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Selected Poetry.

To The Old Year.
(From the Evening Wisconsin.)
BY STELLA AIKENS EDLIE.
Oh, hurry, Old Year, how you halt and pass!
I long to see you go.
Your sight is dim and your face is filled
With many a weary woe.
I have wealth, Old Year, and health, and
Which I yearn and pine to spend.
Make haste, Old Year, you are dumb and
I have opened wide the cracking door—
Your time is up, you know.
I ache to see you, aged and bent,
Go out across the snow.
Oh, hurry, Old Year, I may not weep—
I have no tears to shed;
I laugh to see you shake and nod
Your gaunt and hoary head.
Here is your cloak, and here is your
Your glance is so weird and wild!
You pass, Old Year, your frozen hat
With the rust of a child.
Look, on thy heath the dying flame,
The ashes cool and black!
I say, Old Year, for such as you,
There is no turning back.
Make haste, Old Year, you're slow, Old
You're getting stiff and old.
Your brothers lie so silently
Along the naked world.
Out on the hill where the bleak winds
All served with frost and ice,
There stands a tomb with a milk-white
Shroud and a grim device.
Oh, hurry, Old Year, for your breath is
No more of fear or doubt:
For on the door sions' thrilled with youth
A new friend waits without.
Goodbye, Old Year, with your white
Your chase and saddle, proud
Into your place with swift, proud steps
The young year glides at last.
I watch you go, Old Year, with no regret,
You made me promise, so fresh and sweet,
And pleaded falling time to pay old scores;
So now, Old Year, you see you're in
But I may watch your way with spark-
Across the frozen heath—the pathless
Like an aged one, who hard and grim,
Loveless and childless, is turned out to
What did you bring me, that my wealth
What wine was yours like to the blood of
Old Year, there is no love to drink you and I
I wait to see you pass beyond the night,
Beyond the happy vows you pledged to
Beyond the sorrow and the new made
I may not pardon you the ruthless treat
Which in your palms I poured with youth's
Good-bye, Old Year, you held no peace of
THE WELCOME.
Hark on the crisp and frosty night
In the wall of a new-born child!
Ring loud the bells of joy and youth;
Fill the chamber to the brim—
The young year came with the dawn's
And we must welcome him!
Where are the guests? Here's Faith and
Here's Trust with shining eyes;
Here is Content in her sober gown,
Abroad in the sapphire skies!
We must drink, we must eat, and sing
To down the new-born's cries!
His eyes are closed, and his ears are deaf;
But in his frozen heart
Sweet spring is stirred, and summer lies
All of his life a part!
Bring out the old wine, thick like blood,
To make the dull veins start!
O, welcome, year, with your untired days,
In the lap of Mother Earth!
We'll have naught but good at your feeble
Until you prove your worth,
So fill the chamber to the brim,
And drink to the young year's birth!

Selected Story.

The Maverick Mystery.

It was the 24th of December, 8 o'clock in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Maverick were in the sitting-room. Mr. Maverick was reading, or, rather, he affected to do so, in order to express his dissatisfaction with the harragane which his wife had been in delirium. Mrs. Maverick was an admirable woman, that she had a gentle persistence which at times seemed monotonous to her subjects—among which subjects her husband was naturally the most frequent. This couple lived in an ancient house on the outskirts of a venerable town in one of our oldest States. They got the house cheap, because it bore a bad name; that is, a former owner had hanged himself, under circumstances of peculiar horror, to the hook intended for the gas fixture in the ceiling of the front bedroom. The legend asserted that his spirit still pervaded the premises. Up to the present time, however, nothing wholly inexplicable had occurred. Strange noises had been heard, but nothing more than

loose blinds, warped doors and moaning draughts might have accounted for. Mrs. Maverick had been less impressed by these phenomena than her husband, who was of a nervous and excitable organization, with a powerful imagination. He had lately passed into a somewhat abnormal state, giving rise to anxiety in the breast of his spouse, and she was constantly urging upon him the expediency of taking medical advice. But Mr. Maverick, unfortunately, had conceived a mortal antipathy against anything in the shape of a doctor—an antipathy which may have had its source in the fact that his wife's uncle was a member of that profession, and had, many years before, administered an emetic to Mr. Maverick by mistake for a sleeping potion. From that time, at any rate, Mr. Maverick had declared bloody vengeance against any seaver representative of the faculty should darken his doors. It will readily be conceived, therefore, that Mrs. Maverick, who was really concerned about his condition, was at her wits' end how to proceed.

