

The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. I.

LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885.

NO. 14.

A Savage.
Dixon, a Choctaw, 20 years of age,
Had killed a white man in a Leadville brawl;
Trick and condemnation, the rough-headed curb
Their race,
And watch him stride in freedom from the
hull.

"Return on Friday, to be shot to death!"
So ran the sentence—it was Monday night.
The man's comrades drew a well-pleased
breath;
Then all night long the gambling dens were
bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
And looked the intemperate to the shooting-
ground;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim.
And with low voices sat and loomed
around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool." "The
men
who hunt the savage free must face the
blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon
caused.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels;
He motions to the brave, who stays her
feet.
Next moment—flame the guns; the woman
reels
And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.
—John Boyce O'Reilly.

THE LAST CONTEST.

A soldier, who had won imperishable
fame on the battle-fields of his
country was confronted by a gaunt
stranger clad all in black and wearing
an impenetrable mask.

"Who are you that you dare to
block my way?" demanded the soldier.

Then the stranger threw aside his
mask and the soldier knew that he was
Death.

"Have you come for me?" asked the
soldier. "If so, I will not go with you;
so go your way alone."

But Death held out his bony hand
and beckoned to the soldier.

"No," cried the soldier, resolutely;
"my time is not come. See, here are
the histories I am writing—no hand
but mine can finish them—I will go
when they are done."

"I have hidden by your side day and
night," said Death; "I have hovered
about you on a hundred battle-fields,
but no sight of me could chill your
heart till now, and now I hold you in
my power."

And with these words Death seized
upon the soldier and strove to bear
him hence, but the soldier struggled so
desperately that he prevailed against
Death, and the strange phantom de-
parted alone.

Then when he had gone the
soldier found upon his throat the
imprint of Death's cruel fingers—so
deep had been the struggle.

And nothing could wash them away, for
they were deep, agonizing,
fatal. But with quiet valor the
soldier returned to his histories, and
for many days thereafter he toiled up-
on them as the last and best work of
his noble life.

"How thin and pale the soldier is
getting," said the people. "His hair
is whitening and his eyes are weary.
He should not have undertaken the
histories—the labor is killing him."

"They did not know of this struggle
with Death, nor had they seen the
marks upon the soldier's throat. But
the physicians who came to him and
saw the marks of Death's cruel fingers,
shook their heads and said the soldier
could not live to complete his work
upon which his whole heart was set.

And the soldier knew it, too, and
many a time he paused in his writing
and laid his pen aside, and bowed his
head upon his hands, and strove for
consolation in the thought of the great
fame he had already won. So when
Death came a second time he found
the soldier weak and trembling and
enfeebled.

"It would be vain for you to strug-
gle with me now," said Death. "My
poison is in your veins, and see, my
hand is on your brow. But you are a
brave man and I will not bear you with
me till you have asked one favor, which
I will grant."

"Give me an hour to ask the favor,"
said the soldier. "There are so many
things—my histories and all—give me
an hour that I may decide what I shall
ask?"

And as Death tarried, the soldier
communed with himself. Before he
closed his eyes forever what boon
should he ask of Death? And the sol-
dier's thoughts sped back over the years
and his whole life came to him like a
lightning flash—the companionship and
smiles of kings, the glories of govern-
ment and political power, the honors
of peace, and joys of conquest, the din
of battle, the sweets of a quiet home
life upon a western prairie, the gentle
devotion of a wife, the clamor of noisy
boys, and the face of a little girl—all
there his thoughts lingered and clung.

"Time to complete our work—our
books—our histories," counseled ambi-
tion. "Ask Death for time to do
this last and crowning act of our great
life."

But the soldier's ears were deaf to
the cries of ambition; they heard another
voice—the voice of the soldier's
heart—and the voice whispered "Nellie—
Nellie—Nellie." That was all—the
other words but those, and the soldier
struggled to his feet, and stretched
forth his hands and called to Death,
and hearing him calling, Death came
to him and stood before him.

"I have made my choice," said the
soldier.

"The books?" asked Death with a
scornful smile.

