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**The Watchman and Southron.**  
Published every Tuesday,  
by the  
Watchman and Southron Publishing  
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SUMTER, S. C.  
TERMS:  
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Business Manager.

[From the Oriental Casket.]  
**UNTIL DEATH.**

BY ORAL LITANY.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,  
To love me though I die, thy whole life  
through,  
And love no other till thy days shall end!  
May I were wrong to do.

If thou canst love another, be it so,  
I would not be a part of thy quiet grave  
To bind thy heart, 'till should come to go:  
Love should not be a slave.

My spirit self would trust, will walk serene  
In clearer light than glides these earthly  
morn,  
Above passions, and envies keen  
Which drive our life with thorn.

Thou wast at not feel my shadowy caress,  
If, after death, my soul should linger here;  
New hearts are yet warm, close tenderness—  
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully,  
That thou wert watching all my life in woe  
For my poor sake, "What love thou has for  
me,  
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone, when I am dead,  
The praises which remorseful mourners give  
To women's grave, a worthy recompense—  
But speak their hearts while I live!

Heep not the heavy marble on my head,  
To shroud away the sunshine and the dew!  
Let small blossoms grow there; and let grasses  
wave,  
And daisies filter through.

Forget me when I die? The violets  
Above my head will blossom just as blue,  
Nor miss thy tears, for in nature's self forgets;  
But, when I live, be true!

**JACK WATTLES;**

OR  
**Caramels Won't Always Win.**

TALE OF BALTIMORE SIXTY YEARS  
AGO.

BY TOM PHENIX.

CONSIDERED  
III.

I must confess I was not altogether pleased. "I was not as sure of the girl as I wished to be." I had studied her carefully, and while I admit she was handsome and apparently possessed an amiable disposition, she had a way of addressing me that I did not like. Both she and Jennie had arms from which Caramels might have modeled his Venus. They were perfection itself. The girls always wore short sleeves. After supper every night there was a regular race for the ottoman, which stood near the fireplace. Whichever reached it first would seat herself and, with an elbow on her knee and the tips of her fingers touching her chin, that arm was the condition until something compelled her to resign this conspicuous position. Whenever one of them was seated the arm was up for show, and if they were standing up this incomparable ornament was brought into requisition, if possible. A picture of Fornarina stood on a pedestal in a corner of the parlor, and there was the matchless arm standing out in basso-relievo in the foreground. There was a frivolity, moreover, about Fornarina which did not appear to me to consort well with a good wearing character. Her eyes lighted up and her face flushed perceptibly at the approach of a stranger, or even a casual acquaintance, and in her efforts to entertain she exhibited too evident a desire for admiration. I forgot to state that Jack, after having worked for three months steadily in the grocery store, was offered and had accepted a very high position in a prominent mercantile house, and was in receipt of a splendid salary. For weeks he had fallen into his old generous habits, and the amount of caramels, fruits, candies, oysters and flowers that were consumed by the MacPhersons, and paid for by Wattle's, was something marvelous. He was also by degrees regaining his place in the hearts of the better class of people. He had been to several musical entertainments, where he had renewed acquaintances suffered to lapse several years back, and invitations were beginning to drop in from some of the best houses in the city.

It was under these circumstances that he came to my house one night with the exclamation: "Tom, I am the happiest man in the world; Fornarina has at last consented to take me on trial." "Take you on what?" said I. "That girl take Jack Wattle's on trial; a boarding-house belle put Hyperion on probation, by Jove! Old fellow, if you don't break with her or make her apologize for her infernal impudence, I'll out your acquaintance; I will by Jupiter!" I was in a flaming passion, and at the moment I hated Fornarina as cordially as I ever hated anyone in my life, almost as much as I despised her, afterward; but here I got anticipating a scandal. "Hold up!" Tom, said Jack, in his wild way; she was right perfectly right; she is the noblest woman I ever saw, and I am not fit to dust her shoes. "I'll tell you how it was, I took a walk out in Howard's woods with her tonight or two ago, and I told her how I loved her, and how I had entertained hopes for some time that she loved me. She said my declaration came upon her so suddenly it almost took her breath away, and she must have time to consider a matter of such vital importance. I got an opportunity the next night, and we walked out to Belvidere,

and under the shadow of one of those big trees my fate was decided: She said at first that it was impossible; that she could not marry a man that drank. I pleaded with her and told her that I had never before loved a woman, and that a true woman, such as I knew her to be, could so influence a man as to prevent his drinking altogether. We swung the question back and forth until at length my reasoning seemed to prevail, and she consented to marry me at the end of two years if I convinced her people that I was an altered man; and there, under the shadow of those old trees, I pressed her to my heart and ratified the bargain. By George! Tom, I was so happy I went down town and bought ten pounds of caramels, enough to last the house for two or three days.

