"About three hours and a half after sun-

"Let us wait half an hour, and then you

huskily in her struggle to overcome the spas-

"Come with you!" answered Jess, with a

"Because the ghost of the old English wo-

Jess looked at him and saw that he meant

far easier to deal with than a sulky Hotten-

guilty one way or the other, and was really

almost callous about being detected, so she

"Well," she said, "I will go with you,

"Good, missie, that is all right now. You

they once more crept down the hill. This

time there was no light to be seen in the di-

be heard except the regular tramp of the

sentries. But their business did not lie in the

on their right and curved round toward the

blue gum avenue. When they got nearly op-

noitre. Presently he returned with the intel-

still sitting in his tent thinking. Then they

heard they would not be seen, curtained as

till at length they reached the bole of the

first big gum tree. Five paces from this tree

Frank Muller's tent was pitched. It had a

on this lurid canvas the shadow of

Frank Muller was gigantically limned. He

reflection of his every feature and even of his

expression upon the screen before them. The

attitude in which he was seated was his favor-

ite one when he was plunged in thought, his

hands resting on his knees and his gaze fixed

on vacancy. He was thinking of his triumph.

and of all that he had gone through to win it

and of all that it would bring him. He held

the trump cards now, and the game was in

over him hung the shadow of that curse that

dors the presence of our accomplished desires.

Too often, even with the innocent, does the

sced of our destruction lurk in the rich blos-

som of our hopes, and much more is this so

with the guilty. Somehow this thought was

present in his mind to-night, and in a rough.

half educated way he grasped its truth. Once

more the saying of the old Boer general rose

in his mind: "I believe that there is a God-

believe that God sets a limit to a man's

What a dreadful thing it would be if the

man will come after me if I go alone."

must go."

swered.

near then.

minutes passed on heavily.

"Missie must come with me!"

### Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

## SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1887.

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

New Series-Vol. VI. No. 50.

### Che Watchman and Southron. Published every Wednesday,

N. G. OSTEEN, SUMTER, S. C.

Two Dollars per annum-in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS.

Every subsequent insertion ...... Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced rates. . All communications which subserve private Interests will be charged for as advertisements.

Obituaries and tributes of respect will be Angel-like, and nothing else,



This powder never varies. A marvel of conomical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAK-ING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

CATARRH Cream Balm Gives Relief at once and Cures CATARRH, HAY FEVER. Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. CAS Free from Injurious Drugs and of

fensive odors. A particle of the Balm is applied into each ges of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secre-

ficial results are realized by a few appications. A Thorough Treatment will Cure. Price 50 cents at druggist; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars sent free. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists.

WOMAN'S DISEASES

Painful Suppressed Irregular MENSTRUATION or MONTHLY SICKNESS.

If taken during the CHANGE OF LIFE, great inflering and danger will be avoided. EF Send for book "Exegage to Works," mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR Co., Atlanta, Ga.

INSURANCE LICENSE. State of South Carolina. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 9, 1887. CERTIFY THAT MESSES. E. C. GREEN & SON, of Sumter, Agents of the NY, incorporated by the State of Virginia loved you very dearly, and as nobody will has complied with the requisitions of the ever love you again; and while I live in this Act of the General Assembly entitled or any other world, and am myself, I shall "An Act to regulate the Agencies of Insurance always love you and you only. Don't forget Companies not incorporated in the State of me. I never shall be really dead to you until South Carolina," and I hereby license the I am forgotten. said Messrs. E. C. Green & Son, Agents aforesaid, to take risks and transact all business put it back again and began to scribble in of Insurance in this State, in the Counties of Clarendon and Sumter, for and in behalf of It was a habit of hers, though she never said Company.

Expires March 31st, 1888. W. E. STONEY Comptroller General. Messrs. J. N. SPANN and JOHN S. RICH-ARDSON, JR., will act as soliciting agents | Have rudely broke the idols of thy youth for Staunton Life Association for Sumter | And cast them down amid thy treasured dead, E. C. GREEN & SON.

# SUMTER PALACE ICE GREAN SALOON! "If I should die to-night Then would'st thou look to

Cake & Confectionery Establishment In the Monaghan building, opposite Dr. DeLorme's Drug Store,

Choice Cream, Sherbet, Cakes, Crackers, Biscuits, Candies, Pon-Bons, and Other Good Things Always

MAIN STREET, SUNTER, S. C.

on Hand.

-ALSO,-Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, Cakes, Candics, Biscuits, &c., Received Fresh Weekly.

The patronage of the ladies and the public

The bitter world has made my faint heart bleed. generally, is respectfully solicited, also the When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need people of the surrounding townships, to whom | The tenderness for which I long to-night!" we extend a cordial invitation to visit us She stopped, apparently more because she when they come to town. had got to the end of the paper than for any No trouble to show goods: polite attention other reason, and, without even rereading paid to all who call. what she had written, pushed the pass back Respectfully into her bosom and was soon lost in thought.

LAROUSSELIERE & CO. Ten minutes later Jantje came creeping in to where she sat like a great snake in human form, his yellow face shining with the rain

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, J. C. McKINNEY, Committee.

J. S. DERANT. PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Adver-tising Agency of Messra yer a sow, our authorized agents

SCANDAL MONGERS. Do you hear the scandal mongers Passing by,

Breathing poison in a whisper, In a sigh? Moving cautiously and slow. Smiling sweetly as they go.

