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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, AUGUST 26, 1886.

WHOLE NO 607.

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 Blanks, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Band Bills, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c. All job work must be paid for.

Cash on Delivery.

ATTENTION!

Summer Bargains

At

J. FRANK EARLY'S

A large lot of desirable white goods, consisting of plain and figured Lawns, Mull, Organdie lace stripes Lattice Checks, Piques, Nainsooks, French satins, Etc., Etc.. Will be sold within the next 60 days

AT COST!

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 Story.

Down The Shaft.

"As if I would think of a common coal hand!" said Emmeline Lathrop, contemptuously. "I am surprised at your insolence, Mr. Hilford."

She laughed lightly as she spoke, but to Garrett Hilford it was not a matter of mirth.

"You're not in earnest, Emmy?" he pleaded. "You can't be in earnest! You never would have accepted all my attentions, and looked at me with such sweet, smiling eyes if you hadn't meant something by it. I may be only a coal hand, that is true," he added, with a dark red flush mounting to his brow, "but I'm getting fair wages, and I could make a good and comfortable home for the woman who trusted herself to me."

"It's quite out of the question," said Emmeline, decidedly. Hilford gnawed his under lip.

"Then you meant nothing all this time?" he said in a repressed voice.

"I meant to enjoy myself—noting more."

"Humph!" uttered Hilford, sardonically. "The spider means to enjoy herself when she lures the wretched fly into her net! The beautiful, hissing, diamond-eyed serpent means nothing else when it drags the palpitating bird to destruction! A strange sort of diversion, that!"

"I wish, Mr. Hilford, if you're through, you'd go about your business," said Emmeline, coloring and biting her lip. There's a good many customers coming in about this time of night, and I don't think they'd be particularly edified by your tragedy speeches."

"You think not, eh?" said Hilford. "Well, I will go."

"Good by!" said Emmeline Lathrop, much relieved at this prospect of being so easily rid of her swain.

"Oh, I won't say good by!" returned Hilford, with a light laugh. "Who knows but that we might meet again?"

Emmeline sincerely hoped not. And just then some ladies came in to look at ribbons and laces, and the pretty shop girl found all her time and thought occupied.

And after all, what was the use of troubling herself about it? It was very foolish of young Hilford to attach so much importance to a mere flirtation—an exchange of the silly, smiling nothings which belong to the vocabulary of all young people. Did he think that she, with all her attractions, intended to become that worst of all drudges—a poor man's wife!

And when, a few days subsequently, she learned that Garrett Hilford had left the place, she was very glad.

"I don't really think that he would have made me any trouble," she mused; "but there was a look in his face that I did not like. It's a good thing that he's gone."

And once more Emmeline threw herself into the gaieties of her light and frothy life. She was young and beautiful. Why, then, should she not enjoy herself?

To have half a dozen lovers at once; to be engaged three-deep at every ball, picnic or excursion; to muse on the possibilities of a splendid match some day, when she should have danced and dreamed her fill—this was her life.

So one day she accepted Ethelbert Warren's invitation to go with him on an excursion to the Wardenville Mountain Glen.

"He's rich," said the schemer to herself, "if he is stupid. And money means so much. Of course it would be pleasanter to go with George Sisson; and George will feel dreadfully to be thrown over, but poor, dear George is only a steam boat clerk at ten dollars a week. Oh, dear, why is it that all the nice young fellows are so horribly ineffectual!"

And no one succeeded more joyfully to the proposition to descend into the black chasm of the Wardenville Coal Mine, "just for fun," than did Emmeline Lathrop.

"Have I ever been down a mine? No, of course not!" the saucy beauty cried. "I live above ground, thank you. But it would be splendid frolic to go down the shaft, if all the rest of you are going."

And they huddled together, screaming and laughing, on the as it descended lower and still more low into the black depths of the earth, until the yellow shine of the day had vanished, and all that illuminated their faces was the lurid light of the torches carried by the men who accompanied them.

"Why?" cried Emmeline, as at last the elevator touched ground and she sprang off, "it's like a cathedral, with long aisles, supported by columns of glittering jet. Five hundred feet below the level of the earth. Oh, it don't seem possible. It is grand beyond all I had dreamed of—yet how frightfully gloomy. One feels as if one were under a spell."

The little party scattered in various directions under the gleaming arches of coal, lighted here and there by the fitful glare of torches, and Emmeline found herself in a long, apparently interminable aisle with its rudely-hewn sides glistening like black diamonds.

