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SUMTER, S. C.,

"I shall be miserable myself and make you miserable." "But if you stay in Englas I you must be

drily, "I will be presented as Lad lanson was, on my marriage." much hurt by the sarcasm. Poor old King Lear found a fitting simile for an ungrateful child, but the sharpness of a sarcastic child is more painful than a whole jawful of ser-

who lived in quiet retirement in one of the suburbs of London. It was of course absurd for Beatrice to think of living at Fairholme, in a half-closed house with a housekeeper and one or two servants. So it was arranged that her great-aunt should take her while Sir Maingay and Lady Clarson were on the Continent. So to Mrs. Erskine's she went, and, as that lady was very old, very deaf, and saw no company, it may be presumed that Miss Clauson had scarcely a merry time of it during her father's absence an absence which from one reason or another lasted quite four



BEATRICE CLAUSON. After a while Sir Maingay almost forgot he had a daughter. The Clausons settled down to continental life for an indefinite time. Lady Clauson knew she was improving herself, and moreover, that Sir Maingay was saving enough money to refurnish the town house from top to bottom whenever they did return to England. In the course of the four years spent abroad, Lady Clauson rectified her predecessor's sins of omission, and gave her devoted husband two fine boybables. In the revived delights of paternity a paternity which is so especially dear to middle age Sir Maingay thought little of the troublesome, obstinate girl he had left in England. His wife and his boys all but turned her out of his heart. So here was Beatrice in the extraordinary position of being a baronet's daughter with scarcely a

a friend in the world. At last the Clausons returned to England. Whether her ladyship wrote her book or not is a matter of uncertainty; anyway, it was never published. Beatrice made no objection to rejoining the family circle. Her father and his wife found her greatly changed. She was quieter, more reserved, more amenable to reason. It seemed to Sir Maingay that she had passed her time at Mrs. Erskine's in study. The learning she had acquired almost fright ened the baronet; but he was glad to see she had grown into a beautiful woman, and so he felt quite proud of his neglected daughter, and hoped that things would for the future run smoothly.

His hopes were vain. This time there was no doubt as to with whom the fault lay. A beauty like Lady Clauson could not endure the constant presence of a younger, fresher and even more beautiful beauty. She was also jealous at the way in which her own children took to Beatrice. Besides, she had never forgiven the girl. Relations, soon grew strained, and towards the end of the year Beatrice wrote to her uncles, and asked if they would give her a home.

She was now nearly twenty-three. Having when she came of age succeeded to her late mother's third of old Talbert's possessions, she was independent both by age and by income. She was willing to live at Hazlewood House, if her uncles would take her. If not, she resolved to start an establishment of her own. She was still in her former anomalous position a baronet's daughter who had never made a proper entrance into society. As Lady Clanson said, she must have been a wrongminded young woman, as this omission

seemed to trouble her very little.

The Talberts who liked the little they had sear of their mece went into solemn conclave on the request. They decided in the event of Sir Maingay giving his consent-on that point they were most exacting she might come to them. Sir Maingay raised no objections, so Beatrice Clauson came to Hazlewood House, where since her arrival, about a week ago, she had lived in a state of amused wonder as the amiable peculiarities of the "Tabbies"

gradually revealed themselves to her. She had, of course, intended to make herself useful to her uncles. It may have been the want of some occupation other than study which made her turn her eyes to Hazlewood House and the two bachelors. She was no longer a schoolgirl, so at once broadly hinted that she was willing to regulate their house-hold matters. The silent horror with which the proposal was received told her at once that her place was to be a sinecure. She saw that her uncles would on no account dream of intrusting their researches into domestic economy to any hands save their own, and the surpassing capability of those hands was deeply impressed upon her when, the day after her arrival, she found Uncle Horace bending over the maid who did the plain sewing, and in the patientest and gravest way teaching her the most approved fashion of handling a needle

and thread. After having lived at Hazlewood House for week Miss Clauson must have been ready to welcome any event of interest. It is no won der that when Horace Talbert, at Mr. Mordle's suggestion, walked into the drawing room and told his niece what had happened. her curiosity and excitement rose to a high

"Is it a pretty child?" she asked. "Wonderfully so. Mordle and Herbert are petting it like a couple of women." Bestrice did not run at once to see for her

self. "What do you mean to do about it, uncle Horace?" she asked. "I don't know. I suppose we must keep it fill to-morrow and see if the mystery is ex-

plained. You had better come out and give us your advice." Beatrice walked into the hall. The child had made great progress during Horace's absence. The curate was tickling him and making him laugh. Herbert was stroking

his bright hair in quite a paternal way. Even the respectable Whittaker was smiling pleasantly. Beatrice, as she walked to the table and

looked at the sturdy urchin. She was the first woman the child had seen since he left his friends at the refreshment room. Maid servants, with the curiosity of their sex and kind, had peeped surreptitiously over the balustrade, but had not attracted child's eyes began to close under her soft and

soothing touches. "He must go to bed," said Beatrice, docisively. "Certainly," said uncle Horace. "Where had he better sleen?" "Jane has a most comfortable bed," said

