

The Watchman and Southeron

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1892.

Items.

There are eight Waterloo veterans still alive in France.

There are about sixty-five million people in this country, and about twenty millions are church members.

Personal matters should never be introduced at a chance meeting if the third party is not conversant with the facts.

According to Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, it costs an average of \$1,000 a day to run a leading morning daily paper in New York.

South Carolina bonds went up to '95 last week after it was ascertained that there was no danger of a bolt in the Democratic party.

Sam Small was shot in the thigh at Vincennes, Ind., the other day. He was making a prohibition talk when a crowd of toughs rushed in and broke up the meeting. Small retired to his room at the hotel where some one fired at him through the window, wounding him seriously.

The Greenville Democrat has "blacked" the last issue of the interesting afternoon daily appeared on the 6th inst. It was of much assistance to the Williams campaign—did the work of a fertilizer distributor.—Laurens Advertiser.

Sensor David B. Hill will open the New York State campaign with a speech in Brooklyn at an early day. Bourke Cochran the gifted and eloquent Irishman, will make a western tour and stir up the impatient brethren of that region.

The Darlington Herald says: "One of our tobacco growers has estimated that the tobacco crop of the County will sell for about \$100,000. The quantity planted is about one thousand acres. At the present price of cotton it would take about four thousand acres to make cotton enough to sell for that sum."

Mr. Gladstone during his visit to Austria conversed with everybody around him in easy and elegant German. This is not so remarkable after all when it is remembered that the Grand Old Man can do his thinking when he pleases in ancient Greek or Latin, can converse fluently in the modern Hellenic language, can make after-dinner speeches and write verse in Italian, and talk Spanish like a Castilian and French like a Parisian, while his mastery of English is such that the phrase-making Demostri once raised a laugh at him in the House of Commons by describing him as a man "who was intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

General Winfield Scott was chatting with a number of officers of the army, one day in the year 1860, when an admirer of the veteran said: "I should think, general, that you would find it difficult to remember the names of all the engagements in which you have taken part." "Not at all, sir—not at all," replied the general. "Let me see, now. There was the battle of Hantilly. You remember that, don't you?" The officer did not, and he was not enough of a courtier to say that he did. "Well," resumed the general, turning to a member of his staff, "you remember it, don't you?" "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply. "No you don't," responded General Scott; "there never was any such battle!"

The negroes who have been working in the water laying the water works section pipe in the Congaree river, have been seeing a huge sturgeon, lying around for several days. They had laid plans to capture him. Saturday afternoon, however, one of them turned around suddenly, and right at him he saw the sturgeon. He gripped with the large fellow and the sturgeon in turn caught his hand in its mouth and shut down, starting off. The fellow was so much for the water power, and called lustily to his fellow laborers. Five of them came to him and there was a tremendous battle, finally resulting in a victory for the men. They had great trouble in releasing their friend's hand. The sturgeon, when measured, showed a length of 7 feet.—The State.

The Pyramids.

Thousands of years before there were any dwellings on the sites since since occupied by Jerusalem, Rome and Athens, at the very dawn of human history, when all the rest of the world was still wrapped in the thick gloom of prehistoric barbarism, a vast town of huge buildings rose not far from the present city, on the other side of the Nile, which was dotted with the boats of the ancient inhabitants. A forest of venerable date-trees casts its shadows upon the black soil, beneath which lie buried the builders of this city of a world gone by, of which nothing remains but the vast cemeteries, their position marked by an avenue of monuments. The famous pyramids of Gizeh, opposite Cairo, on the borders of the desert, form the last of these necropolis.