Never noisy—gliding smoothly as a snake— Slipping here and sliding there, Through the meadows fresh and fair, Leaving subtle slime and poison in their

50 Saw you not the scandal monger As she sat, Beaming brightly 'neath the roses On her hat? In her dainty gloves and dress

Seemed she, casting smiles and pleasing Once she shrugged and shook her head. Raised her eyes and nothing said, When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a

Did you watch the scandal monger At the ball? Through the music, rhythm, beauty, Light and all.

Moving here and moving there, With a whisper light as air. Casting shadows on a sister woman's fame-Just a whispered word or glance, As she floated through the dance, And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal mongers Everywhere; Sometimes men, but often women, Young and fair. Yet their tongues drip foulest slime, And they spend their leisure time Casting mud on those who climb by work

and worth! Shun them, shun them as you go-Shun them whether high or low, They are the cursed serpents of the earth. -New Orleans Picayune.

JESS. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of King Solomons Mines She Ele

ICONTINUED.I

CHAPTER XXXIII.

For three or four minutes more they whispered together, after which the Hottentot rose to go and find out how things were among the Boers below, and see when Frank Muller retired to his ter As soon as he had marked him down he w... to come back and posite to the first tree they halted in a patch report to Jess, and then the final steps were of stones, and Jantje went forward to reconto be decided on.

When he was gone Jess gave a sigh of re- ligence that all the Boers who were with the lief. This stirring up of Jantje to the boiling point of vengeance had been a dreadful thing to nerve herself to do; but now at any rate it | crept on, perfectly sure that if they were not was done, and the deed settled upon. But what the end of it would be none could say. | they were by the dense mist and darkness, She would practically be a murderess, and she felt sooner or later her guilt would find her out, and then she would have little mercy to hope for. Still she had no scruples, for after nostril, is agreeable to use and is quickly ab- ali Frank Muller's would be a well merited sorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passa- doom. But when all was said and done it was a dreadful thing to be forced to steep her hands in blood, even for Bessie's sake. If It allays pain and inflammation, protects | Muller were slain Bessie would marry John, the membranal linings of the head from addi- provided John escaped from the Boers, tional colds, completely heals the sores and and be happy: but what would berestores the sense of taste and smell. Bene- come of her? Robbed of her love, and with this crime upon her mind, what could she do, even if she escapedexcept die? It would be better to die and never see him again, for her sorrow and her shame were more than she could bear. And then she began to think of John till all her poor, bruised heart seemed to go out toward his own hand. He had triumphed, and yet him. Bessie could never love him as she did, she felt sure of that, and yet Bessie was to have him by her all her life, and she-she was to go away. Well, it was the only thing to do. She would see this deed done and set her sister free, and then if she happened to escape she would go-go right away, where she would never be heard of again. Then at any rate. she would have behaved like an honorable woman. She sat up and put her hands to her face. It was burning hot, though she was wet through, and chilled to the bone with the raw damp of the night. A fierce fever of mind and body had taken hold of her, worn out as she was with emotion, hunger and protracted exposure. But her brain was clear enough; she never remembered its being so clear before. Every thought that came into her mind seemed to present itself with startling vividness, standing out by itself against a black background of nothingness, not softened and shaded down one into another as thoughts generally are. She seemed to see herself wandering awayalone, utterly alone, alone forever!-while in the far distance John stood holding Bessie by the hand and gazing after her regretfully. Well, she would write to him, since it must be so, and bid him one word of farewell. She could not go without it. She had a pencil, and in the breast of her dress was the Boer pass, the back of which, stained as it was with

water, would serve the purpose of paper.

"Good by," she wrote, "good by! We can

never meet again, and it is better that we

never should, in this world. Whether there

is another I do not know. If there is, I shall

wait for you there. If not, then good by for-

ever. Think of me sometimes, for I have

She lifted the paper off her knee and then

verse, quickly and almost without correction.

showed what she wrote, and now it asserted

When she had got thus far she stopped, dis-

satisfied, and, running her peucil through the

Then would'st thou look upon my quiet face,

And deem that death had made it almost fair;

"And laying snow white flowers against my hair

Would'st on my cold cheek tender kisses press

And fold my hands with lingering caress,

"If I should die to-night

Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,

Some tender words the frozen lips had said,

Errands on which the willing feet had sped;

And every fault would sure be set aside.

My faitering feet are pierced with many a thorn,

"Well," whispered Jess, looking up with a

"No, missie, no. Baas Frank has but now

gone to his tent. He has been talking to the

clergyman, something about Missie Bessie, I

don't know what. I was near, but he talked

"Is there a sentry before Baas Frank's tent?"

low and I could only hear the name."

"All, missie, except the sentries.

"What is the time, Jantje?"

"Have the Boers all gone to sleep?"

"No, missie, there is nobody near."

The memory of my passion and my pride,

So should I be forgiven of all to-night.

E'en now my summons echoes from afar,

Think gently of me; I am travel worn,

And grave mists gather fast about my star-

"Death waits on me to-night,

start, "have you done it?"

itself irresistibly and half unconsciously:

Or linger in caress upon thy head,

truth.

