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The Story Teller. BRAVE JANET KING.

By J. H. CONNELLY.



When he sang of love. Tradition has dealt somewhat roughly with the reputation of the Barnegat folk of half a century ago; but that is hardly to be wondered at. It is quite as much as a live man can do nowadays, even by giving a good deal of attention to it, to protect his good name, so what "show" can the necessarily silent dead be expected to have? The fact is that the 'wreckers of Barnegat" were not by any means so black as they have been painted. That modest claim in their behalf scarcely seems sufficient, for the same thing is proverbially said of the devil, so we may in strict justice go farther and affirm that among them were not a few very excellent men and women who never lighted false beacon fires or swung a ship's lantern from a cow's horns.

Unhappily there were then many wrecks on that dangerous coast, for warning lights were not so numerous as they now are, and the loss of life in those disasters was great, since there was equipped life saving corps as we at present have. When the wrecks occurred the dwellers on Barnegat beach assumed that all rights of flotsam and jetsam were theirs, and perhaps piously viewed the casting ashore of a rich cargo as a special providence in their behalf. But he cruel treachery of luring a vessel to destruction by means of false lights was an infrequent crime-whatever sensational legend makers may say to the conwrecked persons from the terrible waves that in stormy weather thundered upon

David King and his stalwart sons, Donald and Andrew, were among the foremost of those who habitually so distinguished themselves. No one was more daring and indefatigable in capturing valuables from a wreck than were the Kings, but they would at any moment abandon the most tempting piece of salvage to save a drowning sailor, and that could not be truthfully said of all their neighbors. There was those who averred that this eccentricity brought the family good luck, and this imagining had not a little good effect in encouraging others to emulate their humane example, so that in time it came to be noted that wrecks were much less fatal in their neighborhood than upon other parts of the beach.

Janet King, the only daughter of David, had almost as much strength and dexterity with the oars as had either of ·her brothers, and was quite their equal in courage, which is equivalent to saying that in all the qualifications demanded for existence on Barnegat in those days she had no superiors in the community. And a consensus of the opinions of the young men in the vicinity would have unqualifiedly sustained the affirmation that in point of good looks she had no equals. Of course other young women saw defects in her style of beauty. They affirmed that her eyes were too big and black, her wavy raven black hair altogether too long and heavy, the voluptuous roundings of her finely developed form quite too pronounced. But that was to be expected. The girls of Barnegat were not radically different from other girls. Janet was not simply "pretty" or "good looking," but actually beautiful to a degree that awed the young fellows about her, caused them to feel awkward in her presence and made them shy of attempting advances to her, however wistfully they looked upon her from a respectful distance. But one day there came a big, blue

eyed, flaxen haired young hunter from the distant city of New York who was not so easily abashed, but rather inspired by beauty, and who very promptly made his admiration for her quite apparent. Selden Rangely was, he said, his name. He had been duck shooting up about the mouth of Forked river until success became monotonous, and leaving his boat in the bay he had wandered along the coast aimlessly until he reached the hamlet where the Kings were leading citizens and found shelter in their house. There was in his mind a half formed purpose of strolling on as far as May's landing, or perhaps even farther, but it was quickly abandoned when he got one good look at Janet King. Where she was his journey, he felt, was ended. And why should he go farther and certainly fare worse? It was bitter, bad November weather, so inclement that hardly one day out of three was fit to go ducking in, and the roads-in the few places where any existed - were execrable. Only a fool would think of exploring the New Jersey coast at such a season when he had the alternative of settling down by a warm fireside and making love to Janet

King.
With some initial difficulty he persnaded her father to accept him as a boarder, despite Mr. King's protests that he knew nothing about keeping a hotel and did not wish to.

"But it is the eminently correct thing that you should," argued Selden Rangely. "I always live in a hotel, and would have to pay board somewhere else if not here. I want to stop here a few weeks anyway, and could not think of doing so at your expense. I would not be able to rid myself of the idea that I was trespassing on your hospitality. So I insist upon being allowed to pay you at the She said: same rate I would pay at my hotel in

fixed by himself was so liberal that it fairly took away the beach man's breath. Large as it was, David King accepted it at first with reluctance, but very soon began to find it quite pleasant to receive weekly the bright gold pieces that his guest drew from an evidently abundant stock in a heavy leathern money belt. Gold was at no time so abundant on Barnegat beach as to be viewed with in- a bar of iron and thought he had killed difference even by the Kings, who were him. He would have been justified in "well to do folks" there. But, incredible as the fact was, the stranger did not seem to care for it. They concluded that "he must have slathers of money," and an estimation of that sort at least does not generally tend to render its subject

Janet was fascinated by the handsome stranger himself, quite independently of his wealth. He was really the first educated, gentlemanly man of the world she face the man he thought he had murhad ever met, and, by contrast with the dered. The wretch's skull had healed young men she had known, seemed to up as good as new, and, having a wholeoutside the stagnant pool of Barnegat his affairs, he had never even complained

beach life, concerning which she had only vaguely dreamed, his conversation brought vividly before her, and she listened to him as if in an enchanted dream. Sometimes, in the solitude of her little room, the thought rushed upon and overwhelmed her that she knew so little and he so much that he must despise her for her ignorance, and she cried herself to sleep. So unsophisticated was she that she did not yet know beauty to be more than wisdom or strength or even wealth.

An old guitar hung upon the sitting room wall. It was a relic of some wreck and simply decorative, for nobody upon the beach could even tune it. But Selden Rangely's skillful fingers evoked from it the most entrancing melodies and witching chords that, blending with his strong yet mellow voice, thrilled her strangely when he sang of love. Love! Not until now had any one ever sung or said aught about love to her. But he did both. He told her that he loved her with all his soul, and vowed to do so forever, and "a new heaven and a new earth" seemed to open before her. No question of his sincerity disturbed her happiness, for her love for him was as perfect as that which he professed. Her parents looked dubiously upon

the fine gentleman's attentions to their daughter, but he had considered the brothers, and they with Janet made a majority in the family council, so there was hardly a shadow of opposition on the part of the old folks to the marriage of Selden and Janet, which took place in the month of February.

