

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XI.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 5, 1890.

NO 16

## HESTER DARE'S TRIAL.

Yesterday she had been a gay, romping young girl, without a care or trouble. Now there was a sorrowful thoughtfulness on the sweet face, a line of anguish drawn about the pretty, firm looking mouth.

"Oh! I wish I had never met Ernest," she cried, burying her face in her hands and throwing herself down on the lounge in the cold moon-lighted gallery, sweet with honeysuckles and multiflora roses. The words had scarcely escaped her lips, when a step sounded on the walk and a cheery voice said:

"Good evening little Hester," then in a lower tone, as the dark face bent over hers, and the handsome, stalwart man took both the little hands in his: "My little Hester, isn't she?"

She shook her head in weary dejection.

"Not mine, not my promised wife? have you forgotten your promise, Hester?"

She lifted her white, tear-stained face and sad gray eyes to his.

"You have forgotten yours, Ernest," she said, her voice resolute and solemn, despite its thrill of pain and tenderness. "No, I am not yours. I cannot be. Do not ask me why—you know. Oh, Ernest, God knows I love you, and have been true to you; but our dream is over. I will give you back your ring, and to-night we must say good-bye forever to dear old days, I will never marry any one, Ernest; I will always love you, and pray for you, but we must meet no more," and then she closed her eyes to keep out the sight of his pained face—the face of the man she loved above everything on earth, but could no longer trust.—He stood silent and thoughtful, leaning against the vine-wreathed portico, his features blanched with despair, his dark, eloquent eyes full of anguish, as he gazed down on the drooping face. For a long time he did not speak, but when he did, there was a world of tenderness and prayer-like entreaty, in the low, rich voice.

"Hester, darling, don't drive me from you. Don't doom me to desperation. If you desert me, I will go to the bad without hope. Look up; let me see your sweet eyes; you can't care for me as I do for you. 'Oh, Hester, Hester, I love you so devotedly; how can I give you up? Won't you trust me a little longer? I do try to resist temptation, God knows I do, but I believe last night God's hand was against me. Darling, can't you trust me once more?"

He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face close to his own, so handsome and eloquent with its deep, earnest pleading; but she put off the caress gently, almost lovingly, and said in a wistful but resolute tone:

"Ernest, I have trusted you. I have believed in you since I was a child; have always been looking forward to the time when you would stand up before the world a sober, reformed man, as the happiest, proudest moment of my life. I would not care to give up my own happiness for yours, but I cannot think of leaving my old gray-haired father, and helpless little brothers, for a man who does not esteem my love above the wine cup and card table. Ernest, if you try you can do what is right. God has placed your destiny into your own hands—it is with you whether you will be a man or a—Oh! Ernest, it is hard, but we must part."

She put out her hand and touched his cold as marble; for a moment he held it in a vice-like grip, then dropped it and said in a voice husky with emotion and cold despair:

"You are right, Hester, I am a wretched unfit for your lover. I will go away and never trouble you again."

He turned off, but her pleading eyes disarmed his anger. "Hester, darling, forgive me; pray for me; I am going away to try to be a man. Say God bless you, and that you won't forget me."

"God bless and help you, my best love. I will never forget you; I will pray for you every hour," she said in a passionate whisper with her arms about his neck. Then she withdrew from his embrace and turned away. The next moment she was alone with her crushed heart, kneeling there in

the moonlight—too wretched for the relief of tears.

She felt that her gay, happy girlhood had slipped away from her forever; that she was a woman with a woman's grief upon her—and a woman's strength gathering and growing to combat it. That night as she prayed in the silence of her room, an electric current of strength seemed to flow into her being; life seemed suddenly to broaden before her; selfish aims and hopes dropped from her and a new impulse was born within her soul. Before the crumbling altar of her fallen idol, she consecrated her life anew; father, brothers and God, she would live now for them. So she began her new life, the life of duty, sweetened by the feeling of being of use to others—the life of work, of self-forgetting. None of the loved ones at home knew, or even thought of the weary, aching heart she carried about with her in her every-day work. No one dreamed that the sweetest hope of all had faded out of her life. She was to them always "an ever present help," ready, pains-taking, even cheerful; filling their lives with happiness, their home with sunshine. Her mother had died two years ago, since which time all her cares and responsibilities had fallen on Hester's young shoulder.—They had weighed heavily too, but she had hitherto been buoyed with the thought of Ernest's love. She had had his pleasant visits to look forward to, to make her troubles brighter, her hard, monotonous life less barren. Now this was all gone, but because it was all gone, because this bright dream had faded, must she sit down with folded hands and say, "there's nothing for me to do; no hope, no goal in the future; my life-dream is over, my heart is broken!" No, no, her brave, loving heart did not break.

