SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1887.

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It allays pain and inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from addi-tional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Bene-

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BRADFISID REGULATOR Co., Atlanta, Ga. ONE LIVED, THE OTHER DIED.

cook. About eighteen months ago she became sickly and had a cough and was confined to bed, and it was thought that she on the wings of Night. He does not believe had consumption. The treatment by physi- in any God, and yet the terrible fears that cians failed to give relief. In December, formed just above the pit of the stomsch, which when lanced discharged matter for 8 or 9 months. One of these also formed under on the black bosom of the storm the finger ber arm, and three on her back, which discharged matter for a considerable time. For six months of this time she was confined to the house, and most of the time in bed. The stomach often refused food, by rejecting what she had eaten. She used a great deal of medicine, but failed to be cured. I bought one

bottle of your B. B. B. (made in Atlanta, Ga.,) and gave it to her and she commenced to improve. .. I then bought and gave ber three bottles more, and she continued to improve and in two months' time her cough had ceased, her constitution strengthened, appetite and digestion good, all discharges ceased, nodes or knots disappeared and she went to work apparently healthy and fatten-

ed up greatly.

This woman had a married sister of near same age who was affected in precisely the same way and about the same time. She had node or knot on pit of stomach, back, etc. As he called, a form rose up at his very She did not take any B. B. and the node feet, causing the weary horse to start back so on her stomach ate through to the cavity. She continued on the decline and wasted

These were two terrible cases of blood poison one used B. B. B. and was speedily cured the other did not use it and died. It is most assuredly a most wonderful blood purifier. I refer to merchants of this town. Yours truly, W. T. ROBINSON. Tishabee, Ala., May 1, 1886.

A Sheriff Released.

For a period of sixteen years I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head which baffled the use of all medicines used. Seeing the advertisement of B. B. B., I purchased and used six or seven bottles, and although used irregularly have recieved great relief, and recommend it as a good blood purifier. [Signed] J. K. HOLCOMBE, Jr., Sheriff of Haralson county, Ga.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known.

BLOOD BALM CO.,

SURVIVORS CO. E, P. S. S. THERE WILL BE A BASKET PICNIC of Co. E, P. S. S. at Atkin's Grove,
Mayesville, on the 3d Friday in July next.
No further notice to survivors will be given. J. E. ATKINS, Committee. J. S. DURANT.

BCBOLINK.

Quick as a wink, In liquid notes of chatter and chink, Whirls and whistles to Mrs. Link. Gayly they swing And cheerily sing,

As high on swaying stems they cling, Ere nestling down with folded wing.

Where I cautiously pass, Hidden from sight, in mat and mass, Is a nestied home for lad and lass.

When broom bright flowers, There comes from Southern homes and boy To cheer this North .. a land of ours,

With cheery chink, The Bobolink. When June days go, tis sad to think, A rice bird only is Bobolink.

JESS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD Author of King Solomony Munes She Ele.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANK MULLER'S FAMILIAR. The study of the conflicting elements that go to make up a character like Frank Muller's. however fascinating it might prove, is not one that can be attempted in detail here. Such a character in its developed form is fortunately practically impossible in a highly civilized country. The dead weight of the law would crush it back to the level of the human mass around it. But those who have lived in the wild places of the earth will be acquainted with its prototypes, more especially in those places where a handful of a superior race rules over the dense thousands of an inferior. Solitudes are favorable to the production of strongly marked individualities. The companionship of highly developed men, on the contrary, whittles individualities away, the difference between their growth being the plain and a tree in the forest. On the plain the tree takes the innate bent of its nature. It springs in majesty toward the skies; it spreads itself around or it slants along the earth just as nature intended that it should.

and in accordance with the power of the forest it is different. There the tree grows toward the light wherever the light may be. Forced to modify its natural habit in obedience to the pressure of circumstances over and height as its neighbors will allow to it, all its energies being directed to the preservation of life, in any shape and at any sacrifice. Thus it is with us all. Left to ourselves, or surrounded only by the scrub of humanity, we become outwardly that which the spirit within would fashion us to, but placed among our fellows, shackled by custom, restrained by law, pruned and bent by the force of public opinion, we grow as like one to another as the fruit bushes on a garden wall. The sharp angles of our characters are fretted away by the friction of the crowd, and we become round and polished, and superficially, at any rate, identical. We no longer resemble a solitary bowlder on a plain, but are as a stone built into the great edifice of civilized society. The place of a man like Frank Muller is at the junction of the waters of civilization and barbarism. Too civilized to possess those

savage virtues which, such as they are, represent the quantum of innate good nature has thought fit to allow in the mixture man, and too barbarous to be subject to the tenderer restraints of cultivated society, he is at once strong in the strength of both and weak in their weaknesses. Animated by the spirit of barbarism, superstition and almost entirely destitute of the spirit of civilization, mercy he stands on the edge of both and an affront to both, as terrific a moral spectacle as the

