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# THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

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

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## Selected Poetry.

### O Leaves of the Leaves.

Cheered by the song of the robin,
Kissed by the sunbeams gay,
Coaxed by the warm rain falling,
You came in the early May;
O beautiful, opening leaves.

All through the heart of the summer,
Lulled by the breezes mild,
Crept underneath your shelter
The ferns and the mosses wild;
O swaying tremulous leaves.

Smiling, you watched the shadows
Cast by the moonbeams bright,
Over the sleeping flowers
Many a silent night;
O beautiful, glistening leaves

You've welcomed the blush of the morning
And bathed in the fresh, sweet dew,
'Till, flushed with a radiance tender,
You've caught from the rainbow a hue;
O wonderful, changing leaves.

You've sighed o'ver the fast fading sunset
And wept o'er the death of the rose,
'Till trembling, you cling to the branches
And shrink as the keen wind blows;
O beautiful, quivering leaves.

The breath of the autumn is chilly,
And cold is the pitiless sky;
You're tossed by the wind-sprites, scornful,
And southward the wild-birds fly;
O beautiful, quivering leaves.

On the hard, frosty ground you are lying
In masses of crimson and gold;
You have brightened the path through the valley,
And your sad, sweet story is told;
O beautiful, dying leaves.

For the drifting snows of the winter
You are waiting all cold and still.
But your last farewell to the summer
Still echoes from hill to hill;
O beautiful, saddening leaves.

## Selected Story.

### Quits.

"There, I think that will do. He will never be able to recognize the handwriting," and Nannie Raymond held at arm's length for inspection the letter she had been writing. After slowly waving it to and fro she put it into the envelope and, with a laugh, wrote:

Mr. Sidney Moore,
——Magazine,
City.

"Surely my pathotic appeal would touch a heart of stone, and I have very little reason to think Mr. Moore hard-hearted," though Nannie, while a faint blush crept into her face.

Nannie Raymond was visiting her school friend, Kate Moore. The former had been making a prolonged trip through Europe, and, on her return, was spending a little time in New York before going to her southern home. While at school Nannie had formed a strong friendship for Kate but had not met the rest of the family. On the steamer she had often speculated as to what Kate's home would be like. She knew that Mrs. Moore had died when Kate was but a child; that Mr. Moore had been very successful in business; and that his son, Sidney, was an editor on the staff of a prominent magazine. Consequently, he must be very learned, very near-sighted, and quite old. So often had she pictured him to herself that he became a reality.

At dinner, on the day of her arrival, Kate said: "Nannie, I want to introduce you to my brother."

Nannie looked up at the handsome man who was entering the room, and, after greeting him, turned quickly to her friend and said, with comic dismay: "Why, Kate, you told me he was an editor!"

Mr. Moore was very much amused at Nannie's evident surprise and embarrassment, and bantered her about it mercilessly.

Several days later Mr. Moore was telling Nannie some of his experiences as an editor; among which he mentioned the numerous letters that he received from people who offered to give him their history, provided he should write it up for the magizine, they having the pecuniary help and he the glory. He then added: "If these people would only become stenographers or type writers they might be of some use to a magazine. Why, only to-day I advertised for a stenographer."

Nannie immediately conceived a scheme by which she would punish him for the discomfiture he had caused her on her arrival. She would answer the advertisement. He had told her what kind of letters were most effective, and she could not doubt but that he would give her appeal some attention.

Mr. Moore began receiving innumerable answers to his advertisement. One aspiring stenographer assured him that she was pretty, and could play on the piano. Another said that she could not write very well, but would soon learn. One morning Mr. Moore came up to the desk of another editor, and exclaimed triumphantly:

"I have it, Frank! Just the kind of girl one likes to help, too."

"Nonsense, Moore. You're entirely too sympathetic. You have been kept in a state of chronic disgust all the week by the epistles you have received, and—"

"Just read this letter yourself," and he handed it to his friend:

*To the Editor of——Magazine:*

DEAR SIR—I saw your advertisement in a New York paper and hastened to answer it, hoping that I may obtain a hearing. I fear that I am but one among many applicants, but it is so important that I should have work that I must not lose the slightest chance of obtaining it. I have met with severe losses in friends and means, but I will not inflict upon you my sad personal history. It is sufficient to say that circumstances make it necessary for me to support myself or become dependent on charity. This fact gives me no claim upon your time, but, in view of what might happen, I have perfected myself in stenography, and think I can honestly say that I could do the work you require. I am, very respectfully yours. MARY RIVERS.

"By Jove! Moore, you have been indeed successful. I envy you the opportunity to give such a girl a chance."

