THE SUMTER WATCHKAN, Established April, 1850.

SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1891.

New Series-Vol. XI. No. 16.

The Watchman and Southern. Pahlished every Wednesday. *Incherry) N. G. OSTEEN,

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum-in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS.

- SUMTER, S. C.

no Square, first insertion .. Contracts for three months, or longer will be made at reduced vates. All communications which subserve private nterests will be charged for as advertisements.

Oblivaries and tributes of respect will be

KEW DRUG STORE IN SUMTER.

New Store, New Men, Hew Goods.

W. H. GILLILAND & CO. Beg to announce to the citizens of Sunter City and Country, that they have opened IN THE MONAGHAN BLOCK. A Gomplete Stock of

Brugs, Medicines, Toilet and Fancy Articles, and other goods, such as are usually found in a Drug Store, including SEGARS AND TOBACCO, GAR-

DEAL READS, Erc. Repecial attention is invited to a fine line of PERFUMERY. embracing some fine imported Extracts. Careful attention given to the compounding of prescriptions, and calls promptly at-

An Electric Fell will be found at the door COME AND SEE US. W. H. GILLILAND & CO., MONAGHAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET, SUNTER, S. C.

MACHINE SHOP

All kinds of WACHINE WORK REPAIRS can be had in Sumter at short notice, and in coally opened by the undersigned on Liberty

ear the C. S. & N. Depot. Bollers Patched and Mill and Gin Work a Specialty.

Prompt attention given to work in the fetty, and first class workmen sent to at-

Call at the shop or address through Sumte EDGAR SKINNER.

NOTICE.

polication to Charter Railway Co. TOTICE is hereby given that the underby of the State, at its next session for a charter of a Railway Company, to run from a point on the Savenah River, opposite or near the City of Augusta, in the State of Georgia through the County of Aiken S. C., vin the city of Aiken, through Orangeburg and Sumter Counties to the city of Sumter, in this State. Said Railway to be known as The Augusts, Aiken and Sumter Railway

B. B. HENDERSON, B. F. TURNER, J. G. BAYNHAM, M. B. WOODWARD.

IN PURSUARCE DE THE LAWS OF this State period a barely given that the Bishopville Sailroad Company will apply to the Legislature of this State at its next session for authority to extend its Railroad in a general North or North-westerly direction as far as the North Corolina State line, and also to extend said Railroad from Atkins in a Seuth or South-easterly direction as far as

some point on the North Eastern, or the Cen-tral Railroad of South Carolina.

L. D. JOHNSTON, SUMTER, S. C.,

Practical Carpenter, Contractor AND BUILDER. YOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Sumter and surrounding

country that he is prepared to furnish plans, and estimates on brick and wooden buildings All work entrusted to him will be done SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.



MINERAL WATER

A Safe, Pleasan and Effective Remedy for al IT ACTS ON THE BOWELS, * CLEANSES THE SYSTEM

AND REGULATES THE LIVER And is a specific for most FEMALE DISORDERS.

SIMPSON & SIMPSON, -11()eti'y') . en Proprietors, Gleon Springs, S. C.

For sale by all leading Druggists. PUTTHE.

FOUNDED 1867. - - CHARTERED 1888.

The Twenty-Fourth Collegiate Year of this school for young ladies begins THURSDAY, SEP-TEMBER 10th, 1891, and closes JUNE 13th, 1892 For terms, &c., apply for circular.

Mas. L. A. BROWNE. MISS E. E. COOPER, July 1

WHEAT! WHEAT! WHEAT!

The IMPOSSIBLE to do worse than at cotter of there can be no harm in trying hear. Eversified industry is the hope of the DENTAL SURGEON. will have a thresher and bolter at crop, so parties can be certain of having their wheat prepared not only for their families but can sell the surplus. First class wheat and oat

seed and General Merchandise for sale at Cane Savannah Store. J. SINGLETON MOORE, Oct. 6-10t.

CHILD BIRTH ... [[] [] []

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are com- . bined in a manner hitherto unknown

WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials,

ent by express on receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and vercomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."

ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.,

1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgoon,

Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUE COMPANY, 77 MUITAY Street, N. Y.

Are You Interested?

