

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1893.

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ALL ABOARD THAT'S GOING.

ARRANGING A STRAW RIDE TO A DARKY BALL IN RED BANK.

Sid Cornelus Proves a Grasping Monopolist—His Load of Merry Colored Folks Leaves Him—They Return at a Reduced Rate.

New York Sun.

There was going to be a great darky ball, or "dance," as the colored folks called it, at "Texas," which is a part of Red Bank, and the colored folk of the whole country side from Oceanic to Long Branch were stirred up by the fact. A great many of the Long Branch darkies were wondering how to get to "Texas." Some decided that they could afford to take the cars; some, women as well as men, determined that they must walk, and others gloomily concluded that they must stay at home. When the eventful night came the news ran among all the negro quarters that Sid Cornelus had borrowed a hay wagon and a load of straw, and had hired two horses and was going to get up a straw ride to the ball. This news proving true, and it being understood that "Brother" Cornelus would wait at the "upper pole" of the village for his load, there was a quick alteration of everybody's plans. Those who were meaning to take the cars, those who had no better hope than of being obliged to walk eight miles, and those who had concluded not to go at all, united in declaring that they would take part in Cornelus's straw ride.

Except for her display of temper, all were as merry as a chime of marriage bells. There was one fellow, he with the red necktie, who kept crooning one line of a song in the way that is peculiar to negroes.

This line he kept chanting monotonously, evidencing perfect and complete happiness. It rose above all other sounds, sharp and clear, in a high falsetto tone. Once another darky took up another line of the same song and repeated that again and again. The effect was like this:

"Ann Maria, is dat yo' leg or is it mine?"

"You know whose 'tis, an' yo' better look out for yo'self."

"Well, then, I can't find e'ny one of my legs."

"Lord God knows dat a preacher won't lie."

In the course of time Mr. Sid Cornelus mounted the ladder, and surveying the almost solid mass of passengers on the straw, cleared his voice and made the following announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, please fork out yo' seventy-five cents. De fare am a-going to be seventy-five cents."

"Wha-a-a-?" from a dozen throats.

"Dat's what it am," said Mr. Cornelus. "Dis yere ain't half a dollar side show. Dis am seventy-five cents or walk."

There was an instant and precipitate scramble for the ground. No words were wasted. The men leaped over the sides of the wagon, some of the women threw themselves off the straw and into the men's arms, and others came laboriously down the ladder, frontways as women will with their skirts clinging to the frame behind them and being pulled higher and higher to their knees. No one of the colored folks seemed to see the humor of this sudden and general scramble. To the white lookers on it was almost unendurably funny. At one moment the wagon was heavily loaded with twenty light-hearted persons going to a ball. The next moment no one was going to the ball and the wagon was empty. A raise of a quarter of a dollar in the fare had occasioned the transformation. It was evident that fifty cents was the general limit, and that if all had gone Cornelus would have had to charge nothing to bring the dancers home or all would have had to walk back.

The astonished merry-makers drew off in knots. All talked earnestly and loud. Above all the uproar rose the refrain:

"Dar you is, honey; git der bes' fifty-cent seat dere is." "Torm, you, jest hol' down my dress while I climb dese yer golden stairs. Never you mind ef I got

hole in stocking or not, Sam El-berson; hold my dress Torm." "Say, Bill, luf go o' my gal, there. You look after you' own bunch er calico or I'll pull my razor, d'ye see?"

With such remarks, and a hundred like them the wagon load was at last made up. Then there was a pause while the load got settled, and while Brother Cornelus prepared to have every passenger also settle with him for the fare. There was much talk about the money that was needed, and the most astonishing disclosures of the financial condition of the passengers were made. Some of the men did not hesitate to borrow of their female companions. "Liz, you know you got to put up der spondulix. I ain't got a dam cent to my name." "Whar's Maria? Maria, you done got to lend me ten cents, or else I don't see you to no ball to-night. I only got forty cents." Whether these men blushed or not it was impossible to see. This was partly because it was a dark night. There were many calls to Brother Cornelus that he must trust this one or that for fifty cents, but those were jests, and Cornelus knew it, for he paid no heed to the suggestions.

