

THE DARLINGTON NEWS,  
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 PROPRIETOR.  
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# THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

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**JOB DEPARTMENT.**  
 Our job department 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 Blanks, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Hand Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c.  
 All job work must be paid for.  
 Cash on Delivery.

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

**FOUND**  
**The Place to Buy Goods**  
**At Living Prices!**

CALL AT  
**J. FRANK EARLY'S**  
 —AND SEE HIS—  
**NEW SPRING**  
 —AND—  
**SUMMER GOODS,**  
 Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

**A Full Line**  
 —OF—  
**Everything Usually Kept in a First-class Country Store.**

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 IS CALLED TO THE LARGE STOCK OF FINE LACES, HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES, WHITE GOODS, LAWNS, ETC.

**ALWAYS ON HAND**  
 A FULL LINE OF THE CELEBRATED BAY STATE SHOE, CLOTHING, HATS, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, &C.

**GROCERIES IN LARGE QUANTITIES!**

**J. H. EARLY,**  
 At our Hardware Store is agent for Steam Engines, Cotton Gins, Feeders, Condensers, Cotton Presses—repairs for same. Stoves, Engineer's supplies, such as Belting, Packing, Pipes. All kinds of Steam Fittings, in Iron and Brass. Repairs Engines, Boilers, &c.  
 Sewing Machines: White, Weed, Household, Hartford, American and Howe; Needles, Oils and Attachments; Repairs all kinds of Sewing Machines.  
 Stoves, all the best makes. Furnish repairs for all Stoves sold by us.  
 Cucumber Pumps, Farr patent Sand-box for Buggies, Wagons, &c. Thomas Smoothing Harrow, Deering Cultivators.  
 April 8, 1886.

**Selected Poetry.**

**Auntie's Rose.**  
 It is only a rose, my darlings,  
 Do you ask what the tale may be—  
 Why a rose that is faded and withered  
 Should be so dear to me?  
 Somebody sent it me, darlings,  
 Back in the days of yore,  
 On the night that his ship was sailing  
 Away to the dreadful war.  
 But I had my rose, my darlings,  
 To comfort me day by day,  
 As I read the bitter tidings  
 Of the fighting far away.  
 Till it drooped and died, my darlings,  
 And I read its message plain,  
 That he who had given that little rose  
 Would never come back again.  
 And now I am old, my darlings,  
 And life draws near its close,  
 You know why my heart is happy  
 As I watch my sweet dead rose.  
 Our life has another chapter  
 To read in the world to be,  
 And love, like a new rose, darlings,  
 Will blossom for him and me.  
*Ederick E. Weatherly, in Cassell's.*

**Selected Story.**

**Blue Bundles.**  
 Mrs. Brown stepped on board the train with a tiny blue bundle in her arms, holding it with a careful tenderness which showed what an exceedingly precious little bundle it was.  
 It was so muffled up in its long blue cloak that not a particle of it was visible, but all who saw it knew that it was a baby, the baby of all the world to the fond, maternal heart to which it was held so closely.  
 The car was rather crowded, but near the further end sat a lady who, together with her baby and various boxes and parcels, occupied two seats, said seats being turned so that they faced each other.  
 On perceiving Mrs. Brown looking around with an air of perplexity, and taking especial note of the animated bundle, that was the exact counterpart of her own, this lady, whose name was also Brown, moved the parcels on the opposite seat, so as to make room for her, a courtesy that Mrs. Brown number one smilingly acknowledged as she seated herself.  
 The two babies were evidently about the same age, and attired in long cloaks of the same color and texture.  
 For the purpose of challenging the admiration of the other, and talking mental notes, the two mothers carefully uncovered the heads of their respective treasures.  
 The little creatures laughed and cooed at each other in their baby fashion, while each mother looked smilingly on her own, and then at each other.  
 With this bond of sympathy between them the two began to converse, naturally entering upon the apparently inexhaustible field of their maternal cares and duties.  
 Mrs. Brown number one volunteered the information that she was going on a visit to her folks who had never seen "baby," enlarging enthusiastically on the pleasure that "grandpa," "grandma," its "aunties" and "Uncle Bob" would experience on beholding the sweet little cherub.  
 In return Mrs. Brown number two remarked the fact that she was just returning from a visit to "her folks," and that she expected her husband to meet her a few stations beyond.  
 She dilated rapturously on his again seeing "baby," from whom he had separated nearly three weeks, growing eloquent on the subject of the marvelous changes and improvements which had taken place during that time in that most remarkable child.  
 In the meantime the baby fell asleep, and by the two ladies sitting together a couch for both was improvised on the opposite seat.  
 Both time and cars sped swiftly, and Mrs. Brown number one was in the midst of an interesting recital of the time that baby nearly died with the croup, when the conductor shouted:  
 "Sterling Centre!"  
 With an ejaculation of surprise she sprang to her feet, and taking up one of the blue bundles, hurried out.  
 She found Bob on the platform waiting for her.  
 As he helped her into the cutter he offered to take "baby," but the air was keen and frosty, and Mrs. Brown preferred to keep it under her warm cloak.  
 But when she reached the house she surrendered the blue bundle to the happy and laughing group that gathered eagerly around her.  
 Chilled by her long ride, Mrs. Brown was glad to draw near the blazing fire, upon which Bob had heaped fresh fuel.  
 Then there was the nice hot supper, for which her long fast had given her a keen appetite, and

