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"Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy Ged's and Truth's."

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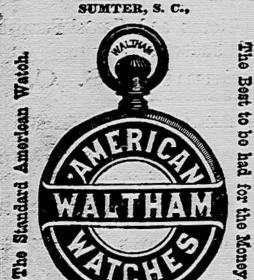
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his if a stupid woman chose to risk missing

BY HUGH CONWAY. Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days" CHAPTER I.

the lights of Paddington Station were

damp fog which filled the arched expanse from end to end. The broad platform teemed with the motion and bustle attendant upon the departure of a train. The newspaper boys alone were having a comparatively dull time of it, ing his seat, was to pull up the window and shut out as much tog as possible, declining to let the sash down for any one, except other travelers, who, having pain their fares, claimed their right to seats in the train-a proceeding which, to the first installed passenger, always seems supremely selfish. The new comer, or comers, might choose some other compart-

reached the extreme end of the train. The strong-armed official below hurled the last crystal globe to the nimble official who runs along the top of the carriages, and leaps so recklessly from one to another. Deft as an Indian juggler, he caught the gleaming missile, slapped it into the last socket, and sprang incontinently from the already moving train. The guard shut the last door, which somebody's carelessness had left open, jumped into his van as it swept by him, and, punctual to the minute, the five o'clock train left London and began its race to Penzance.

In one of the first-class compartments were three passengers, although the railroad com-pany would only benefit to the extent of two fares; one of these passengers being a child still young enough to be passed off as a child in arms by all save, perhaps, those tenderto the chancellor of the exchequer. The two travelers who augmented the company's revsome were a man and a woman.

That they were strangers was evident, and and he felt insured for some time to com against disturbance, he arranged his wrans in the most approved fashion, donned a soft cap, was a young man; but as he appears in this tale only to disappear, a detailed description would be superfluous. It is enough to know he was a gentleman, well dressed, well-to-do appearance, and looked quite in his place a first-class carriage.

It was a different matter with the woman. There was no obvious reason why she should not be able and willing to pay threepencehalfpenny instead of a penny a mile for the privilege of being whisked to her destination; yet one could imagine a crusty old director, who travels free himself, and is therefore anxious to prevent the company from being defrauded, calling to a guard and suggesting that the woman's ticket should be examined Or, from purely benevolent reasons, a peron who knows what mistakes women make such matters, might with propriety have marked: "How comfortable these first class carriages are." For my part, I should most certainly have done so not from be-nevolence, but to save myself, who had paid just fare, from feeling swindled if, at the journey's end, a good-natured ticket collector let off the victim of such a comfortable mis-

Yet there was nothing remarkable in the woman's appearance, except the utter absence of individuality it displayed. For any guidance her looks gave, she might have been rich or poor, young or old, beautiful or ugly. noble or simple. Had her traveling comcanion been as curious as he was at present ndifferent about the matter, he might have sat opposite to her from London to the Land's End, yet not have known how to classify her. She was dressed in plain black—and black, like charity and night, covereth and hideth much.
No scrap of bright ribbon, no vestige of part of her face. She sat like one in a thoughtful frame of mind. Her head was bent forward, and so threw her mouth and chin into the shade. Her hands being gloved. it was impossible to know whether she wore



Of the child, a little boy, there was nothing

that could be seen except a mass of bright fell fast asleep. Indeed, so inoffensive were his traveling companions, that the gentleman. who had falt comowhat discreted when a xoman and a child entered the compartment, egan to hope that, after all, he need not shift his quarters at the first stoppage.

The train sped on through the white for. It was a fast train, but not so fast as to give itself airs and decline stopping more than the taint of trade still clung to them. They twice in a hundred miles. Near Reading the | were but a generation removed from the speed slackened. The gentleman with the actual buying, selling and chaffering. Metabook breathed an inward prayer that he might not be disturbed. He did not notice that, as the train drew up at the platform, the woman half rose from her seat, as if her journey was at an end; then, after a moment's hesitation, reseated herself in her former attitude. The travelers were not disturbed. The train shot on once more. Still the gentleman read his book-still the silent woman held the sleeping child.

In less than half an hour Didcot was reached. The woman, after a quick glance, to assure herself that the reader was intent upon his book, pressed her lips upon the child's golden head, and kept them there until the train stopped. For a minute or two she remained motionless, then, laying the child on the seat, rose quickly and opened the carriage door. The reader looked up as the cold, damp air rushed into the heated

compartment. "You have no time to get out," he said; "we are off in a minute." If she heard the well-meant caution she paid no heed to it. She made no but, stepping on to the platform, closed the carriage door behind her. The young man shrugged his shoulders, and resumed his interrupted paragraph. It was no business of

Although, two minutes afterwards, when he found the train in rapid motion, and himself and the sleeping child the only tenants of the compartment, he saw that, after all, he was primarily concerned in the matter. In

behind, and he was in the unenviable position of having a child thrown upon his hands until

Although he was a bachelor and one who knew nothing of the ways of children, he scarcely felt justified in pulling the emergency cord. Swindon would be reached in less than an hour-there he would be relieved. So he could do no more than anathematize the careless mother, and pray that the child's slumbers might be unbroken. Whatever effect the objurgation may have had, he soon saw that his prayer was not to protector's embrace, opened its eyes and began to struggle. It would have rolled off the seat had not its enforced guardian, who was a good-natured, kind-hearted young fellow, picked it up and transferred it to his knee.

