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# THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

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

VOL. XII. NO 9.

DARLINGTON, S. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1886.

WHOLE NO 582.

## 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 even 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 Blank, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Hand Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c.  
All job work must be paid for.

## Cash on Delivery.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The county commissioners of Kershaw County have contracted for a poorhouse to cost \$1,150.  
The school commissioner of Abbeville County has made arrangements with the Abbeville National Bank to have the pay certificates of teachers cashed at the lowest possible discount, one per cent, a month.

On March 20 an election will be held in Catawba township, of York County, on the question of the township making a subscription of \$75,000 in aid of the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad.

The first municipal election of the newly incorporated town of Glenn Springs on February 8 resulted in the election of intendents, S. D. Smith; wardens, H. E. Williams, Paul Stimpson, Ed. Zimmerman and Glenn Barden.

A number of farmers in Chester, as well as in other counties, are purchasing tobacco seed preparatory to growing the weed. The Chester Bulletin says: "We may not be going wide of the mark in predicting that within three years Chester will be a lively tobacco market."

The Rev. H. B. Pratt has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Lancaster to accept a call from the American Bible Society, to devote his undivided time and strength to the work of preparing a new and more acceptable and correct version of the Scriptures in the Spanish language.

At the recent meeting of the stockholders of the Georgetown Telegraph Company a dividend of 7 per cent, was declared. A proposition to lease the line and pay 8 per cent, on the stock was declined by the stockholders. The following officers were elected: President, R. E. Fraser; secretary and treasurer, S. S. Fraser; directors, E. E. Fraser, B. J. Hazard, L. S. Ehrlich and S. S. Fraser.

An accident occurred on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad Friday week, which resulted in the breaking of a portion of the iron bridge across the Northeast River between Wilmington and Florence. No one was injured, however, and there will not be any interruption from it in the through travel between here and the North.

The disaster was due to an accident which derailed the local freight train which left Wilmington at 6 o'clock Friday morning. The train was derailed just before entering the bridge over the Northeast River at Hilton, and one of the cars struck the end column of the bridge with such force that it knocked down one of the spans. The bridge is constructed of iron and will be repaired immediately.

Why is a newspaper like a pretty woman? To be perfect it must be the embodiment of many types. Its form is made up. It is always chased, though inclined to be giddy. It enjoys a good press; the more rapid the better. It has a weakness for gossip. Takes a good deal. Can stand some praise, and it's awful proud of a new dress.—*Jefferson Bee.*

Don't talk about yourself, either to believers or to unconvinced people. It is a waste of time and effort. If we want to believe to know where we are in Divine things, let us tell them what we know of the Lord Jesus.

People who "went South for the winter" this year have found it. It is said, "He laughs best who laughs last." It may be so; but he has less time to enjoy himself.

"What is a fashionable hotel?" "One where you get what you don't want, and have to pay for what you don't get."

It is a Southern negro superstition that if a twig or brush gets caught in a woman's dress and is dragged after her it is a sign that she has a sweet heart.

"Now, sir, you are better," said a Boston faith doctor to a patient he had been treating; "tell me just how you feel." "Well," replied the victim, "I feel like a damned fool; how much is your bill?"

Why (reading the paper)—I see that only four little Newark boys started for Paris, on the return of the party the number was swelled to five. Husband—Is that so? And yet some people will not believe that the new discovery amounts to anything.

When Dick Thompson, of Indiana, was made Secretary of the Navy some one called upon Mrs. Thompson to congratulate her upon her husband's elevation to the head of the Navy Department. She could hardly believe that the news was true, and said to her visitor, "How, Richard said, it is to be Secretary of the Navy—he can't even swim."

## Selected Poetry.

### BABY MINE.

There is no joy in the world like you,  
No music sweeter as your "goo-ab-goo,"  
No skies so clear as your eyes of blue—  
Baby, oh my baby,  
But when you ground on the carpet pin  
And open your valve and howl like sin,  
No going can equal your little din,  
Baby, oh my baby.  
My heart is glad when your face I see,  
My joy is full when you come to me,  
I laugh with you in romping glee,  
Baby, oh my baby.  
And oftentimes in midnight snore  
Is broken by your screaming roar,  
And till morning dawns we walk the floor,  
Baby, oh my baby.

