

The Watchman and Southron.

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

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1882.

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The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Tuesday,
by the
Watchman and Southron Publishing
Company,
SUMTER, S. C.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per annum—in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
One Square, first insertion, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, 50 cts.
Contract for three months, or longer will
be made at reduced rates.
All communications which observe private
interests will be charged for as advertisements.
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address Watchman and Southron, or apply at
the office, to
N. G. OSTEN, Business Manager.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND
AUGUSTA, R. R.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.		
DATE	No. 48, Daily	No. 49, Daily
Leaves Wilmington	9:50 a.m.	11:10 p.m.
Leaves Florence	11:10 a.m.	12:19 a.m.
Leaves Marion	1:05 a.m.	2:04 a.m.
Leaves Sumter	1:50 a.m.	2:45 a.m.
Leaves Columbia	2:40 a.m.	3:30 a.m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.		
DATE	No. 48, Daily	No. 47, Daily
Leaves Columbia	10:00 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
Leaves Sumter	11:10 p.m.	12:19 a.m.
Leaves Marion	1:05 a.m.	2:04 a.m.
Leaves Florence	1:50 a.m.	2:45 a.m.
Leaves Wilmington	2:40 a.m.	3:30 a.m.

Train No. 48 stops at all Stations.
Trains No. 47 and 49 stop only at
Columbia, Florence, Marion, Sumter,
Florence, Marion, Sumter, Columbia
and Charleston.

Passengers for Columbia and all points on
C. & G. R. R., C. & A. R. R., L. S. R. R.,
Aiken, Jacksonville and all points beyond, should
take No. 48 Night Express.

Separate Pullman Sleepers for Charleston
and for Augusta on trains 48 and 47.
Passengers on 48 can take 48 train from
Florence for Columbia, Augusta and Georgia
points via Columbia.

All trains run solid between Charleston and
Wilmington.

JOHN F. DIVINE, General Supt.
T. M. EBERSON, Gen. Passenger Agt.

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Superintendent's Office,
SOUTH-EASTERN RAILROAD CO.,
SUMMER, S. C., Nov. 6, 1882.

After this date the following Sched-
ule will be in force, Sundays included:

CENTRAL RAILROAD SCHEDULE.		
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.		
Leaves Charleston	11:40 a.m.	1:40 p.m.
Leaves Florence	1:40 p.m.	3:40 p.m.
Leaves Marion	3:40 p.m.	5:40 p.m.
Leaves Sumter	5:40 p.m.	7:40 p.m.
Leaves Columbia	7:40 p.m.	9:40 p.m.
Leaves Charleston	9:40 p.m.	11:40 p.m.

Train leaving Florence at 2:45 a.m. will
stop only at Kingsree and Moncks Corner.
Train leaving Charleston at 11:40 a.m.
will stop only at Moncks Corner, Lanes and
Kingsree.

LAND FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE SEA-SHORE PLACE in
Berkeley County, 18 miles from Mount
Pleasant, containing 300 acres, part in cultiva-
tion. Situation healthy and land productive.
Fish and game plentiful.
Also my place in the edge of Sumter, con-
taining 30 acres, with 6-room dwelling, and
kitchen and pantry.
Also a small farm in the country.
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PREPARED IN ROLLS
FOR COMFORTS, QUILTS AND
MATTRESSES.

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styles on hand, which will be shown with pleas-
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LITIS, LARYNGITIS, AND SCROFULA.
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that disease in any form, in 10 days. Price
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COLUMBIA, S. C.

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Our Study: Their Interests.
Our Maxim: Fair Dealing.
Our Reward: Success.

THE LARGEST STOCK

—OR—
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING
IN THIS SECTION.

NEW GOODS. CORRECT STYLES.
MEN'S SUITS,
YOUTH'S SUITS,
BOYS' SUITS,
Gents' Furnishing Goods.

DARBY AND HIS JOAN.

"My work is done," retorted Joan;
"My work is done, your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'er can say
My work is done, 'till Judgment-day."

