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said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, as remarkable for originality as for brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her; it will be worth trying."

It is useless to combat the tender passion; so at last he felt at Helen's feet, figuratively speaking and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her declaration of unworthiness, "how you would appear in society."

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, as yet, at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked still more beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed in the absence of all jewelry in her simple white robe she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon blazing with light, her heart faltered.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? I can't bear the thought; but should he have a husband to be honored, and he shall be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl resplendent with diamonds, she curled her lips, and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled, and drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, and wondered how he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone, when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly-formed creature, with haughty features. Ill-concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced at Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice.

Helen's eyes sparkled; her face flashed indignantly. He was gone at a distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. —?" asked the haughty belle. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companions. "Come, I myself will lead you to the piano."

Look! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken sentence arrested; the cold ear and head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! such breadth, depth and vigorous tones. Who is she! She plays like an angel!

"Who can she be?"

She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife.

"How well she talks! Who would have thought it! He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

"Tell me," said he, when they were alone, "what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen, then folded in her husband's arms, she added, "I am that little rustic that you had rather die than wed."

LOCAL EMIGRATION TO NORTH CAROLINA.

Our agency is encouraged by the following article taken from the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, of November 24th, 1876. Consider how the heaven is working, and our agency is beginning to realize the vast proportions of its future work.

The pioneers were sent on, and their reports being favorable, crowds now follow to Western North Carolina.

The plans which have for some time been maturing for planting a Western Massachusetts colony in North Carolina are about completed, and the first installation of colonists, numbering some 12 families, will start about the first week in December. Some 100 more are expected to follow. Four or five families are going from this city, some from Chocoma, four from Natick, and four young men go from Northampton to engage in stock-raising.

The present intention of the managers is to locate in Burke county, directly on the line of the Western North Carolina railroad, and to build up a Northern village about seven miles East of Morganton. The colony has the refusal of a tract of 24,000 acres in a body, of which 19,000 acres is very heavy white pine timber, at \$2.50 per acre. It is their intention to clear up a portion of the forest, and engage both in miscellaneous farming and lumbering. It is hoped to take along machinery for saw, planing and shingle mills, and eventually to ship pine lumber to New York. The freight is \$15 on 100 feet from Morganton to New York, but the quality is so far superior to that now in market, that it is believed a good business can be built up. The region is believed to be rich in undeveloped minerals, but these do not enter into the present calculations of the colonists. The Northampton men have already rented a stock "range" of 23,000 acres of Maj. Wilson of Morganton, an ex-confederate soldier, said to own 100,000 acres, and will engage in raising cattle, sheep and mules. Cattle can live out-of-doors all winter, as the ground never freezes enough to prevent plowing, and

she never lies on more than a day. New-milch cows in that region sell for about \$20, a yoke of steers old enough to work for \$75, and horses and mules from \$160 upward. Butter is quoted at 13 1/2 cents, eggs 12 cents, chickens 15 cents apiece, pigs \$1 each, and a saddle of venison \$1. The state of society is reported good, and Northern men who went out, four years ago, say they have never met with any trouble on account of their political principles. Indeed, the Yankees find their best friends among the former secessionists. Chances to take farms are very plenty, on the most advantageous terms. An instance of this is seen in the case of an up-river tobacco-farmer, who lost everything in the panic of '73, and went to Salisbury, N. C., the same year, with hardly money enough to pay his freight bills. Hiring a little place on the edge of the town, he bought a cow and began selling milk about the village, in New England fashion, a thing unheard of in that land. Then he bought standing wood, cut it and peddled it—another innovation—and so kept on for two years, getting out of debt and making money, till an old planter, who had watched the Franklin county boy with great admiration, came and offered to lease him his homestead of 100 acres on his own terms.