## Selected Story.

### The Eight Forty-five.

#### A BRIGHTON IDYL.

Everybody outside the office of Jonathan Greysark & Co., East India merchants, of Hood Lane, City, knew Mr. Jonathan Greysark simply as a very well-to-do bachelor, of five and forty—fresh-faced, well-dressed, genial, and affable as a man tolerably well fitted out with the good things of this life and unhampered by ties and encumbrances should be. But Mr. Philip Penn whose days were passed within the office, regarded his wealthy and popular employer from a somewhat different point of view. Mr. Penn, had by his steadiness and business knowledge in no small degree helped Jonathan Greysark to his enviable position in the commercial world; he had served the house faithfully for upward of twenty years yet he was still simply a clerk, in which position, despite frequent prayers and petitions, Mr. Greysark was apparently determined to keep him until the time came for dispensing entirely with his services. Altogether, poor Penn's life was by no means a happy one, for in addition to his commercial troubles, he had an eternally grating domestic skeleton, in the shape of a black-guard brother, who had stood in the felon's dock on a charge of extensive forgery, had passed many years in prison, and who now could only be kept quietly in the background by the allowance which the unfortunate Penn made him out of the exceedingly moderate salary he drew from the Hood Lane office. Greysark knew this, and was also aware that a tarnished name was an almost insuperable bar to his clerk's advance in any other line of life; so he meant to take advantage of the fact by getting a most unfair amount of work out of Penn, and paying him a miserably inadequate salary for it.

Jonathan Greysark lived at Brighton, and came up to town every morning on the 8.45 express. In this famous train he had acquired from long usage prescriptive right to a particular seat in a particular compartment of a particular carriage, and the guard suffered a considerable reduction in his weekly largesse if he allowed a stranger to usurp this place.

But, the old guard having been shunted elsewhere, and a strange official who knew not Jonathan, having been substituted, it so happened that one morning Greysark, his rug on his arm and his paper in his hand, swaggered gravely and majestically up to the carriage, only to find his particular compartment—and, in fact, his very seat—occupied. Under ordinary circumstances he would have resented this unwarrantable intrusion, in an unmistakable manner, but upon this occasion, as the occupant was a pretty, modestly dressed girl of eighteen or thereabouts, he could only vent his feelings in grunts and growls, and betake himself to another seat. But when, the next morning, he found his place similarly occupied, his position became somewhat embarrassing, and only the girl's pleasant face checked audible expression of his discontent. The same thing occurred the morning after, and the morning after that, and the young 8.45 bucks, who, of course, regarded the affair as a capital joke, remarked that the great man, instead of ramping and raging away to another carriage, not only contentedly went into the same one, but passed a much greater part of the hour and a quarter's journey in looking at the girl over the top of his newspaper than in studying the city article. In a fortnight's time it was observed that he handed her out, carried her little parcels, and saw her safely into an omnibus for the Mansion House; and in three weeks time it was noted that she chatted as easily and familiarly with her as if he had known her for years.

In short, it became very evident that the wealthy bachelor of Hood Lane was enamored of the young lady. When his attentions first became marked she assumed the proper attitude of unprotected virtue and confined her answer to rather curt monosyllables, but when her

feminine perspicuity assured her that her admirer's behavior was inspired by the most honorable of intentions, she unobtrusively told him that her name was Phyllis, that she was a student at the South Kensington School of Art, and that she resided at Brighton with her aunt. "Miss Phyllis," said Greysark one morning, as they walked along the London Bridge platform, "as some sort of assurance that I only entertain the most genuine feelings of respect and—admiration for you, I think I should mention that my name is Greysark, that I am the head of one of the most respected houses in the city of London, and that, as I am quite aware that an acquaintance of this casual nature is apt to give rise to erroneous impressions in the minds of people who only judge by appearance, with your permission, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to call upon your aunt at Brighton."

At the mention of the name Greysark, the girl's color deepened somewhat, and she raised her eyes to his face for a few seconds. Then she said:

"I am sure that my aunt would be delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Greysark."

