

# The Watchman and Southron.

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**The Watchman and Southron.**  
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**TREASURY DEPARTMENT.**  
OFFICE OF  
CONTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,  
WASHINGTON, November 26, 1883.  
RECEIVED  
WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE NATIONAL BANK OF SUMTER," in the town of Sumter, in the County of Sumter, and State of South Carolina, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.  
NOW THEREFORE I, John S. Langworthy, Deputy Controller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The National Bank of Sumter," in the town of Sumter, in the County of Sumter, and State of South Carolina, is authorized to commence the business of banking, as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.  
IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I witness my hand and Seal of office this 26th day of November, 1883.  
J. S. LANGWORTHY,  
Deputy Controller of the Currency,  
in absence of Controller.

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## A GOOD-BYE.

Farewell! How soon unmeasured distance rolls  
Its leaden clouds between our parted souls!  
How little to each other now we are—  
And once how much I dreamed we two might be!  
I, who now stand with eyes undimmed and dry  
To say good-bye.  
To say good-bye to all sweet memories,  
Good-bye to tender questions, soft replies;  
Good-bye to hope, good-bye to dreaming, too,  
Good-bye to all things dear—good-bye to you  
Without a tear, a prayer, a sigh—  
Our last good-bye.  
I had no chain to bind you with at all;  
No grace to charm, no beauty to enthrall.  
No power to hold your eyes with mine, and make  
Your heart on fire with longing for my sake  
Fill all the yearnings pressed into one cry:  
"Love, not good-bye!"  
Ah, no—I had no strength like that, you know;  
Yet my worst weakness was to love you so!  
So much for well—as much too well—as all—  
Yet even that might have been pardoned still—  
It would have been had I been you—you I  
But now—good-bye.  
How soon the bitter follows on the sweet!  
Could I not chain your fancy's string let fly?  
Could I not hold your soul's—no—make you  
To-morrow in the key of yesterday—  
Dear—do you dream that I would stoop to try—  
Ah, no—good-bye! —Argosy.

## Stonewall Jackson.

[From the Wilmington N. C. Review.]

Considerable of a discussion seems to have arisen in regard to the time at which Gen. Stonewall Jackson received his death wound. Mr. T. J. Capps, of Onslow county, who drove the ambulance which conveyed Gen. Jackson to the rear, says that it was in the afternoon. To controvert this Rev. L. C. Vass published a communication in the Newbern Journal saying that it was after dark, and Capt. A. H. H. Tolar, of the 18th regiment, who was at Chancellorsville, wrote the Review from Colorado City, Texas, where he now resides, also stating that it was dark when the fatal mistake was made. Still further testimony is deduced from Gen. Jas. H. Lane, who commanded the brigade at whose hands the death wound was dealt, confirming what Capt. Tolar and Mr. Vass have said. Gen. Lane writes Maj. D. T. Caraway, of Newbern, in reply to a letter from that gentleman. He says:

ALBANY, N. Y., January 5th, 1884.  
MY DEAR MAJOR:—In response to your letter asking for information about the wounding of Gen. T. J. Jackson, I would respectfully refer you to my official report of the battle of Chancellorsville, dated May 11th, 1863, and to a letter dated January 1st, 1873, written by me for the Richmond Dispatch, at the request of one of its editors. Both of these are to be found in Vol. 8 of the Southern Historical Society papers. From them you will learn that McGowan's brigade and ours were not in line in Jackson's flank attack on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, but marched by the flank, along the plank road, in rear of the artillery—ours being in front—and that as soon as it was ascertained that the enemy were rapidly falling back before Rhodes, we pushed forward with the artillery beyond our second and third lines to within a short distance of the first. Here Gen. A. P. Hill, in person, ordered me, at dark, to deploy one regiment as skirmishers across the road, in front of Rhodes, and to form line of battle in rear of my command, for the purpose of making a night attack and capturing the enemy's batteries, if possible. While I was giving my orders to this effect both sides opened a most terrific artillery fire along the plank road, in which our brigade had been halted. To save my men from this murderous enfilade fire, I at once ordered them to lie down, and my staff and I dismounted on the left of the road.

