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

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LIFE OR DEATH

BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY,

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," Etc.

What of him?" CHAPTER L After you pass the "Blue Anchor," the elm tree older even than the house itself, a few stops along the road bring you in sight of the pinnacled, square tower of Coombe-Acton church. You cannot see the church itself, as with schools and rectory close by It it hes at the back of the village, about

lage to whose spiritual needs it ministers, the church to an ordinary observer, is nothing out of the common, although cerfain small peculiarities of architecture, not noticed by an uncultured eye, make it an diject of some interest to archeologists. Visit it or not, according to your inclination, but afterwards keep straight on through the long straggling village, until the houses begin to grow even more straggling, the gar-dens larger and less cared for as ornaments, displaying more cabbages and scarlet runners from roses keep on until the houses cease altogether, and hawthorn hedges take the place of palings and crumbling walls, and at last you will come to Watercress Farm, a long, low, white house, one side of which abus on the highway, while the

two hundred yards up a lane. Like the vil-

Not a very large acreage, it is true, but then it is all good land, for the most part such as anctionsers describe as rich, warm, deep old pasture land; such land that, at the time this tale opens, any farmer, by thrift knowledge of his business and hard work, could make even more than bare living out of, and could meet his landlord on after reat and other ontgoings were pro- ners of the room.

Who occupies Watercress Farm now, and whether in these days of depression his rent is readily forthcoming or not matters little. At the time I write of it was rented by Farmer Leigh, even as his forefathers, according to village tradition, had rented it for some two hundred years. In quiet, conservative places like Coombe-Acton, a farm of this kind often goes from father to son with more regularity than an entailed estate landlord and tenant well knowing that their interests are identical.



It was a fine afternoon toward the end of June. Abraham Leigh was standing by the gate of the field known as the home meadow, looking at the long ripe grass rippling as the summer treeze swept across it. He was a thoroughly good specimen of a Somersatshire farmer. A big. sturdy man. whose movements were slow and deliberate. His face, if heavy and stolid, not by any means the face of a fool. No doubt a man of circumscribed views-the world, for him, extending eastward to the Bristol channel. Nevertheless, respected in his little world as a wonderful judge of a besst, a great authority on tillages, and, above all, a man who always had a balance in his favor at the Somersetshire bank; a type of that exfinct race, the prosperous farmer, who looked on all townsmen with contempt, thinking, as all farmers should think, that the owners of broad acres, and those engiged in agriculture, were alone worthy of

respect.
Yet, to-day, in spite of his advantages and acquirements, Farmer Leigh looked on the fifteen-acre meadow with a puzzled and discontented expression on his honest face; and, moreover, murmurs of dissatisfaction wer, proceeding from his lips. Farmers-Somersetshire farmers especially-are proverbial grumblers, but it is seldom they grumble without an audience. It is outsiders who get the benefit of their complaints. Besides, one would think that the tenant of Watercress Farm hal little, at present, to complain of. The drop of rain so bedly wanted had been long in coming, but it had come just in the nick of time to save the grass, and if the crop, outwardly, looked a little thin, Mr. Leigh's experienced eye told him that the undergrowth was thick and that the quality of the hay would be first-class. Moreover, what corn and roots he had looked promising, so it seems strange that the farmer should be grumbling when he had no one to listen to him, and should bean so disconsolately upon the

gate of the field when no one observed him. "I can't make him out," he said. "Good boy he be, too-yet instead o' helping me with the land always going about dreaming or messing with mul. Can't think where | ing in his own fashion. I have come on he got his notions from. Suppose it must's been from the mother, poor thing! Always fond o' gimeracks and such like, she were. Gave the lad such an outland so name I'm ashemed to hear it. Father's and grandfather's name ought to be good enough for a Leigh-good boy, though, he be, too!" A soft look settled on Abraham Leigh's face as he repeated the last words; then he went deeper into his slough of despond, where, no doubt, he battled as manfally as a Christian, until he reached the other shore, and fancied he had found the solution

of his difficulties. His face brightened. "Tell 'ee what." he said, addressing the waving grass in front of aim, "Pil ask Mr. Herbert. Squire's a man who have seen the world. I'll take his advice about the boy. Seems hard like on me too. Ne'er a Leigh till this one but what were a farmer to the backbone!' His mind made up, the farmer strode off to make arrangements with mowers. Had he been troubled with twenty unnatural

made while the sun shines. was cerried into execution. Folks about | had excited the farmer's ire and consterns-Combe Acton do not move with the co- tion.

laid upon him for some cause or other by an inscrutable Providence.

There are certain Spanish noblemen who, on account of the antiquity of their families and services rendered, are permitted to enter the royal presence with covered heads. It was, perhaps, for somewhat similar reasons, a custom handed down from father to son and established by time, that the tenant of Watercress Farm paid his rent to the landlord in person, not through the medium of an agent. Mr. Herbert being an important man in the west country, tho Leigh family valued this privilege as highly as ever hidalgo valued the one above mentioned. Mr. Herbert, a refined, intellectual looking man of about 50, received the

farmer kindly, and, after the rent, without a word as to abatement or reduction, had been paid in notes of the county bankdark and greasy, but valued in this particular district far above Bank of England promises-landlord and tanant settled down to a few minutes' conversation on crops and kindred subjects. Then the farmer unbardened his mind.

"Tve come to ask the favor of your advice, sir, about my boy, Jerry." "Yes," said Mr. Herbert, "I know him, a mee, good-looking boy. I see him at church with you and about your place when I pass.

"Well, you see, zur," sail the farmer, speaking with more Somerset dialect than sual, "he've a been at Bristol grammar school till just now. Masters all sends good accounts of him. I don't hold wi' too much learning, so thought 'swer time he come home and helped me like. But not a bit o' good he be on the varm; not a bit, zur! Spends near all his time messing about wi'

"Doing what?" asked Mr. Herbert, aston-

"A-muddling and a-messing with bits o' clay. Making little figgers like, and tries to bake 'em in the oven.'