The Yankee accepted the offer, and both are making money. Hundreds of planters in that section would be only too glad to rent their farms to New England men of like enterprise. Another party who went from Williamstown and vicinity, some four years since and settled on the line of the North Carolina and Atlantic road, near Goldsboro, are very enthusiastic in praise of the climate, people and chances for business. Some of these people are running a shingle mill, and report an excellent home market. The Southerners, especially the ex-rebels, are very friendly and anxious for Northern immigration. None of the party ever hesitated to avow their Republican principles, nor were they ever molested or frowned on therefore. Plenty of old plantations can be bought for almost a song. One of 100 acres, 500 heavy timber, with a nice house, but a few miles from Goldsboro, was lately sold for \$3,000, and others can be had at similar rates. The reason is, that the people there have no money, and Northern capitalists are as yet afraid to invest.—*Springfield Republican*.

The *Republican* has overdrawn this picture in one point, at least, i. e., when it says "the ground never freezes enough to prevent plowing, and snow never lies on it more than a day." This is too mild for this latitude and Morganton is about 80 miles farther West.—It is true we often have very mild winters, but generally it exceeds in severity the Republican's idea, and it is always necessary to afford protection to stock during winter if we desire to keep them in good order.

RICH SOUTHERN MINING DISTRICTS—GEORGIA AND NORTH CAROLINA THE NEW ELDO-RADO.

A special correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* writing to that paper from this city under date of December 6th, gives the following interesting information concerning the mining districts of this State and Georgia. He says:

The mining districts of North Carolina and Georgia are again attracting attention. Since 1847 the gold discoveries in California have caused the Southern mines to be neglected or abandoned altogether, and still later, the rebellion drove away Northern capital and retarded developments. The return of peace has set the army of prospectors and miners again in motion, and over the hills and down deep in the valleys of Georgia and the Carolinas the pick of the miner is heard in quest of the glittering gold.

The Centennial has done much towards bringing these rich mineral deposits to the knowledge of scientific men and capitalists from the Pacific coast. After a critical investigation these gentlemen have given it as their deliberate verdict that Northern Georgia and Western North Carolina are rich in gold and silver, to say nothing of other minerals in which they abound. Near Dahlonega, Georgia, more than 60 stamp mills are now in operation, and there are several others in White and Hart counties in the same State. In addition to these workings, from which they often realize as much as \$12 per day, silver ore, assayed 76 per cent, is being mined near Gainesville, Georgia, but the neighborhood of Charlotte, North Carolina is, just now, monopolizing the most attention, where rich and continuous veins of gold and silver-bearing quartz are now being worked on an extensive scale. In this district are found the famous Capps Mine and McGinn Mine. As far back as 1853 the latter was worked by an English company, some of the ore yielding sixty-one per cent in metallic copper. I learn that this valuable property is about to be worked on a large scale by a company of Northern capitalists. Crossing the Catawba river, this same rich vein is traced, and it has been worked to some extent since 1829. At this point is located the famous King's Mountain Mine, from which gold to the extent of \$2,000,000 has been extracted, as appears from the records of the United States Mint at Charlotte and Philadelphia. Though not as rich as some others, the ore here is inexhaustible in quantity, measuring thirty feet in thickness. Tellurium ores have been found in this mine, and to experts this is an infallible sign of "richness." Another good sign in the King's Mountain Mine is that the ore is richer as the shaft descends. It is now being worked at a depth of 200 feet, but good jacks, like Dr. Genth, of Phila-

phia, believe that a depth of 1,500 feet marvellous wealth lies hidden.

The vein is said to be the largest yet found on this continent, with the single exception of the Bonanza vein at Virginia City, Nevada. The advantages offered for investments in this district are not excelled anywhere, and capitalists contemplating embarking in this profitable enterprise should consult Professor Genth, of the University of Pennsylvania, in your city. He is thoroughly familiar with the mineral resources of North Carolina, and can furnish valuable assistance in the selection of properties for mining purposes.

CLARK. SUPPOSE HAMPTON ARRESTED!

A Northern View of the Absurdity of Chamberlain's Force Bill.

[From the New York Herald.]

The Chamberlain government in South Carolina seems to be doing its best to provoke an outbreak, but is not likely to succeed. There is a rumor that it is the intention of Governor Chamberlain to cause the arrest of Gen. Hampton on a charge of treason, and an special report indicates that in case the attempt should be made by any force other than that of United States troops it would be resisted.