She drew it out and, bending forward toward

the light, placed it on her knees.

to-night, and hurry off his soul, if he had one, to some dim place of unending fear! All his superstitions awoke at the thought, and he shivered so violently that the shadow of the shiver caused the outlines of the gigantic form upon the canvas to tremble up and

Then, rising with an angry curse, he hastily. threw off his outer clothing, and having turned down but not extinguished the rough paraffine lamp, flung himself upon the little camp bedstead, which creaked and grouned beneath his weight like a thing in pain. Then came silence, only broken by the drip,

drip of the rain from the gum leaves everhead and the rattling of the boughs whenever a breath of air stirred them. It was an eerie and depressing night, a night that might well have tried the nerves of any strong man who, wet through and worn out, had been obliged to crouch upon the open and endure it. How much more awful was it then to the unfortunate woman who, half broken hearted, fever stricken and well nigh crazed with suffering of mind and body, waited in it to see murder done! Slowly the minutes passed, and at every raindrop or rustle of a bough her guilty conscience summoned up a host of fears. But by the mere power of her will she kept them down. She would go through with

it. Yes, she would go through with it. Surely he must be asleep by now! They crept up to the tent and placed their cars within two inches of his head. Yes, he was asleep; the sound of his breathing rose and fell with the regularity of an infant's. Jess turned round and touched her com-

panion upon the shoulder. He did not move, When hands that clasp thine own in seeming but she felt that his arm was shaking. "Now." she whispered. Still he hung back. It was evident to her

that the long waiting had taken the courage "Be a man," she whispered again, so low that the sound scarcely reached his ears, al-

though her lips were almost touching them, "go, and mind you strike home!" Then at last she heard him softly draw the great knife from the sheath, and in another

second he had glided from her side Presently she saw the line of light that cut out upon the darkness through the opening of the tent broaden a little, and by that she knew that he was creeping in upon his dreadful errand. Then she turned her head and put her fingers in her ears. But even so she could Then would'st thou call to mind with loving | see a long line of shadow traveling across the skirt of the tent. So she shut her eyes also and waited, sick at heart, for she did not

> Presently-it might have been five minutes or only half a minute afterward, for she had lost count of time, she feit somebody touch her on the arm. It was Juntje. "Is it done?" she whispered again.

> He shook his head and drew her away from the tent. In going her foot caught in one of the guide ropes and shook it slightly. "I could not do it, missie," he said. "He i asleep and looks just like a child. When I lifted the knife he smiled in his sleep, and all the strength went out of my arm, so that I could not strike. And then before I could get strong again the ghost of the old Englishwoman came and hit me in the back and I

> If a look could have blasted a man Jantje would assuredly have been blasted then. The man's cowardice made her mad, but while she still choked with wrath a duiker buck, which had come down from its stony home to feed upon the rose bushes, suddenly sprang with a crash almost from her feet, passing away like a gray gleam into the utter darkness.

Jess started and then recovered herself, guessing what it was, but the miserable Hottentot was overcome with terror and fell upon the ground groaning out that it was the ghost of the old Englishwoman. He had dropped the knife as he fell, and Jess, speing the imminent perit in which they were placed, knelt | threw herself between them. down, picked it up, and bissed into his ear !

This pacified him a little, but no earthly power could persuade him to enter the tent

What was to be done? What could she do? Accordingly they sat in silence. In silence they sat facing each other and their own For two minutes or more she buried her face in her wet hands and thought wildly and thoughts. Presently Jantje broke it by drawing the big white handled knife and com-Then a dark and dreadful determination-

mencing to sharpen it on a piece of leather. entered her mind. The man Muller should The sight made Jess feel sick. "Put the not escape. Bessie should not be sacrificed to knife up," she said, quickly; "it is sharp him. Rather than that, she would do the deed Jantje obeyed with a feeble grin and the tragic agony of her purpose and the force of "Now Jantje," she said at length, speaking

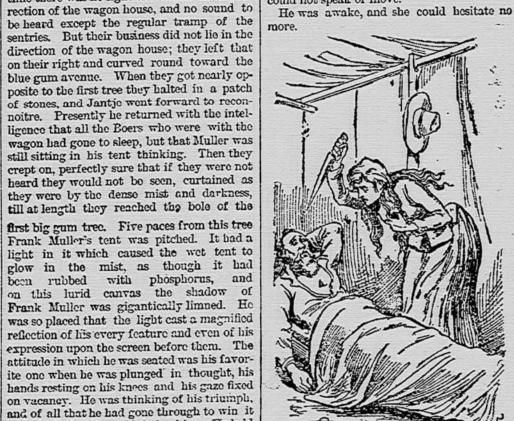
great knife in her hand. Now, ah! all too modic contractions of her throat, "it is time soon, she was inside of it and stood for a second to allow her eyes to grow accustomed The Hottentot fidgeted about, and at last to the light. Presently she began to see, first, the outline of the bed, then the outline of the manly form stretched upon it, then both bed and man distinctly. Jantje had said that he was sleeping like a child. He might have been, now he was not. On the contrary, his face was convulsed like that of one in an ex-"You fool!" said Jess angrily, and then tremity of fear, and great beads of sweat recollecting herself, added: "Come, be a man, Jantje; think of your father and mother, stood upon his brow. It was as though he knew his danger, and was yet utterly powerless to avoid it. He lay upon his back. One "I am a man," he answered sulkily, "and I will kill him like a man, but what good is a heavy arm, his left, hung over the side of the bed, the knuckles of the hand resting on the man against the ghost of a dead English ground; the other was thrown back and his woman? If I put the knife into her she would only make faces, and fire would come out of head was pillowed upon it. The clothing had the hole. I will not go without you, missie." fallen back from his throat and massive chest, "You must go," she said, fiercely; "you

which were quite bare.