For a few days Wattle's was the happiest man in the town, and he did not dream of the capacious maw of those MacPhersons with every conceivable bon-bon and trifle can be more readily imagined than described. Nothing was too extravagant for him, and the clan with its long lineage was in clover. Suddenly it began to dawn upon the obtuse intellect of one of the old cornorants that something had happened out of the usual routine, and had not been communicated to the chief of the clan; that a member was indulging his love in a pleasure from which nature had emphatically debarred her, and after a comparison of notes, Mrs. MacPherson was called into council.

I have said nothing of that lady yet. Jack thought her perfection, but I entertained a different opinion. If ever there was an electroplated, galvanized, brass-dispenser, she was that individual. Her face was seamed and scarred with many a battle she had fought with obdurate boarders and lodgers. With her keen gray eyes, ensconced under shaggy brows, she could pick out a boarding-house beat with unerring accuracy. I never saw her do it, but I know she could. I have no doubt the old lady had endured many trials in a life not too bright for the most of us, and that at times her burden was almost more than she could bear. What a terrible struggle hers must have been with all that brood of children to bring up properly on the scanty pittance eked out from a lodging-house fifty years ago! But she had done it. If she could not make an equitable distribution of beauty among them, she had at least made them all ladies in the truest and best sense of the term, and praise can go no further. But the traces of her great work were indelibly marked upon her face and character. She was shrewish, suspicious, violently prejudiced, and allowed the latter to sweep away all sense of justice or fair play. These things I had noticed in my intercourse with her, and now poor Wattle's was to reap the benefit of them. None of her boarders had held a higher place in her esteem than Jack until this unfortunate denouement. She had repeatedly told him she would like to have an hundred such, but "all Jack's efforts to please were now tortured into 'springs to catch woodcock.' She gave him credit for not a single virtue. He was the vicious giant with his double-edged sword who had come to cut all their heads off and bear away the princess in his dark cavern in the mountains.

The first intimation of the coming storm was given at supper on Saturday night. A cantankerous old colonel boarded at the house who was forever placing a chip on his head and politely requesting somebody to knock it off. Jack from sheer fun sometimes accommodated him, and the old lady never failed to applaud his harmless wit. On this occasion the colonel had been arguing some question in morals or ethics with his usual dictatorial vigor and wound up with his customary assertion that he knew he was right, because he was thoroughly posted. Jack, with no malice, but with a sly twinkle in his eye, said: "Colonel, is there any subject upon which you are not thoroughly posted?" "Yes, Sir; jackasses!" with an unmistakable motion of his body to indicate the direction of his shot. Says Jack: "Colonel a careful study of yourself will give you all the information you need on that subject." Mrs. MacPherson withered Jack with a glance and apologized to the colonel for the rudeness of her boarder. Jack did not take the rebuke much to heart; he ran out of the dining hall into the parlor, followed by half a score of ladies and gentlemen holding their sides, and nothing more was thought of it until he asked Fornarina to play a game of piquet, which she gently but firmly declined. This surprised Jack, for that had been one of their greatest pleasures; but no time was given for explanations, as immediately afterward the cornorants entered and took seats on opposite sides of the fire. This unusual proceeding awakened a sense of danger. They sat there like mice at a funeral and if anything were likely to reconcile a corpse to the repose of the grave their woe-begone visage would certainly have accomplished it. Jack stood it for a few moments; he even made a feeble attempt to arouse the rapidly drooping spirits of some of the boarders, but a chilliness as of ice enveloped the room, and, fairly beaten, he for the first time in ten weeks spent Saturday night away from home.