Accordingly on the following Sunday, Mr. Greysark, instead of performing his usual weekly duty to society by an all afternoon lounge on the Green, betook himself to Regency Square, and was ushered into the presence of a smiling grey-haired lady, who might have stepped from an ancestral picture frame, and who received him with the stately urbanity of a courtier of the old school. Being a man of business, Jonathan Greysark lost no time in beating about the bush, but plunged at once in *medias res* described the origin of his acquaintance with Phyllis, expressed himself in such happy language, blew his own trumpet in such a pleasant, unassuming manner, declared his devotion in such fervid phrases, in fact, put matters before the old lady in such an attractive light, that she was completely won over.

"Of course, Mr. Greysark," she said in reply, "as I am only the girl's aunt, I have no direct authority in the matter. But if Phyllis regards your suit as favorably as I do, I can only recommend that you should address a letter to her father in London, state the case as you have stated it to me, and abide by his decision."

"But it is an extraordinary phase of our acquaintance," said the merchant, "that I do not know your niece's surname yet."

"Perhaps the old lady was struck by the strangeness of this avowal, but at any rate she hesitated a moment, seemed a little confused, and then replied: 'Her name is Fleming, Mr. Greysark; a letter addressed to Mr. Robert Fleming and given to me will insure its safe despatch.'"

"But would it not be better for me to call upon Mr. Fleming myself?" said Greysark. My business experience has taught me that one personal interview is worth a dozen letters."

"So it is, as a general rule, Mr. Greysark," replied the old lady. But Mr. Fleming's movements are so uncertain, his business taking him so frequently away from home, that the course I have suggested would, I think, be the better."

And after a little general conversation, Mr. Greysark took leave, resolved that he would without delay formally propose to Phyllis, and if her answer should be favorable, as he had not the slightest reason to doubt it would be, indite his letter to Mr. Fleming.

Accordingly the next morning, upon arrival at London Bridge, instead of handing Phyllis into a Mansion House omnibus, as usual, he insisted that she should walk there with him. And by the time King William's statue was reached he had poured out his soul to her, and received her ready assent to his proposal, conditional upon the approval of her father.

One or two little circumstances connected with his visit to Regency Square on the previous day struck Jonathan Greysark as being curious as he sat in his room at the office playing listlessly with the heap of unopened letters before him. Of course he had observed the old lady's hesitation in giving the name of Fleming; and her suggestion that the letter should be forwarded through her instead of to a direct address was rather unusual. Perhaps Fleming was a strange sort of man—under a cloud, or of eccentric habits. At any rate Phyllis was a lady, as was her aunt; the surroundings of the rooms in Regency Square showed refinement if not opulence, and although money with a wife was no object with him, he preferred that the lady honored by his choice should not be an utter stranger to the style of life to which as Mrs. Greysark she would be introduced. But his ardent affection for the simple minded, bright faced girl overcame whatever little shades of doubt or scruple the above strange circumstances might have awakened within him,

and, after hurriedly perusing his business letters, he called Mr. Penn in, gave him instructions to show nobody into the private room for an hour, and settled himself down to indite the epistle to Mr. Fleming. After such destruction of best cream laid note, he produced the following:

DEAR SIR. It is with no little diffidence that I address one who is a complete stranger to me upon a subject of such importance as that which now occupies my pen; but I am sure I judge you rightly when I think that you will pardon the liberty I am taking by the time you arrive at the end of the letter.

In short, I wish to obtain your consent to my marriage with your charming daughter, Phyllis. As this is to some extent a matter of business, I may inform you that I made the young lady's acquaintance in the Brighton train, by which we have been fellow-passengers daily for some weeks past; that I then obtained not only her consent to my proposal, but the entire approbation of her aunt, upon whom I had the pleasure of calling, with your daughter's permission.

For your satisfaction I may add that, although I am not a very young man, I am in the full vigor of health and strength; that I am the sole and responsible head of one of the best known and most respected business houses in the city of London, and that I am in a position, which you may verify, if you please by the most minute investigation, to maintain your daughter in a fitting position as a lady.

The entire happiness of my life, and I dare add that of your daughter's rests upon your decision as to whether she should be my wife or not, and I implore you not to be influenced in your opinion by the somewhat peculiar circumstances under which our meeting took place and our consequent acquaintance and intimacy were formed.

If you will kindly take a week to consider this to me, vital question, I shall be inexpressibly obliged; and, thanking you heartily in advance for the sanction which I feel certain you will accord, I am, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,  
JONATHAN GREYSARK.

