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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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DARLINGTON, S. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1886.

WHOLE NO 588.

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 every other 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. All job work must be paid for.

Cash on Delivery.

Selected Poetry.

When Shadows Fall. When shadows fall and light winds die, And purple hills against the sky Stand up amidst the glowing gold And paling amber that enshades Their western ridges, from on high Young night epitomes one shining eye; Far off, with fiercest, harsh cry, A flight of crows seek perch and fold When shadows fall.

Selected Story.

A Woman's Atonement.

BY IDA ROWLAND.

He was called to preach in the little stone church at Bayside, and she sang in the choir. That was the beginning of it. As to how it would end, people held various opinions, although on one point they all agreed. He was sure to fall in love with her. It had so long been the fashion for everybody to adore the beautiful Miss Sturtevant, that it was generally accepted as fact no masculine heart could resist her fascinations. For ten years nearly all the marriageable young men of Bayside had in turn laid their hearts at her feet, had gone through a brief season of mad despair as she refused them, and then married elsewhere, and learned as the years went by to look into her lovely eyes with indifference. All but one. There was one dark spot in Violet Sturtevant's life of which she did not love to think. Sydney Kent had seemed to her only a boy, pleasant to have for a devoted slave, and although she knew he was madly in love with her, she kept him at her side for months, and when at last she could no longer keep back the declaration of his feelings, she made light of his love, called it a boyish passion, and when he vowed to end his life, she only laughed and gave him a year to forget her. But the boy was insane with grief, and within an hour from the time he left her side died by his own hand. This was more of a shock to her than she cared to own. She had been cruel and unfeeling, but all through thoughtlessness. Her pride, however, was great, and she gave no sign of sorrow or repentance. His widowed mother carried her broken heart away from Bayside, and the sad occurrence became a thing of the past.

The shadow of it never left Violet's life. Other suitors came, and it was strange that the heart that drew all others to ward it never felt a thrill of love as the old, old story was repeatedly whispered to her. She enjoyed her power over them. She could not live without trying to win every heart thrown in her way, but the sweet unconsciousness of a true woman's love was to her an enigma.

little defiantly, as they seated themselves and were driven rapidly into the village. "You are displeased, aunt, and there is something you wish to say to me. Pray be quick about it. James is driving fast." "Not displeased, Violet," said Aunt Martha gently; "but there is something I wished to say. It may do no good, but I must speak. I pray you have some respect for this young man's sacred calling. Do not try to gain his love, only to throw it away."

"You mean the minister, I suppose. Any one would think to hear you I possessed an 'evil eye.' What if he falls in love?—I can't help it. His sacred calling will help him bear his disappointment, if it is to be that. Aunt Martha," she cried, passionately, "have I no heart, I wonder? Perhaps my hero has come in the person of this paragon."

"Oh, my dear, I should be so happy!" and the old lady's voice trembled with emotion. "You are a dear old goose, auntie. It might be wise to wait and see him before we rave in this manner. If he has black hair and wears glasses, my simplicity is wasted."

They reached the church then and Miss Martha went into the wide family pew, while her niece flitted up the narrow stairs to the gallery. It suited her to sing in the choir. It gave her something to do, and some one to rule; for no one in the village had received as good a musical education as herself.

The music was indeed a credit to her, and many a chance visitor from the city turned in surprise, as the glorious old anthems rolled over their heads. More than one heart felt a little flutter of expectancy as a tall, slender man rose in the pulpit to address them.

He did not preach a dry sermon about the old patriarchs, or some knotty problem in theology. He talked to them as if he knew each one's secret grief, and by his delicate sympathy healed the sore heart. He pictured what a true, beautiful life they might lead, until Violet found herself thinking of the past—her frivolous, useless life. The old wound reopened, and she wildly wished she could bring back to life the one son of that widowed mother who eight years before had blotted out his life for her sake.

She had a solo in the closing anthem, and many turned to look at her mellow voice floated upward. It seemed to have a new tone, that touched the heart like a prayer for forgiveness.

Ralph Armstrong, as he sat in the pulpit, looked across the little church into a face that seemed like the face of an angel.

