WHAT CAME TO DILLY'S HOUSE.

Dilly was perched on a fence-post, her light hair flying about her face, as usual, and her little red hands clasped behind her back. The three or four small toes that peeped out through her ragged shoes were red, also, for the autumn day was cold; but Dilly was used to such trifles. Toddles, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was bundled up—in an old fashion, of Dilly's own inventing—in an old shawl; and if the round face that peered between the fence-rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to split with his new hatchet, and asked:

"What makes you sit up there such a day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"'Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you," said Dilly, serenely. "Tain't no fun in the house."

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I can tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf and these thick boots," remarked Freddy, displaying the pair of red-tops that were his pride.

Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder awoke as she did so, and grew more distinct, until presently it took shape in words:

"Why don't I have such good things, too, Freddy Burr—shoes and new clothes and something to wear on my head?"

"'Cause your father drinks 'em up," answered Freddy, promptly, and without the slightest hesitation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment and as promptly decided,

"No, he don't, either. Folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys 'em for me; and the reason yours don't get any for you is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum-barrels, down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keane; and it's awful mean, too!" declared Freddy, growing indignant, as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy; and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddles, with the amusement of watching ended, turned slowly away. Dilly surveyed the baby and her. Might Dilly stop to think upon an old law to meditate. *If what Freddy Burr had told her was true something ought to be done about it, and* the longer she pondered the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"'Cause other folks has things and we don't and it must be ours go somewhere else," she reasoned. "They can't be any good there either. I'm just sure they can't. Mebby I've got a hood—mebby it would be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddles had"—

She stopped, as a brilliant plan flashed suddenly through her brain. Wouldn't her mother be surprised, if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing, and who would be so tired when she came home at night.

"Toddles, let's do it!" she did, springing up, excitedly. "Let's go an' see if we can get some of 'em."

"Yah!" answered Toddles, contentedly; and taking his hand, Dilly opened the creaking gate and led the way down the street.

There were a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store, with a curtain across the lower half of its front window. Dilly saw them when the door opened; but she was a determined little body, when once she had decided upon the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddles's hand closer, and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly, because her heart beat so fast.

"Please, sir have you got anything of ours a soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a shout of laughter from the men.

"Well, now, that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keane, these youngsters of yours want to know if Barney has you in soak here?"

An old slouched hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrank back abashed.

"Oh! I didn't mean him."

"What did you mean, then?" asked a coarse, red-faced man, advancing from behind the bar, and speaking in tones not at all gentle or amiable.

"Shoes and coats and such things," faltered Dilly. "Hoods—I'm afraid he's spoiled with the whiskey; but mebby Ma could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some of 'em out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awful bad."

"I should think as much," muttered one of the bystanders, surveying the two dilapidated figures; but Mr. Barney's wrath was rising.

"What barrel? Who sent you here?" he demanded, angrily.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground deeply reddening, though with a little catch in her breath, that was just ready to break into a sob. "Ma works hard all the time, and she looks so sorry; and we don't have any nice dinners at our house, like Freddy Burr's; and we never have hot cakes or anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house; and he said you had 'em down here in your barrels. Please, do take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink taste a bit better to have a poor little boy's and girl's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You're right there, Sissy. It nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer, perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the barkeeper's look. That was wrathful. "We've had enough of this nonsense! Now, you leave, you young ragamuffins, as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these doors again."

He stepped toward them, as if to drive them out, but the man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney! You'd better not touch them. You've knocked me about often enough, but you'd best let them alone." There was a fire in the eyes under the old slouched hat, before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by that time; but the father took a hand of each. "Come Dilly; come, Baby," and without a word or look to his companions, he passed out into the street. It was a very silent walk. Toddle's tears were dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his baby terror, was out of sight; but poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme that she had thought promised so fairly. No hood nor shoes had she won, after all her bravery in venturing into that dreadful place; and who could tell how angry her father might be? She stole shy glances up under the old hat; but she only saw a sober, downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they had reached home. He heated up some food and made a bright fire, and then sat down before it, with his head between his hands, and left the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly confided the story, confidentially, to Freddy Burr.

