

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1897. ESTABLISHED 1844

GOLD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Formations of the Earth—Its Divisions into Rocks and Ores—Mineral Veins of Little Mountain—On Nature's Trail to Wealth.

In tracing the foot prints of nature, it appears that this world was formed by the accumulation of atoms from all spaces of gravitation. Each atom has its own kind of unit, filling the laws of attraction. Partly swayed the resting place of this vast collection of atoms, which is the cause of the earth to rise, by mixing together the baser, and the rapid oxidation of them by the access of water, generated by heat sufficient intensity to produce a molten mass of iron.

The melted state of this great body resulted in a mingled mass of matter, which, as it cooled, became solid. The great variety of rocks of which this earth is composed.

Granite is the most important. Its thickness estimates can be made by mining operations have ever penetrated through it, and none of the most extensive displacements of rock by natural causes have been observed on any other rock on which it rests. It may, therefore, be considered the foundation rock of the earth upon which all the other formations are supported. It is observed that all granite rocks contain metallic veins, and that the most abundant rock in this class, and is generally found resting on granite. Its stratification is sometimes very distinct, but is often so imperfect that it can scarcely be recognized. This is more frequently the case in the vicinity of granite, which it rests, and into which it insensibly passes. This rock owes its origin to the action of water as the unstratified or granite rock, and is formed by the action of water in regular strata, and afterwards changed or metamorphosed by internal heat, so as to assume a new and different form. The water-worn fragments which it contains is a distinct evidence of its mechanical origin. And yet it is very different from the stratified formations of the earth, which compose the greater part of the land surface of the earth, forming not only vast plains, but whole mountain systems.

The stratified rocks were deposited as mud, and were at first in a yielding state. Most of these deposits are now solidified rocks. Since the strata have become solid or perhaps in connection with, there has been something of movement of the particles, resulting in mineral veins.

One of the most general changes of this kind is that of the strata, which are made available into these sheets—Independent of the stratification—and not parallel with it. These are the cleavage planes, and are due to the result of a crystalline arrangement of the particles of the rock.

The strata have been everywhere more or less broken and the fissures, nearly vertical, extend to great depths, where a fracture reaches the surface, it often becomes a channel, which is filled by the water, and the deepest parts become filled with debris, and thus becomes a ravine, such as we see around the Little Mountain. In some cases, however, the fracture does not come to the surface, it becomes a cavern. Limestone caverns are formed in this way in Florida. The water, which is a stream of water running through them of sufficient volume to have produced the erosion for the purpose of which the caverns were formed.

In an auriferous formation of which the rocks of the Little Mountain are composed, when the sides of the veins are separated, the mineral veins are separated from the rock, and filling up the space, re-unites the broken parts. It is the frequent segregation. But the fissures are frequently filled with rock injected from below. It is then a vein of igneous fusion.

Veins are rock matter filling the cracks or fissures of other rocks. They vary greatly in size and extent. They may be found in any form, isolated or united in a common network. The phenomena of veins are such that they cannot all be referred to the same cause. In some the vein stuff has been produced as a dike, differing from ordinary dikes only in the accidental circumstances that it contains a metal.

Mineral veins are not, however, generally filled by injection from below. They are not generally found at the surface. Should mountain or hill tops be worn to a level, as is found in Arizona, veins of igneous origin would be found vertical. In this country such veins are below the base of the hills, and are hidden by outcrops they can be penetrated.

The ore in veins often varies in richness at different depths or passes into one of some other metal. The ore also varies in kind and quality according to the character of the rock through which the vein passes.

These phenomena are best explained by supposing that the sediment, of which the strata were formed, contained the mineral substances of these in small proportions. After they became solid and fissures had been formed the mineral substance was transferred to the fissures, and the mineral veins were formed. The mineral veins are found in either a slate or granite fissure.

