



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1882.

VOLUME XXXIII.—NO. 33.

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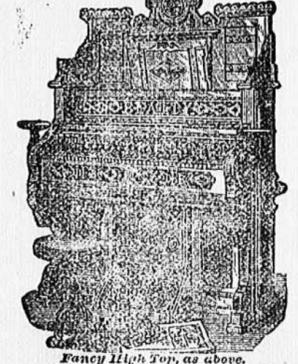
H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

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Richmond & Danville R. R. PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after the 30th of April 1882, the Passenger Train Service on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Division will be as follows:

Table with columns for direction (Eastward/Westward), station, and time. Includes stations like Atlanta, Gainesville, Lula, Rabun Gap, Toccoa, Seneca, Greenville, Spartanburg, Gastonia, and Charlotte.

A BORDER ADVENTURE.

The close of August, 1830, found me by one of those strange freaks; fortune is ever playing on us poor mortals, alone and on horseback, following one of the wildest, dreariest roads I ever chanced upon. I need not stop to relate the occurrences of events that led me to take this trip to the far West, as it in no way concerns my story. Suffice to say, it was necessary for me to carry concealed in a belt around my person several thousand dollars in hard cash. As may be supposed this did not tend to lessen the vague sense of fear that I had held from the start, especially when I knew well the fact that the route through which I was to pass was infested by a band of lawless robbers, who would hesitate to commit no crime that might place them in the way to enrich themselves. I was armed to the teeth, however, and I resolved not to yield my treasure.

Among the band of outlaws who infested the route was a wild, swarthy half-breed, known as Red Guilmont; he was leader of the company. It was well known that he was the perpetrator of countless murders; and though heavy rewards were offered for his capture and delivery at Burkesville, then a small frontier settlement, he had as yet eluded all pursuit, and seemingly safe in his unknown retreat, still followed his illegal calling. This, as may readily be expected served to place me more on my guard; and I had reached the half way point of my journey unmolested. I had begun to entertain the hope that I should reach my destination safely, when an event occurred which aroused my suspicions and sent a shade of doubt through my mind.

Late in the afternoon of a dark, gloomy day found me thirty miles from my last halting place. As yet I had noticed nothing that excited my suspicions, save indeed, a solitary horseman who came up behind me at a slow pace, now and then disappearing entirely around some thickly wooded bend in the road. He might be a traveler like myself whom business had sent in the direction of Burkesville.

Having thus settled this point I dismissed the subject altogether from my mind, till the low growl of thunder behind me gave warning the storm that had so long been gathering was about to burst upon me. Looking back on the level road I had passed I was somewhat surprised to find that the strange horseman had disappeared; and not a human being met my gaze. For the first time during the day a feeling of grave suspicion crept over me.

What had become of my fellow traveler? Stay; perhaps he had halted at some of the lonely cabins that were scattered along the route. This thought furnished me some satisfaction till I remembered, with a depending heart, that he had passed no cabin for the last two hours. The little straggling settlements that thus far cheered my route seemed to have vanished, and nothing met my gaze save a long dark stretch of thick foliage wood penetrated alone by the narrow road I was following. I gave a hasty glance at the lowering aspect of the sky behind, and dashing the spurs into my noble horse's flank, I rode smartly forward, solely intent on gaining some place of shelter.

I had proceeded but a short distance in this way when my horse started sharply back, pricking up his ears and snorting wildly. I drew up the bridle check tightly and looked carefully around me in the vain attempt to learn what had startled my steed so violently. Dismounting, I led my horse slowly forward, cautiously pulling aside the bushes that skirted the road on either side, and peering through into the forest. Nothing of a suspicious character met my gaze and coming to the conclusion that my horse had been frightened at some passing object, possibly a squirrel, I was about to leap into the saddle again when a bit of paper fastened to a bush, caught my attention. Hastily advancing I grasped the paper and unfolding it, read:

"About three miles ahead is the old 'Three Oak Inn.' Do not turn at a fork of the road which you will find about a mile on from here. If you do look out for trouble."

"Well, I must say this is a strange epistle. Who, I wonder, has taken so much trouble to warn me of danger? Had this might be only a trap to get me into danger. I will turn at the fork in the road. Come, Rover," I kept on as I vaulted into the saddle, "we must wait here no longer. There is a storm gathering over the hills, and we must be looking for shelter."