which was prolonged by the numberless questions that had to be asked and answered.

In the meantime, "baby" had been carried to "gran ma's room"—baby's great-grandma—to be duly admired and commented on.  
 It now made its appearance in the arms of the old lady, surrounded by a bevy of admiring aunts.  
 "La, child! I thought you wrote twas a boy!"  
 "And so it is, grandma," said Mrs. Brown, from whom "baby" was hidden by the faces that surrounded.  
 "Phebe Jane! what air you talkin' about?" exclaimed the indignant old lady. "Do you think that I have raised fourteen of 'em an' never lost one, and don't know a boy from a gal baby?"  
 Here the astonished mother caught a glimpse of the little creature who, clad in her night dress, was staring wonderingly around.  
 With a sudden screech, she sprang to her feet.  
 "Mercy on us! I took the wrong baby!"  
 It was some time before Mrs. Brown's excitement and agitation would allow her to give a coherent and intelligible explanation of these mysterious words.  
 When she did, Bob was dispatched at once to the depot.  
 The train had gone, of course; neither was any expected from either way until morning. So all he could do was to telegraph to the different stations beyond, and to "baby's" father.  
 As might be expected, the poor mother was nearly frantic, and would have been quite so had it not been for the consoling ideas, earnestly dwelt upon by her sympathizing friends "that the lady must have found out the mistake ere this, and was probably as anxious to get her baby back as she was to get hers."  
 The early morning train brought Mr. Brown, if less agitated, quite as much distressed at heart, as his wife.  
 After a hasty consultation, the two determined to take the baby and start out in the same direction taken by the strange lady, hoping to find some clue to her name and whereabouts.  
 When they reached the station the train wanted some minutes of being due.  
 Mrs. Brown went into the "Ladies' Room," but her husband remained outside walking restlessly up and down the platform.  
 At the further end a man was standing talking to a lady in a carriage, whose dress only was visible.  
 As he regarded him more attentively he sprang forward.  
 "Why, Cousin John, is this really you?"  
 The sober face of the man addressed brightened into a smile as he turned round.  
 "How do you do, Cousin Will?" he responded, with a hearty shake of the hand. "I didn't know you lived in Sterling?"  
 "I don't. My wife's people live here; and she is here on a visit. I thought you lived in Boston?"  
 "So I do," replied Mr. John Brown, his countenance sobering, as he recollected the errand that brought him there. "But the oddest, most unfortunate thing that has happened. We have lost our baby! My wife lost it on the train yesterday."  
 Here the lady in the carriage, who had a blue bundle in her arms, thrust her head forward.  
 Just then Mrs. Brown made her appearance on the platform, she also having a blue bundle.  
 There was a simultaneous recognition. The two mothers rushed toward each other, and in the twinkling of an eye the blue bundles changed hands.  
 This was followed by an outburst of joy, ejaculations and endearments from both parties, and which was finally broken upon by the two cousins, who, joining in a laugh of mingled relief and merriment at the turn affairs had taken, now stepped forward to introduce their respective wives.  
 The result was that Mr. and Mrs. John Brown went home with their newly-discovered cousins, where they spent the day, a visit which was none the less happy because of the fright and trouble from which it so curiously sprang.  
 A Wonderful Discovery.  
 Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can find a certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free Trial Bottles at Willcox & Co's., Drug Store. Large size, \$1.00.

An English paper states that "women are too much inclined to tonize the hair," a sentiment that most married men will endorse.