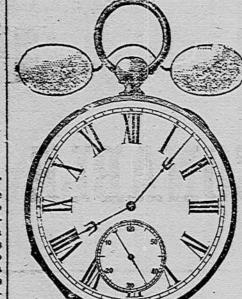
Are you suffering with any of the following loss of flesh, a feeling of fulness or weight in the stomach, acidity, flatulence, a dull pain with a sensation of heaviness in the head, giddiness, constipation, derangement of kidneys, heart trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness, etc. Dr. Holt's Dyspeptic Elixir will W. A. Wright, the Comptroller General of

Georgia, says, three bottles cured him after having tried almost everything else. Judge R. F, Izlar, Macon, Ga., says, Holt's Clixir accomplished what all other remedies failed to do, a perfect cure. J. E. Paullin, Ft. Gaines, Ga., writes : " have no besitancy in recommending it, as it cured me of dyspepsia.

For any further information inquire of our druggist. For sale by all druggists.

> H. A. HOYT, Successor to

> > C. I. HOYT & BRO.



Gold and Silver Watches.

FINE DIAMONDS.

Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, MERIDEN BRITANIA SILVERWARE, &c. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

THE SIMONDS NATIONAL BANK,

OF SUMTER. STATE, CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSI-TORY, SUMTER, S. C. Paid up Capital \$75,000 60 Surplus Fund 10,000 00 Transacts a General Banking Business.

Careful attention given to collections. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.; Deposits of \$1 and upwards received. Inerest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Payable quarterly, on first days of January, April, July and October. R. M. WALLACE, Vice President.

L. S. CARSON,

SUMTER, S.C. CITY AND COUNTY DEPOSITORY. Transacts a general Banking business. Also has

A Savings Bank Department. per annum, payable quarterly. W. F. B. HAYNSWORTH,

A. WHITE, JR., Cashier.

Aug 21. DENTIST.

Office OVER BROWNS & PURDY'S STORE. Entrance on Main Street, Between Browns & Purdy and Durant & Son. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 1.30; 2 to 5 o'clock.

G. W. DICK, D. D. S. Office over Bogin's New Store, ENTRANCE ON MAIN STREET

Sumter, S. C, April 29.

SUMTER, S. C. Office Hours .- 9 to 1;30; 2:30 to 5.

DENTAL SURGEON.

Office over Bultman & Bro.'s Shoe Store ENTRANCE ON MAIN STREET. SUMTER, S. C. Office Hours-9 to 1:30; 2:30 to 5.

smoke into the breathless air.

Ly HOWARD PYLE CHAPTER L A long row of some dozen or so great

stone mills, with roofs tall and steep, or hipped and gabled, and with walls whitened with flour, gaping by open sheds and half doors upon a sunny stretch of dusty road, they stand upon the steep, bluff shore of a river. Upon the road they are two stories high; upon the river front they are four, five, or even six. In some seasons sloops, brigs and barks are lashed to the river walls loading with barrels of flour or cornmeal, the shouts of the stevedores and the creaking of blocks and tackles echoing from stony wall to stony wall. On the decks lounge a few idle sailors in baggy breeches or petticoats, club quenes down their backs and cocked hats or Monterey caps upon their heads; and upon the road in front of the mill doors stand clustered the queer old vehicles of the day-farmers' carts, coopers' carts, great Conestoga wagons dragged by teams of eight, ten or twelve mules, and which travel sometimes even as far as Pittsburg.

Upon the farther side of the road from the mills is the millrace, brimming with the speeding waters that in the night time fill the silence with the brawling of | month. their harrying rush. Here and there side streams shoot under the bridges and lift floodgates and set the huge, groaning wheels a-turning, and the rude machinery and great millstones to jarring and | faintly. turning in answer.

Such, one hundred years ago, were the famous old Brandywine flour mills, which ground more meal during the Revolution and for the old West India trade than was ground at any other place in the country.



Uncle," she said in a breathless whisper,

It was on the evening of the twelfth of September, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven. The yellow sunlight streamed in through the windows, and all the room was full of the good smell of supper. The blue china cups and saucers and plates and dishes, the pewter spoons, and the iron knives and two-pronged forks, polished till they shone like silver, caught the light and winked and sparkled and twinkled back again at the broad yellow patches of light on the floor.

Friend Sparks and his family sat at supper, but though the smell of it was so good the knives and forks and spoons clattered in a listless fashion, and the family ate and drank without much heart in the matter.

"I don't know," said Friend Joseph, laying down his knife and fork and looking around at his daughters, and more especially at his niece, Mattie Dixon-'I don't know what it is that sets you girls so agog over a laced hat and epaulets and a blue coat and brass buttons. Here was General Washington and his army not more than a month in town. and now, because he has gone and takes away with him his snipe jack aids-decamp and captains and majors, all the women in Wilmington and Brandywine are in the vapors."