Had he been a little more civilized, with his power of evil trained by education and cynical reflection to defy the attacks of those spasms of unreasoning spiritual terror and inrestrainable passion that have their natural dwelling place in the raw, strong mind of broken upon the world as a Napoleon. Had he been a little more savage, a little further removed from the unconscious but present influence of a progressive race, he might have ground his fellows down and ruthlessly destroyed them in the madness of his rage and lust, like an Attila or a T'Chaka. As it was, he was buffeted between two forces he did not realize, even when they swayed him,

and thus at every step in his path toward a supremacy of evil an unseen power made stumbling blocks of weaknesses which, if that path had been laid along a little higher or a little lower level in the scale of circumstance. would themselves have been deadly weapons of overmastering force. See him, as with his dark heart filled up with fears, he thunders along from the scene of midnight death and murder his brain had not feared to plan and his hand to execute. by the storm, like a dark thought traveling

Onward his black horse strides, companioned spring up in his soul, born fungus like from a dew of blood, take shape and form, and seem to cry alond, "We are the messengers of the avenging God." He glances up. High of the lightning is writing that awful name, and again and again the voice of the thunder reads it out aloud in spirit shaking accents. He shuts his dazed eyes, and even the falling rhythm of his horse's hoofs beat out "There is

And so on through the tempest and the night, flying from that which no man can

drew rein at a wretched mud hut perched by itself on the banks of the Vaal, and flanked on its rear by an equally miserable shed. The place was as silent as the grave; not even a dog barked.

"If that beast of a Kaffir is not here," he said aloud, "I will have him flogged to death.

violently ground. "What in the name of the devil are you?" almost shricked Frank Muller, whose nerves,

indeed, were in no condition to stand fresh "It is me, baas," said the form, at the same time throwing off a gray blanket in which it was enveloped, and revealing the villainous

countenance of the one eyed witch doctor who had taken the letter to Bessie, and who had for years been Muller's body servant, and followed him about like a dog.

"Curse you, you dog! What do you mean by hiding up like that? It is one of your infernal tricks; be careful"-tapping his pistol case-"or I shall one day put an end to you and your witchcraft together."

"I am very sorry, baas," said the man, in a whine, "but half an hour ago I heard you coming. I don't know what is the matter with the air to-night, but it sounded as though twenty people were galloping after you. I could hear them all quite clear; first the big black horse, and then all those who came after, just as though they were hunting you; and so I came out and lay down to listen, and it was not till you were quite close that one by one the others stopped. Perhaps it was the devils who galloped.'

"Curse you, stop that wizard's talk," said Muller, his teeth chattering with fear and agitation. "Take the horse and clean and feed him well; he has galloped far, and we start at dawn. Stop! tell me, where are the lights and the brandy? If you have drunk the brandy I will flog you."

"They are on the shelf on the left as you go in, bans, and there is flesh there, too, and Muller swung himself from the saddle and

entered the hut, pushing open the cranky,

broken hinged door with a kick. He found the box of Tandstickor matches, and, after

ing hand-succeeded in getting fire and lighting a coarse dip such as the Boers make out of mutton fat. Near the candle was a bottle pannikin and a jug of river water. Seizing the pannikin, he filled it half full of spirit, added a little water, and drank the mixture off. Then he took down the meat and bread from the same shelf, and, cutting some of each off with his clasp knife, tried to eat. But he could not eat much, and soon gave up

the attempt, consoling himself instead with

"Bah!" he said, "the stuff tastes like hell fire;" and he filled his pipe and sat smoking. Presently Hendrik came in to say that the again, when his master beckoned him to stop. The man was surprised, for Muller was not generally fond of his society, except when he wanted to consult him or get him to exercise his pretended art of divination; but the fact was that at that moment Frank Muller would have been glad to consort with a dog. The events of the night had brought this terrible man, steeped in iniquity from his youth up, down to the level of a child frightened at the dark. For a while he sat in silence, the Kaffir squatted on the ground at his feet. Presently, however, the doses of powerful spirit took effect on him, and he began to talk more unguardedly than was his custom, even with his black "familiar," Hen-

"How long have you been here?" he asked

"About four days, baas." "Did you take my letter to Om Croft's?" "Yah, beas. I gave it to the missie,"

"What did she do?" "She read it and then stood like this, holding on to the veranda pole;" and he opened his mouth and one eye, and twisted up his hideous countenance into a ghastly imitation of Bessie's sorrow stricken face, catching hold of one of the posts that supported the hut to assist in the performance. "So she believed it?"

"Well, we are going there to-morrow."

"So, baas! I knew that before you told take the place; and we are going to try Uncle Silas by court martial for flying an English flag, and if he is found guilty we are going to

"So, baas," said the Kaffir, rubbing his hands in glee; "but will he be found guilty?" "I don't know," murmured the white man, stroking his golden beard; "that will depend upon what missie has to say; and upon the verdict of the court," he added, by way of an

chuckled his wicked satellite. "On the ver- upon her. She loved her old uncle far more dict of the court, yes! yes! and the baas dearly than she did Jess; and it must be ing unlatched, swung wide open, revealing will be president, ha! ha! One needs no owned that he returned the compliment with the old man sitting there in his wooden arm- shoulders of another, had succeeded in unwitchcraft to guess the verdict. And if the court finds Uncle Silas guilty, who will do the shooting, baas?"