**Mammoth Cave.**  
 (continued.)

Returning to Main Cavern, which continues to increase in interest as we advance, we are met at every step by some curiosity to elicit our admiration and wonder. At a short distance from the stairs leading to Gothic Avenue is situated the Ball Room. Its orchestra is 15 feet high, with a capacity of seating 100 musicians. The floor is perfectly even for several hundred feet. Only a plank floor, seats and lamps would be required to make it eclipse in splendor and natural beauty, the most finished dancing hall.  
 Next we reach Willie's Spring, a beautifully flushed niche on the left formed by continual attrition of the water trickling down below. We next arrive at Giant's Coffin, which is a huge rock, 35 feet long, and bears such an accurate resemblance to a coffin, one would suppose it to have been chiseled out by the hand of man. At this point the glittering incrustations assuming every conceivable shape and variety, dazzle the eyes of the visitor, with a splendor and brilliancy absolutely defying description. At a distance of 125 yards beyond the Coffin the Cave makes a majestic curve and sweeping around resumes its original course. This "vast amphitheater" lit up, presents a scene of enchantment no language can describe. Next, we arrive at the Star Chamber, which affords a perfect optical illusion. The gypsum formations in the ceiling—the lights being extinguished—present the appearance of stars, and the whole ceiling resembles the firmament on a clear night. At this place the guide, taking the light, leaves the visitor and by a circuitous route slowly approaches in the distance. The rays reflections of the approaching lights against the gray walls present all of the beauties of the rising sun.  
 Cross Room is next visited. This is one of the grandest apartments of the Cave. It presents an unbroken span of 160 feet, without a single column to support it. Passing Fairy Grotto we arrive at the Temple, which is a vast room of an area of 2 acres and covered by a single dome 125 feet high. Foreigners say that this room rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparus, which is said to be the largest in the world. A narrow winding passage at the rear of Giant's Coffin leads us to a circular room 100 feet in diameter, termed the Wooden Bowl, which is the vestibule of Deserted Chamber; on the right are the Steps of Time, which we descend to reach Deserted Chamber. Several years ago a rash young man from California, a lawyer, insisted on leaving the guide at this place to explore a recess of the Deserted Chamber, which up to that time had remained unexplored. The guide well knowing the danger of such an undertaking remonstrated with him but with no effect. The young man took a light and commenced his perilous journey. Two days elapsed and he failed to return. On the third day a rescuing party was formed and found him, a hopeless maniac in a pit several hundred yards from where he commenced his awful trip. It was supposed that in climbing over the rocks he lost his footing and fell, at the same time losing his light. The awful horrors of his situation doubtless preyed upon his mind to the extent as to cause it to become deranged. The Deserted Chamber presents features extremely wild and terrific. For 200 yards the ceiling is rough and broken. It abounds in deep dark pits. Bottomless Pit terminates Deserted Chamber; then we enter Persico Avenue, 2 miles in length 50 feet wide and 50 feet high. It blends in an eminent degree the beautiful and sublime. The roof is beautifully arched and fluted to Bunyan's Way, and then consists of long pointed or lancet arches, resembling the rich gorgious architecture of the old gothic cathedrals. Wind-ing Way is next visited, at the termination of which Relief Hall is located. Here, two routes are offered to the visitor. The one to the left leading to the Dead Sea and rivers—the one to the right leading to the Bacon Chamber, Bandit's dit's Hall and Mammoth Dome. Passing to the right, beyond Bacon Chamber, we enter Mammoth Dome, the roof of which is 300 feet high. From the summit here is a continual fall of water. Foreigners, upon seeing this place lit up, say that this scene alone would recompense them for crossing the Atlantic.

(continued.)

**Harper's Magazine for June**

is in every way an unusually strong Number. The leading article, "The United States Navy," is contributed by Rear-admiral Edward Simpson, U. S. N., and no one is more competent than he to say precisely what our navy is and what it ought to be. He shows how slowly the first step—from sailing to steam ships—was taken; how reluctantly, later on, iron ships were substituted for wooden ones; then with what difficulty we recently adopted the construction of steel cruisers; and that we are still waiting for the two final achievements that will make our navy effective—the steel armor plating of our ships, and the construction of heavy steel guns, equal to those made abroad. The article is profusely illustrated—each class of vessels being represented, including the recently constructed "Dolphin," and "Chicago." The Fifth Paper of the series of "Great American Industries" treats of the culture of the sugar cane, and of every phase of sugar-making. The article is contributed by E. R. Bowker, and is fully illustrated. Charles Dudley Warner's story of American society and its summer life includes this month an entertaining chapter on Newport. Mrs. Craik's exceedingly interesting novel, "King Arthur. Not a Love Story," is concluded. "Springhaven," Mr. Blackmore's new novel, is continued, with striking illustrations by Frederick Barnard and Alfred Parsons, one of Mr. Barnard's illustrations serving as a frontispiece to the Number. "The Stoops to Conquer," with Mr. Abbey's original and charming illustrations, is drawing to a conclusion. James Lane Allen contributes an interesting article describing Kentucky mountaineer life, entitled "Through Cumberland Gap on Horseback," and beautifully illustrated by Julian Eir, E. W. Kemble, and A. O. Redwood. "The Home Acre," by E. P. Roe, is continued. This series is of exceptional interest and value to all owners of small holdings of land, showing how the most can be made of these by a proper treatment of the soil and a judicious selection of the best varieties of trees, small fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Professor T. F. Crane contributes an interesting historical paper on "The Death of Pope Alexander VI." A very strong, short story, entitled "The Ministration of Death," is contributed by Miss Annie Porter. Poems are contributed by Paul Hamilton Hayne, J. W. DeForest, and Minot J. Savage. The Editorial Departments are thoroughly well sustained by Mr. Curtis in the *Easy Chair*, Mr. Howells in the *Study*, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in the *Drawer*.