"Where am I?" she cried, a little uneasily. "Have I lost my way?"

From a pathway, which seemed to intersect the broader aisle at right angles, a dark figure stepped forth, with a light shining like a yellow star in the band of the cap it wore.

"Step this way," said a deep, subdued voice.

And Emmeline gave a little shriek.

"Is it Garrett Hilford?" she said, "Here?"

"It is Garrett Hilford, and here," he answered composedly. "How do you do, Miss Lathrop? Can I show you around my quarters? We don't have many visitors down here, and so of course we are proportionately glad to see them."

"Where is the rest of the party?" said Emmeline, glancing nervously this way and that.

"Gone round by the Black Arch, I suppose," Hilford answered. "It is quite a curiosity, that Black Arch—at least, so above-ground people seem to think. Would you like to see it?"

"I must go back to the others," said Emmeline hurriedly.

"We can meet them presently," said he with the utmost composure. "Follow me please. It's only a few rods."

He walked on, and Emmeline after a few moments hesitation reluctantly followed.

What else was there for her to do but to keep in sight of the faint yellow star where all else was hideous blackness.

But after she had walked quite a distance through sinuous pathways, some of which were scarcely wide enough to admit of the passage of the human form, she suddenly stopped.

"I will go no farther," she said. Garrett Hilford looked around.

"Just as you please," he said, with a sinister smile.

"Take me back to the mouth of the mine," she cried. "All this time you have been leading me astray!"

He leaned against the almost perpendicular wall of the mine, with folded arms.

"Well," said he, "why should I not? Didn't you lead me astray once, and laugh at me afterwards as if it were a capital joke? Do you think there is so such thing as retaliation in this world? Is it a pleasant sort of thing this being deceived and made game of, do you think, Miss Emmeline Lathrop?"

A deadly chill seemed to enfold the girl's heart. She gasped for breath. In this sepulchral gloom, this terrible isolation, what was to become of her, she asked herself.

"Hush!" he said, lifting his finger in a listening attitude. "Do you hear that creaking sound? It is the chain of the elevator going up. Your friends have finished their survey. They are going back again. Up to this time they have not missed you. Yes, shriek—cry out until you have strained your lungs to the utmost. Do these black walls return you any answer? And who is there to hear you—the mules champing their feed in the furthest sockets of these aisles? The few Swedes working beyond, who do not understand a word of English? No, Miss Lathrop, you are at my mercy at last. You amused yourself with my anguish once. I can play with your fears now."

"I am not afraid of you!" cried Emmeline, feigning a valor she was far from feeling.

"You are!" he retorted sharply. "I see it in your eyes, I hear it in your voice, and it fills me with delight."

"Why should I be afraid? I have done you no harm," she asserted.

"No harm!" he bitterly repeated. "You have blighted my life. You have ruined my future. You have destroyed my faith in human nature. Is that what you call no harm?"

She sunk on her knees, with wildly clasped hands.

"Be merciful!" she wailed. "Be generous! Take me to the mouth of the mine! Signal them to return to me!"

"I will not," he said savagely. "Does the wolf give up the prey upon which the teeth have closed? Does death give up its victim? I have sworn to be avenged, and I will keep my word!"

She turned and fled from him at the top of her speed, shrieking as she went; and oh joy! at the first turn of the black pathway she met men hurrying to her with torches.

She had been missed at last and they had returned in quest of her.

"Why did you allow yourself to get separated from us?" asked they, reproachfully.

But she could not answer with sobs and tears.

"I—I thought I was lost!" she faltered. "I was so frightened!"

"There was nothing to be frightened about," said the superintendent. "You could not have got lost. Garry Hilford is working there somewhere, and he would have set you on the right path. He is, after all, a love-crazed fellow, but he would have been civil enough."

"Love-crazed?" repeated one of the ladies. "How very romantic!"

"He's been disappointed," explained the man, "and he has never gotten over it. He works when he feels like it, and when he don't he lies at full length in the straw we keep down here for the mules, and stares at the roof of the mine."

Emmeline listened in silence; but if an arrow had pierced it, the pain in her heart could not have been keener.

Three weeks later she astonished all her friends by accepting George Sisson as an affianced husband.

"I love him," she said, simply, "and he loves me. If we are to be poor, we shall at least be happy."

For that half-hour in the Wardenville Mine had wrought a complete change in Emmeline Lathrop's frivolous nature.

