the chitiary Notices exceeding five lines, Tribate of Respect, and all personal communications of matters of individual interest, will be charged for matters of individual interest, will be charged for marriage. at advertising rates. Announcements of marris and deaths, and notices of a religious character, respectfully solicited, and will be inserted gra-

From the Cincinnati Weekly Times. OUR FRANK AND MY FRANK

MENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE." ETC

CHAPTER IV. THE HOUR GROWS DARKER-BEREAVE-

The family physician had failed Mr. Williams in his extremity, as he thought, and he concluded to send for a minister. Now Mr. Williams was not a church-going man, never had been. He was a worldly-minded, money-making, money-saving man; he had taken root in the soil, and was growing downward; and had been, for many years, forgetful of his spiritual welfare. It was something novel for him to call on a minister in the church for advice and aid in his sore perplexity, but he did it. The man came at his call, a Methodist minister, very zealcus, a youngish man of small stature, and had family services with him. He down to pray, and after a quite lengthy preface, he asked of God that the son ight be delivered from the fearful deon under which he was laboring, and come to know and honor his parents.

Just as he finished that sentence, Frank

Just as he finished that sentence, Frank picked the little man up, like he had been a baby, and seated him or a chair, and said to him very quietly—
"I have borne much of evil here in this house, where I had hoped to find a refuge; and I have borne bravely and well, too; but there is a limit to my forbearance, and I shall not suffer you to insult the God you profess to serve, by telling him a falsehood. Some time you will know that I tell you the truth, when tell you I am not that man's son. Now, if you are disposed to pray that my uncle may have his eyes opened, that he may see how unjust and cruel he is, that he may see himself as I see him, you may pray, but not else." * * * "O dear, O dear," said Mr. Wil-

Frank; "I have been wronged, traduced, slandered, imprisoned unjustly, denied my Gori-given rights, handcuffed, and abused in almost every way, and yet I have been guilty of nothing that a Christian gentleman might be ashamed of."

Time passed on, and the hour became darker, and Frank more weary. He could not flee, and by an effort to do so he would only draw upon himself fresh abuse, and perhaps the incarceration in the mad-house, that he dreaded. He thought that he had better wait; and he did wait, day after day. He had written to his cousin, he had written to Jane Smith. A letter might reach him from either, any day. And he watched the mail with the utmost solicitude, running mail with the utmost solicitude, running in eager haste at every arrival, and returning each time more depressed. He waited, watched, hoped, and prayed, and finally, in an evil hour, despaired, and said, "Surely, I am mad. Surely, I dramed all this about my cousin Frank and Aunt Jane and Mona Lizz. And I do wonder if I ever shall awaken and know that I have been dreaming. O, no, I shall never awake. They have pounded and punched me enough to arouse anything but the seven sleepers. Oh, I shall never wake up. And, oh, e strong men, so many of them, that Were it not for the dreaded watch set upon me, I think that I should not be so weary. Oh, shall I ever see my queen

Weeks of this irksome life went by and Frank walked out one day, and came in feeling very tired, in mind and body. He could scarce set one foot before the other; he could scarce raise his hand. He lay down on the bed. Soon he made an effort to rise, and could not. fever, and wildly delirious. The neigh-bors were summoned, the doctor was called, and all was done for him what skill and love could do; but all availed nothing. The sick man raved from morning till night, from night till morn-ing. He would call out sometimes "Remove the watchmen, I cannot bear the watch set upon me." And then again he would call, hour after hour, "O, Frank, come home. O, Frank, come home, come home." And then again he would talk about his aunt Jane, and Miss Smith, as if he awaited their and realized all the difficulties of their journey. "Oh," he would say, "they never can climb the mountains, with their little white feet. O, there is a Send those men away, and let me be free once more. I will go, I will go," and he would start forward; but strong men would hold him fast, and then he would say: "I will wait and watch for their coming, watch for their coming;" he Frank looks just like me, and Mona Liza is very fair and beautiful, and Miss Jane Smith is one in a thousand. You come. They will come. They will all come." Several days went by, and the sick man grew worse instead of better, and on the ninth day that look passed upon his face that comes but once, and is unmistakable. The hand of death was laid upon him, and he started up wildly, with wide, staring eyes, and said: "They have come, they have all come," and fell

The funeral came, and a mighty concourse of people looked upon the still form, beautiful in its sleep, that can know no waking till earth and sea give up their dead, yet none dreamed the truth. He was buried as the son and heir, and mourned as such. Poor Frank lowed his bier. They laid away his rifled casket in the cypress shade, and went home, with aching hearts, crying poor dear! She has had a hard faint bereaved; I am bereaved And they were bereaved, for a more loyal by death, never beat in a human bosom.
And that mother assisted in nursing that
man through mortal sickness, saw him
arrayed in the grave's garniture, and laid was once the babe that she cradled in her bosom and hid in her heart. And the father believed that he had buried

"Was I not hard on the poor boy? There was something strange about the matter, mother, for he was right in everything else, and he held that fancy to the last moment in his life; for, just before he breathed his last, I heard him say,

'Poor, darling aunty; how she will mourn!' Yes, alas, poor aunty!" Just three days after the funeral of the nephew, the son and heir reached the little village of M-, on his way home. There lived Dr. Wilson, that he loved next to his father, and he went into the ffice. Twilight was settling down over the landscape, and there were shadows In the corners of the rooms, and the lamps were not yet lighted. The old Doctor looked up and saw the young man bowing and smiling, as only our Frank



Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

riven hearts.

