

The Watchman and Southron.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago

Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe

A woman, barefoot, brown and tough,

With a pack of Portian stuff.

Six lusty children tagged behind.

All baffled, shoeless, unconfined,

And happy as the birds that flew

About them. Naught of books they knew,

Save one they read at twilight hour,

Brought with them in the stanch May-

flower.

A pretty lady, thin and white,

To a hammock swinging light,

Languiques, and in the shade

Bewails rhyme and lemonade;

While, leaning near her lover's side,

And gently swaying to the breeze,

She murmurs: "Tis so nice that we

Are never of low family,

But of old Parthian stock,

That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

ALICE'S ADVISER.

The bare idea of marrying Jack

Hunter seemed absolutely ludicrous!

Why she had known him all her im-

mense life of eighteen years and four

months; called him cousin, on the

strength of his distant connection with

her step-mother; squabbled with him

when they were children; played a lit-

tle at being in love ages ago—when she

was fifteen—but to turn serious at this

late day, and write her a downright

proposal of marriage, was utterly pre-

posterous. Why she meant to go over

to Europe before winter, and be trans-

ferred into a countess at the very

moment, all times Jack could have chosen

to make his absurd declaration this

most unfortunate. Alice was visit-

ing old Mrs. Stamford, up at Lake

George, and among wordly old cor-

morators, without words, she was the

worst. The Fort William Henry hotel

was within an easy row of her place,

and that season there was a set of very

gay, dashing people staying there; and

the men had seen fit to make a sort of

queen of pretty Miss Alice. And in

the midst of her triumphs to be asked

to marry Jack Hunter! She was first

amused, then vexed, then somehow, she

felt ready to cry, and decided that she

hated Master Jack for having distressed

and bothered her, and determined she

would write him the severest answer her

pen could frame—it was what his non-

sense deserved.

Just at this moment her friend, Mrs.

Craven, came in. Mrs. Craven was a

widow, twenty-six years old, and lovely

as a Greek miniature. She still clung

to her old-fashioned and marvelous

ideas of propriety, not as she frankly

owned, because she figured mitigated

affection, but from the fact that they

were becoming.

"The Jack duffer, then, is coming

again," said she, "and you're worried

and vexed about something. What is it?"

"Alice said she could not tell—the

secret was not her own. There was

nothing the matter and ended, natu-

rally, by telling the whole story.

"The young man is mad," said the

widow. "Why you're to go across

water and marry a title! Dear me!

had not been too busy with his own

affairs to hunt for similes and rhymes.

But her quiet was soon disturbed. If

there ever is a time when one wishes to

be alone, that is the season when some-

body would discover one in the very

heart of Sahara! Alice looked toward

the intruder with a more irritable sen-

sation than a heroine ought to be guilty

of, but the feeling changed into a

breathless sort of suspense made up of

too many emotions for her to analyze

them—it was Jack Hunter who had

found her out. Before she could do

anything but catch her breath, and

gasp a little in the effort, he was shak-

ing her hand warmly and saying—

"I thought it was you! I am so glad

to meet you—I happened to notice you

just as you slipped out of the ball-room.

Ain't you going to say you are glad to

see me?"

"I am always glad to see you, cousin

Jack," she replied, taking a firm hold of

her self-possession, and giving him the

familiar appellation of childhood as a

warning what he must expect if he per-

sisted in his nonsense.

"Tow was so hot that I determined

to cut Wall Street for a fortnight,"

pursued Jack, talking very fast, but by

no means so much as his ease as a dashing

New York young ought to be. "Delight-

ful place this old Lake George, isn't it?"

Haven't had a snuff of fresh air in

Gotham for the last month! How well

you're looking—and—and you're sure

you're not sorry to see me?"

"Don't ask foolish questions, Jack,

else I shall think that has affected

your head," returned Alice, in a super-

ior way, her composure more and more

restored by his confusion.

"It's not much of a head, but it's

answered as clear as usual, I think,"

she answered and laughed rather oddly—

she was getting up her dignity so fast

that she thought it somewhat impertin-

ent.

"I'm glad to hear it; very glad," said

she, and became solicitous about ar-

ranging her puffs and fluffs, so they

should not be creased by sitting.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "did

you get my letter, Alice?"

"—did you get my letter, Alice?"

She turned as stately and icy as if

she had been born an English duchess,

at least, and answered in an absent tone,

"Your letter? Yes—I received it."

