PM

The Newberry Herald and News.

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VOL. XXI. NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885. No. 33.

Office Directory.

[The HERALD AND NEWS is now the official organ of the town.]

Officers Newberry County.

Senator:
J. A. SLIGH.

Representatives:
SAMPSON POPE,
O. L. SCHUMPERT,
W. D. HARDY.

Sheriff:
W. W. RISER.

Clerk of the Court:
JAS. Y. MCFALL.

Probate Judge:
J. B. FELLERS.

School Commissioner:
G. G. SALE.

County Commissioners:
E. C. LONGSHORE, JOHN A. CROMER, A. J. LIVINGSTON.

Clerk Board County Commissioners:
J. K. P. GOGGANS.

Coroner:
JOHN N. BASS.

Master:
SILAS JOHNSTONE.

Auditor:
W. W. HOUSEALL.

Treasurer:
A. H. WHEELER.

Trial Justices:
JOHN S. FAIR, H. H. BLEASE, J. S. REID, R. S. DAVIDSON, J. B. O'N. HOLLOWAY, W. G. PETERSON, JAS. H. IRBY, J. B. CAMPBELL, W. W. WALLACE, CHAS. P. DICKERT, JOHN L. EPPS, B. B. HAIR.

City Officers.

Mayor:
J. M. JOHNSTONE.

Aldermen:
Ward 1—B. H. CLINE. Ward 2.—O. B. MAYER, JR.
Ward 3.—C. A. BOWMAN. Ward 4.—J. K. GILDER.

C. & T. T. C. N.
JOHN S. FAIR.

Chief of Police:
JOHN H. CHAPPELL.

Policemen:
E. P. BRADLEY, H. H. FRANKLIN, W. T. BUCK, GARY ANDERSON.

Superintendent of Streets:
W. T. JACKSON.

WOMAN!

BEAUTY PRESERVED!

"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love?"

So appeared Mother Eve, and so may shine her fair descendants, with the exercise of common sense, care and proper treatment. An enormous number of female complaints are directly caused by disturbance or suppression of the Menstrual Function. In every such case that sterling and unfailing specific, BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR, will effect relief and cure.

It is from the recipe of a *most distinguished physician*. It is composed of strictly officinal ingredients, whose happy combination has never been surpassed. It is prepared with scientific skill from the finest materials. It bears the palm for constancy of strength, certainty of effect, elegance of preparation, beauty of appearance and relative cheapness. The testimony in its favor is genuine. It never fails when fairly tried.

Cartersville, Ga.

This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for many years from menstrual irregularity, and having been treated without benefit by various medical doctors, were at length completely cured by one bottle of Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator. Its effect in such cases is truly wonderful, and well may the remedy be called "Woman's Best Friend."

Yours Respectfully,
JAMES W. STRANGE.

Send for our book on the "Health and Happiness of Woman." Mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
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YOUTH RENEWED!

HEALTH RESTORED!

send for Treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman, mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR Co., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga. Sep. 25—1t.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
NEWBERRY COUNTY.

By Jacob B. Fellers, Probate Judge.
WHEREAS, Osborne L. Schumpert and Frederick A. Schumpert hath made suit to me to grant them Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of Jacob K. Schumpert, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Jacob K. Schumpert, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry Court House on the 18th day of August inst., after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand this 3rd day of August, Anno Domini, 1885.

J. B. FELLERS, J. P. C.

August 6th, 2t.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

We the undersigned have on hand some

40,000 Ft.,

consisting of

FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
CEILING, &C.,

and will continue to saw and fill all orders promptly. Leave orders with H. C. Summers.

The saw mill is situated two miles beyond Helena, on the L. R. R.

July 23. SHOCKLEY BROS.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Harriet L. Suber, deceased, will make payment to the undersigned, and all persons holding demands against said estate will please present them at an early day, attested as required by law, to Y. J. Pope, Esq., our attorney.

WADE W. SUBER.
D. P. WERTS.

As Administrators of estate of Harriet L. Suber, deceased.
July 14 1885—29, 4t.

A BARGAIN IN PENS. 75 gross of fine Steel Pens, all numbers, suitable for school, mercantile or other purposes. Will be sold for cash at 50 cents a box, one gross in box, and worth $1.25. Come early, and bring your money.

Poetry.

"AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN."

