

THE AIKEN RECORDER.

BY DRAYTON & McCRACKEN.

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A Night Watch.

Slowly the silver twilight sailed Beyond the purple bars; And now the lonely lakelet holds Its mirror to the stars.

All round the wood-encompassed shore No insect song, no breeze; No ripple on the gloomy lake, No murmur in the trees.

Far down the dim reflected heaven's Suffusing atmosphere Orion drops his fiery darts, Great Jupiter his spear.

Along the darkly wooded cape Black cliffs of shadow lie; The near oaks rear their antlered tops Against the solemn sky.

Above the quiet leafless boughs The slow stars drift, and soon, Behind its fringe of pines, the east Will brighten with the moon.

There reigns throughout the universe A stillness as of death; The world's great heart has ceased to beat, Creation holds its breath.

Swift orb, whose passing leaves no wake, Whose axles never burn, How fast you cleave the trackless blue, How noiselessly they turn!

By day, by night, through boundless space, The unresting planet rolls With all her oceans, lands and climes, And all her freight of souls.

I listen till the silence roars; What is the sound I hear? The thunder of the parted heavens, The rushing of the sphere!

Each moment from our place we speed, And come to it no more; Infinity behind us lies, Infinity before.

Man has no fixed abiding-place; Through pathless deeps we roam; This native soil, this steadfast earth, Is but a wandering hope.

As evermore the whirling ball Along its orbit flies, Still evermore the sun leads on To yet remoter skies.

Even while I pause to ponder it, With headlong silent force The orb has sped a thousand leagues Upon her fearful course.

Oh voyager on the driving ship, Where is thy destined shore? Eternity behind thee lies, Eternity before!

—J. T. Troubridge, in the Companion.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

"I'm afraid it's a bad case," I said to myself, as I laid down my brief after reading it over for the third or fourth

resting-place in assize times. I was at no loss to understand the cause of her vexation at my tardy appearance. She was somewhat of a matchmaker, and having no one but myself on whom to exercise her talents, she had devoted them exclusively to my service. She had already decided on a suitable wife for me, and was exerting herself to the utmost to bring about the marriage. The chosen young lady was present, and I knew that Alice was much annoyed with me for devoting the evening to my brief instead of to Dora Lyne. The latter was the daughter of a solicitor in good practice, and was herself a very pretty, bright-looking girl, who would, I was compelled to admit, be a most desirable wife for a young unknown barrister.

I was thoroughly fond of Alice, and she was my chosen confidante whenever I needed one; but I could not tell her even that the true reason which prevented Dora Lyne's brown eyes and sweet voice making their due impression on me was the remembrance of a face seen but during a three-hours' railway journey, a face with dark gray eyes and quiet, thoughtful expression, and of a voice heard at somewhat rare intervals in the space of time, whose low-pitched tones still vibrated in my imagination. Alice would have been too good-natured to laugh at me, but I felt sure that, had she known the state of the case, she would have entertained, and probably expressed, fears that over-study had affected my brain—an opinion that would probably have been shared by all persons whose characteristic was common sense.

Miss Lyne, perceiving that Alice was vexed with me, and wishing, I think, to show that she did not share the feeling, called me over to look at some prints and photographs which she was examining. "Alice," said Miss Lyne, at length, "did you show Mr. Lestrangle the sketch you found in that book?" "No," said Alice; "I forgot it. You will find it in that volume of the 'Stones of Venice' on my table, Richard. It is really a beautiful sketch. I wonder how it came to be forgotten in the book."

I brought the book to Dora Lyne, who turned over the leaves until she found the drawing, which she put into my hands. The moment I saw it I uttered an exclamation of surprise, which brought my cousin at once to my side.

It was a spirited water-colored sketch of a man's head—a dark, foreign-looking face surmounted by a red cap. It was, however, neither the skill of the artist nor the picturesque beauty of the model that attracted

given up hope, and was endeavoring to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, when late in the evening the hall bell door sounded and a message came up that a person wanted to speak to Mr. Lestrangle. Going down I found waiting for me a bright-looking boy, one of the shop assistants at Mr. Morrison's, who had been for a short time aiding in my investigation of the entries.

