way; "but it really did not occur to me that Philip Devereux had arrived. Dear me, colonel, you must call on him at once. We were such good friends with old Mr. Devereux; and you remember how he used to come so sociably through the garden of--"

"I shouldn't be surprised, if Mr. Philip Devereux learned to be sociable in the same way--to play some thing besides whist, perhaps," said Mr. Brent, with a laugh and a glance at Rose, both of which Rose treated with silent disdain.

"Odious old wretch!" she thought to herself; but she would not gratify him by deigning to resent the point of his feeble little joke.

"Of course he has come to take possession of the property," said Mrs. Inglesby, after a minute. "But will he--a young man and a bachelor--live in that rambling old house, Mr. Brent?"

"He needn't always be a bachelor, you know, my dear madam," answered Mr. Brent, with another "odious" chuckle. "There'll be caps enough pulled for him among the girls of Northorpe, you may be sure--that is, if he stays long enough to give them a fair chance."

"He may sell the real estate," hazarded the colonel. "Unless he does mean to marry, and settle down, such a young man would scarcely care for that kind of property."

"That is more than I can tell you," said Mr. Brent. "Nobody knows--I doubt even if he knows himself--his final intentions about the property. A very fine property," pursued he, "and a very fine young man to inherit it. No comparison between him and a reckless adventurer like Kennon, eh?"

"It was during this momentous time that Mrs. Henry Inglesby (whom, to ent a troublesome little story, we shall hereafter call Alice) was alone one morning in her room, when there came a slight, hesitating knock at the door. When she said, "Come in," the door slowly opened, and her mother-in-law stood on the threshold.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said hurriedly, "but here is a note which I brought for you to read. I should not have disturbed you, only it must be answered at once."

She came in, and closing the door behind her, extended an open note. Alice received it, and, glancing over the few lines which it contained, found that it was an invitation, from Mrs. Reynolds, who had called on herself the preceding day.

"This is for you to decide," she said, after a minute. "My decision will depend entirely on yours. Do you mean to go?"

"My dear, that is exactly what I came to see you about," said Mrs. Inglesby, solemnly, whereupon she sat down and heaved a sigh. "Rose is the best girl in the world," she went on--"so useful that neither her father nor myself can do any thing that, for an hour, has been trying to induce her to accept this invitation, and that she absolutely declares she will not do so!"

She paused after this statement; but Alice's only reply was a slight arch of the eyebrows. She had been long enough in the Inglesby household to find no difficulty whatever about crediting the assertion.

"It is quite true," said Mrs. Inglesby, in reply to this little token of attention. "Now, for a particular reason, I am very anxious that she should accept it, and--and--but, my dear, I may speak to you in confidence may I not? Well--when Alice had assured her that she might--the truth is, that a gentleman whom I desire very much that should meet me at this dinner; and, if she does not go, she will lose the best opportunity of attracting his attention. Other girls will be there, you know; and, though Rose is the belle of Northorpe, still my dear, there's nothing like being first in the field, especially when a young man is a stranger in a strange place."

"I suppose the gentlemen in Mr. Devereux's party," she had not listened for nothing to all Northorpe's stream of conversation.

"Yes, it is Mr. Devereux," said Mrs. Inglesby, blushing a little. "But, let me tell you that it is only because he has inherited a fortune that I want Rose to attract him. He is a young man of whom everybody speaks well," said the mother, looking patiently in the eye bent on her, "and he is steady and well-principled, and he will make a good husband for Rose; while, oh, my dear, my heart aches to think she may be led away to marry a man who is none of these things!"

"Let us hope not," said Alice, by the tone of these last few words. Then her voice grew quiet and indifferently again, she added: "I suppose you mean that she may be led away to marry Mr. Kennon?"

"Yes, I mean that," said Mrs. Inglesby, full of her subject to wonder at this knowledge of it, a stranger. "Rose seems infatuated about him, while he is nothing but a fortune-hunter, who, because she is an heiress--my fortune, as all settled on her, you know--thinks he will be doing well to marry her."

"Some men are for fortune-hunters make tolerably good husbands," said Alice in a cold, abstracted way. "But this man is a wretch!" said Mrs. Inglesby, indignantly. "You have no idea what he is. Why, he acted so badly that his grandfather disinherited him, and left his estate to Mr. Devereux. And that man for sister-in-law, who said nothing, began

to look a little weary when the threadbare subject was again, and yet again, logged to the front of conversation.

But Mrs. Inglesby did not weary of it, and seemed to feel as much interest as the rest of Northorpe in penetrating the shell of reserve which, provokingly enough, Mr. Devereux had seen fit to draw around himself. He mingled freely enough with men, but to ladies he was an enigma who deliberately avoided their society.