Sunday he dined at the house of one of his well friends where I met him, and discovered that all was not as it should be. I accompanied him to Mrs. MacPherson's and heard him ask Fornarina to go to church. At first she declined, but seeing that he was anxious and that nobody was in the room to oppose it, I heard her say, "I will slip up stairs and get my wraps; meet me at the door." They were out and away before any effectual opposition could be interposed, but the terrific scowl upon the old lady's face when told of it indicated that she would make short work of Jack if she ever got him in a tight fix. At the time I know nothing of the result of Jack's pious visitation, and as they both returned with countenances thoroughly composed and brighter than when they left, I concluded I had made a mistake, but he afterward told me he had a tough pull of it, to use his own expression, and that he thought at one time his bark had gone to the bottom with all sails

set and colors flying. As soon as they had left the house behind them she announced that this would be their last meeting alone, as they were watched and their every movement noted, and she thought they had better break off their engagement as there was little likelihood of its consummation. Jack, with all the ardor of his nature, combated her objections, continuing his pleadings on his knees in church, and finally, when they had nearly reached home she yielded, but said they must be exceedingly cautious. When he returned to the house at supper time on Monday frowns and scowls were his portion from every member of the family and Fornarina was not present. She did not come into the parlor until the dragons had taken their stations by the fireside, and an appeal to Miss Jennie for one of those extraordinary musical olla podridas was met with a snappish refusal, which, coming from her gentle self, sent a cold chill to Jack's marrow. He hurried to his room and wrote a brief note, imploring his love to meet him the next afternoon at a bookstore in the centre of the town, a place of resort for the wealthier classes to chat, examine prints and books and learn the current news. As has already been mentioned a young lady from the Eastern Shore was boarding in the house. She was of a sprightly disposition, with a heart bigger if possible than the average of her sex, and Jack in his perplexity called her out of the parlor and asked her to see that his note reached its destination. He then took a turn through the woods to collect his scattered faculties, and came home saddened, it is true, but full of hope.

The eyes of his sweetheart gave him no sign and I may as well remark here that to my mind she was the most perfect piece of statuary, the coldest specimen of animated nature it has ever been my fortune or rather misfortune to encounter. Jack, in reference to this intended and I discovered later in life that she possessed a depth of feeling which did honor to her woman's nature. Wattle's seldom alone with Fornarina. Sights were put upon him in every way. Once by some accident he secured an interview with his idol and it was not a pleasant one. She told him they must be friends only. There may have been misconstructions of language and I trust for her sake that I never saw a human statue that was really of much benefit to the community.

It rained the next day in torrents, and Jack, reflecting upon the mud and muck she would have to walk through, regretted the engagement he had made and hoped she would not come. He tried to hit upon some expedient to ward her off, such as sending a boy with a bouquet or a box of caramels, with a note inside, but the Argus-eyed dragons always loomed up in such a contingency and rendered the scheme dangerous. He repaired to the book store at the appointed time, and to his astonishment saw her coming to meet him through the driving, pelting storm, as apparently unconscious of the weather as though it was the brightest day of April. I was on the *qui vive*, you may be sure, for love of Jack but by that time he became a passion with me. I saw her put a letter into Jack's hand and some hasty words passed between them, after which she turned and rapidly retraced her steps. Jack offered to follow her, but she waved him away and my friend returned to the office. He met me during the evening and was in high glee. "Tom," he said, "I told you she was the noblest girl on earth. She knows what she is about. Everything's all right. I wish I could show you her letter, but at her desire I destroyed it. She says we must be cautious and that there must be no more scenes like that with the colonel the other night. We are to appear as friends before the people of the house until this violent prejudice has subsided, when we can safely resume our old relations."

To my mind this savored too much of prudence and calculation. Had the suggestions come from Jack I could have understood them, but for a woman usually in love to display such craftiness and subtly seemed to me unnatural and I was on the point of suggesting to my friend to allow me to step in and manage the affair, but remembering some old proverb about meddling with other people's business I concluded to let matters take their course. Jack fortified himself this evening with bonbons for the whole boarding-house, and, accompanied by Spriggs and myself, struck out manfully through the mud and for me. He rallied us on our complaints about the walking, saying that if a delicately nurtured lady could make such a journey merely to keep an engagement assuredly we need not complain. I was unable to see the cogency of his argument, as I was not going to meet the adorer, but I forbore to say anything that might arrest the delightful frame of mind into which Jack had worked himself. Spriggs was always humorous and pleasant and fond of Jack if possible than I. I don't think a care ever ruffled his manly brain, unless it was some slight imperfection in dress that could not be immediately arranged. He was in high feather to-night and very amusing. We were pleasantly received, and after drying ourselves and burning up somewhat, were shown into the supper room. The earlier part of the meal went off well; Jack said little and Mercer spread himself. Suddenly the conversation turned on marriage, Spriggs, with his usual liability to *faucis* spasms, having stumbled on this unfortunate subject. The cornorants took it up, and like the three sisters of Roxibelle, each said in turn that no man of proper self-respect would marry into a family where he was not wanted, while the mild little Jennie, the Scotch lassie, helping to swell the chorus. All eyes were directed to Jack, and his face assumed the changing hues of the chameleon. I saw that his temper was getting the better of him, and was about making a move to retire, even though it might be selficism in breeding, when he blurted out, "If I were going to marry a girl I certainly should not expect to wed the whole family. One member of some families ought to be enough for a man of moderate desires."