"Oh, I see what you mean. What sort "All sorts, str. Little clay figgers of horses, dogs, pigs-why, you'd scarce believe it, sir-last week I found him making the figger of a naked 'coman! A naked 'coman! Why, the lad could never 'a' seen such a thing."

Abraham Leigh waited with open eyes hear Mr. Herbert's opinion of such an extraordinary, if not positively unusual proceeding. Mr. Herbert smiled.

"Perhaps your son is a youthful genius." other looks over the three hundred acres of "Genius or not, I want to know, sir. what odo wi' him. How's the boy to make a living? A farmer be'll never be." "You follow me and I will show you

something." Mr. Herbert led his guest to his drawingroom-a room furnished with the taste of a traveled man. As the farmer gaped at its splendor he directed his attention to the rent day with a cheerful face, knowing that four beautiful statues standing in the cor-

"I gave the man who made those £700 for them, and could sell them to-morrow for £1,000 if I choose. That's almost as good as farming, isn't it?" His tenant's eves were wide with amaze-

ment. "A thousand pounds, sir!" he gasped. "Why, you might have bought that fourteen acre field with that." "These give me more pleasure than land," replied Mr. Eerbert. "But about your boy-when I am riding by I will look in and

see what he can do: then give you my ad-The farmer thanked him and refurned home. As he joggel along the road to Watercress Farm he muttered at intervals:

"Well, wall, I never did!" Mr. Herbort was a man who kept a promise, whether made to high or low. Five red clay from his long, well-shaped fingers,

th lorade up with door of the firm. He was not alone. By his side rode a gay, great effect upon the cold, who, like most laughing, light-haired child of 13, who of her age, was intinenced by exteriors. ruled an indulgant father with a rod of So Miss Herbert, this little great lady, fron. Mr. Herbert had been a wilower for unbent, and allowed "Jerry" to lead her some years; the girl and a boy who was just | round the old-fashioned garden, to the outonly surviving children. The boy was per- oblivious of what fate had in store for them; haps all that Mr. Herbert might have to the dairy, where she condescended to wished, but he could see no fault in the pre- drink a glass of new milk, and by the time coclous, imperious, speiled little maid, who | they had returned to the garden the two

and one who gave rare promise of growing other things in nature. His talk, indeed, into a lovely woman. The farmer was away somewhere on the

appearance and thanker his visitor for the trouble he was taking on his behalf. "Now let me see the boy," said Mr. Her-

bert, after disclaiming all sense of trouble. | that he was startled into silence. Leigh went to the door of the room and shouted out, "Jerry, Jerry, come down You're wanted, my man."

In a moment the door opened, and the cause of Mr. Leigh's discentent came upon the scene in the form of a dark-eyed, dark- son named Gerald. No wonder Abrahaia haired, pale-faced boy, tail but slightly Leigh addressed his boy as Jerry. built, not, so far as physique went, much credit to the country side; yet in some respects a striking looking, if not a handsome like it." lad. The dark, eloquent eyes and strongly marked brow would arrest attention; but | worthy, respectable class of men," said the

age, and could scarcely be associated with somewhere. what commonly constitutes a good-looking lad. Yet, regularity of feature was there, and no one would dere to be sure that beauty would not come with manhood. He was not seen at that moment under advantageous circumstances. Knowing nothing about the distinguished visitors, he

hal obeyed his father's summons in hot very clean, and with hands covered with rel clay. Mr. Herbert lookel amused, while the little princess turned up har nose in great dislaia. Poor Abraham Leigh was much mystified

at the unpresentable state in which his son showed himseif. To make matters worse, the boy was not soiled by honest, legiti-

"Tut! tut!" he said, crossly. "All of a muck as usual." The boy, who felt that his father had a right to compiain, hong his hoad and showed sign; of retreating. Mr. Herbert

came to the rescue. "Never mind," he said, patting young Leigh on the shoulder, "he has b en work-

purpose to see those modelings of yours, my The boy started as one surprised. His cheek flushed and he looked at the speake

with incredulity yet hope in his eyes. "Yes," said the father sharply. "Go and put your hands under the pump, Jerry, then bring some of 'em down. Mabbe, any way, they'll amuse the little lady." "No, no," said Mr. Herbert. "I'll come

with you and see them for myself. Lead the way.'

Young Leigh did not speak, but his eyes thanked Mr. Herbert. That gentleman followed him from the room, leaving the farmer to amuse the little maid. He did this so far as he was able by producing a well-thumbed copy of the "Pilgrim's Progess," the leaves of which Miss Herbert condescended to turn daintily over until sha was quite terrified by the picture of the

combat with Apolyon. Meanwhile, "Jerry," with a beating heart, led Mr. Herbert up stairs to a room and incompetent sons, the hay must be destitute of furniture, save an old table and chair. A bucket half full of common red Although he had settled what to do, it | clay stood in one corner, and on the table was some time before the weighty resolve | were several of the little ciay figures which

lerity of cotton brokers or other man of Crude, defective, full of faults as they business. Sure they are, but slow. So it were there was enough power in them to was not until the September rent day that | make Mr. Herbert look at the lad in wonthe farmer consulted his landlord about his derment, almost envy. He was a men who domestic difficulty -the possession of a son, worshipped art; who had dabbled as an an only child, of about 15, who instead of amateur in pointing and sculpturing for making himself useful on the land, did lit years; who considered a gifted artist the the else save wander about in a dreamy way, most fortunate of mankind. So the word looking at all objects in nature, animate or envy is not ill chosen. What he would have manimate, or employed himself in the mysel given half his wealth to possess came to this terious pursuit which his father described as boy unsought for-to the son of a clod of a meeting with mud." Such conduct was a farmer the precious gift was vouchsafed!