Now men are not quick at seeing things, but the women knew very well why Mattie Dixon's eyes were red. Indeed, a gloom had fallen upon them all ever since a young farmer had ridden down from Chadd's Ford that morning, bringing the news of a great battle that had been fought up the Brandywine. Later in the day two farmers' wagons had passed through the village, bringing each a load of wounded men lying in the

But Friend Joseph Sparks did not notice Mattie's red eyes.

"I do not," said he presently, separating the don't in his emphasis-"I do not see what it is about a shedder of blood that turns a woman's head. I, for one. should be sorry to see a daughter or a niece of mine tied to such an unregenerate, soulless son of Anak as one of those young men who make bloodshed a trade. and think that a blue coat and brass buttons excuse murder. Now there was a battle fought vesterday," he continued. leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "and no doubt a many likely young men killed or maimed for life. There was that Philip Van Cleiff who came here so often when"- The worthy Friend was suddenly interrupted in his monologue by Mattie Dixon rising so precipitately as to knock her chair over backward with a loud clatter upon the floor, and then hurrying from the room without a word, feeling in her pocket

for her handkerchief as she went. Friend Sparks stared after her with open eyes. A momentary pause followed as the door banged behind the girl. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received. "How could thou talk so, Joseph?" said war? Could a man get into one of uterest calculated at the rate of 4 per cent. | the good mother presently. "Didn't thou | them?" see that it was as much as she could do

> with a loud scrape upon the floor, and | be the very thing." taking his pipe from the mantel shelf, filled it with tobacco and lit it with a | Chester "said Rebecca Sparks, looking coal he chose very carefully from the at her husband

embers on the hearth.

keen bargainer, but as honest as the palm he suddenly 'Here we are in a rut: of your hand. He was the owner of who's to take the barrel?" three of the largest of the Brandywine | It was a point that they had not mills, and sat in the gallery, as it was | thought of called, in Friends' meeting; for, like all of the Brandywine millers, he was a Rebecca. John Binney was the mill

caustic in his speech, but with a good Sparks. 'they would know that John looked at Mattie, but she kept her head denly. sound heart buried in the prickly husk. Binney would never go to Chester with turned away and made no sign. He alone of all those Quaker millers a barrel of flour If the boys were only Forward!" said the young officer, and said Mattie. "It don't matter if you tee, \$5,000; traveling expenses, hotel dared to grind flour during the dark days home thy the boys he meant the two, off they moved, he riding in front and won't stop. It was only a letter that I bills, self and others, estimated at of Valley Forge. Now he leaned over sons. Reuben and John). 'they might do the three men marching beside the cart. was to take if I had gone to Chester the front gate of the garden feeling very it." Cane Savannah, S. C. Bradycrotine Only a Headache Cure uncomfortable at the thought of having

The sun had set and the glimmering gray of twilight had fallen. A cart came slowly moving down the white

broken army had passed by ones and | them on again. Mattie," said he. twos through the village that day that the sharp edge of interest was worn off. But as the cart came up to him it stopped. "Do you know any one living here by name Joseph Sparks?" said the

"I am Joseph Sparks," answered the miller, opening his gate and coming out. 'Who has thee there in the cart, friend?" looking into the straw. "A friend of yours," said the officer,

who was hurt yesterday in the battle." As he spoke the figure raised itself from the straw where it lay, and turned toward the miller a face white as death, the head and jaws bound around with a bloody cloth, and a pair of eyes dull and languid. The good Quaker hardly recognized in

the pale, weebegone figure the gay young Major Van Clieff, who had visited at the house so frequently during the last He stood staring, agape, holding his pipe idly in his hand. "Is thee much

hurt?" said he at last. "I don't know," said the young man "Can't you lodge him somewhere till

he gets some doctoring?" asked the of-Friend Sparks stood for a moment sunk in troubled thought. "Nay," said he at last, "I can't bring him into the house. If the British should come, as it's likely they will, it would bring trouble that I have no right to shoulder. I can lodge him at the mill, and will make

him as comfortable as I can." And so Gorse. it was arranged. Friend Joseph followed the cart down the short hill to the mill door, and there saw the wounded man carried into the loft, where a bed of empty bags was made upon a pile of wheat. Then leaving the mill foreman to watch the patient, he went back to the house for his

coat and hat. The news of the coming of the wound- to him ed man had already flown through the | 'I don't care a damn who he is," said house. Mattie met him at the door, and the colonel in reply to the whispered as he stood in the dark entry, gripped | word. "He sha'n't wear his hat before him by the wrist with both hands. me. Take off his hat, corporal." "Uncle," she said in a breathless whisper, "uncle, will he die?"