The Mackey House has passed a law declaring that any persons setting up a government or claiming to be a government against the legally elected government of the State, shall be adjudged guilty of treason, and imposing very heavy penalties in fine and imprisonment. All who aid or abet in the offence are subjected to similar punishment. But such a law, or the arrest of Gen. Hampton with or without such a law, would be futile. The question would still remain, Which is the regular and legally elected government? The State courts alone can decide this, unless the State is put under the military rule of the United States. Suppose Gen. Hampton should be arrested? He would be taken before the courts on a writ of habeas corpus and released. There would be no necessity for forcible resistance. Suppose the Mackey House law should be passed by the Senate and signed by the Governor? The courts would pronounce it waste paper and no law at all. It is true the Mackey House and Governor Chamberlain threaten to turn out the judges of the Supreme Court and put in creatures of their own, but this would excite such general indignation that it could scarcely be carried out.

The 4th of March next would terminate the outrage if Governor Hayes should then be in the Presidential chair. The friends of General Hampton have only to keep the peace under any and all circumstances, and to let the law take its course.

Admirable Behavior of the Southern Leaders—Will President Grant Recognize It?

It can no longer be said that the representative men of the South are Bourbons if that name implies men who "forget nothing and learn nothing." No political leaders ever evinced a better aptitude for profiting by experience. The wisdom moderation and loyalty of the Southern members of Congress and other exponents of Southern opinion in this critical and exciting conjuncture ought to be met in a similar spirit by the President and by all good citizens. We attribute this praiseworthy attitude to the manliness of the Southern character, which has always scorned trick, subterfuge and bluster.—After President Lincoln's election they disdained to cripple his administration by political manoeuvres as they might easily have done with a democratic majority in both houses of Congress. Instead of this they withdrew their Senators and Representatives, reducing their friends, the democrats, to a minority, and leaving the republicans in full possession of the government. They could not compromise their character for sincerity. Having determined to secede they took their measures boldly and relinquished the advantages they possessed for thwarting Mr. Lincoln by adverse legislation. As soon as their military power was broken by the fall of Richmond they promptly accepted the situation, making no attempt to prolong the contest by a guerilla war, which would have caused the North great trouble, expense and exhaustion.—After a manly fight they made a manly submission. Not a sword has been lifted nor a musket discharged against the federal government since, notwithstanding provocations trying to the temper of freedom. Their creditable bearing in this crisis is, therefore in keeping with the character for directness and sincerity which our civil troubles.—*New York Herald*.

Thieves Overtaken.

We have information to the effect that the man who stole Stewart's mules was followed by him into Lancaster county, S. C., and found in the house of two white men, and the mules in the stable belonging to the white men. The negro who stole the mules made his escape, being aided by the white men in whose house he was stopping, and under the same roof with the white men. It is suspected and believed that the headquarters of the horse thieves have been found, and proper steps have been taken for the capture of the white men alluded to as well as the negro. The mules belonging to the negroes that had been traded for Stewart's mules were turned over by Mr. Stewart to parties to convey to their owners in Lancaster county.—*Charlotte Observer*.

A COMMITTEE EN ROUTE.

Messrs. W. C. Troy, of Cumberland, and I. F. Dortch, of Wayne, committee on the part of the Senate, and G. M. Rose, of Cumberland, one of the committee on the part of the House to investigate the affairs of the Western North Carolina Railroad and of the Western Insane Asylum as well, arrived in this city last evening, en route to the scenes of their investigation. They leave at noon to-day and will be met at Salisbury to-night by J. S. Henderson, Esq., of Rowan, and up the road by G. W. Spake, Esq., of Jackson, who make out the committee of two on the part of the Senate, and three on the part of the House. These gentlemen are not greatly taken with the idea of spending their Christmas holidays away from home, but the State demands it of them, and they very cheerfully assent.—*Ral. News*.

Death of the Grand Niece of Daniel Boone.