"She's a trump! her letter interests me immensely. Then," he added, seeing his friend's look of amusement, "you cannot doubt her ability, Oh, by the way, Kate wishes me to ask you to dine with us on Sunday. Miss Raymond is visiting her, you know."

"Thanks. Tell Miss Moore that it will give me great pleasure to accept her invitation," and Frank Hunt passed off in search of some dilatory artist, leaving his friend to congratulate himself on the success of his advertisement.

That evening he told Miss Raymond of his intention of giving the place to the girl who had so strongly enlisted his sympathies.

"You had better answer immediately, as, no doubt, the poor girl is anxious to hear from you," said Kate. "I intend to write some letters and yours can be posted with mine, this evening"

Nannie and Kate exchanged significant glances.

Later in the evening the two girls held a council of war, and Kate triumphantly produced her brother's letter. Nannie seized it and hastily tearing it open read:

"DEAR MISS RIVERS—I received your letter in answer to my advertisement, and would be pleased to have you call on me Saturday morning. Yours truly,

SIDNEY MOORE.

"Oh!" cried Nannie, dancing around the room with the letter in her hand, "to think that an editor could be so awfully fooled! What do you think of my answer, Kate? The girl had seated herself at a table and was carefully writing in her assumed hand:

"TO MR. SIDNEY MOORE, —— Magazine, City:

"Remember me
When this you see."

"He will get that on Saturday, April Fools' Day, you know. Heigh-ho, Mr. Sidney Moore!"

Saturday evening came, and with it Mr. Hunt. After a little pause he exclaimed: "Have you heard about Moore's stenographer?"

"Oh, she was to call to-day. Tell us about her?" cried the two girls.

"Instead of the visit Moore was so ardently expecting a message boy came, bringing a most touching *billet doux*, in the fair stenographer's handwriting, reminding him that it was All Fools' Day, and that he was one of the fools. You can imagine his disappointment."

"I had every reason to be disappointed," said Sidney. "One does not often find such a girl as this promised to be. By Jove! I'll find out who she was, if—"

"Why, Sidney," said his sister, "what difference can it make? To be sure it is rather annoying, but then you can easily find some one for the place. Nannie won't you play that nocturne I heard you practicing to-day?"

Sidney immediately forgot everything and hastened to the piano. So slight a thing could not worry him, and he thought again and again how sympathetic and full of pathos was her rendering of the music.

After she had finished, Mr. Hunt asked Kate if she would look at the proofs of some pictures that he had just received, and they went into another room

"Mr. Moore," said Nannie, "I have learned the accompaniment to the song you asked for last evening. Would you like to sing it now?" and she played the opening chords of "My Queen."

There was that in his voice and glance, as he sang the words, that deepened the color in her cheeks and rendered uncertain the touch that was usually so true.

Then, as if yielding to an impulse that could not be longer restrained he said:

"Oh, Nannie, I cannot wait in suspense. The words will come. In you I have found my queen."

The music grew confused and Kate was heard saying rather loudly: "These are very interesting, Mr. Hunt, I wish you would tell me the story they illustrate."

"Mr. Moore," said Nannie hanging her head rather guiltily, "I have a confession to make. Will you promise to forgive me?"

"I will promise anything if you will but give me a chance," he answered promptly.

"I am the stenographer!" then she added, quickly, seeing his incredulous look:

"I did it to punish you for laughing at me, and at my unsophistocated idea of editors."

"Indeed! Well it may all turn out far better than I hoped. You know my heart was set on getting that very girl and a hundred fold more so now. I wish to offer her a different position—that of private secretary and general manager! Will you be the power, not behind the throne but upon it, my queen?"

"If I should ever try to exert any of the sovereign powers that you suggest you might remind me that you made your royal offers on April first!"

"Well, then, in plainest English, will you be managing editor as far as I am concerned?"

"No, but I may try to be assistant editor—a little. Indeed, I think I will be the girl you had set your heart on getting. I told you the truth when I said I had perfected myself in stenography, thanks to papa. He said that we girls must be able to take care of ourselves if he could'nt take care of us. You may talk as fast as you please and I will give you back every word just as you said it, with the t's crossed and i's dotted. Try me!"

"I'll take your word for it. I'll take your word for everything, even on April first—I say, Hunt—Hunt!" he called, and his friend and Kate entered the room. "I think the best of the joke after all. I have secured that stenographer!"

Mr. Moore and Nellie exchanged glances of intelligence and the former said: "You have the proof of a short poem in your pocket, sit down with your back to the audience, and don't look around, on your honor."

Nannie produced from her pocket a small note book and pencil. "Now read," he concluded, and Mr. Hunt read the brief poem rapidly.