"I think I have what you want, sir," he said, as I entered the room. "It was in my mind all that day that I had given out that book to some one, I couldn't think who, and a chance word that I heard this evening brought it all back to me like a flash. It was to Mrs. French, of Redcourt, that I gave it, and it must have been on the 3d or 4th of May. Here is the lady's name and address, sir;" and he handed me a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. French, Redcourt, Kilkerran." It was in Kilkerran or the neighborhood that, according to Bernini's own statement, he had spent the day of the robbery.

Thanking and dismissing the lad, I returned to the drawing-room with my prize. The next step was to communicate with Mrs. French. Kilkerran was fully fifteen miles from Carrigan, and the trial was to begin the following morning.

"Hand me over that railway guide, Dick," said Alice's husband. "I thought so—no train before ten. There's nothing for it but for me to drive to Kilkerran the first thing in the morning—the mare can easily do it in two hours—and if I find that any one there can give evidence worth having, I'll bring them back with me, and have them in court before the case for the case opens."

The trial began next morning, proceeding at an unusually rapid rate. It seemed to me that the learned counsel for the prosecution had never before put forth his wisdom and legal knowledge in so condensed form. The cross-examination of the witnesses was of course in my hands, and I did my best to make it as tedious as possible, totally failing, however, in my attempts to confuse them or cause them to contradict themselves. My only hope lay now in the unknown witness, and of him there were no tidings. The case for the prosecution closed and the court adjourned for lunch; I was standing in the barroom, thinking over my speech for the defense, and mentally rearranging my sentences after the manner of the most prosy member of the circuit, when a note was handed to me: "All right—the witness is in the sheriff's room."

Going into the sheriff's room I found my cousin, accom-

A BRILLIANT BATTLE.

Vivid Description of an Action Between a Confederate Ram and Several Gunboats.

Rev. H. A. Skinner writes as follows in the Philadelphia Times: On a brilliant day in August, 1864, the Albatross, commanded by Lieutenant Cook, and accompanied by a small tender carrying extra supplies of ammunition and provisions, made her appearance and started on her cruise through the sounds. The mosquito fleet fled like sheep before her and were soon out of sight beyond Sandy Point, which stretched its long tongue far out from our shore a couple of miles below. Their precipitate flight was only prudent, for their wooden sides could not have stood a moment before the ram. That strange craft, a novel sight to those waters, moved leisurely and silently on, conscious of her superiority and reserving her force for a greater foe, and one which her gallant commander little dreamed was so near. She looked like the four-sided roof of a house submerged to the caves, while a dark line at each end, just above the water, indicated her deck fore and aft, her formidable iron prow or horn being, of course, wholly under water. The Confederate flag floated from a short staff on the forward end of her roof, and amidships was her smoke-stack. Besides these there were no other projecting objects about her. She carried two very heavy guns, one on each side, and a picked crew of tried men; but her ports were closed; men and guns were concealed within her mailed walls, and there was no indication of life about her, except her steady, stealthy motion, and an infrequent cloud of murky smoke from her chimneys, as fresh fuel was thrown into her furnaces. Such a mysterious, almost solemn, object had never been beheld on the fair Albatross sound.

She had just passed my house, and was hidden from view by intervening trees, when my ear was startled by the booming of a heavy gun. Hastening to the shore a hundred yards distant, I could easily take in the scene. The ram had fired a shot, as the cloud of smoke in her vicinity showed, of defiance to an approaching enemy, and had taken her position for a fight. Several steamers of unusual size and rig were moving rapidly up the sound, and were just rounding Sandy Point. Hurrying back to the house, I notified my household, already excited by the first appearance of the ram, and all, white and black, including several guests, ran to the fishery, about 300 yards down the shore, and gathered upon a shady knoll commanding a fine

two guns, as we afterward learned, had its muzzle shot away, and in consequence of the loss of her chimney it was impossible to keep up sufficient steam. In this crippled state she must make her way back, pursued by two swift and heavily-armed ships.

