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ALPHA and OMEGA, Or the Beautiful Twins—a Story of the Future.

BY JAS. P. KILLEBREW.

When they had all left the room I opened the bottle of liquid and pouring it down his throat until I had used about half of it. I covered his body with a cloth and retired.

I will now explain my actions. In hanging him they had not broken his neck, but only strangled him, and his tongue had slipped back into his throat. Therefore, I reasoned he simply hibernated during this long period.

"Well," explained Aunt Bettie, "you know you told me that with that chemical you gave me a person might, by dropping his tongue back into his throat, hibernate for a considerable period of time, providing he had some one to administer the solution to him when he should want to recover consciousness."

So, judge my astonishment, when you going to the room in the morning, I saw my patient breathing naturally, and sound asleep. I knew that upon awaking care should be taken not to let him know too suddenly the position which he was in. So, I seated myself by his bedside. When he awoke he seemed dazed, and spoke like one in a dream. Looking around and seeing me sitting there, he said:

"Where am I? Who are you?"
"I am your aunt," replied I, "go to sleep, and when you awake again I will tell you what has happened."

Obedient to my order he was soon asleep. Now to come to the strange part of it. When he awoke the second time, after about two or three hours sleep, he asked no questions of me, but when I told him to dress, I had some clothes ready for him he looked at me as if I had not undertaken what I had undertaken.

When I spoke to him he answered as if in a trance. When I would ask him to do anything he would obey like a child. And he has been that way ever since. He is now at the pavilion where I left him. I introduced him as my nephew, though I don't really know what kin he is to me.

"Now, George," addressing Mr. Loraine, "what shall I do with him?"
"Turn him over to me," replied Mr. Loraine. "I will soon have him all right."

"Very well," said Aunt Bettie. "Meet me at the pavilion to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

CHAPTER IV.

KENT LORAIN.

I have often spoken of the pavilion in this story. I will now endeavor to explain what the pavilion is as some of my readers have never been to the city, and never seen it.

In this twentieth century, it is customary to have a house situated in the central part of each city, owned by the government and conducted very much as a hotel was conducted in the 19th century, with the exception that everything is free to a taxpayer.

On this morning in which Kent was to be taken charge of by Mr. Loraine, a great many people could be seen at the pavilion grounds. Some were promenading around arm in arm. Some darning hither and thither in their sewing machines above the pavilion, whilst again, others were riding up and down the beautiful walks that skirted the pavilion, in their electric tricycles. Altogether it was a scene that one of the 19th century, especially an inventor, would have been delighted to gaze upon.

For then serial navigation was in its infancy, and they had not learned the many uses to which electricity might be applied.

This morning Mr. Loraine, accompanied by Alpha and Omega, arrived at the Pavilion. Aunt Bettie met them at the door, and silently led them to the drawing room.

Seated upon an ottoman near a window, looking at the scene before him, sat a young man strikingly handsome, and with the shape of an Apollo. But as the company entered the room he did not move, or betray any sign,

that he knew any one was in the room. Aunt Bettie walked up to him and said:

"Kent, here is your Uncle George and your cousins, Alpha and Omega."

He half arose and extended his hand.
"I am glad to meet you, Uncle George, and you, also, cousins."

Then he resumed his seat, and sat staring out of the window, as if he were not conscious of any one's presence.

"Kent," said Aunt Bettie, "you must go and live with your uncle a while, as I have to go in the country several miles and may not be back for six or seven months."

"All right," said Kent, and kissing Aunt Bettie good bye, he turned to Mr. Loraine and told him he was ready.

Mr. Loraine led the way, and they silently walked homeward.

Three years have passed since the concluding incidents of the preceding paragraph. Under the supervision of Mr. Loraine, Kent has improved wonderfully. He has now come back to the realization of every day affairs. In the quiet, reserved, and dignified gentleman seated in an easy chair upon the portico, would hardly be recognized the Kent Loraine of old.

CHAPTER V.

BOTTOMLESS PIT OF KANTA KLORN.
"Good morning Kent," said Mr. Loraine, who had just stepped out upon the portico, "I hope you are enjoying yourself."

"Yes, sir, I have just been reading about the bottomless pit of Kanta Klorn. What on earth is it?"

"Well," replied Mr. Loraine smiling, "I have left that for Alpha to explain. She shall show you that wonderful place to-day, and relate the still more wonderful history thereof."

At the mention of Alpha's name Kent's face brightened, and a tender look was in his eyes as he replied:

"I would be very glad to see the pit, and also to have the pleasure of Miss Alpha's company."