Here Darby bent and raked his head
To answer what his Joan had said;
But all in vain, her clack kept on;
"Yes, woman's work is never done."

"You men can sleep all night, but we
Must toil." "Whose fault is that?" quoth he.
"I know your meaning," Joan replied,
"But, sir, my tongue shall ne'er be tied;
I will go on, and let you know
What work we women have to do."

"First, in the morning, though we feel
As sick as drunks when they reel—
Yes, feel such pain through back and head
As would confine you men to bed."

"We air the brush and ply the broom;
We air the beds and rick the room;
The cow must next be milked, and then
We get the breakfast for the men."

"Ere this is done with whimpering cries
And brisly air, the children rise;
And must be dressed and dosed with rue
And fed, and all because of you."

"We must"—here Darby rose and scratched
His head,
And retreated for the bed;
And grumbling thus as he ran;
"Zounds! woman's clack is never done."

At early dawn ere Phobos rose,
Old Joan resumed her tale of woes;
Said Darby, "Thus I'll end the strife;
Be you the man and I the wife."

"Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply."
"Content," quoth Joan, "give me my stint;
This Darby did and out she went."

Old Darby rose and seized the broom,
And whirled the dirt around the room;
Then, having done, he scarce knew how,
He tried to milk the old brute cow.

The bridle cow did whinny her tail
In Darby's eyes, and kick the pail;
The clown, perplexed with grief and pain,
Sware he'd ne'er try to milk again.

This turning round in sad amaze,
He saw his cottage in a blaze,
For as he chanced to brush the room,
In a careless haste, he fired the broom.

The fire at length subdued, he swore
The broom and all should meet no more.
Pressed by misfortune and perplexed,
Darby prepared for breakfast next;

But what to get he scarcely knew,
The bread was spent, the butter too.
With hands bedaubed in paste and flour,
Old Darby labored full an hour,
But, luckless wight, he could not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.

As every-door wide open stood,
Jo pushed the sow in quest of food,
And, stumbling onward, with her snout
O'er set the churn—the cream ran out.

As Darby turned the sow to feed,
The slippery cream betrayed his feet;
He caught the bread-trough in his fall,
And down came Darby through and all.

The children, wakened by the clatter,
Start up and cry: "Law, what's the matter!"
Old Jewler barked and Tobby moaned,
And hapless Darby bawled aloud:

"Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
I'll play the housewife's part no more,
Since now by sad experience taught,
Compared with thine my work is naught."

"Henceforth as business calls I'll take,
Content, the scythe, the plow, the rake,
And severest toils of husbandry
Our fates have marked whilst thou art mine."

Then, Joan, returns as heretofore,
I'll vex thine honest soul no more;
Let each his proper task attend,
Forgive the past and strive to mend."

MARRIED IN HASTE.

"I demand this, because I consider
marriage with such a girl as I know
Violet De Hayne to be, the only hope
left of reclaiming you from a life of
dissipation. On no other condition
will I advance the large sum for which
you ask. In spite of all that has pass-
ed, your affectionate mother,
"EGGENTA ARDEN."

The written page looked as hard and
unchanging to Max's fancy as its au-
thor.
There was that bill which Hardy
had indorsed for him falling due with-
in three days. It would be total ruin
to poor Hardy if it was not met. That
must not be. He had drawn Hardy
into this scrape, and he must see him
harmless, at all risks to himself. Max
strode up and down the room, biting
his long, fair moustache.

"Marriage! He had never seen his
mother's ward. She had arrived at
Arden after the estrangement between
mother and son; but, at all events,
there was no one else he wanted to
marry.
What a lovely face was that girl's!
He had met Mrs. Montfort's recep-
tion! She had made him feel like
echoing Geraint's, "There, by God's
grace, stands the one maid for me!"