The years come, and the years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Carrie! falling;
And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft, and whispers low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Carrie! calling;
While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares—
But the old griefs die, and new joys are born
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years wake, and the years sleep,
And the past is full of sorrow,
Carrie! sorrow;
The thoughtless laugh and the thoughtful weep
And each the fruit of his follies reap,
For to-day is the fate of to-morrow,
Carrie! morrow;
But new loves tempt us to forget
The old and old friends love us yet—
So the old griefs die and new joys are born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years laugh, the years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Carrie! blowing;
As girlhood's days go dancing by,
And womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Carrie! glowing;
While Love his nests for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares—
And the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And after the midnight cometh morn.

The years live, and the years die.
And all they touch they sadden,
Carrie! sadden;
But still the heart can time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Carrie! gladden;
And well as we have loved before,
In Autumn we can love once more—
For the old griefs die, and new joys are born
And after the midnight cometh morn.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

"Our Father, which in Heaven art,
We sanctify thy name;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done
In Heaven and earth the same;
Give us this day our daily bread:
And us forgive thou so,
As we on them that do offend
Forgiveness do bestow;
Into temptation lead us not
But us from evil free;
For Thine the kingdom, power and praise
Is, and shall ever be."

Serial Story.

COME ASHORE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XIV.
THE CARAVAN DISAPPEARS.

Several days passed away, during which William Jones showed a strange and significant affection for his own fireside. He went out a little in the sunlight; but directly night came he locked and barricaded the door as if against thieves, and declined, on any inducement to cross the threshold. Even had a three-decker gone ashore in the neighborhood, he would have thought twice before issuing forth into the dreaded darkness.

For William Jones was genuinely afraid; his hereditary calm of mind was shaken, not so much with horror at a murderous deed, as with consternation that his life-long secret had been discovered by one man, and might, sooner or later, be discovered by others. He did not put implicit faith even in Monk; it was his nature to trust nobody where money was concerned.

As to returning back to the cave until he had quite recovered his equanimity was quite out of the question. Even by daylight he avoided the spot with a holy horror. Only in his dreams, which were dark and troubled, did he visit it—to see the face of the murdered man in the darkness, and the hand of the murdered man pointing at him with cold, decaying finger.

The day after the murder he had been greatly unsettled by a visit from Tim Linney, who demanded news of his master, and said that he had not returned to the caravan all night. Tim seemed greatly troubled, but gave vent to no very violent ebullitions of grief. When he was gone Matt sat by the fireside, and looked long and keenly at William Jones.

"What are you staring at?" cried he, fidgeting uneasily under her gaze.

"Nowt," said Matt; "I were only wondering——"

"Then don't go wondering," exclaimed the good man, rather inconsistently. "*You* mind your own business, and don't be a fool!"

And he turned testily and gazed at the fire. But Matt, whose eyes were full of a curious light, was not to be abashed.

"Ain't you well, William Jones?" she asked.

"I'm well enough—I am."

"It's queer, ain't it, that the painter chap never come home?"

"How should I know?" growled William. Maybe he's gone back to where he come from."

"Or maybe he's drownded? Or maybe summat else has happened to him?" suggested Matt.

"Never you mind *him*, my gal. *He's* all right, never fear. And if he ain't, it's no affair o' yours, or mine neither. *You* go along out and play."

Matt went out as directed, and it was some hours before she returned. She found her guardian seated in his old place by the fire, looking at vacancy. He started violently as she entered, and made a clutch at the rude piece of ship's iron which served as a poker.

"Be it you, Matt? Lor', how you startled me! I were—I were—taking a doze."

"I've been up yonder," said Matt.

"Up wheer?"

"Up to the painter chap's cart. He ain't come back; and the man is searchin' for him all up and down the place."

Fortunately it was very dark, so that she could not see the expression of her hearer's face. She walked to the fireplace, and, taking a box of lucifers from a ledge, began to procure a light, with the view of igniting the rushlight fixed to the table. But in a moment William blew out the match and snatched the box from her.

"What are you doin' of?" he cried. "Wasting the matches, as if they cost nowt. You'll come to the werkus afore you're done."

The days passed, and there was no news of the absent man. Every day Matt went up to the caravan to make inquiries. At last, one afternoon, she returned, looking greatly troubled; her eyes were red, too, as if she had been crying.

"What's the matter now?" demanded William, who had left his usual seat and was standing at the door.

"Nowt," said Matt, wiping her eyelids with the back of her hand.

"Don't you tell no lies. You've heerd summat. Stop! What's that theer under your arm?"

All at once he had perceived that she carried a large roll of something wrapped in brown paper. He took it from her, and opened it nervously. It was the crayon portrait of herself executed by the defunct artist.

"Who gave you this here?" cried William Jones, trembling more than ever.

"Tim."

"Who's *he*?"

"Him as come looking arter his master. The painter chap ain't found; and now Tim's going away in the cart to tell his friends. And he give me this—my pictur'; he give me it to keep. His master said I were to have it; and I mean to keep it now he's dead."