Herbert. Jane was the parlor-maid, but Herbert in his housewifely capacity knew the quality of every bed in the house; even the amount of bedding on each. Mr. Mordle turned away. He was afraid of disgracing himself by a burst of ill-timed mirth.
"No, no," exclaimed Beatrice; "he shall

child in the most approved fashion, Miss Clauson proceeded to bear her prize away. "You had better look at his linen, Beatrice," said Horace. "It may be marked

After this the three men went back to the

In about half an hour's time Beatrice reappeared with the intelligence that the boy's lothing bore no mark of any kind. Indeed, it all seemed brand new. She was apparently much delighted with her new toy. She kept unning up and down stairs, to ascertain that

lieved her to be," said Horace, regretfully. Herbert echoed the regret, but Mr. Mordle said nothing. He thought the instinctive kindness she showed towards this mysteriously sent child added another charm to the many he had already discovered in Miss Clau-

The three men sat together until it was too late to hope that matters would be cleared up that night. No mother, no telegram came. The curate bade his friends good night and walked back to his lodgings in the village, thinking what a charming picture Miss Clauson with the child in her arms made. Poor Mr. Mordle! He had only known Beatrice a week, and was already beginning to dream a

The brothers continued sitting one on either side of the fire. They were not early-to-bed people. Now that they were alone they said little more about the arrival. For three hours they had been discussing every possible theory which might account for the child's appearance among them, so the subject was threadbare, and they sat in silence trying to invent fresh causes. Suddenly a most curious and startling suspicion entered Horace Talbert's mind-a suspicion which now and again made him glance at his brother. Could Herbert by any chance know all about the matter? He had certainly seemed greatly taken with the little boy. Horace remembered how much at home the child had made himself with Herbert. How, when he, Horace, came out of the drawing-room with Beatrice, he had found Herbert stroking and patting the little head. Could there be romantic passages in Kerbert's life about which he knew nothing? He pooh-poohed the thought; but

those men of taste, her uncles.
"Then what will you do?" she asked, at

last, *
"We will wait until to-morrow, or the day the police," said Horace decisively.

tiny circles which she was describing with the

mind my keeping him?"



"If nobody comes for the boy would you mind my keeping him?" "My dear!" cried Uncle Horace, aghast.

She clasped her hands. "Oh, Uncle Horace!" she said, "I have had such a dreary miserable life ever since I was seventeen I have nothing to do-nothing to live or . are for. I could be so happy with that dear child to look after. Come up and see him sleefing. He is the sweetest baby!"

"Such nonsense, Beatrice!" Uncle Horace settled himself into his chair and showed by the action that a legion of sleeping babies would not induce him to go and look at their dumbering forms. . "Then you come. Uncle Herbert. He is

prettier sight than any of your old mas-Herbert gave his quiet smile. He was of

less stern stuff than Horace—that is, if either of the Talbert; could be called stern. He suffered Beatrice to lead him to her room, duly admired the little stranger, then, with his niece, returned to Horace. After this

manifestation of weakness Horace's unworthy suspicion was all but certainty. "You will let me keep him?" pleaded Beatrice. "I am sure you will."

Horace made no reply to her unreasonable request. In their usual dignified manner the two gentlemen made their preparations for shutting up. Beatrice went back to her room. "She grows very, very impulsive," sighed Horace. This time Herbert said nothing. As he got into bed Horace Talbert told himseif that Herbert knew all about the boy; he also told himself that no power on earth should induce him to tax Herbert with this kno 1edge. A man's private affairs were his own property; he himself had laid down this dogma and must now stick to it; the more so because on a former occasion he had broken with Herbert for six years because the latter had infringed on this rule.

CHAPTER V. MR. MORDLE MAKES A RASH PROMISE. The next morning the Talberts did an unusual thing; they broke one of their rules by opening their letters before breakfast. They had a thue and a place for everything, and their time for reading their correspondence was with their second cups of tea. But so professional career. The gift which every anxious were they to see if their letters con- young clergyman fancies he possesses, of ta .ed anything explanatory of last night's occurrence, that the seals were broken at shorn by his name. In this perverted age, once. They found a couple of invitations to when puns are not considered signs of social dinner, receipts for payments made two posts ago, the usual amount of circulars, his eye-even the delivery of a pathetic sertradesmen's lists and appeals for charity; but | mon-would be fatal. The least lachrymose not a word about the child. Then the kettle | tendency in manner or words would present was brought, and Herbert set about making | too great a temptation to be resisted by weak the tea. Under some unwritten code of division of labor or honor, the younger brother | the word "mordling" must suggest itself. always presided at the breakfast table. -Presently Miss Clauson made her appearence with the child on her arm. She had washed him and dressed him, combed his hair into a wavy mass of burnished gold, and so brought him to the breakfast table fresh and Sylvanus he looked upon as a foul crime, and sweet as a rose in June. She placed him on a reviled the godfathers and godmothers who Neither cleanliness nor healthfulness can wives would accordingly be together at arc brought forward in the next

raising him up to a proper level. Having ad- on to Mordle. justed him to her satisfaction, she ordered

the child on her arm.

