



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 2.

BY THOMPSON, SMITH & JAYNES.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JANUARY 12, 1893.

The Charleston House.

New Goods Arrived.

Have just received some of the Standard 175 Fire Proof Oil. The best Oil made. Try it. No more grumbling about bad Oil.

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Mocha and Java Screenings, a real good Parched Coffee, at 25c. per pound.

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Respectfully,

OTTO M. SCHUMACHER.

January 5, 1893.

The Message of the New Year.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet, Some rule of life with which to guide my feet, And ere the question into silence died The answer came: "Nay; but remember, too, God's will to do."

THE NEW YEAR.

Man alone of all earthly creatures is capable of looking before and after. He is not shut up within the narrow limits of the present moment. His eye sweeps all around the horizon, both discerning what now is, and also catching glimpses more or less distinct of what has been and what will be. In this fact is found the presage and the promise of his immortality. The high faculties of memory and forecast would be of no use to a creature without an unending destiny. If all the future years do not belong to man, then it were better for him to forget the years that are vanished, and to cherish no dreams of those that are yet to come. But on the supposition that we were "not born to die,"

out the signal mercies of the year, and dwell upon them until our hearts are dissolved in gratitude. Narrow and hard as our lot may have been, filled perhaps with keen and bitter sufferings, and much as we may have been disposed to complain of it, it has yet held enough of good to call for unbounded thankfulness. Believers in the gospel can never ask whether life is worth living. To be alive at all in such a world as this, to have food, raiment, shelter, friends, an open Bible, a living church, the perpetual ministrations of the Invisible Spirit in restraint, incitement, comfort, the consciousness of pardoned sin, and the hope of heaven—are not these sufficient occasions for saying: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name?"

Let us not hesitate, moreover, to look frankly and honestly on our own blunders, mistakes and sins. To do otherwise is to forestall the possibility of improvement, and to defeat all our efforts to be better than we have been. "My sin is ever before me," said the Psalmist. So it should be with us all. To forget for even a moment that we are imperfect creatures, that we have gone astray in thought and word and deed, would betray a lack of wisdom upon our part. Have we, then, for the twelve months coming to a close been always truthful, honest, pure, diligent, patient, forbearing, charitable? Have we loved God with all our heart? Have we loved our neighbor as ourselves? Wherein we find that we have come short in these requirements, the thing for us to do is to repent.

While, however, we keep in mind our shortcomings and defects, we must not so remember them as to allow them to paralyze our future attempts at holy and upright living. There is a sense in which we must "forget the things that are behind," and "reach forth to those things that are before." It is our duty and our wisdom to say with the apostle Peter: "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles." Hereafter let us walk soberly, righteously, and godly in the midst of this present evil world. The inspired admonition comes to each one of us: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." The duties that we must not cause us to lose heart and hope. At the opening of each new day, let us pluck up courage and go forward. By the help of God we shall overcome all our enemies, and stand entire at last.

More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

A New Year Thought.

[Olive L. Dana.] From the time-quarry of eternity God hews to-day another rugged stone. And says to men: "Come ye, and work with me; Help me to make my purpose known." He could declare, ay, and he does declare, In one great word its grandeur and its scope; And lesser words are echoing everywhere— Its wisdom, beauty, tenderness and hope. The calm stars chant it in their timed spheres, The winds hint of it in their resonant voice, The blossoms show it, and the wheat's fall ears, The sunlight, radiant with it, says, "Rejoice!" But none of these, nor even that Living Word That told, and tells, in human deeds and speech, What shall be done for man, with man, by God, Whose balms of pity deepest wounds reach.

Not even this will of itself suffice: The massive statue waits many hands, And so once more from out the opening skies, The New Year comes to all the waiting lands. How shall we help him, we who are unskilled, To carve from common years the Golden Year? Who does his will and with Christ's love is filled, Helps make his love known, brings his kingdom near.

THE MOUNTAINS AS I HAVE SEEN THEM.

Crops—Their Mode of Culture—Care of Fruits, Vegetables and Other Cereals—Waterfalls and Cataracts—Climate—Manners and Customs of the People.

[For the KEOWEE COURIER.]

