

All communications tending to excite private interests, will be charged for as advertisements.

## THE ELM AND THE VINE.

"Uplift my feeble branches  
With thy strong arms, I pray;"  
Thus to the elm, her neighbor—  
The vine—was heard to say;  
"Else, lying low and helpless,  
A weedy lot is mine."  
Crawled o'er by every reptile,  
And browsed by hungry kins,  
The elm was moved to pity;  
Then spoke the generous tree;  
"My helpless friend come hither,  
And find support in me."  
The kindly elm, receiving  
The graceful vine's embrace,  
Became the chosen covert  
In which the wild birds sing;  
Became the love of the shepherds,  
And glory of the spring.  
Oh, beautiful example  
For youthful minds to heed!  
The good we do to others  
Shall never miss its need;  
The love of those whose sorrows  
We lighten shall be ours,  
And o'er the path we walk in  
The love shall scatter flowers.  
—William Cullen Bryant.

## My Mortification.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"I met the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, on Main street, girls! She looked nice, but isn't at all pretty. What could he have seen in her to attract him? I can't understand it. Everybody thought he would marry Gertie Graves, he was so attentive to her. I'm sure she loved him, and Gertie is very pretty and sweet." Quite out of breath, Bella tossed her hat and gloves upon the piano, and throwing herself into a careless position on the lounge, awaited a reply.  
Aunt Sue, who was sewing at the window, smiled at Bella's remark, and then concluded to answer her query by a story. She therefore said, quietly, as she went on with her long seam:  
"I don't know, Bella, but you may have explained the reason of Dave Evans' choice in confessing your surprise at it. You say his bride is nice looking. Now, although Gertie Graves may be a very pretty and sweet girl, as you say, I am sure that adjective would never accurately describe her. 'Nice,' means neat, orderly and cleanly, and Gertie is neither cleanly nor neat."  
"Why, Aunt Sue, what do you mean?" and Bella's brown eyes snapped, while the "girls," her two sisters, looked at one another over their needles and smiled. They understood Aunt Sue, and thought she had taken a very good text and illustration, for the sermon they were sure she was going to preach to careless Bella.  
"I will tell you a matter-of-fact story, Bella, that is literally true, and then perhaps you may judge better what I mean.  
"When I was a young girl about your age," she began, "I was one of the most careless and untidy persons you can imagine. It never mattered very much to me whether my bed was made, or whether my room was fit to be seen through the day or not. As for putting away or hanging up my dresses and clothing at night, that I never thought of doing. My things were tossed upon chairs, or lay in little white heaps on the floor, in any spot where I last happened to step out of them. You may imagine, therefore, that they never looked very smooth or fresh when I put them on in the morning."  
As she spoke, aunt glanced at the elaborately trimmed overskirt, and knife-plated ruffles of the ruffled silk suit Bella had curled herself up in on the lounge.  
"Of course I liked to be well dressed when I went out, and I had nice clothes, and was not altogether plain looking girl, although you may not think so now. But I never thought of taking care of my wardrobe, and I never cared to look neatly dressed at home.  
"Anything would do for breakfast I used to eat; and so in the morning, my curls were usually crumpled together and tucked under a net, my collar soiled, my slippers burst at the sides or down at the heel, and my wrapper torn. Altogether I presented anything but a nice appearance in my breakfast toilet.  
"My careless habits worried mother