About the middle of April Selden Rangely announced that it would be necessary for him to go to New York on business, but his trip would be brief. His programme had been fully discussed with his wife. He would draw some money from the bank, buy some things he deemed his wife should have, replenish his wardrobe, order an agent to buy and furnish a house, and within a fortnight he would return with the great surprise for Janet's father.

David King's cherished dream of the unattainable, as he frankly admitted it, was the ownership of a big first class schooner, on which he should be the master and his two sons the mates. That dream Janet's husband vowed to her should be realized. Nothing would be easier for him. Had he not more than sufficient money for it lying idle in the bank for lack of opportunity for profitable investment? He would simply draw out the necessary sum, bring it home, no such well organized and admirably and put it in the old man's hands as a great surprise.

Secretly Janet felt that she would have liked dearly well to accompany her husband and see the great city, but as he did not propose that she should do so she was too proud to seem to force her company upon him when he did not appear to want it. And her love readily found excuse for him. His business would demand his attention, she said to herself; naturally he would find it intrary-and there were numbers of brave | convenient to be bothered with a womstrong men there who many a time an-one who knew nothing of the ways of city life, and would be wi dent upon him for direction and companionship. If he went alone he would come back all the sooner-within a fortnight, he said. So, assuming a cheerfulness that she was far from feeling, she kissed him good-by and he departed.

The fortnight passed, and more fortnights after it, yet he returned not. And no letter came from him. He certainly should have written. Even if none of the King family could read writing he might have known they could get some friend to tell them what was in his letter. That was what David King said. But Janet excused him.

"He would not," she said, "write letter to me for somebody else to read, and so long as he might not write to his wife he would write to nobody.' But her heart was sore; she felt very lonely and an indefinable anxiety distressed her.

CHAPTER II.

In the latter part of May, during a violent and protracted northeast storm, the hermaphrodite brig Fannie B., of Liverpool, was cast upon the Barnegat sands, not an eighth of a mile from the home of the Kings. She had aboard a number of passengers, several of whom were drowned, but among the saved were two, a young mother and her child, who were rescued by Janet King, or, to give her the name that properly was hers, Mrs. Janet Rangely. The woman, with her little daughter clasped in her arms, essayed to reach the shore on a hatch, in company with a couple of sailors who launched it after both the brig's boats had been swamped and lost. In the surf the great unwieldy hatch was tumbled over and over, whirled and tossed about like a feather in a cyclone, so that all who were upon it were swept off and engulfed in the roaring breakers. One of the sailors never reappeared, and the other was hurled ashore more dead than alive seemingly. As for the woman, the tiger of the surf seemed to play with her like a cat does with a mouse, one moment bearing her in as if to leave her on the sand, the next carrying her out again in a wild swirl of the white spume and froth of the angry sea. Courageous Janet, standing on the beach, saw her so being done to death, and without a moment's hesitation plunged into the waves after her, seized her by the hair and dragged her to land, unconscious but alive. In all her struggles with death the mother had not loosened her hold upon the child, a pretty little golden blonde maid of two years or thereabout. Both were resuscitated with little difficulty and sheltered in the house of David King.



Janet seized her by the hair. That evening the woman, fully recovered but snugly ensconced in warm blankets, told her story to Janet, who sat by the bed to keep her company.

"I came from Manchester, England, New York."

So he had his way, and the sum thus to join my husband, who has been living in Philadelphia for a year past, and is now expecting our arrival, little imagining how near a thing it has been to his never seeing either of us ag in. He had to flee from England, but for nothing that he need be ashamed of. A man with whom he was associated in business robbed him outrageously, and they fought about it. In self defense against a murderous knife he cracked the rascal's skull with doing so, but they were alone; he knew that he could not prove the deed done in self defense, and in fear of arrest he fled that same night to Liverpool, without waiting even to say farewell to me.

"From Liverpool he managed to escape to this country. Until last October he deemed himself a murderer, and was haunted always by the fear of the gallows, but in that month he met face to her quite a superior sort of being. The some fear of the consequences of invitwonders of the big, active world far ing the police to make any inquiries into

of having been assaulted. When my husband learned that, and not until then, he ventured to write to me, telling me the story and directing me to come over with Edith as soon this spring as ocean travel should be safe and pleas-

"Well," replied Janet smilingly, "you did not find it either safe or pleas but you are all right now, and in a few days will be with your husband again." "Yes, thanks to you, brave, noble girl that you are. And you shall see that he will be grateful to you for saving his wife and child. He is no poor chap, able for nothing more than a thank you, ma'am.' He has done right well in this country. His firm is well known. No doubt you have heard of him." "What is his name?"

"Selden Rangely." Janet stared at her in horrified amazement, speechless, feeling a strange wild whirling in her brain, vaguely wondering if she were really awake and had indeed heard that name or if a nightmare possessed her. The light in the room was dim, and the woman failed to see the deathly pallor that spread over the girl's face, did not notice her silence and unnerved sinking back in her low rocking chair, but just prattled on heedlessly and unsuspectingly about her husband, her baby and herself, the narrow confines of

At length Janet spoke. Her throat seemed dry, her white lips hard and stiff, and she shivered as if with cold. but she forced her voice to ask: "Does your little girl look much like

