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WHOLE NO 576.

JOB DEPARTMENT.

Our job department is supplied with every facility necessary to enable us to compete both as to price and quality of work with those of the cities, and we guarantee satisfaction in every particular or charge nothing for our work. We are always prepared to fill orders at short notice for Blanks, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Hand Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c.
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Selected Story.

In a Stage Coach.

It was midsummer in the mountains, and Lillian Ferguson had never seen a fairer scene than the billows of blue hills that lay stretched out before her, with here and there the flash of a hall hidden lake, or the ribbon-like glitter of a tiny river.

She stood leaning against the rustic cedar post that formed the support of the hotel piazza, while her modest little trunk and traveling-bags were piled up at the rear.

"Don't fret, miss," said the landlady, who was bustling in and out. "The stage will be along soon."

"Oh, I am in no hurry for the stage," said Lillian pleasantly. "I could stand and look at this beautiful landscape all day."

"Ain't that strange, now?" reflectively uttered Mrs. Peck, the landlady. "Me and Peck, we never think about it all."

"Is the state often as late as this?" said Lillian, glancing at her neat little silver watch.

"Not generally," said Mrs. Peck. "But to-day they're waiting at Wells Station, for the deaf-and-dumb gentleman."

"For whom?" said Lillian, in amazement.

"For the deaf-and-dumb gentleman, miss," explained Mrs. Peck. "A cousin of our minister's, up at Crest Hill. He's been down to New York for treatment; but deary me, there ain't no treatment can ever do him any good. As deaf as a stone, miss, and never speaks an intelligible word since he was born. But they do say he's a very learned man, in spite of all his drawbacks."

"I'm afraid he won't be a very lively traveling companion," said Lillian, smiling.

"No, I calculate not," said Mrs. Peck, in a matter-of-fact sort of way. "Just at that moment a box wagon drove up; the coachman handed out a valise, and assisted a young lady to alight."

"Has the stage gone?" she cried, flinging aside her veil, and revealing a very pretty brunette face shaded by jetty fringes of hair and flushed with excitement.

"You're just in time, miss," said Mrs. Peck, peering down the winding road, which her experienced eye could trace, when no one's else was of any avail. "It's a-c'oming now!"

But Lillian Ferguson, who had been gazing at the newcomer earnestly, now came forward with an eager smile and an outstretched hand.

"Surely I am not mistaken," said she, "and this is Eulalia Morton?"

"Lillian Ferguson! Oh, you darling, I am so glad to see you! cried the stranger. "But where on earth did you come from?"

"And thus met the two lovely girls who had graduated just a year ago from Madame De Tournaire's fashionable boarding-school in New York, and who had not seen each other since."

Just at this moment, however, there was no time for explanations. The ponderous stage, relic of a forgotten generation, rolled up, with a creak of leather curtains, tramp of horse, and a general confusion of arrival, to the broad wooden steps of the hotel.

The sun was already down. In the twilight, Eulalia and Lillian could only discover that the stage contained but one other occupant, a man, who leaned back in the far corner, with the top of his face partially hidden by a large wide-brimmed hat, and his lower part wrapped in the folds of a Persian silk pocket handkerchief.

He inclined his head courteously as they entered, and moved a handsome traveling case which lay on the middle seat, as if to make room for them.

"Is there another passenger?" said Miss Morton, with a little nervous start.

"It's only a deaf-and-dumb gentleman," Lillian explained, her eyes full of soft pity. "The landlady told me about him."

"What a nuisance!" cried Eulalia. "I had hoped we should have the stage to ourselves. But now, dear," as she settled herself in the most comfortable corner, "tell me what this unexpected encounter means."

"It means," says Lillian, with a shy smile, "that I am, going to be nursery governess at Chessington Hall, up among the Adirondacks—that is, if I give satisfaction. I was engaged by letter from the Educational Bureau, a week ago."

"What a singular coincidence!" said Miss Morton, shaking her cherry-colored bonnet strings. "And I am going to be companion to old Mrs. Grove, of Grove Rookery, the very next place to Chessington Hall. How I do envy you, Lillian!"

They are under the care of an aunt, so Mrs. Grove told me; and there is a handsome widower and interesting young bachelor at Chessington Hall."

"Lillian colored, not only, but with a blush," she said. "Neither of whom I ever expect to meet," she said.

"It will be your own fault if you don't," observed Miss Morton. "Why, my dear, here is your career all chalked out for you. Sentimental widower, with lots of money—pretty governess—mutual fascination—growing devotion—finale, a wedding! Hey! presto, your fortune is made!"

"Eulalie, how can you talk so?" cried Lillian, flushed and indignant. "I am not on a husband-hunting expedition; I am simply trying to earn my own living."