"My life is over; my work is done."
And she was a mournful, shadowy thing,

be spoken of in this world, and such

bridal procession—the blessing and blest. And there will be, while we live, a round

make up life. And all these people bear firmly and quietly their life-burdens; and

we, looking at them, will fail to see their

One day, soon after Frank's return home, Mr. Brown heard the dinner-bill

ringing, peal after peal, at an inoppor-tune hour. He listened, and heard half

a dozen persons shouting his name at the top of their voices. He was quite a

distance from his house, and he was alarmed and said: "Surely there is fire

out, and human beings perishing in the

flames," and he ran toward the increasing din, in fear and trembling. The little colored help met him at the yard-gate,

my love, my life!"
"Oh, Frank has come back," said

"Frank come back," said the husband

I was not expecting him back."
"Nor I," said Nellie; "but he wa
never dead. We were all mistaken."

"You were all a precious set of fools,

then," said Mr. Brown.
"That's just what we were," replied

The husband sat down and thought

The husband sat down and thought a little while, and then said: "My wife, I love you more than anything else in the world, more than everything else, more than I do myself, but I love you unselfishly; and I will do anything possible to promote your happiness; and if you still love Mr. Williams, and he still loves you,

I will give you a divorce quietly, and you can marry him. I will do even that,

f it breaks my heart and costs me my

"O! O!" shrieked the wife, "doa't talk so; you will drive me mad."
"O! O! O! You don't want a divorce,

"Want a divorce! No! everlasting

"Well, am I to understand by that

"O, I love you all, all, and no one else

"O, I was frightened. I was afraid

"Cast you off, child. Nothing in the

hunt up, my darling, to distress you."

your love for me before," said Nellie.

"Why, no, I suppose not. I am quiet man-perhaps too much so. think very many nice things that I never

tell. But let me tell you, Nellie, once for all time, that a host of armed men

could not take you from me. And I do hope that Frank will not be unhappy," and the husband returned to his work,

and Nellie said: "He is so noble, so good and true. God has blessed me in a hus-

band," and thus it was.

Days, weeks and months came and went, and those two, who had been

stricken down together in sorrow, and

had been companions in grief, learned slowly, but surely, that they were neces-

sary to each other. Frank was unhappy

And when one day Mona Liza went to

to her, and said, "Aunty, dear, would it be right for me to love our Frank, and

marry him, and be happy, when my Frank lies cold in his grave?"

"Can you recall the dead?" said Jane

"Oh, no, aunty, if I could have done

Without sin? No. I should be a

uicide were I to die now," Mona re-

"Well, then, it is your duty to live

"Frank came, and the woman said

"Burned to ashes long ago," replied the young man. "Much as I suffered,

there remains no scar."
"And you love this beautiful child of
my heart," said the woman.
"I more than love her—I love and
"I more than love her—I have and

worship her. She was the angel that hovered about me in that dark hour, and

saved me."
"I give her to you," said the woman.
"My life is over, my werk is done."
And the day of the bridal came, and wedding bells pealed, and brave men and

fair women passed into the old church,

pledge themselves to each other for life,

and it was a day of rejoicing far and

near; for the strange story of their woes had been told and retold till every child

had learned it by heart for miles around;

and every heart of flesh rejoiced at the happy union, that promised peace. And again Jane Smith said, "My life is over,

my work is done."

A few days after the marriage of Frank Williams and Mona Liza Smith, Frank entered the room where Jane Smith was sitting, with a new light in

his eye, and a joyous smile upon his lip, and he sat down beside her, and said:

find you unmarried, that you disapprove

of marriage?"
"Far from it," replied Jane. "I con-

sider marriage a duty, a responsibilidevolving upon human beings."
"Then, why do you not marry?"

"O, Frank," she cried, "you have gone mad, surely. Why, man, I am forty-

"O. no. I am not mad, but speak the

words of truth and soberness when I say that if you are sixty-five, and find some

good man that wants you, and needs you, why not marry him?" said Frank.

Why," replied Jane, "it would seem

"Are we to infer from the fact that we

with the living," said Jane Smith.
"Send Frank to me."

"Is the old love dead?"

plied.

that I should long ago," said Mona.
"Can you die with the dead?" said the

when away from Mona Liza, and she wa

"But you never said so

that you love this old curmudgeon a mite

then?" said the husband.

or two?" queried Mr. Brown.

no!" shrieked Nellie.

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could, and he put up his hand and said, with chattering teeth:
"Back! back! I never harmed you."

man retreated, shivering as with ague. Frank was astonished at this reception, fore traveling further, he entered the one hotel that the little town boasted of. He and he lifted Miss Smith and laid her

"What is it, my boy?"