Mr. Loraine smiled knowingly and said: "I shall summon her immediately."

Suiting the action to the word he stepped up to a flower carved in the woodwork and touching the centre, resumed his seat.

Presently the panel rolled back and Alpha appeared. Dressed in some soft white clinging material, she was even more beautiful than the day she was first introduced to the reader. She is now a full grown woman. She has not lost, however, that buoyancy of spirit, which characterized her when a girl.

"Good morning, Kent," said she. "You look rather grave this morning. Are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick, and as for looking grave I would suppose any one would look grave with the load of over a hundred and fifty years pressing him down."

At this moment "Mega" stepped out upon the portico.

"Poor old young man," said she, "it's a wonder you haven't collapsed under your enormous load of years."

"Well, now, 'Mega," said Alpha, "I think that it is really cruel to twist poor Kent on his age," and then smiling. "But it is funny, isn't it? Kent is over a hundred and fifty, and he looks like a man of twenty-five or thereabout."

"But, to change the subject," said Kent, "suppose we go to see the wonderful pit of Kanta Klorn."

"Certainly," said Alpha, and ringing the summons bell she again took her seat. Presently the servant brought the electric carriage to the portico, and the company entered, laughing and cracking jokes. Kent pulled the lever and the carriage started off.

In the three years Kent had

been under the tutelage of Mr. Loraine, he had learned how to operate the electric carriage, and, in fact, had become a representative 20th century man.

It will now be well for us to depart from the story for a time and give a short description of the 20th century, and the ways of the people at that time.

Unlike Edward Bellamy's novel, the people of the 20th century were not equal, at least not in the sense he meant. The poorer class of people were a great deal better off than the poorer class of the 19th century, but they were not equal to the richer class. For the richer class did not, in the 20th century, obtain their riches merely by a knack of making money, but they were classed according to their brains, or their capacity for acquiring knowledge.

For instance the idiot was placed in the asylum, then the next one in the ratio of knowledge, i. e., the one who could comprehend just a little more than the idiot was given a position as servant to some good family, and so on up. The most brilliant and best educated man that the people could choose was selected as president. Only the people that had passed a certain period of time in the public schools were allowed to vote.

For instance, again: When a person had been taught all he could possibly learn he was given a card that entitled him to go and enter in his chosen occupation if he was capable of doing so.

During the three years Kent had been with Mr. Loraine he had taken a full course in the normal college, and now enjoyed the same privilege and power that Mr. Loraine did. He rose to this height, however, only through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Loraine.

On this particular day Kent seemed to be preoccupied and nervous. Omega's witty remarks seemed not to have the same effect upon him as usual. They were now out on the level road, on the outskirts of the city. The road was smooth and level as a billiard table, and they were a little jerk. Very little was said by any one now, as they viewed the beautiful scenery spread before them. Far off in the distance a long range of mountains reared their jagged heads above the level surface of the plain.

Faster and faster they flew along. Kent turned and asked Alpha something about the direction.

There was a strange look in his eyes, but neither of the girls noticed it. Little did they know that a maniac guided the lever that was carrying them onward to death.

Now away off in the distance could be seen a pale blue smoke rising from the surface of the plain.

"There," cried Alpha, "is the pit of Kanta Klorn!" pointing towards the smoke lazily curling heavenward.

Still faster they flew onward. Suddenly Omega gave a cry of surprise and pointed upwards.

Alpha and Kent looked in the direction she pointed.

"Why, that is father in his new air-ship," cried Alpha.

"And he motioned us to stop," said Omega. "What can he mean?"

As Omega uttered these words, Kent looked upwards, then turning pulled the lever back to its fullest capacity. The carriage sprung forward with a jerk that almost threw them out, and dashed onward with redoubled energy.

Until now, the girls had not dreamed that there was anything wrong. But now both seemed to realize that they were in the hands of a maniac.

There was a firm, set look in Alpha's eyes, and she said nothing.

Omega gave a despairing cry for help, and lifted her hands supplicatingly towards her father.

Her father heard and answered her. And now began a race for life.

Faster, still faster goes the carriage. Nearer and nearer comes the airship.

The awful pit of Kanta Klorn is now not over two hundred yards off. A voluminous cloud of smoke is continually rising from it. At intervals terrible noises are heard issuing from its depths.

The airship is now hovering directly over the carriage. The girls are stricken with terror, and are

incapable of making a movement to save themselves.