"I have not thought of that; the-time has not come to think of it. It does not matter; anybody can carry out the sentence of the

for you and had little pay. I have done ugly things. I have read omens and made medicines, and 'smelt out' your enemies. Will Om Croft if the court finds him guilty? It is not much to ask, baas. I am a clever wizzard. and deserve my pay." "Why do you want to shoot him?"

"Because he flogged me once, years ago, for being a witch doctor, and the other day he hunted me off the place. Besides, it is so nice to shoot a white man. I should like it better," he went on, with a smack of the lips, "if it were missie, who set the dog on me. I

In a moment Frank Muller had the astonished ruffian by the throat and was kicking and shaking him as though he were a toy. His brutal talk of Bessie had appealed to such manliness as he had in him, and, whatever his own wickedness may have been, he was too madly in love with the woman to let her name be taken in vain by a man whom, though he held his "magic" in superstitious reverence, he yet ranked lower than a dog. With his nerves strung to the highest possible state of tension, and half drunk as he was, Frank Muller was no more a person to be played

with or irritated than a mad bull. "You black beast!" he yelled, "if you ever dare to mention her name again like that I will kill you, for all your witchcraft," and he hurled him with such force up against the wall of the hut that the whole place shook. The man fell, lay for a moment groaning and then crept from the hut on his hands and

Muller sat scowling from under his bent brows and watched him go. When he was gone he rose and fastened the door behind him and then suddenly burst into tears; the result, no doubt, of the mingled effects of the drink, mental and physical exhaustion and the never resting passion (one can scarcely call it love) that ate away at his heart like the

worm that dieth not. "Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he groaned, "I have done it all for you. Sure! you cannot be angry when I have killed them all for you? Oh, my darling, my darling! If you only knew how I love you! Oh, my darling! my darling!" and in an agony of passion he flung himself down on the rough pallet in the corner of the hut and sobbed himself to sleep. Somehow Frank Muller's evil doing did not make him any the happier, the fact of the

matter being that to enjoy wickedness a man must be not only without conscience, but also without passion. Now Frank Muller was tormented with a very effective substitute for the first, superstition, and his life was literally overshadowed by the last, for the beauty of a girl possessed the power to dominate his wildest moods and inflict upon him torments that she herself was incapable of even imagin-

At the first light of dawn Hendrik crept humbly into the hut and woke his master, and within half an hour they were across the Vaal and on the road to Wakkerstroom.

As the light increased so did Muller's spirits ise, till at last, when the red sun came up in glory and swept away the shadows, he felt as though all the load of guilt and fear that lay at his heart had departed with them. He could see now that the two Boers being killed by a flash of lightning was a mere accidenta happy accident, indeed; for had it not been for that he himself would have had to kill them, if he could not by any other means have got the warrant from them. As it was he had forgotten the warrant; but it did not matter much, he reflected. Nobody would be likely to find the bodies of the two men and horses under the lonely bank there. Certainly they would not be found until the ansvogels had picked them clean. They would be at work upon them by now. And if they were found it was probable that the paper would have rotted or blown away, or, at the worst, be so discolored as to be unreadable. For the rest, there was nothing to con-

nect him with the murder, now that the two accessories were dead. Hendrik would prove an alibi for him. He was a useful man. Hendrik. Besides, who would believe that it was a murder? Two men were escorting an Englishman to the river; somehow they became involved in a quarrel; the Englishman shot them, and they shot the Englishman and his companion. Then the horses plunged into the Vaal and upset the cart, and there was an end of it. He could see now how well

things had gone for him. He was practically placed beyond suspicion. And then he fell to thinking of the fruits of his honest labors, and his check grew warm with the mounting blood, and his eyes flashed with the fire of youth. In two days-fortyeight hours-at the outside. Bessie would be in his arms. He could not miscarry now; he was in absolute command there. Besides, Hendrik had read it in his omens long ago. Movifontein should be stormed on the morrow if that were necessary, and Om Silas Croft and Bessie should be taken prisoners; and then he knew how to put on the screw. That talk about shooting on the previous night had been no idle threat. She should yield herself to him or the old man should die. and then he would take her. There could be no legal consequences from that now that the

British government was surrendering. It would be a meritorious act to shoot a rebel Yes, it was all plain sailing now. How

one or two false shots—due chiefly to his shak- | years? He had loved her for three years. Well, he would have his reward; and then, his mind at rest about his passion, he would turn it to those far reaching, ambitious of peach brandy two-thirds full, and a tin schemes of which the end was something like

CHAPTER XXVII.