"Very pleasant fellow, indeed, but--"

"Alice, quite," was the verdict of all the gentlemen who had called on him and been received with courteous cordiality; but the invitations which society showered upon him had so far been persistently declined. It was of no use at all to worship the rising sun when he obstinately refused to let his rays shine upon them.

"Laurence Kennon would have done better than that," people said, indignantly; which was going very far indeed, since, as a general rule, Northorpe held Laurence Kennon in holy horror.

At last, however, relief came to the afflicted community.

A certain Mrs. Reynolds, who was the acknowledged leader of fashion in Northorpe, returned from a visit of some weeks in a neighboring town, and announced her intention of storming Mr. Devereux's castle in person.

"His mother was a dear friend of mine," said this lady--who belonged to that benevolent class who have "dear friends" in every direction--"and I mean to bring her son forward. It will never do to let him make a hermit of himself like this. Sly men need to be forced into society. I shall give a dinner next Thursday and take no denial with regard to his appearance."

This gratifying intelligence spread like wild-fire through society; and, when the invitations to dinner appeared in due form, it threw all dinner-going Northorpe into a twitter of excitement, for, knowing their leader, they knew well that the matter--the Devereux appearance, that is--was an accomplished fact.

It was during this momentous time that Mrs. Henry Inglesby (whom, to ent a troublesome little story, we shall hereafter call Alice) was alone one morning in her room, when there came a slight, hesitating knock at the door. When she said, "Come in," the door slowly opened, and her mother-in-law stood on the threshold.

"Excuse me, my dear," she said hurriedly, "but here is a note which I brought for you to read. I should not have disturbed you, only it must be answered at once."

She came in, and closing the door behind her, extended an open note. Alice received it, and, glancing over the few lines which it contained, found that it was an invitation, from Mrs. Reynolds, who had called on herself the preceding day.

"This is for you to decide," she said, after a minute. "My decision will depend entirely on yours. Do you mean to go?"

"My dear, that is exactly what I came to see you about," said Mrs. Inglesby, solemnly, whereupon she sat down and heaved a sigh. "Rose is the best girl in the world," she went on--"so useful that neither her father nor myself can do any thing that, for an hour, has been trying to induce her to accept this invitation, and that she absolutely declares she will not do so!"

She paused after this statement; but Alice's only reply was a slight arch of the eyebrows. She had been long enough in the Inglesby household to find no difficulty whatever about crediting the assertion.

"It is quite true," said Mrs. Inglesby, in reply to this little token of attention. "Now, for a particular reason, I am very anxious that she should accept it, and--and--but, my dear, I may speak to you in confidence may I not? Well--when Alice had assured her that she might--the truth is, that a gentleman whom I desire very much that should meet me at this dinner; and, if she does not go, she will lose the best opportunity of attracting his attention. Other girls will be there, you know; and, though Rose is the belle of Northorpe, still my dear, there's nothing like being first in the field, especially when a young man is a stranger in a strange place."

"I suppose the gentlemen in Mr. Devereux's party," she had not listened for nothing to all Northorpe's stream of conversation.

"Yes, it is Mr. Devereux," said Mrs. Inglesby, blushing a little. "But, let me tell you that it is only because he has inherited a fortune that I want Rose to attract him. He is a young man of whom everybody speaks well," said the mother, looking patiently in the eye bent on her, "and he is steady and well-principled, and he will make a good husband for Rose; while, oh, my dear, my heart aches to think she may be led away to marry a man who is none of these things!"

"Let us hope not," said Alice, by the tone of these last few words. Then her voice grew quiet and indifferently again, she added: "I suppose you mean that she may be led away to marry Mr. Kennon?"

"Yes, I mean that," said Mrs. Inglesby, full of her subject to wonder at this knowledge of it, a stranger. "Rose seems infatuated about him, while he is nothing but a fortune-hunter, who, because she is an heiress--my fortune, as all settled on her, you know--thinks he will be doing well to marry her."

"Some men are for fortune-hunters make tolerably good husbands," said Alice in a cold, abstracted way. "But this man is a wretch!" said Mrs. Inglesby, indignantly. "You have no idea what he is. Why, he acted so badly that his grandfather disinherited him, and left his estate to Mr. Devereux. And that man for sister-in-law, who said nothing, began

see her in her grace."

"Think twice about that," said Alice, quietly. "Every thing in the world leaves room for hope excepting death, you know. I see your difficulty, and appreciate your confidence. Tell me how I can help you, and I will do it."