"Now, Miss Mary Rivers, it's your turn," and Nannie laughingly read the poem aloud from her notes.

Hunt looked at the blushing girl and his friend's excited and happy face and said, "I congratulate you! No one ever turned his First of April experience to better account."

### A Spoiled Child.

I wonder whether the following story, which I have come across in the *Presbyterian Visitor*, is quite correct. That Mrs. Spurgeon should have had a longing for a piping-bullfinch and an oynx ring is remarkable, but still more remarkable is it that incon inently, these two incongruous wishes should have at once dropped down from heaven for her delectation:

"During an illness of Mrs. Spurgeon, before Mr. Spurgeon left her room for the journey he was contemplating, she remarked that she hoped he would not be annoyed with her for telling him what had been passing through her mind. She made him, however, promise that he would not try to procure the objects for which she had been longing. She then told him that she had been wishing for a piping-bullfinch and an oynx ring. Of course Mr. Spurgeon expressed his willingness to get both, but she held him to his promise. He had to make a sick call on his way to the station as well as call at the Tabernacle. Shortly after reaching the sick person's house, the mother of the patient, to his amusement, asked Mr. Spurgeon if Mrs. S. would like a piping-bullfinch, that they had one, but that its music was trying to the invalid, and they would gladly part with it to one who would give it the requisite care. He then made his call at the Tabernacle, and after reading a voluminous correspondence, came at last to a letter and a parcel underlying the other letters. The letter was from a lady unknown to him, who had received benefit from his services in the Tabernacle, and as a slight token of her appreciation of these services asked his acceptance of the inclosed oynx sing, necklet and bracelets, for which she had no use. This intensified his surprise, and he hastened home with what had been so strangely sent, went up into his wife's sick room, and placed the objects she had longed fur before her. She met him with a look of pained reproach, as if he had allowed his regard to override his promise, but when he detailed the true circumstances of the case, she was filled with surprise, and asked Mr. Spurgeon what he thought of it? His reply was characteristic: I think you are one of your heavenly Father's spoiled children, and He gives you whatever you ask for."—*London Truth.*

Joseph Smith, an aged citizen of Broad River township, in Chester County, on January 11, while returning home from J. N. McDill's store, fell dead on the roadside. His death is supposed to have been from heart disease.

### About Prominent Men.

Mr. Parnell probably receives the largest mail and sends the fewest replies of any similar conspicus politician in the world.

Victor Hugo sat for a portrait just before his death to Boitzel. This has been bought by the French Government for the Luxenbourg gallery.

Minister McLane is reported very popular among the American Colony in Paris, and was lately handsomely entertained by the Stanley Club.

Joseph Lilley, the oldest ex-United States Senator, finished his ninety-fifth year heartily and in happiness at Nottingham, N. H., a few days ago.

The recent death of Col. Henry Goodfellow, judge advocate of the department of the Missouri, leaves but one surviving member of the Kane Arctic Expedition.

The largest price by the square inch ever paid for a painting was lately given by the Duc d'Aumale for the "Three Graces," by Raphael from Lord Dudley's gallery. The price was $125,000, or, as the picture is only seven inches square, $2,500 per inch.

Joe Jefferson, on the way to his winter home on Orange Island, in the Louisiana Teche country, told his New Orleans friends that his great hope now is to sink an Artesian well, which will be his first experience in boring.

The Cincinnati *Times Star* declares that Actor Tom Keene's attack of partial paralysis is due to excessive smoking, that being his only dissipation. He is seldom without a cigar for five minutes. Mr. Keene is rapidly recovering, it is said.

"George Beck, the only son of the Senator," says correspondent Carp, is a bright boy yet unde 30, who has made a fortune in Wyoming Territory. He has a ranch of over 1,000 acres and I am told that his profits this year will amount to about $40,000."

Senator Cullen, of the New York Legislature, draws his salary daily. Last winter on one occasion he did not receive the amount asked for at the specified time, and now, to get even with the disbursing officer and insure himself against financial embarrassment, he insists that his daily salary of $15 be paid him at the conclusion of every session.

Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, is said by a gentleman just from England, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the Ex Premier, to be very much broken, and nothing but his inordinate ambition sustains him in the midst of the many anxieties that surround him. He has, however, by good care, regained his voice, which is as full and musical as ever.

Of the Duke of Seville, who has lately made himself offensively conspicuous in Spain, it is said that he once went to a ball without any cravat. The reason was that just before dressing he had dismissed his valet for insolence, and did not know how to tie a cravat himself.