light, they screwed their eye-glasses in place, and once more minutely inspected their sturdy little visitor. Even Uncle Horace nodded approval of his bonny looks and fearless bearing, whilst Herbert joined Beatrice

The boy seemed happy enough in his new quarters. It is indeed a sad thing to remark how soon a child forgets its mother. - He cries because he misses warmth, food or comfort-not on account of the absence of the being who has lavished oceans of love upon

This particular baby, having been so cruelly deserted, may perhaps be excused for making the best of his changed circumstances and laughing merrily when called upon so to do: but other babies cannot be absolved from the sin of callous indifference and non-recip-

Beatrice having ascertained that no news had arrived, said nothing that bore upon her startling suggestion of last night. Perhans she saw that the bright, saucy child interested and amused her uncles; so, with the diplomatic gifts natural to her sex, judged it better to let the matter rest for a while. As soon as breakfast was over, she led the child away. and spent the remainder of the day playing with and petting him to her heart's content It really seemed as if Miss Clauson had found

a new interest in life. And, to tell the truth, she was a young woman who appeared to want something to arouse her. She was now, at the age of twenty-two, very different from the girl who so hastily threw down the glove to her stepmother. Her quietness and undemonstrative manner, of which the Talberts so much approved, seemed scarcely natural to a girl with beauty, rank and riches. For, indeed, she was beautiful. If her face showed no color. its healthy pallor was more attractive to a right-minded man than all the rosy cheeks that ever existed. Her brown hair grew in great masses, and low down on her well-shaped forehead. Her eyes were gray-a strange, wonderful gray-so deep in shade that most people would have called her dark-eyed. Her features were perfectly straight. Her face was oval. Her lips were just full enough to

ent with the dogmas of physiognomy. Beatrice Clauson was, in fact, a feminine oned-down edition of the Talberts. The characteristics which were with them exaggerated with her were reproduced in exactly the right proportions. Their faces were elongated ovals-her face was a proper oval. Their noses were straight, but too long-her nose was straight, and just long enough. They were, if anything, too tall-she was only tall enough to be called a fine girl. Miss Clauson's personal appearance was a living proof of how fitting had been the alliance between Sir Maingay Clauson and old Talbert's daughter. The first Lady Clauson had been the counterpart of her brothers. Sir Maingay was short, round faced and rather round bodied. With Beatrice, the blemishes which had detracted

from her parents' good looks reappeared as Moreover, she had that air of distinction upon the possession of which the Talberts not unjustly prided themselves. They were glad to think it came to her from their side of the family-her father, the baronet, being like most baronets and other titled personages, a very ordinary-looking man. Ten to one, if you go to the charity ball or other mixed assembly, upon esking the names of the most distinguished-looking men you will find them nobodies. I never inquire now-it is too painful to be told that the noble-presenced man who smiles so condescendingly is Mr. Smith, whilst that other insignificant-looking being is Lord This or the Duke of That. It

mets one's cherished ideal as to what the ristocracy should be. Beatrice Clauson, then, was very fair to see, nd had what silly people call a thorough-red look. Fond as those amiable men, her ncles, were of the girl, she was doubly dear them because that look was indubitably wing to the Talbert strain of blood in her

This morning she threw books, music, paint-

ing, everything aside, and played with her new toy. It was Saturday. The "Tabbies," who invariably went shopping together, were bound to Blacktown to buy groceries. Before starting, Herbert found his way to Beatrice, and asked her if she had any commissions to be executed in the city. He discovered her with flushed face and rumpled hair romping with the child. He watched them with amusement; then, going up stairs, found after a little search in one of the attics, some antiquated, battered toys, which five and thirty years ago had been dear to Horace and himself. He carried them down stairs, and Beatrice thanked him for the kindly thought and act. When, in a few hours' time, the brothers drove back with a wagonette full of tea, coffee, sugar, yellow soap, house flannel, Bath stone, emery paper, or whatever else was needful to make the wheels of household management run smoothly, they found Beatrice still engrossed by her charge. They did not say much to her. Saturday was too busy a day to think of anything save the affairs of the house, and as many precious minutes had been wasted in making inquiries at Blacktown station, the brothers were hardly pressed for time-so hardly pressed that when, about four o'clock, the curate called, they sent their apologies by Whittaker, and left their visitor to be entertained by Miss