very much, for she was one of the neatest and most orderly of women; but I was an only child, and was allowed to do very much as I preferred. Mother picked up, and mended, and fixed, and righted things for me with untiring patience.  
"Well, the year that I was eighteen I went to the seaside to spend the summer months with a friend of mother's. She had daughters about my age, and offered to chaperone me that season, because mother could not accompany me.  
"I was eager to visit a watering place, of course, and that nothing might be wanting, a complete new wardrobe was made for me. Every article was pretty and fashionable. Besides this, I had a beautiful dressing-case, furnished with everything suitable for the toilet, a large new Saratoga trunk, and many little things that had been bought to make my room pretty and attractive.  
"The house at which we boarded was a large old-fashioned building, with a piazza running all around it on every floor. Our rooms opened upon the first piazza, and were all connected by doors. There were a great many visitors that season, and as servants were scarce, Mrs. Hamilton, the lady in whose care I had been placed, told our hostess that the young ladies of her party would attend to their own rooms.  
"I was not pleased with this arrangement, for I hated the care of the room; but I did not trouble myself much about it. I had too many enjoyments outside, to allow this responsibility to worry me.  
"There was a very pleasant and merry company at the old seaside house that summer, and such boat rides, and baths, and drives, and parties as we had, would have satisfied the most exacting pleasure seeker. Every day seemed only more joyous and happy than the last. To us, then—to me, at least—the whole world was *couleur de rose*, and the future as well as the present had all the glory of a golden age.  
"Mrs. Hamilton's son, and two of his college friends, Dr. Grayson and Prof. Blanc, came down to the shore towards the last of the season. It was not long before one of these two became to me the 'one only,' for whose attentions I cared.  
"He was a young man from New England, and possessed all the best characteristics of his race. Thoroughly gentlemanly in his appearance, manners, and dress, talented, well educated, exquisite in his tastes almost to fastidiousness, he was, without a person of most excellent character, and being fine looking, besides, it is no wonder that I was attracted to him. He was several years my senior, but that only gave additional *cachet* to my conquest; for it was very soon noticed that among all the young ladies at the house, I was apparently the favorite of the elegant professor.  
"My wardrobe, as I have said, was new and fresh, and I was not so plain looking as you may suppose. My wrinkles were dimples in those days, and my eyes were as bright as Bella's, and I did not wear glasses then. In short, I suppose I was quite a belle.  
"But dresses, however pretty and fashionably made will not stay pretty, and whole and fresh, if not taken care of. More than this, a beautiful face is of little account when set in a frame of tossed and drowsily-done-up hair. It was not many weeks before my careless habits told upon my appearance. Mrs. Hamilton and the girls, or some friendly lady who took an interest in me would now and then in company pin up my gathers, smooth out my ribbons, or pull off some loose braid from my dress skirt.  
"Finally it became the habit of the Hamilton girls, and therefore a matter of course, to look me all over before we went to ride, or down to the parlors, lest I should lose some article of attire, and call a blush to their cheeks.  
"I remember that once I was very much mortified, when the professor handed me a fearfully soiled collar that had come off my sack, and which I was obliged to acknowledge was mine. Even I, thoughtless as I was, had hesitated about putting it on in the morning—and, girls, always remember that when a collar is indoubt, it is—

dirty.  
"If I had only settled that point properly when I stood before my glass in the morning, I should not have been stung with shame when Miss Grayson exclaimed, as the professor asked for its owner, and held it towards her:  
"Please don't imagine I would wear a collar like that!"  
"Our rooms, as I said, opened on a long piazza, which commanded a fine view of the sea. The piazza was consequently a favorite promenade.  
"You may imagine that my room was not in a fit condition to be seen by the promenaders as they passed the long windows, when I tell you that sometimes for two or three days I did not make my bed. I would just throw the counterpane over the sheets, and 'make it do.'  
"The contents of my dressing-case and trunk usually littered the mantel and chairs and floor. Of course I could have dropped my curtains, but generally my carelessness was too inveterate to remember even that cheap expedient.  
"Mrs. Hamilton once kindly spoke to me about my habits, but I received her counsel so ungraciously that she concluded to let me do as I pleased. So my room continued in its condition of chaos—ribbons, slippers, faded bouquets, shells, mosses, seaweed, and garments of all descriptions hopelessly jumbled together.  
"The rooms of the Hamilton girls joined mine, and their habits were very neat and orderly. Naturally I found their apartments much pleasanter than my own room, and used to sit with them most of the time when we were not with the other guests. The girls occasionally came in to my den and picked up my dreary scatterings, and put me in order for Sunday. But Monday morning would find me at 'odds and ends' again. Some how my things wouldn't 'stay fixed,' I used to say.  
"The weeks flew on golden wings after Prof. Blanc became my daily companion; and when the season drew near its close, my heart was mine no longer. He was the one in whom I found all that was noble, and good, and great, and my thoughts and dreams were all of him.  
"As yet there had been only the interchange of pleasant thoughts, and those delightful attentions that seem to mean so much. Like all modest maidens, I dreamed, and hoped, and waited for the words that would be the fulfillment of what my heart desired.  
"Words came, but they were not the words for which I waited, nor were they spoken to me. I overheard them, and they changed my whole life and character.  
"I was sitting in the summer house in the hotel grounds, alone, at dusk, one evening, where I had gone, hoping soon to be followed, when, coming slowly down the walk, I heard the steps and voices of men. I did not care for the companionship of two, so I gathered the folds of my dress back into the corner, hoping the gentlemen would pass on and not notice me. They paused, however, among the shrubbery at the entrance, and I, instead of making my presence known sat quite still and listened.  
"I suppose I may congratulate you, too, then?"  
"It was Dr. Grayson's voice that spoke.  
"No, not in that way. I shall never marry a woman who offends all my ideas of neatness and nicety."  
"The professor's voice uttered these words, and my heart fairly stood still.  
"But if you love her as you say," urged the doctor.  
"It would not continue. When love has reason to blush for its idol, the homage cannot last. The woman I marry must be as neat as her heart is true. So should every one be, I take it, who calls herself a lady."  
"But, Blanc, are you not carrying this too far, and making it of more importance than it deserves? There is reason in all things. I don't see much in this," and the doctor's voice was a trifle impatient.  
"No," returned the professor, calmly. "The point is this: natures like hers and mine are antagonistic—after a fashion. I am, by habit and nature,