The seating arrangements were peculiar. One girl declared she would sit on her man's lap. "I 'shamed?" she asked; "I ain't 'shamed o' nothin' so long as my conscience is clear." One of the men folded his girl in his arms and announced that he was going to love her all the way to Red Bank, at which she fought and writhed for freedom like a captured cat, and said that if he didn't "leave off his foolishness she'd jump out of der wagon."

Some folks say dat a preacher won't steal.

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head of the procession, and at the end of the procession, and on both sides of it all at once, he was so glad to see the little boy getting well and going down stairs again.

"Well, Franky, the little boy kept on getting better, but it is a singular fact that as he kept on getting well the little dog seemed to grow old again, and when the little boy was running about and playing as lively as ever the little dog had once more grown quite old and was lying about just as he had done before. But nobody dreamed of his being in the way now, and everybody was kinder to him than ever, because of the affection he had shown for the little boy."

"That was a nice little dog, pop, wasn't it?" said Franky. "What was its name?"

"Tide, Franky," said Mr. Billtops.

"Why, pop," said Franky, "that's the name of my dog."

"Right, Franky," said Mr. Billtops. "Now maybe you can guess what the little boy's name was."

"Franky Billtops!" Franky almost shouted.

"Right again, Franky," said Mr. Billtops.

When a visitor overstays his welcome, the people of New England say, "He makes us twice glad; glad when he comes; glad when he goes." A worthy citizen of Westfield, Mass., once put it even more strongly than that to a guest.

One of the Deweys, of Westfield, removed to the Black River country, but every fall he was accustomed to bring his family back for a long visit to his well-to-do relatives.

On one occasion, after a prolonged stay, he was surprised to see his host in the corner, weeping.

"Why, Cousin Tim," said he, "what ails you?"

"You'll never come down to see me any more!" the host replied.

"Oh, yes, I will, Cousin Tim; I'll be down next fall."

"No, you won't. Something tells me, you won't."

"Nonsense!" said the visitor. "What has put such a notion in your head? Haven't we always come down and spent the winter with ye? Come, cheer up, Cousin Tim? Cheer up and tell me what makes you think so?"

The grieving host blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and turning his solemn face to his sympathizing guest, said, "Cause you'll never go away."

Sunken eyes, a pallid complexion, and disfiguring eruptions indicate there is something wrong within. Expel the lurking foe to health, by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Cures Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt-Rheum, Pimples, and Blotches.

Bishop Key, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, who was recently married at Sherman, Texas, to Mrs. L. A. Kidd, president of the North Texas Female College, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Galloway, is a little over 50 years old and is said to be the finest looking of the Southern Methodist Bishops.

There is an old miller, 84 years of age, living nine miles from Versailles, Ky., who has been running the same mill for about eighty years. He started it before the war of 1812, when but a small boy, and the waters of the Elkhorn Creek have kept it going for him ever since. He can shoulder a sack of grain with great ease, reads without glasses, and his mind is as clear as it ever was. He hid away in the quiet regions of Elkhorn Creek, he scarcely knew that there was a war raging around him from 1812 to 1865.

The mightiness of the little drop of water is again illustrated by the wagger which an American has just won in Vienna. He bet a considerable sum with a Vienna acrobat that he could not endure to have liter of water fall drop by drop from a height of three feet upon his hand. When 300 drops had fallen the athlete's face became red and he looked as if in pain. At the 420th drop he gave up, saying it was impossible to bear the pain any longer. The palm of his hand was swollen and inflamed, and in one place the skin was broken open.

Happy and content is a home with "The Itc chesler," a lamp with the light of the morning. For catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

ANOTHER FIEND HUNG.

HE ATTEMPTED TO Ravish A YOUNG SCHOOL-GIRL.

Other Negroes of Similar Height, Color and Appearance Were Dressed Like Him and Taken Before the Girl, but She Said They Were Not the Right One.

LAURENS, S. C., May 10.—Yesterday afternoon, near Chestnut Ridge, a young negro man assaulted a daughter of Capt. James Wham, on her way from school. After a heroic resistance, the scoundrel was repulsed and fled.

This morning he was overtaken, carried before the young lady and fully identified.

In the presence of several hundred citizens he was quietly and decently hung to an oak tree.

FULLER DETAILS.

LAURENS, S. C., May 10.—Heywood Barksdale concealed himself in a bunch of woods, through which Wham's two eldest daughters passed from school. On attacking them and being foiled, he threatened that he would get her the next time.