The long-pent-up storm burst upon his devoted head. The cannon's opening roar was terrific! He was stormed at with shot and shell; boldly he rode

and well; only the other line was slightly changed, for the old lady as much as told him to go to hades. At its height Fornarina, her face in a blaze and her eyes fairly shooting sparks of fire, left the table. Jack unable longer to ward off the missiles which fell like June hail, fled in a panic. I followed soon after, and as I opened the parlor-door I heard a voice which I knew to be Fornarina's: "I told you to keep your temper. What do you mean by placing me in such a position? Is that the kind of love you have told me of? To make me the scapegoat of your witticisms and jests!" Just then I entered and found black carb brooding over Jack's brow. He was unmistakably angry, a condition in which I had seldom seen him, and he sat apart on a straight-backed sofa, the only kind they had in those days his eyes glaring and the nerves of his mouth twitching convulsively. I am confident that if a respectable opponent had presented himself at that moment Jack would have damaged him considerably, but I endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters, and Spriggs' smiling face and pleasant ways aided in patching up the hollow truce. He sang some of his best songs, "The Quaker Courtship," "The Quarrelsome Wife," and "The Mistletoe Bough," and for a brief space fun and sentiment appeared to have erased all traces of the storm in the dining-room. Mercer and I left while this good humor prevailed, and never but once afterward did I enter that house.

IV.  
What I learned subsequently I learned from Jack himself, not directly but through hints which he dropped from time to time. Things went from bad to worse. Jack redoubled his contributions of caramels, confectionery and flowers, but while their appetites appeared to grow by what they fed on, they seldom relaxed their vigilance or their hostility. Jennie in a measure recanted and I discovered later in life that she possessed a depth of feeling which did honor to her woman's nature. Wattle's seldom alone with Fornarina. Sights were put upon him in every way. Once by some accident he secured an interview with his idol and it was not a pleasant one. She told him they must be friends only. There may have been misconstructions of language and I trust for her sake that I never saw a human statue that was really of much benefit to the community.

yellow and discolored, but you will notice that the handwriting is singularly bold for a woman and very regular. Jack may have written hastily and may have said something that savored of petulance, but he was always a gentleman, with the tenderest heart in the world, and what is more she knew it. That great brown eye of hers read clear through to his very soul; she knew every pulsation of his heart and the motive for every action, but like the woman whose name Jack gave her in one of his romantic moods, she had no heart. She had taken him up on her hook and played him as a skillful angler does a trout, and when she tired of the toy she threw it away. Such I veritably believe was Fornarina.

Jack struggled manfully for a brief space. He endeavored to undo any wrong he might have unintentionally done, he apologized, wrote beautiful and penitent letters, and few could write better than Wattle's, but it was all to no purpose. She laughed in his face, taunted him and actually, I think took a pleasure in prodding the wound, just as some Indians are said to torture their captives before putting them to death. The end came fast enough. One night Snoozey, in his impetuous zeal, gave one of his coarse hyena yells and Jack throttled him. He immediately apologized for his display of temper, but he was politely requested to leave the house. He held up for a few weeks longer, and his employers said that during that time he was more attentive to business than ever before, but a terrible sorrow was brooding over him, and they almost dreaded to lose sight of him.