She saw him fidget on the bench—he

was going to be foolish in spite of the

warning her manner might have convey-

ed. "Do believe you are sitting on

my fan, Jack," she cried. Then there

was a little search, and the fan was

found on the floor.

"No harm done," said Jack, handing

it to her, rather red in the face and

flustered with the exertion of stooping.

"It's my pet fan—it was a present; I

wouldn't have anything happen to it for

the world! I'm sure you pushed it off

the bench. You're always such a care-

less creature, cousin Jack."

"Yes, I suppose I am—but—So

you got my letter, Alice?"

"Dear me, didn't I say so? If you

are not going to listen when I tell you

things, Jack, what's the use of my talk-

ing?" demanded she, with a very pretty

assumption of injury.

"Oh, yes, I listened—I heard what

you said," replied Jack. "I thought

perhaps it missed—I was in hopes—"

"Dear me, Jack, you ought to know

better than to hope anything—my ex-

perience has taught me that! If you

haven't learned so much, I'm sure you

are living to very little purpose! But

then, how grow old so much faster than

you boys?"

"You didn't think it worth while to

answer my letter, Alice?" in a voice

that had grown ominously quiet.

"Oh, good gracious me, Jack, how

could I answer it? You know just as

well as I was there was nothing for me

to say—we can't either of us afford to

be foolish—we're not children any

longer."

was quite vexed, and meant to give you

a good scolding—but you have saved

me the trouble by coming back to your

senses. My fan, please! Don't stay

out here and get cold; you know your

grandma is always worried about your

throat. She says while you're growing

so fast you have to be very careful."

Jack sprang up suddenly as his

widow came in, and as he

was nearly six feet already, it did seem

to his grandmother might be satisfied

with his grandmother, but Alice floated

head without paying the slightest at-

tention to the attitude that displayed

his length to such advantage."

When Jack returned to the ball-room,

after having soiced himself in, the

moonlight with a sear, Alice was doing

a gallop with her military bird, and Jack

plunged into the fray with the first dis-

engaged female he chanced to spy.

The next time Alice had leisure to

look for him, he was busy with her

friend, the widow; and Alice, watching

them, thought that Mrs. Craven's man-

ners were anything but what they ought

to be. Later in the evening the two

ladies chanced to be near each other

for an instant, and Mrs. Craven whis-

pered—

"Haven't I been good to keep him

from bothering you? Indeed, he's very

bright and jolly—just the sort of man

to be called Jack."

"I've not got to an age to have any

fancy for boys," returned Alice, trying

to be severe, but only succeeding, girl-

like, in appearing pert. It was all

wasted, too, for the widow had moved

away without seeming to hear, and

there she was waltzing with Jack again

—Jack, indeed!

Alice made up her mind on the spot

that she would never like any other

woman so long as she lived, especially

a widow! She wondered that the fash-

ion of making relics mount a funeral

pyre and go after their husbands was

introduced into every Christian-coun-

try—it was the only proper way to dis-

pose of them.

Alone in her room that night Alice

had her little cry from sheer mortifica-

tion at Jack's having got the best of

her. She hated him now, and it was

his fault—they had been such good

friends, and she could always tell him

everything; and now they could never

be on easy terms again; and Mrs. Crav-

en was a disappointment, too; and, al-

together, Alice went to bed, feeling that

it was a dreary world, and she the most

unfortunate creature therein. Lying

awake till after daylight made her over-

sleep herself; it was past ten o'clock

when she woke. As she was looking

at her watch, she heard the sound of

voices and the tramping of horses'

hoofs below her window. She peered

curtiously out. "There were the widow

and Jack just starting off for a morning

gallop, and Jack as handsome as a pic-

ture, in his iron-gray riding suit."

Alice had three minds to write her

step-mother word to send a telegram

ordering her home, but by the time she

was bathed and dressed, Mrs. Stamford

came up to pet and laugh at her for

being late and said so many nice, compli-

mentary things, that Alice decided it

would not be right to disappoint the

dear old body by going away.

Jack and the widow never came back

until luncheon time, but before that a

party of Alice had rowed over from the

hotel, and Alice was the centre of a lit-

tle group of men, so much occupied that

she could only give Jack a correspond-

ing nod; but he did not seem a bit

miserable in consequence, and when

they all sat down at table he kept up

such a fire of sense and wit, and

seconded so ably by the widow, that Alice

thought she had never seen so good

conduct on the part of two rational beings so

frivolous and unworthy.