

The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

VOL. XIII. BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., MAY 9, 1888. NO. 2.

Wanted.

to head of a fountain,
for the hand of fate,
the foot of a mountain,
a chain of deflake.
heal of fortune,
pole' of the South,
tain of knowledge,
er's mouth.
f sorrow,
of the storm,
of justice,
of scorn.
repentance,
an's heart,
of a needle,
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ages,
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rhyme.

FARM.

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for Emily now. She rose hurriedly,
dressed herself and came down stairs.

"Aunt Dorcas," she said, as she en-
countered that lady frying ham and
eggs over the kitchen fire, "what is
there in this neighborhood for a wo-
man to do?"
"Eh?" said Mrs. Torrance in sur-
prise.

"To earn my living, I mean!" ex-
plained Emily. "Is the district school
supplied with a teacher?"
Mrs. Torrance nodded as she placed
the slices of frizzling ham on a blue-
edged plate, and arranged the eggs in
golden spheres above.

"Is there a factory hereabouts?"
pursued Emily.
"Used to be," said Mrs. Torrance.
"But they failed, and it is has been
shut down for ten months."

"Do you know of any one who
wants a girl," asked the city cousin.

Mrs. Torrance set the coffee pot on
the table, blue the horn for Job, and
then responded to her niece's query by
a counterquestion.

"Why don't you stay here?"
"Because," said Emily, with spirit,
"I want to earn my own living."
"Well, you can earn it here, can't
you? I was calculating to hire a girl
this spring. And if you'll work hon-
estly for it, I'll give you the six dollars
a month I was going to pay hired
help."

Emily's face brightened.
"I should like that," said she. And
then Job came in, tall, handsome and
flushed, his curls still wet from the
spring into which he had dipped them,
and a sprig trailing arbutus pinned into
his coat, and spoke a frank welcome to
the young girl whom he had never be-
fore seen.

"So Cousin Shadrach Seely is dead,"
he said.
"Yes," said Emily quietly.
"Did you like him?"
"No," confessed the girl. "He was
cross and surly, and had no sympathy
with anybody. But I tried to be kind
to him. And he kissed me once before
he died, and said I had been a good
girl."

"And then he went and left his
money to the refuge for Baptist wid-
ows and orphans!" said Mrs. Torrance.
That's Cousin Shadrach all over."

"He had a right to do as he pleased
with his money," said Emily, a faint
glow rising to her cheeks.
"Well, it's all over and gone," said
Mrs. Torrance. There is no use talk-
ing about it now."

And she sighed softly to think how
of life's hard angels might have
avoided in the future, if only
Shadrach had been less inter-
ested in the Baptist widows and or-
phans' fund.

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rance forced to acknowledge that
she well earned her six dollars a
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the scent of tall white lilies in the air,
Emily suddenly broke the silence.
"Job," said she, "would you like to
be rich?"
"Well, yes," said Job, "I'd like
money enough to keep my wife in lux-
ury."
"Would you, Aunt Dorcas?" said
Emily, turning to Mrs. Torrance.
"Of course I should," said the mat-
ron, vigorously applying her knitting
needles; "but I don't ever expect it."
"But you are rich," said Emily with
a little tremor in her voice. "Job is
rich—we are all rich together, with
Cousin Shadrach Seely's money."
"But," cried Mrs. Torrance, "I
thought he left it all to the Baptist
widows and orphans."
"Not all," said Emily. "It's a se-
cret, but I may tell you now. Half was
left to the Refuge—the other thirty
thousand is mine, to be paid over to
me on the day on which I marry a man
who, ignorant of Cousin Shadrach's
bequest, has loved me loyally and well.
It was the old man's whim, and I have
respected it. Oh, Aunt Dorcas, I
came to you because in my loneliness
and bewilderment I knew not where
else to go—but I little dreamed that I
was entering directly into the kingdom
of a noble heart."

It was true. Shadrach Seely eccen-
tric in life, had been equally eccentric
in death—and when Mr. Mustybill, the
lawyer, paid over the legacy, he said,
chuckling:
"It's all right. It's exactly as my
poor client would have had it! I con-
gratulate you, Mrs. Job Torrance."

And Mrs. Torrance, the elder, had a
higher opinion than ever of her daugh-
ter-in-law's attractions; now that they
are set in a background of gold.

Breakfast at Sandringham.