"No, not them," said the soldier,
"but my little girl—my Nellie! Give me
a lease of life till I have held her in
these arms, and then come for me and
I will go!"

Then Death's hideous aspect was
changed; his stern features relaxed and
a look of pity came upon them. And
Death said, "It shall be so," and say-
ing this he went his way.

Now the soldier's child was far away
—many, many leagues from where the
soldier lived; beyond a broad, tempest-
uous ocean. She was not as you might
suppose, a little child, although the
soldier spoke of her as such. She was
a wife and a mother; yet even in her
womanhood she was to the soldier's
heart the same little girl the soldier
had held upon his knee many and
many a time while his rough hands
waved prairie flowers in her soft, fair
curls. And the soldier called for Nellie
now, just as he did then, when she sat
on his knee and prattled of her dolls.
This is the way of the human heart.

It having been decided about that the

From data of his own the editor of
the Montgomery (N. Y.) Standard has
satisfied himself that the Horseshoe
falls have worn away more than fifty
feet during the past thirteen years.

soldier was dying and that Nellie had
been sent for across the sea, all the
people vied with each other in soothe-
ing the last moments of the famous
man, for he was beloved by all, and all
were bound to him by bonds of patri-
otic gratitude, since he had been so
brave a soldier upon the battle-fields of
his country. But the soldier did not
heed their words of sympathy; the
voice of fame, which in the past had
stirred a fever in his blood and fallen
most pleasantly upon his ears, awak-
ened no emotion in his bosom now. The
soldier thought only of Nellie, and he
awaited her coming.

An old comrade came and pressed
his hand, and talked of the times when
they went to the wars together; and
the old comrade told of this battle and
of that, and how such a victory was
won and how such a city was taken.
But the soldier's ears heard no sound
of battle now, and his eyes could see
no flash of sabre or smoke of war.

So the soldier came and spoke words
of veneration and love, and he, and
so with quiet fortitude, but with hun-
gry heart, the soldier waited for Nellie,
his little girl.

She came across the broad, tempest-
uous ocean. The gulls flew far out
from land and told the winds, and the
winds blew further still and said to the
ship: "Speed on, oh ship! speed on in
thy swift, straight course, for you
are bearing a treasure to a father's heart!"

Then the ship leaped forward in her
pathway, and the waves were very
still, and the winds kept whispering:
"Speed on, O ship!" till at last the ship
was come to port and the little girl
was clasped in the soldier's arms.

Then for a season the soldier seemed
quite himself again, and people said:
"He will live," and then prayed that
he might. But their hopes and pray-
ers were vain. Death's seal was on the
soldier and there was no release.

The last days of the soldier's life
were the most beautiful of all—but
what a mockery of ambition and fame,
and all the grand pretensions things
of life they were! They were the triumph
of a human heart, and what is better or
purer or sweeter than that?

Thought of the hundred battle-
fields upon which his valor had shown
conspicuous came to the soldier now,
nor the echo of his eternal fame—nor
even yet the murmurs of a sorrowing
people. Nellie was by his side, and his
hungry, fainting heart fed on her dear
love and his soul went back with her
to the years long ago.

Away beyond the western horizon
upon the prairie stands a little home
over which the vines trail. All about
it is the tall, waving grass, and over
yonder is the swale with a legion of
chattering black-birds perched on its
swaying reeds and rushes. Bright
wild flowers bloom on every side, the
quail whistles on the pasture fence, and
from his home in the chimney corner
the cricket begins to chirrup an echo
to the lonely bird's call.

In this little
prairie home we see a man holding on
his knee a little girl, who is telling him
of her play as he smooths her fair curls
or strokes her tiny velvet hands; or
perhaps she is singing him one of her
baby songs, or asking him strange
questions of the great wide world that
is now to her; or perhaps he binds the
wild flowers she has brought into a lit-
tle nosegay for her new gingham dress,
or—but we see it all, and so, too, does
the soldier, and so does Nellie, and so
do they hear the black-bird's twitter and
the quail's shrill call and the cricket's
faint echo, and all about them is the
sweet subtle, holy fragrance of mem-
ory.