He could just see her pale face in the business." gathering darkness.

gan to cry convulsively. Friend Sparks stood quite still for would be looking for it, and he was sorry awhile. "I am going for Doctor Shall- that she should not get it. Would the cross," said he at last, and then Mattie | colonel let him send it through the lines let go his wrist and he left her, shutting by his hired boy that morning. the sitting room door softly behind him. "After all, it is no such great matter," of sending to Brandywine for it?"

said the doctor, as he and Friend Sparks walked across the road from the mill to miller, "money has been very scarce the house in the starry darkness. "It is with us of late. My sister's husband is a sword stroke upon the side of the on a voyage to the West Indies, and she head, but the brain is not injured. He looks to me to help her in these matters, is only faint from loss of blood. I sewed so, if thou'll let me. I'll send that barrel up the cut, and 'll come again to see him of flour this morning." tomorrow morning. I wonder," he added, "that they should have sent him | the colonel's ear. Perhaps he told the here to Wilmington instead of taking chief officer that Joseph Sparks was one him to Philadelphia along with them."

comfortable as I can." Mattie Dixon awakened at early dawn- more respect in his voice than he had ing the next morning with the dripping | shown before. of the rain falling upon the roof-pat! pat! and an unusual sou ! of men's voices out in the road before the houseloud talking and laughter. She jumped

out of bed and ran to the window, and saw upon the other side of the road a sight that made her heart stand still. A row of stacked unskets stood under the trees among the yellow leaves. Ac- straw stood in front of the door at the contrements, haversacks and cartridge south mill, with a pretty, pale faced boy boxes hung from the crossed bayonets, and squatting, lolling and sitting upon the ground were some two score of sol- barrel by a block and tackle from the diers in tall grenadier hats, with white loft above. Two or three soldiers were leggins upon their legs, and the blaze of standing in the rain with their cloaks red coats shining from under the cloaks over their shoulders, idly watching the hung loosely across their shoulders. Three or four officers sat upon a bench between two of the maple trees, and the | touched the ground Friend Sparks care

up through the half naked branches. The British had come. Without waiting an instant Mattie ing his pipe out of his mouth.

slipped on a petticoat over her nightgown, and in her bare feet ran down stairs and burst into her uncle's room. is the kind that we used to send to the 'Uncle!" she cried, "the British have Joseph Sparks sat up in bed as though | dier

moved by a spring. "Oh!" cried the girl, wringing her hands, "the soldiers will find him and kill him or send him to the hulks." "Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, thou thinks of nothing but the young | glass." said one of the soldiers. "Let me

man. Go and get dressed. Thon's a spectacle." "If he was only a barrel of flour," said Friend Joseph, as the family sat at a melancholy breakfast that morning. "I'd get him away as easy as goose grease." And then again they all sat silent in thought.

'Uncle," said Mattie suddenly, 'does thee remember those double barrels that thee had made to send cornmeal to Jamaica in the Nancy schooner before the 'Perhaps so," said the miller, 'if"-

to contain her spirits?" Then she, too. He stopped suddenly and pushed back and two troopers and a corporal stood pushed back her chair and followed her his chair 'Why, thou's hit it, girl," he beside him, the muzzles of their guns cried. 'We might barrel him up and pointed downward, the flintlocks shel-"Botheration!" said Friend Sparks, send him off -ch. mother? Why, one of and then he also pushed back his chair | those West Indian double barrels would | overcoats.

'We might send him to sister Jane, in orderly, peering into the cart.

'No, no that would never do," said His three daughters, Rebecca. Mary | the miller 'No man could be cramped Jane and Sasan, said nothing, but as he in a barrel five or six hours. Remember. went out of the door in a swirling cloud | too. that he's wounded. I tell thee what of tobacco smoke they exchanged very | we can do. We can send him to Cousin Jane Penny, that's only four miles. We officer and the three troopers. "They Friend Joseph Sparks was one right | might say that we were sending a barrel well known in the milling circles of his to Chester and they would never know day; a wealthy man as times went, a that it stopped on the way-tschk!" said

"Can't John Binney take him?" said

made Mattie cry, looking absently up | denly arose and went to her uncre and the hill. the road and puffing curling wreaths of kneeled beside his chair 'Uncle," said she in a low voice.

Matchian and Southron.