"Oh! she is the very image of him. The same blue eyes and light hairlighter than his, of course, because she is only a baby yet, you know-but as much like him as-well, you will see for yourself when he comes in person to thank you for saving his little Edith's Janet went out and walked on the

beach in the darkness alone. She could not see where she was going, but that did not matter. The rain was falling, but she was not conscious of it. With her arms folded tightly across her breast, her fingers clinched in her flesh, her jaw set hard, and her wide eyes fixed upon vacancy she moved slowly, mechanically, trying to think. So that woman was his wife! What,

then, was she? A wreck. Love had come into her life with the suddenness a storm and stranded her hopelessly. His blue eves had been false beacons for Ah! how cruel had been his treach-He swore that he loved her, would love her always, and she-poor, weak, credulous, ignorant fool that she washad believed him. Oh, how she had trusted him! how she had loved him! And all the while he was simply amusing himself with her betrayal, laughing in his sleeve at her foolish faith and fondness. And when the time had come for him to go and receive his wife he had gone, lightly leaving her to her blighted life of loneliness, sorrow and shame! How was it possible that one who looked so noble could be so base? How could his lying lips promise a lifelong love to her when in his heart he knew that his wife, the woman he really loved, was coming across the sea to him? And what a mocking fate it was that it must needs be she, herself, and no other, who should drag that woman out of the waves, back to life-for him! Oh, had she but

t over again. But, O God! how hard it was to think of and to bear! She did not take any heed to where she was going until she walked into an arm that the rising tide had flung across the beach, and was almost carried off her feet by a strong and stealthy wave. Then she turned and went home, treading more firmly, as if her agonized and turbulent thoughts had settled themselves in a formulated purpose of action. Outside the door, standing in the dark with his tarpaulins on, she encountered

known-no, no! Not that. She would do

"I got sort of anxious about you and started out to look for you," he said. Where have you been?" "Taking a walk. My head was hot and I wanted to cool it."

"Woman and her baby all right, I "Has she told you yet who she is?"

"Yes." "What's her name?" "Mrs. Selden Rangely." "What! not"-

"Yes, his wife; from England." She spoke in a hoarse whisper, and passing him entered the house without another word. Mr. David King remained outside a long time, freeing his mind in phrases that doubtless made the recording angel sigh.

The next day Mrs. Rangely and her child started in a beach wagon for Tom's river, where they would be enabled to take the regular stage for Philadelphia. Not only did Janet suppress the hideous discovery she had made and nerve herself to reply smilingly to the woman's untiring iterations of effusive gratitude, and bid her "good-by and godspeed" when she took her leave, but the poor girl even found arguments to restrain her father from executing a design that he had formed the night before. He wished to accompany the woman on her journey that she might unconsciously ead him to his vengeance upon the betrayer of his child. But Janet said to

"You shall not do so. Leave him to his conscience and to Gcd. I have the right to demand this, to say what shall be done to him. I am the one most deeply wronged, and I forbid your seeking to avenge me upon him." "Do you mean to tell me you forgive him?" hotly demanded the old man, with the fierce fire of his Scotch blood blazing

in his eyes. "No, I cannot say that," she replied huskily: "that is too much, but I bide my time. I will not have your deed bruit my shame abroad to the world." "There's something in that," assented her father grimly, "so we'll bide a bit. Waiting is not forgetting. He'll be main glad to greet his wife, no doubt." It was a keen thrust, and she felt it as he meant she should, but she answered with stony calm: "She is innocent. She has harmed me

not. For why should 1 break her heart with the knowledge that he is as false



She quickly cut away the sailor knots. At dusk one evening ten days later, Janet, chancing to go to the door and look out toward the beach, noticed a scuffle among three men at such a distance from her that in the indistinct light then prevailing she could not determine positively who they were or exactly what they were doing. Two of them she fancied were her brothers, Donald and Andrew, but of the identity of the third she had not even a suspicion. No outery came from the struggling group, and taking it for granted that they were simply indulging in the rough wrestling and horseplay common among the younger beachmen she turned back to her household duties. But after a few minutes a strong impression flashed upon her that she should go out there

and ascertain what had been going on. Without knowing why she found herself running at full speed to the place. Darkness had fallen very suddenly, owing not only to the setting of the sun but kill him." the rising in the moonless sky of heavy

clouds, precursors of a coming storm, Close down by the water, however, the frothy whiteness of the breaking surf seemed to a little dispel the obscurity, making not exactly light but rather the ghost of light for a small space on the sand, and there she stumbled over the prostrate body of a man. She dropped upon one knee and laid a hand upon him, in so doing sensing by intuition that it was he whom she had called "husband." It was too dark to see his face, but she felt the thick, soft curls of his hair and knew him. Yes, it was Selden Rangely, with his feet tied together, his arms securely bound behind his back, and a twisted handkerchief forced between his jaws as a gag and knotted tightly at the back of his head. She tore the handkerchief away and demanded:

"Who did this?" "Donald and Andrew," he replied gaspingly. "Are you hurt?" "Somewhat bruised and strained, that

They pounced upon me so sud-

denly and unexpectedly that there was no chance for much of a fight." He spoke slowly, breathing hard. For a moment she hesitated. Had not her brothers a right to vengeance on their own account? Had he not brought shame upon them, too, through ner? She might be willing to leave his punishment to a higher power, but if they were should she presume to interfere? Then in an instant the true nature of the temptation flashed upon her, and her thoughts returned to harmony with her nobler self. But her voice was cold and hard as she asked him:

"Have you a knife?" "There is one in my right vest pocket." She found it and quickly cut away the elaborate sailor knots with which they had made him fast. While she was busy doing so he asked in a bewildered way: "Why the mischief should Donald and Andrew have jumped on me?" "You should know," she answered

I should! Well, I'll be shot if I do!" "You'll be shot anyway, if father comes here before I get you out of this. Andrew has gone to bring him." "Ah! Then there is no time to be "And Donald has gone to get a boat.

What is all this you have about you inside your clothing? Gravel. They stuffed my clothing with it in order to, as Donald was good enough to explain, 'anchor me out securely in deep water.' It really seems to me the most extraordinary reception ever tendered by a family to one of its members. I wish you would explain it if you can.' There is no time for that now. A

minute's delay may cost you your life. Follow me closely and shake that gravel it to make a splash." She led the way straight into the surf, wading out so far that only her head was above the surface, he obediently following close. Then, standing near him,

she whispered: "Do not raise your voice. Sound travels on the water. We are safe here from being seen, but not from being heard. Why did you dare to come back here?"

'I came to my wife " "From your wife, you mean." "No. I don't mean anything of the sort. What do you mean?" "Hush!"