There was father, and there were brothers Rex, Lester, Eugene and Jamie; she would do all in her power to make them happy and good. So, with the tenderest care she studied the four bright young faces around her, and tried with all a woman's skill to make them contented with their humble little home. She instituted little games of amusement, little home reading clubs; sweet, simple allurement about the fireside; thus making home more attractive to restless, wayward little hearts.

Her greatest ambition was to make her father happy, her next that her brothers should grow up good, useful, intelligent men, and her last that she might earn something with her pen, to assist her father and educate the boys. Their little home and farm was mortgaged, her father was growing old, too old to work; the boys were young. Hester saw that she was needed—felt that something must be done, so she went to work in earnest, applied her self with energy to her studies, tried and tried, and tried again; did not stop for one failure, nor two, nor three, but kept right on and would not give up.

Owing to her limited education she experienced many difficulties, some of which seemed almost insurmountable, but to Hester Dare's dauntless spirit there was no such word as fail. One day when wearied and almost exhausted by her many cares and trials, there came a letter from Judge Lindron, offering his heart and hand. He was rich; he could help her father; he could assist in educating the boys.

Hester did not write that night, but sat in earnest thought. It was a great temptation, greater than one can imagine who has not felt the stings of poverty and looked hopelessly into the troubled, anxious face of a dear, gray-haired father, watching the furrows growing deeper day by day on his brow. That night she had seen him turn from the coarse food that was all they could afford, with a disrelish he could not hide. That morning she had heard Rex say, with his sweet thoughtfulness, looking away from his old patched clothes: "Father, you must take my money; these clothes will do me this winter." She felt as if she would do anything to save them from this bitter, galling poverty; but now, when she had it in her power to sweeten the bitter dregs, she stopped, and with a woman's conscientious scruples, asked, "Is it right? Is it right to barter my soul for gold,

my heart's purity and freedom for such pleasures as the world can give?"

When she thought of her father free from trouble and hard work; thought of her little brothers graduating with honors at the highest institutions in the land, making proud the heart of her fond old father, she felt that this was worth the sacrifice of herself; but conscience pleaded no, and woman's delicate sense of right and honor revolted at the idea of doing such a wrong, even though good might come of it; so she put away the strong temptation and sat down and wrote Judge Lindron, declining with thanks his proposal. Then she turned back to her own gray life of duty.

And so time went by, until ten years had passed since the girl of seventeen put away her love-dream and parted from her lover in the moonlight, and felt out of the ashes of her desolation new hopes and aims spring to life. And the woman, Hester, has at last realized some of the hopes that were born in that hour. Her father sits in an easy-chair, free from anxiety; the boys have all received good educations and bid fair to be useful men. Each has now his work that he is doing well. They have come out from the hard life of toil into the brighter, broader paths of work, unclouded by anxiety or goaded by necessity. Debt no longer hangs over them. They can enjoy the luxuries of rest and reading, music and occasionally a trip out into the world of change and progress. Their home has many comforts and some luxuries. And it is all due to Hester. She has the joy of knowing that her hand has brought the blessings. By the energy and strength of her own mind, she has lifted herself and those she loves up from the depths to which poverty and misfortune had sunk them. It was a long, weary struggle, but at last light came. She succeeded in getting her book published; it chanced to strike the mood of the hour and brought her money and fame. But her famous book is not her best glory; her pure, unsullied life has been keyed to a higher note than the finest page she has ever written; her best story is that she has lived out in her own home.

Do not think I have overdrawn her character, or made Hester Dare more of a heroine than you or I can be.—She was simply a woman, and had a woman's faults, trials, and proneness to stray sometimes into bright and flowery but forbidden ways—was just as liable to make wrong steps, and had to struggle just as hard and as often against temptation as any one.

It is in the power of every one to find and use the key to her success, for her diligent application was that key, and we believe that God has given every sensible man and woman a work to perform, and has put it in the power of each to live grand, beautiful, useful lives.