There were several matters to speak about to the organist after church, and it was some little time before Violet descended the stairs, where, to her surprise, she found her aunt with the minister's hand in hers, while she seemed almost on the verge of hysterics. Hastening to her side, she heard her say: "To think that you are the son of my old friend, John Armstrong! Such a surprise and pleasure. Violet, do tell him he must come to dinner with us."

it all a subtle coldness that chilled her heart. He was not engaged; she learned in a thousand ways that he was generous and warm-hearted; but the year went by, and he was still cool and indifferent, paying more attention to the village maidens than to herself; and, as she felt that her case was hopeless, she suffered more than even Aunt Martha, who watched her closely, imagined.

Once she thought, "he thinks me too gay," and forthwith donned a simpler attire, and sang softer airs, only to see him studying her with an amused curiosity that nettled her. A dozen times she vowed to overcome this foolish infatuation, and avoided his presence; but it all ended the same way. After declining to come down and help Aunt Martha entertain him, she would kneel at her window in the darkness just to hear his footsteps as he left the house, murmuring "Ralph!"

At last she felt that she could bear it no longer. She would go away until she could conquer herself, when something happened that seemed to reveal the cause of his indifference. At a party, one evening, some one was speaking of an event which happened in the village twenty years before, when Mr. Armstrong remarked:

"I remember it well. I was visiting my aunt, Mrs. Kent, at the time."

Violet heard no more; she thought they spoke of Sydney and his unhappy fate, and imagined she saw a look of scorn on the face of the man she loved. How he must despise her, for his aunt had undoubtedly told him all about her before he came. He had been forewarned, and alas! forearmed.

She found her aunt, and entreated her to leave, as she was ill; and very ill she looked as she lay back in the carriage, saying over and over to herself: "His cousin, and I killed him? Her youthful folly seemed fated to mar her whole life."

"You do look sick; I hope you are not coming down with fever," said Aunt Martha, anxiously. "We must go away at once. They say there are a dozen cases in town, and they fear an epidemic like the one here four years ago. We must leave to-morrow, if possible."

Violet was passive that night, and let her aunt plan out their summer without any opposition, but as she lay and thought during that long, terrible night, she planned her life anew.

In the morning she said: "I shall can go, Aunt Martha, but I don't certainly stay. We can be in no danger here. Our spring water is so pure—just like that which supplies the village—and they will need all the help they can get to care for the sick. So many who are able will leave the poor and sick to their fate. I shall invite a number of those who are unable to leave to come out here and stay until the danger is over. There are many I could name now whom it would benefit, even if they were not threatened with the fever. Oh, Aunt Martha, do you think if I could save a life it would atone for the past?"

In that bitter cry her aunt read the story of that poor suffering heart.

"We will both stay," she said, gently. "I was only thinking of you when I urged going. My life is soon over. It does not matter."

The old mansion was large and surrounded by a farm teeming with plenty. The old rooms, unused so long, were opened and aired, and soon in every one were one or more occupants. There were delicate children, poor, tired school-teachers and several old ladies, into whose pinched and sorrowful lives this visit came as a heavenly vision. The village was indeed plague-stricken. Many who were able fled, but among those who remained the death-rate ran high. Doctors came from other places, and Ralph Armstrong staid and nursed and comforted all in his power. His face flushed as he learned of Miss Sturtevant's guests, he ran taking care that she should know to whom the credit was due. He soon heard of her in other ways, and met her more than once beside the dying. She was pale, quiet and courageous, but never more beautiful. There was one young girl who, in days past, she had believed had won the heart she would have died to possess. She had bated her for her simple beauty then, and now when she heard she was very low with the fever, with no regular nurse to attend her, a fierce struggle took place in her soul, which ended in her going to her bedside, prepared to stay and battle for the life in the poor fever-racked frame. For days she watched her, taking but little rest herself. Ralph had been in with the doctor, and pressed her hand gratefully as he found her there. There seemed no hope, and the doctor said, one day: "I can do no more. If she lives she will

owe her life to you, Miss Sturtevant."

All that night she sat by the bed, gave nourishment and medicine, bathed the fevered brow and prayed for her life, and as the day dawned she knew her prayer was granted. Some one came in to relieve her, and she slipped out into the fresh air. She went through the garden to avoid meeting the doctor and Ralph, who, she knew, were coming at that hour. Very pale and worn she looked, as she leaned against a rustic seat; but there was an exultant look in the face lifted toward heaven.