Rev. Sylvanus Mordle, when he thanked Heaven for the many blessings it had bestowed upon him, always excepted the name he bore from the list, 'It was, he told himself, a particularly terrible name-doubly so when provocative of laughter, if not of contempt, Even as a Howard, a Talbot, a Montmorency, or a Plantagenet is called upon to live up to the great name he bears, Mr. Mordle found it incumbent on himself to endeavor to live away from his singular designation. To counteract the sinister effects of such a name he felt compelled to affect an air of cheerfulness even under the most trying looking lugubrious. He considered his name a great drawback to him in his depravity, Mr. Mordle felt sure that a tear in human nature; in spite of the best intentions but whilst the curate was willing to allow that the name of Mordle was an unavoidable congenital misfortune, its conjunction with

On the principle of living it down, he was would have been sent to breakfast with the Mordle. He preached abuost merry sermons, The morning cleaning should be a thor-self at one end of the drawing room. servants. servants. Being anxious to see him by day- conveyed in short, fincisive sentences, rattled

the detonations of a cracker. They seemed designed to slap the listener on the breast, and hammer and hammer away at that sinhardened receptacle, as if meaning by a series of repeated blows to enforce conviction and obedience. They were crisp, strong, muscular exhortations, eminently suited to the spiritual needs of the poorer parishioners. Only when he preached a funeral sermon could Mr. Mordle's style be cavilled at. On such an occasion he was bound to be doubly careful not to get his manner mixed up with his name, so sometimes his discourse did not quite satisfy the bereft relations and grieving friends. But a funeral sermon was only due to a deceased member of one of the families of

spot, and when an important death did occur the rector was usually in his place to do his duty. So the Rev. Sylvanus managed very well.

For the rest, he was a man of about thirty, pleasant-looking and popular, not disdainful

of the good things of this world, yet not hankering after them-doing the whole work of a curate and three-fourths of that of a rector for one hundred and twenty pounds a year. It was lucky he had a good constitution and a small fortune of his own! This afternoon Mr. Mordle felt the Talberts' excuses no slight to himself. He

begged the brothers might not be disturbed. He was quite content that Miss Clauson should entertain him tete-a-tete as long as possible. He inquired if any news had arrived about the missing mother; then, turning his attention to the child, went through a variety of those little actions which grown-up. people, rightly or wrongly, suppose ingratiate children. Noticing how the pretty boy clung to Beatrice he complimented her on her rapid conquest of his affections-a compliment in which Miss Clauson might have found a deeper meaning lurking had she cared to look for it. He would have called much earlier to learn what had transpired. but had been compelled to attend a funeral several miles off. He alluded to the melancholy reason for his delay with as much cheerfulness as many people mention a wed-

"And where are your uncles?" he asked. "In the housekeeper's room," answered Beatrico, demurely. "Busy, of course-Saturday. Bad day

call. What are they about now?" As he jerked out his short sentences, Beatrice glanced at him and saw his eyes twinkling. She could not help smiling. "Well-what is it?" asked Mr. Mordle. The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter.

The curate once more repeated his question. "Oh, Mr. Mordle," said Beatrice, "they are doing the clothes!" "Quite right; some one must do them. Now I wonder," he continued in a more reflective way than usual, "I wonder if they

look them out for the wash on Mondays." "Oh, no; not so bad as that. But did you ever know anything so funny?" "Took you by surprise, of course?" said the curate briskly.

The next morning I found Uncle Herbert had not found in his own quarters. what about the prospects of the coming doling out stores to the cook. And to see them manage the house better than any woman!" "Delightful. I could tell you some very amusing things, Miss Clauson."

I can't bear to laugh at them." "They are kind. I love them dearly. What think. If they'll leave you enough to do, you're certain to be happy here." Beatrice smiled. She remembered the horror

they had displayed at the bare thought of her having any part in the domestic arrangements of Hazlewood House. It seemed to Mr. Mordle that he had never seen Miss Clausen lock so bright and lively as she looked to-day. She looked most lovingly at the child, who, tired of his play, tay peacefully on her lap. "But I have not enough to do," she said her hand the while caressing the boy's golden head. "Mr. Mordle, I wish you would help me in something."

"Anything-everything-command me," said the curate, in his quickest, most decisive "I have taken such a fancy to this dear little man, that, supposing his people do not reveal themselves, I want to persuade my uncles to let me keep him. I could be so happy with him here." She kissed and fondled

Now that he saw whither his rash promise was to lead him, Mr. Mordle paused and hesitzted. "I am sure Uncle Herbert wouldn't mind " added Beatrice. "Mr. Talbert would never consent," said

"What harm would it do?" asked Beatrice. The Rev. Sylvanus was silent. He did not like to tell the girl that the retention at Hazlewood House of this mysteriously-sent child might create scandal.