One gloomy day in February he disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Inquiry was useless. He had scores of deeply-attached friends who sought him in vain. About a week after his disappearance a boy rushed into my office and said that his mother wanted me to come to her immediately. Hoping and fearing I knew not what, I hurriedly caught up my hat and followed the rapid footsteps of my young guide. He soon reached one of the smaller streets, and I was led into an humble but neat dwelling, occupied by one of the former dependents of the Wattle's family. I was greeted with the exclamation, "Oh! I am so glad you have come. Mr. Wattle's has been here, ill, for a week, and he wouldn't let me send for a physician; I am afraid he is dying." I was shown into a comfortable room and there, stretched upon the bed, was all that was left of my old friend Jack Wattle's. Worn to a skeleton, his bright hazel eyes shining like balls of fire, his chest heaving spasmodically in strained efforts to breathe, with the old kindly smile faintly glimmering on his death-stricken face, he feebly tried to put out his hand to take mine, but the effort was too much for him and he faintly dead away. I hastily dispatched the boy for a physician and for some mutual friends. Mrs. Lanham told me that he had come to her about a week before and told her that he thought he had about reached the end of his tether (his very expression) and that he would rather die in the house of one of the bumble friends of his family than elsewhere. She said she was only too glad to serve him in any capacity; that he had been the truest friend she ever had; he had kept her from want and suffering when she knew he was depriving himself of the necessities of life to do it, and she put him to bed and nursed him tenderly. To all appeals for a physician he turned a deaf ear. He could eat nothing, and absolutely refused to touch stimulants of any kind. The result was inevitable.

A doctor was soon by his side. A stimulant was administered, but the physician said there was not half an hour of life in him. He regained consciousness, and taking his hand I leaned over and asked if he had any request to make or directions to leave behind. He squeezed my hand ever so gently, and with the ghost of his old roguish smile playing over his countenance, he said, "Tom take her a box of caramels," and the light faded out of his eyes forever.

We buried him in the old churchyard, and between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock on that day, by a tacit agreement, business was suspended. The box of caramels was duly dispatched to its destination. On the following Sunday after church I strolled over to Jack's grave. As I neared the spot I observed two ladies in stooping postures and in the act of planting fresh spring flowers. The frame of the younger, and slighter of the two appeared to be convulsed with sobs; the taller and as far as the house with him, but did not go in. He told me afterward that when he found himself in the midst of them, he determined to do the correct thing, so he singled out the taller and danced with them. Fornarina was having a high old time. The waltz had just then come into fashion, and she was never off the floor a moment. About 2 o'clock Jack found himself near her with nobody to listen, and he asked her to dance. She declined, and of course he wanted to know the reason why. She said she couldn't tell him. He then asked for an answer to his note. She said she couldn't give him that either. He was somewhat persistent, and she very coolly turned her back on him and threw herself into the arms of some whipper-snapper and away they went whirling around the room. Justly incensed at the insult, he went to his room and penned a note, which he intrusted to his faithful confidant, and then retired from the party. She met him on the stairs the next day and gave him the following reply:

My Wattle's: You have asked me for some time to give you an answer to your note of a week ago. I am quite ready to do so now, as your note of last night has decided the question. I know now that there can never be anything between us, and it is best that there should not be. If my previous conduct has in any way led you to believe or justified you in believing I have been "funning" with you, I shall not deny it and you are at liberty to think so.

January 12, 1832.  
I found that note among a lot of others in the inside pocket of Jack's waistcoat when we laid him away. It is

From the Enterprise and Mountaineer.

**How to Add to This Year's Corn Crop.**

Mr. Editor—I have a bit of experience in corn raising which I will give through your columns which will doubtless interest some of your readers, and if my plan is adopted generally, some thousands of bushels of corn will be added to the present year's crop. For several years I have made it a rule to save all the manure possible about my place from cotton planting until harvest time for the benefit of this extra crop. My plan is as follows: As soon as the oat crop is harvested, move the oats from the field or shock them to one side so as to be out of the way. Then take a long narrow shovel or scooper plow and lay off rows for corn, giving good distance (4 1/2 or 5 feet between rows) and letting the plow into the ground well. Drop the corn about 4 feet in drill. Now load the wagon with manure, which is best if composed of stable manure, cotton seed and salt (about one-half bushel of salt to 25 bushels of manure). Let one hand drive and fill the boxes or baskets from the wagon and two or more hands follow behind putting a single handful of manure to each hill of corn. Six or eight rows may be taken at a time in this way and no waste of manure. The wagon should be moved forward twenty or thirty yards at a time. When the field has been gone over in this way, cover the corn with long scooters; deep. When the corn is six inches high, go through with hoes and thin to one stalk through with hoes, all weeds about the corn (there will be but little grass) and lastly, when the corn is half leg to knee high, sow one-half to three pecks of peas broadcast per acre, and plow out the middles with narrow scooters, and the crop is made. I have pursued this plan for several years with very satisfactory results. The shattered stubs this plowed in will give a splendid stand for another crop, and my experience has invariably been that the second crop was better than the first and earlier. The peas shade the land and improve it. In my opinion it is not cropping that impoverishes the land, but the exposure to the hot sun, and I believe that land will hold its own, if not actually improved, under this system of two crops a year. The reseeded of the land to oats pays for all the work, and leaves the corn and fodder as clear profits. Let those who read this try a few acres and be convinced.

