

# THE AIKEN RECORDER.

CRACKEN.

AIKEN, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1882.

VOL. II. NO. 2.

## FIRE INSURANCE ON A SOLID BASIS.

The undersigned would call attention to their facilities for insuring property in companies of unsurpassed reputation and at fair rates. In case of losses occurring, their friends placing business in their hands can rely on their personal attention to their interests in settlement of claims. They ask a call from property owners before placing their insurance elsewhere. Terms as low as any reliable, first-class companies.

E. J. O. WOOD,  
SIBERIA OTT.

## Fire Insurance!

London Assurance Corporation. Chartered 1720. Assets, \$15,836,110.95.  
North British and Mercantile. Chartered 1809. Assets, \$2,044,664.00.  
Phoenix of Hartford, Conn. Chartered 1838. Assets, \$2,826,875.00.  
Hanover, of New York. Chartered 1852. Assets, \$2,851,141.00.  
Germania, of New York. Chartered 1859. Assets, \$2,471,061.00.

CLAUDE E. SAWYER, Agent,  
AIKEN, S. C.

D. S. HENDERSON. E. P. HENDERSON.  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AIKEN, S. C.

Will practice in the State and United States Courts for South Carolina.  
Prompt attention given to collections.

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Practices in the State and United States Courts for South Carolina.

W. NORRIS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

## Come for Thy Rights!

Come, honest manhood, not ashamed to toil,  
Stand in the garb or cause that honors thee!  
Come from the mill, the forge, or sterile soil,  
We crown thee king, thou shalt our sovereign be!  
Come from the ocean laden—fish or pearls;  
Come from the mines with all their precious ore;  
Come not as servant, serving moneyed churls,  
But, in thy right, stand dignified before.  
Thou feedest kings; they tax thee in return;  
Thou clovest nobles, rich in courtly dress;  
Thou diggest coal for them to cheerful burn,  
But savest little, each, thyself to bless.  
Thou art content, pushed by unkindly hands,  
Stand out, the rightful ruler of the lands!

They rose and the sisters went on before,  
But Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin.  
"So, Georgie," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not. Oh, dear God, you know how I love you! I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would by my wife!"  
"Yet you will not face a probable one, Tom," she laughed.  
"I will without demur, if you would only say 'yes, Georgie,' he whispered earnestly. "Ghosts wouldn't frighten me!"  
"I'd like to have that proved. I am not so certain," she rejoined, saucily, as they came up to the rest.  
"Well, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Harrison, "these stupid girls tell me they want you to sleep in the hamnet room, for our old house is respectable enough to possess one."  
"So I hear, sir, and will willingly test its ghostly character, if you have no objection!"  
"None in the least, my boy, only I'll make this proviso—I'll have no firearms used. Should anything appear it will not be supernatural—in which I no more believe than that the moon is made of green cheese."  
"So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there."

Earth bears no blighting curse by thee imposed;  
Thou art her husband, toiling, royal wed!  
She bears no malice, when in death deposed  
Thou sleep'st at last within her silent bed;  
But kings and despots, ruling to debase,  
Have wet her bosom deep with peasant gore—  
She keeps account, to settle by at last,  
When kings sleep well, but sleep as kings no more.  
How can a death-dethroned king relent?  
He lies a subject, humbled in estate;  
The peasant has no carnage sown or rent,  
And in the grave he is a king as great;  
He reaches forth in pleasure and in hope,  
Nor dies debauched, a morbid misanthrope.  
—C. C. Merritt, Springfield Republican.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A large, old-fashioned, quaint gray stone house, with a green, close-clipped lawn, extending down to a very picturesque portion of the Avon. Seated on the lawn were three young ladies in summer toilets with broad straw hats. Two were at work; while the darkest, prettiest, though smallest, was reading aloud.  
Suddenly, blended with the musical dip of oars, the still, calm air was broken by a strong, clear, manly voice singing:  
"When the lads of the village,  
Merrily ah!—merrily ah!"  
"It's Tom! It's dear old Tom!" cried the two girls who were dressed alike. "Has rowed up from Ch...