Mr. Maverick, in a fit of nervous exasperation, slammed the book he had been reading down on the table. "Maria, let us have no more of this 'he' 'exclaimed. "Once for all, I will not see a physician! and if you bring one into the house I'll murder him!"

"These fearful words had hardly left his mouth when there was a sound as of a heavy fall in the room overhead. The globes of the chandelier, and the window panes rattled. Mr. Maverick sprang to his feet.

"Great Heaven! what was that?" he cried out.

"That noise up, Maria? Like a heavy body hurled to the floor, and there is no one in the house but ourselves and the cook—and she's down in the village."

"A noise, my dear?" faltered Mrs. Maverick. "Was there a noise?"

"There is no one here," said Mr. Maverick, after an exhaustive search of the front bedroom. "But there is that old hook he hanged himself from, and do you see it?"

"Do come downstairs again, John. I was sure you would find nothing. Think how often!"

"It the spectre—him?" cried Maverick, pointing at the portrait, which frowned grimly back at them from its frame.

"No spectre has been in this room that I know of," replied Mrs. Maverick, in a quavering voice, while the tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, my poor husband, what shall I do for you?"

His agitation and the chill occasioned by his visit to the barn had put Maverick into such a state that he yielded at length to his wife's entreaties that he would take a hot bath and go to bed. The bathroom was a narrow apartment off from the upper entry, awkwardly arranged so that the only window was a narrow opening near the top of the partition between the bath room and the front bedroom. As Maverick lay in the bath his back toward this window, Mrs. Maverick was in the bedroom; he could hear her moving about there. But presently a faint sound, as of something getting and cautiously pressing against the partition, or slowly brushing against it, roused his attention. In an instant, to the utmost pitch.

With a sudden movement he turned his head and threw a swift glance at the window. It was enough! A strange, sombre face had been flitted against the pane, and had been watching him—who could stay how long? It vanished instantly, like a shadow and without a sound; but Maverick had seen it. He uttered a frantic cry, scrambled out of the bath, wrapped the heated blanket about him and reeled into the bedroom. There sat Mrs. Maverick in her easy chair, seemingly just aroused from a doze. Evidently she was, as usual, quite unconscious of anything unusual having happened. Maverick could not speak. He reached the bed and fell upon it in almost fainting condition. He was but vaguely conscious that his wife was moving him into an easier position, and tucking warm wraps about him; then he smelt brandy, and mechanically opening his lips, felt the fiery stuff trickle down his unaccustomed throat. He wondered where the brandy came from; and in the midst of his surmises fell asleep.

Suddenly, after how long an interval he knew not, he was broad awake, with a feeling that something was going to happen. He was lying on his back, with one arm lying outside the coverlid; the only light in the room came from the remains of the coal fire in the open grate. Awake though he was, Maverick did not fully open his eyes, or shift his position; he remained absolutely without motion, and with his eyelids down. But he could see that gray figure gliding stealthily across the floor and drawing nearer and nearer to him. The lower part of its face was muffled in some old drapery, but the eyes were revealed, and they were fixed steadily on Maverick's countenance. What did the thing mean to do to him? Where was Mrs. Maverick? Maverick's limbs seemed bound with iron; he could not stir, nor utter any sound, but his whole body seemed to be made of eyes and ears. It was standing close beside him now, and extending its arm, it laid its cold fingers upon Maverick's wrist. The touch was as light as a feather, but Maverick felt through every nerve of his organism. Then the cold fingers left his wrist, and crept slyly upward to ward his forehead, and his heart trembled and stood still. The next instant, with a low snarl of desperation, Maverick had sprung from the bed, and seized in a frantic grasp the burly figure of Dr. Tibbets, his wife's uncle.