During this artillery fight, Col. W. H. Palmer, of Gen. Hill's staff, gallantly crossed the road and in the dark inquired for me. I called him and on his coming up, we remarked upon the severity of the fire, the low flight of the enemy's shells, etc., and when he informed me that Gen. Hill wished to know why I did not form my line as I had been ordered, I requested him to tell Gen. Hill that I had not attempted it on account of the terrific and murderous artillery fire, and that if he wished me to do so successfully, would have to order his artillery to cease firing, as I believed the enemy were keeping up theirs only in response to ours. All old soldiers know how difficult it is to manoeuvre the bravest troops in the dark, under a murderous fire, through scrubby oaks and pine thickets, and over the abatis of the enemy's abandoned works. Col. Palmer, who had a most varied and trying experience that night, has frequently told me that he delivered my message to Gen. Hill, and Hill, through him, ordered Maj. Braxton, of his artillery, to cease firing. As soon as this was done, the enemy, as I had expected, also ceased their firing. I then deployed the 33rd regiment, under Col. Avery as skirmishers, and formed line of battle in its rear. The 7th and 37th regiments were on the right of the plank road, and the 18th and 28th, on the left—the left of the 37th and right of the 18th rested on the road. When I gave my orders to my regimental commanders, I informed them that we would occupy the front line for the purpose of making a night attack, and as there would be nothing before us but the enemy, they must keep a sharp lookout to the front. After I had formed my line from left to right, I rode back to the plank road to report to Gen. Hill and there, in the dark, I met with Gen. Jackson, who recognized me first and asked, "Lane, whom are you looking for?" I replied, "Gen. Hill, who ordered me to form my line for a night attack, which I have done, and I now wish to know whether I must advance or await further orders." I then added, "but Gen., I don't know where Gen. Hill is, and as he is acting under your orders, it would save time, were you to tell me what to do."

Gen. Jackson, in an earnest tone and with a pushing gesture of the right hand in the direction of the enemy, replied, "Push right ahead, Lane," and rode forward. This was the last time I ever saw old V. M. I. Professor and Commanding Lieutenant. I then rode to the right to put my line in motion, and found that a Lieut. Col. Smith, of a Pennsylvania regiment, had come in with a white handkerchief tied to a stick, to learn whether we were "Confederate or Union troops."

