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DARLINGTON, S. C., THURSDAY MAY 6, 1880.

WHOLE NO. 278.

"FOR US, PRINCIPLE IS PRINCIPLE—RIGHT IS RIGHT—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER."

Cash on Delivery.

THE FARMERS' HOHELINDEN.

[From the Pickens Sentinel.]
The stirring times is going. Impulsively and thoughtlessly, from all the people's mouths. But Central has another sight. A new kind of society is being made in our midst. It is the merchants' plans and they, they are not a new thing. The new thing is the fact that they are not a new thing. The new thing is the fact that they are not a new thing. The new thing is the fact that they are not a new thing. The new thing is the fact that they are not a new thing. The new thing is the fact that they are not a new thing.

The Perilous Puzzle.

[Bob But let us.]
While we whirl away on the Atlantic and Great Western, the only road in America that is as busy as it is long, the fat passenger asked me if I ever worked out the fifteen puzzle. I told him with a nameless gratitude in my voice, that I have done so. I said, but I have never become addicted to the fifteen puzzle.

Something Worth Having.

Miraculous invention or the order of the day. Even Edison has been surpassed by a genius who has invented what is called a "Married man's Indicator." It is a wonderfully sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer, in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of ebalistic marks, which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard worked and belated husband arrives home, says about midnight. He takes out his indicator, thrusts it in the keyhole and leaves it there a few seconds. Palling it out quickly, he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gleam.

A Man of Ability.

John Forrester was very correctly named, for, until a few days ago, he had spent his life in the woods. Several days ago he threw aside his usual mode of life, and now handles the same old hammer. The story of his life shall be briefly related. Shortly after arriving in the city he was attracted by a sign bearing the inscription, "Meals at All Hours." Entering the place and meeting the proprietor, he said:

Our Missouri Letter.

[From the Southern Christian Advocate.]
The Spring is opening slowly but surely. I can never forget the delight awakened by the coming Spring while riding my first circuit. Horseback exercise, never enjoyed by me, was rendered irksome then by the many changes of animals I had to make—different members supplying a horse for a month—and the much mud and rain through which I had to go. The winter was giving way to Spring's influence. All nature felt it, while I rejoice in it as never before or since. I was riding in a lane on the Green road circuit, when I saw the first violets and heard the first birds of that Spring. Yielding to the joy of the moment, I said aloud:

Truth Worst of All.

A man who said he was trying to get money to reach Toledo, yesterday entered an office on Griswold street and told his story and added that his name was Caesar.
"Any relation to Julius or Augustus?" queried the citizen.
"Well, no, I want to be honest and square about this thing, I tell you honestly that I am not related to either."
"Then, I can't help you any, you are nothing but a common sort of plug, and it won't make any difference whether you ever get to Toledo or not. If you were related to the great Julius I should feel duty bound to help you."
The man backed out without another word, and entering the office next door he walked up to the occupant with the remark:
"My name is Caesar and I am closely related to Julius and Augustus. Can you spare me ten cents to help me get to Toledo?"
"Sir, you are a base deceiver!" replied the other. "You are no more related to the Caesars than I am! Had you come in here and told me a straight truthful story I should have given you a quarter!"
"How can you, sir?"
"The man went, and he determined to tell the truth. Halting the first man that came along, he said:

A Good Husband.

"Nothing," said a sweet smiling, joyful woman in a domestic circle, adds so much to my happiness as a kind look or a kind act from my husband. Oh, how charming after a hard day's toil at the wash tub or in cooking over a hot fire for the barest hands, or a hot change of any other domestic duty, or after a sleepless night with a sick baby, is a kind word, or a smile even, from the husband and father.
Husbands, if you see defects, or things which you wish were not so, in your wife, try kindness and see if that don't do them more good than all the kind words and cross looks you ever gave them.
I often think, continued this happy wife, I have the best husband in the world. He is good and kind to me in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow. We are happier than when we were married, nearly twenty years ago. He never scolds me, nor brings a long catalogue of complaints against me, but comes in from his daily labor in a good humor, with a smile on his lips, and says, "Now, Susanna, you have done enough to day; put up your work." Then he seizes little Nancy, and we sit down side by side, and chat in the cool evening breeze. What woman in the world would not make such a husband a good wife?
Do you want health? Why will you die? Death, or what is worse, is the inevitable result of continued suspension of the menstrual flow. It is a condition which should not be trifled with. Immediate relief is the only safeguard against constitutional ruin. In all cases of suppression, suspension or other irregularity of the "courses," Bradfield's Female Regulator is the only sure remedy. It acts by giving tone to the nervous centers, improving the blood, and determining directly to the organs of menstruation. It is a legitimate prescription, and the most intelligent physicians use it. Prepared by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by John A. Boyd, Darlington, S. C.