"You will help me, will you not?" pleaded Beatrice. The look in her eyes turned Sylvanus' heart into wax.



So, with the weakness of male humanity when thus assailed, he promised to do what he could to insure her wish being carried out. the one she entreated of him. By and by he mind peculiar to the man who has laid a ungentlemanly. lovely woman under an obligation.

ing, but a necessary task.

TTO BE CONTINUED.

circumstances which fully justify a man's sary that a cow should be brushed. We gize to Captain Anderson in the pres- their sovereignty and show that politihave seen neighbors laugh and ridicule ence of every officer of the post. what they called our over-niceness and fussiness, when the cows were curried swallow, but there was no escape. He there is not a State or Federal office preaching impassioned sermons, was sadly and brushed twice a day, with as much declared to me that he would rather cut that cannot be filled as well by others care as was given to the horses. off his right hand than do what it had as by the incumbents. Then in a Retell of such a thing ! But a cow needs and fretted over the matter till he work- should be no aristocracy of office heldit, even more than a horse; and for sev- ed himself up to such a state of excite- ers, and as soon as they become impeeral reasons. A cow, whose milk is ment as made me fear for the strength rious, they should be remanded to the used for food, unless she have a perfect- of his mind to resist it, but he finally ranks. It is folly to say that new men ly clean skin, cannot give clean milk, cook I down and began to look at the could not fill the office; it is a slauder, and then the butter will be bad. The matter philosophically. than one can choose a dark or a fair skin; skin should be in a perfectly healthful Mrs. Hammond and I were to have a entirely would bring any detrigent to condition, and the blood pure, or the reception that evening for the members the State. Then let us say to the peomilk will be impure and unhealthful, of the court-martial, and they and all ple that they need not be alarmed if and the butter or cheese will be tainted. the officers of the garrison and their names heretofore unknown to the public chair beside her, by the aid of sundry cushions had tacked such a soft-sounding appellation be secured without regular brushing of my quarters. It was decided that at twelve months for the prominent offices the skin and the removal of all the filth pine o'clock Captain Lyon should ten- of our State. This would not be revowhich will gather upon ill-kept cows. der his apology in their presence. lution nor disloyalty it is only the di-The Talberts made no objection to Beatrice's was never too hot, hever too cold, never too This should be done before the cows are Every one was there, and at nine vine right the people have to manage proceedings, although they fancied the child sunny, never the windy for the Sylvanus milied, both morning and evening. o'clock Captain Anderson stationed him- their own affairs, and select their own

out in a quick, decisive, quite-beyond-doubt ough one, a simple brushing, to remove The last beat of the drums sounding way. His phrases followed one another like dust and loose hairs will be sufficient tattoo had hardly died away when Candust and loose hairs, will be sufficient tattoo had hardly died away when Capfor the evening. It will help very tain Lyon, in full uniform entered the much, for both horses and cows to have apartment. He looked neither to the the stables so floored that the animals right nor to the left, but with me at can be kept from fouling themselves .- his side, as his escort and host, he walk-American Agriculturist for June.

A Story of Gens. Nathaniel within four or five feet of Captain An-Lyon and R. H. Anderson, derson, who, grave and dignified, with

interesting incident in the early life of position; moreover, Oakbury is a healthy. Gen. R. H. Anderson of Sumter Counhis old friends:

> Upon one occasion Captain Anderson, f the Second Dragoons, afterward a icutenant-general in the Confederate service, gave a dinner party, at which were present several of the officers of the garrison as well as the members of a general court-martial that was then in session at the post. Captain Lyon and required them to do so .- Dr. Wm. A. myself were among the number. Although Captain Anderson was a citizen of South Carolina, and his host,

Lyon plunged as soon as he could get the opportunity into a harangue against the South and its peculiar institution, in which he used all the power of invective that he possessed in so great a degree. Among the guests were General Mansfield, killed at Antietam; General inside the door and calls for "more" Ramsey, Chief of Ordinance during the copy." The editor is in a quandary, war; Col. C. F. Smith, who, if he had for besides being overpowered by the lived, would certainly have given a scarcity of money, there is a lull in ingood account of himself on the side of teresting news. The intelligent editor the Union, and General Casey, who so has already completed his instructions highly distinguished himseif at the bat- to the farmers what to plant and how to tle of Fair Oaks. All of these were do it. The Legislature not being in Northern men who had no liking for session, the editor is debarred from inslavery, but they were all dumbfounded structing his representatives what bills at the violence and virulence of Lyon's to vote for and which to kill. The attack. As for the Southerners, they weather is hot and everybody knows it. looked indignant, of course, all but the The Lion and the Bear are lying down host, Captain Anderson, who sat at the together, and the various wars have head of his table smiling serenely at come to an end. The President is tak-Lyon's abuse, and by occasionally ad-dressing a word or two to those nearest The Governor has gone to sleep ove. to him, trying to make the occasion the census business, and the penitentiar pass as pleasantly as was possible under ry is simply vegetating. The Court the circumstances. But that evening, records are dull and the County officials while several of us, including Captain have all gone fishing -yet the "Devil" Lyon, were sitting in Major Merrill's with his insatiate cry of "more copy". quarters, Anderson entered the room. "Yes. I had heard something about it, but He looked around him, and his eyes at editor is perplexed. Shall we give him the reality overwhelmed me. Uncle Horace once lighted on the man of whom he a sensational murder case or a dog-fight? doing wool-work was my first experience. was evidently in search, and whom he No, that won't do. Ah! we have it-