"Pshaw! strutting his broad
shoulders. 'A man could not be in
love with a girl he had talked to for
one evening, whose very name he
had failed to hear!"
What was in reflecting? There was
but one course open to him to save
Hardy's honor and his own.
He sat down, and dashed off in
heavy black letters:

"MORNER: You are using the pow-
er given you by my father's will—as
you have always done—tyrannically.
But I have no alternative—I accept
your conditions on these terms: First,
that the young lady be told that I am
marrying as my only means of obtain-
ing a sum of money which is a matter
of life and death to me. Secondly,
that the marriage take place to-mor-
row afternoon. I will run down to
Arden on the 3 o'clock train. You
can have a clergyman waiting in the
grand drawing-room, who can unite
the happy pair at once. Yours own,
"MAX ARDEN."

There never was a gloomier wed-
ding. A heavy fall of snow had im-
peded the train, so that the early
winter twilight was already falling
when Max Arden stood in the great,
dim room by the side of his veiled
bride.
The clergyman hurriedly repeated
the solemn service. The responses
were duly made, and it was done.

"Embrace your wife, my son," said
Mrs. Arden, with a vain attempt at
cheerfulness.
"Wife!" cried the young man, draw-
ing himself up to his full height, with
a flash in his eyes. "I have no wife.
This young lady understands the
terms of our bargain. I have made
her Mrs. Max Arden—but to you
could compel me, mother—that you
woman shall be wife in more than
name to me whom I have not loved
and chosen—ay, and wooed on my
bended knees. Is my horse saddled,
Stevens? I return to town to-night.
In the future, as in the past, our paths
lie separate."

Scene—the heart of the Black
mountains. Time—September, when
they are at their loveliest. Dramatis
personae—for one, a tall young man,
with a wide-awake pushed back from
his forehead, sunburnt face, a gun
over his shoulder, but little thought
rooting in his mind. He was peer-
ing through the boughs at what?
Only a girl whom he had once seen
in town, and of late watched many
times from his leafy covert, feeling,
as Olivia says, her "perfections with
an invisible and subtle stealth to
creep into his eyes."

She sat on the other side of the
mountain brook, busily sketching;
and as he watched, her sketch-book
fell into the little stream.

In a second he had sprung after it,
fished it out, and was presenting it
with a low bow, saying: "May I not
claim acquaintance by virtue of this
happy chance and our last meeting?"
"Our last meeting!" The young
lady shrank from him in undisguised
terror.

"Good heaven, Miss Harding! how
have I alarmed you? Do I look like
a tramp in my shooting-clothes? In-
deed I am respectable. My name is
Arden—Max Arden. I had the honor
of an introduction at Mrs. Montfort's
reception, last winter."

"Oh, yes, I remember you quite
well, Mr. Arden; but I—I—you must
excuse me—I have heard of you since
then, and I—I—"

"You have heard of me; nothing to
my credit, I fear," he said, slowly,
awaiting in vain for her to finish,
"and you wish to decline knowing
me. Is it not so? Well, I must ad-
mit to your decision, bitterly as I re-
gret it." Then he lifted his hat and
left her.

Now which of his wild doings had
come to those dainty ears and brought
this blow upon her? For how it was,
he was surprised to find how it was.
He was, after all, what did he
know of her? And yet, with increas-
ing intensity, he longed to look
into her face once more, perhaps in-
quire the reason of the soft, regretful
glance that had followed him as he
turned away.

Patter! patter! Big drops broke
in upon his meditations. A true
peeling, blinding, mountain storm was
coming up. Arden hastened to take
refuge in a small cave he knew of.
Was it kind chance or irony of fate?
The cave was occupied. A sketch-
book, an umbrella, a thin serge-cloth
figure, presented themselves to his
view. He began to retrace his steps.

"Don't go away," said the fair oc-
cupant, hastily.
"I would not force my company
upon you," he returned, stiffly.
"Pray, pray, don't let me drive you
out into this pouring rain," she entreat-
ed; "you are punishing me severely
for my late rudeness. I was so
surprised and frightened then—I I
scarcely knew what I said."

She put out her hand to detain
him.
Like a flash Arden's mind went
back to the last time soft fingers had
lain in his—on that strange bridal
day.