President Cleveland was lately asked to contribute his autograph to the attractions of a Catholic Church fair at Philipsburg, N. J. He responded by sending a beautiful steel engraving of the White House, beneath which is the President's sigature. Accompanying this was a substantial sum of money.

Robert Garrett, George J. Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt and William K. Vanderbilt are four "heirs to great railroad estates," whose portraits appear together in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Garrett's face is that of a well-fed, wide-awake, thoughtful man of affairs. His beard on his lip and cheek is of the formal cut, and the comb-line of the hair is at the middle. George Gould is a handsome lad of the dark type. He looks bright enough and girls would call him kissable. The Vanderbilts show bright, frank, but not markedly strong faces. Cornelius has the clerical cast. William K. is less grave in look and seems to see a rose-rimmed horizon all around the sky.



The Williamston Female College has made arrangements to have its pupils instructed in the use of the typewriter. The caligraph will be used.

The State mission board of the Baptist Church has appointed for this year forty missionaries, whose labors will extend into twenty-four counties. It is propsed to expend about $9,000 in State missionary work during the year.

### Keeping Ben At Home.

"What a hideous green you are putting into that tidy," said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate good humoredly. "You see I bought it one evening and began to work on it by lamplight, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colors are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know of one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there;" and Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly as she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlor as into Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for that difference, thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending the time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was great overhauling of furniture up stairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare, dainty white mats upon the bureau; fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it.

"Have you a headache. Ben?" she asked, as she passed his open door that evening and saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands. "Oh, no," he answered, "only thinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and home like up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay: it wasn't the last time, either. By and by he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and be worthy of it?

"Do you know," said Kate to her friend one day, "your plan has worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!—*Philadelphia Call.*

### Commercial Intelligence.

Sam Bennet, of San Antonio, had a large lot of perishable groceries he wanted shipped to a point on the Sunset route. If the goods did not arrive on time, Sam knew that he would lose several thousand dollars. Of course he could sue the railroad company for damages, but he also knew that no merchant ever got his money back by suing the railroad company for damages. He felt sure that, owing to the usual delay, the goods would not arrive on time. It was of no use to threaten the officers of the railroad, so he was in a quandary what to do. A happy thought occurred to him. Seeing Gibbs, the general freight agent, Sam Bennet said:

"Gibbs, you've got the slowest road in Texas. I'll bet it will take a week for my goods to get from here to Andrewsville."

"What will you bet?"

"I'll bet a basket of champagne; but I know I'll win it, for you can't make more than fifty miles a day with a freight train on your road."

Gibbs was exasperated. His professional pride as a freight agent was touched. He called his witnesses to the bet, and made a memorandum of it, and he won it too, for the way Sam Bennet's goods were rushed over the line was a caution.

Sam Bennet put up the wine, but he didn't mind it, as he saved the expense of delay and the worry of a lawsuit.—*Texas Siftings.*



### Things to Know.

That it is easier to retain health than to regain it.

That serious headaches often come from ill-fitting spectacles.

That tin cleaned with paper will shine better than cleaned with flannel.

That cistern water may be purified by charcoal put in a bag and hung in the water.

That powdered rice, sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds, will stop bleeding.

That salt will remove the stain from silver caused by eggs when applied dry with a soft cloth.

That hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck, is a very effective remedy for a "jumping toothache."

That fruit or rust stains on table linen or other white clothes may be removed by soaking in a weak solution of oxalic acid.

That hard waters are to be preferred to soft waters in the teapot, as the hard waters dissolve less of the tannin of the leaves.

That after tea has been steeped in boiling water for three minutes, a large proportion of the valuable constituents are extracted.

That the most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

That plaster of Paris ornaments may be cleaned by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry thoroughly and brushing with a stiff brush.

That a room crowded to discomfort with furniture and ornaments, no matter how costly, is never restful and homelike, and always suggestive of the shop or the museum.

That old feather beds, by putting them upon a clean grass plot during a heavy shower, permitting them to be thoroughly wet through and then dried and beaten with light rods, will freshen and enliven the feathers.

That a dark and gloomy room may be brightened by placing ebonized shelves over the doors and windows, grouping scarlet, yellow or gilded fans upon the walls, and placing pretty bric-a brac and vases in positions where they will be brought into relief by a cheerful background.

That by acting on the following instructions a nice Summer drink may be made: Cut a lemon into thin slices, put them in a jar or pitcher, and add a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and a pint of hot water; let it stand until cool; strain into a bottle; place on ice until wanted.

### An Annoying Position.

A traveler stopped at a toll gate and asked the keeper if he had any good, cool water.

"John," said the keeper, turning to his son, "fetch me the gun—the one loaded with buck shot."