Situated in the upper portion of Oconee is an elevated plateau of table land, which, beginning at the top of Boatwright Mountain, extends northward for a distance of twenty-five miles, and is estimated anywhere from two to ten miles in width. This section of country is inhabited by a class of people who, for the most part, live at home and board at the same place. Having been thrown among these people for a short time it may not be amiss to give a brief sketch of their mode and habits of living, scenes and incidents that may be observed in a mountainous country, all of which are entirely different from those regions that are less elevated in their nature, which difference may be strikingly noticed, even in the middle or lower portion of the country.

The first peculiar difference we notice is that most all uplands are cultivated alternately; that is, the land which is worked this year will lie over for another year, allowing a heavy coat of weeds and grass to cover the land, which is turned under during the fall and winter months. This is about all the fertilizing the land gets, as commercial fertilizers are seldom used, and those that do, use both the commercial with home-made fertilizers on their bottom lands, which, generally speaking, are cultivated every year.

Corn, which is the main crop, is planted from the first of April to the middle of May, and is cultivated, with slight difference, as it is in other portions of the county, the striking feature being that, in places, the corn is planted on hillsides so steep that, to us who are not used to the like, it would appear that a "scotch boy" would have to follow alongside the ox or mule, as the case may be, and help him to preserve an equilibrium in case he should make a misstep, which might result in a precipitation less disastrous to the corn than to the ox himself; and if a fellow be too well tied up, to the lines he would most certainly follow suit—humanity after oxanity. But these creatures are used to the like and never seem to notice such things, and, apparently, move along as well as those whose lands are entirely level.

One advantage, however, I see in "two-sided" land. Like the fellow who had discovered a new way of making one-cent stamps answer the purpose of two-cent stamps, on inquiry of how it could be done replied, "Use two of them," so when one side of our land wears out we just step over to the other side and wear it out, too; not two stamps in one, but two hillsides where otherwise, if the hill were to lean over, only one side would be level and the other side wrong end upwards.

The cabbage and apple crops are next in importance, both of which seem to do better on low lands than on hillsides. Cabbage is planted, where the ground is very rich, in rows from three and a half to four feet wide and about two and a half feet apart in the drill. The slips are set out about the latter part of May and the first of June. Experience has taught the planters that the earlier setting is always subject to decay, while those that are put out late do not mature so early, and hence are less liable to rot. About one good working is all that the cabbage gets, and that is during the month of August. After a few light frosts have fallen, then comes the time of hauling them off to market. Those whose crops are so large that they cannot readily dispose of them

put them up in various ways to protect them from the cold. The ones most likely to decay are put up in barrels and is called kraut; others in banks similar to a potato hill, and still others, who are trying a new experiment, pull them entirely up, put the cabbage end in the ground, leaving the roots upward. We can't see the trick in the latter process, unless it's to take a new Farmers' Alliance and see if the other end won't head, too. So much for the cabbage. Apples, which, I reckon, everybody knows, grow on trees, are another important crop, which, together with the cabbage, are the main money crops with these people. They are gathered about early frost, according to variety, and placed in cellars made for the purpose, or in barns, and then covered with hay, straw or other like material, until they go through a sweat and shrinkage, after which they are sorted and put where there is no danger of freezing, until they can be hauled off to market.

Small grain does not do so well, as the land is too open and porous. The heavy frozes push the roots out of the ground and leave them exposed to the air and sun, in consequence of which they are killed out. Rye, which is a hardier cereal, is extensively sown; tobacco grows luxuriantly; melons and cotton do not thrive so well, but with these exceptions most all vegetables are as prolific here as in other localities that have a milder climate. Among other things in general there are many natural curiosities to be seen among the mountains, which furnish favorable places of sport for those who are fond of the sublime and beautiful, the first of which is "The Narrows," on Chauga creek, about a half mile below the ford on the upper road leading to Clayton, Ga. This curiosity is a narrow gorge of rock, averaging about four feet wide and one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, through which the water is forced to make its way with increasing rapidity, dashing from side to side, until it loses its velocity in the surging waters below. Just below this cataract is an island of solid rock, which somewhat resembles a ship that had become petrified by the ravages of time, and meant to do no one any harm, save only to stay there and await the inevitable.