ing his antagonist, "you took occasion raising it. This is a good subject, but to-day, when I from my position was the average farmer will say, we know "Please don's. They are so kind and amiable helpless to repel your insults, to commit how to raise a cotton crop, but tell us an outrage, for which I am now going how to raise the mortgage on the farm." my poor people would do without them I can't to punish you. I do not mean to heap Now he has us. A mortgage is hard personal abuse on you, for every one to describe, it is a thing by which you here present knows what I think of you, pay 50 per cent. more than what you and that kind of retaliation would do get. All for the pleasure of your seevery little harm; I am going to thrash ing the mortgagor lollong around on

hearing this speech, had remained settle the mortgage, the day arrives for quietly in his chair glaring at his adver- a settlement, you find you are still sary, and evidently worked up to the heavily in debt to the mortgagor; the point of doing mischief. As Anderson mortgage is closed, and the mortgagee came nearer. Lyon, still without mov- becomes a tenant of the mortgagor. A

tep pearer I'll kill von."

the two, and Anderson, without a word he indulges in the luxury of a cigar or forther, withdrew. About an hour afterwards I was bily dressed and his wife has an ex-

roused from bed by some one at the pression on her face which says: ""I'd door, and on going down stairs found just as well die if it was not for the Captain Lyon. I at once suspected children and the opportunity it would what had happened, but I was not al- give my husband to marry again." The lowed to remain long in a state of un- "Devil" still stands at the door, and certainty. "Anderson has challenged again we hear the ery, "more copy." me." he said.

"You will have to accept," I an- for the day, probably to-morrow's mail

"No, I shall not accept; I have con- and the editor passes out and duns some scientions scruples against duelling, poor subscriber for a dollar or two and besides, it is contrary to law, and with which to pay for his dinner. I am a law-abiding man. "Then you will be sent to Coventry

without delay. You have grossly insulted Anderson in his own house, and you must give him satisfaction, or you long in office, they begin to look upon will be run out of the army." "I don't care; I am willing to en- an office for two or three terms and if dure persecution for the sake of my con- there is any talk of honoring another

a dog."

were detained for an indefinite period. The linen paid in by the laundress did not balance some other gross indignity on him, and ter of meat and bread, for many of our Horace and Herbert he did not see. They to do but to horsewhip Lyon or inflict uate their power, secondly, it is a matwith the counterfoil in the washing-book, so this he would certainly have attempted office holders have reached the couclethey had to go through it again—an annoy- but for the fact that Sibley and I got sion in a most forcible and logical way, him and Lyon to agree that the matter that they carnot possibly get along should be referred to a council of officers without an office. Hence, one hears whose decision should be binding. This from various papers in the State, as Use the Brush on the Cows, body, after due deliberation, decided well as from quiet thinking farmers, that Captain Lyon had been guilty of a that a new deal in office is necessary. But few farmers ever think it neces- grave offence, and that he should apolo- In other words the people wish to assert

What! curry a cow? Never hearn been decreed he must do. He fumed publican form of Government there

ed through the long line of officers-all in full uniform -and ladies till he came Sibley by his side, awaited his arrival. The following, which we have never | "Captain Anderson," he said, without seen in print, gives an account of an a tremor in his voice, "I have come to express my regret for having used language at your table which, however much I may believe it to be true, was ty, who died some years ago. This out of place at the time, and was such item will possibly be news to many of as I, your guest, should not have spoken. Its employment was, under the circumstances, more injurious te me than it was to you." Anderson bowed without a word, Lyon bowed, and then, without tendering his hand, he turned and strode out of the room. Anderson and he never spoke to each other afterward except when their official relations Hammond, in Magazine of American

What Our Editors Say.

What Shall we Write About. Aiken Journal and Review.

The editor sits in his easy chair racking his brains for a leader for the next issue, when the "Devil" puts his head hangs around our sanctum door, and the "Captain Lyon," he said, approach- cotton crop, and how to grow rich by your hard earned gains. After having He took a step toward Lyon, who paid enough principal and interest to ing a limb, said, with as much compos- man who gives a mortgage generally ure as he could command, belong to the man who holds the mort-"Captain Anderson, if you come a gage. He sneaks around the corner to avoid the man wno owns him, and feels Instantly several of us rushed between like he has stolen something whenever

A New Deal.

