

THE DARLINGTON NEWS.
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THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

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

DARLINGTON, S. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886. WHOLE NO. 579.

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 the best 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 Blank, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Head Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c., and all job work made to order.
All job work made to order.
Cash on Delivery.

Selected Poetry.

Yes, 'tis enough.
Yes, 'tis enough; a silken tress
To love, to fondle and to press,
To trine with adoration's care,
Some unknown being's chestnut hair,
To think, imagine, dream and plan,
As disappointed lovers can,
Of some dear being all unknown,
A cross, a strain, a queen, a throne.

Yes, 'tis enough; I would but own
A large, large gaze near the throne;
I will imagine at your feet
I kneeling hear your words so sweet,
I will imagine that 'tis bliss
To even dream I feel thy kiss.

Selected Story.

For the Old Love's Sake.

"I feel Mary, I shall be jealous of this cousin of yours. Already she seems to occupy all your thoughts, and when she arrives, I dare say she will engross all your attention. But, there, I will not scold you. Good night, dearest," and Philip Gilbert, my betrothed, pressed his first kiss upon my lips.

In the fullness of an almost perfect happiness tears came into my eyes as I turned into the house, and asked myself, have I lived the last few moments in a dream, or is it a reality—has the love so long yearned for been given to me at last? I have known Philip Gilbert for many years, and looking backward then, I could not recall to memory a time when I did not love him. Tall and fair and blue-eyed, and with a symmetrical form of an Apollo, Philip Gilbert would attract attention among a crowd of handsome men. I was some years older than he, and had never been regarded as a beauty. Yet he had asked me to be his wife. And yet, and yet in the solitude of my own room that night more than once this thought occurred to me: Will our union secure my future happiness after all? He was a man of quick and generous impulse, but with no stability of purpose and little strength of character. Those who believe that a girl is blind to the faults or weakness of her lover, know very little of my sex. I had formed, perhaps, a truer estimate of Philip Gilbert's character than one of his most intimate friends. Still I loved him with all my heart and soul, and for no better than a woman's reason—because I could not help it.

My cousin, Gertrude Harland, arrived on the morrow. Her father, a lawyer of some prominence in Boston, had but recently died, and when we learned of her bereavement, my own dear father insisted that the orphan child of his only sister should make her home beneath his roof. I had not seen her since she was a child of ten, and she was now eighteen. As I beheld her hands in mine and bade her welcome to our country home, I thought that I never beheld a being so radiantly beautiful. She was a brunette, with an almost perfectly Greek profile, and the pure olive complexion, with just a touch of color to give it warmth, so rarely to be seen by American women. The old farm-house where I had lived since my father, Mr. Maxwell, had retired from the active practice of his profession, overlooked the Hudson, within a short distance of Yonkers, a town which had not reached the importance it has since attained. Gertrude was delighted with her new home, and was never weary of dilating on the scenic beauties of the noble river she had seen for the first time. She was a week with us before she and Philip met. He was away in the northern part of the State, negotiating, I believe, the sale of some property which he owned there. How well I remember the evening that, meeting took place. I briefly introduced them, and with marked embarrassment Philip stammered forth the usual conventional phrases. But his glance was fastened on her face as she stood before him with downcast eyes and a demure smile on the full red lips.

Philip's whole attention was given to Gertrude, and whatever powers he possessed as a conversationalist were exerted, it was evident, to make a favorable first impression on my beautiful cousin. When he had bidden us good-night I went up to my own room, and with an aching throbbing of my heart, I sat beside the open window, and tried to recall the incidents of the past two hours. Was I jealous of Philip Gilbert? Had he only been courteous to a stranger, and that stranger my own cousin? Was this my loyalty to a lover to nurture within my breast a woman's mean and pitiful suspicion of his fealty to a pledged troth? And while thinking thus Gertrude Harland entered the room. She seated herself on a low stool at my feet, and crossing her hands on my knees, she looked up in my face. I thought it was in a tone of raillery she laughed:

"He is rather a good looking young man, your friend, Mr. Gil-

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"Most people think Mr. Gilbert a very handsome man," I said quietly. "But you have not told me, Mary. Perhaps, as those odious politicians would say, he is still astride the fence, less than a lover and more than a friend? The line is very suggestive, Mary, and very tantalizing to a girl under certain circumstances."

"Mr. Gilbert is my betrothed lover," I answered almost defiantly. "Why, I guess, as much as you, as you say he is very handsome, but you must make a hero of your lover for all that. It is not good form, Mary, and men are so intolerably vain. Well, it is a sweet halcyon that lasts the lover until he emerges into the husband. No man is a hero to his valet, it is said, nor is any man, my Mary, a hero to his wife. Did you ever hear this story about Sir Walter Scott? The guide led by a Scotch laird once visited the great novelist's wife, and sniffed contemptuously at the shabby carpet that covered the sitting-room, and the wife of the man whom all the English speaking world revered explained 'apologetically' I must make that foolish Scot write one of his ridiculous love stories to buy me a new carpet." But, as you say, Mary, your betrothed is very handsome, and let me congratulate you.