"What is it Mattie?" 'One day when aunt and thee were away from home I put on the clothes stretch of road-a farm cart from up in that Reuben wore when he was a boy." the country. A board was laid across She bowed her head, and a long pause it, and on the board sat two men-one a of silence followed The old clock in farmer, the other an officer in the Conti- the corner said sharply "tick, tack." At last Friend Sparks broke the silence Friend Sparks watched them with a and he spoke in a voice more gentle than sort of dull curiosity. So many of the his usual acrid tone. 'Thou may put up her mind at once that, should they

CHAPTER IIL

Because I am a poor girl and am trying

to save my dear friend." Colonel Gorse had made the counting room of the great north mill his headquarters. He was lighting his pipe at a candle when the glass door opened and Friend Joseph Sparks came in, his beaver upon his head, a corporal escorting him. holding the sleeve of the Friend's coat

between his thumb and finger. He had come, the Friend said, to ask for a permit to pass a barrel of flour through the lines "Take off your hat," said Colonel

"Nay." said the Friend, "it is against my conscience to take off my hat to any

'Damn your consciencel' said the colonel. "Take off your hat!" 'Nay," said the Friend, "I cannot take off my hat." The orderly, who stood near to the

colonel, leaned over and said something

The Friend made no objections as the

corporal lifted off his hat and tossed it "I don't know," said Friend Sparks in upon the bench beside the door "Now an answering whisper; "no, I think not." then," said the colonel. "tell me your The opening did not seem very pro-"Oh, uncle!" she said, in the same pitious, but Friend Sparks began his gasping whisper. "He asked me to story again. He had a sister in Chester marry him before he went away. If he to whom he had promised a barrel of dies my heart will break." And she be- flour. It should have gone yesterday but he had put off sending. His sister

> "Can't your sister buy flour, instead "Why, thou sees, friend," said the

Once more the orderly whispered in of the richest men in that part of the "Never mind," said Friend Sparks. | country | The two held a muttered talk He is here now, and I'll make him as for a few minutes, and then the colonel turned abruptly to the Friend with

> "What time did you want to send that flour?" said he. "About nine o'clock," said Friend Jo-

"Well," said the colonel, "have it ready by nine o'clock and I will let it go through the lines."

So at nine o'clock a cart half full of standing at the horse's head. 'The miller and his foreman lowered a great double operation. They did not see three augur holes in the top of the barrel. As it

white smoke from a fire rose sluggishly lessly threw a bag over the top of it. . "That 'ere is the biggest barrel of flour that ever I see," said one of the men. tak-

"It's a double barrel, friend," said the miller, brushing his hands together. "It West Indies."

"Where be that going?" said the sol-

'To Chester," said the miller briefly. 'Now then, John, easy." They turned the barrel on its side, and rolled it slowly up the plank to the cart. 'You roll it up as if it was full of

help von.' "Never mind, friend," said the miller. We can handle it better without thy help So-now. John-that's it," and the barrel was rolled into the cart and fastened in its place with ropes. The soldiers did not notice that it lay upon its side, the end nearest the head of the cart raised a little higher than the other. As they went by Colonel Gorse's headquarters the orderly who had befriended Friend Joseph stood at the door. A young, boyish looking lieutenant wrap-

"Is this the barrel of flour?" said the "Aye." said Friend Sparks. 'that is

"It is a plagny big one," he observed. "It is easier to send it in such bulk," said the miller. "These men are going to Chester,"

will see you safe through.' His words fell upon Friend Sparks like contents be disclosed, imprisonment for | utes was alluring. He was a man perhaps too keen and 'I don't see how he could," said Friend himself and perhaps for his niece. He "Where is the house?" said he sud- with the Secretary of State on Novem- Witt's Little Early Risers, the pill for con.

> The miller stood looking after them 'yesterday." In the panse that followed Mattie sud- until they had passed beyond the crest of | The young officer reined back his horse

"Are you sick, Mr. Sparks?" the orderly asked, looking into his face.

"Nay," said the Friend with a start. but I feel chilly. I think I'll go home." Mattie had heard the words as well as longer." her uncle, and as she rode along, unheeding the rain and rough shaking of the cart, her thoughts teemed like a hive of bees, planning and planning as to how after awhile, when she could trust hershe should leave her precious burden at | self to speak, "just as you choose." Cousin Jane Penny's house. She made pass it by, she would confess to the young lieutenant. For imprisonment in the good old dame betraying her she never hulks was better than the chance of | could tell.

death in the long ride to Chester. About two miles from the town there is a little brawling stream, then known she was bewildered by the coming of the bushes have been killed by frost and by the Swedish name of Skillpot, or Stony | soldiers that she did not recognize Matbrook. At the edge of the woods, close | tie at first. to the stream, was a company of troopers, who had been stationed to watch the entry back of the dining room. high road for stragglers from the American army. They had built a rude sheltel of fence rails and brushwood beside

sentinels on guard stopped them, and the young lientenant showed the passes for the cart and its burden.

ing to the others. Here is a chap with we'll fill it." For a moment Mattie's head spun dizzily; then she cried out in a shrill | ly, and then she was gone. voice: "You sha'n't touch the flour. The

barrel is not yours. You sha'n't touch it." "Zounds!" said the man. "Why sha'n't we touch it. Can't you spare a the old lady to fetch it right away." little pinch of flour out of such a big | The corporal had lit his pipe, and was barrel as that?" "No," cried Mattie passionately. "You sha'n't have it!"