They stood still, listening to the low grinding sound of an oar rapidly plied as a scull which passed within ten yards of them, and could just discern, dimly outlined against the murky sky, the figure of a man standing in the boat. It was Donald King, going to the beach for the man he proposed to "anchor out." When he had gone by they waded on along the beach parallel with the shore, still keeping only their heads out of water. "This is terribly hard work," complained Selden. "It would be much easier to swim, if we must stay in the

"In this darkness we would lose direction and might go out to sea. The depth guides us." They struggled on, but the man's impatience could not long be restrained. "For Heaven's sake, Janet," he ap-

pealed to her, "tell me what all this means!" "It means that I am not going to let my father and brothers stain their souls with murder for the righting of my wrong upon a wretch like you."

"A wretch like me! Why, are you crazy, Janet? I know I've been away a good deal longer than I expected to be, but I can explain"-"There is no time for explanations now, and they are needless anyway. Facts

explain themselves. Your wife and child have been here. That is enough." "My wife and child! Oh, but this is maddening! I swear to you that I"-"Take no more oaths, Selden Rangely. Here we have reached a boat, and-yes, thank God! the oars are in it. Climb into it and row for your life! Get away from here as fast and as far as you can. Listen! They have met and found the severed ropes. You hear them cursing. They are in deadly earnest. If they catch you they will kill you like a dog. And you deserve it. I do not save you for your sake, but for theirs. Go back to Philadelphia to your wife, and may God in his justice deal with you as you have deserved by your dealing with me!" Selden Rangely was momentarily too intensely petrified by astonishment to speak or move. When he had recovered himself Janet had altogether disappeared. Instantly upon the utterance of her last word she had dived and swam away under water, he could not tell in what direction. There was manifestly nothing for him to do but take her advice, for the present at least, so he clambered into the boat, took up the oars and set himself energetically to the putting of as much space as possible between himself and his inexplicable brothers-in-law.

Janet succeeded in unobservedly reentering the house and changing her wet clothing for dry long before her father and brothers came in. Indeed she had retired to her own room and was preparing for bed when she heard them enter, but at the sound of their steps came out again to see that they got the supper left standing in the kitchen for them, and to lightly chide them for their unwonted neglect of the evening meal. They looked at her sharply, but there was nothing in her manner to betray that she knew aught of the contemplated tragedy or had any share in the frustration of their plans.

"Well," she said, having taken up the food before the fire and placed it on the kitchen table, "everything is either cold or dried up now, but you will have to make out with it as you best can. Mother went to bed an hour ago. When you are done throw this cloth over the table. I will clear up the dishes in the morning." She retired again to her room.

"She had nothing to do with it." af-Ermed Donald in a low but positive tone, as if in answer to a previously offered 'Hadn't we better tell her?" asked Andrew in a whisper.

"No," replied his father. "You can never know beforehand how women will take things; never be sure when they cease to love. I'm afraid the poor girl thinks too much of him even yet. Besides, we've made a poor fist of this night's job, and there's no call to talk about it now or any other time. We had him in our hands and let him get away. The more shame to us!" "He may have been dazed when he got himself loose and floundered into the surf," suggested Andrew. "There's some little hope of that," as-

sented the old man, "since he is not on

the beach, and we are pretty sure of that. But if he should still be alive, and we get another chance to lay hands on him, there must be no second failure to

Within a week they had another chance. It was on a hot afternoon, when the whole King family were gathered in the shade before the house. Mrs. King sat on the door step knitting; the old man, perched on one end of a water smoked and watched his sons mending a seine that had been torn by a shark; while Janet, standing beside her mother, seemed lost in reverie, her gaze fixed dreamily upon the ocean's lazily heaving waves of green and gold. A broad wheeled beach wagon, drawn by a couple of tough, shaggy little ponies, came creaking from the highway, rounded the corner of the house, and as it drew up before the family group Janet's husband sprang down from beside the driver. At the same moment, from the pack seat of the vehicle, leaped a duplicate Selden Rangely-tall, well built, frank faced, flaxen haired and blue eyed as the original-who aided in her descent to the ground a plump little lady with a child in her arms, Mrs.

Rangely and Edith. "Oh, you poor dear!" exclaimed the impulsive Englishwoman, precipitating herself and baby into Janet's arms. "What a lot of trouble I have innocently caused you! But how was I to suppose that Sel had a cousin in this country when they did not themselves know it? How was I to know that there was any other Sel in the world but my Janet's husband took up the burden of

"I think you will listen to me now, Janet," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "At all events, you cannot get away from me by diving this time." David King and his sons looked significantly at each other, and Donald uttered a half suppressed "Gosh!" for those few words made them understand Janet's share in that mysterious escape. "When I went to the city I found my father very ill. He was a hard, austere man, who had planned my life for me

in the way he wanted it, and not I, so we did not get along very well together. But so long as he did not know of my marrying without his consent he softened a great deal toward the last and took me into favor again completely before ne died. When he passed away I came back here for my wife, and at her suggestion went to look up any possible Mrs. Rangelys Philadelphia might har-You see I have found one, her husband, too; and in so doing discovered a cousin I never dreamed of having. It appears that my father and his brother quarreled in boyhood, and thereafter ignored each other's existence all their lives. But each having a son, gave to him, as it happened, the same old name of Selden, which is historic in our family, and I do not think any one, looking at the resemblance between us, can "My love and unquestioning trust forevermore," she replied, yielding to his fond embrace.

Miscellancous Reading.

SOME RECENT ANTIQUES.

PRENTICE MULFORD WRITES OF THE DESERTED MINING CAMP.

A Pilgrimage to Dry Bar Made Shortly Before the Return to the States. Ghostlike Visions of the Past-Calling the Roll of the Old Crowd. [Copyrighted by the Author.] XV.