"I was just a wonderin'," said the boy,
"how you got all that dirt off of you that
was piled down so tight, and the coffin
opened, and got up, and out, so clean
and nice. And I want you to tell me,
for if ever I die, and I know I shall, for

too."
"I cannot tell you what you ask, for I was never dead and buried," replied

"Sir!" said the boy, "I seed you, a few days ago, put in a hole in the ground, with these two eyes. You can't cheat

Frank passed on a little farther, and a woman, somewhat past middle age, came running toward him, threw her arms fatal similarity between his cousin and running toward him, threw her arms fatal similarity between his cousin and about his neck and kissed him and called himself, pulled off his coat and drew

him her dear son.

"Madam," said Frank, "you are laboring under a mistake; I am not your son,

and I never saw you before."

The lady fainted and fell to the floor. Then a young lady, beautiful as a dream of Eden, came out of the room on his right trembling and frightened, and bent at Frank and said:

"Will you please assist me in lifting her and conveying her to her room?" They laid her on the bed, and they then applied restoratives. When the woman opened her eyes, the young lady turned to Frank and said: "My aunt

turned to Frank and said: "My aunt mistook you for her nephew, Frank Williams; but you are, I suppose, the cousin that Frank wrote to us about."

"Yes," replied Frank, "I am the cousin, his double. He wrote to me of the many mistakes that had occurred, and begged me to come home. Here is his letter, and perhaps his aunt would like letter, and perhaps his aunt would like to read it," and Frank gave into her hands the letter that he had received during his sickness. Aud these two women were Jane Smith

and Mona Liza. They were seeking Frank, and had reached that point just a few moments before Frank, the son and heir. They were very much fatigued, and there were no means of conveyance, and they had concluded to remain where they were till morning. Frank promised to return for them in the morning. After Frank had rested a little, and had his supper, he set out for home, on foot. He was light-hearted and happy, and thinking all the way of Nellie, and saythinking all the way of Nellie, and say ing, over and over, to himself, "To-mor-row I shall see Nellio-darling Nellie." Oh! Frank, you know not what a day may bring; dream not of to-morrow. When he reached home he found the When he reached home he found the doors and windows all barred, so that he could not possibly open them. Since the funeral those elderly people had been very lonely, and a little afraid, for there was a floating population around that was considered dangerous. And he pounded, first at one door and then at another, and receiving no answer he called out, "Father, mother," and just then Ellen caught sight of him through

"Leave these premises or I will shoot you down like a dog; you are frighten-ing my wife to death."
"I am your son Frank, just come home,

and want to come in," was returned.

The man dropped his gun and dropped on his knees, but as the knocking and shouting continued he soon rallied, and

"One word more and you are a dead man. I have no son." Frank's head grew dizzy, and his senses seemed deserting him, but he

"I am Frank, you own Frank." answer a bullet whizzed past him. And lest he should be shot by his own father he should be shot by his own father he turned away, and thought that he would go over to Mr. Green's. But as he was passing down the hill he met a boy, and said to him, "Please stop a mo-

ment, I wish to speak with you.' The boy looked at him keenly by the moonlight and cried out, "Lord God Almighty, save me," and he fled like the

wind.
"Well, I suppose that he did not know "Well, I suppose that he did not know me, but why he should fear me is more than I can tell," said Frank. "Every one seems frightened at me, and I think that I will not go to Mr. Green's. Per-haps he might think me a burglar, for it is getting late, and shoot me. I will turn back, and sleep in the barn; per-haps the horses and cattle will not seem haps the horses and cattle will not scare

at me. And to-morrow will bring all right."
He went to the barn, threw himself down on a pile of hay, and slept till morning. And, O, that morning—that was to them an ever-to-be-remen morning. Frank went up to the house about sunrise, and saw his father and mother both standing on the piazza. At sight of him his mother fainted, and fell to the floor; and his father made no effort to speak to his son, or raise down by the mail-carrier at the door. Frank raised his mother and began to chafe her hands, and Jane Smith ran in. and rendered assistance, saying, as she did so, "It was the sight of you, of course, almost death. I could not wait a mo ment longer," she continued in apology to Frank for not waiting the carriage that he had promised. "I chartered the hack at the first possible opportunity. Where is my Frank?" she said, turning to Mr. Williams. "He was here not long since. He wrote me from here; have encountered almost every conceivable hardship to reach this place. Where is my Frank?" And she turned

toward Thomas Williams and demanded

wailed Mr. Williams.
"Tell me of my Frank, whether you know anything or not," said Mrs. Smith. The man's eyes had a wild stare in them, bis face was rigid, and he said, with a gasp, as if the words were jerked forth: "I expect he's dead, I expect this is

"Of course this is your Frank, I met him at the hotel in town, last evening, just on his way home. Tell me where I can find my Frank," returned Mrs.

"I expect, I think," said "that he is dead," and he fell to the floor.

Jane Smith fainted, and Mrs. Williams of her utter woe; and strong mon from to our graves."