Even as I spoke a gust of wind, accompanied by a few drops of rain precursory of the coming storm greeted us from behind, and touching rover slightly on the side with my whip we bounded forward into the fast gathering darkness. I intended to reach the Three Oak Inn, if possible, before the force of the tempest came upon us. Hardly had we past a hundred yards when the gale broke in fury around us. It was not long ere I reached the fork in the road and though I had previously resolved to follow the turn, I almost instinctively halted at the fork and deliberated hastily upon my best plan for action. It might be, as the strange message said, that there was danger on the straight road, but the more I thought of it the more I became convinced that it was only a decoy to draw me from my direct route for no good purpose. This hastily formed conclusion I noted upon, and turned the corner and again dashed on.

On through the raging tempest; and though I was sure I had passed more than two miles, still there was no sign of the inn I had so confidently expected to find. I gradually perceived that the road had dwindled to a mere path. Drawing my horse to a walk I proceeded

rather more carefully, peering intently ahead for the light from the wished-for tavern. Picking my way slowly on, I suddenly saw the bright light glowing before me; and cheered by the sight and by the thought that I should soon be out of the storm I urged my horse on at a little quicker pace. The light did not seem more than half that distance when it suddenly disappeared, leaving me in more than Egyptian darkness. Thinking that perhaps it was hidden by a tree, or some intervening object, I peered anxiously through the darkness in the direction I had last seen the light, but in vain; all was total darkness before me.

While wondering at this I was somewhat startled by the reappearance of the light, this time still farther in advance than before. I did not pause long to consider this strange event, but at once hastened on. I had approached somewhat nearer to the bear er this time and was congratulating myself on a good shelter for the night when the light again vanished. Satisfied now that something was wrong, or I had followed a will-o-the-wisp, I groped my way through the trees.

But stay! now I had a clue to the mysterious light. I had been lured out here in the darkness by a lantern in the hands of a villain, and for none of the best purposes. I thought of the message I had found on the road and of the solitary horseman, and almost unconsciously connected them with the wandering light. Ah! it was no Jack-o'-lantern. I had been the victim of some foul play. I wished I had kept to the straight road now. No doubt the villain, whoever he was, knew I would follow his direction and he gave me the lead he did not wish me to follow.

While forming this conclusion I unconsciously wandered on, and a few minutes later I came suddenly to what seemed to me a rude hedge, and pushing through I found myself on the verge of a large clearing. The storm had thus far darkened; the night was spent and the torn edges of the moon drifted swiftly on her pathway.

There came a steady step close behind me and before I could place myself in an attitude of defense, the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed my brow and a cool voice said:

"Well, my friend, your turn in the road has led you into the wrong box, eh? Can't you tell a turn from a straight road? But we will help you out—oh, yes! But first let us relieve you of that belt. Come, Bill, take the stranger's horse while I see the chink."

As the man spoke three sprang from the hedge and grasped my horse by the bridle. The first comer, who appeared to be captain of the gang, still pressed the pistol to my throbbing brow and kept on:

"Yes stranger, you are a prisoner and when I tell you that I am Red Guilmont perhaps you will understand why you are here. But we will have done with the preliminaries and to business. If you will give me the money I know you have with you, you shall go safe to the settlements; if not, we shall not hesitate to take it. In that case cannot I answer for the consequence. Which do you choose?"

"I will yield my treasure but with my life!" I cried, as I drew my hand from beneath my cloak, disclosing a sturdy six-shooter, which I immediately leveled on the two who held my horse.

Grasping Red Guilmont's pistol hand firmly in mine I pulled quickly, and as the sharp reports rang out on the stillness of the night two burly ruffians sank to the ground. Dealing the outlaw a heavy blow on the head I spurred my horse and went off like the wind.

Another moment and Red Guilmont was mounted and on my track. My horse, being already jaded from long travel, was not equal to the occasion and my pursuer gained rapidly upon me.

I do not think he was more than ten rods behind me when my horse slid back on his haunches almost unseating me, and gazing ahead I saw that we stood just on the brink of a sheer precipice.