As he would have expected the most are As he would have expected, the most amdiffions of the Leigh family so great that at bitious efforts were the worst-the "naked times the father thought it an infliction coman" was particularly atrocious—but,

still wet, and not ruined by an abortive attempt at taking, was a group modeled from life, a vulgar subject, representing, as it did, Abraham Leigh's prize sow, surrounded by her ten greedy offspring. There was such a. power and talent in this production that, had he seen nothing else, Mr. Herbert would have been certain that the lad as a modeler and copyist must take the first rank. If, in addition to his manual dexterity, he had

poetry, feeling and imagination, it might

well be that one of the greatest sculptors of

the nineteenti century stool in embryo be-As Mr. Herbert glanced from the rough clay sketches to the palseboy who stood breathless, as one expecting a verdict of life or doubt, he wondered what could have been the cause of such a divergence from the trains balitual to the Leighs. Then he remembered that some twenty years ago Abraham Ligh had chosen for a wife not one of his own kind, but a dweller in cities -a govercess, who exchanged, no doubt, a life of penury and servitude for the rough but comfortable home the Somersetshire farmer was willing to give her. Mr. Herbert remembered her, remembered how utterly out of place the delicate, refined weman seemed to be as Leigh's wife; remembered how, a few years after the birth of the boy, she sickened and died. It was from the mother's side the artistic taste

cautious. He had no intention of raising hopes which might be futile. Yet he felt a word of encouragement was due to the lad. "Some of these figures show decided talent," he said. "After seeing them, I need scarcely ask you if you wish to be a sculptor?

Young Leigh clasped his hands together. "Oh, sir!" he gasped. "If it could only

"You do not care to be a farmer, like your father?" "I could never be a farmer, sir. I am not fit for it." "Yet, if you follow in your father's track, you will lead a comfortable, useful life. If

you follow art you may go through years of poverty and suffering before success is at-The boy raised his head and looked full at the speaker-there was almost passionate

entreaty in his eyes. "Oh, sir," he said, "if you would only persuade my father to let me try-even for a few years. If I did not succeed I would come back to him and work as a laborer for the rest of my life without a murmur."

Mr. Herbert was impressed by the boy's earnestness. "I will speak to your father." he said. Then the two went back to the sitting-room, where they found Abraham Leigh much exercised by some difficult questions propounded by Miss Herbert respecting the nature of Apolyon. "Take my little girl for a walk round the garden," said Mr. Herbert to young Leigh.

"I want to speak to your father." in spite of the great gull between her and the clay-bespattered toy in his shirt sleeves the little princess was too glad of a change of scene to wish to disoboy her father. She followed her conductor to the back of the house and the boy and girl stepped out into the autumnal sunshine.

The little maid looked so trim and dainty in her neat riding habit, coquettish hat and tiny gloves, that his own draggled appearance struck the boy forcibly.

"If you will excuse me a minute," he said, "I will run and wash my hands." "Yes. I think it will be better," said Miss Herbert, with dignity.

In a minute or two young Leigh returned. He had found time not only to wash the rich days after his interview with Abraham but to slip on his coat and generally beautify

leaving Harrow for the university being his | houses and pigstyes, where the obese pigslay were as good friends as their different sta-She tripped lightly after her father into tions in life would permit. Young Leigh, the farmhouse, laughing at the way in who saw in this dainty little maid the inwhich he was obliged to bend his head to carnation of fairles, nymphs, goddesses and avoid damages from the low doorway; she other ideals which, in a dim way, were formseated herself with becoming dignity on the ing themselves in his brain, endeavored. chair which the widowed sister who kept after his first shyness had passed away, to house for Abraham Leigh tendered her with show her what beautiful shapes and forms many courtesies. A pretty chill, indeed, | could be found in flower, leaf and tree, and scarel far above her pretty little head and when they returned to the garden he was farm, but could be fetched in a minute if | trying to make her see that those masses of Mr. Herbert would wait. Mr. Herbert white clouds low down in the distance were weited, and very soon his tenant made his | two bodies of warriors about to meet in

"You are a very, very funny boy," said Miss Herbert, with such an air of conviction "Your name is Jerry, isn't it?" she continued. "Jerry's an ugly name."

"My name is Gerald-Gerald Leigh." "On-Gerald." Even this child could see the impropriety of a tenant farmer having a

"Do you like being a farmer?" she asked. "lam not going to be a farmer-I don't

"What a pity. Fremers are such a the face was too thin, too thoughtful for the | girl, using a stock phrase she had caught up The boy laughed merrily. Mr. Herbert's

approbation sat newly upon him, and he was only talking to a child—so he said. "I hope to be worthy and respectable, but a much greater man than a farmer." "Oh! How great?-as great as papa?" "Yes. I hope so."

"That's absurd, you know," said Miss haste, consequently he entered the room in | Herbert, with all the outraged family pride his shirtsleeves, which were certainly not that thirtseen years can feel, and, turning sway, she switched at the flowers with her

However, a few words from Gerald made them friends once more, and she expressed her pleasure that he should pick her one of the few reses which remained in the garden. "Roses are common," said the boy. "Every one gives roses. I will give you something prettier." He went to the sunny side of the couse

and soon returned with half a dozen pale lavender stars in his hands. They were blossoms of a new sort of late clemasis, which some one's gardener had given Abrabam Leigh. Gerald's deft fingers arranged them into a most artistic bouquet, the appearance of which was entirely spoiled by Miss Herbert's insistance that two or three roses should be added. The bouquet was just finished and presented when Mr. Her-

bert, followed by the farmer, appeared. Although he said nothing more to young Leigh on the subject which was uppermost in the boy's mind, the kindly encouraging look he gave him raised the wil lest hopes in bis beart. Mr. Herbert bade the father and son a pleasant good day and rode off with his little daughter.