Jess stood and gazed. "For Bessie's sake, for Bessie's sake!" she murmured, and then, impelled by a force that seemed to move of itself, she crept slowly, slowly, to the right hand side of the bed. what he said. He was getting sulky, and the

At this moment the man woke, and his worst dispositioned donkey in the world is far, opening eyes fell full upon her face. Whattot. She must either give up the project or ever his dream had been, what he now saw was far more terrible, for bending over him go with the man. Well, she was equally was the ghost of the woman he had murdered in the Vaal! There she was, risen from her might as well go. She had no power left to river grave, torn, dishevelled, water yet dripping from her hands and hair. Those sunk make fresh plans. Her mind seemed to be and marble cheeks, those dreadful flaming exhausted. Only she must keep out of the way at the last. She could not bear to be eyes could belong to no human being, but only to a spirit. It was the spirit of Jess geance and a hell! Their eyes met, and no can keep off the ghost of the dead English woman while I kill Baas Frank. But first he creature will ever know the agony of terror that he tasted of before the end came. She must be fast asleep. Fast, fast asleep."

Then slowly and with the uttermost caution saw his face sink in and turn ashen gray, while the cold sweat ran from every pore. He was awake, but fear paralyzed him, he could not speak or move.



HE WAS AWAKE AND SHE COULD HESITATE NO MORE

He must have seen the flash of the falling steel, and-She was outside the tent again, the rec knife in her hand. She flung the accursed thing from her. That shrick must have awakened every soul within a mile. Already she could faintly hear the stir of men down by the wagon and the patter of Jantje run-

ning for his life. Then she too turned and fled straight up the doings. If he is going too far, God kills hill. She knew not whither, she cared not where. None saw her or followed her, the hunt had broken away to the left after Jantje. Her heart was lead and her head a rocking sea of old fool were right after all! Supposing that there were a God, and God were to kill him fire, while before her, around her, and behind her yelled all the conscience created furies

that run murder to his lair. On she flew, one sight only before her eyes. one sound only in her ears. On over the hill, far into the rain artl night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TANTA COETZEE TO THE RESCUE. After Jess had been set free by the Boers outside Hans Coetzee's place, John was sharply ordered to dismount and offsaddle his horse. This he did with the best grace that he could muster, and the horse was knee haltered and let loose to feed. It was then indicated to him that he was to enter the house, which he also did, closely attended by two of the Boers. "Are you hungry, rooibaaje?" asked one in

John answered that he was.

"Tie his leards behind him, and let us see if e can catch in his mouth, like a dog," sugrested one of the gentle vouths. "No, no; make him cat pap with a wooden

spoon, like a Kaffir," said another. I will feed him if you have a very long spoon." Here again was legitimate cause for merri ment, but in the end matters were compro mised by a lump of biltong and a piece of bread being thrown to him from the other end of the room. He caught them and proceeded to eat, trying to conceal his ravenou

hunger as much as possible from the circle of onlookers who clustered round to watch the Suddenly one of the men remembered about the young fellow whom he had thrown backward off the horse and who was lying very sick in the next room, and suggested that measures of retaliation should be taken, which would undoubtedly have been done had not

the elderly Boer who had commanded the party interposed. This man was getting drunk like the others, but fortunately for John he got amiably drunk. "Let him alone," he said, "let him alone.

We will and him to the commandant to morrow. Frank Muller will know how to sleep. deal with him." John thought to himself that he certainly

"Now, for myself," the man went on with a hiccough, "I bear no malice. We have thrashed the British and they have given up the country, so let bygones be bygones, say. Almighty, yes! I am not proud, not I. If an Englishman takes off his hat to me I shall acknowledge it."

This staved the fellows off for a while, but presently John's protector went away, and then the others began to get playful. They got their rifles and amused themselves with leveling them at him, and making sham bets as to where they would hit him. John, see ing the emergency, backed his chair well into the corner of the wall and drew his revolver, which fortunately for himself he still had, "If any man interferes with me, by God, I'll shoot him?" he said, in good English. which they did not fail to understand. Un doubtedly as the evening went on it was only the possession of this revolver and his eviden

determination to use it that saved his life. At last things got very bad indeed, so bad that he found it absolutely necessary to keep his eyes continually fixed, now on one and now on another, to prevent their putting a bullet through him unawares. He had twice appealed to the old woman, Hans Coetzee's wife, but she sat in her big chair with a sweet smile upon her fat face and refused to interfere. It is not every day that one gets the chance of seeing a real live English rooibaatje baited like an ant bear on the flat. Presently, just as John in desperation was

making up his mind to begin shooting right and left, the old woman, seeing that matters were getting beyond a joke, came waddling down the room with marvelous activity and "There, there," she said, cuffing right and

every one. I can't have this noise going on here. Come, off you all go, and get the horses into the stable; they will be right away by morning if you trust them to the Kaffirs.' The woman, to John's astonishment and relief, literally bundled the whole tribe of

them out of the front door. "Now then, rooibaatje," said the old lady, briskly, when they had gone, "I like you because you are a brave man, and were not life, but still the man slept and the dead afraid when they mobbed you. Also, I don't woman lay till the night turned into the want to have a mess made upon my floor here, or any noise or shooting. If those men | The sunbeams slid into the cave and played come back and find you here they will first indifferently upon the ashen face and tangled her despair, and glided toward the tent, the get rather drunker and then kill you, so you had better be off while you get the chance," and she pointed to the door.