Kent suddenly turns and grasps Alpha in his arms. There is a light of intelligence in his eyes now. But ah! too late! for with one wild leap the carriage clears the chasm and falls with terrible velocity.

No, not too late for suddenly there is a rushing sound, and the great airship swoops downward. Kent, Alpha, and Omega are grasped by willing hands and quickly drawn on board. Then the airship rises and darts onward, and—

But why go any further? Kent, of course, recovered his reason, and they were married—Kent and Alpha. Just like any other story! But the moral is still there. Read it through and ponder thereon.
(THE END.)

The Kingstree Affair.

As the Anti-administration people are trying to make so much political capital out of the Kingstree incident, we deem it our duty to call their attention to a few facts and question the truthfulness of some of their reports of it.

In the first place both Gov. Tillman and ex-Gov Sheppard had spoken and Governor Tillman's work on the stand for that day was virtually over. Col. Youmans merely wanted to make a dirty personal attack upon Governor Tillman, which was not to the high and honorable office he holds, could not afford to notice. Besides, the State as well as a candidate and the affairs of the state were such nature at that time that they had to be attended to before his leaving for Chicago and had he not left at the time he did he would have not had time to have attended to them.

We do not believe that any of the candidates who are "on the ticket too" openly condemned the Governor's action as asserted by the opposition press and challenge them to prove it.

Mr. Youmans is in our opinion a mere bully, which is proven by his reply to Gen. Farley when he said "I have no objection, and if you want to change the order of these meetings and make this fight with me, I'll meet you and divide time with you. You can't run me off." Youmans did not "take up the gauntlet," but simply said, "go on," and subsided.

Be fair, brethren and don't try to make a hero out of a man who is playing the bully and braggart—Aiken Times.

Electricity is about to find a new employment in horticulture. Spring vegetables, we hear, are already being forced by its aid for the market. There is no doubt that roses and other flowers can be made to bloom more plentifully and more profitably with its assistance. In short, the discovery affords promise of possibilities not yet estimated. It has been found that lettuce is particularly susceptible to the influence of the electric light, by means of which it can be grown for market in twelveths the usual length of time. Other vegetables respond likewise in varying degrees. But everything depends upon the proper regulating of the light, and how to do this can only be learned by careful study of the results produced under all sorts of conditions. The effect of electricity being to hasten maturity, too much of it causes lettuce to run to seed before the edible leaves are formed.

At Kingstree Gen Farley with preternatural gravity pulled a rabbit foot out of his pocket and crossed Sheppard and Youmans with it, while the crowd indulged in uproarious hilarity. Farley said he would not cross the News and Courier man as he looked too cross already.

The crowd was not satisfied until it ascertained that it was the left hind foot of a grave yard rabbit, the superstition about which is well known.

Gentleman is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the heart and the feelings in every station.—Telford.

SIAMESE CHANG AND ENG.

STORIES OF THE FAMOUS TWINS.

Their Homes and Their Families.

A Quarrel and a Threatened Surgical Separation—The Awful Situation of Eng After Chang's Death.

The recent death near Mount Airy, N. C., of Mrs Sallie Bunker, widow of Eng Bunker, one of the world-renowned Siamese twins, recalls to mind much of the domestic history of these gentlemen and their families, comparatively little of which has ever found its way into print, which now comes direct from one who lived in the neighborhood of their homes in the old North State, and who was a personal friend of the twins from his youth up.

Chang and Eng were born in 1811, in the lowlands of Siam, of humble parentage, and at an early age lost their father. As soon as they were old enough to be of use to their widowed mother she put them to the light work of tending a large flock of ducks, which they used to carry out every morning in a boat to a neighboring marsh, where the wild rice was plentiful; there they remained all day and at night, at the blowing of a horn, they would waddle back to the boat, crawl aboard, and then the boat would paddle them home.

When the boys were probably 12 or 13 years of age an English traveller named Bunker happened that way, and after viewing them with amazement, for a stipulated consideration with their mother, obtained possession of them.

Leaving the East shortly after Mr. Bunker for several years exhibited the twins in every part of the known world, treating them with great kindness and making no distinction between their two children, but he subsequently returned to his native land, and being considerably advanced in age, he was unable to adopt his former method, but he was so well satisfied with the boys that he determined to give them the opportunity to live in one house, while that of Eng should live in the other. And while the wives occasionally visited each other, it is worth noting that for many years the children did not see one another.