The Princess of Wales prefers light-
colored dresses, even in winter; her
cachemires and serges are trimmed with
fur, but they are of some soft gray or
brown tint, even in December. While
at Sandringham she comes down to
breakfast at a reasonable hour, and di-
spenses the tea herself—she is said to
prefer this beverage to coffee even in
the mornings—out of a handsomely
chased silver tea service. The china,
which is of the choicest, is all inscribed
with the heir-apparent's motto, "Ich
Dien," and the table is always gay with
flowers.

The prince generally puts in
an appearance at this repast, which is
a more sumptuous one than his
mother's maternal meal—game, ham,
pates, plover's eggs and plenty of sub-
stantial, good things covering the well-
spread table. The whole party as-
sembles afterward in the long saloon.

This room—the same in which the
birthday and other balls are held—is
full of family portraits, the prince and
princess, their children, in Scotch
costumes, the king and queen of Den-
mark, &c.

Two things in this saloon are also
sure to attract the attention of all those
who enter it for the first time—a huge
bear, killed by the prince, and stuffed
in so lifelike a manner as to give to the
beholder quite a start, near the door,
and a magnificent jasper vase, a present
from the czar to his favorite sister-in-
law. Breakfast over, the prince betakes
himself to his library, where his
secretary assists him to dispose of a vol-
uminous correspondence, while his wife
and daughters, if the morning be fine,
are almost sure to make a tour of in-
spection round the farm. This is the
princess' dearest hobby; all the build-
ings have been arranged according to
her express direction, and the inner
walls are covered with paintings and
sketches, many of them from the brush
of the duchess of Manchester, of coun-
try life in Denmark and England.

Curious Albums of Photos.

A local photographer, who does a
fashionable trade, has a curious album
of photos. They are of women's hands,
and every hand is distinguished by one
ring. Some years ago, he tells me, a
young society woman who had very
pretty hands experienced the fancy to
have the one on which her sweetheart
had recently put an engagement ring
pictured. The fashion being thus set,
he says, still kept up. Not all of the
hands are beautiful ones by any
means. In fact really pretty hands
are in the minority. There is a
preponderance of fat palms, and stubby
fingers that does not speak well for the
manual refinement of our best society.
But even the best kept hands, unless
they are symmetrical in proportion, are
liable to look clumsy in a photograph.
The variety of rings on this collection
of pictures is a credit to our jewelers.
Indeed you can trace the fashions in
rings for several years by them. "I
had the value of those rings," said
the photographer, meditatively, "I
think I could spend a year in Europe
and not have to swim home."

GIRLS WHO WORK.

They Stand a Good Chance of Getting
Married Well.

In many stores in lower Broadway,
Nassau-st, and the streets that cross
them are young lady cashiers whose
wages permit them to pay \$100 a year
for commutation tickets to country
towns, where they live with a degree of
comfort not obtainable for the same
money in the city. They are a prepos-
sessing lot of girls, well dressed, bright-
eyed, rosy cheeked and plump, who are
a great deal more like rural than city
women in their habits and methods of
speech. They know much more about
tobogganing, skating, straw rides,
home coming, donation parties, sur-
prise parties and class meetings than
about the theaters or the signs and
shows of the town.

A great many are courted and wedded
in the country and there settle down for
life, but a student of this new element
in business which is putting young girls
side by side with, and even above men
in the stores and offices, has found that
marriages between them and the men
they work with are growing more and
more frequent. Indeed he says that a
less proportion of them grow into old
maids than of factory girls or girls who
don't work for a living. The men in
charge of the large shops and such
establishments as the telegraph operat-
ing rooms declare that the girls pick
out the smartest of the men around
them for their husbands, and do not, as
is so often the case with women who
stay at home, marry the empty headed,
drone, drunkard, or "bad eggs."

These same authorities declare that in
all other matters these well-paid and
skilled girls are less sentimental and
more practical than their more fortun-
ate, stay-at-home sisters. At the same
time those who have a taste for sewing
make and mend their own apparel, and
these who like household work and
cooking, practice it at night and on
Sundays and whenever a chance is af-
forded them.

What a picture all this presents.
There are thousands of young women
employed at nice work, with good pay,
living in the country at least half the
day, forced to be neat and as pretty as
possible while at their work, liable to
marry early and well, growing practical
and wise, and yet remaining as womanly
as their mothers. Fortune New York,
to have such a host of well nigh perfect
girls.

A FIELD FOR ELOCUTION.

Clergymen Should Take Lessons for
the Benefit of Their Con-
gregations.