Very respectfully,  
M. D. DEXTER.

**Any More Like Him?**

One of the lumber dealers in Michigan has for the past three years been supplying a dealer in Albany. For the first year everything went well, but at length the Albany man began to complain. He found a shortage of 'culls' in every car-load sent him and demanded discounts therefor, and last spring it was impossible to please him. No matter how carefully lumber and shingles were 'culled' and billed there, he was sure to write back that they were not up to the standard. A few weeks ago a car-load of 'star' shingles were sent him. The 'star' shingles beat anything made in the country, and they knew it in Albany as well as in Michigan, but as soon as the car arrived the shingles were hardly 'dear buds,' and he could not unload the car until assured of a discount of twenty-five cents a thousand. The Michigan dealer had suffered long but the end was nigh. He had inspected every bunch of shingles on that car, and he made up his mind to go to Albany and inspect them over again. The dealer had never seen him, and the Wolverine walked into his office as a would-be purchaser of some extra few shingles.

"I've got exactly what you want," promptly replied the Albanian. "I've got a car-load of Michigan 'stars' out here, which lay over any shingles you ever saw."

"Are they all perfect?"

"Every one of them."

"No culls in the center of the bunches?"

"I'll cut every cull you find. I got them from a Michigan dealer who is as straight as the ten commandments, and he has never sent me a stick of second-class stuff. Come and see 'em."

The Wolverine quietly pulled out his business card and laid it down on the desk. The dealer took it up, read the name and sat down with a queer feeling in his knees. There was an awful silence as they glared at each other, and it was a full minute before the victim slowly extended his hand and hoarsely whispered:

"Did you ever see a man make such an infernal ass of himself? Shake!"

**Capt. Kidd.**  
William Kidd was born in Scotland, and executed in London in 1701. He followed the sea from his youth, and was sent out by England, in 1695, to cruise against pirates. The king, the shareholders in the vessels, Kidd and his crew were to divide the booty obtained among themselves. After he had been cruising about three years news was received in England that Kidd, himself, had turned pirate, and orders were given the New England colonies to arrest him. He was persuaded to land at Boston, where he was seized and sent to England, and, after an unfair trial, in which he was allowed no counsel, condemned to death. He had concealed treasures on Gardner's island, but there are no grounds for the popular belief that other treasures somewhere lie hidden which have never been discovered.

**Domestic Life in Texas.**  
"It wasn't that!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders, indignantly. "You see, I didn't say a word at all."

"How did she find out then?" asked one of the party.

"Why, I went home, and she asked if it was me. I told her it was. Took the chances on that, you know. Then she asked me if I'd been drinking. I told her no. And there I stopped. Never said another word."

"But you say she caught on somewhere. How was it?"

"Just a blunder I made. When I told her I hadn't drunk anything she was satisfied, but when I came to get to bed I put on my overcoat instead of my night shirt. That excited suspicion."

A poor mechanic from Canada was paid a \$50 bill by mistake for a \$1 bill by a storekeeper at Granby, Mass. He hastened home, resolved to keep the money; but within a week he returned, gave up all except what he had spent for car fares, and promised to pay up the remainder as soon as he could. His experience with his conscience, he said, had been unpleasant.

**A Potent Specific.**

"And you say that you are a doctor?" said the justice, regarding a squatty looking colored man who had been arraigned before the court.

"Yes, sah, I se a physician, an' my name is Dr. Bliss."

"Why do you call yourself Bliss?—because?"

"I knows what yer's gwine ter say, but yer needn't say it. Yer's gwine to say I calls myself Bliss 'case a man named Bliss doctored President Garfield. Dat is a mistake, Judge; my name was Bliss 'fore President Garfield was born. I se a old-timer."

"You are charged, Dr. Bliss, with poisoning Thomas Hendricks, a highly respectable colored man in your neighborhood. What have you to say in your own defense?"