The Fun they had on the First of April.

[Gainesville Eagle.]
Mrs. S. . . on Athens street, is as sweet a little bit of a wee wife as there is in this or any other town, and is as full of fun and frolic as a kitten. Her husband is a good enough man in his way but he is not funny. He is one of those sober, solemn, somber-looking fellows whose mouth seems always ready puckered to say Amen; and he goes slouching through the world with his hands in his pockets, and if a good square joke was to get into him, it would blow him up like a cau of nitro glycerine. His patient, sweet-tempered little wife manages, however, to work more or less harmless mischief into him, and he loves her so well that he submits with a sort of dogged grace to whatever she does, and once or twice, so the neighbors say, he has managed to break the grain on the leather of his face, and smile a sort of condescending grin, and then, twitch his ears as though trying to push them for not keeping guard over his ribs.

John Gilpin and Ella Stanford.

John Gilpin was thin, callow and awkward; Ella Stanford, bonnie, buxom and loving. They worked on neighboring farms at Middle-town, Conn., and one day they went before the "squire" and were married. The next thing on the programme was the wedding tour. Neither had money. Both had good, stout shoes. Keeping excellent steps both hearts beat at one, they set out to walk to Woodbury to visit John's old folks. Wednesday night found them on the road plowing through the snow. All day Thursday they pressed on, and night fell they stopped at a little inn by the roadside. John was very much used up on Friday because of the long walk, but Ella lent him a shoulder, and so the wedding tour was continued. As the two approached within four or five miles of Woodbury, John gave out, and persons who kindly asked what the matter had only from Ella a request to borrow a wheelbarrow. At last, when a neighboring farmer learned that the ped-strians had just been married, he lent them a barrow, and tenderly placed the groom in this the bride wheeled him in triumph to the old hole in Woodbury.

Can't Go Back on Lent.

Three ministers sat in the pulpit of a Pittsburg church on a Sunday recently. A rising young artist who is one of the workers in said church, walked bravely to the pulpit before service and gave one of the ministers a notice to read benediction. The services were about being closed when the young artist went forward to remind the minister that he must not forget the notice of the temperance meeting down town. The minister begged pardon for his remissness, took the slip of paper from his vest pocket, read, looked dazed, rubbed his eyes, then smiled. Then he passed it to a brother minister. He smiled. Then he passed it to the minister, and he smiled. Then No. 1 remarked that he would like to speak advanced to the pulpit, received the notice handed at it, colored very red, and looked as though he would like to jump through the window. He had given the minister a notice of a temperance meeting which read something like this:
DEAR JOHN: I am so sorry I can't let you come to see me as frequently as usual, but papa and mamma think I ought to receive even my dear friends during the Lenten season. It's awfully disagreeable if not positively cruel, but then you know we Episcopians can't go back on Lent. I shall see you often, I hope, when the holy season has gone over the world's wedding twine.
Yours, with friendship,
That notice was omitted.

A Louisiana Storm.

The storm fell like a burst of infernal anguish. A whirl like fifty witches flouted up the canvass curtain of the gallery and a fierce black cloud, drawing the moon under its cloak, belched forth a stream of fire that seemed to flood the ground; a peal of thunder followed as if the sky had fallen in, the house quivered, the great oaks groaned, and every lesser thing bowed down before the awful blast. Every lip held its breath for a minute—or an hour, no one knew—there was a sudden lull of the wind, and the floods came down. Have you heard it thunder and rain in those Louisiana lowlands? Every clap seems to crack the world. It has rained a moment; you peer through the black pane—your house is an island, all the land is sea.—Scribner.

An Ordinary Home Transaction.