"God may for forgive ourselve to our graves."

another, and wrung her hands, and tore her beautiful, sunny curls by turns. And Frank was bewildered, and knew The young man took a step forward, And Frank was bewildered, and knew and reached out his hand. But the old not which to approach first, or where his services were most needed; and he ran but he turned away. And thinking that then to another of these poor, suffering he needed a little rest and his supper becreatures. He lifted his mother from ly, but he reflected that he was the returning soldier, and accounted for the wide eyed stare in that way. But just as he was crossing the hall, he saw a half-grown boy looking at him so earnestly that he was induced to say: this matter. You see the situation that my father is in; he may have stated the matter truly, and he may not. He has been in a very strange situation. Frank
may be dead and he may not. We will
ascertain the truth at the earliest possible point of time. And now, I wish you to be calm, and do what you can for the afflicted people, while I summon the neighbors and call a physician." Frank went to the barn, saddled a fleet

horse, and threw himself into the saddle, and set out for the village on a wild gallop. As he passed the nearest neighbor's house he called, and requested them to go to Mr. Williams' and assist in waiting on the sick ones. They promised to at-tend the call, and Frank, remembering hat over his eyes, and as far disguised himself as was practicable in the haste required; for he believed that what was done to alleviate his father must be done soon. Dr. Wilson was a man sixty years of age, but his natural force was not abated—in truth he was a stouter man than he had been at thirty; and soon, very soon, he was by the par-alyzed man. Ellen was moving about

again, and the Doctor said:
"You know, Mrs. Williams, that you husband cannot bear excitement. He has had some terrible shock. What has ne met with to throw him into this con-

"Do you not know," faltered the wo-man, with white lips, "that our Frank "Your Frank has come home," said the doctor. "Then who was that man that we buried a few days ago?"
"He was a cousin—the son of my hus-

"A precious set of fools we have all returned the doctor. been," returned the doctor.

"We have been more than fools," replied Mrs. Williams, "we have been

wicked. We were guilty of a great wrong toward that poor boy, that fled to us from his Virginia home. And he is dead, and it can never be righted." The paralyzed man appeared a little better toward evening, he breathed more freely, and manifested some slight con-sciousness, and Mrs. Smith and Mona sciousness, and Mrs. Smith and Mons Liza had become quiet and Mrs. Williams was attending to her sick husband, in apparent health, and Frank began to make his toilet, thinking to call on Eli-

nore Marsh.
"Please do not leave us this evening, said his mother.
"Why, mother, I must see Nellie; you

know that I must," replied Frank.
"Please defer your visit till to-morro at least you can do that much," pleaded "Mother," said Frank, "you have some

renson that I do not understand for your persistence. What is it? Do you think that father is worse?"
"No," replied the woman, "I think father will be up and about in a few

"Tell me, mother, please, at once, why you do not wish me to see my betrothed this evening," said Frank, walking up close to his mother.

The mother's face was as white as a

lily leaf; her eyes were unnaturally bright; her hands worked nervously, but she did not answer him.

"Are you sick, mother?" said Frank, laying his hand on the braided bands ancircling the heautiful head and caress-

encircling the beautiful head, and caress ing her. She burst into tears, and wrung her hands in a weak, helpless manner. "Will you not answer me, mother You certainly can have no aversion to Nellie, my own Nellie. You told me

once that you could receive her as "O, Frank, Frank, please give her up; please cease to love her," wailed the

surely cannot be serious, mother. Cease to love Nellie! I could not do that if I would; and I would not if I could. My dear mother, my love for Miss Marsh is part of my heart—part of my life." "O, I am so sorry; I regret that it is," said his mother. "Remain with us

so," said his mother. "Remain visust this day out, please, my son." "Mother, darling mother, my good lit-tle mother, I could do almost anything in this world for you. I will even under-take to surround the North Pole at your bidding, but this I cannot, mother mine. I must see my betrothed, almost my wife. My first duty is to her, and mother dear, your request appears to me absurd."
"O, if you will not wait, I shall b

compelled to acquaint you with the dreadful truth," shrieked the agonized woman. "O tell him, Jennie, I neve can," she said, turning to Mrs. Smith. "Will you," said Frank, "inform me if you know, why my mother is so dis

"I know," said the pale, suffering woman, "why she wishes you to refrain from visiting Miss Marsh." "Will you please speak out plainly?" said Frank, "and do away with this sus-

pense? I never could bear suspense with equanimity in my life." "There is no more a Miss Marsh to love or cherish," said Mrs. Smith, "they

"Dead!" whispered Frank, shivering as with an ague. "Married!" said the woman.

"O, my God, hast thou, too, forgotten ne." shrieked Frank, while the warm blood flowed from his mouth and nose, and his face wore the ashen hue of death.

him, and fain would have spoken words of consolation, but the ear was deaf, and the lips mute, after that one wild cry, stone. They summoned aid, laid him upon a couch, and still they continued to summon aid, for the man that had faced an armed host unflinchingly, and had not quailed amid the fearful death-dealing balls on the dead field of blood-red slaughter, seemed to be slain by the falsehood of woman. The good old Doctor was in requisition again; and for ten days and nights Frank was sick with brain fever, and in the delirium, he cried out, time after time, hour after

"They have all forgotten me—they have all forgotten me; God has forgot-ten me. I am bereft; I am abandoned; I am undone."