William Jones handed back the picture, and seemed relieved, indeed, when it was out of his hands.

"Dead?" he muttered, not meeting Matt's eyes, but looking right out to sea. "Who told you he were dead?"

Matt did not reply, but gazed at William so long and so significantly that the good man, conscious of her scrutiny, turned and plunged into the darkness of his dwelling.

An hour later a loud voice called him forth. He went to the door, and there was Monk, of Monkshurst. It was the first time they had met since they parted on the night of the murder. Monk was dressed in a dark summer suit, and looked unusually spick and span.

"Where's the girl?" he cried, after a whispered colloquy of some minutes. "Matt, where are you?"

In answer to the call Matt appeared at the door. No sooner did she perceive Monk than she trembled violently, and went very pale.

"Come here, Matt," he said, with an insinuating smile. "See! I've brought something for you—something pretty for you to wear."

As he spoke he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small gold ring, set with turquoise stones. But Matt still trembled, and shrank away.

"I don't want it!—I shan't wear it," she cried.

"Nonsense, Matt!" said Monk. "Why, it's a ring fit for a lady. Come, let me put it on your finger."

So great seemed her agitation, so deep her dread of him, that she could not stir; so that when he approached, laughing, and caught her round the waist, he slipped the ring on her finger before she could resist. But it only remained there a moment. With a quick, sharp cry, she tore herself free, and, taking the ring off, threw it right away from her upon the sand. Then, with a wild gesture of fear and loathing, she rushed into the cottage.

William Jones walked over and picked up the ring, while Monk stood scowling darkly after the fugitive.

"What the devil ails the girl?" cried the latter, with a fierce oath, pocketing the present.

"I dunno. She's never been the same since—since the painter chap went missing. I'm afeerd he turned the gal's head."

"He'll turn no more heads," muttered Monk under his breath; he added aloud and with decision, "There must be an end to this. She must be married to me at once."

"Do you mean it, master? When you spoke on it fust I thought you was joking."

"Then you were a fool for your pains. She's old enough, and bold enough, and vixenish enough; but I'll tame her. I tell you there must be no more delay. My mind's made up, and I'll wait no longer."

Sinking their voices they continued to talk together for some time. Now, Matt was crouching close to the threshold, and had heard every word of the above conversation, and much that followed it. When Monk walked away and disappeared, leaving William Jones ruminant at the broken gate, she suddenly reappeared.

Curiously enough all her excitement had departed. Instead of weeping or protesting she looked at William Jones—and laughed.

Monk had left his horse at the coastguard station. Remounting he rode rapidly away through the sandhills in the direction of the lake. As he approached the spot of the old encampment he saw that the caravan had gone.

He rode on thoughtfully till he gained the highway, when he put his horse into a rapid trot. Just before he gained the gate and avenue near to which he had first encountered Brinkley, he saw the caravan before him on the dusty road.

He hesitated for a moment, then hurried rapidly forward, and, arriving close to the vehicle, saw the Irishman's head looking round at him from the driver's seat. He beckoned, and Tim pulled up.

"Has your master returned? I am informed that he has been missing for some days."

Tim shook his head very dolefully.

"No, sor; sorra sight have I seen of him for three days and three nights. I'm going back wid the baste and the house to tell his friends the bad news. Maybe it's making fun of me he is, and I'll find him somewheres on the road."

"I hope you will," said Monk, sympathetically. "I think—hum—it is quite possible he has, as you suggest, wandered homeward. Good day to you."

So saying Monk turned off by the gate which they had just reached, and rode away up the avenue.

Tim looked after him till he disappeared. Then the same curious change came over him which had come over Matt after she had been listening to the colloquy between Monk and William Jones.

He laughed!

CHAPTER XV.
A BRIDAL PARTY AND A LITTLE SURPRISE.

A week passed away. The shadow of the caravan no longer fell on the green meadow by the lake, and the struggling population of Aberglyn, unsuspicious of foul play, had already forgotten both the caravan and the owner.

And if facts were to be taken into consideration in estimating the extent of her memory, Matt, too, had forgotten. It was common talk now that she, the grammarless castaway, the neglected protegee of William Jones, was to be married to the master of the great house! Nay, the very day was fixed; and that very day was only two sunrises distant, and Monk, of Monkhurst, had in his pocket a special license, which he had procured, at an expenditure of five pounds, from London.

Doubtless, in any other more populous locality the affair would have occasioned no little scandal and many ominous shakings of the head; but the inhabitants were few and far between, and had little or no time for idle gossiping. The coast-guardsmen and their wives were the only individuals who exhibited any interest, and even their excitement was faint and evanescent, like the movements of a fish in a shallow and unwholesome pool.