At last she saw Ralph come from the house, looking around as if seeking her, and as he drew near, she cried:

"I have saved a life. I have made atonement. Go to her I saved her for you."

"No, no! did you not know?—she loves and is to marry her cousin. My place is here, if you will let me stay. Here at your feet to ask forgiveness for my doubt of you. To think I could have doubted such a noble heart! I feel that I am unworthy to ask you to love me."

"And you know the past?"

"All; this week has blotted out the past for ever."

She turned to him with a look that told him, more than words could do of the fiery furnace through which her soul had passed, and stretching out his arms, he lifted her away from it all—to his heart.

The Last Ditch.

During the war the "last man" and "last ditch" were common phrases, and strange as it may seem, says an exchange, they were located at the end of the war. On Fourth of July morning, 1866, fifteen months after Lee's surrender, the secretary of war, who had planned a fishing excursion to the falls of the Potomac received a telegram from the provost marshal at Richmond, Va., stating that a squad of Confederate soldiers were at his office ready to deliver up their arms and be arrested. Knowing that the joking of that description would subject the perpetrator to court-martial, he made a bee-line to the White House to consult President Johnson, which resulted in a telegram to the provost marshal:—"Who are they and where did they come from?" The answer was directed to the point. "Sergeant A. T. Tewksbury and guard from Dismal Swamp. Did not know the war was over." After a good roar of laughter the provost marshal was ordered to receive their capitulation.

Tewksbury, a Virginian, ordered a couple of Georgians to come forward, give up their shooting irons and stick their fists to the "dole-ment," resolving himself as the last man and old Dismal Swamp the last ditch. Tewksbury's description of how he ascertained the war was over was amusing. He and his companions had been posted on the edge of the swamp to watch movements of Yanks from Norfolk, with orders to remain until relieved. He never was relieved, and had subsisted on game and fish for three years. He met an old negro who told him that the war had been over about a year, which tickled him better than if he had been kicked by a mule, as he facetiously expressed it.

The Courage of His Convictions.

In an address at Reading the other evening ex-Governor Curtin humorously said: "Who ever knew an old soldier to refuse commissary whiskey?" To his surprise a tall, gray-bearded man arose and answered: "Here's one." The governor was not so much surprised but that he could exclaim: "Then you must have been as dry as a graven image." The old soldier who was not afraid to make known his temperance principles is William H. K. of Reading. He served as sergeant four years in the war and was in twenty-two battles. He was a temperance man first, last, all the time. He organized a temperance society of twenty-eight members in his company, but after he returned from two months' imprisonment at Belle Isle he found that four had broken the pledge. He at once reorganized the society and built it up to sixty-eight members. Once there came an order that every soldier should have two doses of quinine in his whiskey every day. Sergeant Bush marched his company up to the surgeon's tent at "sick call" and the surgeon said: "Pour out a big one for the sergeant."

But the sergeant answered: "I swore allegiance to Uncle Sam to fight, but not to drink whiskey."

The surgeon was inclined to make a fuss, but the colonel backed up the sergeant and others of his company who refused the whiskey.

"When the governor asked that question," said Mr. Bush, "I thought it my duty to stand up; and up I went."—N. Y. Sun.

Children often wake in the night with a burning fever, and the parent is at a loss to divine the cause. Worms! worms! are at work. A dose of Shiner's Indian Vermifuge is the only remedy.

Free Tuition and the S. C. College.

A REPLY TO OBJECTIONS.

[W. J. Alexander in Baptist Courier.]

The State College is the rich man's college. Only the sons of the rich can attend it; or at any rate, the sons of the rich constitute such a large majority of those who attend it, that it is altogether wrong to tax the poor to support an institution whose advantages are chiefly for the rich. Let the rich pay their privileges. I am not sure that I have seen this objection in The Courier, but I am quite sure that I have heard it from some prominent Baptists, and my object is to meet not only those objections which have been stated in the papers, but those also which, so far as I know them, are privately entertained.