Miss Herbert carried the bunch of clematis for about two miles, then, finding it rather incumbered her, tossed it over a Gerald Leigh went back to his attic and

commenced about half a dozen clay sketches of the prettiest object which as yet had crossed his path. For several days he was



for him, but Fate, personified by his father, made no sign, but went about his work stolid and Spinx-like Mr. Herbert, Ger-

landlord, and the same evening, while smoking his pipe in the kitchen, informed his son and his sister that to-morrow he was going into Gloucestershire to see if his brother Joseph could spare him one of his many boys to take Jerry's place. Jerry was to go to London the next day and meet Mr. Herbert. Most likely he'd stay there. 'Twas clear as noontide the boy would never make a farmer, and if there were fools enough in the world to buy white figures at hundreds of pounds apiece, Jerry might as well try to make his living that way as any other.

The truth is, Mr. Herbert told Abraham Leigh that if he would not consent to pay for his son's art education, he, Mr. Herbert, would bear the expense himself. But the monetary part of it troubled the substantial farmer little. He could pay for his child's keeping if he could bring his mind to consent to his going. And now the consent tain.

Gerald heard his father's communication with glowing eyes. For shame's sake he hid his joy, for he knew that, with all his stolid demeanor, his fathor almost broke down as he contemplated the diverging paths, his sen and he must henceforward tread. The boy thanked him from his heart, and the rough farmer, laying his hand on the child's head, blessed him and bade him go and prosper.

In this way Geraid Leigh left Coombe-Actor. At long intervals he reappeared for a few days. The worthy villagers eyed him askance, the only conception they could form of his profession being connected with dark-skinned itinerants who bore double tiered platforms on their heads, and earned a precarious livelihood by traversing the country selling conventional representatives of angels and busts of eminent men.

CHAPTER II.

Some seven years after the ambitious boy left Coembe-Acton, bonest farmer Abraham, just when the old-fashioned hawtherne hedges were in whitest bloom, sickened, turned his stolid tace to the wall and died. Gerald had been summoned, but arrived too late to see his father alive. Perhaps it was as well it should be so; the farmer's last moments being troubled ones, and full of regret that Watercress Farm would no longer know a Leigh. The nephew who had taken Gerald's place had turned cut an utter failure; so much so that Abraham Leigh had roundly declared he would be bothered with no more boys, and for the last few years had managed his business single banded. However, although Gerald'suphoavel of family traditions made the farmer's doathbed unhappy, he showed that his son had not forfeited his love. All he possessed, some three thousand pounds, was left to him. Mr. Herbert took the lease of the farm off the young man's hands; by and bye the live and dead stock were sold off, and Watercress Farm was waiting for another tenant.

The winding up of his father's affairs kept Gerald in the neighborhood for some weeks, and when it became known that Mr. Herbert had insisted upon his taking up his quarters at the hall, the simple Coombe-Acton folks were stricken with a great wonder. Knowing nothing of what is called the "aristocracy of art," their minds were much exercised by such an unboard-of proceeding. What had "Jerry" Leigh been doing in the last seven years to murit such a distinction! Nothing his agricultural friend; could

have understool. After picking up the

rudiments of his ort in a well-known sculp-

tor's studio, young Leigh had been sent to study in the schools at Paris. Air. Herbert told him that, so far as his art was concerned. Paris was the workshop of the world-Rome its beza: and show room. So to Paris the boy went. He studied hard and lived frugally. He won certain prizes and medals, and was now looking forward to the time when he must strike boldly for fame. Even now he was not quite unknown A couple of modest but very beautiful studies in low relief had appeared in last year's exhibition, and, if overlooked by the majority, had attracted the notice of a few whose praise was well worth winning. He was quite satisfied with the result of his first attempt. In all things that concerned his art he was wise and patient. No sconer had he placed his foot on the lowest step of the ladder, than he realized the amount of work to be done-the technical skill to be

acquired before he could call himself a sculptor. Even now, after seven years study and labor, he had self-denial enough to resolve upon being a pupil for three years longer before he made his great effort to place himself by the side of contemporary sculptors. Passionate and impulsive as was his true nature, he could follow and weo Art with that calm persistency and method which seems to be the surest way of winning her smiles. He is now a man-a singularly handsome

man. If not so tall as his youth promised, he is well built and graceful. Artist is stamped all over him. Brow, eyes, even the elender, well-shaped hands proclaim it. The general expression of his face is one of calm and repose, yet an acute observer might assert that, when the moment came that face might depict passions stronger than those which sway most men.

His hair and eyes, and something in the style of his dress gave him a look not quite that of an Englishman-a look that terribly vexed poor Abraham Leigh on those rare occasions when his erratic boy paid him a visit; but nevertheless, it is a look not out | ward with strongely mingled feelings-

of place on a young artist. This is the kind of man Gerald Leich has grown into, and while his transformation has been in progress Miss Eugenia Herbert

has become a woman. Although remembering every feature of the child, who seemed in some way associated with the day of his liberation, Gerald had not again seen her until his tather's death called him back to England. Each time he had visited Coembe-Acton he had, of course, reported progress to Mr. Herbert; but, shortly after the change in his life, Mr. Herbert, by a great effort of self-denial, had sent his darling away to school, and at school she had always been when Geraid called at the ball. But now, when he accepted Mr. Resbert's bospitality, he found

the fairylike child grown, it seemed to him,

into his ideal woman; and found, more-

that even the love of art must pale be-He made no attempt to resist it. He let along. Ere a week had gone by, not only well-born and wealthy? Could sho find in clay two years ago by a young sculptor by looks but also in burning words, he had strength to face, for his sake, the scorn of told Eugenia he loved her. And how did he her friends?