Jane Smith, in her deep sorrow, every effort in her power to alleviate his sufferings; and Mona Liza wiped the foam from his lips, with her own fair hands, and bathed the face of the un-

ran mad, and shrieked one shriek after far and near, hearing the wild story of the mistake and its fearful results, gath-ered about the suffering man, and labored "My life is over; my work is done." Frank—our Frank—lived. He awoke one day out of sleep and said. "Where slender hands. There are some wrongs one day out of sleep and said, "Where "Where has what flown to?" said the

octor.
"Oh," replied Frank, "the angel that rarely spoke of the past. The world does not stop when our loved ones die, or deal treacherously, and the sun shines just as brightly over the grass-grown graves and lettered marble, as over the "It is not far away. It will come back soon," said the Doctor.
"Bid it stay, Doctor," said Frank, "bid

it stay near me, lest I die."
"I will, I will," replied the Doctor.
And Frank slept again, quietly as And Frank slept again, quietly as a of going, coming, buying, selling, eating, babe, and soon, very soon, our Frank drinking, and such like little things, that was well and strong again.

CHAPTER V. LOOKING UPON THE DEAD-AND VARI-

Jane Smith persisted in her determ for she said, "It is just possible that it is not my Frank that was buried, and I will never accept the testimony of others. I will see with my own eyes what thing has been done." And men were gathered together one week after the funeral to raise and open the coffin, that she might look upon what was within. All vainly they tried to dissuade her.

The women told her again and again that she ought to be, and might be en-tirely satisfied with the evidence before her, that it was none other than her nephew, for he himself had asserted that he was no other than Frank Williams— Virginia. And they even sought to deter her by frightening her. They said that if she and Mona Liza dared to look upon a body that had been put away such a length of time, they would surely die. "We are both prepared to die," she re-

plied.

And the work went on, and the coffin was opened, and with dry eyes and unfaltering quiet they both looked upon the clay of the loved one. And Jane requested them to remove the stocking from the right foot of the corpse, "For," said she, "my Frank had lost the small tee of the right foot."

toe of the right foot."

The men obeyed her, and they saw had been removed when he was a child. "That was my Frank, my beautiful and loyal-hearted Frank. Lower the

coffin again, and spread dust over dust,' and it was done. The bereaved women remained at

Thos. Williams' home for many months. They had abandoned the South. And when our Frank passed out of the sick room, and looked about him again, and took up the burden of life, he saw Mona Liza. And he looked at the beautiful woman, with her eyes of light, her full, flowing curls, thrown back from her a rose crushed upon it, and her lithe, faultless form, and her graceful step, ight and free, like the fawn's in its na ive wildness, and thought that he had never looked upon a more lovely woman. He did not except even the loved and lost, Miss Marsh. And there was about Miss Smith a pensiveness born of her sorrow that enhanced her loveliness. And he said within himself, just as the other Frank had often said, "She is every inch a queen." But when he spoke to her he said nothing of all this, but he said, "Miss Smith, I have been thinking of your great sorrow, and I have thought again and again, that it is so much more endurable than my own that I could en exchange wi f exchanges in such matters

ble. My good, true cousin lived and died loving you truly, faithfully. And— The love where death has set his seal, Nor time can change nor rival steal, Nor falsehood disavow.

You even have something to be proud of in your utter bereavement. I can realize what your sorrow must be. I think I can, for all my life I have longed for a brother, and I have lost my brother. For I feel that as a brother I could have loved nable to bear that great loss."

"I have had just such thoughts," re plied Mona, "as you have entertained in regard to my sorrow in regard to yours. I have thought that your sorrow is so much lighter than my own. There is nothing of gloom in your sorrow. Nellie is alive and happy, and you can see her if you choose. True, she is lost to you as a wife, but Nellie was never false. Your sorrow was the result of the great mistake of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.— They claimed your cousin as their son, and she was deceived. She thought that you were false and that she was jilted. She was at heart true as steel, for she she had loved and promised to marry. Miss Marsh was to be pitied, not censured, for doubtless she suffered much.
And she married rashly and in haste, to

repent, perhaps, at leisure."
"Oh," said Frank, "I think you are in error there. I think that Nellie cannot possibly repent her marriage, for her husband is one of a thousand. He is a prince among men. If there is a man upon earth that I could have given the that same Mr. Brown that she married. Yet I think that if Nellie had died, I be-

lieve I could have borne that better than "O, Frank," said Miss Smith thing but death. Dearly as I love Frank, I could have sent him to marry another woman, rather than borne this, and I could have smiled. But it is so hard to think of Frank, cold and dead.

O, it is all gloom, gloom."
"And I have temptations, too," said Frank. "Sometimes I feel like wresting Nellie from her husband." "Would she be your Nellie, the Nellie

of old?" said Mona. of old?" said Mona.
"Never, never," replied Frank; "Nellie is as truly and entirely lost to me as "Let her be buried, then," said Miss

"I will, I will," said Frank. *

"And to-morrow," he continued, "we will plant some flowers on that loved And when the morrow was come they two went together to plant flowers upon the grave. And they sat down beside the grave and conversed about the spirit world, and wondered if the man who had been so loved in life, whose memory was so precious, could know, in his far-way home, of their love and their griefs. Thomas Williams slowly but surely

struggled back again to a good degree of health. And then he and Mrs. Williams and the good old Doctor talked over the whole matter in regard to the dreadful mistake-the fatal mistake-that they brought to many; and they bewailed themselves and deplored their cruelty to the beloved and beautiful dead. They remembered the watch that so annoyed even in the hour of dissolution, the hu

so strange for a maiden lady of my age 'God may forgive us but we never can forgive ourselves. We shall go mourning

Jane Smith did not repine in her sor- strange things do happen. Nine days' tobacco grows well in that soil and cli found a good man, that I love, that wants you and needs you; and I ask you to will act the lady, once in your life-just this once." "As if I had not been a quiet lady all

whom he presented, saying:
"Miss Smith, Mr. Thompson."