The answer to the above objection falls into three parts:

(1) The very way to make this rich man's college is to do away with free tuition. Make the College expensive, and the poor man's son can't attend it. The higher the tuition fees, the more difficult it becomes for the poor man to send his son to it, and the more it tends to become exclusively the rich man's college. Those, therefore, who object to free tuition on the ground that the State College is the rich man's college are advocating the only policy which will tend to make it the rich man's college. I have presented this answer to several gentlemen who have urged the above objection, and the only response I have ever received has been a blush of embarrassment and confusion. There may, however, be an answer to this criticism; if so, let us have it.

(2) Grant for the sake of argument, that this is the rich man's college (and I grant it only for the sake of argument; nothing is further from the fact), still, even in this case, the free tuition policy of the College could, I believe, be vindicated. For what are the facts? The rich and the poor alike are taxed to support free schools. But who derive most advantage from the free common school? Not the rich, but the poor. The rich man who aims to send his son to college finds that his son can not be prepared for college in the free schools. I mean no disparagement to the teachers of the free schools when I say that the compensation to such teachers is so meagre that, as a general thing, first-rate teachers cannot afford to teach such schools. Of course this remark does not apply to graded schools, which are chiefly supported by local taxation. The school tax will have to be greatly increased before we can hope to secure, as teachers of the free schools, men of first-rate scholarship. I hope that the people of the State will soon see that it is to their highest interests that the school tax should be greatly increased. I hope that they will soon demand this of the Legislature. It is a false notion that half-educated people can teach elementary schools well. A man who has never gone beyond his English grammar and arithmetic cannot teach grammar and arithmetic as they ought to be taught. There is such a thing as penny-wise and pound-foolish, and that is the mistake we are now making about public education. Where is the common free school that can prepare a boy for college? There are a few, but they are very few. The rich man, therefore, who desires to have his son prepared for college finds that he cannot avail himself of the free schools. Therefore, if he lives in a neighborhood in which there are others who have similar aims in regard to their sons, he unites with them in employing a teacher at their own expense; otherwise, he sends his son away from home, at great expense, to some good school. And yet, though he derives no personal advantage from the free school, he pays ten or twenty times as much to its support as the poor man who does derive advantage from it. This state of things exists in almost every neighborhood. Now I ask whether it is not simply just and fair that there should be some one school, at least, of higher education in which the rich man might educate his son free of tuition? As he derives no personal advantage from the free common schools, ought there not to be some free school of higher education from which he can derive some personal advantage. The South Carolina College is such a school, and common justice demands that it ought to be as free and open to the rich as it is to the poor. The rich have their rights as well as the poor, and the poor are as much bound to respect the rights of the rich as the rich are bound to respect the rights of the poor. If the rich man does not complain that he has to pay \$10 to support elementary schools from which only the poor derive personal advantage, shall the poor man complain that he has to pay five cents to support a college even if only the rich derive personal advantage from it? If he does complain, he is a "poor" specimen of manhood in more senses of that word than one.

and "I have nothing agin him," as Mrs. Poyser said of Craig, "only it is a pity he couldn't be hatched over and hatched different."

(3) All this is on the supposition that this is the rich man's college. But there never was a supposition more unfounded. If, indeed, by a poor man we mean a man so poor that it is impossible for him to send his son to college, and if by a rich man we mean one to whom it is possible to send his son to college, however great the difficulties, then of course, this is the rich man's college, as is also every other. But if by a rich man we mean one who can send his son to college without feeling it to be a heavy burden, and if in the class of poor men we mean those who can, indeed, send their sons to college, but to whom it is a heavy burden to do so—a burden so heavy they have to make painful sacrifices in order to sustain it,—then, at least nineteen-twentieths of the patrons of the State College are poor men. There are not a dozen students in our college whose education is not a heavy burden to their parents. Let it be understood that when we speak of poor men we do not mean exclusively obscure men, or men of humble family. The war impoverished many of the best families of the State. The aristocracy of South Carolina is by no means a plutocracy. On the contrary, many of the best families in the State are among the poorest of her citizens, and have to exercise the most painful economy to educate their children. It serves the purpose of the enemies of free tuition in the State College to pool-pool poverty as if it were a spectre of the imagination rather than a hard, cruel fact. I would it were so, but it is not. If pool-pooling and bow-wowing could drive poverty out of actual existence, or at least beyond the borders of our State, I for one should make pool-pooling and bow-wowing my exclusive business until the last demon of Poverty's gaunt brood had leaped into the Savannah River or plunged into the Atlantic Ocean.