Having read this two or three times over to assure himself that he had not said too much or too little, Jonathan Greysark placed it in an envelope addressed to Robert Fleming, Esq., and that again in an envelope which he purposed to hand the old lady at Brighton.

The week seemed interminable to the enamored Jonathan. Men remarked that he appeared absent-minded and preoccupied, but two or three of his fellow passengers by the 8.45, who were in the same market, told the story of his capture by the pretty girl in the train, and so accounted for his peculiarity. He himself, however, was in a state of anxiety to which he had long been a stranger. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed, and no answer arrived. Perhaps the old lady had forgotten to forward his missive. Old lady, so strangely mindful of long-past occurrences, were, often oblivious about matters present. Perhaps—but he shuddered at the thought and cast it from him—for Phyllis was too good, too much of a lady, to be so base and cruel; on the other hand, possibly Mr. Fleming was instituting inquiries. It was natural that an affectionate father should do so, and every time Penn brought in a visitor's name the merchant expected to hear "Mr. Robert Fleming" announced. On Friday afternoon he called in Mr. Penn.

"Kindly shut the door," he said; "I have something of importance to speak to you about."

Mr. Penn obeyed, and anxiously inspected his employer's face.

"Mr. Penn," began the merchant with a preliminary clearing of the throat, "you have been in my service now for some years, and you have given me pretty general satisfaction in the performance of your duties."

Penn's face brightened. Certainly a rise in salary was coming, perhaps something more substantial. But all was dashed to the ground with the first word of the great man's next sentence.

"But," continued Greysark, "I have been thinking the matter over very seriously lately, and I have arrived at the painful conclusion that I must dispense with your services at the expiration of a month from date."

The poor clerk gasped and clutched the table for support, and would have spoken but for a magisterial wave of Mr. Greysark's hand.

"It is very evident to me," continued his employer, "that some fresh blood is needed in this business. In fact, I propose to take a partner, and by so acting do away with the necessity of paying a hand some salary to a head clerk."

"Mr. Greysark!" almost shrieked poor Penn. "Do hear me. I have held pen in this office for more than twenty years. You have never once had cause to find fault,

and I may conscientiously say that I have never given you occasion to. For more than one reason I am precluded from the possibility of getting another situation. My name, as you know, is against me, and people would object to me on the ground that I had a brother who had been in the police dock, moreover, I am not fitted to occupy a clerk's desk in any other business. Think, sir, I implore you to think. With one word you are turning an honest man into the streets to beg, for no fault of his own. I do not wish to push myself forward unduly, Mr. Greysark, but such a crisis as this I am forced to remind you that but for me you might possibly not have found business matters work so smoothly as they have. If you discharge me with the notion of introducing new blood in to the house, you will have to—"

"Mr. Penn," interrupted the merchant, with a wave of the hand, "we must in this world be men of business first and humanitarians afterward. I have given your case my full consideration, and in acknowledgment of your services, as well as by way of compensation, I propose to make you a weekly allowance until you get employment. But that you must go I have made up my mind. You will please make no further observations on the decision at which I have arrived, or I shall be obliged to request you to leave my presence. I think it but fair to tell you, however, that the principal reason for my deciding to take a partner is that I am going to be married—that is when the consent of the young lady's father has been obtained."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "of all periods in life, surely the eve of marriage should most naturally inspire kind actions. You are about to make yourself as happy as human being can possibly be, yet you wish to inaugurate that period by reducing to want and ruin an old and tried servant. I know you too well, sir—or, rather, I think too well of you—not to be sure that if you carry out this latter intention your conscience must prick you in after life."

"Mr. Penn," said Greysark severely, "I told you not to bandy words with me, so let me hear no more. I am now going to Brighton. Do not omit to forward all letters to my address there. You will please be particular in this. I must say, Mr. Penn, that I am not a little astonished that, remembering, as you must, what I have done for you, and how with your tarnished name you might long ere this have been begging your bread but for me, you should presume to offer me advice on my own affairs. But I say no more."

The clerk lingered in the room as if in hopes that some straw might be left to clutch at. Then he said: "Mr. Greysark, you observed just now that the fact of your marriage depends upon the consent of the young lady's father."

"Those were my words, Mr. Penn," replied the merchant.

"If he should refuse his consent?" said Penn.