Another fall of like nature is on Chattooga river, about eight miles above "Rogue's Ford." This gorge is so narrow that a child on his back is said to have jumped across the river. Waterfalls and cataracts are so numerous in this section that wherever a stream makes its way somewhere on its course you will find a fall of some description. Across the river about ten miles we find "The Tallulah," which, for their grandeur and scenery, cannot be surpassed in the South. About these we will not impose upon your valuable space in order to say something that has so often been said by others who were far abler than myself to do the subject justice. There is one other curiosity, however, that may be of interest to your readers, and that is the "Sinking Mountain," which lies on the right bank of Chattooga river, about six miles below the ford. This mountain is not sinking, like some may suppose, all the way round the cone, but only on the side next to the river. After continued spells of wet weather fresh cracks may be seen all over the surface, and more particularly around the edge, where it leaves a crevice large enough to admit a man's leg. The portion that is sinking covers about ten acres of ground, and has sunken on the upper side about seventy-five feet, the tops of the trees being even with the surface of the ground. The dirt at the lower edge bulges out from the center and dumps off toward the river, which gives it the appearance of a big landslide. Altogether it is a singular freak of nature and is well worth visiting even by the most obscure observer.

Other scenery: In the fall of the year the chestnut gatherers of North Carolina are necessitated to burn off the leaves in order to render the picking up of chestnuts less difficult. The scenery that is occasioned by the glowing fire at night, can only be appreciated by those who have looked upon it with their own eyes, and words fail to express our meaning when we attempt even the slightest description of its grandeur. The West wind hurries swiftly through the gaps on the mountains and seems to kindle afresh the blaze as it winds to and fro in snake-like form, from which ascends dense volumes of smoke, and at early morn is gathered in long perpendicular columns, between which, at intervals, the glistening rays of the sun penetrate, leaving the arching shadows of smoke upon the mountains, at the same time reflecting, in the open places, the crimson colors of the beautiful autumnal leaves, which in the distance appear before the eye as if they were sprinkled with gold dust. Truly, may not the wonderful works of nature be seen on all sides? and may it not be said that

the different seasons of spring, summer, autumn and winter are both delightful and healthy. During the summer months a pleasant breeze is always stirring; the water is pure and clear as crystal; the little pestiferous housefly makes himself unfrequent; gnats are nowhere to be found, and doctors are as scarce as hen's teeth. Of course, we mean no reflection on the doctors, but as the absence of teeth among the feathery tribe denotes that they have other organs of nature which provide for their physical wants and necessities, so the absence of physicians amongst us is proof sufficient, to say the least of it, that nature has sufficiently provided for us, whereby our physical wants and necessities may be abundantly supplied without necessarily resorting to the aid of a physician. Towns and cities may spend hundreds of dollars in booming up the health of their localities and surroundings in general, but these are advertisements "penned by nature's own hand," which will ever remain paramount to all others, and though rugged in their nature are sufficient to restore lost energy, renew vigor and give a devouring appetite to all those who make themselves frequent amongst us.

Manners and customs of the people: After all the crops are harvested, in the earlier part of winter, then comes a regular jubilee time of corn shuckings; and to have a good time, and especially to get something good to eat, one has only to go to an old-time mountain corn shucking. Still further, if a fellow don't want to be toted he had better shuck his own corn. To those who have never seen the like perhaps we had better explain. After the corn is all shucked and the shucks put away, you may see a parcel of men and boys giving each other the wink. Their object is to get hold of the man who has the shucking and carry him to his dwelling just as you would a wounded man or one entirely dead; but when they start off in the direction of the house they soon find that he is neither dead nor wounded either, so far as kicking propensities are concerned. After knocking, kicking, bumping and pulling for some time their prisoner, who is "much the worse for the wear," is landed in the house and given a respectable seat on the floor. The boys up here call this fun, but we think it's a shy way they have of shaking themselves up, or down if you wish to call it, in order that they may be better prepared to do full justice at the dinner table.

Fattening hogs are put up separately in pens, which rest on forks about two feet from the ground, and the pens are generally so small that if the pig fattens very fast he will soon outgrow his pigpen. However, about this time he begins to push the rails sideways and endways. On account of his hogpiggery he is deprived of his hogpiggery and the better part of his hogpiggery transferred to the hog house, a place where hogs seldom grow larger. The people here are plain, self-supporting, unassuming, believe in living at home, feed a man when he is hungry, adhere, in a great measure, to old-time ways. The cards, a spinning wheel and the old-fashioned loom still have their respective corners, and they are not rusty for want of use either; pasturage is plentiful, poultry and cattle are raised in abundance, and, above all, the people are not derelict in regard to education. But another step in progress and the flying steam engine will send his shrill notes throughout these lonesome hollows; then these rocks will begin to move themselves one upon another; these forests will be turned into merchantable lumber; these waterfalls will drive millions of spindles, and these mountains that are full of lime rock will be palled down and converted into fertilizer, which will stimulate the vegetable growth of our own virgin soil. The dead realities now existing will then become living realities, and then would we not welcome back with Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia? And who can tell but that the closing years of the nineteenth century will mark an era of progress in our history that will be as a time-honored monument, permeating and breathing new life and progress in all those who may come after it? M. C. B. Long Creek, S. C., Dec. 19, 1892.