This is what the painters call an interior. Calling the other day on a little business with a gentleman at his house, in the course of which the gentleman needed some change for a note, he cried out to his wife up stairs "Have you any change?" The answer came from above, "Yes, in the purse." Then a silence of some length, "Where's your purse?" said the patient gentleman, at last. "On the mantel-piece." After rummaging among old letters, then in a jar, containing a corn-cob pipe, a card of buttons, sticks of broken sealing-wax and two or three vials of homeopathic medicine, the husband gently remarked, "It isn't here."
"It must be. If it isn't there I don't know where it is."
"Perhaps it is on the bath-tub or in the attic," said he, by way of assisting her memory.
"O, I know," said she triumphantly. "It's in my work-basket."
"Where's the work basket?"
"I don't know; ask Sarah."
Sarah, the house-maid, on being cross-examined answered that it was up stairs in the sewing machine cover. The sewing machine cover was found to be full of cotton, silk scraps, buttons and other paraphernalia for the construction of a dress. Finally the work basket was discovered on the ottoman, but no pocket-book.
"O, I know," said the persevering dame; "it's in the pocket of that dress I took off last night."
But the pocket book was not there. Then followed a long consultation with the servants.
"You had it yesterday afternoon when you paid Smith that quarter?"
"Let's see; where was that?" said the anxious wife. "I went into the hall after my hat. No, my hat wasn't there; it was up in the bed room. Yes! O, I guess I put it into my white dress pocket. Yes, yes; here it is!"
On being opened the pocket book was found to contain two car tickets and a postage stamp and the visitor came away with his affairs still unsettled.

Curious Prayers.

"There used to be an old colored sinner in the borough of Franklin, Pa." the tall, thin passenger says, "who was very unctious in 'pra', and one time during a revival session she got down on her knees, waved her hands in the air, and shouted, 'Come down, O, spirit of the Master; come down, O, good Lord, come right down thru de roof, an' I'll pay for de shingles!'"
"You remember," said the passenger, "the good brother in Greenburg, Indiana, who was called on to lead in prayer at some meeting, and opened his petition by saying: 'Unacquainted as we are to public speaking, O Lord, and being entirely unprepared, we will still endeavor to make a few rambling remarks.'"
"And the Kansas preacher," the man on the wood box said, "that noble Pppgtiss tells about, who referred in his prayer to the political condition of the country, during a very exciting canvass, and added: 'For the particulars and details of which, O Lord, we refer thee to the columns of the morning papers.'"
The other day T G met an old friend who was formerly a prosperous young lumberman up North, but whose bad habits of drinking resulted as they often do, though he has since reformed and is trying to do better.
"How are you?" said T G.
"Pretty well, thank you, but I've just been to a doctor to have him look at my throat."
"What's the matter?"
"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he couldn't find what I wanted him to find."
"What did you expect him to find?"
"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw mill and farm that had gone down there."
"And did he see anything of it?"
"No, but he advised me if I ever got another mill to run it by water.—Detroit Free Press.

Cut off His Sweetheart's Finger.

A young man, clerk in a grocery in Atlanta, the other day was very much excited by receiving a visit from his lady love at his place of business. The twin soon were engaged in earnest conversation, and she thoughtlessly placed her finger beneath the instrument used for cutting off tobacco, and known as the guillotine. About this time he desired to give emphasis to a remark by he was making and struck the tobacco cutter a terrific blow, which had the effect of severing the young lady's finger at the first joint. She did not yell nor faint, but quietly remarked to the young man that he had cut off her 'sewing finger,' thereby delicately hinting that he had deprived her of her chief means of gaining a subsistence. All of which comes of making love in a grocery store.
"Fellow-travelers," said a 'pulled' preacher, "if I been eating dried apples for a week, an den took to drinkin for a moon, I couldn't feel more swelled up dan I am dis mornin wid pride and wantin' at seein such a full 'tendance at dis evinin."

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as none know their value will ever use anything else.—Providence Advocate.

Shriner's Indian Vermifuge is strictly a vegetable compound, formulated particularly for destroying and expelling worms.

Twenty five thousand quills are being imported from England to be set at liberty in Pennsylvania.

Lossing Job.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, 'try Hop Bitters!' The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—Harrisburg Patriot.

I know a lady who had an ugly wart on her nose removed by the use of Cousin's Lightning Lintment.

For corpa and hum, it is tip-top. Use it for rheumatism and sorethroats also and be cured. For sale by Dr. John A. Boyd, Darlington, S. C.

Wanted.

Sufferers, read this:—If you are afflicted with neuralgia or headache, you can be speedily relieved by taking the Specific Neuro-genic. Speedy in its action, entirely free from opium and other narcotics, it commands itself in being as innocuous as chloroform.

HUNT, HANKIN & LAMAR.

Wholesale Agents, Atlanta