SILAS IS CONVINCED. the blow that had fallen on her, but as time went on she revived a little, for hers was a sanguine nature with a great deal of elasticity about it. Troubles sink into the souls of some like water into a sponge, and weigh them down almost to the grave. From others they run off as the water would if poured upon marble, merely wetting the surface. She was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather of a substance between the

two-a healthy, happy hearted woman, full of beauty and vigor, made to bloom in the sunshine, not to languish in the shadow of some old grief. Women of her stamp do not die of broken hearts or condemn themselves to lifelong celibacy as a sacrifice to the shade of the departed. If No. 1 is unfortunately removed, they, as a general rule, shed many a tear and suffer many a pang, and after a decent interval very sensibly turn their at-

Still it was a very pale faced, quiet Bessie who went to and fro about the place after the visit of the one eyed Kaffir. All her irritability had left her now; she no longer jumped down her uncle's throat about his having dispatched John to Pretoria, Indeed, on that very evening after the evil tidings came, he began to reproach himself bitterly in her presence for having sent her lover away, when she stopped

"It is God's will, unde," she said, quietly. "You only did what it was ordained that you should do." And then she came and laid her sunny head upon the old man's shoulder and cried a little, and said that they two were all alone in the world now; and he comforted her in the best fashion he could. It was a curious thing that they neither of them thought much of Jess when they talked thus about being alone. Jess was an enigma, a thing apart even from them. When she was there she was loved and allowed to go her own way; when she was not there she seemed to fade into outer darkness. A wall came down between her and her belongings. Of course they were both very fond of her, but simple natured people are apt to shrink involuntarily from what they cannot understand, and these two were no exception. For instance, Bessie's affection for her sister was a poor thing compared to the deep and self sacrificing, though often secret, love that her sister showered interest, and in those days of heavy trouble

they drew nearer to each other even than be-But as time went on they both began to hope again. No further news of John's death reached them. Was it not possible, after all, that the whole story was an invention? They knew that Frank Muller was not a man to and they could guess in this case what the purpose was. His furious passion for Bessie was no secret to either of them, and it struck them as at least possible that the tale of John's death might have been invented to forward it. It was not probable, more especially as he was not present to urgo his suit, but it was possible, and however cruel suspense may be, it is at least less absolutely On Sunday-it was just a week after the

letter came-Bessie was sitting after dinner on the veranda, when her quick ears caught what she took to be the booming of heavy guns far away on the Drakensberg. She rose, and, leaving the house, climbed the hill behind it. On reaching the top she stood and looked at the great solemn stretch of mountains. Away, a little to her right, was a square, precipitous peak called Majuba, which was generally clothed in clouds. Today, however, there was no mist, and it seemed to her that it was from the direction of this peak that the faint rolling sounds came floating on the breeze. But she could see nothing; the mountain seemed as tenantless and devoid of life as the day when it first towered up upon the face of things created. Presently the sound died away, and she returned, thinking that she must have been de-

ceived by the echoes of some distant thunder Next day they learned from the natives that what she had heard was the sound of the big guns covering the flight of the British troops down the precipitous sides of Majuba mountain. After this old Silas Croft began to lose heart a little. The run of disaster

was so unrelieved that even his robust faith in the invincibility of the English arms was

"It is very strange, Bessie," he said, "very strange; but never mind, it is bound to come right at last. Our government is not going to knock under because they have suffered a

Then came a long four weeks of uncertainty. The air was thick with rumors, most of them brought by natives, one or two by passing Boers, to which, however, Silas Croft declined to pay any attention. Soon it bearmistice was concluded between the English and the Boers, but what were its terms or its object they were quite unable to decide. Silas Croft thought that the Boers, overawed by the advance of an overwhelming force, meant to give in without further fighting; but Bessie

One day-it was the same on which John and Jess had left Pretoria-a Kaffir brought news that the armistico was at an end, that the English were advancing up to the Nek in thousands and were going to force it on the norrow and relieve the garrisons-a piece of intelligence that brought some of the old light back to Bessie's eyes. As for her uncle,

"The tide is going to turn at last, my love," he said, "and we shall have our innings. Well, it is time we should, after all the shame and loss and agony of mind we have gone through. Upon my word, for the last two months I have been ashamed to call myself an Englishman. However, there is an end of it now. I knew that they would never give in and desert us," and the old man straightened his crooked back and slapped his chest

and looked as proud and gallant as though he The rest of that day passed without any but on the next, which was March 23, the

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon Bessie was employed upon her household duties as usual, or rather she had just finished them. Her uncle had returned from making his after breakfast round upon the farm and was standing in the sitting room, his broad felt hat in one hand and a red pocket handkerchief in the other, with which he was polish-

through the open door. "No news of the advance, Bessie dear?" "No, uncle," she replied, with a sigh, and her blue eyes filling with tears, for she was thinking of one of whom there was also no

ing his bald head, while he chatted to Bessie

little time, especially with our soldiers, who move so slowly. I dare say that there was some delay waiting for guns or ammunition or something. I expect that we shall hear something by to-night"-He got as far as this, when suddenly the figure of Jantje appeared, flying up the passage

"Well, never mind. These things take a

in the extremity of terror and baste. "De Booren, baas, de Booren!" (The Boers, master, the Boers) he shouted. "The Boers are coming with a wagon, twenty of them or more, with Frank Muller at their head on his black horse, and Hans Coetzee, and the wizard with one eye with him. I was hiding behind a tree at the end of the avenue, and I saw them coming over the rise. They are going to take the place," and, without waiting to give any further explanations, he slipped through the house and hid himself up somewhere at the back out of the way, for Jantje, like most Hottentots, was a sad coward.