He meant well, although he did not handle t very skillfully. A man must go through a course of painful experiences before he learns how to dandle a child properly. Our friend did his best, but so clumsily that the woolen shawl fell from the child, and disclosed a large ticket sewn on to the dress beneath. On it was written, "H. Talbert, Esq., Hazlewood House, Oakbury, near Blacktown." The young man applauded the good sense which had provided for a contingency which had really come to pass. Then he settled down to do the best he could towards supplying the place of the missing woman until the stoppage at Swindon might bring deliverance.

Swindon at last. Here the ill-used traveler called the guard, and, as that official is of course paid to undertake all sorts of delicate and unforeseen duties, with perfect fairness shifted all further responsibility on to his shoulders, resumed the perusal of his book, and troubled no more about the matter.

The guard, without disputing his position of guardian to all unprotected travelers. hardly knew what to do in the present emergency. The hope that the foolish mother had managed to get into another carriage was dispelled by her not making her appearance He was also puzzled by the careful way in which the child was labeled. This guard had seen some curious things in his time, and, as the missing woman had left not a scrap of luggage behind, thought it not improbable that the desertion of the child was due to intention; not accident. At first he thought of leaving the tiny derelict at Swindon, on the chance that the mother would arrive by the next train from Didcot. But the more he thought the matter over the more convinced he felt that no mother would arrive by the next or any following train. Being himself a family man, and feeling most kindly disposed towards the little golden head which nestled in the most confiding way against his great to Blacktown, and thence forward it as addressed. He pulled a couple of cushions out of a first-class carriage, put them in one corner of his van, and tucked up little Goldenhead as snugly as any mother could have done; so snugly and comfortably that the child at once closed its blue eyes and slept un-

There the guard carried the little fellow nto the refreshment room, and leaving him in charge of the pleasant young ladies, went to look for a sober yet speculative man who would take the child to Oakbury on the chance of being paid for his trouble. He even gave this man half a crown-to be repaid out of his prospective reward-for cab hire. Then, after another look at the little waif. who was drinking milk, munching a biscuit, and being made very much of by the refreshment room young ladies, our guard rushed back to his somewhat neglected duties, and was soon spinning down west at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

A FAMILY OF POSITION. Re it remembered that Oakbury is not greatly annoyed when they hear it called a mburb of Blacktown. Oakbury is near the large city, but not of it. Although the fact cannot be ignored that the existence of the many charming country houses which adorn Oakbury is as much due to its contiguity to the dirty thriving town as to its natural beauties- and although a certain proportion of those desirable residences has been purchased by Blacktown's successful traders, the most aristocratic inhabitants of Oakbury look with indifference on the good and evil fortunes of the city. They, the aristocratic inhabitants, are useful to Blacktown, not Blacktown to them. They are out of its dissensions and struggles; better still, beyond the range of its taxation. They are of the county, not the town. So they head their decline intimacy with any Blacktown trader under the rank of banker or merchant prince. some 20 or 25 gentlemen's residences. They cannot be called estates, as the ground attached to each varies respectively from three to fifty acres, but not a few of them might

letters "Oakbury, Westshire;" and, as a rule. Besides Lord Kelston's well known country teat, there must be in the parish of Oakbury lay claim to be described by that well-rounded phrase, dear to auctioneers and house agents, "a country mansion, fit for the occupation and requirements of a family of position." They are not new, speculative, jerry-built houses, but good, old-fashioned, solid affairs. No painted and gilt railings surround them; thick boundary walls and fine old trees hide them from the gaze of inquisitive holiday folks. As the country around is very beautiful and richly timbered; as the prevailing wind which blows across Oakbury comes straight from the sea, pure and uncontaminated; as two of the best packs of hounds in England meet within an easy distance; and, prejudice notwithstanding, as the conveniences offered by a large city are so close at hand-it is no wonder that the rector of Oakbury numbers many families of position among his parishioners. If mine were a family of position, it should most certainly oc-

cupy a pew in that fine, old square-towered After this description it will be easily believed that the Oakbury people are somewhat exclusive-by the Oakbury people are meant the inhabitants of the aforesaid twenty houses; the manner of the villagers and other small fry who constitute the residue of the population need not be taken into account.
The Oakbury people proper are very particular as to with whom they associate, and the most particular and exclusive of all are two gentlemen named Talbert, the joint owners

and occupiers of Hazlewood H-use.