But Hester's story is not yet ended. One summer's evening, when the air was heavy with the perfume of sweet June roses, and the glow of a golden sunset bathed the earth, Hester Dare came from out of her pretty home to watch the changing cloud-shapes.

She stood, her delicate face flushed with admiration, her gray eyes full of beautiful thoughts, until the wreathing clouds had faded into sombre masses and she was alone with the deepening twilight.

The spell of the past came over her, tears gathered unconsciously in the eyes that still looked out to the darkening west.

From seventeen to twenty-seven had been a long, long time, but through it she had silently borne her life-cross; had put away the woman's yearning tenderness, and sought to fill its place with strength for work and duty. No other love had taken the place of that she had veiled out of sight. But of late, when her duty to others seemed in a measure fulfilled, the old dull aching had begun—the tender reverting to the past, the memory of tones and looks that had filled her young life with sweetness. It came over her now with over-mastering power, and all her soul was filled with longing. Useless now to her seemed the crown of success she had won.

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest," she cried in

low, thrilling tones of yearning and tenderness, as she stretched her arms out towards the purple distance.

The passionate invocation had been heard, a step approaching on the velvet sward paused, and a tall man trembled with emotion, as he caught his name breathed by the woman he loved and revered. Then he stepped forward eagerly.

"My darling, I am here; you have redeemed my life. It belongs to you, take it?"

He held out his arms entreatingly; a moment after she was clasped in their embrace and was listening with grateful joy to the words that told her of his long struggle with himself in a far western land, how fierce had been the trial, and only the memory of her face, as he had seen it last, her parting words, had enabled him to gain the victory over evil tendencies. But he had conquered at last, and then he had gone on the true way and made him a reputation—a name for honor and industry and ability. He had achieved a competence too, and he had come back, bearing the highest credentials from the best men among whom he had lived and worked, and who were glad to testify to his high standing, his stainless integrity and his business capacity.

"I owe it to you, my darling," he said, as they sat in the light of the rising moon. "Had you taken me as I was, I would have ruined both our lives. Until I found that either you or wine must be given up and felt what life would be without you, I didn't realize the dangerous gulf I stood upon, and I could not have struggled as I have done to free myself from the enslaving habit. Your resolute, calm refusal woke me up from my charmed sleep. I thank God, my darling, that you were so firm and brave. That alone has given me strength to redeem my manhood."

And we repeat, thank God, that a firm brave woman can stand up amid the ruins of her heart, the jeers of the world, and be true to herself, her conscience and her God.

LEAH MOORE.

## MISCELLANY.

There has been a separation between an up-town lover and his sweetheart. She presented him with her photograph, which he, on his bended knees, swore he would always wear next to his heart. While making his last Sunday evening call, he pulled out his handkerchief from his back pants pocket, when lo! the photograph fell at his lady's feet. She says he is either a liar or his heart is not in the right place.

The editor of the *Macon Telegraph* is in trouble about the boom in nails. He says that unless a collapse of the sharp tricks of the iron trade comes soon, politicians will be hard run. In the past six months the price of nails has risen at the mills from \$2.10 to \$3.20 per keg, and mighty mean nails do that—brittle as glass—will break and break any carpenter's neck who trusts them to uphold a staging. Now, with nails at five dollars and a half per keg, who is to meet the expense of "nailing lies to the counter," after the standard practice of party newspapers? They will have to float round loose.

As \$100,000,000 worth of foreign sugar is annually imported into this country, the sorghum movement is of importance. In the "Cane Growers' Convention," recently held at St. Louis, Mr. Belcher, the official analyst, reported the tests of sorghum had been encouraging and surprising. One association in Peabody, Kansas, has invested \$20,000 in this industry. Another at Crystal Lake, Ill., made forty-five thousand pounds of excellent sugar this season out of inferior juice from largely native canes. Both Congress and the State Legislature will doubtless be asked to give attention to this industry, which however, is able to take care of itself.