The blood all receded from Jane Smith's lips, cheeks and brow, and she grasped a chair for support; for there before her stood the lost love of her youth. And the man took up the thread youth. And the man took up the thread of their lives just where it had been broken, and said:
"I have come again, Jennie, darling; an evil fate parted us and kept us apart

a long time, but we meet again."

And these two are passing down the stream of time hand in hand, and their tardy marriage seems to have renewed them in every feature. They are so hap-py that they have a happifying influence ipen all who meet them. THE END.

"'Miss Nellie dying,'" said the husband; and he flew, rather than ran, into the house, and found his wife pale, faint, and trembling from head to foot. HOW VISITORS TALK ABOUT US. Observations of the Visiting Vinticulta as Outlined by Col. Aiken. "What, O what is this that has happened to my pearl of pearls, my darling," cried the husband. "Speak, O speak

Speaking of Sumter they say: "This town of about 2,500 inhabitants is situated immediately upon the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, forty miles from Columbia, one hundred and thirty-five from Wilmington, N. C., and one hundred and forty from Charleston; it has many local advantages, and surrounded with a growth of trees inex-pressibly beautiful, while its tasteful flower gardens fill the air with a fra-grance that reminds us of the fairy land. utation of South Carolina." Perhaps no part of the State impressed this committee more favorably as a grape growing section than the High Hills of Santee, and they were equally well impressed with the water power, timber and soil. From Sumter the committee went to Florence, and thence to Society Hill, of which they speak as extravagantly as they do of Sumter, and reiterate their in the past five years, and returned to praises of the hospitality of the people, both black and white.

From Society Hill they went to

CHERAW, and there believed they had found a haven of rest. Within the vicinity of Cheraw they saw a turpentine distillery, and were very much pleased with this, to them, new and strange industry. They were particularly struck with the tall, imbless pines, with nothing but "topknot of long, bushy pine straw."

at all."
"Not even Frank?" said the husband.
"Not even Frank," replied Nellie.
"And if I ever did love him it was so long ago that I have forgotten it."
"Well, you have me, and profess to love me; what is the trouble?" said Mr. From Cheraw our visitors came back their impressions by using their own lanthat you would cast me off," returned and many things of exceeding great interest in and around this capital of the world could induce me to cast you off, unless it were your wish," returned the man. "What a ridiculous idea you did descriptive powers than we possess to portray the beauties of this lovely city. Once and so recently marred and disunsurpassed for beauty of locality, residences and healthfulness of climate, by any town or city of the same size, that

we have ever seen."

They speak quite accurately of the public buildings of the city, and give somewhat in detail a statement of the taxes, appropriations, especially for the free schools and our system of administering the State Government. The water power of the canal is highly commended.

Newberry was their next place of halting for a night, and they were most almost inexhaustible beds of phosphates favorably impressed there with the that are invaluable fertilizers. Railroads change in the country from what they had already seen, and were particularly impressed with the increased area of when away from atona Liza, and she was restless when Frank was gone. Jane Smith marked the growing attachment between them, and smiled a sad, weary smile, and whispered "that is as it should be. My life is over, my work is done." impressed with the increased area of small grain as they advanced up the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and with beautiful clover patches seen on all sides. The free and easy, open and candid manner in which they were met, too, by the citizens, particularly touched them. They say: "Newberry is the county seat, and centrally located in a county of the same name; it has a pop-ulation of about 1,500, equally divided school-houses are numerous, and one prominent building in the town is the Lutheran College, which now has seventy

"On the 18th April we visited quite on the Ion April we visited dather rolling country, ten miles north of Cokesbury, on Saluda River, where we found on that river a grand water-power, only utilized in turning an old-fashioned overshot wheel for a flour and grist mill. This river is 600 feet wide here, never freezes, seldom less, even in summer, than 500 feet width of water, never overflows, and, in a distance of one mile, has tories is here unsurpassed; lands cheap, climate and water superior."

On the 19th April the committee visited the Savannah side of Abbeville county, and were much pleased with what is known as the Flat Woods country. They were held enchanted when they entered the yard and saw the remains of the old born; and when they visited the family burying-ground, and saw with what care every grave had been preserved, and the monuments erected by the munificence of Calhoun himself, they were struck

with a silent admiration.
Of the Flat Woods they say: "This whole country is a delightful location for posed of disintegrated granite with a base; the country is rolling and easily cultivated and productive; a large portion of this land is now ready and at once available for cultivation and improvement.

"This County is blessed with a fence

law, which, depriving it of those dilapi-dated fences and briery fence corners, gives it an appearance of thrift that makes it very attractive. The Court House, or county seat, is centrally located, and is surrounded by a fine, rolling country that seems more productive than what we have heretofore seen. The alti-tude of this County, its perfect climate and healthfulness, its productive soil, its splendid water, all contribute to make it the banner County of the State for agricultural purposes. No place that we have ever seen presents more inducements to the energetic, industrious immigrant than Anderson County, whether he wishes to grow the vine, fruit, small to get married." he wishes to grow the vine, fruit, small would "I grant all that," said Frank, "but grain, corn or cotton, and we were told ture.