"Hold on!" exclaimed the traveler. "I meant no harm."

"Well, then I'll let you off."

The traveler rode on, wondering why the question had caused offense. He stopped at a house and asked a man if he could tell him why the gate keeper became angry.

"Yes, I can tell you. He has to carry water about a mile and a half and it is always warm by the time he gets home with it. Every one that comes along asks if he's got good, cool water. He scarcely hears anything else from morning until night. The man who kept the gate last year went crazy, but this fellow seems to stand it better. He is rather even tempered, and although he has kept the gate several months he has only killed two drummers and crippled a boy. I kept that gate once."

"Did the people annoy you?"

"Not much. I only had to knock down one man and stab another one, but I only kept the gate a week."

"Why don't the fellow dig a well?"

"Now look here, a thousand men have asked me that question. Stranger, I reckon you'd better mosey."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mose Schaumburg is very much addicted to the use of garlic. One pay last week he went into an ice cream parlor. The waiter came to him and asked what kind of cream he preferred.

"Vat you got?"

"Vanilla, lemon, peach, strawberry."

"I would not have dose flavors."

"What sort of flavor do you want?"

"Mine friend, don't you have some ice cream flavored mit garlic?"

The Carolina House, of Spartanburg, was discovered to be on fire on the night of January 10; but the fire was extinguished before any great damage was done.



### Straight Business.

Lady, timidly entering the office of a Chicago lawyer: "Is Lawyer Smith in?"

"Yes'm; please take a chair."

"Do you procure divorces?"

"Oh, yes. Have you a little affair of that sort you desire to leave in our hands?"

"Yes, I am driven to apply for a divorce."

"Very well, ma'am; you may sign this bill in blank. I can fill it up at my leisure."

"But how do you know my grounds for asking for a bill?"

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am. On the 9th of August, 1868, your husband pulled you around the room by the hair of the head."

"Yes, sir,"

"In January, 1870, he sought to throw vitriol in your face, and said he would be the death of you."

"Yes, sir."

"He has on numerous occasions destroyed your bonnets, called you vile names, and threatened to poison your mother."

"Yes, sir."

"He is jealous, stingy, erratic in temperament, and rather given to insanity. You pray for a divorce and the custody of the children."

"Yes, sir"

"Very well; please leave $25 with me. You may call around in two weeks for your decree; and, meanwhile, if you have a good opportunity to take another husband, don't neglect it. Good-day, madam. Next!"

### The Family Physician.

For burns apply flour wet with cold water, as it quickly gives relief.

For hives take sulphate of magnesia three times daily in very small doses.

The fresh tincture of lobelia will relieve the itching occasioned by mosquito bites.

A simple remedy for biting the nails is quassia. Wet the fingers and allow them to dry; if tasted it will be a bitter reminder.

The following recipe is said to be useful in the removal of pimples and "blackheads," which so often mar the faces of young persons and cause so much annoyance: Glycerine, three parts; vinegar, two parts; kaolin, four parts.

Dr. A. J. Miller has treated twenty-four consecutive cases of diphtheria with turpentine. Every case recovered without any sequelæ, whatever. The turpentine was given in doses of from one to two drachms every eight hours until the membrane disappeared. The patients were then put on a course of iron and quinine.



### That's Us.

"Have you lived a good life?" said St. Peter to a trembling female who knocked timidly at the Gate of Beauty.

"I was only good at one thing," said the sprite before him, with a doleful shake of the head.

"And what was that?" inquired St. Peter, in a voice of blissful sweetness.

"Cooking," responded the timid one, in woeful tones.

"Come right in, then," said the sentinel saint; "you've saved more men from perdition than a dozen missionaries, and I don't believe you can find anything around here in the shape of blessedness that you're not entitled to.

Mrs. C. M Walker, of Wildwood, Fla., has in her possession a baby dress which is seventy-five years old and has quite a history. It was the first dress ever worn by her father, John W. Barr, who was born in Scotland, and is now a citizen of Oakwell, Camden county, Ga. Mr. Barr was the father of eleven children, all of whom have worn this dress.

On January 14, fire broke out in the barroom of Groeschel & Co., of Winnsboro'. The stock was saved, but the building, belonging to Mrs. Gadsen, was destroyed. No insurance.

Mr. J. B Davis killed a mad dog on January 11 near Santee. The dog had bitten a number of other dogs and was snapping at every animal in his way before he was killed.

The ram that supplies Mr. Cornelson's factory, in Orangeburg, with water was frozen up several days, and in consequence the factory had to cease operations for the time being.

The gallery of the Presbyterian Church at Marion has been taken down and an organ platform erected about four feet in height between the doors at the front of the church.