thing, save that he loved the girl, succeeded room as Mrs. Catheart's, and in front of her with many admirers, but not one like this. | ietention of calling upon her to-morrow. Such passionate pleading, such fiery love, toher. There was an originality, a freshness, a thoroughness in the love he offered her reason. All the wealth of his imagina- servent announced Mr. Leigh. She started tion, all the crystalizations of his poetical and turned pale. She trembled in every dreams, he threw into his passion. His | limb as he crossed the room to where she warmth, his reckless pleading compared. Tolca thrilled her. Ebe forgot obstacles as his elequence overlost she confessed she loved him.

clouds and confized want he had done, and | tied her. as soon as he touched the earth and became reasonat le l'agenie fancied she did not care for him only so much. Lis concince specialism. Not only must like I pleasant, bright, well-to-lo people, him know when he might call again.

on thorns to hear what fate had in store | passionate wooing, recovered his lost ground | course, she loved Gerald dearly—that was and gained, perhaps, a little more.

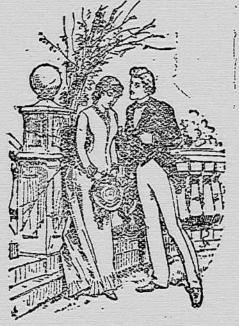
But Abraham Leigh's offairs were settled up, and Gerald knew he must tear himself ald learned, had gone to London for a few from Acton Hall and go back to work. He had lingered a few days to finish a bust of However, before a fortnight had gone by, Mr. Herbert. This Abraham Leigh received a letter from his for staying longer. Mr. Herbert. This done, he had no excuse

The summer twilight deepened into night, The sculptor and Miss Herbert stood upon the bread and graveled terrace walk that runs along the stately front of Acton Hall. They leaved upon the gray stone balustrade; the girl, with musing eyes, was looking By this time he was a cold, cynical man of down on shadowy lawn and flower bei underneath; the young man looked at her, lives, bus, being no tool, hal gained exand ber alone. Silence reigned long between them, but at last she spoke: "You really go to-morrow?"

"Tell me to stay, and I will stay," he said, passionately; "but next week-next month-next year, the moment when it does come, will be just as bitter." She did not urge him. She was silent, He drew very near to her.

"Eugenia," he whispered, "you love ma?" "i think so." Her eyes were still looking over the darkening garden. She spoke his true nature, thought him as perfect as a dreamly, and as one who is not quite cer-

"You think so! Listen! Before we part let me tell you what your love means to me. If when first I asked for it, you had scorned me, I could have left you, unhappy, but still a man. Now, it means life or death to me. There is no middle course-no question of joy or misery-simply life or death! Engenia, look at me and say you love me!"



me!"

His dark eyes charmed and compelled | did not enter his head. "Ilove you! Ilove you!" she murmured. Her words satisfied him; moreover, she let

they stood for more than an hour, while hardened, but he still spoke politely and Gerald talked of the future and the fame he meant to win-talitel as one who has the fullest confidence in his own powers and di-Presently they saw Mr. Herbert walking through the twilight towards them. Gerald's familiar to me. Now, who is Gerald

her positive pain. "Remember," he whispered. "Life or death! Think of it while we are apart. Your love means a man's life or death!" Many a lower has said an equally extrava- you quite my in cant thing, but Eugenia Herbert knew that his words were not those of poetical imagery, and as she re-entered the house she trembled at the passion she had aroused. What if time and opposition should work a change in her feelings! She tried to reassure herself by thinking that if she did not love bun in the same blind, reckless

loved Gerald Leigh. The semiptor went back to Paris-to his art and his dreams of love and fame. Two make much of them. It's the fashion. But years slipped by without any event of serious | we don't marry them. Indeed, as they all import bappening to the persons about begin in the lower ranks of life, like your

another man whom she could love as she

whom we are concerned. Then came a Mr. Herbert died so suddenly that neither doctor nor lawyer could be summ med in time, either to aid him to live or to carry cut his last wishes. His will gave Eugenia \$2,000 and an estate he owned in Gioucestershire-everything else to his son. Unforiunately, some six months before he had sold the Gloucestershire property, and, with culpable negligence, had not made a fresh will. Therefore, the small money bequest was all that his daughter could claim. However, this seemed of little moment, as her brother at once announced his intention of settling upon her the amount to which she was equitably entitled. He had given his solicitors instructions to prepare the deed. James Herbert, Eugenia's brother, was unmarried, and at present had no intention of settling down to the life of a country gentleman. Six weeks after Mr. Herbert's death the greater number of the servants were paid off, and Acton Hall was practically shut up. Eugenia, after spending some weeks with friends in the north of England, came to London to live for an in-

definite time with her mother's sister, a Mrs. Since her father's death, Gerald Leigh had written to her several times-letters full of passionate love, and penned as if the writer felt sure of her constancy and wish to keep her promise. He, too, was coming to London. Had she wishel it, he would at once have come to her side; but, as it was, he would take up his quarters in town about

the same time Eugenia arrived there.