I realized that I was gohome in California, that it was an old home and about it clung all the associations of an old

I wanted to visit the mines and take a farewell look at the camps where I had lived and worked in a period now fast becoming "old times," and I straightway

The term antiquity is relative in its character. Twenty years may involve an antiquity as much as two hundred or two thousand. Indeed, as regards sensation and emotion, the more recent antiquity is the more strongly is it realized and more keenly felt. Standing today on the hillside and looking down on the site of the camp where you mined twenty-five years ago, and then going down that hill and treading over that site, now silent and deserted, and you realize, so to speak, a live antiquity. So far as ancient Greece or Rome are con-cerned, their histories would make no different impression on us if dated six hundred years ago or six thousand. We are imposed upon by these rows of ciphers. They convey really no sense of time's duration. They are but mathematical sounds. We know only that these nations and these men and women lived, ate, slept, drank, quarreled, coveted, loved, hated and died a long time ere we were born, and that of it all we have but fragments of their history, or rather fragments of the history of a few prominent individuals.

But when you stand alone at Dry Bar, where you mined when it was a lively camp in 1857, with its score of muddy sluice streams coursing hither and thither, its stores, its saloons, its hotel and its express office, and see now but one rotting pine log cabin, whose roof has tumbled in and whose sides have tumbled out; where all about is a silent waste of long worked off banks or bare ledge and piles of bowlders in which the herbage has taken root; where every mark of the fermer houses and cabins has disappeared, save a mound here, or a pile of stone indicating a former chimney there, you have a lively realization of antiquity, though it be a recent one. You knew the men who lived here; you of the houses in which they lived; you agree on all points with him? Could worked with them. You know the sites have an event and a memory for every acre of territory hereabout. Down there, where the river narrows between those two high points of rock, once stood a rickety bridge. It became more and more shaky and dangerous, until one day Tom Wharton, the justice of the peace, fired by a desire pro beno publico and rather more than his ordinary quantity of whisky, cut the bridge away with his ax, and it floated down stream. Over yonder, on that sandy point, was the richest claim on the Bar. Will you go down to the Pot Hole Bar, two miles below? The trail ran by the river. But freshet after freshet has rushed over the bank and wiped out the

track made by the footprints of a few

years. There is no trace of the trail. The chaparral has grown over and quite closed it up. Here and there is a faint trace, and then it brings up short against a young pine or a buckeye, the growth of the last ten years. Yet in former days this path ranked in your mind of the importance of a town street.

You had no idea how quickly nature, if left alone, will restore things to what A Noble Charity that is an Honor to we term "primitive conditions.

If a great city was deserted in these foothills, within twenty years' time the native growths would creep down and in upon it, start plantations of chaparral in the streets, festoon the houses with vines, while winged seeds would fill the gutters and cornices with verdure. . It is a hard struggle through the undergrowth to Pot Hole Bar. No man lives there now. No man goes there. Even the bowlder piles and bare ledges of fifteen years ago, marking the scarifying work of your race on mother earth's face, are now mounds overgrown with weeds. What solitude of ancient ruined cities equals this? Their former thousands are nothing to you as individuals, but you knew all the boys at Pot Hole. It was a favorite after supper trip from Dry Bar to Pot Hole to see how the "boys" were getting on, and vice versa from Pot Hole A cottontail rabbit sends a flash of

white through the bushes. His family now inhabits Pot Hole. They came back after all of your troublesome race had left, and very glad were the "cottontails" of the riddance. There is a proken shovel at your feet, and near by in the long grass you see the fragment of a sluice's false bottom, bored through with auger holes to catch the gold, and worn quite thin by the attrition of pebble and bowlder along its upper surface. This is about the only vestige of the miner's former work. Stop! On the hillside yonder is a moundlike elevation, and beyond that a long green raised line. One marks the reservoir and the other the ditch.

It was the Pot Hole company's reservoir, built after they had concluded to take water from the ditch and wash off a point of gravel jutting toward the river. They had washed it all off by 1856, and then the company disbanded and went their respective ways. Pot Hole lay very quiet for a couple of years, but little doing there save rocker washing for grub and whisky by four or five men who had concluded that "grub and whisky" were about all in life worth living for. A "slouchy" crowd, prone to bits of rope to tie up their suspenders, unshaven faces, and not a Sunday suit

among them. They have long since gone. They are scattered for the most part you know not where. Two are living in San Francisco and are now men of might and mark. Another you have heard of far away in the eastern states, living in a remote village whose name is never heard of outside the county bounds. One has been reported to you as "up north somewhere;" another down in Arizona "somewhere," and three you can locate in the county. That is but seven out of the one hundred who once dwelt here and roundabout. Now that recollection concentrates herself you do call to mind two others-one died in the county almshouse and another became insane and was sent to Stockton. That question our relationship. Now, Janet, is all. Nine out of the one hundred out when you get into water too deep for | my own dear wife, what is my desert?" | that once resided at Dry Bar. It is The river monotonously drones, gurgles and murmurs over the riffle. The sound is the same as in '58. A bird on the opposite bank gives

forth at regular intervals a loud querulous cry. It was a bird of the same species whose note so wore on the nerves of Mike McDonald as he lay dying of consumption in a big house which stood yonder, that, after anathematizing it, he would beseech his watcher to take a gun and blow the "cussed" thing's head off. Perhaps it is the same bird. The afternoon shadows are creeping down the mountain side. The outline of the hills opposite has not at all changed, and there, down by the bank, is the enormous fragment of broken rock against which Dick Childs built his brush shelter for the summer, and out of which he was chased by a sudden fall rise of the river. But it is very lonesome with all these people here so vivid in memory, yet all gone, and never, never to come

back. Here it is. The remains of your own cabin chimney a pile of smoke blackened stones in the tall grass. Of the cabin every vestige has disappeared. You built that chimney yourself. It was an awkward affair, but it served to carry out the smoke, and when finished you surveyed it with pleasure and some pride, for it was your chimney. Have you ever felt "snugger" and more cozy and comfortable since than you did on the long, rainy winter nights, when, the supper finished and the crockery washed, you and your "pard" sat by the glowing coals and prepared your pipes for the evening smoke? There were great hopes and some great strikes on Dry Bar in those days; that was in '52. Mining was still in the pan, rocker and long tom era: sluices were just coming in. Hydraulicking 100 foot banks and washing hills off the face of the earth had not been thought of. The dispute as to the respective merits of the long vs. the short handled shovel was still going on. A gray or red shirt was a badge of honor. The deep river beds were held to contain enormous store of