How TO CAPTURE COONS.—Daniel Taylor, of Vance township, goes up head on the coon question. A few days ago, while visiting his nets in the mill pond, he paddled his canoe along side an old stump, about two hundred yards distant from the land, and looking in saw two large, fat, raccoons lying in the hollow sunning themselves. He took a string from his pocket and making a running noose, slipped it over the head of one of them and drew him out and killed him with a stick. Then, seizing the other by the hind leg, he drew him out and dispatched him without getting a single scratch—a notable fact, as raccoons are terrible fighters, and never attempt the "possum" business when in close quarters. Both coons were very fat and doubtless had been engaged in the fishing business.—*Kinston Journal*.

## GRAVE OF GEN. LEE'S DAUGHTER.

The grave of Annie Custis Lee, daughter of the dead hero, Gen. R. E. Lee, is located in the northwest corner of White Sulphur Springs Cemetery, in Warren County under a cedar tree. Above the grave has been erected by the patriotic citizens of Warren a beautiful monument of native gray granite, upon which is inscribed:

"Annie C. Lee, daughter of Gen. R. E. and Mary Custis Lee.

"Born at Arlington, June 18th, 1839, and died at the White Sulphur Springs, Warren county, N. C., October 20th, 1862."

"Perfect and true are all his ways, Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

Rabbit skins are packed in bales some what like cotton. It may seem strange but it is so. Mr. Moore told us he had a large quantity of other furs on hand, but he generally sells each shipment delivered on board the cars here. During the years of 1873, '74 and '75 he shipped from this point 34,000 dozen, or 407,000 rabbit skins. Who will dare say that Greensboro is not a good market for rabbits and rabbit skins? We are told that the fur is "clipped" by the manufacturers in the Northern cities and used for making hats and for other purposes, while the skin proper is used for making glue and mulicage. The next time you lick a postage stamp just think of the rabbit skin stuff you take on your tongue.—*Greensboro Patriot*.

## Almost Perpetual Motion.

A Motor Which, the Inventor Declares, When Once Started Will Run Till it Wears Out.

All day yesterday the small rooms of Albert Pietrowski, at 26 Spring street, were crowded with visitors who had gone thither to see the new motor that was advertised in the *Sun*, on Monday. Mr. Pietrowski is a Pole. He is an engineer by profession, and has been in this country sixteen years. He has devoted his leisure hours to the elaboration of his invention.

The model that he exhibited yesterday consists of a pair of hollow metal wheels, four feet in diameter, which revolve on the same axis, but in opposite direction. The moving power is in nine metal balls placed within the wheels so as to bear the rim down at first, and then gravitate toward the axis, where a side groove runs the balls off to a grooved radius of the wheel revolving in the opposite direction. Four balls were placed in the grooved radii of the first wheel and four in the radii of the second, and when momentum had been gained the ninth ball was added, to give additional power. To the axle of the wheels, which is also the axle of smaller grooved wheels that regulate the speed of the machinery, the shafting is applied.

"Give me a cast iron wheel sixty feet in diameter," said Mr. Pietrowski, "and I will show you a motor of 300-horse power, that requires nothing to keep it in operation. It will continue to run until the material wears out."

Several of the engineers who witnessed the working of the Pietrowski machine yesterday, were sanguine in the opinion that for all practical purposes, leaving out the engine of the locomotive and the steamboat, it will be found of great value.

The exodus fever has struck Newberry, S. C., and colored people are leaving.

Columbia Register: Mr. Edwin D. Connor, of Cokesbury, committed suicide at that place Wednesday by shooting himself through the neck with a pistol. Death ensued in about two minutes. Mr. Connor was quite a young man, being not more than 24 years of age, and was a son of Hon. F. A. Connor, formerly a member of the Legislature from Abbeville county.

## Horrible Negro Insurrection in Peru.

PANAMA, January 10.—A revolution of the negroes has occurred in the department of Chinchipe, and some horrible butcheries have ensued. Excited at a report, maliciously circulated among them, to the effect that the hacendados were about to establish slavery on their estates, they met together to the number of fifty or sixty and broke into several haciendas in the valley, murdering the proprietors and some of the principal employees, sacking and setting fire to the premises. They were partially dispersed on the 23d ult. by the Prefect of Ica, who attacked them with a small force, killing four of their number. Later news from Pisco states that the numbers of the negro bandits had been greatly increased by fresh arrivals from Ganite and the surrounding sugar districts. Their total force is variously put down at 300, 400 or even 600. On the 24th they attacked the town of Chinchipe, but the inhabitants repulsed them.