"If you grant me shelter, it is equi-
valent to accepting my friendship," he
said, allowing himself to be drawn
into the cave and seating himself so
as to shield her from the rain which
now began to beat in.

"Now, you might almost as well be
outside as do that," said the girl, re-
proachfully. "What a deluge it is! I
peering out over his shoulder.
The damp air heightened her color
and sent little rings of golden brown
hair curling madly over her pretty
forehead, her violet eyes shone, and
her face—it was the fairest that e'er
the sun shone on.

Max Arden thought so as he an-
swered dreamily:
"I wish it could last forty days!"
"What a good conscience you must
have! gayly; 'now, I should be too
afraid of being drowned with the rest
of the sinners.'"

"Miss Harding—"
"Who told you my name was Miss
Harding?"
"My guide, Luke Smith. He claims
to know everything."
"He certainly seems to know a great
deal."

"I am camping out near here, and
seeing you so constantly, naturally
inquired about you. It is a lonely
spot to see a lady."

"I am staying at the Mountain
house, six miles from here," she ex-
plained. "I drive over every morn-
ing to sketch this lovely glen, and
the carriage comes for me again at 4
o'clock. I should be going to meet
it now for the rain."

"Blessed rain!" murmured Max.
The young lady frowned and ap-
peared to regret the momentary in-
timacy into which she had been drawn.
There was a few minutes' silence,
while she turned over the contents of
her portfolio. Once more nature
favored Max. The wind blew a loose
sketch to his feet, which he looked at
in amazement.

"Why, it's me!" he cried, exultant
and ungrammatical, "and a capital
likeness, too!"
"You—you are quite mistaken in—
my conclusions you may draw,"
stammered Miss Harding, blushing,
and clothed with shame as with a
garment. "You need not imagine I
sketched you because—that is—you
are not to think—anything."

"I don't. My mind is entirely vac-
ant except for a strong desire to

possess my portrait. You probably
do not prize it very highly."
"I do not prize it at all."
"And I would give—even unto the
half of my kingdom for it."
Would you give that ring which
looks like an heirloom?
Instantly it lay in her hand.
"Oh, no! I was only jesting. I
cannot take it."

"You must. You named your
price and I agreed, so the bargain is
concluded. It is an heirloom, as you
supposed; and I rejoice to see it in
your possession. I always meant—
losing his head a little as he gazed at
her flower-like face—"to give it to the
girl I loved; but now—"

"Well, now?" she echoed, softly,
with averted face.
"Now, I may never tell my love,
because—with an effort—I am an
married man."

"Mr. Arden!"—angrily—"because
of that foolish sketch you think that
I—You say that this is a warning—"
"A warning to myself, perhaps."
"As if you needed any!"
"You are right. I am past that."
He buried his face in his hands.
There was a long silence. Then the
girl said, in an altered voice:
"The rain has stopped; I think I
will go."

Max Arden stood on the dark ver-
anda of the Mountain house listening
to strains of music from the ballroom,
and watching the dancers dancing in
time for queen among them moved the
girl he loved. How more than fair
she looked in her white evening dress.
Presently she seemed laughingly
to dismiss her little court, and came
out alone upon the veranda. Max
stepped forward. He had to apolo-
gize for startling her, but he was
afraid she was sick, he said, as he had
not seen her so long.

"Only a week," she answered, cheer-
fully. "It is my mother who was ill;
but she has recovered now, thank
you. So we are going to-morrow."
"Going where?" with an eagerness
he could not repress.
"Why should I tell you, Mr. Arden?
With child surprise."

"That I may follow you. By what
right? Because I love you."
"So soon?"—incredulously.
"Ay; even so quickly one may
catch the plague," he quoth, with a
bitter laugh. "And the pursuit of
happiness is one of the unalienable
rights of man, you know."