"The more goose you, to neglect such an opportunity as this," said Eulalie, laughing. "If you don't try for the widower, I shall! Grove Rookery is only half a mile from Chessington Hall, after all; and a rich husband would solve the problem of my life at once."

"This is too ridiculous, Eulalie!" said Lillian. "I could not respect myself if I were to plot and plan like this. I know it is unjust; but you have made me dislike Mr. Chessington already."

"The more the better," said Miss Morton. "There will be all the better chance for me. They say he is very handsome; and one could easily send the two children away to boarding-school. I can assure you, I'll have no old-maid uncles and interesting uncles about the premises."

"Eulalie, let us talk of something else," said Lillian, resolutely. "Tell me all that has happened to you since graduation day."

Eulalie laughed out a merry, ringing laugh.

"Well, if you must know," said she, "I've been trying my best to get a nice husband, but without any success."

"Is matrimony, then, the end and aim of all the world?" said Lillian, with quietly disdain.

"As far as I am concerned—yes," acknowledged Miss Morton, with charming frankness.

"Pardon me, Eulalie," said Lillian, "but it seems to me that you have degenerated frightfully since your dear old days at Madame de Tournaire's."

Miss Morton yawned.

"How tedious all this is!" said she. "Miss Ferguson turned lecturer, eh? How I wish that poor fellow in the corner wasn't deaf and dumb! I'd hit it with him, just to aggravate you, Lily."

Lillian made no answer. She leaned her head out of the stage window, and watched the purple dusk creep up the mountain side, counting the stars as one by one they shone out. Anything was better than Eulalie's shallow chatter.

Grove Rookery was soon reached, and Miss Morton bade her old schoolmate an effusive farewell.

"I see that the old lady has sent the carriage to meet me," said she. "Good-by, Lily. You must be sure to introduce me to the charming widower when I come over. Au revoir, darling!"

The deaf-and-dumb gentleman left the stage very soon. Miss Ferguson watched with some interest, but no carriage of any description seemed to be waiting for him.

He disappeared into the woods like a shadow, and vanished from her sight.

"I suppose, poor fellow, that he lives near here," thought she. "How dreadful it must be, to be cut off from all companionship with one's fellow being!"

But even while these reflections passed through her mind, the stage stopped again, before a glittering facade of lights, half veiled in swaying summer foliage—Chessington Hall.

"Here you are, miss," said the driver.

Through the summer evening dusk, Lillian could see the marble-railed terrace and the broad carriage-drive, while two child-figures danced up and down, and uttered joyful exclamations of welcome to little Banché and Allice Chessington.

"Are you the new governess?" said they. "Are you Miss Ferguson? Welcome—welcome to the Adirondacks. We are glad that you have come!"

And in an instant their arms were twined around Lillian's neck.

At the end of a month Lillian Ferguson felt completely and thoroughly at home with her new pupils.

They had ranged the woods, and visited all the grottos and cascades; they had as rounded her with an atmosphere of the sweetest affection.

had come out to receive Miss Eulalie Morton, who had driven over in the Grove Rookery carriage to call, a tall, handsome gentleman entered the room, with Mrs. Hartleigh on his arm.

"The deaf and dumb gentleman?" Lillian involuntarily exclaimed.

"Poor fellow, so it is!" said Miss Morton, who advanced airily, shaking out the light shining flounces of her dress. "How he does hang up to be sure!"

"Ladies," said the deaf-and-dumb gentleman, "you are mistaken. I can hear and speak to-day, as well as anybody. I should have spoken to you a month ago, in the stage-coach, if it had not been for the unfortunate circumstances of my having just been to the dentist and had my lower jaw broken in the extraction of a double tooth. I perceive that you were mistaking me for my unfortunate friend Mr. Deuton, a deaf-mute, who lives near here; but he had been detained until the next day, and with my bandaged jaw, it was impossible for me to speak and explain matters."

Eulalie Morton's face glowed with joy. She literally knew not what to say. But Lillian Ferguson stood calm and unmoved.

"Then," she said, smiling, "all our sympathy was thrown away upon you."

He inclined his head.

"Exactly," he said. "I found, the next day, that it was necessary to put myself under the care of an Albany surgeon, so that I have a sort of exile for a few weeks. Pardon my being so late to welcome you to Chessington Hall. But the welcome is none the less warm because it is tardy."

Eulalie Morton never came to Chessington Hall again, nor could she so much as think of her conversation in the stage; that night, with out her indignation at herself.

"What a fool I was!" she cried. "Mr. Chessington, however, much as he liked and admired Lillian Ferguson, never asked her to marry him."

"When I was widowed once it was forever," he said.

And Lillian never coveted the prize of his heart; perhaps because she was engaged to a rising young clergyman, near Philadelphia.

"If only I had Lily's opportunities!" said Miss Morton. "But I wrecked my chances when I spoke out my mind so freely before the deaf-and-dumb gentleman."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Queen Victoria's Coronation.