Soon after this, our skirmishers on the right fired, as I afterwards learned from Col. Avery, at an mounted person who rode up to his line and called for Gen. Williams, and this drew the enemy's artillery and infantry fire and there was firing all along our whole skirmish line. When I ordered the old 7th forward, some of its officers, and especially the brave and noble Lieut. Col. Hill informed me that they were satisfied that there were troops of some kind on our right, and advised me to reconnoitre in that direction before advancing.  
Gen. Pender then rode up, called me aside and advised me not to advance at all, as Gen. Jackson and Hill had both been wounded and it was thought by my command.  
Lieut. Emack, with four men from the 7th regiment, was then sent to reconnoitre on our right, and they soon returned with Lieut. Col. Smith's Pennsylvania regiment, which had thrown down their arms and surrendered, on representations made to them by Lieut. Emack.  
While Lieut. Col. Smith was telling me that he did not think we could honorably capture his regiment, as he was in our lines "with a flag of truce," the enemy's artillery opened upon us again, and the Pennsylvania regiment broke for our rear, tumbled over their own abandoned works, and lay hid and sheltered in the abatis until the firing ceased. Lieut. Col. Smith was then turned over to Capt. Adams, of Gen. Hill's staff, and his regiment ordered to the rear under Capt. Young (our boy captain) and his company.  
On going to the plank road, I there learned from Col. Barry (then Major) of the 18th regiment, that he knew nothing of Generals Jackson and Hill having gone to the front, that he could not tell friend from foe in the dark and in such a wood (low scrubby oaks), that when the skirmish line fired, he heard the clattering of approaching horsemen, and the cry of cavalry, and that he ordered his men to fire. It was generally understood that night by my command that the 18th regiment had not only wounded Generals Jackson and Hill, but killed some of their couriers, and perhaps some of their staff officers, as some of them were missing. Col. Palmer, finding that the 18th regiment kept up its fire and seemed determined to kill them all, threw himself from his horse and seriously injured his shoulder.  
In conversations afterwards Gen. Hill always told me that he thought he was wounded by the enemy, and Gen. Jackson by the 18th regiment; and Col. Palmer is of the same opinion.  
In all my intercourse with Gen. Hill, I never heard him, nor have I ever heard any one else, censure the 18th regiment for firing under the circumstances; and those who knew our talented young friend Barry, will always remember him as one of those fearless dashers-officers, who was especially cool under fire.  
After this unfortunate mistake, the whole of my command was moved to the right of the plank-road, and about midnight we repulsed two attacks made by Sickles, in which we captured the colors of the Third Maine regiment and a good many prisoners, including a number of field and company officers, and two staff officers, one of which was an Aid to General Williams.  
Next morning, about sunrise, our brigade, under orders from Gen. Heth, made a direct front attack upon the enemy's breastworks and carried them; but as our supporting brigade broke in our rear, we were driven back before Ramseur's brigade of North Carolinians could come to our assistance. Ramseur went forward and was also repulsed, after reaching the works, with a similar terrible loss. There were twenty eight pieces of artillery bearing upon us from the Chancellorsville hill. The enemy were finally and successfully driven by Gen. Stuart in a flank movement of infantry and artillery on our right. My entire loss at Chancellorsville was 72 officers and 837 men, making an aggregate of 909, a little more than one-third of the force carried in. We went in with eleven field officers and came out with only one (Barry) for duty. Col. Purdy and Lieut. Col. Hill were killed, and the others were wounded.  
I have not seen the article of Mr. Capps to which you refer. I can say, however, that the statement that he, as ambulance driver at Chancellorsville, on the 2nd of May, 1863, took the rear, about three-quarters of an hour before sunset, is as remarkable to me, as the statement of a Virginia officer, published in 1872, that no night attack was ordered by Gen. Jackson on the 2nd May, 1863, and that the immortal "Stonewall" was wounded while riding along the skirmish line looking after the comfort of his men.  
As a cadet and an Assistant Professor, I was at the Virginia Military Institute for five years with General T. J. Jackson, where he always addressed me as "Mr. Lane," though in the army, he always most pleasantly called me "Lane," and I know that it was the same "Old Jack" of the V. M. I. now, the immortal "Stonewall" of Confederate fame—who on the night of the 2nd of May, 1863, while the mournful cry of the whip-poorwill was ringing in my ears from every direction, ordered me to "push right ahead."  
Respectfully,  
JAS. H. LANE.

"I am the power behind the throne," soiquized the male, as he pitched his rider heels over head to the ground.

## Eggs Without Hens.

A Connecticut Contrivance for the Manufacture of Hen Fruit.

(From the Hartford Courant.)  
"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" asked the reporter of a Connecticut egg manufacturer.  
"Yes," he replied; "and if you wish I will show you something of the process. Come."

He led me through a room in which there were stored boxes of eggs and into another large, cool room in the rear. Several strange looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment, where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture and the other was covered.

Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of an egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are the yolk and white; the next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and this, the last one, is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experiment and expense. I first conceived the idea of making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture—"

"What is that?" I asked.  
"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box, where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin filmy skin. After this, it has only to go into the sheller. It gets its last coat on the shape of a plaster-of-paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying-trays, where the shells dry at once, and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearance, a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"  
"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."  
"Many orders?"  
"Why, yes. We can not fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two wholesale grocers alone. We sell only to the wholesale houses. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"  
"Oh, yes, and he called one of the men. "Here, Jim, hold this gentleman an egg."  
"Can they be detected?" I inquired.  
"I hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can by a little flavoring make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altered the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They will never spoil nor become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business."