Out of a total railway mileage for the world of 370,281 miles the United States have no less than 163,597 miles, or 44.18 per cent of the whole, and it exceeds by 3,942 miles the entire mileage of the Old World, Europe's 136,865 miles, Asia's 18,798 miles and Africa's 3,992 miles, making an aggregate of but 159,055 miles.

An unfortunate man gained access to a rich nobleman. He depicted his misfortunes and misery in so moving a manner that the noble lord, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, called to the servant: "John, put this poor fellow out into the street; he is breaking my heart."

Try to keep clear of prejudice and be willing to alter any opinion you may hold when further light breaks in upon your mind. He is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond measure, who never sees reason to change his judgment of men and things.

The first ship canal on the line of the present Suez Canal was projected by Necho, an Egyptian king, about 600 B. C. The two seas were actually united 270 B. C.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

[Frances Ridley Havergal.]

What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth? Songs in the springtime, Pleasures or mirth? Flowers on thy pathway, Shies ever clear? Would this insure thee A Happy New Year? What shall I wish thee? What can be found Braving the sunshine All the year around? Where is the treasure, Lasting and dear, That shall insure thee A Happy New Year? Faith that increaseth, Walking in light; Hope that abounds, Happy and bright; Love that is perfect, Casting out fear— These shall insure thee A Happy New Year. Peace in the Saviour, Rest at his feet; Smile of his countenance Radiant and sweet; Joy in his presence, Christ ever near— These will insure thee A Happy New Year.

WITH A WAGON TRAIN.

It has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that after the Mormons located at Salt Lake they bent all their energies to two things—making friends with the Indians and seeking to prevent white people not of their own faith from penetrating into that country. They did gain the good will of the several tribes of Indians with whom they came in contact to such a degree as made it safe for a Mormon to go anywhere. Once in a while one was killed before he could identify himself, but the man who proved himself a Mormon need have no fear of the savages, who had been trained from infancy to hate a white man and take his scalp whenever opportunity offered.

This desideratum was accomplished in various ways: They made common cause with the redskin against the remainder of the white race, promising him all the scalps and plunder. They made him presents, caused him to believe that they were persecuted because they espoused his cause, and in other ways got such a firm hold on his affections that he became the most powerful ally that they could have selected. They made him arrow heads and lance heads, they provided him his first fire arms and best tomahawks, they fed him when he was hungry and helped to outfit him when he went to war.

When the California gold fever began to push long wagon trains across the country, the Mormons saw what the result would be unless they could stop the rush. Left to themselves, the savages would no doubt have attacked in every case where there was hope of success, but not one person would have been killed where ten actually yielded up their lives but for the assistance of the accursed Danites. These were the "good men and true" of the Mormon church—the enthusiasts and fanatics who could be depended on to carry out any order and preserve the secrets of their church with their last breath.

They knew the country, the trails, the streams, and ravines and valleys, from Council Bluffs or St. Joseph to their own doors in Salt Lake City. They were strung out along over the overland trail, and in constant communication with the Indians. They acted as guides—were elected as captains of trains—sought every position which would enable them to play into the hands of their allies and work the destruction of trains. This was not even suspected, however, until they had "worked fearful slaughter among the gold seekers. No living man will ever be able to give figures on the train people murdered during the many years in which the overland train was in daily use.

The first train I went out with, said an old scout, consisted of fifteen wagons and fifty persons. Of these twenty-two were full grown men and well armed, and each one fully realized the perils which beset the route. It would seem the height of folly for a husband to invest his all in a span of horses and wagon and set out for California with a sickly wife and three or four children, but plenty of them did so. Indeed there was no train without its women and children, and their presence always increased the dangers. Previous to leaving St. Joe, we had to elect a captain of the train, a "boss," whose word should be law until we reached the end of our journey.