Their ultra-exclusiveness was but the natural outcome of the position in which they were placed. The fact that their income was derived from money made by their father in timber, tobacco, soap, sugar, or some other large industry of Blacktown-people have already nearly forgotten which it was-must be responsible for the care the Talberts were bound to exercise before they made a new

Because, you see, in their opinion at leas phorically speaking, their own father's hands had been hardened by the timber, stained by the tobacco, lathered by the soap, made sticky by the sugar, according to the particular branch of trade at which he had worked



spite of his warning the mother had been left | taining the earliest years of discretion, the sons decided that it was more incumbent upon them than upon the generality of persons to be particularly particular in their choice of friends. As they were amiable, right-feeling young men, they looked upon

Had they been tempted to swerve from this line of conduct, respect for their father should have kept them steadfast. He had always impressed the great duty upon them. Before the two boys were out of the nursery the great coup which is expected by every sanguine business man came off. Mr. Talbert realized his capital and sold his business. He obtained less for it because he made the stipulation that his name should no longer appear in connec-tion with it. Then, a widower with one daughter and two sons, he bought Hazlewood House, and settled down to drift gradually into good society.

He educated his children by this creed. It is the duty of all people to rise in the worldboth in commercial and social circles. Thanks to his exertions and good fortune, the first half of the obligation had been discharged. The second rested chiefly with his children. He did not tell them this in definite words, but all the same preached it to them most eloquently, and was more than content, and felt that the fruits of his training were showing themselves, when his daughter married Sir well-to-do baronet. This satisfactory alliance gave the Talberts

least ten years. He was quiet, gentlemanly, and, if not retiring, at least unobtrusive. His correct amount. With these advantages he families of position, his neighbors. Content as he no doubt felt on his own account, he, state of refulgency. Horace Talbert smiled nevertheless, held up their rister's brilliant and answered with exquisite simplicity: match as an example to his sons, and talked so much about the necessity of their choosing their intimates fittingly that it is a marvel the young men did not speedily develop into

who would decline your acquaintance or mine ought, of course, to be one or the be urged against the Talberts was this: From | coarse, commonplace mind, utterly unable to the very first they had told themselves: "We can find as pleasant and as true friends among the upper ten thousand-among those who do not make their living by barter-as we can among commercial people. Let us therefore only associate with the best. A man has an undoubted right to choose his own friends. Weshall not go out of our way to toady the great, but with our ideas on the subject we that person no more. can only make associates of those whom we consider the proper class of people. A Duke of Badminton may associate with whomsoever wealth to live comfortably and like gentlemen, but not enough to roll in. If we go hand in glove with oil, tobacco, sugar, etc., we must, on account of the narrow distance which divides us from the status of commerce. sink to the level, or at least get confounded with those useful, respectable, profitable, but, to us, distasteful commodities. Therefore it behooves us to be fastidious even to a fault." Who can blame such sentiments as these? To my mind there is a kind of shrewd nobility

in them!
Why, with such sensible views on things in general, the two young men did not follow their sister's example and make brilliant matches is a matter which has never been clearly explained. When, after an immaculate career, they left Oxford, they were tall, well-built, young fellows; moreover carrying about them an inherent look of distinction So far as the world knew they had no vices. Indeed, in spite of stature, good looks, and broad shoulders, in some quarters they were accounted milksops. Perhaps because, in addition to the polite, even courtly, style which they strove to adopt towards every one, they had many little finnicking, old-maidish ways which were a source of merriment to their contemporaries. Nevertheless, among those Talberts were not unpopular. With many women—the middle-aged especially—these tall, handsome, refined young mon were prime favorites. The fact of the brothers having reached the respective ages of 40 and 41 without having selected helps-meet for them argues that something which makes a marrying man was missing from their

It may be that the pleasure they found in travel prevented their settling down. For many years, either together or singly, the l'alberts spent nine months out of the twelve away from home. Their father, who had no wish to see his sons striving in the ruck of humanity for the world's prizes, made them handsome allowances. Greatly to their credit they lived within their incomes, even saved money. These savings they invariably invested in works of art, so that as years went by their acquisitions if united would have formed a valuable and tasteful collection, the units of which had been culled from east, west, north and south-so judiciously that the brothers felt sure that, if such a thing were needed, the selection would enhance the reputation they already enjoyed for refixed tastes and knowledge of matters artistic.

The brothers were the best of friends.