"But when man fancies his happi-
ness to be a woman and she does not
like pursuit, has she no unalienable
rights?" he purred.
"Do not jest with me."
She was silent for a moment. Then,
in soft, vibrating tones:
"No, I cannot jest. I have some-
thing serious to say to you, Mr. Ar-
den. I, too, am married, and, alas!
to a husband who casts me off. Hush,
and listen. I was persuaded into a
hasty marriage, partly by love of his
mother, partly, perhaps, by interest
in him, which she had educated me to
feel. Besides, I met him accidentally
in society, and fancied I could—like
him, Max, take your arm away.
Believe me, I was not told by what
means he was forced into marriage!
What! kneeling to me, Max? Sup-
pose some one should come. Do get
up."

"No! till you forgive me."
"Well, in that case—with pretend-
ed reluctance—I had better forgive
you at once."

It is not five years since Max mar-
ried in haste, but he has not yet re-
pentant at leisure—nor has his wife.

She Couldn't Back.

"Back I say!"
The silvered foam of the sea was
splashing in rhythmic cadence on the
white sands of the beach, while here
and there was a fleck of wavering
light from the signal buoy on Sardinia
Shoals—that dreaded spot beneath
whose treacherous waves so many
goody ships freighted with precious
burdens for Catbay and Muske-
gon had disappeared forever—brought
into bold relief against the sky. Gro-
ve McClosky's off foot as she stood
by Bertram Perkin's side that soft
June evening.

"You do not love me," said the
girl, speaking slowly, "or you could
not speak so cruelly. On this beau-
tiful night, when the hills are suffi-
led with amber haze, through which
the stars glow and throbb in silent
splendor, we should think of night
but love—pure, passionate love, that
will bind our hearts together in a
chain whose ever link shall be a kiss;
whose every fold a sweet caress."
For an instant the man did not re-
ply. The girl stretched forth to
him her bare white arms that glistered
like marble in the growing dusk,
but he heeded them not.
"Will you not speak to me sweet-
heart?" she said, with an infinite
pathos in the words.

No answer came. Again the out-
stretched arms pleaded mutely and
with pitiful eloquence for the joy
that was never to be. Looking at
her with a haughty, almost Vice
President Davis expression on his
face he again said: "Back I say!"
With a despairing gleam in her
dark eyes, Grovle turned away
and began to sob as if her corset
would break. "God help me," she
said in despairing accents, "I cannot
back!"

"Why not?" asked Bertram.
"Because," was the reply, in tear-
stained tones, "my polonaise is too
eternally tight."—Chicago Tribune.

Owing to the weather the state of
Central Europe is in a more melan-
choly condition than it has been for
many years. The whole of Northern
Italy is more or less under water, the
Simplon and Splügen are blocked by
the snow that has fallen, and the latter
lies a foot deep in all the Swiss can-
tons, excepting only those of Vaud
and Geneva. The cattle are lying
dead on the hills, the wine crop im-
mediately north and south of the Alps
will have no actual existence this year,
and what would have been the winter's
hay is buried beneath the snow.

INTENSIVE FARMING.

Full Confirmation of the Story of the
Furman Farm—A Letter from Mr.
Furman—Why his System will stand
Drought—His Formula, Etc.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]
It will be remembered that Mr.
John P. Fort, while endorsing the
general results achieved by Mr. Far-
ish Furman, expressed a doubt as to
whether or not his crops would stand
a drought. Desiring to give the peo-
ple exact information on this subject
we asked Mr. Furman to write us his
answer—if he had any answer—to this
suggested objection. He writes us as
follows:

MILLEDGEVILLE, October 27.
In reply to "Man about Town," in
the Sunday's issue of the Constitution
a difficulty advanced by Mr. John P.
Fort as an objection to my intensive
system of farming is this, "that heavy
manuring renders a crop more liable
to burn up from drought in summer."
I have this to say. Had Mr. Fort
ever seen me and had an explanation
of my system, he would never, I am
satisfied, have entertained or ad-
vanced such an opinion as applica-
ble to that system.

THE THEORY OF DROUGHT ON CROPS.
Crops suffer from drought for two
causes:

1. On account of an insufficient
supply of plant food.
2. From lack of moisture to render
the food, if present, soluble, and thus
prepared to be assimilated by the plant.