orderly and particular. She is decidedly the reverse. Should we marry, after the first few weeks of blinded love, my eyes would be opened to the truth, and I should hate a slattern."  
"You are harsh and cruel in the way you argue. Don't you expect to sacrifice something? Don't you know men always grow particular the longer they remain unmarried? All young girls, I take it, are careless; and it she suits you in all other ways, and you love her, you are foolish to give up your thought of asking her to be your wife."  
"I am not harsh, and if there be any cruelty in the matter, it is I who suffer it. I love her. She may not care for me. But, Grayson, I couldn't marry an untidy woman. I have too much reason to know what sort of order Miss Seldon keeps in her room, and even what her habits of personal neatness are. The Hamilton girls' rooms join hers. The character of the inmates is stamped therein. When you marry, you will have a neat, orderly, well-kept house hold. Miss Seldon's husband will not. But as I shall probably never see her again after to-morrow, it matters nothing to me."  
"And with these words, the two gentlemen passed on.  
"What did I do?"  
"Burning with mortification and chagrin, I hastened into the house and up to my hateful room. How forcibly the truth of the words I had just listened to came when I beheld the dire confusion that reigned there. There I wept the bitterest tears my eyes had ever shed. I saw it all now—now my untidy, careless habits had utterly lost me the man I loved, and who confessed he loved me.  
"He was going to town the next day, I should never see him again, and he would forget me, no doubt, and marry some pretty girl who would never offend his fastidious taste.  
"But in truth I did not feel the least indignation towards him. I did not see any harshness in his judgment of me. If I had had that feeling, I should never, perhaps, have changed, as I did.  
"But it was true, what he had said. I saw it. Two natures so thoroughly 'at odds' in their habits—one fastidious to a fault, the other careless in the same degree, could never live happily as man and wife. There would be disturbances every day, breeding discord and final dislike. The wedding music would, after a few years—perhaps months—be only 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.'  
"What became of him?" asked Bella, in an anxious voice.  
"He left the seashore the next day, without bidding any one good-bye."  
"And did you never see him?"  
"Oh, yes," replied Aunt Sue, with a bright smile. "I married him five years afterwards."  
"Uncle Ned? Why, Aunt Sue! Was that man he?"  
"Yes, that man was he. I will tell you how I came to please him, after all. I made up my mind that night that I would never allow myself to be called a 'slattern' again. I would strive diligently to correct my untidy habits, and no one's love thereafter lavished on me should have cause to 'blush for its idol again.'  
"I accomplished my purpose. It was hard at first—as it will be for every one naturally careless—to learn to fold and arrange, and dust, and smooth, and pack away. But I was determined I would cure myself of my besetting fault, and I did.  
"Four years afterward, when your uncle and I met again, at the same seaside house, in the same old arbor, we came to a perfect understanding, and agreed we would try life together."  
"I suppose he took sly glances at your boot laces, examined the rims of your collars and cuffs, and peeped into your closets before he proposed, however," interrupted Bella, in sarcastic tones.  
"They all stood the scrutiny if he did; for there wasn't a neater or more orderly young lady on the shore than she who was once the untidy Sue Seldon."  
"And do you believe that is the reason Dave Evans did not marry Gertie