They understood and sympathized with each others' likes, dislikes and weaknesses. Only once in their lives had they quarrelled, but that quarrel had lasted for six years. They

shudder now as they look back upon that It was no vulgar dispute, which is made known to all the world and in which mutual friends are expected to take sides. It was only the Talberts themselves who knew that a quarrel existed. To outsiders they seemed more absurdly polite to each other than be-

ence of one brother in the other's affairs. They were peculiar men, and very tenacious of the Englishman's duty of minding his own business. On a certain occasion one of them fancied a rather delicate matter as much his own business as his brother's. He was mistaken. They did not use high words, because such things were not in their line; but each brother was sadly firm. The upshot was that for six years they only spoke when they met

At last old Talbert died. His successful daughter had been dead a long time. The old man left Hazlewood House and its contents to his sons conjointly. The rest of his fortune he divided into three parts, and left in this proportion to each of his children or their children, if any. Then the sons met at Hazlewood House and considered what they should First of all, as was becoming, they made up

their differences. Very little was said on either side, but it was understood that cordial relations were re-established. At which happy conclusion each man rejoiced greatly-the six years' separation had been a terrible affair -and tacitly registered a vow that for the future his brother's affairs should be his own distinct, private property.

By this time our friends had grown rather

weary of gadding about. Moreover, it was due to their position that some place should be called their shome. For nearly tweaty years they had lived in the various capitals of Europe, and they knew that they had conquered society. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any two men, not celebrities, were better known than Horace and Herbert Talbert. So they resolved to settle down and begin housekeeping on their own account. They collected their art treasures, and be-

ing not traders, but still thorough men of business, in order to save any question arising in the remote future, made exact inventories of their respective belongings, down to the uttermost, smallest and most cracked cup and saucer. Then they combined their collections and made Hazlewood House curiously beautiful with paintings, china and bric-a-brac. This done, they settled down into quiet domestic life, and kept their house as methodically and carefully, and no doubt a great deal better, than any two old women could have done. Of course, with their cultivated tastes.

their general acquirements, their cosmopolitan experiences, and the many desirable friends they were known to possess, the Talberts' standing in Oakbury was undeniable. They

might, had they not been too good-hearted to dream of such a proceeding, have snubbed any one of the families of position without dreading reprisals. If people laughed at their womanish ways, effeminate proceedings and domestic economies, they were nevertheless, always glad to entertain or to be entertained by the Talberts. The latter need not be wondered at. The little dinners at Hazlewood House were the pink of culinary civilization—the crystallization of refined gastronomic intelligence.

> CHAPTER III. AN ARGUMENT AND AN ARRIVAL.

On the night when the down train carried the golden-headed child to Blacktown, the Talberts had dined at home, without company. The two men were still at the table. ipping their claret and smoking cigarettes. They were neither great drinking men nor the Talberts might have gone on as they were going for many years and then made atonement very easily. It is needless to state that the two brothers were faultlessly dressed in the evening garb of the nineteenth century. It will also be guessed that the dinner table was most tastefully laid out. In spite of the season being midwinter, it was gay with flowers. Quaint antique silver spoons and forks did the duty which is exacted from the Maingay Clauson, a fairly respectable and florid king's pattern and the ugly fiddle pattern abominations of our day. The napery was of the whitest and finest descripti a lift in the social scale; although, so far as the polish on the glass such as to make the Oakbury was concerned, it was little needed. | most careful housewife or conscientious ser-Mr. Talbert had now been out of business for at | vant wonder and envy. There is a tale con-

nected with the glass. Once upon a time a lady who was dining at wealth was estimated at about three times its | Hazlewood House asked her hosts, with pardonable curiosity, how they were able to inalready found himself well received by the duce their servants to send the decanters and wine glasses to the table in such a glorious "We should never think of trusting our glass to the hands of servants. My brother

and I see to it ourselves." Thereupon the lady, who had marriageable sisters, and was no doubt keenly alive to the fact that her hosts were eligible bachelors, said: "It was very sweet of them to take so the question and the answer, burst into a fit other-perhaps both. The worst that could of uncontrollable laughter. His was a low. divest the ideal from the material. To such a groveling nature the picture of these two six-feet, brawny men washing and rubbing their rare and costly glass seemed intensely

> comical. ance; they even smiled gravely in response to his vulgar mirth; but Hazlewood House knew

But the wretch took his revenge after the manner of his kind. Unluckily, in spite of his faults, his position in the county was not he chooses. He is always, per se, the duke to be despised, and more unluckily he pos-We are not dukes. Our father made his sessed a certain amount of humor of the low money in-well, never mind in what. We class. He was brutal enough to nickname or not, the name clung to them, and will cling for ever and ever. This is but another proof of how careful a man should be in the

Although to-night the glass was as radiant as ever, there was at present no one to admire it save its owners and caretakers. By virtue of his year of seniority, Horace Talbert sat at the head of the table. Herbert was at his right hand. The two brothers were strangely alike both in figure and face. They were brown-haired men, with long, straight noses, calm, serious eyes, rather arched eyebrowa, and average foreheads. Each wore a wellkept beard and mustache, the beard climod close, and terminating in a point at the chin a fashion which suited their long, oval faces remarkably well, and, perhaps, added a kind of old-world courtliness to their general appearance. Their looks may be summed up by saying that the Talberts were men who one felt ought to possess a picture gallery of distinguished ancestors. The absence of such desirable possession seemed a heartless

The room in which the brothers were sitting was furnished with a bold mixture of modern and antique. Where comfort and utility were the first consideration, the modern prevailed; where ornament or decoration had to be supplied, the antique, often the grotesque antique, was called into requisition. On the high. carved manteluisce stood Oriental brooms vases with bideous dragons creeping round them, and gaping, grinning kylins, who looked mockingly and fearlessly at the ferce metal monsters. They knew-old china figures know more than people suspect—that the dragons were welded to their vases more irrefragibly than Prometheus to his rock.