The old man stopped rubbing his head and

was caused by the passing of some half dozen have caved his skull in. As it was it only Kaffirs who were working on the place, and cut his head open and knocked him down. who, on catching sight of the Boers, had promptly thrown down their tools and were flying to the hills. Even as they passed a shot was fired somewhere from the direction of the avenue, and the last of the Kaffirs, a lad of about twelve, suddenly threw up his hands and pitched forward on his face, with

a bullet between his shoulderblades. Bessie heard the shout of "Good shot, good shot!" and the brutal laughter that greeted his fall, and the tramping of the horses as they came up the drive. "Oh, uncle!" she said, "what shall we do?"

The old man made no answer at the moment, but going to a rack upon the wall, reached down a Westley-Richards falling block rifle that hung there. Then he sat down in a wooden arm chair that faced the French window opening on the veranda, and beckoned to her to come to him. "We will meet them so," he said. "They

shall see that we are not afraid of them. Don't be frightened, dear, they will not dare to harm us: they will be afraid of the consaquences of harming English people." The words were scarcely out of his mouth

when the cavalcade began to appear in front of the window, led, as Jantje had said, by Frank Muller on his black horse, accompanied by Hans Coetzee on the fat pony and the villainous looking Hendrik mounted on a nondescript sort of animal, and carrying a gun and an assegai in his hand. Behind these were a body of about fifteen or sixteen armed men, among whom Silas Croft recognized most of his neighbors, by whose side he had lived for years in peace and amity.

Opposite the house they stopped and began looking about. They could not see into the room at once on account of the bright light outside and the shadow within.

"I fancy you will find the birds flown, nephew," said the fat voice of Hans Coetzee. "They have got warning of your little visit." "They cannot be far," answered Muller. "I have had them watched, and know that they have not left the place. Get down, uncle, and look in the house, and you too, Hendrik." The Kaffilr obeyed with alacrity, tumbling out of his saddle with all the grace of a sack of coals, but the Boer hesitated. "Uncle Silas is an angry man," he ventured;

"he might shoot if he found me poking about "Don't answer me!" thundered Muller; "get down and do as I bid you!" "Ah, what a devil of a man!" murmured

the infortunate Hans as he hurried to obey. Meanwhile Hendrik the one eyed had jumped upon the veranda and was peering through the windows. "Here they are, baas; here they are!" he

sang out: "the old cock and the pullet, too!" and he gave a kick to the window, which, beon his knees, and holding his fair haired niece by the hand. Frank Muller dismounted and came on to the veranda, and behind him crowded up a dozen or more of his followers. are a republic again now," said one of the "What is it that you want, Frank Muller, men, a near neighbor of his own, in mockery. that you come to my house with all these armed men?" asked Silas Croft from his

take your trial as a land betrayer and a rebel against the republic," was the answer. "I am sorry," he added, with a bow toward Bessie, on whom his eyes had been fixed all the time, "to be obliged to take you prisoner in the presence of a lady, but my duty gives me no

"I do not know what you mean," said the its subjects and the loyals and the natives, is old man. "I am a subject of Queen Victoria a liar-a liar from hell!" and an Englishman. How then, can I rebel against any republic? I am an Englishman, I say," he went on with rising anger, speaking so high that his powerful voice rang until every Boer there could hear it, "and I acknowledge the authority of no republies. This is my house, and I order you to leave it. I claim my rights as an English-

"Here," interrupted Muller, coldly, "Englishmen have no rights, except such as wo choose to allow them.'

"Treat him as Buskes treated Van der Linden at Potchefstroom!" cried another. "Yes, make him swallow the same pill that we gave to Dr. Barber," put in a third.

"Silas Croft, are you going to surrender," sked Muller, in the same cold voice. "No!" thundered the old man in his English pride. "I surrender to no rebels in arms against the queen. I will shoot the first man who tries to lay a finger on me!" and he rose

"Shall I shoot him, baas!-shall I shoot him?" asked the one eyed Hendrik, smacking his lips at the thought, and fiddling with the rusty lock of the old fowling piece he carried. Muller, by way of answer, struck him across the face with the back of his hand.

Poor Hans hesitated, as well he might. Nature had not endowed him with any great amount of natural courage, and the sight of his old neighbor's rifle barrel made him feel that even the Boers fell back for a moment positively sick. He hesitated and began to dismayed into silence by the force of the fury

you to the general as a sympathizer with and God fearing old man, his face bruised, his Englishmen?" asked Muller, in malice, for he knew the old fellow's weaknesses and cowardice, and was playing on them.

nephew. Excuse me; a little faintness took | beloved country and the name of Englishman me-the heat of the sun," he babbled. "Oh, yes, I am going to seize the rebel. Perhaps till at last nature gave out, and he fell in one of those young men would not mind en- fit, there, in the very shadow of his dishonored gaging his attention on the other side. He is flag. an angry man-I know him of old-and an angry man with a gun, you know, dear

"Are you going?" said his terrible master "Oh, yes! certainly yes. Dear Uncle Silas, pray put down that gun, it is so dangerous,