They were now at the house of the late Mrs. Bunker, in the village of Kingstree, and it was in the month of January, 1874, that the twins were over at Eng's house and after a comfortable supper followed by their usual pipe, they retired in seeming good health. Early the next morning Eng work up and, calling to his wife, asked her to see what ailed Chang, as he could not awaken him. Mrs. Sallie Bunker, very soon discovering that Chang was no more, dispatched a boy on horseback to the village (some three miles distant) for Dr. Hollingsworth.

After the messenger had gone Eng complained of feeling numb and cold in his lower extremities, and his family did all they could to restore the circulation. He rapidly grew colder, and within an hour after waking and before the doctor arrived he joined his brother on the other shore.

The Sheep crowd continually show their weakness by grasping at and endeavoring to turn every little thing to account. Because Gov. Tillman, who had to meet a train so as to return to Columbia and attend to official duties before leaving for Chicago the next day, did not remain on the stage at Williamsburg to hear a harangue from Youmans, the Sheep press claim that Youmans ran him. Tillman stopped when requested by Youmans, and offered to answer his questions if he would ask him right then and there; but Youmans, with that desire to deceive characteristic of the Sheep campaign, pretended that they would have to be asked as he made his speech. Tillman then very properly said he was Governor as well as candidate and had duties to perform and must perform them before leaving for Chicago; and he needed rest. Youmans, knowing how the Governor was situated, shrewdly took advantage of his circumstances to make it appear that the Governor was afraid to remain. If Youmans could get around the fact that Gov. Tillman has remained on the stage during one of his harangues, his chances of deceiving the people would be better. But he cannot get around that fact, and he cannot fool the people. Evidently Youmans thinks the farmers are very green or he would not endeavor to deceive them in any such manner.—Press and Reporter.

Allusion has been made to the cheerful disposition of the twins. They were lively and very fond of a joke, and several might be related did space permit. Two will suffice. On one occasion while driving through the neighborhood in a buggy they were thrown out, resulting in one being badly bruised while the other escaped without a scratch. It then became necessary for the injured twin to remain in bed for a week and, of course, his brother had to do likewise explaining to a friend, who called to see him, that he staid there to look after his brother and keep off the flies.

The other joke occurred on a trip they made from Greensboro to Raleigh. Before starting Eng purchased one ticket; they then boarded the train, and after a while the conductor came around for tickets. Eng handed his up, but Chang, with a merry twinkle in his eye, remarked: "I have no ticket, and I have no money." Then when the conductor threatened to put him off Eng interposed and told him that could not be done, as he (Eng) had given up his ticket. At this the passengers raised such a laugh that the conductor concluded to pass Chang, whose passage was,

in which the mothers took part, and subsequently Chang and Eng, who being men of spirit and courage, drew knives and were about to attack each other, when the wives, seeing the danger, begged them to desist. The twins ceased struggling, but decided that they would then and there be separated, and at once sent to Mt Airy for their family physician, Dr Hollingsworth, a man with quite a local reputation as a skillful surgeon. He arrived with his instruments and after being told what was wanted, remarked:

"Very well, just get up on that table and I'll fix you, but which would you prefer, that I should sever the flesh that connects you or cut off your heads? One will produce much about the same results as the other."

This brought the twins to their senses, for they knew very well that the great surgeons in London, Paris, and New York had decided that it would be death to separate them.

In a perplexity of mind how to guard against future warfare in their household, the twins called in Dr Hollingsworth and Messrs Gilmore and Rawley, of Mount Aiey, as arbitrators. These gentlemen, after revolving the problem in their minds, drew up a legal contract whose principal provisions were that out of the money owned by the twins a similar mansion and like out-buildings as those which they then owned should be built on the farm estate about one mile from the existing homestead; that the land should be equally divided between the brothers by a competent surveyor; that no transaction of a business nature should take place on the farms between the two brothers, that the family of Chang should live in one house, while that of Eng should live in the other. And while the wives occasionally visited each other, it is worth noting that for many years the children did not see one another.

About the 15th of January, 1874, the twins were over at Eng's house and after a comfortable supper followed by their usual pipe, they retired in seeming good health. Early the next morning Eng work up and, calling to his wife, asked her to see what ailed Chang, as he could not awaken him. Mrs. Sallie Bunker, very soon discovering that Chang was no more, dispatched a boy on horseback to the village (some three miles distant) for Dr. Hollingsworth. After the messenger had gone Eng complained of feeling numb and cold in his lower extremities, and his family did all they could to restore the circulation. He rapidly grew colder, and within an hour after waking and before the doctor arrived he joined his brother on the other shore.