## A Lamented Death.

There has been recently in Greenville, South Carolina, the death of a lady, one of the old land marks of Carolina, whose removal is a notable event as the decease of Mrs. ex-Governor Herschell V. Johnson in this State.  
This lady was Mrs. Mary Blasingame Cleveland, who, though dying in Greenville, was a citizen of Spartanburg. She was born April 4th, 1797, and died January 4th, 1884, and was therefore in her 87th year. Her father was General John Blasingame, who was raised on the Pedee River in South Carolina. General Blasingame, located in Greenville, and married March 22, 1794, Miss Elizabeth Smith Easley, who came from Virginia. He was made a general in 1812. He was noted for his hospitality, was very popular and was a member of the Legislature.  
The daughter, Mary Blasingame, whose demise I am noting, was married to Jessie Cleveland, August 9th, 1814. Jessie Cleveland was a son of Robert Cleveland and a nephew of the famous hero of King's Mountain, Colonel Benjamin Cleveland. Robert, Jesse's father, was a brother of Benjamin Cleveland, and commanded a company in his regiment at King's Mountain. All of these Cleverlands were marked men, distinguished for solid judgment, practical wisdom and integrity of character.  
The union of Jesse Cleveland and Mary Blasingame was a long and happy one as well as a mating of the best blood of Carolina. He died universally respected and beloved and the possessor of large means, earned by his own enterprise and business ability and honesty. Mrs. Cleveland was a noble Christian woman, a worthy help-met to her husband, whom she survived over twenty years. She lived to a ripe old age, revered and loved by all, and lamented by a large family of descendants, dropping into the gentle peace of a beautiful death as an infant going to slumber, her life fully ripened and heaven faithfully won as the goal of a Christian career.  
Of seven children only two survived,

## What Our Editors Say.

Columbia's Boom.

We have read with an infinite degree of pleasure the progress which Columbia has made in the past year. She is a very dear city to us, and we rejoice in everything that promotes her prosperity; but if "cock fighting" (the most cruel and damning of all barbarous acts) is to be kept up, and if whisky is to be placed at the very nose of the youth of our State who go there for education, we very much fear that the success is only temporary, and that the rod which always smites wrong will yet visit her. Nice inducements to the people of the State to patronize our dear old College, when the city fathers endorse the "cock and the cocktail!"  
Of course no reflection upon the good counsellors who fought against these measures is meant.

Baltimore Day.

Some people may be inclined to smile at the story of a lady in New York who has flowers and invitations and a whole train of courtiers, especially when they are told that the whole secret of her success consists in always being in a good humor. And yet when we come to look at the matter thoughtfully we will see that there is some truth in it. Of course the woman in question (we suppose she is unmarried, although our correspondent does not state) is doubtless so situated that she is seldom exposed to petty annoyances and to those little troubles which ruffle sometimes more than great sorrows. And yet even people who are constantly bruising themselves against the rough edges of life might take a lesson from the story and learn how little courtesy costs, and what a great return it often brings to those who practice it.

Greenville News.

We congratulate Senator Brown, of Georgia, on being in accordance with the views of the Mormon question is the right one. This government has no right to usurp the functions of the courts and try, condemn and punish men because they believe in the book of Mormon. We have always advised the people of this neighborhood to expel the Mormon preachers who prowled among them even if buckshot was required to do it, but the Federal power can not justly or constitutionally enter their territory and regulate their local judicial machinery.  
We have always thought that if Senator Brown remained in Congress long enough he would wander over on the right side and stand on some real Democratic doctrine at last. We hope the Augusta Chronicle is still clinging to his venerated coat skirts and came over with him.

The Private Secretary Business.