I have now finished my examination of objections to the free tuition policy of the State College. These objections are:

1. That many are opposed to this policy, and that it is unjust to tax people to support a policy or an institution to which they are opposed. The answer to this objection was that it proved too much; for, according to the objection, only those should be taxed to support a policy who approve that policy; which is absurd, as I demonstrated.

2. That the tax to support the free-tuition policy of the State College was such a heavy burden on the tax payers. The answer to this was that the average voter paid only five cents to support this policy.

3. That free tuition detracts from the manliness and independence of those who are the objects of it, and creates a class of citizens who habitually look to the State for help. It was admitted that there was force in this objection; but it was replied that the difficulty of paying for his board, books and other expenses sufficiently tried and developed the manhood of our youth to counteract whatever enervating influence free tuition might exert. I further showed that the very men who are now condemning this policy of free tuition were the first to inaugurate and applaud it.

4. That free tuition in the State College is an injustice to the denominational colleges, inasmuch as it gives the former an advantage in the race of competition. The answer was: (1) It is a low view of our colleges to regard them as "running a race of competition." (2) It is narrow and selfish for the denominational colleges to object to the State giving cheap higher education because they cannot do so. (3) The implied belief that if free tuition were abolished many students now attending the State College would attend Furman University was shown to be groundless.

5. That it is the rich man's college. The present article is an answer to this objection.

These are the leading objections, so far as I know them. If there are others, I should be glad to have my attention called to them. Of all these objections, the third is the only one which seems to me to have any force. At one time it seemed to me to have so much force that I was rather disposed to favor the abolition of free tuition. All other considerations are strongly in favor of the free-tuition policy of the State College; but this one, it seemed to me, was of more importance than all the others combined, and if it were true, ought to outweigh them all. If I were persuaded that it was true—that the manliness and self-reliance of our young men were degraded by free tuition—I should certainly denounce it. I am convinced, however, that this is not the case, but that the condition and circumstances are such as to neutralize any such demoralizing influence. But if one insists that such a policy is damaging to the character of our young men, let him be consistent and begin at once a crusade against the common

A 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 the throat, lungs, and chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

Fashion Notes.

Bonnets are small and hats high. Red everywhere and in every thing. Cats' eyes figure largely in new fringes. All the new cotton dress goods are thin. Black crape is used to cover crimson satin. Plush continues the favorite fabric for mantles. Homespun comes in great variety and is popular. Now is the time to buy and make up wash goods. Gold and silver tinsel is seen in all the new rubings. Skirts are either plain or laid in perpendicular pleats. Hats in two shades of brown are becoming trimmed with gold beads in heads in pair and deep tones.

Smoked pearl ornaments are seen mixed with dull lead and steel beads, making a novel arrangement.

Brown is the most used of any color, and "studies in brown" are occupying the attention of even the tailors.

Caps for elderly ladies covering the top of the head, and without strings or tabs, are made of full richings of illusion lace.

Black bonnets are most favored for evening wear, and jet is the favorite garniture, lighted up by a bit of color, red, yellow or blue.

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 50 cents a bottle by Wilcox & Co.

The Knights of Labor are aiming to bring about days of prosperity.—Boston Courier.

A yearning for sausage will now and then pop up in even the most poetic breast.

It is seldom that a man is sufficiently color-blind to be able not to tell a green back when he sees it.

A woman hates to pass a pretty bonnet in a store window, but she is always willing to buy it.

There is an art in putting on gloves, says a fashion paper. Come to think of it, you have to get your hand in, as it were, in putting on a glove properly.

She—"What a man you are, George; always making fun of the ladies' taper waist." He—"And what should I do with a taper, but to make light of it?"

An old-fashioned corner clock stood so long in one place that its wooden feet decayed, and it fell across the dining hall while a Little Rock family were at dinner, severely injuring two grown persons and a child. What time was it? The clock struck three.

"I can certainly say that Hughes' Tonic is the best Chilli remedy I have ever seen or heard of. I used only a part of a bottle, without any quinine, and it cured me." P. W. Withers, deputy sheriff, Jeff. Co., Arkansas.