There is a branch of the profession
of the elocutionist that seems, thus far,
to have escaped the grasp of the ubiqui-
tous reporters who are continually scouring
the town in quest of novelties.
This may, however, be due to the fact
that it is of so delicate a nature in it-
self that it sensitively shrinks from
publicity. I know that in my own
case I chanced upon it by accident. I
found my first clew to it in a business
prospectus, and one of the first persons
to assure me that he knew nothing
about it and had never heard of such a
thing in his life was an eminent divine,
who, I was subsequently convinced,
was one of those who profited most
largely by it. For my part, to be sure,
I came to see why a clergyman should
be ashamed to admit that he is taking
lessons in elocution. Certainly it is no
crime against society or the church for
a preacher to improve his methods of
oral delivery. Actors rehearse their
parts and painters make sketches and
studies for their pictures. Why a pul-
pit expounder should not make some
similar preparation for his sermons and
lectures is not clear to me, and that
some of our best and most popular pul-
pit speakers do so is, it seems to me,
simply a tribute to their common sense.
If they all did it, it would be to the
benefit of their congregations, who
have nowadays to sit out a vast deal
of poor speaking to get at the meat
of the sermon delivered for their good.

There are two ways in which our
ministers employ the elocutionist to
improve them as speakers. These
might be called the direct and indirect.
The direct consists in regular lessons
in elocution, often involving rehearsal
of the sermon itself. The indirect
consists of employing the expert to listen
to and criticize the orator, so that by
acquainting him with his faults he is
warned to avoid them. This sort of
thing is called, I believe, "instruction
in clerical reading." The elocutionists
make a special feature, I am told, of
prayers, for the impressive reading of
which many divines carefully prepare
themselves. A natural orator like
Henry Ward Beecher even did not
disdain to occasionally employ an ex-
pert to listen to him and furnish him

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Republic of Switzerland elects a
President every year.
—The term Derrick is an abbreviation
of Theodorick, a hangman at Ty-
burn in the 17th century.
—Theodore Tilton is living in a re-
mote quarter of Paris in by no means
affluent circumstances.
—The Princess of Wales and her
daughter sometimes sing to the in-
mates of London hospitals.
—The battle of Buena Vista was
fought and won by General Taylor on
Washington's birthday, 1847.
—The party which conducted the
Mandan chief to his nation has re-
turned. The journey was performed
in 101 days.
—The "Great She" is the name of
the latest gold mine speculative com-
pany in London. The mine is said to
be in South Africa.
—During 1887 eleven and one-half
tons of postage stamps—nearly 170,-
000,000 in number—were sold at the
New York post office.
—Japan has a twelve-year-old girl
whose feet measure 16 inches in length.
But her height is eight feet, and she
weighs over 270 pounds.
—A Greek named Dimitrios Antipapa
lately died at Constantinople at the
age of 115. He knew Robespierre,
and possessed several of his letters.
—In the State of Ohio, which lies
between that river and Lake Erie, we
learn that the population already ex-
ceeds 200,000. It has 4 banks and 13
weekly newspapers.
—Lithographers will be pleased to
know that lithographic stone is found
in Dallas, Texas, fully equal to the
stone imported from Europe. It costs
from \$40 to \$55 for a stone 30x40.
—There is a woman living at Hanni-
bal, Mo., who is so heavy that she
can't walk, and is wheeled about in a
cart by an able-bodied attendant. She
weighs 410 pounds, and otherwise is in
good health.
—Her Majesty the Queen of Eng-
land has subscribed \$200 toward the
fund for the purchase of the cottage in
which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost."
This is not a very large sum, but it is
four times as much as Milton received
for the poem.
—There is a curious law in vogue in
Switzerland which compels every
newly-married couple to plant trees
shortly after the ceremony. The trees
ordered to be planted on wedding days
are the pine and weeping willow. On
natal days the suggestive birch tree is
selected.
—The King of Bavaria has moved
out and William Vanderbilt has
moved in. That is, William has
rented the palace and estate of the
lately deceased idiot. After while the
American millionaires will own all the
available palace property in Europe
and royalty will have to pay lodging
in its ancestral halls.
—Eight sportsmen shot over the
preserved ground of Lord Mansfield at
Scone, Perthshire, recently, when the
extraordinary number of 1,400 head of
game fell to their guns. Of that num-
ber 1,100 were pheasants. One of the
party used three guns, which were kept
loaded by two keepers, and at one spot
during the day's work he had about
300 pheasants lying around him.
—A Hungarian miner who was re-
cently treated by a physician at Pheo-
nixville, Pa., had been living for three
months at an expense for food of only
two cents a day. He was earning \$1 a
day, but ate only black bread. As a
consequence his teeth were falling out
when the physician began to treat him,
and he was slowly starving.
—A Kafir vanished, and groans were
heard. He was searched for without
result, but on the following night
groans were still heard. The search
continued, and the man was found
murdered. His murderer was arrested
and executed, but the groans still con-
tinued, to the dismay of their auditors.
At last they were traced to a mocking
bird. That bird, alone of living things,
had seen the deed of blood.
—The craze for Japanese bric-a-brac
which has so thoroughly caught and
held American collectors is the growth
of a little over thirty years. When
Commodore Perry returned to Wash-
ington from Mikado land, about 1854,
he brought the first Japanese curios
ever seen here. Among them were
two large lacquered bowls, with
covers, one of which was bought by
Edward Everett. Lacquered ware was
greatly admired, and it was declared
that the Japanese had made wood mal-
leable.
—A queer custom prevails among
the Indians of the Kuskowim country.
It seems that if a native woman is
agreeable to a change of husbands, the
question of her possession is decided
by a wrestling match between the two
rivals, in which the victor carries off
the woman. The vanquished combat-
ant does not appear to entertain the
slightest feeling of anger or resentment
against his more successful opponent.
—A physician in sending a certificate
of birth to the health office gave the
following account of the parentage of
the child: "About a year ago Rosi
Ferraro, a widow with two children,
advised for a wife. Vente Raffel
called to see him, and they were mar-
ried by Rev. F. Andreis. He treated
his children so badly that I had him
arrested. Three months after the
marriage he took his two children and
returned to Italy, deserting his wife.
She is now cared for by friends, and
she possessed is 12 cents. She had 13,
but considering that an unlucky num-
ber, she gave one away yesterday."