Graves?"  
"I don't say so, but it may be. A young man of fastidious tastes and neat habits ought always to consider this question: 'Is the woman to whom I have given my heart one who will make my home comfortable and happy?'  
"It is an important question of character to be considered. Home comfort and happiness depend very much upon neatness, order, and system, and a lack of them is sadly to be regretted in a wife."  
"Then a husband may be as careless and untidy as he pleases?" "I shaw!" said Bella.  
"No no," replied Aunt Sue. "It is certainly a most excellent thing to have a cleanly, orderly man at the head of one's house; but the man don't make the home you see. He only procures it. The woman makes the home, and neatness is the best of servants to her, besides being a strong magnetic force to attract her husband to his own fireside."  
Bella got upon the lounge, fluted her crushed curls, and made some biting little speech about "nice" men in general. But as Aunt Sue and the girls knew that she had one in particular in her mind, they hoped she would be benefited by the bit of life history that had been given her.—Youths, Companion.

### ORGANIZE FOR VICTORY.

The Address of the State Democratic Committee.

At a meeting of the State Central Executive Committee of the Democratic party, held in Columbia on Thursday, the 6th instant, the following address to the people of the State was unanimously adopted and ordered to be published:

THE ADDRESS.  
*To the People of South Carolina:*  
The State Central Executive Committee of the Democratic party do not deem it necessary to publish any lengthy statement of the reasons which induced them to meet at this time. It is sufficient to say that events with which the people of the State are painfully familiar, made it indispensable that the organization of the Democratic party in South Carolina should be revived, as the speediest and most practicable means of bringing together our hitherto scattered forces, and of concentrating them in the struggle into which we are forced for the maintenance of Liberty and Law in the State. Thus it has become the duty of the State Committee to take such steps as will enable the people of the State to begin the work of party reorganization at once, and make it thorough and complete.  
In the contest in which we are about to engage we must win. Defeat cannot be borne. Success, however, cannot be expected to crown our labors unless there be absolute unity in the Democratic party, together with such discipline as will ensure the prompt and efficient execution of its policy when declared. From our adversaries we must learn, at last, the lesson of organization and activity. When the agencies on which society relies for the conservation of its varied interests menace those interests with destruction and threaten a whole people with ruin, politics are no longer a matter of sentiment in which the citizen is free to engage or not, according to his tastes. Upon the management of our political affairs depends the security of property, as well as the safety of person. By political movements alone can the purification of the State Government be accomplished. Only through political instrumentalities can honesty, fidelity and capability regain a preponderating influence in the councils of the State. To politics then, for their own salvation, must the people of South Carolina now address themselves with the vigor, the persistency and the systematic endeavor which mark their conduct in business life. It would not be wise to declare a policy before the party, which shall give effect to it, is ready for both deliberation and action. The officers must not be chosen until the rank and file of the political army shall have been mustered in and trained. There should be, in fine, such organization in each ward, township and county, that when the State Convention shall assemble, it shall represent, by its delegates, the known wishes, opinions and purposes of the organized Democracy of the State. Then will its voice be the voice of the people; its determination theirs; its fight their battle. To such organization, searching and far-reaching, should the people of the State without delay address themselves. Without it the State cannot be saved!  
The State Convention, when it shall assemble, will determine authoritatively the policy of the party; and by the decision of the Convention shall we all be bound. As, however, the Democratic party, as such, has had no active

ADVERTISEMENTS  
Inserted at \$1.00 per square for first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. One inch space will constitute a square whether in broiler or display type; less than an inch will be charged for as a square. Marriage notices free. Deaths and funeral notices free. Religious notices will be made to those who liberally discount will be made to those whose advertisements are to be kept in for three months or longer.