golden nuggets. River mining was in its wing and coffer dam phase. Perhaps the world then seemed younger to you than now? Perhaps your mind then set little store on this picturesque spot, so wrapped were you in visions of the future? Perhaps then you wrote regularly to that girl in the States-your first heart's trouble-and your anticipation was fixed entirely on the home to be built up there on the gold you were to dig here? Perhaps the girl never married you, the home was never built and nothing approaching the amount of oro expected dug out. You held, then, Dry Bar in light estimation. It was for you only a temporary stopping place, from which you wished to get its gold as quickly as you could and get away from as soon as possible. You never expected Dry Bar, its mem-

ories and associations thus to make for themselves a "local habitation and a name" in your mind. We live sometimes in homes we do not realize until much of their material part has passed away. A horned toad scuttles along the dry grass and inflates himself to terrify you as you approach. Those ratlike ground squirrels are running from hole to hole, like gossiping neighbors, and "chipping" shrilly at each other. These are old summer acquaintances at Dry Bar. Is it with a feeling of curiosity you take up one of those stones handled by you thirty-one years ago, and wonder how like or unlike you may be to yourself at that time? Are you the same man? Not the same young man certainly. The face is worn, the eyes deeper set, the hair more or less gray, and there are lines and wrinkles where none existed then, but that is only the outside of your "soul case." Suppose that you, the John Doe of 1883, could and should meet the John Doe of 1853? Would you know him? Would you you "get" along with him? Could you "cabin" with him? Could you "summer and winter" with him? Would the friends of the John Doe of

'53, who piled up that chimney, be the friends of the present John Doe, who stands regarding its ruins? Are the beliefs and convictions of that J. Doe those of this J. Doe? Are the jokes deemed so clever by that J. Doe clever to this J. Doe? Are the men great to that J. Doe great to the present J. Doe? Does he now see the filmly, frothy fragments of scores of pricked bubbles sailing away and vanishing in air? If a man die shall he live again? But how much of a man's mind may die out and be supplanted by other ideas ere his body goes back to dust? How much of this J. Doe belongs to that J. Doe, and how much of the same man is there standing here? PRENTICE MULFORD

RED A child having two tongues was born the other day at Huntington, W. Va. It was female child. pose it grows to womanhood!

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ASYLUM.

the State. How many readers of THE ENQUIR-ER have a comprehensive idea of the South Carolina Lunatic Asylum? Not many, I venture. Very little is said about this institution in the newspapers, except sometimes as an important factor in politics, and as the subject of frequent appropriations from the legislature. In fact, the expense is kept so prominently in view, that many of our people have been taught to look upon this noble charity as a grinding ourden, resting heavily on the shoulders of the taxpayers, and absorbing such a large portion of the revenue of the State as to be a constant source of uneasiness and danger. Everybody knows that its maintenance requires an annual appropriation of more than \$100,000; but comparatively few know where and how that money is expended. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that there should be so much indifference, if not open opposition, to the institution.

On the other hand, however, let any citizen of the State visit the asylum one time. Let him go through the buildings and grounds, see the tremendous proportions of the institution, observe the magnificent system everywhere prevailing, and the most commendable pride with which all the officers watch over and perfect the various details under their respective charge, and the visitor goes away proud that he is a citizen and a taxpayer in a State that seeks its glory in the maintenance of such institutions BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

I was in Columbia recently, and, apon invitation of Captain Iredell lones, a member of the board of regents, availed myself of the opportunity to go through all the buildings and grounds, as well as the farm that is run in connection with the asylum.

The asylum is on the northeastern outskirts of the city, overlooking the town to the southwest, and on the other side overlooking the farm and a long stretch of plantations extending to the horizon. The main buildings are two in number—one erected in 1822-25, and the other just previous to the war. The two buildings together comprise the largest institution in the State, public or private. The asylum proper, contains over 800 rooms, and furnishes accommodations for upwards

of 1,000 patients. The grounds, comprising probably ten or twelve acres, are perfectly level, carpeted with grass, beautifully shaded, and inclosed with brick walls about twelve feet high. These grounds are, of course, cut up in sections for the various uses intended-sections for the male patients, the female patients, colored patients, and sections more or less exclusive, as the circumstances of the unfortunate inmates seem to require. But any portion of the vast establishment is too extensive to admit of any detailed description, so I fine myself to generalities. THE INTERIOR.

introduced to Dr. J. W. Babcock, who had just taken charge as superintendent; Drs. J. L. Thompson and L. G. Corbett, assistant physicians, and Mr. J. W. Bunch, the recently appointed treasurer and steward and secretary of the board. After a pleasant chat with these gentlemen, I was turned over to Mrs. W. A. Carter, the well known matron, who, with distinguished ability, has been discharging the duties of that position since 1876.

As the first object of interest in the tour through the institution, I was shown the chapel. This is a pretty little sanctuary, handsomely furnished, and has a seating capacity of 250. Here, Mrs. Carter said, a large number of inmates delight to gather every Sunday and take part in divine service conducted by Rev. E. A. Bolles.

