Easley Messenger.

TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.

VOL. 1.] EASLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1884. [NO. 39.

Entered at the Postoffice at Easley S. C., as Second Class Matter.

J. R. HAGOOD, Editor and Prop'r.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, strictly in advance.....$1.00
Six months " " 65

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square (1 inch) 1 insertion.....75c
Each subsequent insertion.....40c
Liberal discount on contracts or by the column, half or quarter column.
Marriage notices free and solicited.
Obituaries over 12 lines charged for.
Correspondents, to insure attention, must give their full address.
We are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.
All communications for the paper must be addressed to the Editor; business letters to the Publisher of the MESSENGER, Easley, S. C.

DON'T YOU TELL.

If you have a cheerished secret,
Don't you tell.
Not your friend—for his tympanum
Is a bell,
Which its echoes, wide rebounding,
Multiplied and far resounding,
Don'tyou tell.

If yourself you connot keep it,
Then who can?
Could you more except of any
Other man?
Yet you put him, if he tells it—
If he gives away or sells it—
Under ban.

Sell your gems to any buyer
In the mart;
Of your wealth to feed the hungry
Spare a part,
Blessings on the open pocket,
But your secret—keep it, lock it
In your heart.

BILL ARP.

What are the Poor Girls of the Country to do.

[From Atlanta Constitution.]

"What shall we do with our girls?" I have heard a good many fathers ask that question! I don't mean rich fathers who have no anxiety about their daughters, but I allude to folks in the middle walks of life whose daughters have had an education and the father has nothing else to give them. What is a poor girl to do when she quits school or comes home from college. It is right hard for her to descend from the beautiful heights of astronomy and the fields of history and botany and the chambers of music down to the drudgery of housekeeping and sewing and darning and patching old clothes. But suppose she is a good dutiful girl and is willing to do that and more, the question is what does it amount to and can't she do better? Can't she take hold of something that will excite her ambition and interest her and make her some money? Girls are just human and they do not marry and whose fathers are poor will need some money after awhile when the roses begin to fade, the roses on their cheeks. Some are independent enough to go to millinery and dressmaking but this gives employment to but a few. Some paint flowers and do fancy work and sell what they make, but not many have the gift of genius in that line and so the question still comes up what can the clever country girls do to make a living for themselves and feel independent?

Not long ago I was over in Eastern North Carolina and I found the question answered in some places. I found some nice well educated girls cultivating small fruits and vegetables for market. They didn't plow the ground but they planted and hoed and weeded and gathered the crop. I saw an acre of strawberries that two sisters had planted and they made a frolic of it, that is, they went at it with a will and took a lively happy interest in it, and they gathered 4,000 quarts and said they would get a thousand more, and they packed them in the little baskets and the baskets into crates and sent them North and their sales had averaged 30 cents a quart. Their total expenses for hire of help and cost of baskets and freight to market was $200 and this left a thousand for their work and watching and constant care. Well those girls are proud and independent. Their father had five acres and he was making money—a good deal of money. I never saw a nicer business nor one so simple and sure. The land was poor and sandy. The rows three feet apart, when the plants get well set a plow opens a furrow close by on each side and this furrow is near filled with cotton seed and then the earth is thrown back on the cotton seed, after that the vines are mulched with pine straw and that is all. I nevr saw vines as small or berries as numerous. I counted 240 on one plant. They laid on one another. This vine had been picked three times and there were 240 left. They frequently picked a quart from 3 plants and left many not ripe. They pick till 8 o'clock in the morning and the girls averaged 15 quarts by that time. They begin at 4 in the afternoon and get 15 quarts more. When they hire pickers they pay 2½ cents a quart to girls and 2 cents to boys for the girls are more careful and do not mash the berries nor spill them and do not eat every big nice one they come across.

But this is not all. These girls have got a crop of raspberries just behind and they will make two or three hundred dollars off of them and gooseberries and talk about going into potatoes and beans and beans and grapes and all that. Well, why not. Fruit growing is a nice business for girls and so is raising vegetables. Those girls have the advantage of ours for the market is nearer, but I have never seen the time that nice strawberries couldn't be sold at home for 20 cents, and that will make lots of money. And then again the exercise is so good for their health, and the occupation is so cleanly and delicate and suits their nimble and delicate fingers so well. Woman was the first to pick the fruit and I have always thought she ought to have been forgiven, for her first thought when she found the fruit good was to give her husband some. But he like an old rascal went and laid all the blame on her and tried to get out of the scrape. Now there is a chance for our girls to make some money. Let them try a small patch, say one-fourth of an acre. Plant in August and have a good crop of fruit next spring. It can be done. I heard a Nashville man say that two years ago there was no such business around Nashville as growing berries for Northern markets but now there was 150 bushels shipped a day from one town, the town of Franklin, and they netted 20 cents a quart, or $6 a bushel, and the girls did most of the work. I wish the dear creatures were all rich enough to live without work and only had to work when they felt like it, and I never see ladies of culture and refinement doing drudgery but what it shocks my humanity and I want a society established for the prevention of cruelty to angels. But work is the common lot for man and for woman too, and I reconk they are happier for it.

I was ruminating over these things to-day when I met Sanford Bell on the train. Sanford the old reliable conductor whom everybody knows and everybody loves, and we got to talking about the times and the crops, and when I mentioned John H. James and his bust up, Sanford said yes, that is mighty bad on James and bad on the poor fellows who had their money in his bank. He had a thousand dollars there he said, a thousand dollars the savings of ten years, and now he had to take a new start, and his plans and his hopes were broken up, for he was going to take $200 of that money and send Clifford to Moore's business college and the $800 was for his daughter who had been so good and worked so willingly and faithfully at home, and he had picked out a nice little place to the rents, but the money was gone and the prospects was bad, very bad.

After telling me of the dark side he brightened up and said, "Well, I won't give up too soon for Mr. James failed in 1873 and he owed me $500 then and he paid it in full interest and allowed me a premium of 12 per cent for my gold, just what it was worth when I put my gold in there, although it was worth only 4 per cent premium when he paid it back. He is a good man, James is, and will do the best he can and he can't do any more. Some folks abuse him for speculating on our money but I notice they never abuse a man until he has had bad luck and breaks. James speculated in Georgia railroad stock two years ago and made, they say, $100,000 and everybody smiled and said James was long-headed, not one said a word against him, but now they abuse him for being a speculator.

About this time we met the down train and the engineer, Mr. Adams, came up to Sanford and said, "what's the news, my friend; will we ever get anything?"

And Sanford cheered him up a little and then told me that Adams had $2,500 in there, and it was his hard earnings in cold and heat and winter and and summer and day and night, while he stood at his post of duty, which is the the post of danger.

Well, all this is bad, very bad, and there are many worse cases. Sanford told me about them and said he was sorrier for some others than he was for himself.

"But then," said he, "Mr. James is young enough and smart enough to rise again and I believe he will do it, and I'm not going to say a word to hurt his feelings or harass him, for he has load enough to carry now and my wife says I will get that money some day; she has faith and she cheers me up when I am down, and that is what a good wife always does. She believes that money earned honestly is not going to be lost.

"What have you done about your claim," said I. "Nothing, there is nothing to do that I know of. I gave the certificate to Mr. James and said, 'I have heard about your troubles and I thought I would bring you this and let you manage it for you know better how to do it than the lawyers or anybody else.'"

Well, I wish everybody had as much faith and charity as Sonford Bell. I reckon his boy will get to the college some way, and if his daughter will go to raising strawberries, I think she will make the 800 back in two or three years. I