Another reliable feature in favor of the gold veins in the mountain section is, that the veins in which the veins are encased, are of the same geological formation with few exceptions. When volcanic rocks appear in large quantities, contact veins may be expected. They are encased in two distinct porphyry and slate. Such veins are interesting with barren veins. The general strike of veins here is northeast and southwest, and the dip or angle which the outcrops make is the same of the previous metals were arrested the letters were permanent.

If the strata were as permeable from water downward as it is from the surface, water the water which falls upon the surface would gradually settle through them to the level of the sea, or if the strata were impermeable above water as that below, the water from the fissure would rise and pass over the surface, and be collected in the crevices below.

The strata above water is nearly as porous as sandstone, with quartz fissure outcrops. Such a formation holds very little gold, and is nothing short of under-water mining. This section will return the outlay of a mining venture.

I. W. Hutchinson.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette*, is illustrative of the disastrous floods in the Mississippi valley this spring:

On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling house, thirteen miles above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundation and floated down the Mississippi River. It is a new two-story frame, painted white and built in T shape, with a hall in the center and a two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained all my trunks, and kitchen furniture, including an organ with J. C. engraved on the plate. The cook stove is an old fashion No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle, sixteen short, 38 calibre, was also in the house.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place. J. I. Hopkins, Dyersburg, Tenn.

CALLING UP THE DEAD.

Distinguished Lawyers—Handsome Candidates—Spring Time. Gentle Annie—Other Matters.

Lowndesville, S. C., April 28, 1897. In my last week's letter to the Press and Banner, I unintentionally failed to speak of the visit to our town the week before of Messrs. W. N. Graydon and J. W. Bullock. The first named is one of Abbeville's best and most famed lawyers, then best a candidate for the unexpired term of Hon. T. A. Graham, of Greenwood county. The first was on business, having two or three cases on the Justice Hunter's Court, the other pushing his candidacy.

On Monday last week, Mr. E. J. Hucklebee and his mother, Mrs. Jas. W. Hucklebee left for Atlanta, Ga., where they will remain for two weeks or more.

Mr. J. H. Barnes, of Moseley, accompanied the mentioned in above paragraph to the "Gate City," then on to Alabama, to spend some time with the family of her son, Mr. Herbert Barnes.

Mrs. Lantie Hookabee, who has been in Norfolk, Va., some time with the family of Mr. Glenn LeRoy, returned to the home of her brother, Mr. Wm. Moore, this place Tuesday.

Miss Lucia Moseley went to Anderson Tuesday to spend awhile with friends.

Mr. Loyd Moorhead left Monday on his wheel to canvass the county to sell fruit trees.

Mrs. J. B. Franks, who had been in Atlanta for some time came back home Tuesday.

The first of last week, Mr. C. Lofter showed here a sample of green wheat grown upon his Ramsey place, which was high, and heading well, and very early.

Sheriff and Mrs. F. W. R. Nance, of Abbeville, were here Thursday and Friday. We were glad to see the family of her son, Mr. J. H. Nance, in his recent long fight with the grip.

Mr. Wayman Brownlee, of Penny's Creek, was here Friday.

Messrs. J. C. Thomas and Allen & Tennent, have had quite attractive signs painted, over their law office, on the corner of the street.

Rev. H. C. Fennell and his daughter, Miss Allie May, went to Warrenton Friday and returned Saturday.

As the warm and invigorating spring sunshine has caused all vegetation to take on a new life, it has given new strength and activity to business interests along almost all in a, and the change is especially noticeable in agricultural pursuits. Every minute of the day, and every minute of the night, have been utilized. An immense deal of work has been done by the tillers of the soil. A short time ago the planters were wanting clear dry weather, now many of them would be glad to see rain, as the land is too hard to plow in many places.

We can't say, that Lowndesville and its vicinity can beat the world in fine weather, but it is certainly one of the best families in town who have not one, and sometimes two cows that they can brag on, and numbers are scattered around about.