I instantly turned my horse to one side, dismounted, ran back a few paces and waited the approach of the outlaw. Just as he arrived opposite to where I stood he attempted to rein in his horse, knowing that I must either have gone over the precipice or was somewhere near. I saw the moment to rein in and sprang from my hiding place with a terrific yell, which so frightened his horse that he dashed on, and in a moment more was over the precipice.

I soon found my way to Burkesville, and there related my story. The next day a party was organized to search for the outlaw and the mangled remains of horse and rider were found at the foot of the cliff.

The Lancaster Ledger of last week says: "It may be safely promised that one of the most interesting contributions to the 'Stories of the War,' now running in the Weekly News, will be shortly furnished by Col. Joseph N. Brown, of Anderson, who has consented to write up 'McGowan's Brigade at Gettysburg.' Col Brown attended the reunion of the veterans at Gettysburg on the 14th instant, and during his visit looted the points of the movements during the battle, and the position of the troops in the engagement. He will in this way be able to give a vivid and accurate account of the part McGowan's soldiers took in the hardest fight in the war. Col Brown was there, and there was no more gallant soldier or fearless leader upon that terrible field of carnage and death."

The first circus 'started out' in 1827.

The Governor's Message.

Senators and Representatives: In the Proclamation convening the General Assembly in extra session and issued in the exercise of the discretion vested by the Constitution in the Executive, I have stated the fact which constituted, in my judgment, the "extraordinary occasion" requiring your presence here at this time. Recent legislation of the Federal Congress based on the relative advance of the several States in population, has entitled South Carolina to two additional members of the House of Representatives of the United States, to be elected before the next regular session of the General Assembly of this State; and it is incumbent upon you by such legislation as your wisdom may suggest, to give effect to this increased representation in the councils of the General Government.

In discharge of the further duty imposed upon me by the Constitution of recommending to your consideration such measures as I shall judge necessary or expedient, you will permit me to refer to one other kindred matter. The increase in the population and rapid development of material resources in all sections of the State make a readjustment, to a limited extent at least, of the counties desirable in the near future. The Constitution of 1868 authorizes the formation of new counties from time to time, but provides that after the date of that instrument no new counties shall be formed with a less area than six hundred and twenty-five square miles, and that each county shall form one election district. Both of these provisions were innovations upon the policy which had so long prevailed, and both seem to me injudicious. Several of the old counties, and some of the most thriving and well managed, contain less than this territorial limit. Besides, area is not the true criterion in this matter. Where there is the necessary population and property to meet the expense of the new organization, the convenience of the people is the true test in the formation of these subdivisions of the State. Nor is there any necessary connection between the judicial and the election districts. It may be preferable, as formerly, to have them in some instances different. Certainly provisions on these subjects find their proper place in the Statutes, where they can with more facility be modified or changed. They should not be incorporated as Procrustean rules in the fundamental law. I, therefore, recommend that at this session the necessary legislation be had to submit to the qualified voters of the State, at the coming election, the question of a repeal of the provision referred to in Section 3, Article II, of the Constitution. These restrictions being removed, whenever applications are hereafter made from localities interested in the formation of new counties, or in the establishment of new election districts, they may be considered by future Legislatures upon their merits, and disencumbered of limitations without foundation in reason.

Called together upon the occasion of a particular emergency, and at a time so near the period when through the ballot-box the popular wishes will be decisively made known upon questions now occupying the public mind, no other measures occur to me as necessary or expedient to recommend to your consideration.

JOHNSON HAGOOD, Governor.

War Telegraphing.

The Union army in 1862 lay camped on the North bank of the Rappahannock, opposite what was to be to the Union soldiers the disastrous field of Fredericksburg. On the bank of the river, in the extreme front of the Union line, stood the house of Mrs. Gray, a long rambling stone building, whose front of three stories faced the river. The roof sloped steeply toward the rear, while the stone side was but one story high. Mrs. Gray herself, an elderly widow, received the Union advance with every demonstration of welcome, and in the course of time it became a favorite rendezvous for young officers. A prime cause for this, aside from Mrs. Gray's cheerful heart and good fare, was the beauty of her daughter Sallie, a brunette of perhaps twenty years. A young lieutenant was badly wounded by those batteries and spent all his spare time at the feet of the fair Southerner, who professed such sympathy with the Union cause.