But the really extraordinary part of the whole affair was the conduct of Matt herself. Apparently quite cured of her former repugnance to a union with Monk, she made no objection whatever to the performance of the ceremony, and laughed merrily when she was informed that the day was fixed. Monk, in his grim, taciturn way, was jubilant. He came to and fro constantly, and assumed the manners of a lover. Had he been less bent on one particular object two things might have struck him as curious: (1) That Matt, though she had consented to marry him, steadfastly refused to wear his ring or accept any other present; and (2) that she still shrunk with persistent and ill-disguised dislike from his caresses.

It was now late in the month of August, and the weather was broken by troublous winds and a fretful moon. For several weeks William Jones, in his mortal terror, had refrained from visiting the cave; he had never set his foot therein, indeed, since the night of the assassination. At last he could bear the suspense no longer.

So late one windy and rainy night he stole forth with his unlit lantern, and fought his way in the teeth of half a gale to the familiar place, which he found, however, with some little difficulty. He was neither superstitious nor imaginative, but throughout the journey he was prey to nameless terrors. Every gust of wind went through his heart like a knife; every sound of wind or sea made that same heart stop and listen. Only supreme greed and miserly anxiety led him on. But at last he gained the cave, within which there was a sound as of clashing legions, clarions shrieking, drums beating, all the storm and stress of the awful waters clashing on the cliffs without, and boiling with unusual screams through the black slit between the cave and the Devil's Caldron.

Trembling, with perspiration standing in great beads on his face, he searched the cave for the corpse of the murdered man, expecting to find it well advanced in decomposition. Strange to say, however, it had disappeared.

William Jones was at once relieved and alarmed; relieved because he was spared a horrible experience; alarmed because he could not account for the disappearance. A little reflection, however, suggested that one of those tidal waves so common on the coast might have risen well up into the cavern, washed away the body from its place on the shingle, and carried it away in the direction of the Caldron. "In which case," he reflected, "them coastguard chaps would find it some day among the rocks or on the shore, and think it had been drownded in the way of natur'."

Satisfied that everything else was undisturbed, he retired as hastily as possible, sealed up the entrance to the cavern, and ran hastily home.

The morning of the marriage came—a fine sunny morning. An open dogcart belonging to Monk, and driven by one of his servants, stood at William Jones' door, and close to it a light country cart, borrowed by William Jones himself from a neighboring farmer. The population, consisting of an aged coastguardmen, two coastguardmen's wives and half a dozen dejected children, crowded in front of the cottage.

The bridegroom, attired in decent black, with a flower in his buttonhole, stood waiting impatiently in the garden. Despite the festive occasion, he had a gloomy and hangdog appearance. Presently there emerged from the door William Jones, attired in a drowned seaman's suit several sizes too large for him, and wearing a chimney-pot hat and a white rosette. Leaning on his arm was Matt, dressed in a dress of blue silk, newly made for her, out of damaged materials supplied by Jones, by one of the coastguard women, a light straw hat with blue ribbons to match, and a light lace shawl. Behind this pair hobbled William Jones' father, whose costume was nautical, like his son's, but more damaged, and who also sported a chimney-pot hat and a white rosette.

The crowd gave a feeble cheer. Matt looked round and smiled, but mingled with her smile there was a kind of vague anxiety and expectation.

It was arranged that Monk should drive Matt in the dogcart, while William Jones and his father followed in the commoner vehicle. At Pencroes, where the ceremony was to be performed, they were to meet with one Mr. Penarvon, a country squire and kindred spirit of Monk's, who had promised to be "best man."

Monk took the reins, while Matt got in and seated herself beside him, the groom getting up behind; and away they went along the sand-choked road, followed by Jones and his father.

THE BRIDAL PARTY.

The day was bright and merry, but Matt never thought of the old proverb, "Merry is the bride that the sun shines on;" she was too busy examining the prospect on every side of her. All at once, as the bridal procession wound round the edge of the lonely lake, she uttered a cry of delight. There, standing in its old place by the lakeside, was the caravan.

Monk looked pale—there was something ghostly in the reappearance even of this inanimate object. He was a man of strong nerve, however, and he speedily smiled at his own fears.

As they approached the spot they saw Tim standing near the vehicle in conversation with two strange gentlemen—one a little man in black broadcloth, the other a tall, broad-shouldered fellow wearing a light overcoat and a wideawake hat. Directly the procession approached this group separated, and its three members walked severally to the road, he with the wideawake hat standing right in the centre of the road quietly smoking a cigar.