If food is supplied in plenty and if
proper kind and enough moisture se-
cured and retained to carry your crop
through you are in no danger of
drought. For example: No one ever
saw a crop of any kind that did not
stand a drought indefinitely better
where an old hedgerow covered the field
or a manure pile had stood in the field,
than any other part of the farm. Now
an old hedgerow is fertilized entirely
by nature—the ground under a ma-
nure pile is fertilized by man, and
were it possible to make the whole
field like the hedgerow or the ground
under the manure pile, then the evil
effects of drought would be directly
diminished. Now the hedgerow is
manured by nature, bringing together
an aggregation of organic matter and
humus in the shape of decaying vege-
tation, and the ground under the ma-
nure pile is enriched by the leaching
into it of mineral matter from the pile
—in both instances the humus and
mineral matter being disseminated
through the soil. If a manure pile
were allowed to stand on the hedge-
row, adding mineral matter and am-
monia to the humus already in the
soil, the benefit would be still more
marked, and the plants growing on
that spot would be practically unaf-
fected by drought. Any experienced
farmer will vouch for the truth of this
assertion.

This is just what I endeavor to ac-
complish in my system. My manure
is a mixture of humus, ammonia,
(same as hedgerow) and soluble min-
eral matter, (same as manure heap).
And a part of the kainit (1-3) is com-
mon salt—which is a great attractor
of moisture. My method of applica-
tion is such as after the first year to
obviate any danger from drought.
Observe: My rows are four feet wide,
every year I change the row twelve
inches, so that in four years the
rows are manured in the drill clear
across. The fifth year I manure
broadcast and turn under with a sulky
turn plow set by machinery six inches,
and plant in the hill six. Next
year manure broadcast again and
turn under seven inches, and so on,
turning deeper every year, so I apply
humus until I get my soil twelve
inches deep. Then I will be able to
endure any ordinary drought in defiance,
and call for an average crop of three
bales per acre.

I have many letters asking me if
it would not be safe to begin with 4,000
pounds of compost to the acre the first
year. That might be hazardous, but
beginning, as I did, with 500 and in-
creasing every year, as the manure
becomes more disseminated through
the soil, all danger is thwarted.

F. C. FURMAN.

MAJOR MOSES MAKES FURMAN A VISIT.
Major R. J. Moses, of Columbus,
who could not take the entire story
of Furman's farm, went to Milledge-
ville that he might see for himself.
The result of the investigation is told
below:

I read the statement of Grady in the
Constitution, and although I knew him
in general to be accurate in his main
facts, I thought possible in stating
the results of Furman's farming that
they might possibly be colored by his
vivid imagination. They interested
me more than anything he has lately
written, except his description of
"surf bathing," and while my modesty
prevented me from verifying his
accuracy as to sea-bore amusements,
there was nothing to prevent my in-
vestigating for myself his agricultural
report of forty acres to a mule. I
thought somehow he had mixed it up
with the old Radical promise of forty
acres and a mule, and to solve all
doubts I went to see for myself—and
saw: The old Farish Carter homestead
near Scotsboro' on one of the red hills
for which Milledgeville and its sur-
roundings are historical. As I drove
up to the place which I last visited in
1857 on an important law case that I
was attending to for Carter, whose
grandson, Furman, now occupies it,
a thousand old memories returned to
me, and among others the fact that
this place was selected by the owner
of about 1,200 negroes, (who lived on
some of Carter's rich land in north
Georgia) because it was too poor to
be sickly—there was not rich land
enough anywhere in the neighbor-
hood to support a decent case of cholera
and fever, and I doubt if its former
owner ever suspected it of having the
ability to "sprout peas," and he was
under no necessity to improve it. His
lands around the homestead, like
thousands of acres in Georgia, lay
out as arid as the desert.

I ought to say before going further
that when I arrived at Milledgeville

Murder at Hampton.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 6.—
A special to the News and Courier
from Varnville, S. C., says: "Yester-
day morning policeman Reid of
Hampton C. H., threatened to take
a pistol from Jake Gant, a negro; there-
upon the latter went to Brunson, col-<