"I really am much obliged to you, my aunt," said John, utterly astonished. "Oh, as to that," she said dryly, "it would be a great pity to kill the last English rooibantle in the whole British army; they ought | dead. to keep you as a curiosity. Here, take a tot of brandy before you go, it is a wet night, and sometimes when you are clear of the Transvaal and remember this business, remember, too, that you owe your life to Tanta Coetzee. But I would not have saved you, not I, if you had not been so plucky. I like a man to be a man. There, be off!" John poured out and gulped down half a

tumblerful of the brandy, and in another mo-

ment was outside the house and had slipped

off into the night. It was very dark and

wet for the rain clouds had covered up the

moon, and he soon realized that any attempt to look for his horse would only end in failure and in his recapture also. The only thing to do was to get away on foot in the direction of Mooifontein as quickly as he could; so off he went down the track across the veldt as hard as his stiff legs would take him. He had a ten miles' trudge before him, and with that cheerful acquiescence in circumstances over which he had no control which was one of his characteristics, he set to work to make the best of it. For the first hour or so all went well, and then to his intense disgust he discovered that he was off the track, a fact at which anybody who has ever had the pleasure on a dark night of wandering along a so called road on the African veldt will scarcely be surprised. After wasting a quarter of an hour or more in a vain attempt to find the path, he struck out boldly for a dark looking mass that loomed in the distance, and which he took to be Mooifontein hill. And so it was, only instead of keeping to the left, when he would have landed up at the house, or rather where the house had stood, he unwittingly bore to the right, and thus went half round the hill before he found out his mistake. Nor would he have found it out then had he not chanced in the mist and darkness to turn into the mouth of the great gorge known as Leuw kloof, where he had once, months before, had an interesting talk with Jess just before she went to Pretoria. It was while be bling up this gorge that at length the rain ceased and the moon got out, it being then nearly midnight. Its very first rays lit upon one of the extraordinary pillars of balanced bowlders, and by it he recognized the locality. As may be imagined, strong man as he was, John was by this time quite exhausted. For nearly a week he had been traveling incessantly, and for the last two nights he had not only not slept, but had endured a great deal of peril and mental excitement. Had it not been for the brandy Tanta Coetzee had given him he could not have got over the fifteen miles or so of ground he had covered, and now he was quite broken down, and felt that the only thing that he could do, wet through as he was, would be to lie down somewhere and sleep or die as the case might be. Then it was that the little cave near the top of the kloof, the same from which Jess had watched the thunderstorm,

vorite spots. If he could once reach the cave he would at any rate get shelter and a dry place to lie on. It could not be more than 300 yards away. So he struggled on bravely through the wet grass and over the scattered bowlders, until at last he came to the base of the huge column that had been shattered by the lightning be-

came into his recollection. He had been there

once with Bessie after their engagement, and

she had told him that it was one of Jess' fa-

Thirty paces more and be was in the cave. With a sigh of utter exhaustion he flung himself down upon the rocky floor and was almost instantly buried in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

When the rain ceased and the moon began to shine, Jess was still fleeing like a wild thing across the plain on the top of the mountain. She felt no sense of exhaustion now or even of weariness; her only idea was to get away, right away somewhere, where she could lose herself and nobody would ever see her again. Presently she came to the top of Leuw Kloof, and in a bewildered way recornized the spot and commenced to descend it Here was a place where she might lie until she died, for no one ever came there, except now and again some wandering Kaffir herd. On she sprang, from rock to rock, a wild, waird figure, well in keeping with the solemi

and titanic sadness of the place. Twice she fell, once right into the stream, but she took no heed, she did not even seem to feel it. At last she was at the bottom, now creeping like a black dot across the wide spaces of moonlight and now swallowed up in the shadow. There before her was the mouth of her little cave her strength was leaving her at last, and sho was fain to creep into it, broken hearted

crazed, and-dying. "Oh, God, forgive me! God forgive me she moaned, as she sank upon the rocky floor, "Bessie, I sinned against you, but I have washed away my sin. I did it for you, Bessie, love, not for myself. I had rather have died than kill him for myself. You wil marry John now, and you will never, nevknow what I did for you. I am going to die I know that. I am dving. Ob, if I only could see his face once more before I die-be

Slowly the westering moonlight crept down the blackness of the rock. Now at last it peeped into the little cave and played upon John's sleeping face lying within two feet of

her. Her prayer had been granted; there was her lover by her side. With a start and a great sigh of doubt she saw him. Was he dead? She dragged herself to him on her hands and knees and listened for his breathing, if perchance he still breathed and was not a vision. Then it came,

strong and slow, the breath of a man in deep | future for us struggling mortals he will find Should she try to wake him? What for To tell him she was a murderess and then to let him see her die, for justinet told her that nature was exhausted; and she knew that she was certainly going-going fast. No, a hun-

dred times, no!