"At an earlier hour than usual Philip called the following afternoon."

"Mary," he said, "I've rigged up a lug sail in your father's boat, and it is just the pleasantest day imaginable on the water."

While addressing me, his words were directly intended for my cousin, who the evening before incidentally mentioned how delighted she would be at a boating excursion on the Hudson. She clapped her hands with the pleasure of a child, and our preparation being quickly made, we went down to the river. As we took our place in the boat, Philip said:

"The wind is blowing down stream, Mary. Suppose we run as far as Spouten Bayville."

"Oh! what a funny name, Mr. Gilbert," exclaimed Gertrude.

"But you would know the legend that gives the creek its name, Miss Harland, if you read Washington Irving. You see once upon a time a Dutch trumpeter waiting to cross the creek, and not being able to find a boat, swore he would swim across 'en spouten den davyt.' But his satanic majesty, it is alleged, indignantly at the challenge, when he had him in the middle, caught him by the legs and pulled him to the bottom for evermore."

Almost every afternoon for many days afterwards found us on the river, often lingering in the shade of the Palisades, when darkness had descended on the bosom of the waters. And the suspicion that Philip's love was being transferred to another, struggle as I might against it, daily grew. To the bitterness of a settled conviction.

The day had been oppressively sultry, and portended an approaching thunder-storm. To seek relief from an aching head, I threw a shawl around my shoulders and left the house. The very stillness of the night was painful to me, for not a breath of air was stirring among the foliage of the trees. The full moon of the summer night threw the long gaunt shadows of the sycamores along the grass, and the shadow of a man and woman, too, staid up by the orchard gate. My heart gave one sudden bound, and then it seemed to have ceased its beating. My recreant lover was standing there, his arms enfolding the lithe and graceful form of Gertrude Harland. The shimmer of the moonlight lit up the pale beauty of her face as it rested on his breast, and her arm coyly stole around his neck, as he stooped his head and pressed a kiss of such passionate intensity upon her lips as mine had never known. I saw no more—I remember no more until I found my own room lying prone upon the bed, and fully conscious at last of how basely I had been duped.

Presently I heard a knock upon the door, and my cousin's voice calling me in accents which seemed to me then as if over-ated to a laughing mockery. I did not answer her, for I dare not trust myself to meet her face to face, and listen to the sippant utterances of a woman's insipidity from lips that his had pressed so lately.

In the lull of the storm at times I heard the voices in the room below; and then as its violence increased, and the rain dashed in fierce and fitful gusts against the window panes, I sank into a troubled sleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a clamorous knocking at my door and the voice of our old gardener calling in terrified tones: "For heaven's sake, Miss Maxwell, open the door. The house is on fire, and there ain't a moment to lose, if you would escape."

"My father," I gasped, as I reached the open air; "where is my dear father?"

"He was summoned to the bedside of some poor fellow who was badly febrile by the storm, and he ain't got back yet, but I must go now, Miss Maxwell, and try and find some help to save the house if possible."

"One word more! Are my cousin and our servant safe?" I called.

"Poor young lady, she's safe, they are both safe; you will find them somewhere found."

"As the old man hurriedly left me a sheet of flame leaped from the upper windows with an angry roar, and for a moment his face seemed round with an awful brilliancy, and in that moment I saw the white-robed figure of my cousin rushing toward me. She clutched my dress in both her hands, and, shouting in my ear, said: "Run! Run! Run!"

"Oh, Mary! Mary! for the love of heaven, try and save him!"

"Save whom? I asked, as I looked down on the white-robed figure of the girl who had wronged me. "Is there any living soul within this burning house?"

"Philip! The storm was so far from your father, insisted he should remain over night. He is sleeping in the visitors' room."

"Philip? Philip Gilbert, the man your beauty loved? Why, Mary, I could not forgive her, but I would try and save his life at the risk of my own. I looked round in a wild, despairing way, but no help was near. I remember rushing into that burning house and attempting to climb the stairs, but the wood-work had already taken fire. The tongues of flame coiled round the balusters with a crackling noise, and the heat and smoke drove me back. Again I assayed the forbidden hope, and reached the landing above. I dashed my puny strength against the door of Philip's room with unavailing effort, and in the frenzy of despair called out to him by name. Suddenly the door was opened, and Philip, half-dressed, was standing there, and a sob of joy escaped my lips, and, sinking in his arms, I remembered no more.