"See here!" she said, picking the toes of a pair of stout new shoes through the fence.

"Where did you get 'em?" asked Freddy.

"And see here!" continued Dilly, bobbing up for an instant, to show the hood that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

"Where did you get 'em?" repeated Freddy.

"My Pa worked and bought 'em and brought 'em home; and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly, with great pride and little regard for grammar. Then she pressed her small face close against the fence, for a prolonged interview.

"You see, the billionaire has come to our house."

"The what?" question the wildered Freddy.

"The billionaire. It's a pretty long word," said Dilly, complacently; "but it means good times. Anyhow, that's what Ma called it, and I guess she knows. It was just this way, Freddy Burr. When you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice things down to his store, in a barrel, I just went right down there, and asked him for 'em—me and Toddles."

"You didn't!" exclaimed horrified Freddy.

"I did too," declared Dilly, with an emphatic nod. "Well, he wouldn't give me one of 'em, and he was just as cross as anything. So, then, my Pa got up from the stove and walked home with us. He didn't say a bit; but he just sat down before the fire, this way, and thinked and thinked. At last, he put his hand in one pocket, but there wasn't anything there; and then he put it in the other, and found ten cents, and he went out and bought some meat for supper. Then, when Ma came home, he talked to her, and they both cried—I don't know what for, 'less it was cuss we couldn't get the things out of the old barrel. And Ma hugged I and kissed me most to death that night, she did.

"Well, my Pa got some work the next day, and brought home money; and now he has found a place to work every day. He bought all these things, and he says his little boy and girl shall have things like other folks. So now you'll know what the billionaire means, Freddy Burr, when anybody asks you; and you can tell 'em Dilly Keane sighed it to you" —*Kate W. Hamilton, in Independent.*

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LOST ON SIGHT.—Washington, November 15.—A startling report about the money collected by the Hubbell committee is confidentially circulated, which, like all confidential reports, is likely to reach publicity. It is that it has been ascertained that of the vast sum collected by far the larger part has never found its way out of the pockets of those to whom it was given to bestow in the campaign, and that of large sums given to certain prominent Republicans after doubtful elections, no trace can be found, the indorsers being almost conclusive that it was pocketed. In some instances this belief is supplied by circumstances which have recently caused talk on the subject.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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TO MR. JAY HUBBELL.—The friend of Washington has the following poem to supply: Now that the election is over, will Mr. Hubbell kindly tell the government clerks what he did with their money? It seems to me that yesterday's result will be less disastrous if I know that the money collected from clerks and others was used to buy votes with. Tell us, Mr. Hubbell, what did you do with it?

SAVING THE TRAIN.—The usual crowd of Autumn loafers were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, blear-eyed, waxen faced individual sneaked in by the back door, and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungramatical humorist with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied; "but it touched me."

"Well, persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it, how in the dickens did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door. "The obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a horn against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero there would have been a much bigger grease-spot frescoed on the panel.—*Travellers Magazine.*

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THE UNLUCKY DAY.—For one reason or another, Friday, from time immemorial, was reckoned an unlucky day among nearly all the various branches of the Aryan family of nations, embracing the Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic races, or in other words, the ancestors of pretty nearly all the present populations of Europe. This was the case long before any of these races were Christianized. The Romans closed Friday in the *nefasti fasti*, on which the courts were forbidden to sit; and it was one of the unlucky days of that sort on which worship of the gods, or at least, religious feasts, were never celebrated. After the introduction of Christianity the day became still more obnoxious to the people, because it was held that Christ expired on the cross on Friday, April 3, 33 A. D. It seems that in very early times in the history of English jurisprudence it became a common practice in selecting a day for the execution of criminals to choose a Friday. This practice was transplanted to the coast of this country in colonial times, and has been generally, though not invariably, observed ever since, not only in the original thirteen States, but in all the States. There is no statutory provision so far as we can learn, making it obligatory on judges to follow this old custom. Lady readers to all, that the superstition that Friday is an unlucky, evil day, is so deeply rooted in the minds of thousands of intelligent, educated people that they cannot be induced to set sail on a voyage, start on any kind of a journey, or commence any new enterprise on that day of the week. There is a superstition prevails among the tars that