Star: A little ten months old child of Wilmington became, in the past few days, very fretful, and no one could handle him without his screaming as if from intense pain. On Tuesday night, however, the mother of the little fellow discovered that a small blister had made its appearance on the under part of the left thigh, which upon examination, presented the appearance of having been caused by a splinter or other foreign substance. This discovery caused anxiety, and a physician was immediately called in, when in a few minutes after lancing, a fine cambric needle, about an inch and a quarter in length, was extracted.

Graham, Hillsboro and Greensboro, three good Baptist churches on the North Carolina Railroad, are without a pastor.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### The End in Maine.

The Fusionist Legislature Adjourned to Next Summer and the Members on Their Way Home.

Boston, January 28.—A dispatch to the *Herald* from Augusta says: "The Fusionist Legislature after a prolonged secret session this afternoon adjourned to meet on the first Wednesday in August next. Many members will go home not to return here before that date; others will go back to their districts for instructions as to going or remaining out of the State House Legislature, and others will take their seats among their Republican brethren. Some of the counted in members will go home; others will contest the seats of their rivals in the capitol for the purpose of getting the pay usually voted to defeated contestants. Two Fusionist to-day appeared in the Republican House and numerous others have expressed their intention to follow them to-morrow. Fusion Governor Smith and Mr. Talbot, Speaker of the Fusion House, will leave for home to-morrow."

ACQUA, January 29.—Seven Fusion Senators and twenty-two Fusion Representatives took seats in the regular Legislature to-day and were cordially received.

### New Hampshire vs. Louisiana.

An original bill has been filed in the Supreme Court of the United States in which the State of New Hampshire is complainant and the State of Louisiana is defendant. The object of the bill is to compel the payment by the State of its rightful obligations which it has repudiated. The bill sets forth the history of the indebtedness of Louisiana on which it has defaulted, and recites the acts assuming to provide for the payment of the same. It then petitions the Supreme Court for an injunction against the State officers of Louisiana, requiring them to appear in the court and answer the premises and "abide by the said order, direction and decree as may be made against them in the premises, and as shall seem meet and agreeable to equity and good conscience." The case will be argued by the attorney-general of New Hampshire and by eminent associate counsel. It is in accordance with the idea that was suggested some time since as being the best method for a hope that the State of Louisiana could be compelled to fulfill its obligations. The State of New Hampshire, of course, stands forward as the representative of citizens who are the holders of Louisiana bonds.

### A Terrible Storm.

A Million Dollars Worth of Property Destroyed.

PANAMA, January 13.—Early in December the Cocoa Valley was visited by heavy rains and the water rose until many yards above the highest freshet mark designated by memory or tradition, and the inhabitants along its coast were driven from their homes. The river rose until over three miles wide and went raging through the valley carrying all before it. Several small villages were destroyed and some lives lost. When the streams subsided everything had been destroyed in the way of crops and movables of all sorts; cattle, goats, horses are all gone. The Cocoa farmers visited their haciendas in boats trying to gather the crop which had been left on the trees. They had to go armed in order to protect themselves against the immense snakes gathered in the branches of the trees, which had been driven down the valley by the force of the waters. The loss is estimated at one million dollars.

### Horrible Negro Insurrection in Peru.

PANAMA, January 10.—A revolution of the negroes has occurred in the department of Chinchipe, and some horrible butcheries have ensued. Excited at a report, maliciously circulated among them, to the effect that the hacendados were about to establish slavery on their estates, they met together to the number of fifty or sixty and broke into several haciendas in the valley, murdering the proprietors and some of the principal employees, sacking and setting fire to the premises. They were partially dispersed on the 23d ult. by the Prefect of Ica, who attacked them with a small force, killing four of their number. Later news from Pisco states that the numbers of the negro bandits had been greatly increased by fresh arrivals from Ganite and the surrounding sugar districts. Their total force is variously put down at 300, 400 or even 600. On the 24th they attacked the town of Chinchipe, but the inhabitants repulsed them.

Star: A little ten months old child of Wilmington became, in the past few days, very fretful, and no one could handle him without his screaming as if from intense pain. On Tuesday night, however, the mother of the little fellow discovered that a small blister had made its appearance on the under part of the left thigh, which upon examination, presented the appearance of having been caused by a splinter or other foreign substance. This discovery caused anxiety, and a physician was immediately called in, when in a few minutes after lancing, a fine cambric needle, about an inch and a quarter in length, was extracted.