And so at last when Death came and
the soldier fell asleep forever, Nellie,
his little girl, was holding his hands
and whispering to him of those days.
Nellie was the last words he heard, and
by the smile that rested on his face
when he was dead you might have
thought the soldier was dreaming of a
time when Nellie prattled on his knee
and bade him weave the wild flowers
in her curls.

How Flying Fish Fly.

An excellent opportunity of observ-
ing the aerial means of propulsion in
the flying fish was afforded me during
a six days' calm lately when crossing
the Bay of Bengal. I watched day by
day some hundreds rise under the bows
of the ship. The water surface was a
glassy calm. As each fish rose it
spread its wings at once, apparently
beating the surface with them two or
three strokes before they ascended out-
I say apparently, for it was not a defini-
te beat so much as a struggle to rise.
The tail which, of course under water
was in rapid motion to escape from the
ship, now gave ten or a dozen rapid
beats, which could be counted by the
ripples on the still surface, and the fish
was off in aerial flight.

As each fish lost the impetus of the
first rise, which generally happened at
about forty yards, the fish frequently
used its anal fins, which had till now
been fully extended, drooping to feel
the water. As soon as the surface was
felt the tail was introduced and five or
six rapid strokes, also indicated by
ripples, brought the impetus up again
and carried the fish about another
thirty yards, when another drop sent
it on again, and so forth, some of the
older fish traveling in this way 400 to
500 yards. The younger fish fre-
quently fell awkwardly in this attempt to
regain impetus. When waves were
running it requires a clever fish to gain
impetus by a few judicious strokes on
the crest of a wave, and many a fish
tumbles over in the attempt.

Once saw a fish rise close to the
ship's quarter, and it flew parallel with
the ship, pursued below by a dolphin
or bottlenose. The latter followed every
away of the fish, keeping almost un-
der it. At the first dip of the tail the
pursuer made a dart forward, but
missed it, and again dogged its prey
by keeping just under it. On the second
dip the tail went into the pursuer's
mouth, and there was an end of the
flyer. It always struck me that it
seemed a strain on the fish to keep the
wings extended.—*Cor. Nature.*

From data of his own the editor of
the Montgomery (N. Y.) Standard has
satisfied himself that the Horseshoe
falls have worn away more than fifty
feet during the past thirteen years.

PICTURE-BUYING.

**How Artists Succeed in Putting People
Out of the Humour.**

"Let me tell you," said a salesman
in the picture business on the other day,
"that artists as a class are the most
trying and short-sighted people in the
world. For instance, they will actually
try to spoil each other's sales. They
cannot be made to see that whatever
helps one helps the market."

"How can they spoil each other's
sales?"

"In many ways. I'll give you an in-
stance, and will take a case that hap-
pened a good many years ago, so that
no one's feelings shall be hurt. I had
for a customer a wealthy gentleman,
and had just about persuaded him to
buy a really good landscape by a lead-
ing artist; price, \$700. In fact, the
gentleman had virtually bought the
picture. He was just beginning to
speak about making a payment when
an artist, a mutual acquaintance, en-
tered the room. Now the gentle-
man wanted confirmation of his
judgment, as people often do, and so
appealed to the artist coming in, and
asked his opinion of the picture. The
artist felt a twinge of jealousy. He
balanced himself first on his heels, and
then on his toes, made opera-glasses
out of his hands, and squinted, at the
picture from every possible point of
view. Finally he spoke. 'It is a fine
picture. It is well conceived, drawing
first rate, admirable color. I like the
sky, the sky, the water. In fact, it is
an excellent work of art. Still, if you
really want to improve, I'll tell you
something. You see that small figure
in the distance—the figure of a man
fishing? Well, if you will take the
trouble to find the scale of measure-
ment, you will discover that the man's
fishing-pole is certainly over fifteen
feet long!'"

"When I heard that I knew in a
minute that my bargain was off. The
gentleman buying the picture did not
rely enough upon his own judgment,
and besides I had had experience. The
artist criticizing the picture appeared
to be fair and square. He had really
given the work its due praise, to begin
with. But he had got his deadly work
in after all. That splendid work of
art was spoiled for the purchaser by a
little British stroke intended to repre-
sent a fishing-pole. The gentleman
sent a fishing-pole. The gentleman
never looked at it again that it did not
seem to him to be all fishing-pole, and
he finally told me the fishing-pole had
made the picture odious to him, and
he would not buy it."