Here and there was a plate of rich-colored doissonne enamel, a piece of Nankin china, a specimen of old brass work, a bracket of real old carved oak, an antique lamp, or some other article dear to the collector. Some half a dozen medium-sized but valuable paintings hung upon the walls. The floor was covered by a sober-hued Persian carpet, and of course a roaring fire filled the grate.

The Talberts looked very grave-as grave and solemn as Roman fathers in high debate. They were, indeed, discussing a weighty mat ter. After an interval of silence, Herbert rose and walked to his brother's side. The two looked critically down the table. They went to the bottom and looked up the table. They went to the sides and looked across the table; they even sent glances diagonally from corner to corner.

"It is certainly a great improvement," said



"A great improvement," echoed the other. "Echo" is the right word—even their voice were alike. In a contented frame of mind they resumed

their seats, their claret, and their cigarettes.

The great improvement was this: For some time past these excellent housekeepers had been sorely exercised by the conventional way in which laundresses fold table cloths. They did not like the appearance of the three long creases on the snowy expanse. They turned their inventive abilities to account, and a week ago walked down to the residence, redolent of soap and hot water, of the woman who did the washing, and startled the poor creature out of her wits by insisting upon their table cloths being folded in a new and improved fashion. They even demonstrated their meaning by a practical experiment, and so impressed the nymph of the wash tub and mangle with the importance they attached to the matter that she had actually managed to learn her lesson well enough for the result of their teaching to give them great satisfaction. Coffee was brought in, and the two gentle-

men were about to leave the dining room, when the Rev. Mr. Mordle was announced. Mr. Mordle was the curate of Oakbury, and always a welcome guest at Hazlewood House. It was an unspoken axiom of the Talberts that the church set the seal of fitness upon her servants, or at least upon her upper servants. Organ blowers, parish clerks and pew openers were the lower servants-so, all things being equal, a clergyman could always break through the exclusiveness which reigned at Hazlewood House. Mr. Mordle was clever in his way, full of talk, and of course knew every in and out of the parish, in the admin-

istration to the wants of which he must have | would arrive in the course of an hour or two | the law on both sides and bedevilled found the Talberts a great assistance. All their friendship for Mr. Mordle was the Talberts' weakness. But then they dearly loved having a finger in the parochial pie, leaving away happy. Thereupon Herbert produced out of the question the fact that they liked the curate, and in the kindness of their hearts pitied his loneliness. So he often dropped in like this, uninvited, and no doubt felt the privilege to be a great honor.

On Mr. Mordle's side, he could thoroughly appreciate humor, the more so when its existence was quite unsuspected by the sedate humorist. To him the study of Horace and Herbert was a matter of keen and enduring

They rose and greeted him. "Excuse me," said Horace rather nervously. "did-" "Yes, I did," answered the curate briskly. "I rubbed them-I scrubbed them-my feet feel red hot. I could dance a minuet on your tablecloth without soiling it."

The redundancy of the answer set their minds at rest. The bugbear of their domestic lives was persons entaring their rooms without having first wiped their shoes as every Christian gentleman should. The hall door was so heavily armed with mats and scrapers that such an omission seemed an impossibility. Yet sometimes it did occur, and its effects were terrible—almost tragic.

Horace rang for more claret; Herbert passed his cigarette case, and the three men chatted for a while on various subjects. Presently said Horace with sad decision: "Ann Jenkins came to us the day before yesterday. She told a piteous tale. We gave

"Very good of you," said the curate; "she has a large family-nine, I think," "Yes, but we are sorry now that we gave the money. We are sure she is not a careful.

The curate's eyes twinkled. He knew Ann "Careful and thrifty people wouldn't want your half-crowns. But how did you find out her true character?"

Mr. Mordle expected to hear a mournful account of a domiciliary visit to Ann Jenkins, and a dissertation upon the various and almost original stages of untidiness in which his friends had found her numerous progeny. But the truth was better than he had bar-"We walked behind her across the field this

morning," said Horace, with grave regret. When she got over the stile we saw she had on two odd stockings, a black one and a gray one-or blue and gray, I am not certain "Blue and gray," said Herbert, "I noticed particularly.