A few days ago, it was thought necessary to exhumate the body of Bob Glover, who was killed near Lantier, a week or two ago, by a snake, or near some point as to the killing upon which the jury of inquest was in doubt.

Troupe.

NINETY-SIX NEWS.

Old and Honored Men at a Sociable—All Sorts of Talk About Cambridge.

Lowndesville, S. C., April 28, 1897. Mr. Will Uphaw lectured at the Abbeville hall Friday evening. He had a fairly good audience and all spoke well of "Carnegie Will" as a lecturer. Miss Annie Wickham was the prize offered by Mr. Uphaw to the one selling the largest number of tickets.

Mr. Ernest L. Williams, of Atlanta, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Osborne.

Mrs. Roland Calhoun and children spent several days in the city.

The annual May picnic for the Ninety Six school will be next Friday at the Carter Place.

Mr. J. D. Watson was in town Friday.

Prof. and Mrs. T. F. Wright, of Florence, came to town Friday afternoon to visit the parents of Mr. Wright.

A little rain would not come amiss just now—Little this place heard the gentle patter of rain on the roof.

Those who were up about 6 o'clock Monday morning will remember that the rain was rising by seeing a beautifully clear and perfect rainbow, spanning the western sky.

Conjugal affection has been carried on during the past week with great vigor and doubtless most of the year's crop is in the ground.

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DUMB ANIMALS.

A Word in Behalf of Those Who Cannot Speak for Themselves.

Abbeville, S. C., April 15th, 1897. Mr. Editor: Dear Sir:—I was glad to see in your paper of last week that there is at least one person in this county, but with humanity enough to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, and raise a voice, though faint, against the daily crying outrage on our streets, and brutal usage of our poor, faithful, all suffering, dumb brutes—our libel upon Christianity, and a disgrace to the name of civilization.

Our legislature, following the example of her sister states has wisely and humanely enacted a powerful and stringent law against the crime of "cruelty to animals" and nearly all our inter-counties have societies pledged to its enforcement, and doing a vast amount of good. Is Abbeville to be forever in the back ground? Why can she not wake from the sleep of ages, keep time with the drum of progress, and have her society for prevention of cruelty to animals, too? Get not only our citizens men and women, but all the farmers in the county interested—let them understand that the object is not to oppress, but that it is for the special benefit of owners of stock, who will always have in the members of the society, a disinterested, sleepless, omnipresent guard on every road and by-way to protect and see that their animals are not overdriven, overdriven, cruelly beat, and maltreated, as we often see, by their employees. Let those owners who are overdriven, overdriven, cruelly beat, and maltreated, as we often see, by their employees. Let those owners who are overdriven, overdriven, cruelly beat, and maltreated, as we often see, by their employees.

So altogether it was rather a sad camping out. The country looked so wretched, all bare and parched, and the people in the villages too miserable for words. They were more like skeletons than human beings, and as they were hardly any clothes, you could almost see their bones coming through their skin. It made Bobbie feel quite miserable to meet them.

One day he sat eating his breakfast outside the tent, under the shadow of a big mango tree, when some little half-naked children came slowly wandering across from the native village of mud huts near by; such wretched-looking little objects, their faces all big black eyes, their legs and arms all bones.

There were three of them—two tiny toddlers and an elder boy. They stood at a little distance and watched Bobbie eat his nice breakfast with a ravenous look like starving animals. Yet they were patient and dumb, they did not cry and beg. Bobbie could not stand their mute appeal. Jumped off his chair and ran toward them with all his food piled on the plate. The little ones hardly realized what he meant; but the elder boy snatched the plate eagerly. Bobbie thought he was going to eat it all himself. But no. This good little elder brother turned to the others with it. They grabbed it like hungry puppies, and not till they had eaten it nearly all did he touch a morsel himself.

The evening, at Bobbie's supper time, the children, emboldened by their success, drew near again and the same performance was repeated.