Late one rainy night a young sentinel pacing back and forth before the stone front of the Gray house heard a faint but sharp noise cutting the air. It sounded like the click of a telegraph instrument and it seemed to come from beneath his feet. Greatly perplexed he called the sergeant of the guard. They listened carefully and were presently joined by the gallant lover of Sallie Gray. Conviction of treachery smote his heart and with the sergeant he unceremoniously entered the Gray dwelling. Sallie and her mother, despite the late hour, were busily sewing by a table in the sitting room. The ladies rose in apparent surprise and indignation at the intrusion.

"Step aside if you please," said the sergeant. "What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Gray, sharply. "Frank, I appeal to you for protection," cried the young lady to the lieutenant. "That officer could only shake his head and wave her sternly aside. 'You are false. You have deceived me,' he said hoarsely, as the girl who had promised to be his bride sank sobbing upon a sofa. The soldiers could hear the ticking more plainly now. They moved the table, lifted the carpet and discovered a trap door leading to a cellar of whose existence they had

no suspicion. A light below was instantly quenched, but they fearlessly descended and discovered a telegraph instrument with an insulated wire running through the cellar wall, and evidently passing under the river to the enemy on the opposite side. Crouching in the corner was the operator, a young and handsome man, who had never before been seen about the house, having lived for days in the cellar. 'You are my prisoner,' from the sergeant brought the distressed wail from poor Sallie of 'My husband, oh, my husband.' The heart of the Union lieutenant went back once more to the girl he left behind him.

But notwithstanding the detection of this line of communication, the enemy seemed to know every movement of the Union troops. It was a mystery to the officers how they gained their knowledge. There was no more telegraph wires, and there was no passing across the river. At last the mystery was solved. Within the Union lines, but in sight of the enemy, there stood a low frame house occupied by a negro who did washing for the soldiers. He hung his clothes to dry in the front yard; but it was noticed that in the porch there hung three flannel shirts, one red, one white and one blue. The negro said they were his Union colors. But the shirts were not always in the same position, and a suspicious sergeant finally became convinced that the negro used them to signal across the Rappahannock. The arrest of the negro and the effectual use of the shirt to deceive instead of to inform the enemy followed.

At another time the army of the Potomac were nearing Berlin, Virginia. To receive orders in the rear the troops had laid ten miles of insulated wire, running through the woods, now beneath the leaves and again among the tree-tops. It was impossible to picket the entire line and a large part of it was exposed; but it was thought to be effectually concealed. A scout lying in ambush heard a sound like ticking of the clock. Creeping forward he was astonished to see a "Johnny" in his gray uniform sitting on the ground and chuckling to himself and busily writing. The scout sprang to his feet and leveling his revolver, said to the laughing rebel: "What are you doing here?" "I surrender," was the chagrined reply, the smiles suddenly disappearing. The scout discovered that the rebel had cut the wire and had connected the ends with a loop running into a clock, the electricity securing the escapement so that the messages ticked themselves plainly into the rebels ear. The ingenious machine was captured with the rebel.—Philadelphia Press.

Senator Hampton's Letter.

We publish in full the letter of Senator Hampton to which reference was made in our last issue. Senator Hampton says he cannot consent to be in the race for Governor for several good and sufficient reasons. He will however do all in his power "in behalf of the nominees of our party" if the Convention gives us good men and a good platform. "He speaks in high praise of the principles of 1876 and calls the Democracy to duty by a remembrance of that glorious period. 'Let us adopt and carry out, in good faith the principles which gave us success in '76 and we shall again be successful' are his words. Senator Hampton is right. We must have good men nominated and those are only good who will faithfully maintain the principles of '76. The watchwords of that campaign were 're-trenchment and reform.' The inspiration was the resolve to do away with unnecessary offices and to cut down exorbitant salaries. Taxes were to be reduced to the lowest possible rate, consistent with the conduct of an economical government. The horde of office holders who were eating up the substance of the people were to be scattered. The common schools were to be put under the control of men of honesty and devoted to the cause of education. They were to be managed more effectively and for a less sum of money. Justice was to be dealt out to all the thieves who had plundered our people.