An Anecdote of Horace Greeley.

When I was a cub—back in the
thirties—I was living with my mother
and step-father in Brooklyn. One day
I was sent over to New York to deliver
an imposing stone to the firm of Gree-
ley & Winchester, who were then pub-
lishing The New World. I was told
not to deliver the stone unless I got
my money. When I arrived at Horace
Greeley's office he immediately ordered
his men to hoist the stone to the third
story with a block and tackle, and it
was hoisted. I had insisted with Mr.
Greeley that I could not leave the
stone without the money, but he simply
answered me by saying, "My son, the
stone is in the third story; how are you
going to get it down? You come over
Saturday and I will pay you for the
stone." I told him if I went back
without the money I would get a terri-
ble thrashing, and which, by the way, I
unquestionably got.
I went back Saturday and Mr. Gree-
ley, wanted to put me off again. I
told him of the beating which my step-
father had given me. He seemed to
doubt it, so I pulled off my jacket and
showed him how black and blue my
back was. When he saw the marks he
said: "My God! what a brute a man
must be to beat a child in that manner.
Sit down. I'll get the money, although
I'll have to borrow it." In five minu-
tes he returned with some apples and
ginger cake for me, and then he went
out and was gone for an hour, when he
appeared with the money. When I re-
ceived the bill he handed me \$1, say-
ing: "This will take a little of the
pain out of your back, and, if ever you
want a friend and I can serve you,
come and see me." I did not meet
Greeley again for seven years, when I
met him in Washington. I was in
need of a friend then, and he intro-
duced me to Henry Clay and Daniel
Webster, and did all he could to fur-
ther my interests, which by the way,
was my first successful stepping stone
in life.

Women Who Want Shoes.

It is an easy matter for an experi-
enced man to handle women who want
shoes. If she asks for a certain num-
ber he will not go away and get the
size. He will take off her shoe and
have a look at her foot, from which he
can tell at a glance just what sort of a
shoe will fit her. Get one that will
make her foot feel comfortable and
that will look nice, and she purchases
at once. If you take her word for the
number, the chances are that you will
be deceived, for a woman has an un-
accountable objection to telling her
exact number, even if it is in the threes.
A green clerk soon learns this little
peculiarity after he has shown every-
thing in the show to several who will
not buy. Another rule with women is
not to show them too much. Let them see
several nice things and their choice is
easy. If they are suited; but show them
your whole stock and they want to see
more. I find that ladies are not so
given to cramping their feet as former-
ly, so as to make them seem smaller.
Young misses still do that, but women
of the world are not so willing to in-
jure their feet. The introduction of
English styles has done this, for En-
glish ladies always wear comfortable
shoes, regardless of a tight fit.