"And you say that artists often do
that sort of thing?"

"Yes, they've spoiled a good many
sales for each other, in my experience.
But, mind you, I don't say that they
have any malicious intention or always
realize what they are doing. It is the
easiest thing in the world to discover
some little, trifling, good for nothing
defect that will turn a person against a
picture."

"But suppose a purchaser is put out
of conceit with Smith's picture, doesn't
that make him all the more likely to
turn around and try one of Brown's?"

"No, it does not. And that is why
I say artists are short-sighted. In my
experience, if a man buys a picture
and is happy and satisfied over his
purchase he is more likely to turn
around and buy more pictures. The
appetite grows on him. But if he is
checked and made to feel dissatisfied
with his own taste and his own judg-
ment just as he is about to buy a pic-
ture he is thrown back on himself,
grows disgusted, and turns his back on
the whole business."

"How do you think the taste for
picture-buying may be promoted?"

"There's no telling anything about
it. Picture-buying here in San Fran-
cisco comes on at irregular intervals
like an epidemic. Sometimes I think
it comes in waves, like hot weather, or
like anything else we don't under-
stand."

"Is it not possible the trade should
ever become equalized, and a steady,
regular demand for pictures be estab-
lished?"

"Well, if you ask me that question,
I shall have to tell you that here again
the artists are at fault. In dull times
the artists go along slowly and care-
fully. They grow a good deal, but do
pretty good work. Let the market im-
prove over so little and they get per-
fectly wild and turn out pictures by the
dozen. They reason that if they can
sell a possible three out of four pictures,
why not fifteen out of twenty? The
consequence is they kill the goose that
lays the golden egg. They glut the
market with poor pictures, exhaust
purchasers at the earliest possible mo-
ment, and flatten out a boom which
began favorably and might have been
coaxed to last a long time."

"When do you think the artists will
learn to manage their business affairs
with discretion?"

"Not before the millennium."—*San
Francisco Chronicle.*

North Carolina is receiving the ben-
efit of a steady flow of immigration,
the average number of immigrants per
month being about 150. The State
Commissioner of Immigration says that
they come mainly from Pennsylvania,
but all the Middle and New England
States are represented. Most of the
newcomers are farmers or mechanics.
The majority go to the western part of
the state, Charleston, Swain county, is
the objective point of many. Dr.
Clark Whittier, brother of the poet,
John G. Whittier, has bought 50,000
acres of land there, being about one-
third of Swain county. He proposes
to divide it into 1,000 farms of sixty
acres each, and on these to settle 1,000
families.

Gen. Grant did not like coarse sto-
ries. It is related that on the Gen-
eral's staff in one of his campaigns was
a rough and ready fighter, "full of
strange oaths" and stranger vulgarities.
One evening, in the presence of
Gen. Grant and several brother officers,
he opened the conversation in some
such way as this: "Well, boys, I've
got a mighty good thing to tell you.
It won't hardly do to repeat, of course,
in the presence of ladies." "Well,"
Gen. Grant interrupted, in his usual quiet
way, "allow me to suggest, then, that
it might be advisable to omit it in the
presence of gentlemen."

THE NEWS OF THE STATE.

**Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in
South Carolina.**

—The Marion county fair will be
held this week.

—The Methodists of Fort Mill are
building a parsonage.

—An epidemic of matrimony is
sweeping over Spartanburg.

—The new Presbyterian church at
Wedgfield was dedicated on Sunday
before last.

—The survivors of the Palmetto
Sharpshooters are arranging for a re-
union next year.

—The heavy rains last week did
considerable damage to the cotton in
the Piedmont section.

—A kennel for the breeding and
training of pointer and setter dogs has
been established on a farm near Rock
Hill.

—Geo. E. Watson, son of Mr. I. H.
Watson, of Marion, dropped dead at
his home in Milledgeville, Ga., re-
cently.