"Nothin', sah, 'case de case needs no defense. I se a regular physician, and course I doan hab ter splicin' myself."

"We'll show you about that, Dr. Bliss. Now, sir, this witness states that you made your living by skinning rabbits and scaling fish for a steamboat until you heard that Dr. Bliss had taken medical charge of the wounded President; then, as your name happened to be Bliss, you began to practice medicine, declaring to the colored people that Dr. Bliss, of Washington, was your uncle. What have you to say to this?"

"I say, Judge, dat de black man what circulated dat report is a liar from de right han' ter de left han' corner ob his system."

"Make use of another such expression, sir, and I'll send you to jail. You poisoned the man. Explain or go before the grand jury."

"Well, you see, de man, Hendrick, was powerful sick. He sent for me, an' when I got ter him he was most gone. I gin him a dose of my double ginton, revolvin' action syrup—"

"What is it made of?" demanded the justice. "The chemists have declared their inability to discover the secret of its concoction."

"Dem is putty big words for a justice ob de peace, and mighty high settles in my mine dat yer's fitted for de S'preme Bench. De medicine is made outen roots an' bark. Dat's what it's made outen. Well, I gin de man a dose ob de medicine, an' it lifted him up in de bed at once. I libered seed a man use outen sickness with sich action. I left a bottle ob de medicine wid instructions ter de nurse not ter gin him anuder dose till de naixt day, plainin' dat anuder dose would make him too strong all ob a suddenly. Arter I left, Judge, dat patient axed for more, an' de nurse gin him anuder dose."

"Well?" said the Justice, after waiting a moment.

"Why, sah, de patient got outen bed, went out ter de wood pile an' chopped wood till he fell dead."

The doctor is now waiting action of the grand jury.—Little Rock Gazette.

**He stood—**  
The fool,  
Behind  
A mule,  
And then,  
Ere long  
He sang  
A song  
In streets  
Of gold  
Inside  
The fold.  
—Texas Siftings.

Numerous peculiar weddings are happening nowadays. A girl at Couthouseville, N. C., was locked in a room by a father, who chained a savage bulldog under her window; but her lover poisoned the dog, pried open her window, and carried her off to a clergyman. Mrs. Reeder, on the death of her husband, in Baltimore, received the following letter from Franklin Broilair of Carroll, Mo.: "I have just received the news. 'Will you marry me now?' Enclosed find \$100 to bring you and your children here."

"Broilair and Mrs. Reeder had been engaged before the war; but an uncontradicted report that he had been killed in battle led her to marry another man. When he learned that he had lost her he went West and waited twenty years to renew the courtship. She said yes. Old Edgerton of Bellevue, Iowa, decided to get rid of his wife and marry a younger woman. This he accomplished by means of an irregular divorce and with the consent of the original wife, who remains in the Edgerton establishment as housekeeper while the bride plays the idle lady. A Nashville girl, being forbidden to marry her lover, promised obedience, but one day requested her father to hand their pastor a note on his way to business. This he was unsuspectingly led to deliver an invitation to the clergyman to call at once and perform the prohibited ceremony; and the latter, presuming that parental consent had been obtained, readily obeyed the summons. A couple were viewing the rotunda of the Capitol of Ohio when it occurred to them that the place was a good one to be married in. A minister was employed, and the Governor gave away the bride.

**A Love-Struck Senator.**  
Mary Maddox, a beauty, visited the Senate Chamber of the Kentucky Legislature a few days ago. Senator Stanton's eyes fell upon her for the first time. "In less time than it takes to copy them," says the Louisville Courier-Journal correspondent, "he dashed off the following lines:

"With Jane-like lips and autom hair,  
With sunset cheeks and brow most fair,  
With eyes like stars that beam the skies,  
When in the West the evening dies,  
A woman with an angel face,  
The Senate Chamber came to grace;  
A moment there she filled our sight,  
Then passed without, and—all was night."

"Why does a donkey eat thistles?" asked a teacher of one of the largest boys in the class. Because he is a donkey I reckon," was the prompt reply.

**News and Gossip.**

John S. Newhouse, a wealthy man in Chicago, died in abject misery Sunday last, his wife refusing to give him a pillow to rest his head.

Honey made entirely by machinery is on sale in New York markets, and an exchange says it looks 10 per cent. better than any bit of work ever attempted by bees.

Never before in the history of the oldest inhabitant says the *News and Courier*, have blackberries been so plentiful as they are now. They can be bought on the streets at 25 cents a quart.