It is sometimes thought that the private secretaries of our Washington statesmen are greater men than the men they serve, and that the speeches of average Congressmen show wonderful improvement just after a clerk is provided for them at the public expense, and the Congressional Record is a much more readable journal when the secretary writes the speeches than it is when it contains the bad grammar and worse logic of the member. But if the Government is going into the private secretary business at wholesale, applicants should be compelled to pass a rigorous competitive examination as to fitness to write short, sharp and decisive speeches. Even the expense of a school for training private secretaries would pay a large per cent. of profit. It is clear that if good and competent men are selected to do the writing and thinking for Congressmen the general public may derive some advantage, but if the impetuous sons, nephews, brothers and uncles of Senators are simply to be pensioned at six dollars a day, there will be no improvement in the quality of Senatorial speeches, and the spoils system will be enlarged and extended without the least return to the public.

Presidential.

Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana, is brought prominently forward by the Western press as the most available man for the Democrats to nominate for the presidency. Mr. McDonald's services have been faithful and meritorious. He is said to be a man of pure and unblemished character, against whom there is not the whisper of a slander. He is a statesman and not a mere politician, and a tariff reformer of the same school as Mr. Carlisle—i. e., one who believes free trade to be at present impracticable, but at the same time holds that the tariff can and should be adjusted on a basis that will not bear too heavily on the consumers. It is too early in the day yet to speak with any degree of confidence as to the chances of this, or the other man to receive the high honor of being chosen as the standard bearer of the Democracy. The South, if we rightly apprehend the situation, is in no position to dictate nomi-

## The Fourth Floor.

It was on the fourth floor of the Office that the occupant of the office sat reading his paper, when the door opened and a queer-looking old chap, having a very old hat and a very thin coat do a great deal of duty entered and bowed and said:  
"They would let me come up in the elevator, and so I climb the stairs. Is it proper to say dumb?"  
The occupant looked up, and then returned to his article on "The Salt Industry of Michigan."  
"Well, never mind whether it is or not," continued the man, as he shut the door and leaned against it. "I clumb-ed, and here I am. I struck the town last week. I am not certain as to the progress of the work struck, but I arrived here, and have had a hard time of it. My friend, I am right about sixty years old."  
The occupant looked up, reread his paper, and went on with his article.  
"Night out to sixty and clean discouraged," said the old man. "That is, I kinder think if somebody don't gimme a quarter or sunthin' I'll precipitate myself into the river. I believe precipitate is the word, though I wouldn't swear to it. Would you like to warm an old man's heart with a gif?"  
The occupant turned around and punched the fire, and then his eyes sought the paper again.  
"Twenty-five cents would buy me a handsome present and save my life, but if you haven't got but fifteen I'll let you off. Avarice is not the predominat trait in my character. I believe predominate was properly used there, though I'll leave it to you."  
There was a deep silence in the room for sixty seconds.  
"Well, we might say ten. That would buy a plug of tobacco, and as long as I had anything to chew on I shouldn't think of drowning myself. Yes, ten cents would kinder entitle me to mix in with the joyous festivities of the occasion. You needn't be in any hurry about handing it over, I've got all the time there is."  
This time the silence continued for 100 seconds, and was thick enough to knock down an oyster soup.  
"I presume you have a nickel about your person," whispered the old man after a while. "I won't agree to cut much of a figure in the festivities for the sum, but I'll make it go as far as possible."  
There was more silence. Not a leaf stirred nor a bird chirped.  
"Good-bye!" said the stranger as he opened the door and backed out.  
"When I am fished out of the river next spring please attend the inquest and identify me as the man whose life wasn't worth five cents! I go to precipitate! Precipitate may not be word, but I go—I'm gone!" —Free Press.