—The Colleton Baptist Sunday
School Convention will be held at
Bethlehem church on Friday, Novem-
ber 13.

—Jonathan Gary, of Edgefield coun-
ty, was robbed of \$255 while in the
crowd around the circus ticket wagon
on Monday.

—Some unknown person fatally shot
one of Mr. Benjamin Snelgrove's
horses in his stable at Gilbert Hollow
on Friday night.

—After four trials in the courts at
Abbeville, it has finally been decided
that the goose is not a domestic animal
under the statute.

—The town of Lancaster was raided
on Saturday night by a party of street
lamp smashers, sign changers, house
rookers, step movers, etc.

—Thirty-three persons are now con-
fined in Edgefield jail charged with
being implicated in the Culbreth
murder. They will apply for bail this
week.

—Sam and Gus Seawright, two boys
of Abbeville county, have averaged two
hundred pounds of cotton each every
favorable day since the picking season
commenced.

—Chas. Ghant and Bella Jackson,
colored, of Colleton, acting husband
and wife, quarreled about another
woman, when Ghant's wife stabbed
and killed him.

—Representative L. P. Jones, of
Edgefield, who has been living near
that town for some years, has removed
to Ridge Spring, having sold his plan-
tation and residence to John H. Hol-
lingsworth.

—Mr. J. C. Whitten, steward of the
Anderson county poor house, has made
this year 180 gallons of sorghum mol-
lasses from a small piece of land. This
will be more than enough to supply
the paupers.

—Between thirty and forty thou-
sand dollars are due Wofford College
from subscriptions to the "Centennial
Endowment Fund," and on bonds given
to the "Endowment Fund of
Wofford College."

—A colored boy in Lancaster ran a
race on foot against another on an old
poor horse. The little chap who ven-
tured to pit his speed against the
horse's was overtaken in the race, run
over and fatally injured.

—Mr. James Lagroome, of Edgefield
county, has a farm valued at \$12,000,
which he makes about one hundred
bales of cotton every year, besides an
abundance of small grain and corn,
and raises the finest stock in the county.

—A herd of the Jersey cattle, sev-
eral head of pure Angora goats, Berke-
shire hogs, etc., will be sold at public
sale in Lancaster on November 29.
They were the property of the late Dr.
Joseph H. Foster, a breeder of fine
stock.

—Trustworthy information indicates
that the cotton crop of Newberry
county will be about the same as it
was last year. The corn crop has
been excellent, and especially in the
bottom lands along the Saluda and
Bush Rivers.

—The expenses of the recent term
of Court at Lancaster were \$1,070.35.
The whole expense of Court to the
county for the present year, for grand
and petit jurors, State's witnesses,
bailiffs and menials furnished jurors,
while engaged in trying cases, have
been \$2,858.35.

—Mr. B. D. Springs, of Fort Mill,
York county, realized thirty-nine
pounds of lint from 100 pounds of seed
cotton of the Peterkin variety. Messrs.
J. R. Allen and W. J. Rawlinson
planted the same variety and the yield
was forty-one pounds of lint to the
hundred pounds of seed cotton.

—While prospecting for phosphate
on the Carrier lands, New Road, R. O.,
Colleton county, one day not long
since, Charles Campbell, son of Col.
A. L. Campbell, killed three rattles-
nakes and a water rattle. The rattles-
nakes averaged four and a half feet,
and had from eleven to thirteen rattles
each.

—A Presbyterian church was organ-
ized in Mount Carmel, Abbeville coun-
ty, on Monday, October 19, consisting
of thirty members. The following
officers were elected, admitted and
installed: Elders—J. W. Morrish, C. H.
White, R. F. Morris. Deacons—A. H.
McAllister, J. J. White, P. L. Mc-
Celvey.

—David A. Long, of North Caro-
lina, who married Miss Alice Evans,
of Rock Hill, on March 12, 1885, and
was arrested ten days afterwards upon
a charge of bigamy, has been tried in
the York Court and acquitted—it being
proven that his marriage to Mary Ann
Davis in North Carolina in 1876 was
legal.