## They will not even pass the door after dark.

"They will not even pass the door after dark," remarked Georgie, with a toss of the head. "But don't you quiz them, Master Tom, for you, also, are too frightened to face it! What coward-ice!" with a little shrug. "I declare, if any man loved me and I found he was a coward, I'd never, never marry him!"  
Perhaps it was accident, perhaps it was intentional, but Georgie's dark eyes rested on Tom as she spoke.  
"There goes papa!" cried Rosie, at the instant starting up as a tall, elderly man passed along the terrace in front of the house. "Let us tell him Tom has come."  
"Let us all go to him," said Tom.  
They rose and the sisters went on before, but Tom somehow managed to drop a little behind with his cousin.  
"So, Georgie," he said, "you wouldn't marry a man who was a coward. I hope you meant that for me, because you might marry me if I were not. Oh, dear God, you know how I love you! I'd face all the ghosts in Christendom if you would only say you would by my wife!"  
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"So it was agreed that Tom should sleep there."

But Tom was firm. He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain and not to be deceived by a ghost. He had appeared a third time.  
"But suppose she may not come again?" suggested Georgie.  
"I am resolved to sleep in this room until she does, or put it all down as nervous bosh and optical illusion!"  
With that Master Tom strode off to his haunted bedchamber; while the girls crept along to theirs.  
Scarcely had midnight chimed—for somewhere, no doubt, it did chime, though not in Mr. Harrison's house—in the dark corner of the oak-paneled apartment again appeared the shadowy figure. That it was a woman's here could be no doubt; the loose, grayish draperies flowed round it, rooping from the waving arms, while gray mist apparently enveloped the head.  
It repeated the same evolutions as on the previous occasion, only its moans and tokens of grief were more earnestly expressed; but, after all, this night was destined to be materially different. As the ghost's time for departure arrived, lo! and behold, there was another ghost!

The last was taller, clothed entirely in white, and standing behind the first, frantically waved its long arms with a hollow sepulchral moan.  
Evidently, however, the smaller spirit hadn't expected this ghostly companion, for, perceiving it, with a ringing shriek it fled toward the bed, trying:  
"Oh! Tom—Tom, save me! There is a ghost and it's here! Save me—save me!"  
But no Tom sprang to her rescue. Only the taller ghost pursued, explaining in a very earthy voice and amid much earthly laughter:  
"So, Miss Georgie, I've caught you, have I? The tables are nicely turned upon my life."  
"Tom!" gasped Georgie, the smaller specter, plucking the gray gauze from about her head, "is it you? Oh! what does it mean?"  
"Only that I've discovered the ghost," laughed Tom. "The second night I suspected the unsubstantiality of my visitor and employed the next day in minutely examining my room, which led to the discovery of a secret sliding panel, which conducted into a passage that had another secret outlet in the corridor near your room. I then...

## Sleep in his own bedroom; to which Georgie, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties.

Sleep in his own bedroom; to which Georgie, the bold disbeliever, even added her entreaties. They fancied that he had been more frightened than he had to confess, for he had been remarkably quiet and thoughtful all day, had kept aloof from them, and wandered about the house like a ghost himself.  
But Tom was firm. He said he was resolved to believe his eyes and brain and not to be deceived by a ghost. He had appeared a third time.  
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## FOR THE LADIES.

### Superstitions About Love.

From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk-lore than marriage. Beginning with love-divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state. Some cut the common brake or fern just above the root to ascertain the initials of her future husband's name. Again, nuts and apples are very favorite love tests. The mode of procedure is for a girl to place on the bars of a grate a nut, repeating this incantation:  
If he loves me, pop and fly;  
If he hates me, live and die.  
Great is the dismay if the anxious face of the inquirer gradually perceives the nut, instead of making the hoped-for pop, die and make no sign. One means of divination is to throw a lady bird into the air, repeating meanwhile the subjoined incantation:  
Fly away east and fly away west,  
Show me where lives the one I like best.  
Should this little insect chance to fly in the direction of the house where the loved one resides, it is regarded as a favorable omen.

Another species of love-divination once observed consisted in obtaining five bay-leaves, four of which the anxious maiden pinned at the four corners of her pillow and the fifth in the middle. If she was fortunate enough to dream of her lover it was a sure sign that he would be married to her in the course of the year.  
Friday has been held a good day of the week for love omens; and in Norfolk the following lines are repeated on three Friday nights successively, as on the last one it is believed that the young lady will dream of her future husband:  
To-night, to-night is Friday night,  
Lay me down in dirty white;  
Dream who my husband is to be,  
And lay my children by my side,  
If I'm to live to be his bride.  
In selecting the time for the marriage ceremony precautions of every kind have generally been taken to avoid an unlucky month and day for the knot to be tied. Indeed, the old Roman notion that May marriages are unlucky survives to this day in England. June is a highly popular month. Friday, on account of its being regarded as an inauspicious and evil day for the commencement of any kind of enterprise, is generally avoided.  
In days gone by Sunday appears to have been a popular day for marriages. It is, above all things necessary that the sun should shine on the bride, and it is deemed absolutely necessary by very many that she should weep on her wedding day; if it be only...