In her own way, Mrs. Inglesby told her, and after a good deal of questioning, Alice arrived at a knowledge of the service she was requested to render. In brief, it was this--that the invitation of Mrs. Reynolds should be accepted by herself, but that Mrs. Inglesby should decline going--an attack of rheumatism from which the colonel was suffering giving her a convenient excuse for remaining at home. In this case, Rose was placed in an awkward dilemma. Either she must be guilty of the rudeness of allowing her sister-in-law to make her first appearance in Northorpe society quite alone, or she must change her mind and accept the invitation. Alice having given her consent, Mrs. Inglesby went to place the matter before the young insurgent, and soon returned with a submission in due form. The invitation was, therefore, accepted; and the principal points being settled, all other issues were allowed to rest until Thursday--the day of the dinner--should arrive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LETTER FROM HARD LABOR.

Bradley's Mill and its Surroundings.

MILL WAY, S. C., June 17, 1872.

Editor Abbeville Press and Banner:

Among the objects that will like to attract the attention of the traveller, Bradley's Mill and its surroundings will claim a share. This mill is situated on Long Cane about 12 miles from your village, and was formerly known as Kennedy's Mill. After it became the property of its present owner, Capt. W. K. Bradley, and just before the close of the war, the house and machinery with a large quantity of corn and flour was destroyed by fire. Since then Capt. B. has built a large brick building, three stories high, with a rock foundation, has applied all the improved machinery, and with an expense of \$50 or \$100,000 dollars, has put in running order one of the best mills in the country. Capt. Bradley is a gentleman of large means and has a soul as large as his body. His kindness to the soldiers and soldiers' wives and children during the war will not soon be forgotten, for the destitute never applied for bread in vain.

Mr. J. E. Bellott, one of the nicest men I ever knew, and as good a miller as the country affords, has the entire control of the mill--he has made it his business and stands at the head of his profession. The mill is now in good order, and as the wheat crop is on hand, I would be pleased for my friends Capt. Bradley and Mr. Bellott a trial.

Passing from the mill we will notice some of its surroundings. The first thing likely to attract our attention is the store. This is owned by Capt. Bradley and D. W. Jay, assisted by Mr. D. W. Jay, superintendent by Mr. George C. Bradley. Mr. Jay is a young man of business qualifications, and always lays in a stock of goods suited to the wants of his numerous customers. Over the store house is the Lodge room of Washington Lodge No. 74, A. F. M., which meets regularly on the 2d Saturday in every month at 2 o'clock P. M.; this is one of the oldest Lodges in the District, and at this time although its membership is small, is in good working order.

Some two months since Col. Aiken formed a Grange at this place, they meet in this Hall on the 1st Saturday in each month--it is prospering under the guidance of Capt. Bradley as Master.

A long felt desideratum has lately been supplied by Dr. Link and Mr. Bellott in opening a Drug Store at the mill. This is a nice little affair and in it you will find everything needed in the healing art. Dr. Link is a clever gentleman and one of our most successful practitioners, having a large practice up and down Long Cane. Mr. Bellott is the gentleman in charge of the mill. Success say we to the Drug Store.

Passing out the Drug Store and turning the corner, we come to a wood shop kept by Mr. Crawford, here you can get your wagon repaired--plough stocks made, &c. Mr. C. also takes jobs out at housebuilding, repairing, &c.; he has had several jobs in our neighborhood and is a good faithful workman and we would recommend him to public patronage.

Passing out Mr. C. shop and turning to the right, we soon see scraps of leather, pieces of old shoes, &c., which we indicate that we are approaching a shoe shop, and sure enough before we know it, we are in the shoe shop, and here we find Mr. Ford hard at work, here you can get made a nice pair of boots or shoes or have your old ones repaired. Mr. Ford does good work and true work, such work as no workman need be ashamed of, and he works cheap too. We speak what we know. Mr. F. is a hard working, industrious man, and deserves patronage.

Standing in the door of the shoe shop we catch the sound of the blacksmith's hammer and the clear ring of the anvil, for they are not many paces distant, let us walk over. There we find the smith in the person of Mr. King, here you can get your ploughs made and laid, your wagons ironed, horses shod and everything in that line done up to order. Mr. King is a good smith--especially in horse shoeing--and is one of the indispensable around Bradley's Mill.

The weather being hot and Mr. King is constantly taking welding heats, we retrace our steps to the store or some cool place; enroute we hear the sound of the axe, hammer and other metallic tools, and stopping to locate the sound, we look across the stream and our eye rests upon a nice new building. Suppose we cross over the bridge and see what is the cause of that confusion. Arriving at the foot of the bridge and looking to our right, we see a small shop in the distance, and some aged individuals at work in it. As age should always command our respect, we will digress and go up to the shop. Upon arriving we found it to be our aged friend Uncle Lige, busy at work making a churn. Uncle Lige is a cooper by trade, and although he is now quite aged still must be at work. He has a set of tools and finds employment and some remuneration in making churns, pails, &c., and repairing wooden and willow ware. Uncle Lige is a good old man, works until he tires, reads a good deal, and is always in his seat in Long Cane on the Sabbath.