It was Longfellow who slyly described the lady as wearing flowers on the congregation side of her bonnet.—*Springfield Republican*.

The French press refer to Sara Bernhardt's husband as "Monsieur Sara." An American wag says although she could furnish no flesh of her own, she was able to annex Greece.

The Marquis of Bute started a daily paper in Wales, and, sinking about \$400,000 in the concern, shut up the shop. As a Marquis he is all right, but in journalism the Bute is on the other leg.

Argument upon defendant's bill of exceptions in the Guiteau case began Tuesday before the District Supreme Court in banc, Chief Justice Carter presiding. Charles A. Reed for the defendant opened the argument.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was ascending the steps leading to the House of Representatives, Tuesday morning, leaving on the arm of his servant. His crutch slipped and he fell to the ground. His ankle was painfully sprained, but he was not seriously injured.

Rev. Thos. O. Summers, D. D., LL. D., Book Editor of the Publishing House at Nashville, and Secretary to the General Conference, died, after a brief illness, on Saturday last at 6 o'clock A. M., in the seventh year of his age. He was born near Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire, England, October 11, 1812, and emigrated to this country in 1830. He was a Professor in the Vanderbilt University, and was one of the most profound scholars and voluminous Theological writers in the Methodist Church South.

A gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, rather an eccentric turn, visited New York and wandered one Sabbath into a fashionable church and complacently seated himself in a vacant pew. Shortly a gentleman and his wife came in and sat down in the same pew. The gentleman eyed the stranger critically for a minute and then wrote on the fly leaf of his prayer book, "My pew, and passed it over to the intruder. The Ohio man read it, smiled sweetly and wrote under it, "I did not see you. What did you pay for it?" The New Yorker learned that he was an Ohio man and invited him to dinner.

A curious match was made recently in Paris between a horse and a snail for \$20,000. The owner of the former, a young Count, well known in sporting circles, in backed himself to ride the animal from the Pont de la Concorde to Versailles, and back, thirty-eight kilometers, or nearly twenty-five miles, in two hours, while a wealthy burglar backed the snail in the same period to crawl two meters and four-fifths—say eight feet—upon the cushion of a billiard table. According to the conditions of the match, the better of the snail is at liberty to stimulate and steer it with one fresh cabbage leaf sprinkled with powdered sugar. Snail races have been run in England before now, in the fierce gambling times of just a century ago, but the contest between a horse and a snail is something new.

From certain proceedings held before Judge Donohue in New York, last week, it appears that Mr. Scoville thinks his wife insane because she had the presumption to believe that she was as likely to draw forty people at fifty cents apiece to hear her lecture on the President's assassination as her husband was to draw eighty people at a dollar apiece. Mrs. Scoville's brother John objects to this, and considers his sister sane, and fearing that Scoville intended to place her in an insane asylum, has taken her under his protection and refuses all of Scoville's attempts to keep her whereabouts, and out of the squabble a habeas corpus was evolved. Now we suppose we shall have a letter from the assassin which he will doubtless be allowed to write and publish by the complaisant jailer at Washington, who continues without any remonstrance from the Congressional committees on the District of Columbia to allow Guiteau to hold daily levees and to convert his cell into a photographic barn.

**Meeting of the Trustees of the University.**  
The Board of Trustees of the University met in the Governor's office last night at 8 o'clock. The following members were present: Governor Hagood, Colonel H. S. Thompson, Superintendent of Education, Hon. Andrew Crawford, Chairman of the House Committee on Education, Hon. John Kinler, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education, Judges McGowan, McIver, J. W. Simpson, Messrs. J. F. J. Cadwell, J. F. Izlar, R. W. Boyd, Charles Simonton, J. D. Blanding, J. H. Rion, F. W. McClaster, and N. B. Barwell, Secretary.

The Board resolved to abolish the chair of Physics, Mechanics and Astronomy, and merge these studies into the other departments.

The following is the result of the election to fill the five chairs: Ancient Languages and Literature, Prof. E. L. Patton of Erskine College; Political Economy, History and Constitutional Law, R. Means Davis, Winnsboro, S. C.; Modern Languages, Prof. Robert Jones, Oxford, Miss.; Agriculture, John McBride; Mental and Moral Philosophy, Rev. W. J. Alexander, Darlington, S. C.—*Columbia Register*, May 10.

It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we know we are in the right.