They speak thus of Walhalla: "It is a long town, with but few cross streets, and has about one thousand population, nearly one-haif of whom are Germans. It is located at the present terminus of the Blue Ridge Railroad, in a country "As if I had not been a quiet lady all my life," returned the woman.

"O, I mean in regard to this one matter," explained Frank:

"I promise," said she. Frank went away, and in the course of half an hour returned, attended by a noble looking, though bronzed and weather-beaten man of fifty or fifty-five years of age, whom he presented saving:

"As if I had not been a quiet lady all the Blue Ridge Railroad, in a country heavily timbered with hard wood; the soil is dark red, and seems productive; but a small proportion of the country, in which Walhalla is, is under cultivation, and thousands of acres of its lands are offered at very low prices. The climate must be especially fine, for it is just at the edge of the Blue Ridge, and is persented saving: ceptibly cooler than the lower portions

of the State." GREENVILLE.

The next point to which the committee wended their journey was Greenville, where they say the same cordial welcome was given them by the citizens. Through the kindness of the Mayor they were enabled to see the surrounding country as far as Paris Mountain, and to visit the factories of the town. Here they met with a Swiss family that impressed them with the ease with which a living can be made in that portion of South Carolina, for, say they in their report, "here we met a German-Swiss family, the parents and eleven children, who have, by their own industry, secured themselves a home of five acres of land, upon which they have a good vegetable garden, strawber-ries, a vineyard, and are making a good living." They moreover say: "This town, with her water-power and factories and railroads and street cars, is certainly

popular city." SPARTANBURG.

From Greenville, the committee went to Spartanourg, from which place they visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and were impressed with the proficiency of the scholars. They were then taken to some of the factories and water powers in the vicinity of the town. As they say in their report, we repeat here: "Why should this not be the most flourishing section in the United States? We can see no reason why, and really The kind and hospitable treatment we received at the hands of the citizens was can induce a tide of immigration of the characteristic of that old and noted reproper kind of inhabitants, and this we certainly can do if the citizens will only wake up to the necessity of doing some-thing for themselves, and not wait for others to come and do it for them.

From Spartanburg the committee went into North Carolina, as far as the head of the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, spent a pleasant night there with a in the past five years, and returned to Spartanburg, and after returning thanks at a public meeting to the citizens for their kindness and unbounded hospital-ity, they left for Washington City.

SUMMARY OF THE STATE. Summarizing their report, the committee say: "We should be recreant to the duty imposed if we did not express our heartfelt thanks for the many kindness and hospitality bestowed upon us during our journey. We knew of the proverbial characteristics of the Southern people, but were unprepared for such continued manifestations of good will;

and the warm welcome we met with everywhere, and from all classes, will never be forgotten. "In closing this report we submit what we believe to be the advantages South Carolina presents to the industrious, frugal immigrant, come whence he may. The geographical position of the State is peculiar and most favorable. Lying immediately under the mountains, with a broad southeastern seacoast, the climate is luxurious. Spring and autumn are delightful; winter short and never excessively cold, summer warm but never oppressively hot for a continued length of time. The forests are inexhaustible,

and the open but uncultivated lands are counted by the thousands of acres. The virgin soil is rich, and much that has been worn out can be easily reclaimed. the temperate zone, and with many of the vegetables, especially the Irish potato, two crops can be easily grown in one season. On the southern coast are traverse the State in every direction only two counties being without them out of the thirty-three counties in the

A CASF OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVI DENCE.—Nearly a year ago a wealthy merchant named Rozier was robbed and murdered near Sparta, Ga., whilst on his way from his store to his residence in the evening. The body was alleged to have been discovered by the town marshal, a man named Griggs, and two companions, named Lovett and Barnes. It was found that Mr. Rozier had been strument, which had crushed in without breaking the skull. The stories told by the three men did not agree, supposed inconsistencies were detected in them and the suspicion was excited that Grigg and his friends were themselves the murderers, and a number of circumstance having been adduced calculated to establish the guilt of the prisoners, they were convicted and sentenced to death. The enforcement of the penalty has been postponed from time to time, mainly through the earnest, devoted efforts of Marshal Grigg's wife, who has persisted in avowing her conviction of her husband's innocence. Her pleading induced an experienced detective to take hold of the case, and it is now tolerable certain that the murder was committed, not by the condemned men, but by the roughs attached to a circus that was at the time playing in the neighborhood.

Mr. Rozier was known to have had a valuable watch and revolver in his possession, and these could not be traced.

The watch has now been recovered, and approximate to the cartainty that

against whom suspicion has for some ime been directed. THE FAMILY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. —Mrs. Davis is described as being at present a very stout, very intelligent and very amiable-looking woman. Her face is round, she has a large and expansive mouth and black hair, streaked with gray. She is kindhearted, and is said by be much liked in Memphis, especially by young people. Mr. Davis is very thin, and looks very old and health and health and beautiful and health Their eldest daughter, a gentle and graceful young woman, is married and lives in Memphis. They have two other children, one girl of sixteen, now at school in Germany, and the other, a young man, now in Memphis, Jefferson Davis, Jr. He is about twenty-two years of age, and has his mother's large, not handsome, face, and is an awkward, loquacious, good-Davis family is comparatively poor now.

everything points to the certainty that

the murderers were the circus men

How often do we hear a person say there must be something the matter with would recommend Dr. Bull's Blood Mix-

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FISH CULTURE.