When the same set of men are kept

office as their right. Keep a man in

a glass of beer. His children are shab-

We give it up and tell him to knock off

will bring something worth publishing,

victions. I shall not fight him. If he eitizen with this office, the incumbent attacks me, I shall kill him as I would begins to enquire, "What are you going to do with me? I can't afford to be I argued the matter with him-I was shelved. If you can't give me my old many years younger than I am now- place, give me something better." and the result was that he finally con- This spirit enters into office holders all sented to meet Anderson, provided I the way down to door keepers in the would act as his second, and that the State House. There is one notable exduel should take place with pistols ample in our State, since 1876, of a brave, independent man, retiring of his I remonstrated with him on this lat- own accord, to private life. But as a ter point, and told him that I was quite general thing our State and Federal' sure Major Sibley, Anderson's second. officers are there to stay, if they can't would peremptorily refuse to allow his step up higher. There is not a tenth principal to fight after such a murderous man amongst them, whether elected by fashion. He was firm, however, so I the people or Legislature, or appointed had a conference early the following by the Governor that would retire morning with Major Sibley, and, as I gracefully if another should be chosen Beatrice gave him a look of gratitude, the had expected, Lyon's terms were re- in his place. They soon feel that the very remembrance of which he felt would garded by him as altogether outside the office and the people also, belong to repay him for a much greater service than pale of the laws of duelling, and as bethem. This feeling arises from two took his leave of her in that happy frame of ling barbarous, murderous unusual, and causes, first, a love for office and power with the patronage belonging thereto is There was nothing left for Anderson a strong inducement for them to perpescal rings and bosses cannot dominate This was a bitter dose for Lyon to in South Carolina. They know that on our people to assert that a new deal

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Maingay Clauson, Bart. There is no reason for enlarging upon the and demestically-in the outward as well as the inward life—she was all a baronet's wife should be—all save that she presented her husband with no heir to his titles and estates.

This was a sad omission, but, for the sake of her many other good qualities, Sir Maingay swerlooked it, and made her a very good hus-and, as husbands go. When Lady Clauson hed, some twelve years after the birth of the laughter who lived Sir Maingay wept copi-sity. He even opened his Bible—the first time for many years—and by the aid of "Cruden's Concordance," looked out a text appropriate to her many virtues. Moreover, for her sake, or his own, he remained single for five long years. Then he went the way of all middle-aged, titled, wife-bereft flesh,

BY HUGH CONWAY,

REATRICE'S PROPOSE.

scarcely defined. She was neither mistress

In describing Hazlewood House and its be-

Beatrice Clauson, just about to leave school, romantic young lady, whose head for the present was, however, only occupied by pret-ty, filial dreams of looking after her father, ministering to his comforts, ruling his house, and generally doing the test she could to fill the place of her dead mother, found herself, without a word of warning, presented to a new mother; one, moreover, but four years older than herself. It was a crushing blow! It was a girl's first lesson in the vanity and unstability of mundane expectations.

She ought, of course, to have anticipated it; but she was young, and like most young people, considered her middle-aged father abnormally old and staid. Besides, she could remember her own mother well enough, and remembered also Sir Maingay's sincere grief when death claimed his wife. She remembered the way in which the weeping man threw his arms around herself, and told her memento of his wife-his one tie to life. Recalling all this, she was sanguine enough to fancy that memory was even more vivid, father than with herself. So the bolt came

At seventeen Beatrice Clauson was still a polled child All distracted widowers, until they marry again, spoil an only child; there-fore, if only on salutary grounds, a second alliance is to be recommended. We will, then, take it for granted that at the time of Sir Maingay's second marriage, Miss Clanson was spoiled. Moreover, we may at least sus-pect that she was both impetuous and stub-born, headstrong and romantic; also in her own way, as proud as Lucifer.

called respectable a term, the signification of which no man or woman has as yet been able exactly to define. Like the Bible, we interpret it as we choose.

When the inforced meeting between Lady Clauson and her stepdaughter took place, the young lady, by means of those signs and tokens the masonry of which women alone

The second Lady Clauson was a beauty, and

nothing more. Her family was what is

mind so clearly that war to the knife was And civil war in families-baronets or otherwise is a deplerable thing; doubly dedorable for the neutral parties, who lack the excitement of the internecine combat. For a while Sir Maingay's life was anything

fully comprehend, showed the state of her

the girl for her unreasonablaness and stubborn spirit, and want of resignation to the inevitable Lady Clauson for retaliating with all an injured woman's pettiness and spite-Sir Maingay for the thoroughly men-like conduct in letting things drift. They did drift with a vengeance! The breach between the two ladies soon became

too enormous to be bridged over by any

family diplomatic engineering.