Only she put her hand into her breast and drew out the pass, on the back of which she fully for several months, so that I dreaded had written to him, and thrust it between his touching it with a brush. Thinking that salt listless fingers. It should speak for her. Then | could do no harm, anyway, and remembering she leaned over him and watched his sleeping face, a very incarnation of infinite, despairing tenderness and love that is deeper than the grave. And as she watched gradually her feet and legs grew cold and mumb, till at length she could feel nothing below her bosom. She was dead nearly to the heart, The rays of the moon faded slowly from the evel of the little cave, and John's face grew dark to her darkening sight. She bent down and kissed him once, twice, thrice,

Then at last the end came. There was a

great flashing of light before her eyes, and the roaring as of a thousand seas within her ears, and her head sank gently on her lover's breast as on a pillow; and there she died and passed upward toward the wider life and larger liberty, or perchance downward into the depths of an eternal sleep. Poor dark eyed, deep hearted Jess! This was the fruition of her love and this her

bridal bed. It was done. She had gone, taking with her the secret of her self sacrifice and crime; and the night winds moaning amfd the rocks sang their requiem over her. Here she first had learned her love; and here she closed its She might have been a great and good

woman. She might even have been a harry disease recently, at his home at Wil- subjects, and of matters that apply to except on the edges of the plat where woman. But fate had ordained it otherwise. berforce, Ohio, in the seventieth year the farmer's every day life. Women such as she are rarely happy in the world. It is not well to stake all one's for- of his age.

that if he were not quiet she would kill him. | left with her fat fists, "be off with you, | tune on a throw and lack the craft to load the dice. Well, her troubles are done with "Think gently of her" and let her pass in

> The hours grew on toward the morning, but John, the dead face of the woman he had loved still pillowed on his breast, neither dreamed nor woke. There was a strange and dreadful irony in the situation, and one which sometimes finds a counterpart in our waking morning and the world woke up as usual curls and on the broad chest of the living man whereon they rested. An old babcon peeped round the rocky edge and manifested no surprise, only indignation, at the intrusion of humanity, dead or alive, into his dominions. Yes, the world woke up as usual, and recked not and troubled not because Jess was

It was so accustomed to such sights. And at last John woke up, too. He stretched his arms and yawned, and then for the first time became aware of the weight upon his breast. He glanced down and saw dimly at first-then more clearly. There are some things into which it is wisest not to pry, and one of them is the first

agony of a strong man's grief.

Happy was it for him that his brain did not give way in that first lonely hour of bottomless despair. But he lived through it, as we do live through such things, and was sane and sound after it, though it left its mark upon his life.

Two hours later a gaunt, haggard figure came stumbling down the hillside toward the site of Mooifontein, bearing something in his arms. The whole place was in commotion. Here and there were knots of Boers talking excitedly, who, when they saw the man coming hurried up to see who it was and what he carried. But when they knew they fell back awed and without a word, and he, too, passed through them without a word. For a moment he hesitated, realizing that the house was burned down, and then turned into the wagon shed and laid his burden down upon the saw bench on which Frank Muller had sat as judge upon the previous day.

Then at last he spoke in a hoarse voice, "Where is the old man?" One of them pointed to the door of the little room. "Open it!" he said, so fiercely that they again fell back and obeyed him without a

"John! John!" cried Silas Croft, "Thank God you have come back to us from the dead!" and, trembling with joy and surprise, he would have fallen upon his neck.

"Hush!" he answered; "I have brought the dead with me." And he led him to where she lay. During the day the Boers all went and left them alone. Now that Frank Muller was the execution, even had they desired so to do, for their commandant had died leaving it unsigned. So they held a sort of informal inback of where the house had stood. Rather than be at the pains of hollowing out another they buried him in the very grave that he

Who had murdered Frank Muller was and remains a mystery among them to this day. The knife was identified by the natives about the farm as belonging to the Hottentot Jantje, and a Hottentot was seen running from the place of the deed and hunted for and probably will be, considerable some way, but could not be caught or heard of again. Therefore many of them are of the opinion that he is the guilty man. Others, again, believes that the crime rests upon the and perhaps to establish an Agriculshoulders of the villainous one eyed Kaffir, Hendrik, his own servant, who had also mysterously vanished. But as they have never found either of them, and are not likely to. the point remains a moot one. Nor, indeed, did they take any great pains to hunt for them. Frank Muller was not a popular character, and the fact of a man coming to a mysterious end does not produce any great sensation among a rough people and in rough

On the following day old Silas Croft, Bessie and John Niel also buried their dead in the little graveyard on the hillside, and there she lies, some ten feet of earth only between her and the man on whom she was the instrument of vengeance. But they never knew that, or even guessed it. They never even knew that she had been near Mooifontein on Board of Agriculture can do. This that awful night. Nobody knew it except probably was the strongest reason for Jantje, and Jantje, haunted by the footfall of the pursuing Boers, was gone from the ken of the white man far into the wilds of Central

"John," said the old man, when they had filled in the grave, "this is no country for Englishmen. Let us go home to England." John bowed his head in assent. Fortunately the means were not wanting, although they were practically ruined, for the £1,000 he had paid to Silas for a third interest in the farm still lay, together with another £250, in the Standard bank at Newcaslto, in Natal. And so in due course they went.

And now what more is there to tell? Jess, to those who read what has been written as it is meant to be read, was the soul of it all, and Jess is dead. It is useless to set a lifeless and her story at an end.