"Let the man have a little," urged the lieutenant. "No, he sha'n't have it!" she cried more and more vehemently

Two or three of the others had come forward now, and one stood by with a hatchet in his hand. "By the Lord Harry!" said the man who had just spoken, "we shall have cider." some. I tell 'ee! Here, Dick," to the other sentry. "hold the boy. Now give me

the ax till I knock in the head." "Let me gor" screamed Mattie, struggling with the fellow who had caught her by the arms and held them behind

"They want to rob me," cried she in a gasping voice, "and they sha'n't do it! fire, dipping it into the cider until it They sha'n't do it!"

"What's the matter, my men?" the officer asked, coming forward. One of the with cloves and allspice. "Now, then, soldiers explained, and the officer turned taste that, captain," she said, handing it to Mattie with some surprise. "And will you not give the poor man a little of your flour?" said he. "No," sal Mattie, "I cannot." "But why?" said the officer.

'I will tell you," said she; "but I cannot tell them." "Very well," said the officer; "tell me, then." And he led her a little apart to the side of the road. The poor girl hesitated for a moment or two; looked to the right and the left like a hare in the toils, then catching him by the arm and raising herself upon tiptoe she breathed into his ear, "Because I am a poor girl and am trying to save my dear friend.

who is a wounded soldier of the &mercan army, and is in yonder barrel:" The officer glared at her silently for a ittle while; beyond that he neither changed countenance or made a start. Mattie waited breathlessly to hear

what he would say. Suddenly he turned to the others. Who gave the order to pass this boy through to Chester?" said he "Colonel Gorse," answered the young icutenant.

moment. "Very well," said he at last. "then let him go." Mattie gave him one eloquent look of gratitude, and then, without waiting a moment, ran to her cart and clapping the reins rode off as fast as the sober old

Once more the officer hesitated for a



You're drunk," said he. "No, I ain't," As they climbed the steep hill beyond he brawling stream the young officer reined back his horse beside the cart. What was the reason you wouldn't give the men some flour?" he said.

eves. "Mister Sparks is a quiet man," she added, "but," with a grimace, "when he whips he whips hard."

"Because I would get whipped," said

Mattie, looking up at him with her dark

said he. tered from the drizzly rain under their laugh at me." Then suddenly, "There flour barrel.-Northwestern Miller. is a farm house a mile up the road yonder, and Mr. Sparks told me to stop there for a letter if you'd wait till Mrs. Penny pany has succeeded in making financial expels poisonous humors and builds up the wrote it."

make no stops till we get to Chester."

"Very well," said Mattie with a show

of indifference, "just as you please. It wouldn't take over fifteen minutes, and said the orderly, pointing to the young she can mull a crock of the best hard cider to be had in the state of Delaware." The young soldier rode on for awbile of Moscow went to St. Petersburg for a thunderbolt. His mind seized upon rain with the three men since daylight lief of the starving. The minister of Lorne everything in one instant of flight. Those that morning. He had had nothing to the interior refused to give it to them, few words meant either death to the eat but a piece of bread and meat, and wounded man, who would have to stay nothing to drink but a cup of lakewarm five hours in the barrel-a dreadful death, tea, which he had swallowed in Wilcramped and tortured in the narrow mington. The thought of the mulled space-or else, should the secret of the cider and the warm rest for a few min-

"Oh, half a mile or so along the road,"

hind, and a few words passed between them. "Very well," said he, riding forward to the cart again, "we'll stop for fifteen minutes, if it won't take you any

Mattie's heart began to beat as though to smother her; she felt her eyes grow misty with tears. "Very well," said she,

How Mattie ever got the soldiers into the kitchen of the farm house and her cousin into the back entry without the

Perhaps it was because Friend Penny was nearsighted; perhaps it was because

anything-don't make a noise-I am clean sample. Mattie-hush!" "Mattie! ! ! I" cried the old lady.