Miss Herbert had for two years looked forwhen her friends must be told that she intended to marry the young, and as yet unknown, sculptor, Gerald Leigh, the son of her father's late tenant farmer. Abraham. She leved him still. She felt sure of that much. If time and absence had somewhat weakened the spell he had thrown over her proud nature, she know that, unless the man was greatly changed, the magic of his words and looks would sway her as irresistibly as

The hour was at hand—the hour to which

before. She loved him, yet rebelled against Her father had died ignorant of what had passed between his dangiter and the young Berbert's approval, or disapproval, would her steps. He had suspected nothing. The over, that there was a passion so intenso few letters which passed between the lovers yet, a secret known only to themselves. She loved him, but why had be dared to it master him, everwhelm him, sweep him | make her love him? Or, why was he not | that Mr. Herbert's likeness had been taken

She must decide at once. She is sitting His very audacity and disregard of every- and thinking all those things in her own to a marvel. Eugenia had already met lies a letter in which Gerald announces his She knows that if she receives him she will such vivid eloquence were strange and new | be bound to proclaim herself his affineded |

He called. She saw him. Mrz. Catheart her. His very unreasonableness affected was out, so Eugenia was alone when the come. Mrs. Catheart, in return, spoke of self particularly and specifically to tree by itself, and he sees at once the essacy whirled the girl from her mental stood. He took her hand and looked into Miss Herbert to hear her anal speak of her women of the world who choose to the right to close the saloons between feet, his warmin created an answering ber face. He spoke, and his rich, musical

"Engeric-is it life or death?" his great dark eyes looked into hers, and at her eyes from id: She saw the intensity of and the basts and tombstone; before she baptismal vows of the church should be twelve oclock Saturday night to twelve She could not neswer. She could not turn their expansion deepen, saw a flerce, yearn-Then Gorald Leigh came down from the inglook come into them, a look which star-"Is it life or death?" he repeated.

"G. rabi, it is life," she said Drank with jur, he threw his arms around Mr. Herse the reexceed with, but a terrible her and tessed her until the binshes dyed bad met him several times last year, and it interves must elapse before he bad fame and her cheeks. He stayed with her as long as forume to the before Eugenia. He could she would allow, but his delight was too home in order to live an quatrieme or an his class for the future. When, at last, she chide her. She, clever woman, knew that chanisms in Paris, while he completed his made him teave her, he gave her the numstude. He grew sad and downcast as he ber of a studio at Chelsea, which be had costs them to win it. So the baronet came, fels le's kindly disposed toward him, and They parted. Eugenia walked to the win-

dow and for a long time looked out on the This made him reckloss again. He threw gay thoroughtere, now full of carriages the future to the winds, recommenced his going to and returning from the park. Of ago.

His love concarred.

now beyond a doubt. But what would she have to go through when the engagement was announced-what had she to look forward to as his wife! Must love and worldly misery be synouymous!

The current of her thoughts was inter-

ruoted by the arrival of another visitorher brotuer. James Herbart was a tall young man, faultlestly dressed, and bearing a general look of what is termed high breeding. He bore a likeness to his father, but the likeness was but an outward one the world. He had not lived the best of enough to study human nature with a view of turning his knowledge to account, Eurenia had some pride of birth; ner brother had, or affected, a great deal mora. He was by no means unpopular; few men could make themselves more agrecable and fascinating than James Herbert when it was worth his while to do so. In his way he was fond of his sister; certainly proud of her beauty; and she, who knew nothing of brother can be.

He kissed her, complimented her on her good looks, then sat down and made himself pleasant. She answered his remarks somewhat mechanically, wondoring all the time what effect her news would have upon him. She hatel things hanging over her head, and had male up her mind to tell him of art of farming is being reduced to a the world to utter a word of remonher intentions, if not to-day, the next time

"The lawyers have almost settled your little matter," she sail. "It's lucky for you I made up my mind at once; things sure that our people will consider well haven't turned out so we'l as we expected." She thanked him-not effusively, as if he was doing no more than she hal a right to expect. Yet the thought flashed across her that before she took his bounty she was by honor compelled to make him acquainted with what sas purposed doing. "By the bye, Eagonia," sail Herbert. 'you know Raiph Norgate?"

not see him." "Well, I expect he'il soon call again. He has been forcing his friendship on me lately. In fact-I'd better tell you-his mind is made up-you are to be the future Lady Norgate. Now you know what to look for-

Her face flushed. Her troubles were be-"But, James," she stammered, "I was just going to tell you. I am aiready en-He raised his eyebrows. To express great

Europia was capable of disgracing herself "So much the worse for Norgate," he said. "Who is the happy man?" "You will be angry, very angry, I fear." the hand he grasped remain in his, perhaps | She socke timidly. His manner told her even returning the pressure of his own, So she had good grounds for fear. His mouth

surprise was against his creed, and the idea

"My dear girl, don't discount my displeasure. Tell me who it is." "His name is Gerald Leigh." "A pretty name, and one waich sounds

hand tightened on the girl's so as to cause Leigh!" "He is a sculptor." "Ah!-now I know. Son of that excellent old tenant of my father's. The genius ha discovered on a dangheap. Engenia, are "He will be a famous man some day." Herbert shrugged his shoulders in a peculiarly irritating way.

"Let him be as famous as he likes. What does it matter?" "The proudest family may be proud of allying themselves to a great artist." Herbert looked at his sister with a pitying way, at any rate she would never meet but amused smile. "My poor girl, don't be led astray by the temporary giorification of things artistic. When these fellows grow der, presenting a solid and unwavering year \$9,000,000, seventh year \$7,000, talked about we ask them to our homes and friend, they are generally provided with

wives of their own station, who stay at home and trouble no one. She winced under the sting of his scorn. He saw it, and knew he was pursuing the

right treatment for her disease. "Now, this young Leigh," he continued, "what will he be for years and years? A sort of superior stonecutter. He will make what living he can by going about and doing busts of mayors and mayoresses, and other people of that class, who want their common features perpetuated. Perhaps he may get a jeb on a tombstone for a change. Bah! Of course you have been jesting with me, Eugenia. I shall tell Norgate to call as goon as possible."

"I shall marry Gerald Leigh," said Eugenia, sullenly. All the same, the busts and tombstones weighed heavily upon her. "That," said her brother, rising, and still speaking with a smile, "I am not the least afraid of, although you are of age and mistress of £2,000. You are cut out to ornament an attic. I need not say I must countermani that settlement. It must wait until you marry Norgate or some other suitable man." He kissed her and walked carolessly away.