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Man wants the earth, but it is the housekeeper who gets dust.

however, soon after properly paid, for in all dealings they were strictly honorable. So far as can be learned their lives at their homes were irrepocahable; they were vitans temperate, scrupulously honest, sociable, charitable and, while never having professed religion, they often attended church; their manners and dress were those of gentlemen, though their education had been gained almost entirely by travel. They were naturalized citizens, and regularly voted the Democratic ticket.

When the war ended it found them with forty or fifty slaves, and though these, of course, were liberated, they had hidden supplies of gold which carried them comfortably through. This fact was well known, and after Stoneman's raid through that section the twins were one day surprised by a camp follower who forced himself into their presence and demanded their gold. Upon an immediate refusal he threatened to shoot, whereupon they both rose from the chairs on which they were seated, and then exclaimed:—"you shoot!" and then hustled the fellow out.

During their travels the twins accumulated much money, and in their absence from home their wives managed their property an excellent way. Several children were born to each wife, and these all received a first-class education, and were brought up as members of the church, principally of the Baptist denomination. All the children, save one deaf and dumb daughter, were healthy and strong, have married, and are counted as some of the best citizens of that section of the State, and have about \$2,000 left them for their old age.

Their names in the history of the State are as good as it was respectable, and without precedent. While with Stoneman at Mt Airy, Chang had suffered from a stroke of paralysis, and had been in a hospital in England, and was recovering from it, and it was about the 15th of January, 1874, that the twins were over at Eng's house and after a comfortable supper followed by their usual pipe, they retired in seeming good health. Early the next morning Eng work up and, calling to his wife, asked her to see what ailed Chang, as he could not awaken him. Mrs. Sallie Bunker, very soon discovering that Chang was no more, dispatched a boy on horseback to the village (some three miles distant) for Dr. Hollingsworth.

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Man wants the earth, but it is the housekeeper who gets dust.

The health in this vicinity is good generally, and everybody seems satisfied with his present and future prospects, except our old friend Dr. J. H. J., and you know that he is inclined to be a natural constitutional complainer. While everybody else has plenty of rain he says he had a little; crop small and backward but they will do, but somebody is stealing his oats from the field. He also says that he has lately discovered a certain cure for the secondary effect of the grip. Here is his prescription: Roasting-ear soup, watermelons, musk-melons, and a plenty of tomatoes, all of which must be raised at home. Now, farmers, if you are not superstitious, try this remedy and send the editor some of the same kind.

I came near forgetting one important thing, which I will here mention. John C. Dorn's gold mine is a success; it is now yielding him \$35 to \$50 per day with very little expense.

The store at Dornsville took on last Friday sixty-seven dozen eggs and frying size chickens in proportion. Now if these people cannot live why not?

In conclusion, we have no excitement about politics, because the candidates have not visited us this season. We have no excitement about prohibition because nearly every man here belongs to the temperance society except one, and he is 78 years old. He says that he has been using spirituous liquors for fifty-seven years when at home. Since commencing using it he has not in the whole time been sick one month, and lives an active life both physically and mentally. Why should he now change his manner of living?

In this vicinity the people are governed and controlled by virtue, morality, and old time Christian religion, which is good enough to live by and good enough to die by, and good enough for me—and if not, why not?
H. S. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DORNVILLE, S. C., June 28.

MR. EDITOR: I have been travelling around, principally for my health. While some meddling person might say that I am in search of a companion, or am a candidate for matrimony, I say to you, confidentially, that the latter is not true, because in this vicinity there would be nothing more unpopular in any man to approach, mention, or even think of such a thing. They say it is leap year, and while the ladies do not have the privilege of voting at the ballot-box they feel thankful that they have the right, and they exercise it too, to propose matrimony. I don't think there will be many weddings here this year, because the ladies are too modest to propose, but, oh, how they do coquette so sweetly around you.

Now, I will give you some general news.

Dornsville is a high, beautiful, and well watered place, in fact almost surrounded by water. It was, during his lifetime, owned by W. B. Dorn, Esq. It is now the property of Maj. J. M. Dorn, and upon the creek he has erected both a corn and wheat mill with all the latest improvements. He also has a saw mill and threshing machine as well as planing machine. All this varied machinery is working well and in good order. Here is the place to get your grain ground also your lumber, and all of the best quality.

Dornsville was once the capital of McCormick, and if it ever has been changed, I do not know it. The two places are only four miles apart. I will here say that McCormick is a pleasant little town full of life, and they now anticipate running and completing the Savannah Valley Railroad to your town, there to connect with the Great South Bay Railroad.

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