Every one is familiar with the appearance of these strange pyramids, these huge paradoxes of strictly geometrical form, so vast and so lofty that it was not until after fifty-eight centuries of development that the human race succeeded in erecting a building of greater height, whilst the loftiest pinnacle of the most aspiring Gothic bell tower, however light and airy it be, did not soar higher than the point of the pyramid of Cheops before it was blunted by time. Nothing could be more confusing to the eye than the general appearance of these heaps of stones, in which no artistic conception plays the slightest part. The effects of perspective in these lines of mathematical regularity are most bizarre—huge bare triangles, the outlines shortened or lengthened, marked out like a diagram by the sun into flat bands of light and shade, the reflections in the sand of the four right angles varying according to the time of day. The sloping sides, which at a distance appear absolutely plain, are, when approached more nearly, discovered to be broken up into a series of projecting stones, like a huge stairway worn with age. It is somewhat difficult to judge at first sight of the pyramid, and the best way is to measure the height by climbing it! It is at a corner where the stages, which seem to have been made for a race of giants, are divided into smaller steps, either for the sake of mortals of lesser stature or by the

action of time, that the ascent of the great pyramid of Cheops is made. We start, pushed behind by one Arab guide, and dragged from above by another, with our eyes fully occupied with the dangers of the climb. Completely exhausted, altogether out of breath and with knees too stiff to move, we pause at last feeling as if we had scaled all three pyramids at once. But looking round, we find we are scarcely one-third of the distance up, and see our fellow-climbers looking like scattered ants upon the huge triangular mass. It is not until the platform at the top is reached, and the lungs are filled with the pure air of the heights, that any real idea is obtained of the monument of Cheops.

And what does this huge edifice consist of? We must go down again to find out. The entrance, which was walled up, is at a considerable height from the ground, in one of the faces of the pyramid, and looks like the porch of a care cut in the living rock. A dark gloomy-looking door opens on to a low narrow passage, with floor, walls and ceiling all lined with granite, polished till it is like ice. An Arab guide, with a candle in his hand, hoists you on to his shoulders and plunges with you into the slippery corridor, which descends rapidly to a hole in the rock on a level with the soil, going up again at the same angle. This opening gives access to a bare room, in which is a square hole, once the resting-place of the mummy of one of the Pharaohs. The rest of the interior consists of two or three narrow passages, resembling cavities made in oak timber by the teredo, with two other chambers similar to that known as the King's, all faced with granite, without a moulding or ornament of any kind; airless enclosures, where no chink admits a ray of light or sunshine; huge masses of compact limestone, wrapt in utter night and silence, such is the strange monument to build up which Cheops caused mountains of stone to be removed by whole nations of people, who perished at their task beneath the whips of the convict guards.

Doesn't Like Bicycles.

I detest bicycles, because 90 riders out of 100 look as if running away from a sheriff. Bent nearly into a semi-circle, he goes kicking away for dear life. A graceful, easy rider is very beautiful if he but sit up straight. But what a Ben Bow set we shall have, born of cycling, as it now goes on! What a blow, what back! The only compensation is that their calves grow large as their brains grow small. That is a good thing. There are too many large heads—too many brains in proportion. Horseback riding made fine chests and fine faces as well as good legs. But cycling!—Lord deliver us!—A Doctor in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Keeping Ducks.

An Irish gentleman visited the municipal court, and walking up to the bench, said: "Joodge, the washer pipe at the hydrant beyant me house has burst and it has flooded me cellar and is drowning me his. Me name is McCarthy, joodge." The judge sympathized with him, and was sorry for the damp life his heels were leading, but told him he would have to go to the board of public works and complain. McCarthy went away, but the next morning he came back to the judge and told the same story about the "washer" and the "his" when the judge said, "I told you to go to the board of public works and tell your story." "And I did," said McCarthy. "And what did they say?" asked the judge. McCarthy looked indignant and said, "The man axed me, 'McCarthy,' says he, 'Why in thunder don't you kape ducks?'"

A Soap Weed.

The Mexican soap weed is going converted rapidly into toilet soap by a manufacturing company. The soap weed since time began, or since the Kansas prairie was an inland sea, has thrust its roots deep in the soil of the unsheltered plains and flourished. There has been nothing until now to diminish the supply or exterminate the species. The hot sun, the baking winds, and the dearth of that moisture which is supposed to be absolutely necessary to life, burned not this hardy sentinel of the plains.