"Refuse, Mr. Penn! Refuse!" exclaimed Greysark. "Such a thing is simply impossible, simply too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The head of the house of Jonathan Greysark & Co., I should imagine, was a fit match for any one."

"So you may think, sir," said Penn quietly, "but fathers sometimes hold strange opinions."

"Mr. Penn, you are insolent, sir!" almost roared the merchant, rising in his chair, and glaring at his clerk with furious eyes.

Penn fumbled in his pockets, and continued, still quietly, "Well, sir, in this case the father's opinion does happen to differ from yours and he refuses his sanction to his daughter's marriage."

Jonathan Greysark started from his chair, his face perfectly livid, his eyes and mouth wide opened. Penn drew forth a letter from his pocket, unfolded it, and as if uttering unconsciously of the storm he had raised, resumed:

"You have addressed this letter to Mr. Robert Fleming, the father of Phyllis, the young lady to whom you have been paying your addresses. I, for family reasons, wish which you are quite familiar, prefer to be known in my circle of acquaintance as Robert Fleming. Phyllis is my daughter, and I re—"

"No! no! don't go on!" shouted Greysark in a voice of supplication.

In the course of a few weeks Phyllis Penn became Mrs. Jonathan Greysark, and the style of the firm in Hood Lane was altered to Greysark, Penn & Co.—London Truth.

Bucklen's Arnica 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 Thirteen Superstition.

M. Lesclide, tells us, among many other things, that Victor Hugo confessed to the possession of only one superstition. Nothing could induce him to form one of thirteen at table. Whenever a thirteenth arrived at the last moment it was M. Lesclide's business to pick up his hat and depart. The vitality of this hoary superstition, which no doubt originally grew out of the story of the last supper and of the tragic events which so quickly followed it, is remarkable. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the accepted tables may see for himself what is really the expectation of human life. It will be found that, in order to obtain a mathematical probability that one out of a given thirteen healthy persons will expire during the following twelve months, the average age of the thirteen must, in default of the presence of one or two on the verge of centenarianism, be very great indeed. It must, in fact, be about eighty-eight years, and it is scarcely necessary to say that, in practice, the united years of a festive party of thirteen never amount to the requisite 1144. The annual rate of mortality among males and females of all ages is only one in forty-one, and forty-one, therefore, instead of thirteen, should be held to be the unlucky number. This has been demonstrated over and over again; yet the number thirteen still remains ominous to thousands of excellent people in all classes of life. In Paris there are streets in which twelve bis does duty instead of thirteen, and the householders who thus ingeniously sought to circumvent fate would not for the world let the proper number be painted upon their doors. Some years ago Prince Napoleon tried to laugh his countrymen out of the superstition, but his efforts did not benefit his cause, for, with characteristic perversity, he used to invite twelve friends to carouse with him on Good Friday, whereby he gravely scandalized right-thinking people, whatever their theological views. In America similar but less aggressive attempts have been made to correct popular error, and numerous thirteen clubs have been established, the members leading themselves to dine thirteen at table on ever opportunity. In France, too, there is a thirteen club, the headquarters of which are at Senlis; and in England there is a little coterie of thirteen men who dine together monthly at a house numbered thirteen and pay 13s. each for their dinner and 13d. each to the waiters. Yet still the superstition is as lively as of yore, all over Europe and America.—*English Paper.*

### Preacher and Landlord.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal tells this story: When the Rev. Dr. Tappan was the agent of the American Home Mission Society he once made a trip through the northeastern part of Maine on horseback. On arriving at Mattawaukeag, where he was pleasantly entertained, he was told he had better remain overnight there, as the place which he intended to make his next station was rather rough and uncomfortable, and the landlord was a rude, blasphemous man who might not use him well. But Dr. Tappan was anxious to carry out his itinerary as he had planned it, and journeyed on. He arrived at his destination at dusk. The landlord came out, greeted him cordially, took his horse and put him up, hastened to help entertain his reverend guest, prepared a nice warm supper for him, and was as polite as a light-negro agent.

Just before Dr. Tappan retired the landlord and all his family, arranged in procession according to their ages, filed into the room with much decorum, and the doctor was asked to lead them in family worship, which he cheerfully did.

The next morning, after the doctor had dressed, the host, his wife, his boys, and his girls, all neatly attired, came in again and the same request was made and granted.