Her commander proved equal to the emergency. Among her stores was a large supply of salt pork. This he ordered to be used for fuel instead of the coal, which was now useless. The fierce heat thus rapidly produced made up for the lack of draught in the injured smoke-stack, and so she steadily retreated, fighting all the way with her remaining gun until she reached the mouth of the river, where she fired the last shot of defiance, as she had fired the first. The gunboats had meanwhile ceased the pursuit, and the engagement was ended. The crippled double-ended steamed slowly below Sandy Point, where she lay a couple of weeks repairing damages. It leaked out that a solid shot from the ram had gone through her boiler, killing several of her men and wounding others by its effect. For several weeks the sound shore in the vicinity of the fight was strewn with splinters and other fragments, some painted, some carved or gilded, showing the results of the ram's fire upon the wooden hulks of her adversaries.

Out of the Depths.

Mary Jackson entered the Chicago police court-room and asked to be sent to the workhouse. Her story as told to the court was a sad one, and we give it here:

Do you think, judge, if I had any place to go to that I would come here and ask that something be done for me? Do you think I would ask to be sent to the workhouse? Look at me, judge! I have no money, and who will give me any? Look at me! I am clothed in rags, and who will give me clothing? I am hungry, who will feed me or give me a home? I am tired. I am forty-seven years of age, and can't do as I once did. For ten long years I have had no home, and I have done nothing but make the same old round from Bucktown to the station-house; from the station to this court, to listen to the same old sentence; from the court-room to the workhouse, from the workhouse to the whisky shops, back to the station. And so year after year I have been kept moving. Oh! I'm terribly tired of life! Relatives? Yes; I have two brothers, but God knows where—I don't. I have not seen them for twenty-two long years. Once I

EDITING IN ARIZONA.

The Pleasures of Cowboy Criticisms. Mr. John P. Clum, until recently the editor of the Tombstone (Ariz.) Epitaph, was in Washington recently, and told a Post reporter a highly interesting story of a personal adventure, from which it would appear that, next to running a faro bank, editing a paper in the uncivilized portions of the West is about as dangerous an undertaking as a man can well engage in. He went to New Mexico in 1871, and in 1874 was appointed Indian agent for the Apache tribe at San Carlos, Arizona. In May, 1880, Mr. Clum established the Tombstone Epitaph as a weekly. It is now a flourishing daily. He was first made postmaster and afterward mayor. As a postmaster he had a hard time of it, but as the chief magistrate of the village, brought as he was, into almost daily contact with the rougher and most desperate elements, he grew accustomed to write his editorials in sight of his trusty Colt's six-shooter. In attempting to preserve order he made enemies of the cowboys. This was the first step in a long and protracted warfare which lasted off and on for more than six months. First, there occurred a drawn battle at midday, between Mr. Clum's chief of police and three officers, and four cowboys. Three of the officers were badly injured, and three cowboys killed outright. The fourth, who happened not to be armed, ran away and escaped. After this a citizen's committee was formed and paraded the streets day and night, armed with six-shooters, needle-guns and Henry rifles. Mr. Clum assailed the cowboys vigorously through the columns of the Epitaph, and every time one was brought before him as a magistrate he imposed heavy fines. Then the cowboys lay in wait for Mr. Clum, until he was compelled to go heavily armed, and dared not stay out after nightfall without being attended by a body-guard. Every editorial added new fuel to the flame. The cowboys rode into town by night and tried to waylay the editor as he went to the office in the morning. Luckily he escaped all their bullets.

Every ordinary plan failing, the cowboys banded together, and camping a few miles beyond Tombstone, in a deep and wild canon, signed a death's-head agreement to kill Mr. Clum with pens dipped in blood taken from a convict's arm, and afterward drank from a cup of warm blood, diluted with pure spring water. This came to his ears, and he