The root of this weed is now being gathered up by men who drive their wagons over the plains of western Kansas. A sharp spade is driven deeply by the side of the plant, the earth is broken and the thick brown root secured. The top with its long spines is thrown aside. Sometimes a long, sharp tool is required to reach deep into the ground, in order to secure the greater part of the root. The root has been known to extend as far as twenty feet into the soil, but only from two to three feet of the upper portion, which is about two inches thick, is worth digging for. This root is brought by the wagon load to Kansas City, where a factory converts it into soap. The roots are first washed, then cut up and boiled out in a big vat, where other ingredients are also placed. When this is dried out to such a degree that it will solidify, it is moulded into semi-transparent cakes that slip around in the hand delightfully while being used. One of the most wonderful things about this weed is that while growing in a region where alkali pools dot the ground, and where the soil is white with the chemically pure soda, the root is found in the neighborhood of the poorer settlers who occupy "dogtowns" cut the root into convenient pieces and use it as a cake of soap.—Kansas City Times.

Gastronomic Item. "We are going to have pie for dinner," said Bobby to the minister. "Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's silliness: "and what kind of pie, Bobby?" "It's a new kind. Ma was talking this morning about pie, bringing you to dinner so often, and she said that she'd care what she thought. And ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I suppose we're going to have it for dinner."—Texas Sittings.

Society in Western Towns. There is a social equality in western country towns that prevails nowhere else, and the daughters of the blacksmith are quite as prominent as the daughters of the banker, providing they behave as well, which they are likely to do, as they all grow up together and are educated in the same schools. The only social test in the west is good conduct.—E. W. Howe in Forum.

A DIAMOND MARKET.

EXPERTS IN PARIS WHO KNOW ALL THE PRECIOUS STONES.

A Place Where a Stranger Would See No Traces of Buying or Selling—Millions of Dollars Represented in One Day's Stock Carried in Queer Places.

It was the Abbe Hany who subjected diamonds to the roughest treatment. He used to take a hammer and smash them. He did the same with emeralds, rubies and sapphires, just as if they were worth nothing. By this heroic treatment the venerable abbe discovered that the broken particles of all precious stones have particular forms which establish their genuineness beyond all doubt. Before his time it was almost impossible to tell a diamond from a brilliant or a piece of rock crystal.

But nobody breaks precious stones. Any dealer can take, with an indifferent eye, the diamond that is presented to him for examination, and say without the least hesitation, "That weighs so much; it is a little fellow; it is worth so much." And he is never deceived. At the present time everybody is somewhat of a dealer, and the consequence is that everybody can distinguish a real diamond among a thousand bogus stones.

On the second floor of a cafe in the Boulevard Montmartre the market of course of precious stones is held, always in broad daylight. Very few strangers to the trade can penetrate this sanctuary, not because the access to it is difficult, for the door is always wide open, but because the portfolios close and the stars disappear the moment an unknown face appears at the threshold.

Instead of animated traders the stranger only finds a few dull-eyed Jews, carefully playing a game of bezique. Ah, but there is a Turk there, too; the Turk that looks so much like Couderc, of the Opera Comique, except that he is yellow and wears very loose trousers, but these trousers are full of diamonds. Don't believe for a moment that these good Jews, the merchants in precious stones, are afraid of robbers. That is the smallest thing that bothers them. What they dread is to let the profane, and especially the small jewelers, know the real value of their goods.