## hug the headdress very closely.

hug the headdress very closely. Certain of the large birds, in the present manner of stuffing, are sufficient alone for the garniture of a hat; and a bird frequently completes the ornamentation, with drapery of velvet as the objective trimming.  
Among the fabrics intended for autumn wear are plain and striped Sicilian or such combinations as green, with wood-colored and brown stripes, trimmed with bows in the same color. Woolen and silk blouses are also to be used. The goods are generally cut bias. It makes particularly pretty children's suits, and is better suited to the purpose than broche goods. The cuffs for these costumes are of black or colored velvet. In the latter case fuby or green is preferred.  
"Cornflowers are becoming popular. In millinery they will soon reign; in brocades and velvets they figure in abundance, while for ball dresses they form one of the prettiest powderings, as on a white-tulle, where the blossoms were outlined in pale-blue silk, the leaves in green and the stalks in gold tinsel. Hosts of these aerial dresses are being prepared for youthful wearers. Flowers are placed as artlessly as possible on these cloud-like tulle.

Handsome and costly buttons are a great feature of walking dresses and traveling costumes, and as they can be transferred from one dress to another they are really not extravagant purchases in the end. Tortoise-shell buttons, with crests or monograms in gold; enameled buttons in Mauresque or Florentine styles, are effective and look well on bottle-green, Havans or prune-colored dresses. Wooden and horn buttons are also worn, and small round French gold buttons—"grelots"—with rough surfaces, are plentifully used on bodices, cuffs and pockets. Jet mosaic buttons, with monograms inlaid in jet on colored grounds and a jet border, are thoroughly elegant.

## Cocoa and Chocolate.

Probably few of our readers, while drinking these favorite beverages, have ever thought to ask how the plant producing them grows. Yet its culture forms a large part of the industry, not only of the great Amazonian valley, but of other portions of tropical South America.  
The cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*)—the name signifying "food of the gods"—is a small tree, or rather large bush, seldom exceeding fifteen feet in height, although we have seen very old trees which were thirty feet high. It has large, oblong, taper-pointed leaves, which when young are rosy and very beautiful. The flowers are small, fragrant, yellowish, and are borne in clusters on the trunk and larger branches.

## The Pasture Bars.

of all the skies, I do believe,  
Had all the year withholden  
Their gala tints to gild that eve  
It would have been more golden;  
The wee birds would na sing so fine  
If they had heard sweet  
The cows came proudly to a line,  
As if they were delighted.  
We linger by the pasture bars  
Till sunset changed to gloaming,  
Till twilight clustered into stars,  
And through the clouds went roaming;  
And when the moon glowed up the sky  
It found us still belating:  
Yet none but my own Joe and I  
Knew why the cows were waiting.  
—James Jackson Lord.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man is known by the company he keeps away from.—*Pleasure.*  
Pretty new ballad by the house-keeper, dedicated to the grocer: "Take Back the Flour."  
"Something left over from the fight of yesterday," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of hash.  
What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight and the horses make the car go.  
It has been ungalantly said that the telephone does what society rules have always been unequal to—compels women who use it to talk one at a time.  
Yesterday we saw a man with a black eye, a skun nose and arm in a sling. He had a revolver and wanted to know who invented hammocks.—*Boston Post.*  
When a man kuns to me for advice I find out the kind of advice he wants and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living.—*Josh Billings.*  
A sad-hearted poetess asks in the columns of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "Why do we sing?" Perhaps it's because you don't know what the public feeling is in your immediate neighborhood.  
When Hood wrote "There is a happiness that makes the heart afraid," he was probably thinking of one evening when he sat up very late with his wife and did not know what minute the old man might come thumping downstairs.  
In some of the mountainous sections of Pennsylvania real estate has taken a sudden downward tendency. About two hundred acres slid down into the valley the other day. It will be some time before it goes up to its former height.—*Sittings.*  
An easy time of it—"I don't want any man's advice," said the man with the big hump of self-esteem. "I do my own thinking."

General  
LAURENS STREET, AIKEN, S. C.

WAVERLY HOUSE,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

This favorite family hotel is situated on King street, the principal retail business street, and nearly opposite the Academy of Music. The WAVERLY, under the new management has recently been renovated and refurnished, and is recommended for its well kept table and home comforts.  
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(Formerly of Aiken, S. C.)

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