JOE CHICKWEED'S COURTSHIP.

BY LOUIS N. BURDITT.

"I vow!" said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well-oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Malinda Martin, then I'm a cow. The critter always acted so pesky skittish there's been no getting around her. I like her and she knows it and I'm inclined to think she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd ship me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice, and I hope I am; but she acts sometimes 'tarnally like a real coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to night," he added, fitting an immensely high and immensely wide brimmed hat upon his shining head, "to-night I'll settle that matter. I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Malinda ain't got a bad speck, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell if its come to that?" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room unnoticed by her son, in time to hear his last sentence. "Well, I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' in that ere direction."

Joe turned red from his eye-winkers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds, with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he couldn't reach; but he said nothing.

"There ain't nothing to be shamed on, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had, "and you spoke Gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Malinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, "I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, if"—

"If what?" asked the old lady.

"Well, if everything's favorable."

"Don't you fear anything again it. You just do your duty, Joe, and Malinda's yourn. Remember the farm."

"It's a fine farm, no mistake," said the young man earnestly.

"No better farm of its size in the whole country, than the widow Martin's," said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone.

"No. I think not."

"And then see how it is stocked. Two yokes of the best steers in all these parts, besides their two horses; sayin' nothin' of the rest of the critters. And of course they will go with Malinda when the widders dead, and before, too—for you'll go right on to the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good opening, that's a fact," said Joe; "but I put a higher value on Malinda than all the property."

"And well you should; though the farm and fixins aint to be despised."

"Oh, I aint one to despise them."

Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house and made his way as expeditiously as the gloom would permit towards the residence of the widow Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door and was admitted by the widow in person who after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor. It was already occupied by two persons—Malinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who recently returned to Springfield from California, and was looked upon with special disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady; not so cordially as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way, that raised the ire inwardly. However, the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be returning, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Malinda at once asserted that it was very early indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Malinda should be so taken up with the company of a young sprig.

California became the topic of the conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country, and what he had done there.

"Then you weren't in the diggins?" enquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.

"By no means," replied Sparks, loftily. "I left digging to those that were used to it. I hadn't a taste that way."

"Oh, then you stopped in town?"

"Certainly."

"Business, I spose, first rate there?"

"Yes. A young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment."

"Then I spec you must have done extraordinary well," said Joe, in a tone he intended should be sarcastic.

"Oh," replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking an eye at the young lady, who appeared to "take," and enjoy it accordingly, "as for that matter I can't complain. I think I improved my chances—I rather think I did. No, I don't complain, by no means."

"Then why didn't you stay longer? You warn't gone but a short time. You should have staid a year or two more and made yourself independent."

"Perhaps. Of course I can't tell you the exact amount I made—that, I think is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, quite."

"And perhaps, too, there were attractions, in this part of the world, as allurring as gold."

He looked knowingly at Malinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't at all fancy the course the affair seemed to be taking. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage if he remained much longer, and so he hinted that it was about time for him to be going; and what served to enrage him more than all else, Malinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself as he walked on through the dark. "She's altogether too tender with that chap, to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there's a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought money enough from California to buy a rope to hang him. He's after the widder's farm now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Malinda, and I've been fool enough to wait all this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet, he added, after a few moments reflection. "Maybe she'll consent to have me yet, if I lose no time in asking her. I'll try it, I vow I will. I'll go over again to-morrow, and have the thing settled."

And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Malinda Martin, the widow, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparks, who were endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beating his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive; avoiding his mother's eye, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening, he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and with a look of determination stamped upon his features, he once more set out to visit the fickle Malinda.

He found her at home and alone.

"Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the young lady.

"Oh, yes, I did, I assure you," was the reply.

"Mr. Sparks I should say is a very entertaining young man."

Joe didn't think any thing of the kind; but quite the contrary.

"He is, indeed," responded Malinda.

Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke:

"I came here last evening," he said, with intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to night, and so—so?—

"Here you are," said Malinda, smiling at his embarrassment.

"Yes here I am. And now that I'm here, I'll tell you what I have come for. You know I love you. I told you as much more'n once, had I've flattered myself that I wern't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?"

Joe having arrived at this important question, looked tenderly and appealing into her face, and breathlessly awaited her reply. She colored slightly and bent her eyes to the ground.

"You are quite right," she said, "in supposing that you were not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly."

"Then all my fears have been groundless," uttered Joe, exultingly.