As soon as the stranger departs the arms stretch out and the portfolios reappear. The greater number of these portfolios are made of tin and are closed with a lock and key. In a moment the tables are covered with little bundles of white paper formed like those in which the druggists put their rhubarb or sulphate of magnesia. These packages are opened, and in less time than it takes to tell it all the tables, including the billiard table, are covered with precious stones that might startle the king of Persia. A strange spectacle is presented by these sordid old men quietly taking from their pockets three or four millions' worth. Each one of perhaps 50,000 packages contains so many brilliants. After they are disposed of the rare stones are introduced. Here there are sapphires as big as nuts. There lies a black diamond almost as large as the twelve pearls that surround it. Here again is a necklace made of fifteen emeralds that would make as many snuffboxes, certainly not big enough for M. Hyacinthe, of the Palais Royal, but too big beyond a doubt for the neck of Mlle. D.

"Here is a rare bargain," shouts one of the merchants, "one of the finest pieces of ancient jewelry known! It is a necklace that belonged to Madame la Princesse de Guemenee. Mounting, diamonds and all are ancient. Prince Proscotloff refused 75,000 francs for it twenty years ago." The necklace is passed from hand to hand. The merchants gaze at it with attention. The eye-glasses come into play. Indecision and doubt are painted upon some faces. At last the necklace is passed to Michel. He is the great judge. He takes the thing, weighs it in his hand, looks at it with an indifferent air and says, "The two brilliants are ancient. They come with their mounting from the Countess de Prejean. The two others, still finer, once formed part of a necklace which was stolen in Venice in 1804 from Mme. Morosini. This necklace belonged later on to Lady Temple, whose husband purchased it at Candara of Isaac Lieven. Lady Temple gave it to her daughter, who sold it three days after her marriage. As for the sapphire in the center, that comes from the sale of Mlle. Schneider. The rest is new and comes direct from Hamburg. But, after all, it is well preserved, and 75,000 francs does not seem to be too much for it."

As extraordinary as it may appear there are now living five or six individuals who know all the costly diamonds and all the rich jewels in the world, and they are able to recognize them after a lapse of thirty years, even when they had first only seen them a moment, as certainly as a tailor would recognize at thirty paces the customer that forgot to pay him.

When a robbery is committed in the house of a well known jeweler, a thing which often happens in Paris, London, Vienna and St. Petersburg, if there is among the objects stolen a stone of more than ordinary value it is sure to be found again, although it may take many years to bring it back to its owner.—Figaro.

A Word to Young People. You must be willing to bear reverses. You must expect disappointments. You must be ready to meet ill luck and to endure poverty if need be. Don't expect things to make themselves unless you help them. Whatever you have made worked for, and if it is worth having it is richly worth working for.—Lulgate Weekly.

What an Epicure Is. The term epicure means only the person who has good sense and good taste enough to wish to have his feet cooled according to scientific principles; that is to say, so prepared that the palate be not offended, that it be rendered easy of digestion and ultimately contribute to health.—"Cook's Oracle."

For kidney and liver trouble Glenn Springs Water is a cure. On draught at Huggins & Co's drug store.

There is no safe talking, neither Harrison or Cleveland will be elected unless they take DeWitt's Little Early Bitters. They have a "get these" quality possessed by no other pill. J. S. Huggins & Co.

Sumter Iron Works, W. E. & J. I. Brunson, Proprietors, Sumter, S. C.

Howard Fleming, 276 EAST BAY STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C. IMPORTER OF ENGLISH PORTLAND CEMENT AND DEALER IN Lime, Cements, Plaster, Hair, Terra Cotta Pipe, &c., and all Building Material.

Orders Given Prompt Attention. Correspondence Solicited. Lowest Prices. Best Satisfaction.

Palace Dry Goods Emporium. ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THEIR Grand Semi-Annual Opening. September 28th & 29th, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, September 28th & 29th. Gorgeous display of this season's latest Novelties in Dress Goods and Trimmings. 40 Imported Pattern Hats and Bonnets 40 The daintiest and most correct styles ever shown in Sumter. Everything will be arranged in Grand Style For Inspection from each Department. WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO MAKE THIS THE Grandest of our Openings. Your presence incurs no obligation to buy. Come, See and Be Convinced that we are authority in matters pertaining to FASHION AND STYLE. Very Respectfully, SCHWARTZ BROS. Our Specialties—Dressmaking, Millinery and Ladies Underwear.