To all appearance the matter did not cause man, and flattered himself he knew how to treat Engenia-human nature should be assailed at its weakest points. His carelessness was, of course, assumed, for, meeting Mrs. Cathcart as she drove home. Eugenia's news was sufficiently dis-

turbing to make him stop the carriage, seat

himself beside his aunt, and beg her to take another turn in the park, during which he told her what had transpired. They were fitting coadjutors. Mrs. Cathcart was delighted to hear of Sir Ralph's overtures, and was shocked to find that Eugenia was entangled in some low attachbe led, not driven-must be laughed not his constituents are apt to think that he If any State or Territory misapplies the talked, out of her felly. "Giels nearly always make fools of themselves once in

about the fellow, where he lives and all the ployed a sculptor to make his ewa bust Mrs. Catheart spoto so naturally that Engenia fell in the trap, and informed her

then staying at Acton Hall. It had been

dene for pleasure, not profit, but her father

had always intended to order a copy in

marble. Mrs. Catheart was delighted. Del

seme, Eugenia shall not. Find out all

Eugenia know where the young man could yet writion to Gorald. She must find strength to throw off her brother's scorn

again met her lover. He was a man of about 40. Not ill-tooking, but with the non-istakable appearance of one who has lod a part 180. The was rich to be hurtful to spiritual life. and of the oil fatetig. It was clear to less. The Sparianburg correspodent of the on the methods we propose for getting was no news to her that he was her declaration by and by.

What Our Editors Say.

Serious Question.

Abbeville Press and Banner. out of town every day for two weeks. We take it for granted that our farmers have thoroughly tested or analyzed their | run wild commend us to 'Spartan's' late: lands, and knew the component parts of utterances. the alleged fertilizers which they have bought, and are therefore satisfied that once for all, that the Christian Church they have bought that variety of fertil- does not intend to be dictated to upon izer which is rich in those qualities of moral questions by men whose moral perience and caution. He was clever which they know their land to be poor. standard is not in accord with the di-Fertilizers, like medicines, may be a vine code. If men of the world will very good thing, but if calomel is given frequent the ball-room, the card table. when quinine is needed, er if one kind the theatre and similar places of un-

> than waste of money. and as intelligent as ours are would not forbidden paths, she can and must think of buying fertilizers of which they speak with authority, bidding them reknew nothing to put in land of which turn to the way which they are under they know less. The ignorant classes covenant to follow. And when she thus of our farmers may have spent their speaks,-speaks as a mother to her. money years ago for fertilizers of which | wayward and disobedient children-it is they knew nothing, but now when the the height of impertinence for men of science, and when the price of cotton strance or protest. has been reduced to seven cents, with the prospect of a fall of one cent, we are what they are doing, and will not in Bill in the House of Representatives any case, buy guanos on a ruinous will, in our judgment, be a political

most stopid man that ever planted a has passed the measure, which has for cotton seed would not buy guano with- its object the education of the poor out having an idea what his land need- man's children all over the United "Yes. He called a day or two ago. I did ed. Everybody knows that stable and States. The defeat of this bill by the lot manures are perfect manures, and Democratic House of Representatives for this reason they will increase any would give the Republicans an issue crop to which they are applied. Not so which would be dangerous for us in New with commercial fertilizers. They may York, Indiana, and perhaps Connecticus abound with just such qualities as the and New Jersey. There are a great land is surfeited with, and hence guanos many persons in the South who do not are liable to do harm.

Even if we were sure of getting the gro education, and we confess that the guano we might need, the day has passed when we can pay old time prices, with cotton at seven cents.

Edgefield Monitor.

Suppose that the times are hard and money scarce, what does that matter with the farmer if he is out of debt, and even if he should owe a few hundred money from the United States treasury. dollars? If he happens to be frugal and industrious, he can make cotton and pay up. Pigs and potatoes, corn and cabbage, peas and turnips, grow as well in hard times as flush, and what matters it at last if a good crop and ready sales are assured? Suppose our rulers become proud of their little brief authority, and show a disposition to favor rings, cliques and monopolies, the farmers and their friends are numerous enough to turn them out at the next election, and put others in their places. If the farmers don't have fair play it is and territories, and the District of Cotheir own fault, for those that are for lumbia and Alaska: First year \$7,000 them are more than those that be 000, second year \$10,000,000, third against them. Let them be true to vear \$15,000,000, fourth year \$13, themselves, and stand shoulder to shoul- 000,000, fifth year \$11,000,000, sixth front, there is no power in the State 000, and eighth year \$5,000,000, that could break their lines or encroach making \$77,000,000, besides which upon their rights. Then let us hear there is a special appropriation of \$2,no more of the wrongs and oppressions 000,000 to aid in the erection of school practiced upon the farmer. He has the houses in sparsely settled districts, authority to demand his rights and the making the total fund \$79,000,000. power to maintain them, and if he fails

take the consequences. Greenville News.

Professor R. Means Davis, of the each of our Congressmen asking his in behalf of the free trade association, the implication is that the association will proceed to annihilate any Congress-

man who fails to agree with its views. the membership of the association, but it is somewhere about seventy, we believe, and ought to tackle something of State is to receive the benefit of the Act its size first. It might appropriately until its Governor shall file with the begin by making free trade an issue in the municipal politics of some town with

sional district by degrees.

tion of himself in Congress some weeks ago, ought to try his hand again. His vear from its own revenues for common statements in relation to the condition of the Norfolk navy yard and his savage attack upon the "Rebels" bave turned cut so much to his disadvantage, and knew something about the sex. "All the full and admirable report of the condition of affairs at that place has estabrest of it. She doesn't know I've told you lished the absolute falsity of every stateabout this. Keep a sharp look out for any ment made by Mr. Boutelle. This was what might have been expected, howaunt were together, the latter, a skilled ever, from the politics of 'the member demestic diplomatist, commencel opera- from Maine, and the well-known avertions by regretting that Mr. Herbert, at sion of Republican leaders to the truth of all previous annual appropriations. though so fond of scatuary, had never em- whenever they have occasion to speak Congress reserves the right to alter of

Intelerance Run Wild.