"When I returned to a consciousness of rational existence, they told me that the excitement of that night had superinduced brain fever, and that the angel of death had hovered round my pillow for many nights and days. The summer was over, and I had gained, just sufficient strength to come down to the sitting-room in the evening, where, seated in an easy chair, I sought to forget the past in the pages of some favorite book. It was thus that Philip Gilbert found me one afternoon. "I had not seen him since the night that he had so narrowly escaped a frightful death."

"Mary," he said, "I've called to thank you for the noble heroism that saved a worthless life."

"That worthless life is yours, Mary. Will you forget the past and let me try and make your future a happy one?"

"And what would Gertrude Harland say?"

"She, too, is willing to make the sacrifice." He paused, embarrassed, and his face flushed hotly.

"You need go no further, Philip. I know the rest. To a sense of duty or what men sometimes call honor you would sacrifice your love. You would give the hollow mockery of the name of wife while your heart was given to another, and you would as surely regret that heroic act of self-abnegation before the honeymoon had waned."

"I would be a faithful husband to you, Mary?"

"Even while you loved another?"

"His eyes were turned from my face as he answered:

"There is a fate in love, Mary."

"Philip, here now—and forever, this subject drops between you and me. We can be friends, Philip, for friendship may exist between a man and woman, although poets and philosophers will not let us believe it. And now good-night, Philip, and may God bless you."

"I am a gray-haired woman now, and as I write these lines to-night, a fair-haired blue-eyed boy is calmly sleeping on my lap. He is Philip's child and here. Poor boy! he is doubly orphaned, for father and mother sleep their last long sleep side by side beneath the palm trees of a Southern land. My father is this Philip's guardian, and if by his own winning, winsome ways he had not already stolen into my heart, still would I love him. For the old love's sake."

Capital and Prohibition.

A railroad manager said, not long since, that the public could not realize the extent of the damage done by drink as it was seen by these great corporations. He thought that, if a statistical table of the accidents, deaths and losses to railroads, directly traceable to drink, were made and published, the people would be incredulous at its enormous extent. Hardly an accident occurs that is not remotely or directly connected with the drinking habit.

The law courts have been full of suits against railroads, and courts and juries have awarded heavy judgments, where the only defense was that the employee was drunk. That did not matter; a railroad company must pay the damage. At last, through a moneyed lawyer, these heavy corporations have adopted prohibition. It is said that the Erie railroad company have decided to discharge employees who sell liquors to vacate their premises. Of course there is an awful howl, and liberty being in peril; yet it is felt to compel a railroad company to pay for damage caused by a drunken employee, and not have the privilege of employing none but abstainers!

Other capitalists are taking the matter up. The Pullman Car Company have built a prohibition town. Large manufacturers in the East are enforcing the same rule. Capital everywhere is finding out that the morals taught by the church are a good investment in business and among employees. While the rule has been enforced, and the earnings of the workmen have gone into the comforts of home, even they have become ardent prohibitionists.

The doom of the dram shop is not hard to foresee when corporations, manufacturing establishments, capitalists, philanthropists and churches combine for its overthrow. Our motives may differ, but our object is the same. No movement gathers such momentum as this one against the saloon. "For God, for home, and native land," is a motto which is to be at the head of all banners of patriotism, liberty, and Christianity in our country.

Curious Indorsement.

At Barwell, S. C., this quaint and curious indorsement was found on the back of a Cleveland and Hendricks ticket voted at that place: "Grover Cleveland, stand up. A jury of your countrymen have found you guilty of designing and conspiring with divers Democrats to become President of the United States, to the great harm and personal injury of over one hundred thousand loyal office holders of the republic. And more. You have caused anger, hatred, ill will, curses, and malediction to spring up and live among the hitherto united Republican families of this country. Your advocates have defended you with great zeal and ability. Indeed, such zeal and ability have never before been known in the history of Presidential campaigns in these United States. As the jury, however, have recommended you to mercy, I make your sentence as lenient as the law allows. It is that you, Grover Cleveland, be confined at hard labor within the walls of the White House, in the city of Washington, District of Columbia, for four long years from the 4th of March next ensuing. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Bring in Tom Hendricks."

Bill for Women.

There is no record anywhere, in any history, of a happy married state where a man had more than one wife. Lamech had two, but the scriptures say nothing more about him. Adam didn't have but one, and Noah one, and they started the business of propping the world. Old Father Abraham had one, and when he took another on the sly, old Aunt Sarah got after him, and she fraited out the second one with a thrash pole and ran her off. Jacob had two, and if ever a man deserved two he did; but they didn't get along well, even though they were sisters, Moses didn't have but one. King David had several, but he was cursed with them and actually committed murder to get one of them and lived in anguish ever after, for he said, "My sin is ever before me." Old Solomon must have had an awful time of it, for he had a thousand, and they kept him so harassed and bedeviled that he flew to his instant and wrote that he had found one good man, but a good woman in a thousand had not found. Of course not. How could a woman be good when she was only a thousandth part of a wife? But Solomon repented of his folly, and said it was all vanity, and advised all men to "live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest," and to "beware of strange women."