"Her tastes, like yours," said the curate, "may be cultured enough to avoid Philistinic "Oh dear, no," said Herbert, seriously. "We argue in this way. The woman has two

pairs of stockings-

"I doubt it," said the curate. "But never mind-go on." His friends were surpassing blue or black. She has worn one stocking into holes. Instead of sitting down and darning it, like a decent body, she amply

puts on one of the other pair." "Why doesn't she put on the other pair altogether?" asked Mr. Mordle. "Because," said Horace, triumphantly, "one stocking of that pair is in the same dilaniunted condition; so her conductis doubly bad As I said, she is not a deserving woman."
"Granting your premises," said Mr. Mordle, your argument is not fllogical. Your

reasoning appears sound, your deductions correct. Bat-" The curate was preparing for a desicious battle on this subject, we sworn or otherwise, of Ann Jenkins' hose: He meant to learn why one stocking of either pair should wear out before ite fellow, and many other fanciful combinations were forming themselves in his mbtle brain, when the interest in the mended r unmended stockings was extinguished by the railroad are full of logs-logs by he entrance of the Talberts' irreproachableooking man-servant. He informed his masers that the man had brought the child. "What man! What child?" asked Horace

'Do you expect a man or a child, Herbert' "Certainly not. What do you mean, Whit-"A railway man has brought a child, sir. He says it is to be left here."

"There must be some stupid mistake." "No doubt, sir," said Whittaker, respectfully, but showing that his opinion quite coincided with his masters." "Where is the man?" asked Horace. "In the hall, sir."

"Did he wipe his shoes?" asked Herbert, in "Certainly, sir; I insisted upon his doing so." "We had better see the stapid man and set the matter right," said Horace. "Excuse us

for a moment, Mr. Mordle." The two tall men walked into the hall, leaving Mr. Mordle to chuckle at his ease. Hazlewood House was certainly a most interesting place this evening. It was lucky for the curate that he indulged in his merriment with his face turned from the door, as in a the room. That functionary was most tenacious that due respect should be shown to his masters. Most probably the look of vivid amusement on Mr. Mordle's features would, had he seen it, have made an enemy

for life of the faithful Whittaker. "Mr. Talbert and Mr. Herbert would be glad if you would step out for a moment, sir." Thereupon Mr. Mordle went into the hall and saw a most comical sight—the solemnity of the actors concerned not being the least comical part of it. Standing sheepishly on the door mat, or rather on one of the legion of door mats, was a stolid-faced porter in his uniform of brown fustian, velveteen, or whatever they call the stuff. On either side of the massive, oblong hall-table stood one of the Talberts, while between them, on the table itself, was a child with a mass of tumbled, flossy, golden hair streaming down from under a natty little cap. Horace and Herglass, and with looks of utter consternation and bewilderment upon their faces, were bending down and inspecting the child. To Mr. Mordle's imaginative mind, the

group suggested a picture he had once seen of the Brobdignagians taking stock of Gulliver; nor could the picture have been in any way spoiled when he himself, a tall man, went to one end of the table, while Whittaker, another tall man, stood at a becoming distance from the other end, and joined in the scrutiny of the diminutive stranger. "This is a most extraordinary thing?"

Esq., Hazlewood House, Oakbury, near Binck-

"Guard of five o'clock down, gentlemen; he says child was left in first-class carriage. Mother got out at Didcot, and missed the train or didn't come back. Guard told me to get cab and bring the child here. Said I'd be paid well for my trouble. Cab was three and six, gentlomen." "There must be some mistake. What are

we to do?" asked the brothers "Don't expect any visitors, I suppose?" asked the curate "None whatever. You must take the child away again," said Horace, turning to the por-

ter. The man gaped. "What am I to do with it, sir?" he asked. "Lost parcels office," suggested Mr. Mordle quietly. Whittaker gave him a reproachful look. The matter was too serious a one for jest. "Cut the label off," was the curate's next piece of advice. "There may be a letter under

They took it off. The label was a piece of writing paper gummed on to a plain card which had been torn or cut irregularly. No letter was concealed beneath it. Then they searched the pockets of the child's little coat. but found nothing. Their perplexity in-

creased.
"I'll wish you good évening, gentlemen," said the porter. "Cab was three and six." The "Tabbies" were on the horns of a dilemma. The eyes which could detect the discrepancy in the unfortunate Mrs. Jenkins' stockble that a letter had miscarried—possible that some one was coming to Hazlewood House without invitation or notice—that she had really missed the train at Didgot; that she

and explain matters. The safest plan was to

shillings out of his pocket and sent the perter a half crown which he handed to his brother. who pocketed it without comment and as a matter of course. They were not miserly men, but made a point of being just and exact in their dealings with one another down to the uttermost farthing. Much annovance would be saved if all men were the same as the Talberts with respect to small sums. Nevertheless, this rigid adjustment of matters pecuniary was a trait in their characters | the country is thickly settled with which greatly tickled Mr. Mordle.