amusement hall. This is also fitted up live in Texas, where she occupied a in elaborate style. The seating capacity is about the same as that of the chapel. At one end is a large stage, provided with all necessary apurtenances-drop curtain, scenery, electric foot lights, signal bells, etc. Here the patients amuse themselves with frequent entertainments, consisting of minor theatricals, tableaux, concerts fore the uprising of the colonists and and dances. Several of the patients are excellent performers on the piano, violin and other instruments, and with the assistance of the attendants, they are often enabled to give entertainments that afford the keenest pleasure not only to the audience but to the perform-I was next shown through the female wards. Of these there are ten, classi-

fied in accordance with the condition and mental requirements of the inmates-the more intelligent, milder and least affected patients being allowed greater liberties, and provided with such amusements as are calculated to afford the most complete diversion. Some of the women were playing on the pianos, and some were reading, and still others were engaged in crochet and embroidery work. Much of this work is very pretty, and requires a held until he was captured with Mr. great deal of ingenuity, patience and skill. The kind matron had a pleasant word to say to each, bestowing praise, asking for information, and making such comments as seemed to delight nearly every one of the unfortunate in politics as before, he has held impor- and when the officer inquired the creatures that she met on the way. From the quieter wards we passed through those in which the more violent patients are kept. These, however, seemed to be generally quite tractable. But a glance into the faces of any of them is sufficient to determine that they are entirely bereft of reason. Mrs. Carter explained that sometimes, as then, the poor creatures are quite calm, but at other times, their violence is so great as to tax the resources of the attendants to the utmost in keeping them under control. After passing through the female de-

partment I was shown through the male department. This is under the general charge of Supervisor William Crawford, who is now in the thirtyeighth year of his service. The male department, however, differs in no es- | Texas and her past history, her wonsential particulars from that of the fe- derful resources and grand prospects. male department. LAUNDRY, KITCHEN, ETC. Next I was shown into the laundry,

where all the clothes for nearly 800 in-

mates of the institution are laundried.

This work, with the help of steam and

machinery, is done almost entirely by female patients. The kitchen, too, is another big affair. Furnished with an immense range, a large bake oven and steam boilers without number, here food is prepared for, including officers, attendants and all, probably 1,000 people, by perhaps a dozen or more cooks and as-

THE FARM AND CREAMERY. *The wood shops, shoe shops, machine shops, and electric light plant, etc., will have to be left out in this limited description, for want of space, but it would not be fair to close without saying something about the asylum farm. This is a most important adjunct to the institution. It consists of 265 acres of first-class land, including the plantation is due to the fact that they are often on which Dr. Parker secured his famous yield of more than 200 bushels of corn from one acre. That portion of the farm under cultivation is devoted | when discovered, the victim naturally almost entirely to corn, peas and gar- turns his eyes toward the effect, and den vegetables, and the yield of veget- the effect, of course, moves away. ed payment, as he "never heard of ables is something like this: Sweet po- The eye follows, and thus a continuous charging for newspapers before." He tatoes, 800 bushels; Irish potatoes, 500 and realistic motion is got. Now, if had been reading his neighbors' papers 1,160 bunches; cabbage, 7,213 heads; quickly it will see another snake, cost money.

snap beans, 112 bushels; watermelons,

1,200; English peas, 84 bushels, etc. All these vegetables, besides a great asylum. But this is not all that is whole institution with butter and milk. For this purpose they already have a herd of twenty-three Holstein and Ayrshire cows, and Secretary Bunch has been instructed to at once increase the herd to fifty. And in the meantime, an immense barn, large enough to shelter them all, is well under way. This barn is a pet project of Mr. Bunch and of the board of regents. It is 60 by 126 feet, and buts into a hillside in which is built five great silos, capable of holding enough ensilage to feed all the cows for two years. These silos are each about thirty feet deep and ten feet wide by twenty feet long. They are now being filled with ensilage from the cornfields. The corn, in roasting ear stage, stalks and all, tocut up as fine as possible with a steam cutter, and thrown into the silos until

they are full. Then the air is excluded, and the green food thus prepared will keep indefinitely. The whole farm seems to be under excellent management, and bids fair in a few years more, to become a considerable source of revenue over and above the supplies that it is expected to furnish the asylum.

Of course the labor of the inmates is comparatively an insignificant item. There is nothing compulsory about it, and they are only required or allowed to work as they have inclination. Many of them, however, seem to like it, and are actually worth a great deal more than their expenses. THE MANAGEMENT. From what I saw of the manage-

ment, I would say that it is all that could be desired. The board of regents, the supreme authority, is composed of well-known patriotic gentlemen-one from each congressional district and two from the State at large-as follows: Dr. B. W. Taylor, chairman, Columbia; Dr. A. N. Talley, Columbia; Col. John Rhett, Columbia; A. H. Hayden, Charleston; Captain Iredell Jones, York; John C. Wilson, Newberry; Dr. J. C. Mullins, Marion; A. White, Sumter, and W. J. Gooding, Hampton. All of these gentlemen take a special personal interest in the institution, and watch up every detail as carefully as if their charge was a private enterprise. Dr. J. W. Babcock, the newly appointed superintendent, who took charge on Thursday, 6th instant, is a young man of perhaps thirty-five. He, nowever, has had considerable experience in the duties that he has assumed, and besides being thoroughly capable, is earnest, conscientious, and fully realizes the grave responsibilities of his position. Every one, whose opinion is worth considering, is fully agreed that the governor has made a wise choice and lead substituted, the difference in

far as the regents are concerned, the doctor has 'captured them completely. As to the other officers, it is sufficient On reaching the main office, I was to say that from first to last they have been selected more on account of their respective personal qualifications, than from any other consideration.

DISTINGUISHED CAROLINIANS.

Ex-Governor Lubbock and his Wife on a Visit to Their Native State. Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer. BLACKSBURG, August 19 .- Ex-Governor Lubbock, of Texas, is, with his wife, visiting relatives of Mrs. Lubbock's at this place. Mrs. Lubbock is a daughter of the late Hon. James A. Black, who represented this district in congress before the war. She was plished what the managers of the Re probably better known in this State as the wife of the Rev. Dr. Porter, of Columbia, for many years editor of The Southern Presbyterian. After Dr. Por- strate its greater potency as a politica From the chapel we went to the ter's death, Mrs. Porter continued to high position as a teacher, until she

married the honored gentleman whose name she now bears. Ex-Governor Lubbock, also a native of South Carolina, went to Texas from Beaufort, when quite young, and when Texas was only a colony under Mexican rulers. This was a year or two bethe bloody tragedy of the Almo, so graphic an account of which was given in THE ENQUIRER of June 3.