## Is It So?

Some time ago a male citizen of this place, not generally wanting in respect for woman, and sometimes guilty of even a little gallantry, said, "I tell you girls have no sense at all." This remark was uttered in consequence of his having just seen a fair and not over-strong girl taking a ride in an open buggy, the thermometer rapidly falling, the wind blowing almost a gale, stout men shivering while walking fast, no cloak or shawl, or wrapper of any kind around her shoulders and body, unless a four-ounce sack or jacket be considered a protection against the cold. As this man, full of blood and life, ran to the fire he gave expression to his thoughts. Now, we appeal to the mothers and older sisters who read the *Spartan*. Was our friend correct? Does the girl want sense who goes out walking on wet or frozen ground with shoes of thinnest possible so? Is it a sign of good sense to see a girl go to Opera House or party with shoulers and throat and feet unprotected? Is it possible that the headaches, and side aches and weak backs, and chronic sore throats and wheezy lungs are all traceable to a want of thick shoes, warm stockings, heavy shawls and cloaks, and a will on the part of the parents that requires their daughters to wear these whether they look well in them or not? For the next four months our weather will be freezing cold, while others will be warm and pleasant. Let the dress of girls, especially that pertaining to the feet and chest, be uniform and heavy enough to protect the person against the severest weather we have. If our friend was right, a dress reform meeting is needed right here in Spartanburg.  
If a little thought is awakened on this subject some good may be done.

## Go Home, Boys.

Boys don't hang around the corner of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.  
Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad space to run, and jump and play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended, I would tell them to go home.

## The Prodigal.

Yesterday forenoon a way-worn looking man, having a shirt and two tied up in a ragged handkerchief, made his way up Fort street east. Some folks could have seen from his general air that while he knew exactly where he was going, he could not tell within forty rods of what his reception would be. He walked like a man who doubted, and he looked around him like one who felt anxious. He finally turned in and mounted the steps of a modest house, and his knock at the door was finally answered. The door was pulled open about an inch, and a shrill voice exclaimed:  
"Go away from here."  
"I'll never do it," answered the man.  
The door was closed with a bang, but he stood right there and kept his eyes on the knob. After three or four minutes it was open again and a voice cried out:  
"Go away or I'll call the police!"  
"I'll never go away from my darling!"  
"Who's your darling?"  
"Your are!"  
The door banged again. The man was prepared for it, and he maintained his place for full five minutes without becoming discouraged. At last it opened and a voice piped out:  
"You have been gone two months!"  
"Exactly, my darling!"  
"And you didn't send me a single cent!"  
"How could I when I never struck a job? Darling, I've returned to thee."  
"Go away—I've got a divorce!"  
"Oh, but I know better! Darling, bid your long-absent husband welcome home."  
"Never! I had bang went the door."  
This time he coolly sat down and began to whistle. She went to an upper window and looked down upon him, and finally returned to the door and carefully opened it and said:  
"You deserted me for two whole months, and I had to take in boarders! Go away! I've no further use for you!"  
"Katie, do you mean it?"  
"Yes."  
"Then it only remains for me to die. I'll hang myself with that piece of rope to this tree. Katie, darling, good-bye."  
She banged the door and he proceeded to affix a piece of clothes line to a limb and make ready the fatal noose. He had everything nicely arranged when suddenly she rushed out with:  
"And it's more trouble you'd make for your poor, weak wife, is it?" and she fell upon him and flung him over a bush and jammed him into a flower bed and shoved him into the house with the remark:  
"The prodigal has returned, but all the fatted calf he gets will be laid on with a club." —Detroit Free Press.

## News and Gossip.

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Old Fred Douglass has married again and this time he took a white wife. Her name is Helen M. Pitts. She is 35 and old Fred is seventy odd. That is lovely. The old inmate ought to have stuck to his own color, about which he raves so often. —Wilmington Star.

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Miss Alice Rumph, a governess in Col. Thomas Berry's family, in Rome, Ga., stood by the stove, and her gown caught fire. She sprang for a bed and rolled herself in the clothes. The fire was extinguished, and she was unharmed; but some sparks set the bed on fire and the house was burned to the ground.

Under Mississippi law a woman is liable to indictment for assault if she strikes her husband; but the man is not liable for assaulting the woman if he uses a switch no larger than his little finger in doing so. It is now proposed to amend the statutes as to give the wife the same immunity that her husband enjoys.