Don't stand there looking like a wild ox, but in the jury room when there is no come up to the yoke. You are old, Uncle Silas, and I don't want to have to burt you. Come now, come, come," and he held out his hand toward him as though he were a shy horse that he was endeavoring to beguile. "Hans Coetzee, traitor and liar that you are," said the old man, "if you come a step

nearer, by God! I will put a bullet through get him by the tail; knock him down with a lows : "When a jury, after due and vokeskei; turn the old bull on his back!" shouted the crowd of scoffers from the win-

Hans positively burst into tears, and Muller, who was the only one who held his ground, caught him by the arm, and, putting out all his strength, swung him toward Silas Croft.

the latter should shoot one of them, and he chose Hans Coetzee, whom he disliked and despised, for the sacrifice. Up went the rifle, and at that moment Bes-

sic, who had been standing bewildered, made a dash at it, knowing that bloodshed could only make matters worse. As she did so it exploded, but not before she had shaken her uncle's arm, for instead of killing Hans, as it undoubtedly would otherwise have done, the bullet only cut his ear and then passed out through the open window place. In an instant the room was nice with smoke. June 1 I like, deceased. This completes been concocted to go on a strike July request, therefore, that no further steps commenced to yell with pain and terror, and | Congress. The new roll shows thirtyin the confusion that ensued three or four | seven Democrats and thirty-nine Remen, headed by the Kaffir Hendrik, rushed into the room and sprang upon Silas Croft, ing with his back against it, his rifle, which the last House, appear among the until Mr. Barber can get other opera- of them should originate with Congress. he had clubbed in both his hands, raised cleet. Florida, Indiana, New Jerabove his head. When his assailants got close to him they

hesitated, for, aged and bent as he was, the Presently one of the men struck at him and missed him, but before he could retreat Silas brought down the stock of his rifle on his head and down he went like an ox beneath a other man in his efforts. As he did so the witch doctor, Hendrik, who had been watchtrembling in the doorway. Just then be barrel of his old fowling piece upon Silas' about \$10,000,000 to all concerned on made before a trial justice of this counit taken him to win her-three | heard the patter of running feet on the drive | bald head and felled him. Fortunately the | the leasing side.



Thereon the whole mass of Boers, with the exception of Muller, who was standing watching, seeing that he was now defenseless. fell upon him and would have kicked him to death had not Bessie precipitated herself upon him with a cry and thrown her arms about

him to protect him. Then Frank Muller interfered, fearing lest she should be hurt. Plunging into the fray with a curse, he exercised his great strength, throwing the men this way and that like ninepins and finally dragging Silas to his feet

"Come!" he shouted, "take him out of this:" and accordingly, with taunts and obloquy, the poor old man, whose fringe of white locks was red with bood, was kicked and dragged and pushed on to the veranda, then off it on to the drive, where he fell over the body of the murdered Kaffir boy, and finally hauled up to the open space by the flagstaff, on which the Union Jack, that he had planted there some two months before, still waved bravely in the breeze. Here he sank down upon the grass, his back against the flagstaff, and asked faintly for some water. Bessie, who was weeping bitterly, and whose heart felt as though it were bursting with anguish and indignation, pushed her way through the men. and, running to the house, got some in a glass and brought it to him. One of the brutes tried to knock it out of her hand, but she avoided him and gave it to her uncle, who

drank it greedily. "don't be frightened, I ain't much hurt. Ah! place against them all."

Meanwhile one of the Boers, getting on the bent and hauling it down. Then they reversed it and hoisted it h. mast high, and began to cheer for the republic. "Perhaps Uncle Silas does not know that we

"What do you mean by a republic?" asked English government has surrendered," said the same man. "The country is given up, and the British are to evacuate it in six months." "It is a lie!" said Silas, springing to his feet, "a cowardly lie! Whoever says that the English have given up the country to a few thousand blackguards like you, and deserted

There was another howl of mockery at this outburst, and when it had subsided Frank Muller stepped forward.

"It is no lie, Silas Croft," he said: "and the cowards are not we Boers, who have beaten you again and again, but your soldiers, who government, that follows the example of your soldiers. Look here"-and he took a paper out of his pocket-"you know that signature, I suppose; it is one of the trium-

to inform you that, by the strength of our arms fighting for the right and freedom, and also by the cowardice of the British government, generals and soldiers, we have by the will of the Almighty concluded this day a glorious peace with the enemy. The British government surrenders nearly everything except in the name. The republic is to be reestablished, and the soldiers who are left will leave the land within six months. Make this

God for our glorious victories." The Boers shouted aloud, as well they might, and Bessie wrung her hands. As for the old man, he leaned against the flagstaff, "Hans Coetzee," he said, "go and arrest that and his gory head sank upon his breast as though he were about to faint. Then suddenly he lifted it, and, with clinched and quivering fists held high in the air, broke out into such a torrent of blasphemy and cursing

wrung from his utter-humiliation. It was an appalling sight to see this good gray hairs dabbled with blood and his clothes nearly rent from his body, stamp and reel to and fro, blaspheming his Maker and the day "I am going. Of course I am going, that he was born; hurling execrations at his and the government that had deserted him.