As the dogcart came up he held up his hand. Unable to proceed without running him down, Monk pulled up angrily.

"What is it? Why do you block the road!" he cried, fiercely.

"Excuse me, governor, returned the other, coolly. "Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, I believe."

"That's my name."

"Sorry to trouble you on such a day, but I should like a few words with you."

"I cannot stay—I am going to be married!"

"So I heard," said the man, lifting his hat and bowing with a grin to Matt. "Glad to see you, Miss. How do you do? But the fact is, Mr. Monk, my business won't keep. Be good enough to step this way."

Full of some unaccountable foreboding, inspired partly by the stranger's suave, yet determined, manner, partly by the reappearance of the caravan, Monk alighted, and followed the other across the grass to the close vicinity of the house on wheels. The little elderly man followed, and the man who had first spoken went through the ceremony of introduction.

"This is Mr. Monk, sir. Mr. Monk, this gentleman is Mr. Lightwood, of the firm of Lightwood & Lightwood, solicitors, Chester."

"And you—who the devil are *you*?" demanded Monk, with his old savagery.

"My name is Marshall, Christian name John, though my friends call me Jack," answered the other with airy impudence. "John Marshall, governor, of the detective force."

Monk now went pale indeed. But recovering himself, he cried, "I know neither of you. I warned you that I was in haste. What do you want? Out with it!"

The little man now took up the conversation, speaking in a prim, business-like voice, and occasionally referring to a large notebook which he carried.

"Mr. Monk, you are, I am informed, the sole male heir of the late Colonel Monk, your cousin by the father's side, who was supposed to have died in India in the year 1862."

"Yes, that's true. What then?"

"On the report of his death, his name being included in an official list of officers killed and wounded in action, and it being understood that he died without lawful issue, you laid claim to the demesne of Monkshurst, in Cheshire, and that of the same name in Anglesea. Your claim was recognized, and in 1865 you took possession."

"Well. Have you detained me to hear only what I already knew?"

"Pardon me, I have not finished. I have now to inform you that you inherited under a misconception—first, because Colonel Monk was married and had issue; secondly, because he did not die in India, but reached the shores of England, where he perished in the shipwreck of the vessel Trinidad on Christmas day, 1864."

Monk was livid. At this moment Jones, who had been watching the scene from a distance, came over, panting and perspiring in ill-concealed terror.

"Lor', Mr. Monk, what's the matter? Look ye now, we shall be late for the wedding."

As he spoke, Marshall, the detective, clapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"How d'ye do, William Jones? I have often heard of you, and wished to know you. Pray stop where you are. I'll talk to *you* presently."

"I don't know what you mean," Monk now said, with dogged desperation, "with all this rigmarole, Mr. Lightwood, or whatever your name is. It seems to me you are simply raving. If I am not my cousin's heir, who is; tell me that?"

"His daughter," said the man, quietly.

"He never married, and he never had a daughter."

"His daughter, an infant twelve or fourteen months old, sailed to England with him, was shipwrecked with him, but saved by a special Providence, and has since been living in this place under the name of Matt Jones."

"Your intended bride, you know," added Marshall, with an insinuating smile. "Hullo, where *is* the young lady?"

Monk looked round toward the dog-cart and on every side, but Matt was nowhere to be seen.

"I see her go into that theer cart," said William Jones.

"Call her," cried Monk. "I'll stay no longer here. Listen to me, you two. Whether you are telling truth or lies, that girl is going to become my wife—I have her guardian's consent, and she herself, I may tell you, fully appreciates the honor I am doing her."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Lightwood, smiling. "Unfortunately I, as Miss Monk's legal adviser, must have a say in the matter. Doubtless this marriage would be a very pretty arrangement for keeping the late Colonel Monk's fortune and property in your possession, but I cannot conscientiously approve of the young lady's marriage to an assassin."

"An assassin!—what—what do you mean?" gasped Monk, staggering as if from a blow.

"Tell him, Mr. Marshall."

"All right, sir. Well, you see, Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst," continued the detective, grimly, yet playfully, "you're accused of making away with—murdering, in fact—a young gentleman who came to Aberglyn a few weeks ago in that little house on wheels; and this nice friend of yours" (here he again slapped William Jones on the shoulder) is accused of being your accomplice."

"No, no. I never done it! I'm innocent, I am!" cried William Jones. "Tell 'em, Mr. Monk, tell 'em—I'd nowt to do with it."

"Silence, you fool," said the other; then he added, turning on his accusers, "You are a couple of madmen, I think! I know nothing of the young man you speak of! I have heard that he is missing, that is all; but there is no evidence that any harm has come to him, for his body has not been found."