HARDWARE. R. W. DURANT & SON SELL HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS. Machinery Supplies, Buggy and Wagon Material, Cooking and Heating Stoves, Potware, Woodware, Crockery and Glassware, Tinware, Hardware and Sadlery, Cutlery—Pocket and Table, Scissors, GUNS, PISTOLS and CARTRIDGES, Powder and Shot, Shells—Loaded and Empty, Belting, Lacing, Packing, Bristles, Whips, Robes, &c., &c. Prices to suit the times.

This space is reserved for the advertisement of MISS SALLIE E. McDONALD, who will succeed Miss McElhose, in the Millinery business, on Oct. 1.

SUMTER Iron Works. W. E. & J. I. BRUNSON, PROPRIETORS. Engines, Boilers and machinery of all kinds and descriptions repaired. Circular Saws hammered and gummed. IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS made to order; and any work usually done in a first class machine shop or foundry executed in a workmanlike manner. PRICES REASONABLE and satisfaction guaranteed by good work. Estimates will be furnished on application. Sumter Iron Works, W. E. & J. I. Brunson, Proprietors, Sumter, S. C.

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For Staple and Fancy GROCERIES, We Lead. Our Mixed Tea at \$1.00 per lb., is as fine as any Tea sold in any city for \$1.25. Try it once if you want a fine Tea. Our Blend ROASTED COFFEE is the best Coffee on the market to-day. Try Kingman & Co's reliable Hams and Strip Bacon if you want a delightful article. Always go to Kingman & Co's for the best at lowest prices. KINGMAN & CO. Sept. 14. We beg to say to the trade that, as heretofore, Our Sumter House Will remain open in charge of Mr. H. B. Bloom. The saving of money is more of an object than ever in hard years, and to those contemplating the purchase of machinery we offer the opportunity of saving money by dealing direct with manufacturers. With men of experience and ability in all departments, and a thoroughly equipped shop at your doors we are able to offer High grades at Low Prices. We furnish competent machinists free of charge to erect all machinery we sell. Call on or address CHERAW MACHINE WORKS, Engineers, Founders and Machinists, Sumter, S. C., and Cheraw, S. C. REMBERT & MARSHALL, Wholesale and Retail Grocers. GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Will keep on hand a full stock. We will not be undersold. Give us a call. Save Money. Corner Main and Republican Streets. H. S. SIMPSON. A. O. SIMPSON. Glenn Springs Hotel. Spartanburg Co., S. C. Open to visitors MAY 1st. Accessible from the city of Spartanburg by a newly equipped line of comfortable conveyances which meet all trains. For rates of Board, what the mineral water will cure, or other particulars, address. SIMPSON & SIMPSON, Proprietors. May 11. Glenn Springs, S. C.

CURRENT HISTORY. Is the name of a new Quarterly Magazine of great merit that is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most useful publications of the century. Its object is to record the news of the world in a convenient and systematic form, and present it to the readers clearly, concisely, with everything a personful called out, every three months. To busy people, in a busy age, "it is a perfect god-send." With this in hand, no one can have any excuse for not always being well posted. It does for you all the labor of compilation and study which you have not time to do yourself, and it is the only publication that does so. If any publication ever had a distinct mission to fulfill, it is surely this new departure in journalism. Start it for Your Boy Now. When he comes to be a man he will have an encyclopedic history of his own times, and be able to talk on any question. It is pure in tone, and unbiased by any prejudice, political, moral, or religious. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IS ALL IT COSTS. Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. CAUTION: TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, &c. For information and free Handbook write to SIMPSON & CO., 381 Broadway, New York. Golden Rule for securing results. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American. Largest circulation of any scientific publication in the world. Scientific illustrations. No intelligent man should be without it. Published weekly. Price per year: \$1.00 in advance. Address SIMPSON & CO., Publishers, 381 Broadway, New York.