Mrs. Jermina Setzer, whose grandfather was a brother of Daniel Boone, died last Saturday night, at her residence near Lenoir. She was ninety-one years old, was a woman of unusual strength of intellect and character, and was noted also for her goodness of heart. She was never out of the county in which she was born and raised; she is the last of a long line of our oldest citizens.—*Lenoir Topic*.

Convicts Sent to the Western N. C. Railroad.

Yesterday morning 50 additional convicts were sent out under a sufficient guard for the work on the Western North Carolina Railroad. Three from Sampson and two from Cumberland, just arrived at the penitentiary yesterday morning, were not put in their cells at all, but had no sooner donned their striped suits than they were sent right off with the party.—*Ral. News*.

We understand that a great number of those persons indicted for failure to take out license and list purchases, failed at last term of court to renew their bonds, and are now liable for the additional costs of a *seca* for their old bonds. We are authorized to say that all who pay \$2.92 between now and the 1st of January next, will be discharged without further cost and the cases will be put off the docket. The \$2.92 may be paid to the clerk or sheriff.—*Ral. News*.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

He who does not appreciate floral beauty is to be pitied like a man who is born imperfect. It is a misfortune not unlike blindness. When one can look upon the simple wild rose and feel no pleasure his taste has been corrupted. Even a very common flower adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor and to the multitudes who could have no share of the fragrance were nature to charge a price for her blossoms.

JUDGE FOWLE ON THE PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEM.

The fast train yesterday morning brought to this town Judge Fowle of Raleigh, on his way home from Washington, where he had been summoned by a Senate Committee to be interviewed touching the reported ineligibility of Mr. Glenn, one of the Tilden electors from this State. It seems, however, that Chandler, Morton & Co., had become thoroughly satisfied that there was no foundation for the report, and the subject had been dismissed long before the Judge arrived at Washington.

Judge Fowle is of the opinion that our prospects have brightened very much within the past week, and that, indeed, Gov. Tilden's prospects improve with each day. He relates conversations which he had with a number of leading Democratic and Republican Congressmen and others of prominence, and comes to the conclusion that the reports from the several Congressional Committees now in the three disputed States will quietly settle the matter.

Our Democratic friends in Washington represent to be very hopeful that Tilden and Hendricks will both be inaugurated. They are in no mood to surrender the honestly gained victory, yet counsel nothing like revolutionary measures. They believe that Tilden and Hendricks have been fairly and legally elected by much more than the necessary majority in the electoral college, and will use all available Constitutional means to secure them the possession of the offices.

The Democrats feel confident that the result of the investigations now going on in Louisiana and Florida will give both these States to Tilden and Hendricks on the final count. The many letters from Gen. Francis C. Barlow, one of the most thoroughgoing of the Republicans sent down to inspect the result in Florida, leaves no doubt that the Tilden electors were lawfully chosen in that State. The letter has encouraged the Democrats, while the Republicans feel correspondingly depressed. Judge Fowle thinks that if the result of the Investigating Committee shall demonstrate the alleged frauds on the part of the Returning Boards, many of the more honest Republicans would join the Democrats in declaring Tilden elected. He thinks there are more independent thinkers on the Republican side than would be imagined.—*Goldsboro Messenger*.

Sale of Bonds—A Good Showing for Charlotte.

At the court house door, on Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, C. F. Harrison, City Auctioneer, sold four \$100 bonds of the city of Charlotte, bearing 6 per cent interest, and due 1876, for 99 1/2 cents on the dollar. A \$500 North Carolina State bond, issued in 1858, for the construction of the Western North Carolina railroad, and due in 1875, and bearing 6 per cent interest, brought only \$50 (ten cents on the dollar); the sale of the latter, was, however, withdrawn. This is not much of a showing for our State, but a very remarkable one for the city. From all that we can learn, there is no city in the South which can equal us in this respect. Our city debt is smaller, in proportion to its size, than that of any city in the State by at least one half, if we remember correctly, and less than the debt of any Southern city whose business we have any knowledge.—*Charlotte Observer*.