The Merrick aged seven walked into the Atlantic Savings Bank, in Manchester, N. H., and desired to inspect the institution. As she was unattended, ex-Gov. Smyth, the Treasurer, became her escort, and showed her everything, even to the complicated locks on the massive doors of the safe. Then she expressed her approval, and said that as her father had deposited \$5 for her she had had the curiosity to see for herself whether it was safe; and she went away with a face beaming with satisfaction.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking of his recent trip throughout the South, says: "I have reason to believe that the South is just as much reconstructed as the North is; that the feeling of the South is in favor of union and of the great Government at Washington, and that hereafter they will be proud to be citizens, just as co-operative and just as patriotic as the cities of the North. Perhaps, not next time, but after the next time, I should be glad to vote for a Southern man for President, especially if he was a free trader."

The Maryland Senatorial contest was ended by the election of Judge E. King Wilson. The new Senator-elect is not entirely unknown to public life, having served in the Maryland Legislature and one term as a member of Congress. His chief recommendation, however, appears to have been his want of real prominence, which had kept him from becoming involved in the faction fights of the real party leaders. He may make a most useful and influential Senator, but his spurs are yet to be won. —Register.

Carlton Denlap, of Waverly N. Y., has a bright little daughter three years old and a baby girl aged two months. The latter's crying annoyed the former, and she asked her mother what should be done with it. "We will have to sew up its mouth, Nettie," the mother thoughtlessly replied. Shortly after Mrs. Denlap was absent a few minutes on an errand, and upon her return heard the infant screaming. Rushing into the room, she saw Nettie bending over the baby's mouth. Nettie had run the needle through its under lip in two places and drawn the thread taut.

Last autumn, among the guests at a shooting lodge in Scotland, was a young and beautiful Australian lady, with the additional attraction of \$15,000 a year of her own. She moved about a good deal with the shooting parties, and in doing so had many opportunities of observing a rather good-looking young gamekeeper. Observation begat fancy, and fancy love. We are told that there is one thing which distinguishes Australians from Americans and English it is decision of character and promptness of action. So, when she realized her feelings, she at once took quick action, proposed, was accepted and started in a week for Australia.

A wonderful bedstead, made for an East Indian prince, is on show in Paris. It is made partly of silver. At each corner stands a beautifully-modelled female figure (life size), holding a delicately-constructed fan, and wearing a wig of real hair. This is to be regularly dressed by the court barber once a week. On the great potentiality getting to bed the weight of his body sets certain machinery in motion, the effect of which is, that the silver maidens gently fan the sleeper. If the figures at the foot of the bed are required to exert themselves in like manner this can be accomplished by the aid of a clock-like apparatus. Moreover, should the dainty owner of the bed wish to be lulled to slumber by the dulcet sounds of soft music, this can be done by touching a spring. The bottom of the bed contains a large music box.

## Hidden Backwoods Railroad.

The Alma and Little Rock Railroad is in North Carolina, but not ten of our people out of a hundred, we venture to say, know of its existence. The hidden railroad in question takes the Carolina Central Railroad near Laurinburg and runs across to Alfordville in South Carolina. It is a railroad owned by two men, Messrs. Wilkinson and Fore, and has been in operation nearly two years. It was first started as a tramway for the transportation of logs. Messrs. Wilkinson and Fore being owners of extensive lumber mills, but after working it awhile, they formed the idea of converting it into a real railroad. They bought enough iron rails to lay the track from Alma to Alfordville, bought a locomotive, mail, passenger and box cars, hired one of the Carolina Central's best engineers, besides one of its best ticket agents, and have ever since been running their railroad just like any other railroad is run. They do a big business, their freights being made up largely of cotton and lumber, while their passenger traffic is considerable. They have no regular schedule, but make trips whenever freight and passengers demand it. The track is the same width as the Carolina Central, enabling it to swap cars. For a backwoods railroad, its business is wonderful, the Carolina Central trains frequently leaving ten or fifteen cars sidetracked at Alma for it, and sometimes pulling a long train of Alma and Little Rock cars loaded with freight into Wilmington. The total length of the road is only twelve miles, but it runs through a flourishing country. The owners are extending their road little by little into South Carolina, and hope to eventually strike an important connecting point in that State. They are enterprising men and besides owning this railroad they operate one of the largest and most prosperous lumber mills in the Southern States. —Charlotte Observer.

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