All the while the little boy, with fat sturdy legs placed well apart, stood upon the great oak hall table. The lantern of many colored terrified: indeed, if any fault could be found in his bearing, it was that his manners were more familiar than such a short acquaintance bent over him to resume their examination. he seized Mr. Herbert's watch chain in his chubby fist and laughed delightedly-a laugh which Mr. Mordle echoed. He had long looked for a suitable excuse for expressing his feelings in this way. The situation was so funny.

An unknown child foisted upon his friends at this hour of the night! No dirty beggar's brat, but a pretty, well-dressed little boy, old enough to possess a row of tiny white teeth, explanation of this unwarrantable intrusion. The child had such large, bright blue eyes, such wonderful golden hair, such fearless and of children, patted the bright head and pulled out his watch that the little rascal might hear it tick; while Mordle slipped back to the dining room and returned with a couple of

mwholesome macaroons. "Nearest way to a child's heart through the stomach," he said, as the youngster deserted his first friend for the sake of the sw ets. Horace eyed these advances discontentedly. But what is to be done?" he said. Just then the muffled strains /f a piano passed through the closed door of the drawing

"I should think," said the curate, "you had better take Miss Clauson's advice on

TO BE CONTINUED] Bill Arp in Texas.

Atlanta Constitution. Atlanta is a lovely Georgia town, Alabamians here have named their better that ever before. A few more little village Cusseta, and there is days will, I hope, see me journeying also a Lanier and a Coweta township. Cass county is on the line, the eastern | carry me. The Georgians still lead; line, and the Georgians and Alabam- in all the region I have found. One. ians stopped here to rest, and they man told me jocularly there was one have not got done resting yet. The good sign that spotted the Georgians. soil is a sandy loam, and the forests He said that when a man in t look like old Georgia, especially the wanted to draw the cork fr

se my miles. Some of these mills gian," the man said, "Well, lend me cut one hundred thousand feet a day. | your corkscrew." The freight agent who has it all to move, told me there was now one hundred millions of sawed lumber upon the mill yards and saw logs for as much more. The bayous along Less Cotton, More Corn, Osts and the acre, and one can cross the lakes

bert, each armed with his horn-rimmed eve | sue for kid-napping he can't find a re- ever before. Does it not seem wiser to spectable lawyer to take his case, enrich five acres of land, so that it will public opinion is against it, and so he produce as much as twenty acres, and has to submit. They have a double be more valuable each year following city government, two mayors and two than the past, and the crop raised with marshals, but there is no clash or con- one, or perhaps no hand but your own flict and no jealousy. Well, I be- labor, at an expense so triffing as to lieve that the people on the Texas amount to almost nothing, and you be side are a little more airy and conse- saved a world of care, annoyance and quential than those over the Arkan- trouble which the large number of saw line-for a Texan is-well he is hands would give you. said Horace. "The child is sent by rail just a Texan, and that means a good deal. They are not only proud of Mr. Mordle read the ticket: "H. Talbert, living in their state but they are sorry for those who don't. They look "Where did you say it came from?" asked upon all the rest of us as unfortunates. Herbert, turning to the stelld-faced porter. The time was when they invited immigration, but they have ceased to feel concern about that now, for the cry is "still they come." They give cordial welcome to all, but they hint that after awhile they may take a vote as to whether a foreginer may come Texarkana is a railroad town and

the shriek of the locomotive and the rumbling of long trains cars is always in the air. Speaking about this dividing line reminds me of the trouble Frank Jones used to have when he was running Etna furnace down below Rome at the Alabama line. The legislature had prohibited the sale of whiskey down to the line and Alaings were able to see that the baby was couldent punish him, for the whis- pected under the circumstances. well, even very well, clad. It was just possi- key was drank in Georgia; Geor-

Frank Jones for a year or two. But finally they mobbed the fellow and run him off and burned up his shebang: Law is strong, but public necessity

is stronger. This Red river country is just lovely. All along from Texarkana to Sherman the Trans-continental railroad runs east and west parallel to the river and only a few miles from it. Prairie and timber alternate, and