An Interesting Article from a Distinguish

From the Columbia Register.

"Fish are so prolific" says the distinguished naturalist Buffon, "that if the product of a pair of herring could be protected, in twenty years they would

logan, in his history of the upper part of South Carolina, describes the streams as so crowded with herring, that the water was scarce visible. Naturalists say that no herrings were ever found in our streams, and that the word shad should e substituted for that of herring. Some forty, or less years ago, it was customary for wagons to come from a distance of forty or more miles to the Seneca and other tributaries of the Savannah to lay In shad for provision for the year. We have knowledge of the abundance of that fish within the period mentioned. Now, for years, it is seldom that a shad is seen on our tables. It has become so great a rarity, that if they are procured at all, they must be purchased at railroad de-pots, brought from below on ice. We

this season has been nul. Migratory fish ascend rivers from the seas and seek spawning grounds in the upper tributaries, where the water is cool, rapid and well aerated. The young fish (the shad requires three days to emerge from the egg) soon acquire vigor enough to descend to the sea, where they disappear, return the ensuing sea-son, instinctively to the identical spot where born, and again go through the process of replenishing the waters. If the streams are obstructed by dams, wires, or other impediments, such as saw dust from saw mills, which are common on our streams, the dust enters in solution, such as sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper, arising from the de-composition of cupriferous pyrites, ren-der the waters as barren of life as the

Fish are in vigorous health in the spring, when animals emerge from win-ter poor in flesh, unhealthy, and unsuit-able food for man.

The Catholic hierarchy, ever watchful

over the well being of the faithful, make the sesson of Lent one of fasting, and all animal food is prohibited and fish substituted. The same diet is prescribed for Fridays and perhaps other religious days. This observance dates back to the remote history of the church. Before the march of science and civilization for they are cotemporary, and the latter dependent upon and subservient to the former,) had installed rapid transit, the service (in Catholic countries) for supplying fish to inland cities was as rapid as that which carried the mail, and on large estates fish ponds were common for breeding and rearing fish, not only for the inmates of the chateau, but the la-

the parish priest. It is questionable whether any culti-vated portion of the earth's surface can be made to yield, on equal acreage, as much food as water.

It is known that the brain contains free, uncombined phosphorus, which is also common to fish, and it has been remarked that those who worked the brain most generally manifested a proclivity for fish diet or brain food.

Much has been written and practiced on pisciculture, since the discovery of artificial incubation of fish eggs. The habits of these prolific denizens of the one of national and individual import-ance. Malthus wrote and predicted that would at some future, surpass the posible supply of food. That author in his calculation disregarded the unknown power, the vast ocean, where nature is collecting and reserving the seed of vitality, which is daily escaping from cultivated lands. At all events, Malthus' prediction of the destiny of the human race is stayed, for a time, through the aid of science, which shows itself ade-quate to the situation, in the aid of nature, in the production of human food. Seth Green, of New York, is one of the pioneers in that branch science, and justly honored for his eminent services in the art of increasing and cheapening the production of human

It was our pleasure and satisfaction to see within the last month our distin-guished friend, Professor Baird, the eminent naturalist, now United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisherles. duced new and more certain practice in the art of artificial incubation of fish. Instead of using the ordinary water of running streams, which always contains more or less sedimentary matter, which collected upon the eggs and destroyed filtered water. The eggs or spawn are placed in suitable constructions, which are immersed in pure water, depending upon steam power to give agitation and aeration, thus vivifying and saving from destruction a larger proportion of the eggs than by the older method, which

was a vast improvement upon nature.

Professor Baird has brought the California salmon, and is introducing them into our rivers which empty into the Atlantic. That fish, Professor B. in-forms us, is independent of the tempera-ture of the water, whereas the salmon which comes from the rivers in Maine will not live in the waters of Southern rivers. We saw a fine specimen of sal-mon taken from the Delaware River. The fish was preserved in alcohol, and the eggs also, to show that it was pro-ducing. He had also a shad taken from ducing. He had also a shad taken from the Chio, where, previous to artificial production and planting, no shad were known. The carp from the Danube, a superior edible fish, is now being procreated, and is, or will soon be, distrib uted to our different rivers suitable for forced to prevent private cupidity from

Georgia to low water mark nearly on the Carolina side; but the Savannah is under the jurisdiction of the United States and cannot be turned or obstructed in the course of its waters, and is a natural highway for fish. Obstructions are placed in the river, at different points, y gill nets, which stop the run which, by Providence, belong to the Seneca and other tributaries of the Savannah, which tributaries run through and belong to the State of South Caro-lina, and it would appear that all ob-structions preventing fish ascending are contrary to natural law, and should be abated as abuses and nuisances.

An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. A dose of Dr. Rull's Baby Syrup will assist your Baby in teething, and prevent it from being at-tacked by Cholera Infantum, Colic, or other dieases Babies suffer with. 25