Such are the principles that gave us victory then. Let us stand firmly by them now. Nothing less will assure us a triumph or meet the demands of patriotism. [Abbeville Medium.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For many years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subject to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to myself, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large table spoonful of pure table salt in about half a small tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough had entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to disease of the throat. Many persons who have not tried the salt gargle take the impression that it is unpleasant, but after a few days use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first rate sharpener of appetite will abandon it.—The Household.

[From the News and Courier, June 19.] "The Eutaw Cadet," or "Under the New Flag."

This is the title of a serial story, the publication of which will begin in The Weekly News of July 5, and to be continued from week to week until concluded. The author is Mr. J. Witherspoon Ervin, whose Bride of St. David's was so well received by The Weekly News. This story made his name familiar in every household of the State and gave him rank as one of our purest and most charming writers of fiction, one on whom the mantle of the lamented Simms seems to have fallen. The Eutaw Cadet was originally published, under another title, in the Yorkville Enquirer, about fifteen years ago, but it had recently been re-written and improved, with a view to publication in book form, when the author, yielding to our solicitation and impelled by a praiseworthy desire to build up periodical literature in his native State, consented to dispose of it to The Weekly News.

Many of the incidents narrated in the new story actually occurred in the history of the Eutaw Regiment (27th South Carolina Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A.) and were recognized by members of the regiment when the story first appeared, as were also several of the characters, although the name of the regiment was sedulously suppressed and was not at that time mentioned in the story in a single instance. The lapse of time has removed the reasons that then induced the omission of the name of the regiment, and it is now, with pleasure and pride embodied in the title. Of course many of the incidents are purely fictitious, but they are nevertheless true to life, as illustrating the history of the South, and the life and manners of the people and soldiers of the South during the war, and we confidently predict that The Eutaw Cadet will prove one of the most popular serial stories that The Weekly News has never presented to its readers.

Mr. Ervin's story will be followed by a thrilling romance from the pen of an accomplished South Carolina lady, who, under the nom de plume of "Ross Ashleigh, of South Carolina, is the coming novelist of the South." Miss Aldrich's story is entitled "The Cavalier and Paritan, or Love and Loyalty." The scene opens at the close of a forger's trail in New York, and is immediately transferred to the battlefield of Trevelian's Station, where the Southern forces were so gloriously victorious, and thus it runs from one stirring scene to another until, in the denouement, the power of the two great principles and the character of the two types of man embodied in the title are fully illustrated. It is a tale of the War and the reconstruction era, and will be read with intense interest.

Roman Roads.

The ancient Romans, from whom modern nations have borrowed so much, gave us an example in building roadways and wherever railways fail to reach, we might do well to follow. The thousands of cities of the empire were connected with each other and the capital, says Gibbon, by the public highways, which, issuing from the Forum of Roman, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. The old saying of these proud Romans was, that "all roads lead to Rome," and such was the literal fact. Between the wall of Antoninus (England and Jerusalem) from the Northwest to the Southwest point of the empire the great chain of communication was drawn out to a distance of 3,740 miles. These public roads were accurately divided by milestones and ran in a direct line from one city to another, and no regard was paid to natural obstacles or private property. Mountains were tunneled and the large bridges over rapid streams were arched. The middle of the roadway was raised into a terrace which commanding the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel and cement and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such, says Gibbon, was the solid construction of the Roman highway, "whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the efforts of fifteen centuries." Their primary object was to make easy and rapid the march of those terrible legions, whose cruel valor conquered the world. It was over these remarkable roads that the world first saw the regular institution of posts. Houses were everywhere erected at a distance of only five or six miles and each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and it was a common thing to travel one hundred miles a day by the help of these relays over those Roman roads.

RICHMOND, VA., June 29.—The bank of Commerce suspended payments to depositors to-day. The cashier states that the bank does not owe over \$40,000 and will be able to pay 50 cents on the dollar. An exhibit of the condition of the bank shows that heavy losses have been sustained during the current year on bonds and stocks, which had been carried over from last year, whereby the capital of the bank had been greatly impaired.

GOOD, IF TRUE.—J. C. H., of the News and Courier, writing from Columbia under date of June 26, says: "It is reported this evening that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad are to take charge of the Richmond and Danville interest in the combination heretofore existing, and that Col. G. J. Foreacre, of Atlanta, will be made general manager of the line. The report has not been confirmed, but negotiations have been in progress with the old named inquiry.