good farmers. Thriving villages

about ten miles apart grow up between the larger ones, the county seats but glass over his head threw rich, warm tints on the county seats grow more rapidly his sunny hair. He seemed in no way shy or of course. Everything grows fast in Texas. In Clarksville they have given up the old court house that justified. As the dignified brothers once more looks just like Georgia and have nearly completed a grander one to cost sixty thousand dollars. They don't mind money in this country. They make it easy and spend it freely, Here, in Paris, is another magnificent one. Paris is the most consequential town in all this region. It has grown in ten years from 2,000 to 6,000 inbut not, it seemed, old enough to give any habitants and is still growing. It is not a black muddy town, but it is on a gentle elevation of sand with beauconfident ways, that Herbert, who was fond | tiful streets and abounding shade of goods in store. Good water is here from wells not cisterns. Her trade reaches far back into the nation, as they call it, and the dusky Indians are seen upon her streets. One came into Dr. Baldwin's office to be treated for rheumatism and said he had no money, but promised forty cows or forty ponies whichever he preferred. But while Paris is so well situated upon the sand, the surrounding country is all prairie, or nearly all. There is enough timber near by for fuel, and I found that wood was preferred to coal, and much cheaper. There are many Georgians here too, and Dr. but it happens to be in Texas. It is Baldwin, who was from Cuthbert, in Cass County, and these Georgians was kind enough to hunt them up talk about changing the name from for me, for you know that my heart Cass to Bartow. There is a Dalton yearns toward them, and now that I and a Marietta in the county, and the am away off, I love the Georgians

pine belt that occupies a large area. bottle and couldn't he rose The lumber business here is just said: "Is there any Georgian in this amazing. There are forty large mills car?" And a modest fellow rose up between Jefferson and Texarkana, and said, "Yes, sir: I am a Geor-

What Our Editors Say

Wheat. Nawberry News and Herald.

on these rafts of logs. The average | The country is poorer to-day than it price of lumber at these mills is has been since the war. There is intwelve dollars a thousand. It all deed no money in it, or in fact so little goes west to build up new towns and that we may say there is none. The enlarge the old ones. Atlanta is last cotton crop is sold and the price of only four years old and now has 2,000 it gone. Besides this there are cominhabitants. I found Professor Looney paratively no provisions in the country. here teaching a large school. He is Farmers have been making no meat for well-known in Georgia as one of a decade of years, and the common rethree brothers-all teachers of fine sort has been to the Western market, reputation. The good people here and not only for meat, but corn and to and hereabouts are a unit for Georgia some extent flour. It is evident to all and Alabama-all southern to the classes, outside of the farming circle, core and delight to honor their old while to this class it is clear as noonmothers—the states they moved day that a most deplorable condition of Texarkana is a novelty. I never worse. What is the cause of this? knew until now where its long curi- We answer cotton cotton all cotton. ous name come from, Texas and Twenty years ago our advice to the far-Arkansas, and it is all right for the mer was to plant less cotton, cultivate a state line splits the town in two. smaller ares, hire fewer hands, and imminute the respectable Whittaker entered | This line does not run with the streets, | prove a less number of acres year after, but diagonanally and right through year, until the farm should blossom like business houses and private residen- the rose, and increase thereby in value. ces, so that when the merchant is be- The crop raised thereon would be worth hind his counter in Texas his custom- vastly more in proportion than that ers are in Arkansas. I thought that raised on five or even ten times more there would be some conflict of laws, land, and the proceeds too, instead of and there is some—especially about going to pay a larger number of hands crime—but those people all unite in be put into the pockets of the happy fareverything for the good of Texarkana, mer. Year after year has this advice and the criminals can't dodge over been given, and time and again have the line to do any good. They have farmers agreed with us that this was the extradition laws of their own, not course to be pursued, and that they state laws, nor municipal laws, but would follow it. It does indeed seem the laws of custom and self protec- strange to us that advice so full of reastion. When a man skips over the on should not be followed, when too line the officers of that side shove him | year by year the farmer has been growback law or no law. If he wants to ing, leaner, poorer and hungrier than

Let Him Resign. T. Stobo Farrow, Esq , has been appointed to a subordinate place in one of the Departments at Washington. He . beats any man we ever knew to get into these small places. For a time he held . one office in Washington and another in .. Columbia at the same time. Now he will have to loosen his hold as Clerk of

the Sepate of our State. Col. Farrow should not bide his talent in any such small place as he hasreceived. South Carolina needs all her sons at home. A man of Col. Farrow's .. standing ought to scorn any such a subordipate position. The pay is small, the. work responsible and there is no chance for promotion. A man necessarily becomes a machine. He should resign at

The Washington correspondent of .. bama had done the same thing up to the New York Herald savs: It is unthe line. This was to secure sober derstood that by July I not one Federal labor for Etna and Stonewall furnaces official in the State of Virginia or elsc--one in Georgia and the other near where who owes his appointment to the by in Alabama. But a cute and influence of Senator Mahone will be devlish fellow built his saloon right in office. The announcement of this on the line an kept his whiskey fact will bring joy to many applicants. behind the counter in Alabama, and sorrow to the holders of the offices. and his customers drank it from in Virginia who admit that they have a counter in Georgia. Alabama already held office longer than they ex-

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In order to meet a natural inquiry in regard to our professional and personal standing, and to give increased confidence in our statements and in the genuiness of our testimonials and reports of cases, we print the above card from gentlemen well and widely known and of the highest personal character. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," con-taining a history of the discovery of and mode of action of this remarkable corative agent, and a large record of surprising cures