She Wouldn't Speak to Him.

When a young Chicago man came down stairs the other morning, he remembered that his wife, who was preparing breakfast, had not spoken to him when she got up, so he said cheerfully: "Good morning little lady."

Not a word came in reply. "Good morning," said he again, in a higher key, thinking she might not have heard him before.

"Um—m—m" was all that escaped from her sealed lips, as she kept on with her work.

"Why under the sun don't you answer me?" he exclaimed in surprise. "What's the matter? What have I done to offend you?"

"Um—m—m" was still the only sound elicited.

"Look here!" then exclaimed the husband, as he jumped up and knocked over a cup of coffee; "I don't swallow a mouthful of this breakfast until you tell me what's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" echoed she, suddenly turning upon him with flashing eyes. And then she continued: "John Adell Smithson, the next time that I dream I see you kissing another woman, I—I—I will leave this house—boo-hoo!"

None but the eye of Omniscience can pass a fair and just judgment on the issue of life. Our unfaithfulness is great, our sins greater, but God's mercies greater than both.

STEPHENS AND THE FLAG.

[Special to the Chicago Times.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—"Mr. Speaker!" rang out a shrill, high-pitched voice above the din and clamor of the early opening of to-day's session of the House. Mr. Randall turned toward Alexander H. Stephens with a prompt courtesy, in answer to the shrill voice, and said: "The gentleman from Georgia." Every one turned at once toward the black-eyed ghost of a man sitting so quietly buried in his overcoat, with a silk hat of several winters perched rakishly upon his wise looking head. Mr. Stephens moved his skeleton right hand, encased in a brown cotton glove, as he said: "I have a resolution which I desire to send up to the clerk's desk—a resolution, which I desire to have read and put upon its passage."

An awful silence fell upon the house assembly. Perhaps the Georgia ghost had evolved some new scheme for saving the country, and every one craned his neck and carefully crooked his ears as the clerk began to read. Stephens meanwhile remaining grim and impassive. The clerk read, and then every one smiled a sulky smile of disappointment. It was a resolution declaring that Mr. John Chaney should be paid \$3.50 a day for performing the arduous task of hoisting the American flag every day upon the house side.—Chaney's pay has been stopped on account of the exhaustion of the special appropriation; hence this resolution. It was passed. Said one member in a whisper to a friend: "Can you doubt that the South is reconstructed when the ex-Vice President of the Southern Confederacy appears here asking pay for the man whose sole duty it is to propel on high the gay American flag, where it can flaunt its gaudy face in the morning breeze?" Alexander H. Stephens gave a sigh of relief as the resolution passed. "Dick!" he called out in a testy whisper. A burly negro came from the cloak room and gathered up Stephens in his burly arms, carried him out to a light invalid chair where two stout servants seized upon the Georgia ghost, placed him on a level with their shoulders, and bore him from the hall. It was Mr. Stephens' first legislative act in the forty-fourth congress.

Look Out.

We understand that a great number of those persons indicted for failure to take out license and list purchases, failed at last term of court to renew their bonds, and are now liable for the additional costs of a *seca* for their old bonds. We are authorized to say that all who pay \$2.92 between now and the 1st of January next, will be discharged without further cost and the cases will be put off the docket. The \$2.92 may be paid to the clerk or sheriff.—*Ral. News*.

Important Arrest.

Night before last about 1 o'clock, Mr. J. M. Kendrick arrested a negro man who called himself Adolphus Dinkins, but who is known in this city as Humphries Davidson, upon the charge of having committed the rape on Mrs. Beatty, last August. Davidson has been suspected for some time but has managed to elude arrest until now. He was arrested at the house of Mr. Kell, in Leck Meckleburg, and is said to have just come from Santee in South Carolina, where he is accused of having committed a crime of the same character, upon the person of a white lady there, and which he has confessed. Our informant seems to think that it is he the brute who committed the horrible crime upon Mrs. Beatty, and that lady it is said will visit him in jail to day, for the purpose of identifying him.—*Charlotte Observer*.