Here Marshall turned with a wink to William Jones, and nudged him in the ribs.

"Don't you think, now," he asked, "it might be worth while looking for it in *that little underground parlor* of yours, down alongside the sea?"

William Jones uttered a despairing groan, and fell on his knees.

"I'm ruined!" he cried. "Oh, Mr. Monk, it's your doing! Lord help me! They knows everything."

"Curse you, hold your tongue!" said Monk, with a look of mad contempt and hatred. "These men are only playing upon your fears, but they cannot frighten *me*."

"No?" remarked the detective, lighting his cigar, which had gone out. "I think we shall even manage *that* in time."

As he spoke he carelessly, and as if inadvertently, drew out a pair of steel handcuffs, which he looked at reflectively, threw up and [illegible] Monk, trembling violently. "I warn you to beware, for I will not suffer such accusations without seeking redress. If you have any proof of the truth of your preposterous charge, produce it."

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan.

"There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours denies being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he telling the truth?"

Matt's face darkened, and she looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detestation.

"No," she said, "he's lying."

"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take care!"

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him. "I see him do it with my own two eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on; they thought that no one was nigh, but I was. I was hiding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk now felt that the game was almost up, for he was beset on every side, and the very ground seemed opening under his feet. The wretched Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy, remained on his knees wailing over his own ruin. The two strangers, Lightwood and Marshall, looked on as calm but interested spectators. Matt, having delivered her home thrust of accusation, stood and gazed into Monk's face with cool defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently; "an infamous plot to ruin me! You have been tampering, I see, with this wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you please—I shall not take the trouble to resist, for I am perfectly innocent in this matter."

He added, while they looked at one another as if somewhat puzzled:

"As to the girl's relationship with my dead cousin, the very idea is absurd. Where are the proofs of her birthright?"

"Here," said a quiet voice.

Monk turned his eyes, and started back in wonder, while William Jones shrieked and fell forward on his face. Standing before them in the sunshine was the reality or the semblance of—the murdered young man of the caravan!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Keep Cool.

In the torrid belt of South America they evidently know how to make the best of adverse circumstances, and keep cooler when the thermometer is up in the nineties than we do. Here is a simple recipe which will cost nothing if it succeeds, and nothing worse than a cold if it fails. Before retiring at night take a cool bath, draw on the *robe de nuit* without drying the body, and go to bed. The evaporation of the water is said to make the body delightfully cool, and if, in addition to this, the bed is well sprinkled before retiring, the effect is said to be astonishing, and however great the humidity of the atmosphere, the plan is said by those who had have years of experience to be infallible.

An Office-Seeker in a State of Bliss.

Chicaga Ledger.

Widow to medium: "Is my husband happy in the spirit land?"

"Yes; perfectly so, madam. He has everything his soul desires."

"Then, thank heaven, he's got it at last!"

"Got what, madam?"

"A postoffice."

Large antique jars and vases, that stand in the corner of the hall or drawing room, are ornamented by scarfs of bright colored satin ribbon. The effect is very brilliant.

Our New York Letter.

[From our resident correspondent.]

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

The world is full of books; magazines and papers are multiplied so cheaply and abundantly that they almost overwhelm us. In this state of things it often becomes a question as to what we shall read. Without going into this subject in all its length and breadth, one thing may be held as true, that our daily papers give altogether too much attention to a record of the evil deeds of mankind, and too little to the good deeds. There can be no doubt that it demoralizes the minds of the young more than almost anything else to dwell so much on that which is evil, to read so many sensational accounts of elopements, murders, suicides, and other crimes which fill our journals. Indeed, there is abundant evidence that the reading of these stories frequently causes others to go and do the same thing; on the other hand, the record of the good deeds of mankind stimulates others to imitate them. There is no doubt but the publication of the bequests of rich men to found institutions for the benefit of the race, has stimulated others to make similar dispensations of their surplus money.

Mothers should always interest themselves in the reading of their children, and be able by a wise word, when it is required, to guide their tastes to the best. But in order to do this they must themselves be informed—must give thought to the subject. Our children are worth our deepest and best thought. But not only is it a question of importance what our children read, but also what we read ourselves. There should be but one aim: Read the best. The world is full of good books, books full of wisdom, and we should read such of them as will make us wiser and better.