As the company came by, one of the The girl clapped her hand over her mouth. "Hush!" she said again. "Don't make a noise-I can't stay-I must go back to the kitchen-there's a man in "Look'ee, Jack," said the soldier, callthe biggest barrel of flour that ever I get him out-Ive told them that I was plants and unripe bolls and it gathers see. Tell them to fetch the pan and to stop for a letter-make believe to write enough to make it an implement of

All this she said pantingly and broken-

"Where's the mulled cider?" said the

young lieutenant. "It's coming," said Mattie. "I told standing looking out of the window, streaked and blurred with rain. "Hallo!" he cried suddenly. "Hi, there! Stop!

What's that man doing with the horse and cart?" Mattie looked out of the window and saw John Grimes, the hired man, leadsaid; "let him alone. Here comes the

Friend Penny brought it in with trembling hands and set it down upon the table. "Now, ma'am," said Mattie, "you go and fetch me the iron. I'll sizzle the cider up. Oh, I am a master hand at "What is the matter there?" said a make your wig stand on end. Many principle and perhaps the only one by harsh voice, and Mattie, turning her and many a glass I have brewed for old which the cotton will ever be successbead, saw an elderly officer wrapped in Joey Sparks, and it had to be just so or fully removed from the bushes by a cloak standing by the fence beside the he'd leather me." She hardly knew what she was saying, but she chatted wildly on as she heated the iron in the steamed again, sweetening the fragrant brown liquor with sugar and spicing it

> to the young officer with a flourish. She heard a sound of shuffling feet without, as though of men carrying a heavy weight, and then a thump as though of that burden set uron the

Mattie hesitated a moment, and then What is that?" said the lieutenant. a sudden determination came upon her. stopping his hand as he raised the cup to "I don't know," said Mattie. 'Nothing, I guess. Did you know that this

house was haunted?"

I know it?" "True for you, captain! Of course von didn't know it was haunted; but it is, and I'll tell you the story if you'd like to hear it." Without waiting for an answer she rattled on, partly improvising a string of nonsense, partly adhering to the thread of an old legend of the neighborhood-a story of a murdered peddler. and of how every year at the same hour that the murder was done all the sounds of the tragedy were enacted over again. She was telling of how a woman passing through the kitchen had seen the peddler at the table when her cousin came into the room with the bogus letter in her hand. Mattie read in her eyes that the work was done, and therewith the story

came to an abrupt end. She put her rest of the story!" she cried wildly. The young officer looked keenly at her.

"You're drunk!" said he. "No. I ain't," said Mattie, in a shrill voice. "I am as sober as you are." "Is he safe?" she whispered as she passed her cousin in the entry. "Yes," said Jane Penny in an answer-

ing whisper; and then, "Don't give way. Mattie.' "Don't speak to me!" gasped the poor "Halloo!" said the corporal when they

the barrel on end!"

And so they had, but it was not the same barrel that Mattie had brought with her from the Brandywine mills. She saw that at a flash, and then remembered that her uncle had sent a double barrel one time to Friend Penny to pack smoked hams in for the winter. That long, dreadful ride to Chester al-

bed in her aunt's spare room sobbing and crying as though her heart would Perhaps no woman before or since that time has carried her lover in a flour more of our money this side of the Pobarrel and then exchanged him for tomac is the wide gauge remedy which

last it was ended, and she lay upon the

smoked hams. Major Van Cleiff made every effort to find the name and address of the old of Indiana territory, and Indiana to get captain of troopers that suffered Mattie even, claims a big hunk of Illinois, to pass along the road that day, but it which includes Chicago and the World's The young officer laughed aloud. "And was not until he had been married a Fair. ped in a cloak sat upon a horse near by, that was your wonderful secret, was it?" twelvemonth that he was successful. Then he sent him on behalf of his wife a There will be six contested seats in "Yes," said Mattie; "I did not want gold snuffbox set with diamonds. It the next House of Representatives, the soldiers to know it for fear they'd | was in the shape of half a miniature | three by Republicans and three by

> The Richmod Terminal R. R. Comarrangements, and the future prosperity system. What more do you want a medicine to perform? De Witt's Sarsaparilla is "No," said the young officer. "We of the company is assured. John C and Pat Calhoun were the means of making the arrangements and their prestige as financiers is greater than

in silence. He had been marching in the permission to form a society for the reand threatened to arrest anyone visiting the famine district for the purpose than force. Best little pill for sick headache, of extending private relief. The statement of the election expenses of J. Sloat Fassett was filed

clerical help, estimated at \$1 200.

to where the troopers were plodding be- Successful Exhibition of the Mason Cotton Harvester at the Augusta Exposition

AUGUSTA, November 12 - Special: The Mason cotton has vester, which has been anxiously looked for here for several days, arrived to-day and was exhibited in operation in a field of cotton in the Exposition grounds this afternoon. in the presence of a very large crewd of interested spectators.