**Governor Thompson Honored.**

(Dispatch to the News and Courier.)  
 WASHINGTON, May 21.—The secret of Governor Thompson's unexpected visit to Washington is out, as appears from a statement made to-day by a gentleman who was instrumental in his coming. Said the latter: "Governor Thompson has been on a little visit to some of his friends, who desired him to become personally known to the President. He made a most favorable impression at the White House when he called with Senator Hampton, and was given to understand that an important Federal appointment would be offered him if he would consider its acceptance. The proposed appointment would have been highly complimentary to Governor Thompson personally, as well as to the State of South Carolina, but he said promptly that he was unwilling to resign the office of Governor merely to promote his own interests." Governor Thompson left for home this morning, accompanied by Congressman Dibble, who goes to Charleston to attend to some law business.

**Beecher on the South.**

"All the South reminds me," says Beecher, "of a budding spring—intellectually, morally, spiritually. Spring has broken up the winter that has so long reigned in the South. Everybody seems young, and full of life and energy. The South is at last, if you don't mind a Bible phrase, 'a strong man awakened and ready for the race.' In all the centres we visited, and they were all the towns big enough to pay for a lecture, I was struck by the interest manifested in the education of the colored people."  
 "Will this education in any way unfit the colored people for the work they have to do?"  
 "Education unfits nobody," was the ready answer. "It is not like wine of which one can take so much that he will become drunk; it is a food, and benefits all. The South has before it a great future, and will work out its own salvation."  
 Adults are subject to worms as well as children; therefore, how important it is that the system should be cleansed of these vile pests. Shiner's Indian Vermifuge will do it effectually.

**Life Studies by Lige Brown.**

Fashion soon tires of everything except a plug hat.  
 The only school board that it spoils to whitewash is the black-board.  
 A spring mattress, like a spring chicken, is in season all the year round.  
 The barber dies a thousand times while another dies but once, and yet he is far from the grave.  
 The man who never wore tight boots is courting the woman who never saw a looking glass.  
 The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps on a barrel hoop.  
 A doctor says whenever a person sneezes he should take a drink of water and he will not take cold.  
 Love is deaf as well as blind. If it wasn't how could the tendrils of woman's affection wind themselves about the man who talks through his nose?  
 A lecturer who asserted that "slanders did not hurt him, because they could not hit him," discovered later that the same remark did not apply to eggs.  
 Pomp, splendor, parade, and tinsel lure the idle and entuse the rabble, but music and banners soon lose their charm to him who walks behind a pigeon-toed man in the procession.  
**Cure For Piles.**  
 Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present: flatulence, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Willcox & Co.  
 In the Twinkling of an Eye.  
 The photograph is now as nearly "instantaneous" as possible. When everything is ready, "Click!" and the artificial eyelid has opened and shut. What has it seen in that little instant of time? If anything is in motion, it has been perceived in that fragment of a second as if motionless. Men walking along the street are pictured with uplifted feet. A trotting horse may be caught with all of its four legs in the air, viewed just at the very moment when he was clear of the ground. A man leaping with a high pole may be pictured in mid-air, precisely in the position in which he appears at the highest altitude. Motion seems rest. But this is not the most wonderful of its powers. Far beyond the keenness of human vision is its range of sight. If the light is good, this sensitive plate of glass will have recorded and discerned a thousand uplifted faces as perfectly as the human eye perceives the features of a single countenance. Every expression of joy or sorrow, every peculiarity of dress or attitude, the leaves of a forest or the grass by the wayside, will have been seen and delineated and retained perfectly in far less than the briefest possible twinkling of a human eye.  
 —Chambers Journal.  
 Very Remarkable Recovery.  
 Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Willcox & Co's., Drug Store.  
 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.  
 Startling Bat Tree.  
 WILLS POINT, TEXAS, December 1, 1885. After suffering for more than three years with disease of the throat and lungs, I got so low last spring I was entirely unable to do anything, and my cough was so bad I scarcely slept any at night. My Druggist, Mr. H. F. Goodnight, sent me a trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup. I found relief, and after using six \$1.00 bottles, I was entirely cured. J. M. Welden. Sold by Willcox & Co.