He first engaged in merchandising in Texas, but his fitness and fondness for a more active life soon brought him into public notice, and he was appointed by Governor Houston comptroller of the State. He was then elected by the people to fill the same position and was afterward chosen as lieutenant governor and then elector at large for President Buchanan. He was a delegate to the Charleston convention in 1860, and in 1861 he was elected governor. He held this position for one term, and declining re-election, entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant-colonel. In 1864 he was appointed by President Davis aid-de-camp, with the rank of colonel of cavalry, which position he Davis. He was confined in Fortress | As he entered the room one of the Delaware until Christmas, 1865. He then returned to Texas, and was soon after appointed collector of Galveston. Since the war, though not so active tant positions, having served as State | meaning of the two bleeding tails being treasurer for six successive terms, and left in the room, he was coolly told exerting all the time an important influence in the government of his adopt- had devoured each other all but the

ed State. He is much pleased with our section and its natural resources, and is especially charmed with the fine water that abounds. Having finally retired from public life, his visit here is one only one has chosen farming for an ocstrictly for pleasure and recreation. To have led so active a life, and to have passed through so many exciting and eventful epochs in the country's history, Governor Lubbock is a remarkably well-preserved man in every re- seven, commercial pursuits; twelve, spect. His eye is as bright, his form is engineering; thirteen, the ministry; as erect, and his carriage is as graceful and vigorous as a man of 50. And it law; while the remainder are undeis really delightful to hear him talk of | cided. W. A.

SNAKES ARE NOT SNAKES .- The cause of persons whose nerves are ex- establishment." The clerk was astoncited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination, says a writer in the New York Times. In fact the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous. ers carry your sign around with each The eyeball is covered by a network of | purchase. veins, ordinarily so small that they do no intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, | tax one's nerves the most, as a stalwart but in the course of some diseases | youth of Kansas found when he acthese veins are frequently congested | cepted a wager that he could not stand and swollen to such size as to become a quart of water dropped into his open visible, and when this happens the ef- hand drop by drop from a height of feet generally is to appear as if there three feet. Before five hundred drops were an object of considerable size a had fallen into his hand he had almost distance from the eye. Of course this vein is generally long, enough. After a little water had fall-

thin, and sinuous like a serpent, and like a snake. That they seem to live not in perfect line with the direct front up or down from the focus; therefore.

which if watched will glide away the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and many more, are consumed in the after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within produced on the farm. The board of his vision, which, if he were in a state regents is just now perfecting arrangements for a big creamery, to supply the from delirium tremens.

WHY PEOPLE FAINT.-Fainting, remarked a leading physician, only results when the heart fails to send to the brain a sufficient supply of blood. Fainting is either partial or complete, and in either case there may be a warning of what is coming, and in cases it has been known for some persons even to have assumed favorable postures before losing consciousness. The familiar symptoms are the turn ing pale of the face, the eyes close, consciousness is lost, and the person

falls. Then the heart fails to send

blood to the brain; it also fails to send

it to the surface of the body, and hence the skin is pallid, cold, and often clamgether with peavines, millet, etc., is my. Both the breathing and the pulse may be imperceptible, and the person may seem to be really dead. Fainting sometimes is a serious affair, a sometimes ends in death. In most cases, however, there is an inherited nervous susceptibility. In any case of faintness every obstacle to the freest action of the heart and lungs should be removed by the loosening of the clothing. But the first thing is to get the patient into a re-cumbent posture and flat on the back. If the person is in a crowded assembly he should at once be taken into fresh

air, but under no circumstances should

anything be placed under the head

The more common form of fainting

does not, as has been erroneou stated, necessarily tend to shorten life THE COLOR OF GOLD .- "Most peopl suppose," says an assayer, "that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained. The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is 1,000 fine. Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case s one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest

found anywhere. "Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the fifty-dollar pieces that used to be common in California. Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons-first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and secondly, because the interior could be bored out in the selection of Dr. Babcock, and so weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."

WHAT PEFFER'S PAPER SAYS .-The Kansas Farmer, of which Senator Peffer is editor, in a full column editorial, written for the purpose of showing that the chief aim of the Southern Alliance is to divide the Democratic party and deliver the fragments to its enemies, closes with this

significant paragraph: "If the Alliance should fail in everything else it proposes, but should succeed in breaking up the "Solid South" by absorbing a majority of the Democratic votes of that section, it will deserve the lasting gratitude of the whole nation. It will have accompublican party have spent years of time and several million of dollars in. vain to do, and by so doing demondiplomat.

A suit brought by one Italian woman against another to recover possession of her child, was tried in Newark, N. J., last week, in which evidence to show that the sale of babies is a common thing in the Italian colony in that city, was brought out. The market price for a boy is \$20, and for a girl \$10. In this case the price paid was \$16. The woman who purchased the child said that having no children of her own and wanting one, she had bought this babe from its mother. The testimony proved clearly that the mother wished to get her child back not because she wanted it, but that she might sell it again. The bargain which was made before the child was born, is one of the marks of the degradation to which many emigrants from Italy have descended.

lion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, or it may be in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothes line to fight. The officers hearing of this cruel practice, resolved to stop it. troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails in two as the animals hung across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the open window, that two cats had been fighting, and tails .- Notes and Queries.

KILKENNY CATS .- During the rebel-

Of the one hundred and thirtysix students who were graduated from the four colleges in Maine this year, cupation-about the usual proportion in such cases-while thirty-three are to take up teaching. Other occupations find an order of preference between these two-five choosing journalism; eighteen, medicine; and nineteen, the

"Turn that wrapping paper the other side out," said a lady to the clerk in a dry-goods store. "I don't want to be a walking advertisement for your ished and looked at her inquiringly for an explanation. Then she added: "I read the newspapers as all intelligent people do, and think they are the proper place in which to advertise your business, instead of making your custom-

It is the little things of life that cried with pain, and said he had en, each drop seemed to crush his hand, the figure seen is frequently startlingly and a blister in the centre of it was the result.

A ruralist came into Tallahasse of sight. They are either to the side. Fla., and finding a news stand, ordered a lot of papers, which he took from the clerk with profuse thanks. He was astonished, though, when the clerk askbushels; beets, 3,320 bunches; onions, the eye be returned to the front again for nothing, and never knew that they