Her father being away from home, no search was made for Barksdale until this morning. He was easily found.

Every precaution was taken to have him clearly identified. Several negroes of similar size and appearance were dressed like him and brought before the girls in succession.

As soon as Heywood was seen at distance, they cried: "It's him!"

A determined band of near a hundred neighbors gathered and decided that immediate punishment be given, although several prominent persons urged milder measures and begged for the law to take its course.

They plead in vain. Barksdale was brought near the scene of this attempt and swung to a stout limb.

The body hangs lonely and deserted to-night. To-morrow Coroner Sloan will hold the inquest.

Mr. Billtops's Dog Story.

"Pop," said little Franky Billtops, "tell me a story."

"Well, Franky," said Mr. Billtops, "once there was a little boy and he had a little dog. It was a very nice little dog and everybody liked it, but after a while it began to get old. It didn't get cross. If anybody stepped on it it would stand up and hold its tail down as low as it could and wag just the end of it, and look up as much as to say, 'I don't mind being stepped on, if you don't mind my getting in the way.' But it got sick and sort of miserable, and this little boy's father and mother thought that it might be better if they should put it out of its misery altogether. But they didn't actually do anything about it, and pretty soon something happened which made them forget about it; the little boy fell sick."

"And Franky, he was dreadful sick, and for quite a spell they didn't get over it, but one day the doctor said that he was going to get well, and he did; he kept on getting better all the time, and pretty soon the doctor said that when it should come a bright, warm, sunny day, they might take him down stairs."

"That was a great event, for you see the little boy had been sick and shut up in his room for weeks; and when the time came and his mother—she wouldn't let anybody else touch him—bent over him to lift him up she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Finally she laughed a little, but not very much; really she felt more like crying, she was so glad. She lifted him up and wrapped the blanket around him and started down stairs. After her came the little boy's father, and then the little boy's sister, and then the nurse; and then Franky, who do you think came next? The dog."

"And he didn't seem to be old or sick any more but he was just full of life and just as jolly as ever, and he curled his tail and wagged it as hard as he could, and jumped down a step or two and back up the steps again and down one side and down the other and back again and all around, as though he wanted to be at the

head of the procession, and at the end of the procession, and on both sides of it all at once, he was so glad to see the little boy getting well and going down stairs again.

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Governor Tillman Takes Action.

The action of Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, in appointing Solicitor Jervey, of the Charleston circuit, to prosecute the Denmark lynchers is worthy of all commendation. It is an assurance in advance that no guilty man will be allowed to escape.

Under all the circumstances, the public will watch with unusual interest the proceedings that Governor Tillman has inaugurated. Solicitor Jervey is pledged to a course which, if carried out, will make an example of the lynchers. In a public speech at Columbia, shortly after the execution of the negro, he declared that if he were the solicitor of Barnwell county he would indict every man who took part in the murder. He also declared that he would name Governor Tillman as an accessory before the fact.

The opportunity which Solicitor Jervey seemed to long for has come to him and his selection as the prosecuting officer is undoubtedly due to his declaration that he would leave no stone unturned to bring the lynchers to justice. Practically, his work is cut out for him, and all that is needed is an energetic prosecution, which Solicitor Jervey will undoubtedly devote himself to.

It is a case that practically involves an entire community. Those who executed the negro and those who aided and abetted his taking off are well known. There was and has been not the slightest attempt at concealment. So that Solicitor Jervey's duties are very much simplified. He has an opportunity, too if he choose to take advantage of it, of "naming" Governor Tillman as accessory, and the public is therefore interested in anticipating developments of a very interesting character.

Tillman on Top.

When the negro Peterson was recently lynched at Denmark, in Barnwell county, some of the enemies of Governor Tillman, at Columbia, held and indignation meeting, ostensibly to denounce the murder, but really to stir up political feeling. Among the speakers on that occasion was Solicitor Jervey, of Charleston, who boasted of the great things he would do if he was Solicitor in that county, threatening, among other things, to indict the Governor as "an accessory before the fact."

The Solicitor of that circuit now finds himself unable to prosecute these alleged murderers and cut-throats, some of them being his own kin, folks and he has so stated officially to the Governor, and advised that some other law officer of the government be sent to his county for that purpose. In the coolest and most dispassionate manner possible Gov. Tillman has designated and appointed Solicitor Jervey to act, the irony of Fate seeming to point with unerring finger at this doughty champion against what is known as the "higher law."