"Oh, Bobbie!" said his mother, "it's all very well, remember we cannot possibly feed all the children who are starving around."

"Just this one lot, mother," pleaded Bobbie. "We were away from here to-morrow. And he is such a kind little brother!"

At breakfast time next day they crept up again. But their brother was not with them. A man, evidently their father, brought them, and then stood at a distance, and they toddled up to Bobbie alone, holding out their hands beseechingly.

"Ask him where the big boy is," said Bobbie to his mother, standing near.

The father shook his head and began to weep.

"The boy died in the night. He was too weak for want of food to live. Half the village has died these last few weeks. But his highness the little sahib (merrily Bobbie,) has spared me these only two of my children who are left me by feeding them. For to-morrow the Government opens the river and get money to buy food."

Months passed by. Bobbie was far away in England with grandmamma, when his parents once more came and camped by the mango grove. There was once again comparative plenty among such inhabitants of the village as were left. The Government had been building a bridge over the great river and getting a road and there had been money earned, and money meant food.

There was more money to be earned that day by day villagers, too; for the magistrate had news of a tiger foot in the great thick jungle across the stream. So he got up a shooting party. He sent for his friends, the other European officials of the district, to come with their elephants, and ordered out all the villagers to come and beat jungle.

At early dawn next the shooting party set out. On one elephant rode a sportsman, but on the last, along with her husband, rode Bobbie's mother.

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Caught in a Quicksand.

The grip of famine was over the land. All through June, July, and August, the ought-to-be wet months, no rain had fallen in Upper India. The crops had not grown up, and the people were starving. In India, when the rains fall, much the same state of things occurs as that from which we read in the book of Genesis of Jacob and his sons suffering. There are such millions of people, very, very poor, almost all living on grain and grain-food, with little or no meat.

So it was a very sad camp life that Robbie and his parents started on that October. His father was a magistrate, and all the cold weather he had to move about all over his district, and look after the people generally. This camp life, this moving nearly every day to a new green, shady grove, Bobby always looked forward to. But this was to be his last in tents. Robbie was growing too old to be kept with safety out in India any longer. Next month he was to be sent home across the seas to grandmamma.

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are determined by the grace of God not by passions, or instincts, or social environment, or selfish ease, but by the grace of God, in its power to sustain and multiply the labors of love? We all know that there is danger in a storm, but do we know that there is danger in a calm? Many vessels which have braved the storm have perished in the calm. It is when the wind drops that the dreaded fog comes on. The mariner fears the dangers which are unseen. The engines cease to work, the whistle sounds, the lead is cast, the ship anchors where the stormless air is filled with fog. It is all quiet and orderly. We wonder sometimes if our Churches are not in such a calm. O that God would send a gale of grace that would clear the fog out of our eyes, and let us hoist the anchor and put the steam on and get away.

"This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." It was to a robber that these words were addressed. After all the stains of his criminal life paradise opens to him with its communion of saints, with the presence of God. This day—what, then, no flames of purgatory, no long period of mournful expiation? To-day, pardon, heaven! To-day, God found once more, and to be possessed forever! Could we have believed it if the promise had not been given by the Just and Holy One—if it had not come down from the cross, where peace and justice were reconciled, where the holiness of God was proclaimed in its inviolable majesty.

Now is the time to commence gardening. Buy your seed and onion sets of Harrison & Game. Write for Rambler bicycle catalogue to C.P. Hammond & Co.

Her curling trunk came whirling over her back. It snatched off father's sun-bat, mother's white umbrella, and flung them down at her feet, and she trampled on them to gain a firm foothold. Round came the cruel trunk again in search of fresh material. In another moment it would have snatched off helpless father and mother and made use of them, when a warning cry came from the bank.

Ere Bobbie's parents quite realized their imminent danger, or had time to slip out of the howdah beyond reach of the trunk, a native bearing a big bundle of hastily-cut grass and branches plunged into the water and brought it to the elephant, who, seizing it in her trunk, laid at her feet, and with its help struggled safely on to dry land.