One word more. After some difficulty John Niel, within three months of his arrival in England, got employment as a land agent to he fills to this day, with credit to himself and such advantage to the property as can be expected nowadays. Also, he in due course became the beloved husband of sweet Bessio Croft, and on the whole may be considered a happy man. At times, however, a sorrow of which his wife knows nothing gots the better of him, and for a while he is not himself. He is not a man much given to sentiment or speculation, but sometimes when his day's work is done and he strays down to his garden gate and looks out at the dim and peaceful English landscape below, and then at the wide, star strewn heavens above, he wonders if the hear will ever come when he will once more see those dark and passionate eyes and hear that sweet remembered voice. For he feels as near to his lost love now she is dead as he did when she was yet alive, and from time to time he seems to clearly know that if there prove to be an individual

Salt a Cure for Falling Halr. "I am very glad of the opportunidy given me by the query to thank 'Notes and Queries' for the recommendation of dry salt as a cure for falling hair. My hair had come out frightthe benefit always derived from sea air and bathing, I tried it, and was surprised at the result, for after three applications-putting it on at night and brushing and shaking out in the morning-not one hair came out with the most vigorous brushing. Thave used it three or four times a week since the middle of November, and notice a perceptible thickening of my hair and no disagreeable results whatever. The treatment might not be so beneficial to every one, of course, but I have written this fully, feeling that I could hardly say too much in praise of what has been so successful with myself."-Poston Transcript,

Jess waiting to greet him at its gates.

Kershaw will assemble the Democratic Executive Committee on the for the purpose for which this meet have to abanden it, as nothing would 16th inst. to arrange a primary election for a candidate for the Legislature vice Solicitor R. H. Nelson, re- terest to all farmers, and it is eminent- planted it in Bermuda grass, dropping &

Our State Contemporaries.

Barnicell People. growing. Courting and candy pull- has failed to keep its hold on the rank ing parties will be in order at his and file of our farmers. louse next winter.

Georgetown Times. Pawley's Island Encampment.

orders were read from headquarters is necessary for his interest be securcommanding 3d Battalion to go in ed, and to take charge of all matters three days encampment on Pawley's of a like character, which all will Island beginning on July 25th. This readily acknowledge to be pre-emicompany forms a part of said bat- nently proper. But never before in talion, and preparatory steps were the history of our agricultural intertaken to perfect the arrangements, est has there been more need of a vi-A committee, consisting of the Cap- talizing current than at this time. to complete all the preliminaries. ed to the fact that they, too, must be Sergt. John G. Carraway was ap progressive. This is the age of less pointed commisary sergeant. Twen | acres and a greater product from them; ty-five men are enrolled to attend, improvements in implements, in culwith the prospect of many more tivation, in seeds, and in all kinds of The company will be furnished with farm equipments; and where will the tents, provisions and horse feed. It farmers look for this vitalizing curis expected that the Waccamaw rent if not in the State Agricultural Mounted Riflemen will be there with and Mechanical Society? a much greater number. The Horry Hussars and Lake City Guards will your reorganization after the war, be fully represented. Adjutant-In- your society has been doing a good spector Gen. Bonliam, Gen. W. E | work, both in the discussion of agri-James, Col. Sparkman, Major II. L. cultural subjects at our summer meet-Buck, and Adjutant P. E Twiggs ings, as well as by a general display will be there in command. Paw- of things appertaining to our calling ley's Island beach at low tide will at our annual State fairs, and it will

Anderson Intelligencer.

manœuvre.

The action of the State Board of Agriculture in locating the Agricultural Stations is not a surprise to us though at the Spartanburg meeting. Let the we think their action hasty and ill-timed. Of all the offers submitted, there can be ings, and if not more than a deleno doubt that taken at the actual fig- gation of three can attend, let ures offered, the Spartanburg offer was the best, and if an immediate location ward the name to Thomas W. Holwere necessary, the Board would have loway, Pomaria, S. C. We have carrying out the sentence upon their old done right in the selection, but with been in the habit of making special eighbor. Besides, there was no warrant for the offers which could have been made rates of fransportation for delegates by Greenville, and the increase which Anderson, Oconee and Pickens would at which there will be so large an athave made, the State would undoubt- tendance outside of the society that buried him in the little graveyard that was edly have been the gainer. Spartan- we are using all our efforts to get unplanted with the four red gums, one at each | burg might have increased her offer, | usually low rates for all, which will corner, and walled in on the hillside at the and still have secured the Station, but be announced at an early day. she would have had to pay more for it. The stopping of the matter by locating had caused to be dug to receive the body of now was just about such a policy as an auctioneer would pursue who knocked down while the bidding was going on. The location ought not, we think, to have been made until after the next session of the Legislature, for there may, changes made in the scope of the Act Grounds, at Spartanburg, South Carto conform with the Act of Congress, tural College. It is generally supposed urday, August 6th. This Inter-State that a majority of the Board of Agri- Farmers' Encampment is the result of culture are opposed to the Agricultural the combined efforts of the friends of College, and this doubtless accounts for Agriculture, in all its departments, and the haste of the Board in locating. The is under the auspices of the Patrons of plan for establishing the College, which has been most advocated, is the consol- Georgia, North Carolina and South idation of the Agricultural Department, the Experimental Station, the United States appropriations all into one man- is, that the producing classes all over agement, by which the funds necessary the country may meet annually in to operate an Agricultural College can friendly rivalry and competition, for be easily raised. The location of the the purpose of displaying what each Stations by the Board of Agriculture interferes with this plan, as far as the

the immediate location of the Stations.