THE BEST AMONG THE BEST,

is the "Magazine of American History." The August number, which has just been issued, is an edition of which the publisher may be proud. It opens with a superb steel-engraving, the portrait of "Major-General John A. Dix;" the biographical sketch of his busy and useful life is from the Editor's gifted pen. It also contains the second installment of Gen. Thomas Jordan's most valuable paper on the "Beginnings of the Civil War in America;" the author who is a well-known Confederate standpoint, unfolding much that belongs to truth of history. He claims that no leading public man of acknowledged authority at the North ever proclaimed the right of or urged the resort to armed coercion of the receded States back into the Union, as a constitutional power, until after the seceded States made actual war in Charleston harbor; that the country up to that time, so far as the Executive and his Cabinet at Washington were concerned—under the Republican as well as under the Democratic regime—was as "a drift-log on the ocean of accidents." Gen. John Cochrane contributes an interesting article of the "Charleston Convention," of which he was a member, that assembled in May 1860, to nominate a Democratic Presidential ticket. Ethelbert D. Warfield presents us with the Life and History of "John Breckinridge, a Democrat of the Old Regime." "Cincinnati with the War Fever, 1867," by Gen. Henry M. Cist, needs no further comment; it shows the condition of that city and its sentiment prior to the outbreak of hostilities, together with a description of the great uprising for the Union, of which the writer was an eye-witness, when the guns in Charleston harbor echoed across the continent. The illustrations of Fort Sumter and others, by Theo. R. Davis, are striking. The portraits of Jefferson Davis and the six members of his first cabinet are grouped in the pages immediately following, the whole forming one of the most impressive pictural views of the direct causes of the civil war that has yet been presented to the reading public. One of the most striking of the artist's drawings is a street scene in front of the Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, the night after the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, which brings back to memory the condition of affairs in this country at that crisis, with its two Republican governments struggling for life one within the other. Lack of space forbids us to mention numerous other notable features of this mammoth edition, which is edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, 30 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y.

"SOUTHERN BIVOUAC,"

for August is not behind former issues in timeliness and general interest. It opens with a "Map of the Battlefield of Nashville." J. M. Wright has a paper, entitled "A Glimpse of Perryville," which is interesting. "The Last Battles of Hardee's Corps," from the pen of A. P. Ford, is an article which shouldn't be glanced over by South Carolinians especially. M. G. Ellzee contributes an interesting sketch of "George Mason." A Story of Florida, entitled "Wild Life in the Seventies," reaches its end. William H. Hayne has a readable paper on "Hood's Tennessee Campaign"—Battle of Nashville, with striking portraits of Gen. J. B. Hood, Brig-Gen. Thos. J. Wood, Lt-Gen. S. D. Lee, Maj-Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, Maj-Gen. E. H. Pettus and Maj-Gen. H. D. Clayton. This magazine should be in every Southern home. Published monthly by B. F. Avery & Sons at Louisville, Ky.

EXCELSIOR.

Subscribe for the HERALD AND NEWS.

Gen. Fitz Lee Interviewed.

WHEN THE CANVASS WILL BEGIN—CAPTAIN WISE'S RIDICULOUS FIGURING.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., August 3.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, returned from Richmond at the close of last week and has been quietly attending to business at his farm, "Evergreen," a few miles from this city. He resides with his family in a neat frame cottage embosmed in the woodlands, entirely unpretentious, yet with all the surroundings of comfort and culture.

A representative of the *Sun* called on Gen. Lee to-day, and a pleasant and graphic narrative of the doings of the convention which placed him before the people as its standard bearer gave an opportunity for some inquiries as to the coming canvass.

"General, the *Sun* always anticipated your nomination, and it seldom makes mistakes in its forecast."

"Yes, the *Sun* was certainly right that time. I consider it a high honor to be nominated by the Democratic Convention, while the harmony which characterized its proceedings, the good nature of its members and the generally acknowledged excellence of the material of which it was composed make the nomination more gratifying."

The mail of Gen. Lee was high piled on the table before him, but bore evidence that the General had tried his skill as a husbandman and been weeding it out. This suggested to the *Sun's* correspondent that the work of the canvass was already upon the nominee, and he trusted that the canvass would be an easy one.

"No," said Gen. Lee. "Canvassing is hard work; the physical fatigue is great, but I have been accustomed to active occupation, and my cavalry life in the United States and the Confederate States armies will furnish a good training school in with-

After some conversation as to the regimen which secures against fatigue, the *Sun's* correspondent asked when the active personal work of his canvass would begin.

"I expect to begin the canvass as soon as our Executive Committee maps out the campaign as to dates and places."

"Will there be stump discussions in joint meetings?"