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NEGROES VOTING THE GREENBACK TICKET.—When we think of the fool negroes Hubbell is voting the Greenback ticket, it is with difficulty we can restrain ourselves from denouncing them in terms of their great forefather, Pharaoh, Jannes, Jambres! To be sure many hundreds of them did not vote at all—did not seek to vote—did not leave their homes—and to these all praise and consideration are due. But the colored men who voted the Greenback ticket have the satisfaction of knowing that they have effectually stamped out the remnant of regard for them lingering in the breasts of some thousands of white men in this State. It is becoming a subject of consideration whether white people shall longer tax themselves to educate men who will use that education to read the ballot boxes and try to elect McLaurin over Thompson. Magnanimity is a grand attribute, but these foolish and ungrateful negroes have made it impossible by a prolonged course of insulting lack of appreciation; and very much *of it*—magnanimity—is required to inspire the furnishing of weapons to one's mortal foes. Educating negroes to stab us with their education is rather unprofitable business.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

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OVERWORKED AMERICANS.—A travel-stained tramp was seen sitting under the protecting aegis of a stone wall this morning with a newspaper in his hand. "Yes," he remarked, kindly, "Hayes's right over, work is what's ailing the chaps with us Americans. I'm a tramp, as I live, I'd like to be anything else but a tramp, I'd like to be a cabinet officer, a Senator, a Congressman, a Governor, a Judge, a Postmaster, a Collector, a Marshal, a Deputy Marshal, a Commissioner, a Bailiff, a Deputy Bailiff, a Clerk, a Deputy Clerk, a Doorkeeper, a Messenger, a Page, a Postmaster's Clerk, a Postmaster's Messenger, a Postmaster's Page, a Postmaster's Dog, a Postmaster's Fleas, anything, anything, anything, rather than a tramp. I'm a tramp because I don't want to work, I don't know how to work, I don't like to work, I don't intend to work, I don't ought to work, I don't have to work, I don't get paid for not working, I don't get fat on my laziness, I don't wear diamonds on my idleness, I don't ride in my carriage because I can't afford to keep one, I don't live in a mansion because I can't pay the rent, I don't have my photograph taken because I don't have the money, I don't have my name in the papers except when I'm arrested for vagrancy, I don't have my wife and children well provided for, I don't have them at all, I don't have a bank account, I don't have a balance in any bank, I don't have a dollar in the world, I don't have a cent in my pocket, I don't have a pocket to put a cent in, I don't have a cent to put in a pocket, I don't have—Say, Mister, can you lend me a dime?"—*Boston Post.*

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THE RAVEN'S FATE.—"Look at you!" shrieked Mrs. Raven, as the nurse let the baby fall over the second floor bannister; "you've let the baby come nearer the well, and that child would have smashed a 50 statue on the hall lamp." And then they picked up the baby.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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GEORGIA'S NEW SENATORS.—Atlanta, Ga., November 15.—Pope Barrow has been elected United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Benj. H. Hill. Alfred H. Colquitt was elected on the first ballot to the United States Senate, for the full term commencing March 4.

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PARIS WIT: The inexpert huntsman having missed five partridges in succession, blazes away at a sixth and cries exultingly to the gamekeeper "There! I hit him! I saw the feathers fly! Didn't they?" The gamekeeper: "Yes, sir, they flew—they flew off with the bird!"