S. C. Advocate. A few Sabbaths ago Dr. James H. crudest mind, when it is clearly stated. Carlisle, of Wofford College, delivered Tell a man that we don't propose to an address in the court house at Spar- watch the 200,000 salsons, but to close tanburg, on the subject of worldly the 3,600 distilleries and breweries, Engenia did know. She told her with a amusements. This address was deliv- and keep them closed, and be says at tinge of color on her chose, and took at- ered at the request of the pastors of the once, This is sensible. Tell a man vantage of the opportunity, and perhaps Methedist, Presbyterian and Baptist that a prohibitory law can no more soothed her spirit somewhat by executiating on what a great man her fever was to be churches. Dr. Carlisle addressed himprohibit than an axe can chop down a on what a great man her fever was to be geniuses as structure, poverty-stricken per- 'church members.' He had not a word reason for a Prohibition party back of sons, to befriend whom was the one great of criticism to offer to the men and the law. Tell a man that if the law has wish of her life. It was indeed pleasant for lever as she might of a hard-working seam- dance, play eards and attend the theatre. the hours of twelve o'clock Saturday stress or deserving laundress. She had not But he did argue, and very forvibly, night and five o'clock Monday morning, too, that those who had assumed the it has the right to close them from very careful not to indulge in such o'clock the next Saturday night, and Sir Raiph Norgate called that morning amusements as the experience of the the logic reaches him and abides with church and the world had demonstrated bim. The people need education -not

Catheart that to make the business. Eage da : Augusta Chronicle has seen fit to criti- rid of them. If they will not read our cise the Doctor's lecture in such terms papers and hear our speakers, they can ardent admired. She was very cold toward as prove, either that he was not present, be reached in casual conversation, if it scercely expect her to leave her luxurous delicious to permit him to say much about him to-day; but her and therefore don't know what he is be done in a calm and reasonable way. talking about, or that he is guilty of a We grow sometimes so fall of the subpresumption as brozen as it is absurd. | jeet, and the line of daty is so clear to thought of these things, and Eagenia, who taken, and she promised to write and les stayed his appointed time and then went It is evident that 'Spartau' has never us, that we are in danger of an unreasonaaway, presumobly in fair train to a burdened himself with any 'baptismal ble intolerance. We forget that most vows'-what right, then, has he to of us were back there in the fog but a Roumanian Proverb: Money is the devily criticise? Are men of the world to short time ago, and were not devoid of distate to the church how her members | conscience either. - Voice.

shall live? Must Christians conform in: judgment and in life to 'Spartan' or to: 'the world, the flesh and the devil,' in order to be considered respectable mem-Great loads of guano have been going bers of society? Men of 'Spartan's' ilkfrequently prate about the 'intolerance of the Church,' but for an intolerance

It may as well be understood now. of goano is bought when another should godly amusement, they must go. The be applied to the land, there is a worse Church can only warn and entreat. But when her own members violate. We know that farmers as practical their solemn covenant and wander into

> Anderson Intelligencer. The defeat of the Blair Education

blunder for the Democrats. The Sen-Of course, in this day and time, the ate, by a vote of thirty-three to eleven. like the features of the bill touching nebill as amended in the Senate is not as acceptable as the bill passed last year but at the same time the passage of the measure as it now stands will add greatly to the efficiency of the publis schools all over the country, and give to the several States decided material advantages from the expenditure all This feature of the bill will give it great strength in every part of the Union. For the Democratic party to array itself against this measure is deliberately to yield a decided advantage to the Republicans in the coming contest.

The Blair Bill.

For eight years after its passage there shall be annually appropriated from the treasury the following sums, in aid of common school education in the States

The money is given to the several to do it let him accept the situation and States and Territories 'in that proportion which the whole number of persons in each who, being of the age of 10 years and over, cannot write, bears to the whole number of such persons in the State college, has written a letter to United States,' according to the census of 1880, until the census figures of opinion of free trade. The demand is 1890 shall be obtained, and then ascording to the latter figure. In States of which Mr. Davis is Secretary, and having separate schools for white and colored children the money shall be paid out for support of such white and colored schools respectively in propor-This is very beautiful. We forget tion that white and colored children between 10 and 21 years old in such State bear to each other by the census. No secretary of the interior a statement giving full statistics of the school syshim a moment's anxiety. He was a clever sixty voters and work up to a Congrestern, attendance of white and colored children, amount of money expended. &c., the number of schools in operation. number and compensation of teachers. Mr. Boutelle, the blatherskite from &c. No State or Territory shall re-Maine who made so pitiful an exhibi- ceive in any year from this fund more money than it has paid out the previous

schools. If any State or Territory declines to take its share of the national fand, such share is to be distributed among the ment. She quite agreed that the girl must were so inconsistent with truth, that States accepting the benefits of the fund. has been bought by the Confederate fund or fails to comply with the conditheir lives," said Mrs. Catheart, cynically, brigadiers. Commodore Truxton, the tions, it loses all subsequent apportion-"They do," said James Fierbert, who naval commandant at Norfolk, in a very ments. Samples of all school books in use in the States and Territories shall

be filed with the secretary of the inte-Any State or Territory accepting the provisions of the Act at the first session of its Legislature after the passage of the Act shall receive its pro rata share

There is a reasonableness in Prohibi-

ion that commends itself to even the ouly on the evils of intemperance, bet