HORSE STEALING.

The amount of horse stealing which has been going on throughout this section of country during the last week or ten days, is positively alarming, and compels the belief that there is a band of negroes regularly organized for the purpose of committing these thefts, and that they aid each other in making their escapes. Within the last several days there have been four stolen horses recovered in this city, but thus far only one of the thieves has been caught. In every instance except one, they have managed to trade the stolen horses off for others which they sell and then depart.

On Monday evening while Mr. A. M. Stewart was at supper two valuable mules were stolen from his stables. The next day he was in the city and found them hitched to a cotton wagon, belonging to two negroes, named respectively R. D. Mobley and Joseph Tiltman, and representing themselves to be from South Carolina. They were arrested but proved that they had traded for them from a party the night before, who from the description appears to be a well known negro in Sharon township, who has not been heard of since.

On Friday night the Sh. Mr. R. L. Simpson, of this county had a horse stolen from a back lot in the city, and in a few days afterwards found it at the house of a negro who said that he "picked up" the horse on the big road. He was not arrested.

About two weeks ago Mr. M. B. Biggam, of Providence township also lost a horse which disappeared from his stable, and Tuesday he found him in possession of two men from Ireddell, who proved that they had purchased the horse from a negro a short time after the theft is said to have been committed.

Tuesday a party from Lancaster, identified a valuable horse which had been stolen a short time before, in the possession of a negro by the name of Jim Edwards, who proved that he had bought him from another negro by the name of Jesse Thompson for the sum of \$15. Thompson was arrested and lodged in jail.

It is well known that there is a large number of negroes in the city who have no visible means of support and who live entirely on what they can steal. Last year they practiced highway robbery and sneak thieving, and this year they have taken to horse stealing. The only means at our command for preventing this, is a rigid enforcement of the vagrant law.—*Char. Observer*.

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ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY JAMES LESTER.

"You are mistaken; I would rather die than to marry a mere country girl."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, full of natural poetry, tenderhearted, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple, loving creature?"

"O," said Fred, laughing, "choice selection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in literature and music, with no soul above churns, and knitting needles I would not marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving. Hidden by the trunk of a tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, he whispered in visible trepidation, "Do you think she heard me?"

"No," rejoined the other audibly, "She has not even looked from her book. You are safe."

Leaning on one white arm, the old oak tree in the background, flowers streaked around her, she sat quite at ease apparently unconscious that two handsome young men were near her.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the stamp of faultless elegance, Fredic Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived?

With an innocent smile the young lady looked up. "Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," she said rising in a graceful and charming manner. "The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, there is where we live."

Fred replied with a very graceful bow.

"Tell your father that I will do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow. He will remember me—Fredric Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him," said Helen, touching her sleeves around her pretty arms, and making rather a formal courtesy. "Then, catching up her books and gathering the scattered flowers she hurried home."

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl bounding into the room where the family were at supper, so sure as you live, that Mr. Lane you spoke so much about is in the village. He will call here to-morrow, the finest specimen of a city beau, as of course, he will be, all sentiment, faultless in kid and dickey important and self assured as one of the kind can possibly be. Promise me, all of you, that you will not hiss one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will not know, and if you, sis, will be quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work-box you have coveted so long.

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse, but what's the reason?"

"Oh, that's my own business," said Helen, dancing out of the room.

Helen sat at the open window, where roses thrust their blushing buds, making bath shade and sweet fragrance. The canary overhead burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on long blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit most admirably; are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite; I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of books and papers, but not a page, yellow or red, repaid his search."

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a sanctified air.

"What books permit me to ask?"

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All of course not—yet what do you not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance, the most thrilling pathos; blushing and recollecting herself, she added in a manner as childish as it had before been dignified: "As for other books, let me see what I have got in my library; there's the *Primmer*, counting on her fingers, *Second Class Reader*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Nursery Tales*, two or three elements of something, *Biography of some person or other*, *Mother's Magazine*, and *King William III*. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I do not know as much as those who have been to