Berkeley Gazette. During the past ten days three persons have met violent deaths, and two others are likely to die from injuries received, in Berkeley county. Last Saturday Jack Alston killed Ervin Aiken at Brisban Hill and left for parts unknown; the day before Peter Roundtree shot and killed Cosar Waiters on the Bee's Ferry road; on Sunday Jerry Coaxum was killed by Cupid Shaw at Cainhoy; Wash Brown thing upon its feet, rather let us strive to fol- was stabbed nearly to death at low the soarings of the spirit. Jess is dead this place on Saturday night by Robt. Horry and Jack Perry, and on the evening of the fourth a negro man was shot and beat with a baseball a large estate in Rutlandshire, which position bat on the ferry wharf until his recovery is doubtful. So much bloodshed in such a short time is appalling.

We are actually rivalling Edgefield. Come into Camp!

A LETTER TO THE FARMERS OF THE STATE tleman.

FROM COLONEL DUNCAN. Spartanburg, S C., the first week in nervous and excitable; which trouble August next. The society will hold often leads him in his remarks to exits business meeting on Wednesday, press himself in a manner different the 3d. The regular programme of from that intended. On one occasion; essays and discussions by the society it being the Sabbath evening prayer will take place on Thursday, the 4th, meeting, as he was commenting upon this day being assigned by the ar- the Sunday School lesson of the day, ranging committee as the State Agri- which had been the faithfelness of cultural and Mechanical Society Day. God to his promises, he startled the three delegates from each county, noticing a suppressed titter among bers to see to it that each county portion, and conscious of a blunder; sends a delegation, at the same time attempted to mend the matter by saythis is a meeting of the society, and jit.'- Harper's Magazine for July. all members are entitled to be present, and we hope as many will attend as

thoroughly advertised that it is un- page (213) you ask if any one has necessary to say more than to tirge as found a plan to cradicate nut grass. many as possible to be present. It We have an old garden spot that will be the largest concourse of farm- became infested with nut grass to such ers proper that has ever assembled an entent that we thought we would ing is organized; it will be fraught eat the stuff. But concluding to try with valions matters of material in something better, we blowed it up and ly proper, if not absolutely necessary, good-sized bunch of the Bermuda grass that your society be fully represented, lafter the plow in every furrow, about Bishop James A. Shorter, of the it being the only simon pure agri ten to twelve in a foot. The grass African Methodist Episcopal Church, cultural organization in the State that spring up and soon covered the ground. having charge of the work in South has for its object the discussion and -That was three years since, and now Carolina and Georgia, died of heart development of purely agricultural you cannot find a sprig of nut grass

Patrons of Husbandry, under whose auspices this farmers' inter-State encampment is to be held The Gran-Capt. J. B. Hunter, of Fish Pond, ges have their social and educational bids fair to become the "sugar king" features. which carry along with it of his section. He has a patch of its lady membership, and while we sure enough cane, measuring an acre individually think it the best and most and a quarter, that has over six perfect organization in all its equipthousand stalks five feet high and still ments the farmer lias ever had, yet it

Then we have the farmers' movement organization, which has developed into an organization whose prime object is look after and protect At the 4th July meeting of the the farmers' political rights, to watch Marion's Men of Winyah, official over and see that such legislation as

For the past twenty years, since

be a good place for the battalion to be only natural, after all spasmodic efforts are expended, for our farmers to turn to your society to inquire what is the news from the agricultural watch tower. Therefore we would again urge you to be present members in each county hold meetthem decide upon those and forour summer meetings, but this is one

> D. P. DUNCAN, President. Union, June 27, 1887.

Inter-State Grange Encampment.

The first annual meeting of the Inter-State Farmers' Summer Encampment will assemble at the Encampment olina, at 8 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, August 2d, 1887, and continue until Sat-Husbandry of Alabama, Tennessee,

Carolina. The prime object of this exhibition

has wrought during the year. The city of Spartanburg, S. C.; was chosen by the committee charged with the selection of a location on account of the many advantages and facilities af-forded to such a grand enterprise. Its railroad facilities are excellent; it is in the direct line of all summer travel from the low counties of South Carolina and Georgia, and from Florida to the mountain resorts of Western North Carolina; and the health of the city and county of Spartanburg is unsurpassed by any locality in the whole South-

ern States: There will be abundant hotel accommodations at Spartanburg, one mile away, and a number of eating houses and restaurants on the grounds to accommodate all visitors.

Every Southern interest should be fully represented at the encampment, and all exhibits should be arranged by August 1st. For further infomation address

Charles H. Carlisle, Secretary, Spartanburg. S. C. Editors noticing this meeting of farmers should impress upon the manufacturers of their localities the importance of communicating with the above gen-

A NERVOUS DEACON .- A good Bap-By invitation the summer meeting tist deacon residing in a certain town of the society will convene upon the in the old Bay State, and who is also grounds of the inter-State farmers' superintendent of the Sabbath School, summer encampment to be held at has the misfortune to be exceedingly As you are aware, it has been our congregation by saying, 'Not one tit custom to have a representation of or joitle of His word shall fail,' when; While we wish to urge upon the mem- the audience, especially the younger we call your attention to the fact that ing, 'No; I meant not one tottle of

From B. F. Crayton & sons; who have a fine stock farm at Anderson S. This inter State farmer's summer C., comes this very hopeful experience: encampment meeting has been so In the May issue of the Cultivator on we did not get a stand of the Bermuda. It is true we have the order of the -Southern Cultivator for July.