"I understand," said General Lee, "that the Democratic managers of late years have not considered joint discussions judicious, because the increase to the audience brought by the opposite party is composed in the greater part of those whose votes cannot be made Democratic by speeches, and because bad blood is generally the result. Our State committee, I am told, has adopted the same rule for the present campaign; that is to remand the question to the various local committees, with the general suggestion that no division of time be allowed. Personally I don't care one way or the other. It would be tiresome to me after the first one or two occasions to hear the same old lifeless charges poured forth from every platform, and it would be not only irksome but unpleasant to the opposing speaker to hear what I shall have to say, because I propose to call everything by its proper name, and not mince matters anywhere or with any one."

"Captain Wise seems to have opened his campaign at Atlanta, Ga. Did you see the report of his interview there?"

"Yes. I saw that Wise had been talking to the reporter of the Atlanta *Constitution*, and that the interview published in that paper had been sent to the New York *Times*. Formerly when Mahone and his people wanted to talk to the outside public they used the columns of the *National Republican* at Washington, but they have since put their interviews in the New York *Tribune*, (not the *Times*.) as the more uncharitable journal of the two on every subject affecting the Southern people. I see that Wise says he is "pleased with my nomination." The phrase was cut and dried to be applied at the proper time to the Democratic candidate, whoever he might be. I expected his pretense of being pleased, and equally anticipate his real disapprobation when I am elected."

General Lee spoke at some length as to the methods by which the Republicans hope to succeed, summing up what he had said as follows:

"The new Republicans expect to get the bulk of the negroes as matter of course. The fight is being made in the Southwest to get as many white votes as possible to add to their negro vote. The Mahone candidate, in the Atlanta interview, says that out of 210,000 white votes in Virginia he expects to get 50,000 or 60,000, and out of 128,000 negro votes he will secure 120,000. With characteristic folly he practically tells the Southwest that he expects to be elected by the negroes. His total of 170,000 is ridiculous. According to the figures I have seen, Cameron, when elected Governor, had 113,473 votes. Wise received, when he ran as Congressman at large, 99,992, while Blaine's vote was 139,356. This latter vote was the union of the old and the new Republican white vote with a nearly solid negro vote. Much of the old Republican vote will not go to Wise, and in all State elections the negro vote is considerably less than at Presidential elections."

The *Sun's* correspondent discerned that the mail on the table was pressing for General Lee's attention and took no more of his time.

"Good day, Governor," said he on leaving.

"Oh! you are somewhat previous," laughed the General. "I am as good as elected by my nomination, but I do not want to be called Governor till the *Sun* has published the exact figures of my majority."

The correspondent was soon recrossing Cameron run *en route* for the Washington Bureau. On the route the attention of a companion of Gen. Lee's was called to Capt. Wise's remark at Atlanta to the effect that if "Fitzhugh Lee had been named Fitzhugh Smith he would never have been heard of." While expressing surprise at the rudeness of the language, it was hoped that Capt. Wise had been misreported. "For," said the gentleman pithily, "Gen. Lee's life has always done honor to his name. But it is a capital misfortune when a good name becomes a misnomer and is contradicted by the flippant talk of him who bears it."

Marital Solicitude.

Horace Smith once told a good story of a night he had passed in a stage coach, when railways were not, and the journey from one part of England to another was a serious undertaking. I forget where he was going, but the distance was considerable, and the four inside passengers naturally endeavored to settle themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit. Two of them were a married couple, the husband sitting with his back to the horses, and evidently not altogether at his ease. About half an hour after starting he turned to his wife and anxiously inquired if she was comfortable.

"Pretty well," she replied, in a drowsy tone.

"You feel no draught from the window?"

"None at all."

"Quite sure?"

"Quite."

"Ah!" remarked the affectionate spouse, after a momentary pause, "then suppose we change places."

The Rumors Not True.

Columbia Register 7th inst.

Having obtained authoritative information on the subject, *The Register* is enabled to announce that all the rumors regarding Governor Thompson and the South Carolina Citadel Academy are without foundation. The Governor has not been tendered the Presidency of the institution; he would not accept the place if it were offered him; and he therefore has no notion of resigning. This information comes from General Arthur Manigault, who is just from Charleston, where he met Governor Thompson and talked with him on the subject.

Good News for County Auditors

The law provides for the payment to County Auditors of certain sums each time an assessment of property is made. No assessment having been made this year, the matter was brought to the attention of the Comptroller-General, who has directed a circular to the County Auditors, giving the opinion of the Attorney General, that those officers are entitled to the amount allowed by law.—*Columbia Daily Record.*

Gen. Sherman's neice, who, as Miss Hoyt, was seven years ago, married, with a great flourish of trumpets, to a Mr. Raymond, of Baltimore, is suing for divorce. She was a beautiful and accomplished heiress. He was a handsome, good-for-nothing society man—a spider-legged dude. The charges made by these people against each other are too horrible to publish in a family journal.