The machine gathered at the rate of 300 pounds an bour, or 3 000 pounds for an ordinary working day. The the cotton has ben open in the bolls about two mouths, but despite these And now at last Mattie had her in the drawbacks the cotton which was picked was ginned without being passed "Cousin Mary," said she, "don't say through a cleaner, and produced a good

Mr Patrick Walsh, the president of the Exposition and the editor of the Augusta Chronicle, was present during the trial of the machine and said: . I consider it a most wonderful machine. the barrel in the cart-send some hard It picks the cotton under most adverse cider to the kitchen right away and then circumstances without injuring the great value."

The machine will be exhibited again to-morrow and will probably remain here until the Exposition closes.

At noon yesterday the Mason Cot-

SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

ton Harvester was again exhibited in operation in a field of cotten in the Exposition grounds. The capacity of the machine vesterday reached 350 pounds an hour which was 50 pounds more than on the first day's trial. The cotton gathered was ginned just ing the horse and cart toward the shed as it came from the machine and behind the house. "Oh! he's only going | made a sample which was classed as to take the horse out of the rain," she midling cotton. Among those who witnessed the machine in operation vesterday were Mr. J. J. Doughty, the president of the Augusta Cotton Exchange, and a number of ger t'emen engaged in the cotton trade. It was admitted on all sides that the principle making cider!" she rattled on; "I'll show upon which this machine operates is you how to brew a mull of cider that'll not only highly ingenious, but is the machinery.

It has been a long time coming. but there is very little doubt now that next year machine-picked cotton will enter very largely into the factors which regulate the profits to the planter on his crop. The Mason Cotton Harvester is a South Carolina invention, and is manufactured at Sumter, S. C. Arrangements are now being made for enlarging the plant of the company and for manufacturing the machines on a large

scale next year. The machine is placed in Machinery Hall, and its mode of operation will be explained to those interested by Mr. E. M. Anderson, the gentleman "No, of course I didn't. How should in charge. - Augusta Chronicle, Nov.

Cotton Returns.

Estimates of the Department of Agriculculture for November Cotton returns of the Department of

Agriculture at Washington for November are not favorable for high rate of yield. Lateness of the crop, extremes of temperature, excess of rainfall followed by drought, causing enfeebled vitality and loss of foliage and fruit, have been unfavorable for large crops. On the northern border of the belt killing frosts occurred on the 29th, in some places as early as the 234. West of the hand to her throat. Then "I forget the Mississippi there has been some improvement during the past menth. The season has been very favorable for nicking. The quality is almost everywhere reported high and the fibre is of good color and unusually free from trash -The yield as averaged from county esti-

tributed by States as follows'. Virginia, 151; North Carolina, 178; South Carolina, 160; Florida, 120; Alabama, 165; Mississippi, 100; Louisiana, 200; Texas, 195; Arkausas, 210; came out into the rain, "they've stood | Tennessee, 170.

As killing frests have not yet been

general in the Southern and Western

sections of the belt it is possible with

mates average 179 pounds per acre, dis-

favorable weather following that current expectations may be slightly expected. The average yield of cotton per acre in the South this year is reported at ways remained in her memory like some | 187 pounds. At 8 cents that is \$15.76 horrid nightmare. She had a dim recol- an acre. Probably \$16 an acre is a lection of staring straight before her, of low estimate of the average cost of culwhat seemed to her the unending road, tivation, which leaves a net loss of 24 the fine rain dashing in her face and a cents an acre. No other explanation of bitter tightness in her throat. But at wly money is scarce in the South is peeded, especially as probably twe've of the sixteen dollars spent for cultivation go to the North or West. To plant less cotton and pick out more and keep

Ohio claims about 1.100 square miles

suggests itself - Greenville News.

Purifies the blood, increases the circulation.

reliable. W. H. Gilliland & Co.

Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands Chilblains, Corns and all A deputation of the rich merchants Skin Eraptions, and positively cares Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfeet satisfactive, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. F. W. De-

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises

Very popular, very small, very good. De ber 12th. Fassett's canvass cost him stipation, bilionsness, sick headache. W. H-Gilliand & Co.

It is pleasant to take cross Malaria, Indi-

De Witt's Little Early Risers never gripe or cause nansca. Mild but sure, assist rather chronic constipation, dyspepsia. W. H. Gilliland & Co.

\$8,450, as follows: To State commit-Needing a tonic, or children who want build-ing up, should take BUOWN'S TRON BITTERS. \$750; printing, posters, postage and rection, or ionness and a comparints.