MORE NEW GOODS
AT THE
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Roaste l and Raw Coffees,
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Ferris' Fine Hams and Tongues,
Jellies in Tumblers,

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Fine Apples, Peaches and Egg Plums,
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Lone Forest Ringers Cigars,
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All the best brands of Tobacco.

P. S.—Mr. William Cary has charge of the business in my absence and he will be pleased to wait on all who may patronize the establishment.

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From the finest Swinging Hall Lamp to the wee little shiny tiney Bed-Lamp.

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Port, Claret and Blackberry Wines,

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TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 18th, 1882.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, 1882, Passenger Trains will run as herewith indicated upon this Road and its branches.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 52 UP PASSENGER.

Leave Columbia A	11.12 a m
Leave Alston	12.51 p m
Leave Newberry	1.55 p m
Leave Ninety-Six	3.39 p m
Leave Hodges	4.28 p m
Leave Belton	5. 57p m
Arrive at Greenville	7.00 p m

No. 53 DOWN PASSENGER.

Leave Greenville at	11.15 a m
Leave Belton	12.56 p m
Leave Hodges	2.17 p m
Leave Ninety-Six	3.25 p m
Leave Newberry	4.50 p m
Leave Alston	5.55 p m
Arrive at Columbia F	7.00 p m

SPARTANBURG, UNION & COLUMBIA R. R

No. 51 UP PASSENGER.

Leaves Alston	1 03 p m
Strothers	1 43 p m
Shelton	2 10 p m
Santuc	2 54 p m
Union	3 27 p m
Jonesville	4 02 p m
Arrive at Spartanburg E	5 20 p m

No. 52 DOWN PASSENGER.

Leave Spartanburg, R. & D. Depot H	1 25 p m
Spartanburg, S. U. & C. Depot G	1 45 p m
Jonesville	2 47 p m
Union	3 29 p m
Santuc	4 02 p m
Shelton	4 43 p m
Strothers	5 10 p m
Arrives at Alston	5 50 p m

LAURENS RAILROAD.

Leave Newberry	4.58 p m
Arrive at Laurens C. H	8.15 p m
Leave Laurens C. H	9.00 p m
Arrive at Newberry	12.30 p m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Leave Hodges	4.35 p m
Arrive at Abbeville	5.35 p m
Leave Abbeville	1.10 p m
Arrive at Hodges	2.10 p m

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD AND ANDERSON BRANCH

Leave Belton	5.57 p m
Leave Anderson	6.38 p m
Leave Pendleton	7.23 p m
Leave Seneca C	8.08 p m
Arrive at Walhalla	8.35 p m
Leave Walhalla	10.05 a m
Leave Seneca B	10.36 a m
Leave Pendleton	11.18 a m
Leave Anderson	12.06 a m
Arrive at Belton	12.45 a m

CONNECTIONS.

A. With the South Carolina Railroad from Charleston.

With Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad from Wilmington and all points North thereof.

With Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad from Charlotte and all points North thereof.

B. with Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad for points in Western North Carolina.

C. With A. and C. Div., R. and D. R. R., from all points South and West.

D. With A. and C. Div., R. and D. R. R. from Atlanta and beyond.

E. With A. and C. Div., R. and D. R. R. from all points South and West.

F. With South Carolina Railroad for Charleston.

With Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad for Wilmington and the North.

With Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad for Charlotte and the North.

G. With Asheville and Spartanburg Railroad from Hendersonville.

H. With A. and C. Div., R. and D. R. R., from Charlotte and beyond.

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THE SEDGWICK
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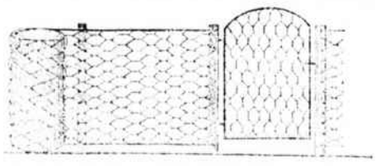

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It is a net work without barbs and will keep out small pigs or any other animals that may injure gardens or farm crops.

It makes no shade and shelters no enemies crops or poultry.

It is just the fence for Gardens, Lots, Lawns Parks and Cemeteries.

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A Specimen of Fence and Gate

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Sole Agents for Union County.
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