Graham, Hillsboro and Greensboro, three good Baptist churches on the North Carolina Railroad, are without a pastor.

## The Famine in Ireland.

An Appeal from the Lord Mayor of Dublin—Terrorible Privation all over the Land.

LONDON, January 25.—At Saturday's meeting of the Dublin Mansion House relief committee, 80 applications for relief were received and 55 grants were made, amounting to £2,685. The total amount so far granted is £8,340. £2500 were received from Washington and £1,500 from New York.

The lord mayor of Dublin has issued an appeal through the London press in behalf of the Mansion House relief committee, stating that that committee is not connected with any other organization, and that it consists of representatives of all creeds and all shades of politics. The appeal states that evidence accumulates that there is scarcely a county in Ireland in which terrible privation does not exist in some portion, though it is more severe in the western counties and in the north-west and southwest seaboard. The lord mayor fears the public of London does not realize the gravity of the crisis, or that unless prompt assistance be given tens of thousands of people must die of starvation. He cannot think that if they did they who gave hundreds of thousands to avert a famine in India would have given less to the Dublin Mansion House fund than had Sydney or Melbourne.

The lord mayor states that £8,000 have already been distributed out of the £20,000 received, but that this is a mere drop in the ocean of need. He fears a recurrence of the disaster of 1847, when abundant assistance was forthcoming, but too late to save life.

Apropos of the Maine muddle, the Nation recalls the Republican doings in Louisiana in 1873, when two Radical factions were contending for the mastery, one being headed by Casey, President Grant's brother-in-law. There was a dispute over the return, as canvassed by two rival canvassing boards, and two Legislatures were in consequence set up—one the Pinchback and the other the Warmoth Legislature. The Pinchback party thereupon got an order from Durall, the United States Judge, at midnight, directing the United States marshal to seize and hold the State House, and admit no one to seats whom he (the marshal) did not think entitled to them. The marshal took United States troops accordingly, seized the State House, and admitted no one but members of the Pinchback faction, and the Legislature thus organized was promptly recognized by telegraph from Washington by President Grant in person. Previously to this Warmoth's Senate had been prevented from forming a quorum by Casey's leading the United States revenue cutter to carry off a number of the Senators out of reach of the Sergeant-at-Arms. They were kept on board several days, but Casey was not dismissed for his conduct.

In 1875, there being another dispute about the Legislature, Kellogg, the Republican Governor, determined to organize the Legislature himself, with United States troops, which were promptly furnished him for that purpose. General de Trobriand went into the House, read a letter from Kellogg telling the House it was an illegal body, and expelled from the chamber such persons as were pointed out by General Campbell, Kellogg's general of militia. General de Trobriand then had the roll called, and seated such persons as he thought proper, with the aid of a file of soldiers.

These were Republican methods in those days at the South; they are stalwart methods now at the North when adverse circumstances require their use.—*Raleigh Observer*.

### SHERMAN'S FRIENDS MOVING.

A call signed by over two hundred leading citizens of Columbus, Ohio, business men, manufacturers and bankers, was issued for a convention of Secretary Sherman's friends throughout the State, to assemble in Columbus two weeks hence, with a view of organizing clubs in his interest in the State. The call, emanating as it does from capitalists and friends of the administration, is regarded as the preliminary move toward placing the Ohio delegation to the national convention solid for Mr. Sherman. The friends of the secretary are decidedly jubilant, and a gathering similar to a State convention is anticipated.

The First National Bank of New York is a pet of Secretary Sherman's. It made a deal of money last year, and the wonder to outsiders was how the thing was done. Senator Beck, who is a long-headed Scotchman, and who is one of the best men in Congress, says that he has official evidence to show that thirty-seven millions of government money was handled by that bank, and the interest on it at the same time was drawn by the bank. When the Senator makes good his declaration and clears up this matter, there will be a rattling of dry bones somewhere.—*Raleigh Observer*.

The *Dee Herald* says Mr. Benjamin Dunlap, one of Anson's respected and beloved citizens, fell dead at his home in that county on the 25th, while studying a Sunday school lesson. He represented Anson county in the State Legislature before and once since the war.