After a good breakfast the doctor's nag was brought to the door, saddled and bridled, and the good man prepared to go his way. He asked for his bill.

"Not a cent," said the landlord, cheerily.

The doctor thought this reply was strange from a landlord preceded by such an ill-reputation, and said, "Why! I must pay you for my entertainment."

"You don't owe me a cent," said the landlord. "The fact is that tin peddlers, butchers, drovers, fishermen, and all classes of people come here to stop with me, and I make it a point to take my pay in their own line whenever I can. I've done the same by you. You have paid. Good morning, sir!"

The good old drine used to tell this anecdote himself with great relish.

### Compromising With a Hog.

"Good mornin', Marse Dick," said Aaron Morse as he stepped into the store of Richard Kelly, down in Mississippi, and doffed his hat, holding it in his hands behind him.

"Good morning, Aaron. What can I do for you this morning?" said Mr. Kelly.

"Da'se got me again, Marse Dick?"

"Who's got you?"

"Der gran' gurer."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nuffin, fo' God, Marse Dick."

"You must have done something wrong, Dick, or the grand jury certainly would not have indicted you."

"Fo' God, Marse Dick, I hain't done nuffin'."

"Well, what do they say you have done?"

"Da'seuse me er compromising wid a hog."

"I knew you had been at some devilment, Aaron. You've been at-eating a hog, and if you are convicted, the court will divorce you from your wife for two years and send you to the penitentiary."

"Hit will?"

"I golly, Marse Dick, dat's good."

"What! going to the penitentiary for two years good?"

"Not dat part so much, but der udder part, dat what tickle me."

"What other part?"

"Gitting dat deforcement from der ole ooman—dat what plees dis nigger."

"Then, I understand that you are willing to serve two years in the penitentiary to get rid of your wife?"

"Dat's der conclusion of hit, for er ooman dat don't take no trust in her husband, and don't do nuffin fer her's 'po't, and forces him to skarnish in der woods for rasmus, gat no business wid er husband."

Aaron was tried the following week and the judge gave him four, instead of two years, and now he wants his wife to sell her two cows to pay a lawyer to appeal his case to the Supreme Court. But she rather likes the divorce herself, especially as it costs her nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### 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.

### The Poles.

It is reported by cable that Bismarck has begun the work of sweeping the Poles out of Prussia. The Prince has always had a hard fist for the defence of Germany, but he never before put the loaded cactus on his hand that he might strike to kill.

Poland has had a strange, sad history. Of all the Powers only Austria has ever had a hospitable word for her. She has been a football, kicked by Russia toward Prussia, and in turn kicked by Prussia toward Russia. She has a wild and passionate love of freedom which risks life as though it were worthless, but she has little practical and executive ability. Always wronged, and always seeking her rights by insurrection—that is the story of her national life.

In the middle of the eighteenth century her broad acres spread from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Now she has nothing except her untamed frenzy of disappointment. Restless, excitable, maddened by generations of oppression, she is the maist of the Continent.

Bismarck, who never conciliates, has issued a writ of eviction for a whole people, who must be on the march by April.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### 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.

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An accident occurred on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad Friday week, which resulted in the breaking of a portion of the iron bridge across the Northeast River between Wilmington and Florence. No one was injured, however, and there will not be any interruption from it in the through travel between here and the North.

The disaster was due to an accident which derailed the local freight train which left Wilmington at 6 o'clock Friday morning. The train was derailed just before entering the bridge over the Northeast River at Hilton, and one of the cars struck the end column of the bridge with such force that it knocked down one of the spans. The bridge is constructed of iron and will be repaired immediately.

Why is a newspaper like a pretty woman? To be perfect it must be the embodiment of many types. Its form is made up. It is always chased, though inclined to be giddy. It enjoys a good press; the more rapid the better. It has a weakness for gossip. Takes a good deal. Can stand some praise, and it's awful proud of a new dress.—*Jefferson Bee.*

Don't talk about yourself, either to believers or to unconvinced people. It is a waste of time and effort. If we want to believe to know where we are in Divine things, let us tell them what we know of the Lord Jesus.

People who "went South for the winter" this year have found it. It is said, "He laughs best who laughs last." It may be so; but he has less time to enjoy himself.