"But," contined the lady, "I cannot very well grant your wish regarding"

"What!" cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.

"I cannot very well marry you."

"And why can't you? I'd like to know what's to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me!"

"There is one reason in particular."

"What is that?"

"I'm engaged to another."

Joe turned pale.

"Sparks he cried—tell me, is it Sparks?"

"Well, and if it is"——

"I know it. Blast him! I know what he is after."

"I don't know that Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not," remarked the young lady, warmly.

"He's a cheatin' villian," replied Joe, indignantly.

"You don't know him. He's nothing of the kind."

"It's you that don't know him; but you will, before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so," continued he, snatching up his hat. "It's the money he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as like as not you won't be able."

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return.

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little and thought much. One morning, he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at the sudden change in her son's manner.

"Why, what on airth's the matter now Joe?" said she; "hope you ain't going to go crazy."

"Not by a long shot," he replied. "I ain't quite as big a fool as that."

"Then, what ails you?"

"Oh! I've got it all arranged at last—I've got 'em now!"

"Who? What?"

"Why, Malinda and that vagabon, Reuben Sparks. Ha! ha! I'll surprise him."

"Oh! it's all right," said Joe, laughing. "I'll fix the sneaking critter."

"But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got in the boy?" cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what was his plan.

"Well, now, I will tell you all about it," began Joe, assuming a more sober tone.

"Well, I just wish you would."

"You know the widder has always favored my keeping company with Malinda?"

"Well."

"And I do beleive she is desperate down on that feller, Sparks, coming into her family."

"Yes."

"In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands."

"But 'cording to the will of old Mr. Martin, the property ain't to go out of her hands till she is dead."

"Just so—but Sparks would have all the benefit. And now I'm coming to the point. It's just there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks."

"Well, do let me hear."

"The widder Martin, herself, ain't a bad looking woman," Joe remarked, in a sort of mysterious voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.

"No; but what's that got to do with the matter?" replied the old lady, impatiently.

"And she ain't very old, neither," continued he, with the same air.

"Why, she can't be more'n forty."

"So I should think; and she has a good chance of living forty more."

"Well, what of it?"

"Just this," said Joe, leaning over to his mother's ear—"I'll marry the widder."

Mrs. Chickweed expected something startling, but wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started upward from her seat, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

"Well," said Joe, "I hope you don't see anything agin it."

"No—no," stammered his mother recovering somewhat from the shock she had received; "but are you realiy in airnest, Joe—will you marry the widder?"

"To be sure I will. That's the whole of it. I'm going up to see her this very day. I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and be revenged on Malindy for dropping me, as she has for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach her what's what."

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than astonished. Fresh and fair as she was considering her years, she had never given over the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could win so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.

Joe made a special proviso in his proposal, that they should be married privately the day before the marriage of Sparks with the widow's daughter, and it should be kept a secret till that wedding had taken place. To this the widow readily agreed, although it was a hard task for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced and prevent the secret being discovered.

The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Malinda at length arrived, and all the preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed.

When the darkness had fairly set in, while Malinda was so occupied with the conversation of her soon-to-be husband as to be completely oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the Chickweeds. The minister, who had been duly admonished to the secrecy, was in attendance; and in less than half an hour thereafter, Joe was a married man, and the no longer widow was on her way back to her home—parting from Joe with a single, but enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow from so doing on the morrow.

The wedding passed off next day to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The affair took place in the morning, at the residence of the bride, and at the hour of noon all the guests, with the exception of Joe Chickweed, departed. Why he remained so long, it puzzled the newly married to surmise, as they had not supposed he would be present at all. Joe took it very easily, however, and seemed quite embarrassed by the occasional bantering of the happy Sparks.

"S'pose," said Joe, addressing himself to the newly made husband, as they were assembled in the parlor together, "I s'pose you'll take up your residence in the village right away—buy you'a a nice house and live fashionably?"

"O, no," replied Mr. Sparks—"don't know as I shall."

"What! Well, now, I calc'late you don't have any idea of settling on a farm?—you ain't used to that work, you know."

"Don't know but I may," said Sparks, assuming a careless air and tone; "coming on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in Summer. Yes, I think I shall try country life for a while. Ain't in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me."

"Well," responded Joe, deliberately, "can't, say that I'm sorry you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while; and we'll make it as comfortable for you as we can."

Mr. Sparke looked at him. They then looked at one another and laughed.