Jury Law.

For the information of jurors who do not wish to be locked up all night possibility of an agreement we publish Section 2,268 of the General the subject. A jury cannot be sent muddle' is only a quarrel among rival back to the jury room more than contractors, the charges will fall to the twice without their consent unless ground and everybody will be set right. they ask "further explanation of the law." Section 2,268 reads as folof it, and explain to them anew the verdict, they shall not be sent out line. again without their own consent, unless they shall ask from the Court some further explanation of the law.

The Next Senate. publicans. Three ex-Senators and sey. Tennessee and West Virginia abandoned work. contribute new men-Democrats, old man looked like mischief. He stood there and Minnesota, Michigan and Pennlike a lion and swung the rifle stock about sylvania send new mer-Republicans.

Williamsbury Record.

ful. Where the boundaries of this new trial justice are placed in a very uncounty are to be located we are in igno- pleasant dilemma. rance; and how much of the territory of Williamsburg is wanted to assist in making up the legal requirement of square miles necessary to form a county, the liquor question. Under the generwould interest many of our readers. As al State law no license could be granted soon as the survey is made we will en- for the sale of liquor outside of incorpodeavor to find out and inform them.

was plucked from the plantation of Mr. N. T. Pittman, at Gourdin's, the 10th ley counties to issue licenses. At the inst. This is the earliest bloom we present Court of Sessions for Berkeley, have seen or heard of this season.

The Long and Short of It.

Abbeville Press and Banner. We had the pleasure of a call yesterday from Mr. J. D. Alewine, school trustee of Diamond Hill township. He says that the township had \$900 of public school money in 1886, and in that the ground that the Act of 1886 did not year the schools were kept open for repeal the old law in its entirety, but only four months. In 1887 the township had but \$800, but by a reduction of teachers' salaries the trustees have been able to keep the schools open in 1887 for six months, and no teacher has quit the service because of that re-

duction in salary. This, we think, is a practical demonstration of the good results of the application of plain common sense to the schools. Let the good work go on. A further reduction in salaries, and a further extension of the school term is pos- The Gazette thinks this decision will sible. If \$18 a month is paid next "Thank you, love, thank you," he said: year the children will be gainers. The price of teaching in the 'old field if only John had been here, and we had had schools' before the war was five cents a an hour's notice, we would have held the day, when paid by the Government, but parents ordinarily promised and

> Mr. Leitch, the evangelist, who came to Abbeville only a few days ago for the ostensible purpose of converting sinners. preaching chiristian love and good will among men, has felt called upon to speak from the Church altar of the edi- groom had celebrated the 84th annivertors in this town in a manner for which sary of his natal day. Surely this our Saviour furnishes no precedent, and couple were quartered in the wrong now comes Judge Aldrich who, in his state institution. The asylum for the official capacity, makes an irrelevant insane should give them a home. tirade against the press of the State, while failing himself to devote any considerable time in delivering a legitimate | books on the 9th inst. It is given by the and proper charge to the jury of this Port Royal and Western Carolina Rail-

Greenville News. farmer as he breaks his back in the cot- of the property of the Georgia Central ton field this Summer to reflect that have done nothing but run away, and your | Miss Studebaker, daughter of the man who makes the wagon, the farmer sends his money to Ohio for, is in Europe on a bridal tour with an outfit costing Act, propose to open an active camvirate. Listen to what he says," and he read | 75,000 of the dollars dug out of the Southern fields so painfully. If this paign in a few weeks. The farmers money had been spent with the home will then have gotten through the manufacturer we would all get some of busiest part of their working season and it back. As it is, we do not even have will have better opportunities for at-

Barnwell People.

The Edgefield Chronicle says that Confederate Flags Not to Be Capt. Ben Tillman milks 17 cows. No wonder that he is disgruntled at the hardships of the farmers lot.

Manning Times.

another quite as large.

The State House Muddle.

News and Courier. The charges that have been made in the State House at Columbia, and the New York, said: 'May God palsy the respect to the quality of the work upon manner in which the contracts have been awarded, are of so serious a nature that they should be fully investigated. If the charges are not well founded, so much the better for the reputation of all concerned; if they are true, vigorous steps should be taken to remedy the evils complained of. If the State House Commission will not make the necessary investigation, the Legislature should provide for an investigation, as Mr. Niernsee suggests, 'calling for persons and papers under oath.' If it shall then appear that 'the State House

The Methodist brethren are having a thorough deliberation upon any cause, hot time over the 'holiness' movement, return into Court, without having and from present appearances a schism dow, taking very good care, however, to clear off to the right and left in order to leave room agreed upon a verdict, the Court may in the South Carolina membershig is care than when the subject was crally state anew the evidence, or any part unlikely. Editor Cirkland of the presented me the action of your depart-Southern Christian Advocate bas ment, directing letters to be addressed law applicable to the case, and may opened with his Gatling guns on the to the governors of all States offering to send them out for further delibera- religious enthusiasts as well as on the return, if desired, to the legal States tion; but if they return a second unlicensed, so called evangelists, and the Union flags captured in the war of For reasons of his own he was anxious that time without having agreed upon a things are looking lively all along the the rebellion by the Confederate forces.