"But what could I do, John, dear?" pleaded Mrs. Maverick the next day. "If I hadn't fallen down on stairs all this wouldn't have happened; but, as it was, I didn't dare to tell you it was uncle, for fear you should do something violent. I had asked him to come here, without your knowing it, in order to form an opinion, if possible, as to your condition by feeling your pulse and examining you when you were asleep, or in any way that he would see fit to do. But when you began hunting him in that wild way but try to persuade you that you were mistaken. And as for poor uncle he was nearly scared to death, and if he hadn't been very kind he would have run out of the house at once and left you to your fate."

"You nearly had me that time up in the hall," added Dr. Tibbets, chuckling. "You heard me breathing just inside the embrasure of the square room door; and if that stair hadn't creaked, by the mercy of Providence, just then, and got you off the scent, I'd have been a dead man. Then the slamming of that front door gave me a chance to communicate with Maria; but—well, excuse me from passing such another night for anybody."

"And what do you think is the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Maverick.

"Like of good looks and outdoor air—and doctors?" replied the obliging gentleman. "I tell you, Maverick, doctors are the best company going; and the only way to get along without them is to have one to dinner once a week."

The Elephant's Game of Honor.

Mr. O'Sha gives the following anecdote of an adventure with a herd of elephants: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants in a circus, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment he reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each; when I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of human beings—so I went to the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it and smacked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

Roberts' Donkey Stables.

(New York Letter.)
Such is the general interest in Robert Bonner's stable since he purchased Maud S. that he is obliged to issue cards of admission to his stables. The first horse of note whose stall is reached is Dexter. His temper is not so good as it used to be. Strangers are not received by him with favor. His purchase price was \$35,000. Next comes Picket, a \$10,000 bay gelding. He has a record of 2:14, and has made a mile in 2:16 on a private track.

How Costly Fabrics are Cleaned.

A careless waiter or an accident at the dinner table may cause the apparent ruin of laces, silks, or velvets large sums of money. If the lady tries to clean them herself she makes matters worse and makes it impossible for the professional cleaners to do anything with them afterward. These cleaners have peculiar methods in renovating these delicate fabrics and many of them they will not reveal, as they are secrets of their trade.

A Green Delegate.

(Detroit Free Press.)
Several days ago a dealer in oysters in this city received a call from an individual who announced that he had been appointed a delegate to come in from a village about fifteen miles away and see about getting oysters for a church festival.

How many cins would you want?

"We'll you may give me figures on twenty cins."

Three up—draw one.

The shrimpish little waiter. The first cake was just showing its shape on the griddle when a 15 cent check dropped beside the plate of the new-comer. He thought this was rapid checking, but noticing that the same man who distributed the cardboard took the cash, he said:

It must be a great temptation to a man who handles both the checks and the money?

"No; I'm one of the proprietors."

How does he know that?

"He is out in daylight this week and I'm on at night. Next week he is on at night and I'm on in daylight."

Yes, I see.

"He trans in just as much money to the firm's work in daylight as I do when I'm on, and I turn in just as much at night as he does. So to that he pays it is his business. To make it his business. You see, neither of us can write. We keep no books, and save the salary of a man who could cheat us both. Some times we make three times as we pay in, but that is our dividend. He makes as much over the sum as he can, and so do I. It makes us each have an interest in the business, and there is no incentive to dishonesty."

Have you an article of agreement?

"No; we don't need any. Our business has grown to be prosperous. I don't know how much my partner has made, nor does he know more about my affairs. We are both satisfied."

Greenland has only one newspaper.

What loads of liver pads and patent medicines the editor must get.—Burlington Free Press.

Would you call a lady dress in green, a greenback-ber?

Greenland has only one newspaper. What loads of liver pads and patent medicines the editor must get.—Burlington Free Press.