"No doubt," remarked Mr. Sparks, "you'll make a very agreeable neighbor—very agreeable indeed."

"Oh, we'll be nearer than neighbors a good sight—of course we will," said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence towards the former widow.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at one another, but this time they didn't laugh.

"What do you mean?" they asked, simultaneously.

"Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what had transpired. The fact is, the widow here and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night! We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were engaged"——

"What! married!" cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.

"Certainly, married," said Joe, coolly.

"Is this so?" he inquired, turning to the late widow.

"You may rely upon all he says," she replied.

"Then I have been swindled—imposed upon—deceived. And you knew of this also, and led me on!" he continued in a violent tone, addressing his wife. "You worked to net me, while this infernal cheat gets all the property."

"No—it's not so!" exclaimed Malinda, bursting into tears. "I knew nothing of it; and thought you married me for myself, and not for my money—you pretended to have enough of that yourself."

Reuben Sparks smiled a sickly and scornful smile.

"It's even as I thought. His money's so deep in the bank that he'll never be able to dig it out," remarked Joe.

"You scheming rascal!" gasped Sparks, looking as if it would be pleasant to eat him entirely up body and bones.

"Oh, fire away! it don't hurt any; and I've got a long lease of the farm.

"You scoundrel!"

"And the horses and steers."

"Oh, you miserable cheat!

"And the fixins generally."

"Fool!"

"And moreover," continued Joe, assuming a more sober and sterner, tone, and grasping Sparks firmly by the collar as he spoke, "Among other things, I've got a word or two of advice for you. You married Malinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug little property, palming yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are the real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice, and it will be well with you. Use your wife as you should—go to work like a man—and strive to be an honest one. And finally, don't let me hear you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed on me or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" "Remember," added Joe, giving him a shake, as a terrier would a rat, "you're my son now, 'cording to law, and you must have a slight respect for your father."

Rueben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could act upon; and many years thereafter Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

STEAMBOAT IN THE MOUNTAINS.—We had the pleasure of meeting at the Merchants' Hotel, on Monday, Col. S. V. Pickens, of Hendersonville, N. C., the President of the French Broad Steamboat Company. He has been to Norfolk, Va., where, he informed us, he has made arrangements to purchase the machinery, for a boat, to be built on the banks of the French Broad, which is to be finished and launched by the first of next July. He has engaged Mr. John L. Porter, of Portsmouth, Va., the builder of the ironclad "Merrimac," to superintend the building of the boat, whose skill and experience is well-known. The boat is to run on the French Broad river from Brevard to a point opposite Hendersonville, a distance of about twenty-six miles, and to have capacity to carry 100 passengers. A stage line is to be run from the boat landing to and from Hendersonville, a distance of five miles, connecting with the Asheville and Spartanburg railroad. Congress appropriated $44,000 some time ago to clean out the channel and make it navigable, which work has been done. When the boat is completed in July next Mountain tourists will have the pleasure of a boat ride on the French Broad, the upper end of which will be the highest boat line in America, being over 2,200 feet above the level of the sea, where the climate will be equal to that of the Northern Lakes and the scenery of unsurpassing loveliness.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

—Kellogg, the sweet exotic of Louisiana, grip-sacked from Peoria, Ill., and his adopted State hasn't been healthy since.

— The President appears to be the most thoroughly disgusted man in Washington, but no correspondent has been found with sufficient gall to originate the report that the President thinks of resigning.

— Private Dalzell writes of Boston Corbett's troubles after killing Wilkes Booth: "From that hour he never knew a moment's peace. The pistol with which he killed Booth was stolen from him that night, but the holster was left, and he had it at my house. From the moment Corbett killed Booth he was a doomed man. One disaster followed another. He was treated with scorn by his officers and neglect by the Government, and his share of the reward he lost. It never did him any good. He was stopped on the road by masked men, a pistol put to his breast, and he was required to dismount and surrender his hard-earned money the very day he received it. He was stripped of his clothing and every dollar he had. This was on his way to Washington. The officers there, wild with rage at him for depriving them of the pomp and circumstance of leading Booth in captive alive, and parading him through a long public trial, of which they should be central figures, felt like persecuting him further; but better counsels prevailed, and he was released and permitted to retire from the service branded and disgraced."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

BY virtue of a Lien of Crop of 1880 to me directed, I will expose to sale on Saleday in May next, 1881, at Anderson Court House, South Carolina, one BALE OF COTTON. Levied on as the property of W. M. Spoon in favor of Bleckley, Brown & Co.