This position naturally fell to some veteran—some hunter, scout or Indian fighter, who was posted as to the ways and routes of the Indians. Some such man was going out with a train. In our case the choice lay between two—one an old trapper of many years experience, who looked honest and seemed to have plenty of experience, and a man who was a stranger to all, but who was loud in his boasts of how many Indians he had killed and what a brave, careful man he was. I disliked him at first sight, as I know he did me, but, though I did all I could to defeat him, he was elected to the position of captain. He was a fellow with an ugly, sulky look to his face; eyes which were constantly roving about and could never look you square in

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December 15, 1892.

the face, and in my heart I believed he meant us ill. I found one or two others who entirely agreed with me, but the majority were perfectly satisfied that he was all right, and it would not be prudent for us to say anything until we had a better foundation than mere suspicion. It would have been rebellion to speak against him or refuse to obey his orders, and he had power to disarm us and put us under guard.

At that date the train which progressed one hundred miles into Kansas was sure to find the advance guard of the Indians. On the fourth day out we sighted some at a distance. I narrowly watched our captain. He closed the train up in good order, stationed the defenders where they could do the most good, and exhibited such nerve and caution that I began to feel ashamed of myself for having suspected his loyalty. But for one circumstance, I should have banished all suspicion.

We saw the first Indians two hours before sundown. None of them came nearer than half a mile, seeming to be content with an inspection of our strength. An hour later, and we were within two miles of the spot where we proposed to camp. The captain, whose name I neglected to state was Baker, ran up a green flag on one of the wagons. This flag, as we afterwards concluded, he must have had secreted about his person. He explained that if he ran up the flag the Indians would conclude that there were soldiers with the train and haul off, and no one—no one but me—questioned the truth or policy of the proceedings. It struck me when they raised the flag for a signal, and when I stated my suspicion to one or two others of the band, they agreed with me that I began to have no other objection. From that time we watched every movement with the eyes of a fox, but he made no further sign for many hours. When we went into camp he took all the precautions the most timid could suggest, and I don't believe he slept two hours between dark and dawn.

The night passed without an alarm, and it was after noon next day before we saw Indians again. We had been traveling an hour after the noon halt when we came to a singular bit of ground. It was a ridge about fifty feet wide, with heavy washouts or dry ravines on each side of it. This place could be avoided by turning either to the right or left, but Baker, who was mounted as most the rest of us were, led the way right along this ridge. I was watching him, and saw that he was further ahead than usual. I also saw him make a curious sign. He raised his right arm on a line with his ear, bent the fore-arm across his head, and held it thus for a few seconds with the palm opened and toward his horse's head. Looking ahead and to the left I thought I caught a brief glimpse of a dark object, something like a black soap.

head peering above the bank of the ravine. I was close to the head wagon, and I asked the man to halt, and in twenty words made him understand that I firmly believed the Indians had prepared an ambush for us. I had made him understand this when Baker halted and turned to us with the query: "What's the matter now?" "The route looks dangerous," I answered.

"The route is all right; bring your wagons." "Why can't we go to the right or left?" I asked. "Look here," he began, as he rode back, "is this train under my orders or yours?" "Ours, sir."

"Then you be careful. If you attempt to interfere with me I'll order you under arrest. Come on with the wagons." He turned and galloped forward. As he did so I rode to the right and a companion to the left to reach a point where we could see into the ravines. We both saw the same sight—the dry ditches crowded with redskins, and we both cried out together: "Shoot the villain! He has led us into an ambush!" "I don't know who killed him. Five or six of us fired together just as he put his horse on a gallop, and he toppled from his saddle and fell to the earth. The Indians, seeing that they were discovered, sprang up and made a dash at us on foot. Although without a leader, we did just the right thing. Every man rushed to the front, leaving the rear of the train to take care of itself, and we gave the savages a volley which broke them up and left nine of their number dead on the ridge. The living sought cover, ran down the ditches behind a fence, where their ponies were concealed, and made off without firing another shot, although there were eighty-four of them in the band. Had we got the train strung out on that ridge every soul in the train would have been murdered within ten minutes. Baker was, as I found out several years later, an active Danite, and had led more than one hundred emigrants to slaughter.

Hicks: "Your wife, of course, is a lover of the beautiful." Wicks: "Generally speaking, yes; but she doesn't particularly dote on the women I consider beautiful. At least, I gather as much from her conversation."

Three-quarters of a second is the time occupied by the fall of a knife in the guillotine. The knife is weighted by 120 pounds of lead, falls nine feet and cuts through flesh and bones as easily as through a bar of soap.