But let us retrace our steps and cross over the creek--the first thing that strikes our attention is the gin house. No work going on here, for the time of ginning is not at hand. This is a public gin owned by Capt. Bradley and run by water--during the cotton season he gets a great deal of cotton to gin--and got hold of one job last winter that was not bargained for, when our friend J. E. B. ginned off part of his hand.

Passing around the gin house we come to the saw mill. It is also idle just now; weather so dry and creek so low, cannot run both mills at once. This mill furnishes the surrounding country with timber. The building we saw from across the creek is just above the saw mill. This is a nice structure and is used by Messrs. Young P. Rengan & Jessie Bradley, as a work shop. These young men deserve great credit, they are men of energy and will succeed. They turn out nice bed-stands, bureaus, wash-stands, side-boards, &c., in fact almost anything you want in house keeping, they also repair buggies, &c., &c., I would bespeak for them patronage; feeling assured they merit and hope they will receive it. I believe I have mentioned all the institutions about the mill but one, and that is not local. I allude to the threshing machine of Messrs J. E. Bradley & Thos. M. Jay. While I am writing the engine is passing on its way to the mill, and before this reaches you will be in active operation. My young friend Mr. James D. Jay is in charge this season, and being a pushing energetic young man will do all in his power to give satisfaction. Mr. T. M. Jay lives in the suburbs of the mill and has the best crop I have seen this season.

So much Mr. Ed. or, for Bradley's Mill, and it is no small place after all, the people are active and energetic, and catching the watchword "business" from their watchman, they are bound to succeed.

Yours truly,  
HARD LABOR.

## Laws of South Carolina.

### ACTS AND JOINT RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

[Published by Authority.]

#### AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same,

That Oliver Hewitt, W. W. Pemberton, Thomas J. Lamont, W. B. Patrick, E. B. Sell, B. D. Townsend, A. M. Kennedy, Her. J. Claudius Miller, G. W. Turner, L. W. Kennedy, M. W. Felder, L. L. Rice, S. H. Tindal, and others who now are, or may hereafter become, officers and members of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, and their successors, officers and members, be, and they are hereby declared to be, a body corporate and politic, by the name and style of the "Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, of the State of South Carolina;" and that the said corporation, by its corporate name, sue and be sued, plead and be pleaded, in the Courts of this State; and shall be enabled and empowered in law to purchase, have, hold, employ and possess chattels, lands, tenements or real estate, of what kind and nature soever, and the same, or any part thereof, to sell, alien or convey, at their will and pleasure: Provided, That the property so held shall not exceed the annual value of fifty thousand dollars; and the said corporation shall have power to make a common seal, with power to change and alter the same as often as they shall deem necessary.

Section 2. That this Act shall be deemed and taken to be a public Act, and shall continue in force until repealed. Approved March 13, 1872.

#### AN ACT TO DECLARE PUBLIC A CERTAIN ROAD IN THE COUNTY OF ORANGEBURG.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same,

That a certain road in the County of Orangeburg, leading in a north-easterly direction from the town of Branchville, to what is known as the Old Orangeburg Road, be, and the same is hereby, declared public.

Approved March 13, 1872.

#### AN ACT TO AUTHORIZE THE FORMATION OF, AND TO INCORPORATE, THE LAURENS AND ASHEVILLE RAILROAD.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same,

That J. R. Fowler, William Mills, Lawson Owens, Samuel Fleming, Wm. H. Langston, Y. J. Owens, J. Crews, W. E. Earle, Thomas M. Cox, Alexander Isaacs, Wilson Cook, Alex. McBea, H. P. Hammett, L. Williams, Hewlett Sullivan, James P. Moore, and their associates and successors, be, and they are hereby, declared a body politic and corporate, under the name and style of the Laurens and Asheville Railroad Company, for the purpose of constructing a railroad from the town of Laurens to the town of Greenville, and thence towards Asheville, N. C., by the most direct and possible route.

Section 2. That for the purpose of raising the capital stock of said company, it shall be lawful to open books, at the town of Laurens, under the direction of J. R. Fowler, William Mills, Lawson Owens, Samuel Fleming, Wm. H. Langston, Y. J. P. Owens and J. Crews; at the town of Greenville, under W. E. Earle, Thomas M. Cox, Alexander Isaacs, Wilson Cook, Alex. McBea, H. P. Hammett, L. Williams, Hewlett Sullivan and James P. Moore; and at such other places, in the Counties of Laurens and Greenville, and under the direct of such other persons, as the Commissioners in the respective Counties herein above named may designate, for the purpose of securing subscriptions to an amount not exceeding