Greville writes in his memories of Queen Victoria's coronation: "The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them."

Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed). Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the queen never knew what she was to do next.

They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop. She said to John Thynne: "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;" and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him: "What am I to do with it?" "Your majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her, little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubic oreescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was tight to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and home more vigorously than the Maids of Honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. His first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne, and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend:

"Well, madame, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?"

To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

A Loyal Man.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans, says an exchange, he made it will be remembered, many arrests for all sorts of reasons.

One eccentric old gentleman, who had been excessively indiscreet in his comments upon the current events, and who had been repeatedly but ineffectually warned to hold his tongue, was finally hauled before the co-keyed man of destiny.

It was shortly after the news of Lee's victory at Fredericksburg had reached New Orleans, and the Southerners were very jubilant over it.

"You have been expressing yourself in a very disloyal fashion, I understand, sir," said the general, with an unusually sour twist of his business eye, "talking very outrageously, and in a style calculated to produce mischief."

The old gentleman protested that he said nothing particularly bad, and suggested that he had been misinformed. But it was to no purpose. Butler waxed more and more indignant, and declared he would send him to St. Louis.

After much discussion, however, the sentence was revoked upon the old gentleman's consenting to take the oath, which he was very loth to do.

"Well, general," queried the old gentleman, after he had been sworn, "I'm a loyal man, you say?"

"Certainly you are," said the general.

"After this oath I'm as loyal as the eyes of the government as you or any one else."

"Unquestionably."

"And as such I'm now at liberty to talk."

"Well, then, general, confidentially, old Bob Lee give us his at Fredericksburg the other day?"

Married Above the Clouds.

A most wedding took place near Silverton, Colorado. Miss Mollie Connors, of Lake City, and Mr. Oscar Olsen, of Animals Forks, were married on the summit of the flycote at an altitude of over 13,000 feet.

The party being on snowshoes. Miss Connors agreed to meet Mr. Olsen on the summit, bringing her friends with her, and Mr. Olsen was to approach the summit, with his friends coming up on the opposite side of the mountain. The bride left Lake City accompanied by her two brothers, and Olsen left Animals Forks at the same hour accompanied by the Rev. Father Ley, of Silverton, and a few friends. The only way of sealing the snow covered mountain was on snowshoes, and the climbing was fatiguing. The groom and the minister arrived first at the designated meeting point, but they did not have long to wait, for the bride and her brothers were soon observed near the spot, though struggling along laboriously. Miss Connors was less fatigued than any other member of the party. After a short rest Father Ley performed the wedding ceremony with as much impressiveness as if it had taken place in a church. The minister, the bride, the groom, and the witnesses to the marriage group themselves together as close as the Canadian snowshoes would permit; the ceremony was gone through with champagne was drunk as a toast to the health of the couple, and then the party journeyed to the home of the bride, where a banquet was to be held.

Time Occupied by a Dream.

A paragraph published in the Philadelphia Ledger some time ago, giving a calculation of the speed of thought in dreams based upon a case that happened to present the required data, has been widely copied and has called out other stories and estimates of the same kind.

A correspondent of the Scientific American relates that during the Russo-Russian war a telegraph operator at Sedalia, Mo., was receiving a press dispatch in which the name of Gortschakoff frequently appeared. The operator became so familiar with this succession of sounds that as soon as the first syllable of the name had been received he went to sleep, had a long and elaborate dream about a hunting trip in the Indian territory, occupying several days, and finally during the division of the game woke up in time to take the final syllable of Gortschakoff's name and the rest of the message. It is calculated that the time occupied by this dream was forty-four one-hundredths of a second. The story is equally good, it will be observed, whether it is taken as a contribution to science or to newspaper humor.—*Troy Times.*

Ropy milk is ascribed to several causes, but bad food, which disturbs the cow's health, is the most frequent cause. The trouble, however produced, may generally be remedied by a dose of sixteen ounces of epsom salts and a daily dose of hypophosphate of soda for a week.

How They Get There.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins. I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I have known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful! I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith?"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. I was merely repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like mine, I like Philip, and Ferdinand, and—"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name, George?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins; what did you let me slip on that cobblestone for?"

"Pon my word I didn't do it, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are at home—or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I'm so much obliged for your escort, I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I!"

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

Words of Wisdom.

When you bury an old almost, never mind a tombstone.

Life is girded all around with a zodiac of sciences, the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky.

To be wise to day and foolish to-morrow is the fate of most men; to be foolish to-day and wise to-morrow is the genius of wisdom.

Those who talk the most know the least; there is not truth enough in the world to furnish one first-class talker with a month's gabble.

There are few things in life more interesting than an unresisted interchange of ideas with a congenial spirit, and there are few things more rare.

Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections and hopes gone for ever.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thin; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand.

As fate is inexorable, and not to be moved with tears or reproaches, an excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter; while on the other hand, not to mourn as all is insensibility.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

Willcox & Co., can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable.

Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

A Mining Story.

Eight years ago, four miners sat one night in a tent at an Australian digging discussing their future plans and deploring their ill fortune.

For weary months they had worked the mine without getting more than a bare living. At length they decided to leave the spot, though not without regret. Three of them went to the mine taking a last look around, when one said to his mates "Good-by; I'll give you a farewell blow," and with that his pick sent the splinters of quartz in all quarters. His trained eye spied a glitter on one of the bits that landed at his feet. He picked it up, examined it, and found it to be gold.

He at once proceeded to work with a will. His chums saw that something out of the common course had happened, and they, too, applied their picks vigorously. With silent resolve they worked on until they unearthed a big nugget. Then a fierce, glad yell of joy reached the ears of the fourth man at the windlass at the mine top. "What's ails?" he shouted down. "Wind up," was the reply, and when he did so the lump of pure gold met his gaze. "The Wellcome," he called it. "The Wellcome," and obtained thirty thousand dollars for it. The claim where the nugget was got is now covered with the fine streets of the thriving town of Ballarat.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c. a bottle by Willcox & Co.

A Man Thing.

A great newspaper reader was out hunting recently, and a storm coming up he crept into a hollow tree log for shelter. After the storm abated he endeavored to crawl out but found that the log had swelled so that it was impossible to make his exit. He endeavored to compress himself as much as possible, but with indifferent success. He thought about all the mean things he had ever done, until finally he stood diverted to the fact that, instead of buying his paper like a man he was in the habit of borrowing from his neighbor. On this he felt so small that he slipped out without an effort.—*Columbia Record.*

Buck's Araba Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Willcox & Co.

The Band is of Turkish Invention.

In Egypt they have an original way of avenging and insult and restoring self-respect. If a dromagon ticks a camel-driver the camel-driver does not resent it, but he wacks the donkey boy, and the donkey boy beats the donkey to restore his sense of self-respect, and the donkey kicks a dog, and then the frae as is settled.

HUMORS.

Clothes observer—Tailors. With Patti the making of \$5,000 is a mere song.

Excuse the girl who eloped with her coachman—'I was driven to it.'

A Boston firm advertises "shoo for elopement." They don't squeak.

A man with a cold in his head in like a waterfall. He is catarrh-racked.

The United States Mint is the only business place which can make money without advertising.

To keep apples from decaying put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.

In Tibet a woman may have four husbands. In this country it is as much as a woman can do to cut wood for one.

Some men asks how the great men of this country began life. We are under the impression that they generally began life as infants.

"Buttons are coming in again," says an exchange Jones, who fastens his suspenders to his trousers with a single nail, says, "It's about time. They have been coming off long enough."

It is hopeless for a short man to ever expect to be a tall man, but a tall man can easily become a short man. This fact is so obvious that it is scarcely worth mentioning.

The most depressing news we have had for a long time is the report that Asiatic cholera and Oscar Wilde will reach America next year. Strict quarantine regulations against Oscar should be enforced.

The author of the "Story of a Country Town" is spoken of as the coming novelist; but then any phonographer could write a thrilling story of a country town if he would take the trouble to listen at the keyhole when a sewing society meets.

An Illinois lady is said to have collected a string of buttons twenty-four feet long. This accounts for so many men in the state with their suspenders attached to their pants with a single nail.

Cannibal king to missionary: "I think that the best thing I can do is eat you." Missionary (in earnest protest): "I do not agree with you, sir." Cannibal king: "Well, I mustn't eat anything that doesn't agree with me."

Mistress: "I really can't put up with your voracious appetite any longer, James. Why, even the beasts of the field know when they've had enough, but you never do." James: "Please, em, you never tried me."

"Why don't you go to work?" said a charitable lady the other day to a tramp, before whom she had placed a nicely cooked meal. "If I had the tools," "What sort of tools do you want?" asked his hostess. "A knife and fork."

The great demand for Shriner's Indian Vermifuge is solely due to its intrinsic value. Thousands use it to-day in preference to any other, and say that it destroys and expels worms effectually.

Dull red cloths suits are in great favor for young ladies.

A bright red bird on a black or brown bonnet is fashionable.

Harper county, Kansas, has elected the Widow Bice its county clerk.

A young married couple in Hungary recently made their wedding tour, a long one, on tricycles.

The interesting fact has just leaked out that Georgia chartered, built and conducted the first female college in the world.

Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door, and, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness.

Gloak clasps are very beautiful in design, some being made of the teeth of animals, and all the metals are levied upon to contribute to their beauty and durability.