—In Lancaster county, one night
last week, Charlie Johnson, a white
lad about sixteen years of age, and
John Williams, a colored boy, were
going to a corn-shucking together,
when, in a playful mood, Johnson
drew a pistol from his pocket, pre-
sented it, and to his astonishment, an
explosion followed, and Williams fell
to the ground mortally wounded.
Johnson says he "didn't know it was
loaded."

Death of General McClellan.

NEWARK, N. J., October 29.—Gen.
Geo. B. McClellan died shortly after
midnight last night from neuralgia of
the heart. He returned home about
six weeks ago from his trip West with
his family and had been under the care
of a physician for about two weeks.
Nothing serious was expected until
yesterday, when he became worse. He
died surrounded by his family at St.
Cloud, Orange Mountain, where he
had lived for about twenty years. In-
vitations had been issued for a recep-
tion this evening. General McClellan's
summer home, erected after the war,
was on the summit of Orange Moun-
tain, next to that of his father-in-law,
General Marey. The whole commu-
nity was shocked by the news of his
death. Flags are flying at half-mast
and the Grand Army Post has called a
meeting to express their sorrow and
offer a body guard for the remains.
Arrangements for the funeral have not
yet been made. General McClellan was
an elder in the Presbyterian church.

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE R. R.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.
On and after July 19th, 1885, Pas-
senger Trains will run as herewith in-
dicated upon this road and its branches:

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 53—Up Passenger.

S C Junction A 10 30 a m
Columbia (C G D) 10 55 a m
Ar Alston 11 55 a m
Ar Newberry 12 58 p m
Ar Ninety-Six D 2 14 p m
Ar Hodges 3 16 p m
Ar Belton 4 24 p m
Ar Columbia 5 45 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Ar Greenville 10 00 a m
Ar Belton 11 21 a m
Ar Hodges 12 34 p m
Ar Ninety-Six 1 23 p m
Ar Newberry 3 08 p m
Ar Alston 4 10 p m
Ar Columbia 5 15 p m

**SPARTANBURG, UNION AND CO-
LUMBIA.**

No. 53—Up Passenger.

Ar Alston 11 58 a m
Ar Union 1 59 p m
Ar Spartg, S U & C Depot 3 27 p m
Ar Spartg, R & D Dep B 3 37 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Ar Spartg R & D Dep H 12 05 p m
Ar Spartg S U & C Dep G 12 11 p m
Ar Union 1 48 p m
Ar Alston 4 05 p m

LAURENS RAILROAD.

No. 3—Up Passenger.

Ar Newberry 3 15 p m
Ar Goldville 4 15 p m
Ar Clinton 5 10 p m
Ar Laurens 6 00 p m

No. 4—Down Passenger.

Ar Laurens 9 10 a m
Ar Clinton 9 55 a m
Ar Newberry 12 00 m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Ar Hodges 3 20 p m
Ar Abbeville 4 20 p m
Ar Abbeville 11 25 a m
Ar Hodges 12 25 p m

**BLUE RIDGE AND ANDERSON
BRANCH.**

Ar Belton 4 28 p m
Ar Anderson 5 01 p m
Ar Seneca City 6 15 p m
Ar Wallhalla 6 45 p m
Ar Wallhalla 8 50 p m
Ar Belton 11 02 p m

Trains run solid between Columbia
and Hendersonville.

CONNECTIONS.

A Seneca with R. & D. R. R. for
Atlanta.

A. With Atlanta Coast Line and
South Carolina Railway, from and to
Charleston.

With Wilmington, Columbia and
Augusta from Wilmington and all
points North.

With Charlotte, Columbia and Au-
gusta from Charlotte and all points
North.

B. With Asheville and Spartanburg
from and for points in Western North
Carolina.

C. Atlanta and Charlotte Division
R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta and points
South and West.

G. R. TALCOTT,
Superintendent.

M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agt.
D. CARDWELL, A. G. Pass. Agt.

BEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

**AUGUST DORR,
TAILOR, HATTER**

**AND
FURNISHER,**

Offer to the public at large, the largest and handsomest stock of Cloths, Cas-
simers, Montaignes, Beavers, Worsteds, Meltons, etc., ever brought South.
These will be made up into Suits