existence in South Carolina for some years, the State committee desire to say emphatically that in recommending its instant and comprehensive organization, their sole purpose is to obtain an honest and economical government in South Carolina, which shall maintain, without abridgement or change, the public rights and liberties of the whole people, and guarantee to all classes of citizens the blessings of freedom, justice and peace. And in this crisis in the constitutional life of the State, when civilization itself is in peril, we look for and confidently expect to receive the sympathy and aid of every citizen whose aims and desires are like ours.  
In common with their fellow-citizens, the State Democratic Committee have watched with anxious solicitude and growing confidence the course of the present Governor of the State. They recognize and appreciate the value of what he has done, in promoting Reform and Retrenchment, during the past year. They applaud his wise and patriotic conduct in exerting his whole official power and personal influence for the undoing of the infamous judicial election. And they declare their belief that the Democracy of the State, rising above party as he has done, will give an unfaltering support to his efforts, as Governor, for the redress of wrongs, for the reduction of taxation, to obtain a just administration of the law, and to make the State Government a faithful guardian of the public and private interests of the people.  
Therefore the State Executive Committee earnestly advise the people of the State to reorganize thoroughly the Democratic party, in preparation for the State Democratic Convention, which will meet at a time and place to be hereafter designated by this committee. The following gentlemen are charged with this organization of the party in every precinct, ward and township in their respective counties:  
Abbeville—J. S. Cothran.  
Anderson—James A. Hoyt.  
Aiken—G. A. Croft.  
Barnwell—T. J. Counts.  
Beaufort—William Elliott.  
Charleston—B. P. Barron.  
Chester—W. A. Walker.  
Chesterfield—A. McQueen.  
Colleton—J. J. Fox.  
Darlington—F. E. Warley.  
Edgefield—J. Scott Allen.  
Fairfield—John Bratton.  
Georgetown—B. H. Wilson.  
Greenville—T. B. Ferguson.  
Horry—J. T. Walsh.  
Kershaw—E. M. Boykin.  
Lexington—Gerald Muller.  
Lancaster—J. D. Wylie.  
Laurens—B. W. Ball.  
Marion—A. Q. McDuffie.  
Mauldin—J. H. Hunsdon.  
Newberry—Y. J. Pope.  
Oconee—R. A. Thompson.  
Orangeburg—F. E. Izlar.  
Pickens—R. F. Bowen.  
Richland—John McKenzie.  
Spartanburg—I. H. Evans.  
Sumter—T. B. Fraser.  
Union—R. W. Shand.  
Williamsburg—S. W. Maurice.  
York—Jas. F. Hart.  
The organization of Charleston County is entrusted to the Committee of Fifteen, of which Col. Chas. H. Simonton is chairman.  
In conclusion, the State Committee earnestly say to their fellow-citizens that we are not as those who are without hope. The magnitude of the task before us can hardly be over-rated. Every step is beset with difficulty, if not danger. But, knowing this people, the committee are confident that the future can be made as bright as the present is dark. This is the accepted time! By organization, labor, patience, boldness and liberality, can peace and plenty and political security be restored to the State.  
M. C. BURGER, Chairman.  
Samuel McGowan, Wm. Wallace, John S. Richardson, S. P. Hamilton, Thos. Y. Simons, Johnson Hagood, W. D. Simpson, M. P. O'Connor, W. W. Sellers, F. W. Dawson.  
COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE.  
The following named gentlemen constitute a sub-committee on correspondence to communicate with the gentlemen appointed to organize the several counties, viz.: Col. Wm. Wallace, of Columbia, and Messrs. J. S. Richardson, S. P. Hamilton, W. D. Simpson and M. P. O'Connor.  
"OUT OF ORDER, SAH!"—A disappointed carpet-bagger went into a ward meeting at Houston, Texas the other night to press his claims for a judicial nomination. Uncle Jim Porter a colored politician, was in the chair. When the aspirant arose and began to state his desires, Uncle Jim blandly requested him to set down. "Wky, Uncle Jim, said the astonished speaker, what have you against me? I a good Republican?" "Out of order, sah, replied the President. "You ain't been here long 'nuff to get de stuffa' out'n your carpet-bag. Set down, sah!" The blighted man "set down" and doubtless determined to bring the circumstance to the attention of Senator Morton as a clear case of "intimidation."