The kirmishes between the belligerents are not worth noticing. The battle-royal was fought when the time came for Miss Clauson to be presented. Lady Clauson asserted that he was the proper person to present her steplaughter. Beatrice coldly declined her aid. fler ladyship insisted; her stepdaughter was bimest under his wife's banner, and for ones attempted to exercise parental authority Whereupon Miss Clauson cut the matte short, and declined being presented at all. It claimed for it, consider it a duty which we was a most dreadful state of affairs! You,

> not hand a refractory young woman into the presence of a gracious sovereign. Lady Clauson, who was rigidly exact in following the prescribed usages of society, may not have been far wrong when she declared that "a baronet's daughter, who refused to be presented, was-well, a mon-

> Sir Maingay began to wish his ancestors had not separated themselves from the Roman Catholic communion. He could have ent his daughter to a nunnery. But then, be saily reflected, she wouldn't have gone at any price. If put there by force, the Proestant league would soon have her out, and perhaps take her round the country spouting. The only thing the worried beronet could think of was to send for his rebel, and ask-

> her advice as to the best means of disposing of her troublesome self. When alone with her father Beatrice always behaved prettily. She was very fond of him, although the remembrance of the tears, the bext, the distracted vows, when contrasted with his second marriage for nothing but good looks, made her look upon him with a tittle contempt. She did not know that man as o gregarious a creature that it is not meet

> for him to live alone. She heard his remarks in silence, then gave him her opinion on the "Idon't want to be a nuisance to you, papa I am eighteen now—too old to go back to school. It's nonsense, of course, to say I should like to earn my own living, because when I come of age I shall have some money.

May I go and live at Fairholme?"

Fairbolme was Sir Maingay's seldom-u eat in one of the southern counties. "But you can't live there alone," he said. "Yes, I could. Mrs. Williams could take are of me. Lahall be happy enough." My dear girl, why not be reasonable and make friends with Lady Clauson? Then we

could all go abroad together." Lady Clauson, who was by no means a fool, potice. At such a tender age as his, woman had by this time found out that she needed is a child's natural protector. He at once something more than mere good looks to go quitted his stalwart friends and ran across down, or goup, in the society her heart longed the table to the fair girl, who smiled and for. She had, therefore, made up her mind to opened her arms. The little man darted into become a traveled woman, and had arranged them, and with a chirrup of delight laid his that Sir Maingay should take her to a variety head on the girl's shoulder and seemed perof foreign countries. The proposed tour was feetly happy and at rest. He was so pretty to be an affair of years, and her ladyship had that no woman could have refrained from cadim idea of writing, or of getting some one ressing him. Miss Clauson kissed him again else to write a book, describing the well-worn and arain, then, like every one who came pathways she meant to tread. She hoped to near him, fell to stroking his golden looks texe the world by storm as a literary woman. | and twining them round her fingers. The "I can't go abroad with you," said Beatrice.

presented and come out and all that sort of "If ever I do get married," said Reatrice

Sir Maingay's cheek reddened. He was pent's teeth. He did not reply; but the worthy taronet was at his wits' end. What sleep with me. Look at him, uncle Horace; could be do with this girl? He had very few isn't he a perfect cherub?"

i

think you ought to take a strange infant to firmed invalid; Horace and Herbert were sleep with you."
"Oh, nonsense, uncle Horace! See what a men without homes or wives. Sir Maingay was willing enough that Beatrice should re clean, beautiful boy it is. Whittaker, send a main in England. He had suffered much large can of hot water to my room. Come, during the last few months from the dissenmy pet; I will see how I can act the part of a sions of his wife and daughter. But where to bestow Beatrice? Singing and crooning and carrying the At last he remembered an aunt of his own Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."

with his name."

dining-room and talked the curious occurrence over and over. her protege was sleeping the sleep of innocent babyhood. At last she went away alto-

gether. Eatrice is more demonstrative than I be-

it came again and again.

Just after 1 o'clock, and when the brothers were thinking of retiring, to their great surprise Beatrice reappeared. She was in dainty dressing gown and slippers. After waiting until Mr. Mordle must certainly have gone she had come down-of course to hear if any news fixed on Herbert, expressed his conviction that no news was meant to arrive. Beatrice looked musingly into the fire. Her head was bent forward, her hands clasped round one of her knees. She made a pretty, almost classicallooking picture, no doubt duly approved of by

after; then put the matter into the hands of Herbert said nothing, so his brother's sus nicions increased. Beatrice rose as if to say good night. She stood for a hile on the rug, apparently intently interested in - series of

point of one slipper. Presently she looked up with a flushed cheek and spoke in a quick hur-"If nobody comes for the boy would you