HONEY FOR SALE. I have on hand a fine lot of CHOICE EXTRACTED HONEY, for sale by the gallon or less quantity. ALSO, HONEY IN THE COMB. Orders filled at residence, on Republic Street. Samples can be sent at Warehouse and Southron office. N. S. OSTERS. REAL ESTATE AGENCY. THE UNDERSIGNED has established a Real Estate and Collection Agency in Sumter and desires property holders having property for sale or rent to list same with him. Tenants secured and rents collected promptly. Best references given. W. B. COOPER.

State of South Carolina, COUNTY OF SUMTER. By T. V. Walsh, Esq., Probate Judge. WHEREAS, DR. RICHARD B. FURMAN of Administration of the Estate of and effects of Miss SUSAN B. FURMAN, deceased. These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Mrs. Susan B. Furman late of said County and State, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Sumter on Sept. 28th, 1892, next, after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 14th day of Sept. A. D., 1892. T. V. WALSH, Judge of Probate.

Fine Beef AT Wholesale and Retail. I HAVE JUST RECEIVED the largest shipment of FINE MOUNTAIN CATTLE ever brought to this market, and the people of Sumter will find it to their interest to send me their orders. MY REFRIGERATOR is complete in every respect. Customers can have their MEAT KEPT ON ICE as long as desired. Ladies especially invited to call. Only market on Main Street. Respectfully, W. B. BOYLE, No. 6 McGINNIS BLOCK. TRESPASS NOTICE. ALL PERSONS ARE PROHIBITED from hunting on place owned and controlled by the undersigned, said place being located in Mt. Cho Township; and from fishing, netting or trapping in Cooper's Mill Pond. No boats will be allowed on said pond. All trespassers will be prosecuted to the extent of the law. H. W. COOPER, A. T. COOPER, Wiscoky, S. C., Sept. 22 1892.—31.

SHERIFF'S SALES. By virtue of Sandy Tax Executions to me directed will be sold in front of the Court House in the City of Sumter, on the first Monday in Oct. next, and as varied thereafter as may be necessary, within the legal hours of sale the following property. One lot of land in Sumter Township, Sumter County, bounded North by lands of Mrs. Mary Webb, East by lands of Mrs. Jane Vaughan, South and West by lands of Charles Kingman, levied upon and to be sold as the property of John P. Andrews, at the suit of the State for taxes. 122 acres of land in Sumter Township, Sumter County, bounded on the North by lands of Richard Webb, East by lands of R. P. Monaghan and Robt. Bentley, on the South by lands of J. M. Wiggins, and on the West by lands of Mrs. Webb, levied upon and to be sold as the property of Mrs. H. R. Sanders, at the suit of the State for taxes. 240 acres land in Spring Hill township, Sumter County, bounded South by lands of Miss Emma Colquhoun, North by lands of James H. Evans, West by lands of James D. Evans, levied upon and to be sold as the property of Susan M. Brown, at the suit of the State for taxes. 30 acres of land in Lynchburg Township, Sumter County, adjoining lands of Charles Mason, Holman, John Cousar and Frank Wilson, levied upon and to be sold as the property of John Charles, Jr., at the suit of the State for taxes. 62 acres of land in Lynchburg Township, Sumter County, adjoining lands of Henry J. Wilson, J. W. Lowry, Shaw—Shaw and Thomas Hudson, levied upon and to be sold as the property of Richard D. Wilson, at the suit of the State for taxes. R. SCOTT CARSON, S. S. C. Sheriff's Office, Sept. 20th, 1892.

Sept. 28th & 29th Schwartz Bros. Grand Fall Opening Sept. 28th & 29th.

Sept. 28th & 29th Grand Displays in each Department—Sept. 28th & 29th.

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