I never think of these surplis wives who are sealed to the Mermions without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one causes the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison, and their dependence is like that of a caged bird that tames to its keeper for food. There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature, and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world. Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong, especially if she has a child or children to keep her company?

How Bad Bores Were Killed.

Among other contractors of high and low degree at or about Washington during the war was one who had purchased at the highest bidder, the dead horses of the army of the Potomac, for which he paid \$1.76 each, delivered at his establishment. They averaged, in the winter, fifty a day, and were also disposed of. First, the shoes were pulled off; then the hoofs were cut off; then the manes and tails were sheared. The animal was then skinned, the carcass was boiled, the tallow might be extracted, the best of the bones were sold for knife handles, and the remainder to be ground for fertilizer. The total result was that these parts of the dead nag were worth, when prepared for market, at least \$25 a head, and the profits of the contractor were consequently very large.

Ben Parley Power.

"Beware of imitations," as the monkey said to the duds.

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I never think of these surplis wives who are sealed to the Mermions without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one causes the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison, and their dependence is like that of a caged bird that tames to its keeper for food. There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature, and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world. Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong, especially if she has a child or children to keep her company?

How Bad Bores Were Killed.

Among other contractors of high and low degree at or about Washington during the war was one who had purchased at the highest bidder, the dead horses of the army of the Potomac, for which he paid \$1.76 each, delivered at his establishment. They averaged, in the winter, fifty a day, and were also disposed of. First, the shoes were pulled off; then the hoofs were cut off; then the manes and tails were sheared. The animal was then skinned, the carcass was boiled, the tallow might be extracted, the best of the bones were sold for knife handles, and the remainder to be ground for fertilizer. The total result was that these parts of the dead nag were worth, when prepared for market, at least \$25 a head, and the profits of the contractor were consequently very large.

Ben Parley Power.

"Beware of imitations," as the monkey said to the duds.

The Wife as a Manager.

The wife has a hard time, managing, raising a flock of children. What a world of work she has to do and anxiety to suffer. A loving mother reminds me of an old hen scratching for her brood, and at the same time watching for her chicken hawk. And some fathers remind me of the old rooster, who steps around and looks at the little chicks with a paternal pride, and sometimes scratches a little himself, and if he finds a worm he makes a big do and calls the chickens, but he always eats it himself before he gets there. I've not forgotten a written man, who struts around, and boasts that he is a bird with a high wing, and in the marriage service, it ought to be abolished, for it is humiliating to the woman to say, it implies dominion on the one side and servitude on the other. The man should outgrow the rooster and the woman in her best. Sometimes the wife has the best of men, and is the best manager, and it is ridiculous to make such a woman promise to obey him, for she is fit to go to do it now. There is a fine line under the old English law, when a woman lost not only her name by marriage, but lost her legal existence. She had nothing, and was entitled to nothing, not even to the custody of her infant children. But all that is changed, and woman now stands by the side of a man as his equal in most respects. Bill Rip, our lawyer at Charleston, S. C., has written at Charleston, S. C., Feb. 10, 1886.

Mrs. Mary A. Duley, of Tanhannock, Pa., was afflicted, for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her husband was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in each 50 lbs. in a few months. She has since taken a course of the same, and is now in the best of health. A full bottle of this new medicine at all Druggists and Large Dealers at Willcox & Co's., Drug Store, Large Bottles \$1.00.

"Nobody Knows."

"I don't know," is a frank answer and often the correct one, as the following anecdote illustrates:

The late Prof. Sophocles, of Harvard University, a native Greek was a man of great learning, and a voluminous author. He was a man of whom scholars heard, and read more and knew less than of any other distinguished persons in the whole country.

He lived lonely, cooked his own meals, and got up many queer dishes. He was something of a wit, and knew how to wake up students, though he was not a thoroughly successful teacher in the school room. He had a habit of being asked a student what was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon.

"They were buried, sir."

"Next," he asked of a student.

"Why, they—they were buried."

"Next," he asked of another student.

"I—I don't know," he answered.

"Right!" "Nobody knows," answered the professor, and so it was.

These are some of the best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, (truly it is Electric Bitters, the activity of the Liver, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or when it requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, it is always Electric Bitters, the best and only certain one known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Willcox & Co.,

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

All Old Fading Eyes.

A curious public house is among the latest attractions in England. It is called La Taverna, or La Bague. The walls are hung with paintings representing the horrors of convict life, interspersed with portraits of notorious Communists. All the waiters are dressed in convict uniform, and wear long chains and bouffets of the regular format. The landlord is Citizen Maxime Lichonne, one of the leaders of the insurrection of 1871. L. o. d. o. n. T. r. a. d.

Taking the seats of the meeting passing around the table.