Fishing Creek Manufacturing Company, been packed in boxes and stored in the notified last week those operatives of cellar and attic of the war department. A few days ago the Legislature of the factory connected with the Knights I am of the opinion that the return of New Hampshire elected from W. E. of Labor, to quit work at once. Quite these flags in the manner thus contem-Chandler United States Senator vice a number of the operatives belonged to plated is not authorized by existing law. Mr Pike, deceased. This completes the Knights of Labor and a plan had and not justified as an executive act. the 4th. As soon as the hands received be taken in the matter except to examthe notice from President Barber, 42 ine and inventory these flags and along quit work. There are still a sufficient proper measures for their preservation. three ex Congressmen, members of number of operatives to run the factory Any direction as to the final disposition

A New Law. Abbeville Medium.

The principals of the late wheat clique in order to remove the trial of a case One hundred and twenty persons were are estimated losers to the extent of from one trial justice to another, an killed and 125 injured. Among the polean. Then they closed on him, but for \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Their fol- affidavit must be made setting forth the latter is Gen. Friede, Governor of the a while he kept them off, knocking down and lowers and tools are losers to fully the grounds of belief why the party cannot province of Semiretchinsk. Shocks same amount. It is roughly calculated obtain a fair trial. In consequence of still continue to be felt at intervals. that the collapse in Chicago represents this decision an affidavit was recently The inhabitants of the town are panic-

New Series-Vol. VI. No. 47. Our State Contemporaries. | did not believe he could get a fair trial, that the justice was completely under coi -ol of the prosecutor, would seek We see it stated that Maj. J. B. his co. iction regardless of the law and White, of Marion, has been engaged, the evidence, and that the said proseby some of the citizens interested to cutor, in his ambition to be known as make a survey of the territory to be in- the hero of prohibition in the vicinity, cluded in the contemplated new county would use his influence over the trial which it is proposed to make out of justice to the great danger of deponent's portions of Darlington, Marion and rights and liberties. We don't think Williamsburg, and we believe, some of the Supreme Court has properly con-Clarendon County. Florence is to be strued the law. At any rate both the the county seat, if the project is success- person making the affidavit and the

Keowee Courier. Berkeley county is in trouble over

rated towns and cities. In 1886 an We have seen a cotton bloom which Act was passed authorizing the County Commissioners of Beaufort and Berke-J. E. Carter was convicted of selling liquor without a license. On centence day his counsel made a motion in arrest of judgment, on the ground thatthe Act of 1886 repealed the old law both as to the granting of license and the penalty for selling without license. Judge Fraser overruled the motion, on only so far as the later Act was inconsistent with the former Act. That the Act of 1886 repealed the old law in so far as the latter prohibited the licensing of the sale of liquor by the County Commissioners, but did not affect the penalty imposed by the old law for selling without a liceuse. The offence in this case had been committed prior to the passage of the Act of 1886, but this could not affect the case, since if the old law had been repealed in toto, the Judge could have imposed no penalty. stop the promiscoous sale of whiskey in

> Berkeley without license. Laurens Advertiser.

Greenville proposes to give a grand agricultural picuic at an early day. Capt. Tillman and several distinguished agriculturalists form Georgia will make

Two paupers eloped from the poor

house in Charlotte last week. The

bride was 68 years of age and the The largest mortgage ever recorded in this county was spread upon the

way company to the Central Trust Co.,

of New York, and is given to secure the payment of Two Million Five Hun-It will be a comfort to the southern dred Thousand Dollars. It covers all The prohibition executive committee. having secured about the requisite number of signatures for submitting the

the pleasure of seeing the girl it tening the various meetings for discussing the questions connected with prohi-

Gen. Tuttle, the commander, of the Grand Army of the Republic of Towa, asked Gov. Larrabee to protest against Mr. Scott Harvin has just finished the proposed return of the Confederate burning a kiln beyond his mill, con- battle flags held by the war department taining 247,000 brick, and is making to the States from which the troops carrying them came. Gov. Larrabee forwarded the protest and said he would.

> R., in a speech before Hamilton post in hand that wrote the order; may God palsy the brain that conceived it, and may God palsy the tongue that directed He asked: 'How can the present loyal governors of the Southern States accept emblems of treason after their

> professions of loyalty to the Union?

Must they not return them to the secre-

tary of war and say that they have noth-

if possible; take legal methods to pre-

child, commander in chief of the G. A.

vent the return. Commander Fair-

ing to do with the flags, as the rebel organizations are extinct?' The G. A. R. posts expressed much indignation that the trophies won with so much blood and courage should be sent back, and virtually surrendered.

On Thursday the President counter-

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

manded his order in the following letter.

Washington, D. C., June 16, 87. To the Secretary of War: I have to-day considered with more and afterwards recovered by government troops, and to the Confederate States the flags captured by the Union Mr. F. Il. Barber, president of the forces, all of which for many years have

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Severe shocks of earthquake have occurred in Vernome, in Turkestan. The Supreme Court bas decided that, The town was almost entirely destroyed.

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