Terms of Sale—Cash.

JAMES H. McCONNELL,
Sheriff Anderson County.

April 14, 1881 40 3

Master's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court of Common Pleas.

John B. Sitton, Administrator *de bonis non* of J. L. Simpson, deceased, Plaintiff vs. Susan Simpson, Fannie T. Simpson, and others, Defendants.—*Complaint for Relief.*

BY virtue of an Order to me directed in the above stated case, by his Honor J. B. Kershaw, Presiding Judge, and bearing date the 17th day of March, 1881, I will sell at Anderson C. H., S. C., on SALEDAY in MAY next, the following described property, as the Real Estate of Jas. L. Simpson, deceased, to wit:

ONE HOUSE AND LOT in the Village of Pendleton, in the County and State aforesaid, being the Western half of that lot of Land known as Lowther Hall, bounded on the North by a Street thirty-three feet, South by Public Square, East by the remaining half of said Lot, West by Street sixty-six feet, and containing — acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half cash, and the balance on a credit of twelve months, with interest from date, secured by a bond of the purchaser, and a mortgage of said premises, with leave to anticipate payment. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.

W. W. HUMPHREYS,
Master.

April 7, 1881 39 4

Master's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court of Common Pleas.

The State Savings and Insurance Bank of Anderson, S. C., Plaintiff vs. A. E. Bohannon, John W. Daniels, et al., Defendants.—*Complaint for Foreclosure of Mortgage.*

BY virtue of a Decretal Order to me directed in the above stated case, I will sell at Anderson C. H., S. C., on SALEDAY in MAY next, the following described Tracts of Land, to wit:

ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND,

Containing eighty-nine (89) acres, more or less, situate in the County and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of D. J. Bohannon, W. M. Archer, Estate of John E. Norris, and others. Also,

ONE OTHER TRACT OF LAND,

Containing six acres, more or less, lying two miles from Anderson, in the fork of the Dooley Ferry and General's Roads, and bounded by lands of D. J. and A. E. Bohannon, John R. Cochran and others.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash. Purchaser to pay extra for papers.

W. W. HUMPHREYS,
Master.

April 7, 1881 39 4

Master's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

In Court of Common Pleas.

J. L. Richie, Plaintiff vs. Sarah A. Richie, M. L. Richie, et al., Defendants.—*Complaint for Partition, Accounting, &c.*

BY virtue of an Order of Sale to me directed in the above stated case, by his Honor J. B. Kershaw, Presiding Judge, bearing date 5th March, 1881, I will sell at Anderson Court House, S. C., on SALEDAY IN MAY next, the following described property, to wit:

ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND,

Situate in the County and State aforesaid, on Six and Twenty Mile Creek, waters of Seneca River, containing fifty acres, more or less, adjoining lands of R. M. Hamilton, Mariah Smith, James B. Burgess and Plat No. 2.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash. Purchaser to pay extra for necessary papers.

W. W. HUMPHREYS,
Master.

April 7, 1881 39 4

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

By W. W. Humphreys, Judge of Probate.

Whereas, Larkin Newton has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Personal Estate of Jesse Ingram deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Jesse Ingram, deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson C. H. on Saturday, the 30th day of April, 1881, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 7th day of April, 1881.

W. W. HUMPHREYS, J. P.

April 14, 1881 40 2

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

By W. W. Humphreys, Judge of Probate.

WHEREAS, Larkin Newton has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate of Fanny Ingram, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Fanny Ingram, deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson C. H., on Saturday, the 30th day of April, 1881, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 7th day of April, 1881.

W. W. HUMPHREYS, J. P.

April 14, 1881 40 2

Book of Million

A new and complete GUIDE TO WEDLOCK, containing Chapters on A Competent Wife or Husband, Selection of wife, Evidences of Virginity, Temperaments, Sterility, Advice to Bridegrooms, Husband, A Gift, Prostitution, per venus, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Sexual Exhaustion, Sexual Debility, Premature Decay, Sexual Diseases, Sexual Exhaustion in Both Sexes, Science of Reproduction, Single Life considered, Laws of Marriage and Divorce, Legal Rights of Married Women, Sterility, Sterility and Barrenness, Sterility and Impotency, Sterility and Barrenness, Sterility and Impotency, Sterility and Barrenness, Sterility and Impotency