Tillman is like a Tom-cat with nine lives; he will catch on his feet every time.

Correct You Are.

The Columbia mass-meeting will have an effect exactly opposite to that expected by its movers. Its animus and purpose are too transparent. Instead of injuring Governor Tillman in public estimation, it will tend to strengthen him with many people who are convinced that he has not been treated fairly. People believe in giving even "the devil his due," much more the Governor of the State.

The incident reminds us of what General Grant used to say about the Democratic party—that it "could always be depended on to play the fool at the critical moment." Just substitute Columbia for the Democratic party.

High Ground.

The Observer takes this occasion to say that while it would rejoice to see a change in the administration in South Carolina, it is not willing for just any sort of a change. It wants a change that promises better things—not a change for the sake of change. It would like to see Gov. Tillman beaten, because we believe his

policy is injurious to the State; but we do not go to the length of "anybody to beat Tillman." And we may as well say it: If this mass meeting business is intended to curry favor with the negro for the sake of his political support against the present administration, the Observer can be counted out.

Why He Didn't Shoot.

A Caes avenue man, with a wife who has her own way about doing things, catches her now and then. "My dear," he said the other morning, as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."

"Well," she said, with an I-told you so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch you would have had your money this morning."

"Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said gingerly, "but I would have been a widower."

She laughed softly then and gave half of it back to him.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific Hall's Hair Renewer.

The shark manifests a distinct liking for certain races, and will eat an Asiatic in preference to a negro and a European rather than either.

A lightningrod agent who attempted to put a rod on the house of Thomas Sailer, a farmer near St. Augustine, Ill., against Mr. Sailer's wishes, was brought down by Mrs. Sailer with a Winchester.

The city of Banian, in Great Bucharat, is cut in the side of a mountain. There are 12,000 artificial caves, some very large, and statues—over 90 the other 20 feet high—each hewn from a single stone.

"Tl. Jowers that bloom in the Spring" are not more vigorous than are those persons who purify their blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The fabled Elixir Vitae could scarcely impart greater vivacity to the countenance than this wondrous medicine.

A curiosity of journalism is established on the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak of New England, where an enterprising printer has built an office, from which he periodically issues a newspaper named, with much truth, among the Clouds.

"You may talk all night about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do."

"And that was?" inquired Mr. Snipps. "Lost fifty million hairpins and wore the wings of three million birds on their hats."

DR. HATHAWAY & CO., SPECIALISTS (Regular Graduates).

Are the leading and most successful specialists and will give you help.

Young and middle aged men.

Remember! Remember! Remember!

SKIN DISEASES of all kinds cured where no others have failed.

WOMEN: Don't you want to get cured of that weakness with a treatment that you can use at home without instruments? Our wonderful treatment has cured others. Why not you? Try it.

CATARH, and diseases of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Liver and Kidneys.

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1893. Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is acknowledged as standing first among illustrated weekly periodicals in America. It occupies a place between that of the hurried daily paper and that of the less timely monthly magazine. It includes both literature and news, and presents with equal force and felicity the real events of current history and the imaginative themes of fiction. On account of its very complete series of illustrations of the World's Fair, it will be not only the best guide to the great Exposition, but also its best souvenir. Every public event of general interest will be fully illustrated in its pages. Its contributions bear from the best writers and artists in this country, it will continue to excel in literature, news, and illustrations, all other publications of its class.

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1893. Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1893 will continue to maintain the unrivalled standard of excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. Among the notable features of the year there will be new stories by A. Conan Doyle, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and William Black. Short stories will be contributed by the most popular writers of the day, including Mary E. Wilkins, Richard Harding Davis, Henry Deland, Brander Matthews, and many others. The illustrated descriptive papers will embrace articles by Julian Ralph on New South and Western subjects; by Theodore Tilton on "The East," by Poulney Taylor on "Russia and Germany," by Richard Harding Davis on "Germany," by Col. T. A. Dodge on "Eastern Riders," etc. Edwin A. Abner's illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies will be continued. Literary articles will be contributed by Charles Elliot Norton, Mrs. James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Brander Matthews, and others.

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