The native was the father of the little children Bobbie had fed!

Divine Grace.

O how wondrous is that grace in its continuance! It never fails, though the race of man should be wicked cities should be wicked enough to be destroyed by fire, though the imagination of the heart of man should of evil, only evil and that continually, though all flesh should corrupt its way on the earth, though kings rule in unrighteousness and judges accept bribes, and teachers and preachers should be out of the way, and Pharisaism should intrude it on the Church, making it a white sepulcher, yet the grace of God never fails, and the cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," brings justifying grace.

O how wondrous is that grace in its sweep of its influence and power, bringing us back from close companionship with evil spirits, back to communion with our Heavenly Father, releasing us from the next confines of hell, and making us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

O how wondrous is this grace in its undeserved freeness and fullness and faithfulness. It worked with Peter when he was a blaspheming fisherman. It worked with the Magdalene when she was seven times possessed. It worked with Paul when he was a strict, hard Pharisee. It worked with the blaspheming John Bar-tanai. It worked with Jerry McAuley in Sing Sing prison. It has worked with those of refined habits, revealing and destroying their formality. It has worked with those of coarser ways, destroying their sin and purifying their practices. If we only welcomed it and yielded to it as we should, what men and women of God we should be. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." (Titus ii. 11.) We cannot estimate what this grace is worth to the human race. Almost everything in our cities can be estimated—real estate, shipping, volume of trade, imports, and manufactures. These little things are within the compass of a human mind, but the grace of God is beyond our mind. We cannot estimate the grace of God until we can put a valuation on the love of God. For God so loved you and me that he gave his only begotten Son for us. We are not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold (then you could estimate it), but with the precious blood of the Son of God.

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DENTAL WORK.

Dr. E. L. Wilson Again in His Office.

AFTER a long spell of Gripe, I am again at my office, prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work cheap for the Cash.

DR. E. L. WILSON.

OUR DEAD.

THE NATURAL PROMPTINGS OF THE human heart goes out in tenderness for the dead, and we show respect for ourselves by giving a decent burial to our friends as they go out from amongst us.

J. W. SIGN, UNDERTAKER.

has two FINE HEARSEs, one for the white people, and one for the colored people. He has bodies, and keeps on hand.

ALL KINDS OF COFFINS, from the cheapest to the finest. He takes orders for all kinds of MONUMENTS and EPITAPHS. When the services of an Undertaker is needed, or monuments are wanted, call on

J. W. SIGN, Telephone No. 46, Shop Residence, No. 55, July 15, 1896, if.

Fine Chickens.

THOROUGH BRED Indian Games, Buff and S. C. Brown Leghorns, from the Best Strains. Having a surplus of Eggs, I will sell them cheap. MRS. L. H. RUSSELL, Mch. 19—3m.

Now is the time to commence gardening. Buy your seed and onion sets of Harrison & Game. Write for Rambler bicycle catalogue to C.P. Hammond & Co.

W. S. GOTHMAN, Proprietor.

A. G. FAULKNER, Manager.

THE ABBEVILLE LUMBER CO.

We are prepared to fill all orders for Dressed and Rough Lumber, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Frames, Shingles, Brick, Lime, Cement. In short anything needed in the construction of a House.

CHILLS CURED!

Johnson Chill and Fever Cure is a sure cure for Chills and Fever. No cure, no pay. Money refunded at once.

P. B. SPEED.

WM. H. PARKER, President. A. W. SMITH, Vice President.

JULIUS H. DUPRE, Cashier.

The Farmers' Bank of Abbeville.

DEPOSITS SOLICITED.

Capital \$75,000

Profits 6,500

DOES GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Buys and sells Exchange and makes Collections. A Savings Department, has been established. Amounts received of \$1 and upwards. Interest at 4 per cent, payable quarterly. — JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER. Small say increase rapidly. Directors—