She had put the tawdry tinsels of life behind her, and looked its realities in the face. She had comprehended—alas, too late for poor Garrett Hilford's happiness—that a man's heart is not a thing to play with!

—Helen Forrest Graves.

Child-Love Dear to Women.

Even more true than for men is child-love dear to women. How dear none but those who have been deprived of it can tell. All unconsciously, the longing for the tiny, clinging arms and babyish kisses wears deeper and deeper into sad old hearts. I think the saddest thing I ever heard was the bitter confession of a poor, crippled girl I have known for years. She was a young woman when I was a little girl. Even as long ago as that, I can remember the exquisite tenderness that used sometimes to transform the poor twisted face and make gentle the heavy, half-lifeless hands. Once, not long ago, she was ill and I was with her. A little white-headed boy, whom some one who loves him calls "Thistle-blow," was nestling contentedly by her side.

"How you do love children," I said thoughtlessly. "What a pity you have not half a dozen to keep you busy!"

Heaven forbid that I may ever see on any woman's face again the look of passionate rebellion that was on hers that moment. "I!" she said. "I, poor accursed thing! I never yet have seen a woman so wretchedly poor, so utterly miserable that I did not envy her the wedding ring upon her hand and the puny, unloved, uncared for baby in her arms!"

Sometimes I wonder if the children left to the care of nurses and the contamination of the street would be so left for one moment the fire that blazed in that poor crippled heart could shine in the breast of their careless, fashionable mothers. If women could once taste the pleas re of doing for and being with their children it would not take them long to learn that the happiest, most profitable life is that of a conscientious sweet-tempered, loving wife and mother.

While there is nothing in this world that appeals, I think, so strongly to me as a bare footed, ragged, forlorn boy with tears making streaks down his dirty face, I still find more pleasure than I like to admit in wandering about among a tribe of jolly little tormentors or watching the pretty, graceful ways of a well bred society baby.—N. Y. Graphic.

At the seventy third anniversary of the Richard Volunteer Rifles, held in Columbia last week the following pleasant incident occurred.

As soon as the prizes had been presented Mr. Robert Morrison, an old Mexican veteran, stepped to the front and handing Capt. Childs an old document, said he had been requested to present a document that would be of a peculiar interest to the company. It had come from the daughter of their first Captain, Mrs. A. C. McPheeters of Yorkville. Captain Eichbourg was requested to read it, and opening it read the commission issued by Governor David B. Williams to Captain William Harper as commander of the Richard Rifles, bearing date August 26, 1815. He suggested that the company should have the document photographed for preservation among their cherished archives.

Brother Sam Jones must get up some new points. The New Orleans Picayune objects to the well known dog story, and adds:

He said, it will be remembered, that if this animal went to see a base ball game he would kill him. He also threatened to kill him if he did various other things. His latest threat is that if his dog votes for any but a Prohibition candidate he will annihilate him. It's a wonder that the dog hasn't suffered a sudden death long ago. Probably, though, this dog is already dead. He is certainly too good to be living in this world of sin.

How They go to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How the girls go to sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it after ward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims: "James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, impatiently.

"My goodness, no!" returned his wife; "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack and closes the stair door and curses: he eat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes: "I forgot to bring some water; suppose you bring some up in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down in the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls: "Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction where to find the matches and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water and comes up stairs and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and don't care!" shouts James, as he inches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Araminta, who, I believe, is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle dose she punches him in the ribs with her elbow and says: "Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" said James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 217. Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a short rag she slams all the covers off him, wraps up in them, and lays awake until 2 a. m., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married woman goes to sleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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, such as flatulence, 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., Piquette, O. Sold by Willcox & Co.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Willcox & Co.

How it Feels to be in Love.

"Bill you've been in 'love, hasn't you?" said one stripping to another a year or two older than himself.

"Oh, yes, Tom; I've been there head over heels a couple of times."

"Does it make a fellow feel as though his clothes didn't fit him?"

"That's it."

"And sorter gloomy and saddyish most of the time?"

"Well, I should rather say so. If you've got it in earnest, Tom, you feel as though you had been fishing and didn't get a bite!"

"Bite! Gosh! I feel as though I didn't even have no bait."

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Salt, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing."

Abraham Harr, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Willcox & Co's, Drug Store.

A deacon of a Greenville, Pa., church has a string of buttons half a yard long, taken out of the contribution box within a few years. What business has the deacon with the buttons? They were contributed for the heathen, and several scores of heathens have been obliged to hitch their suspenders with a shingle nail because of this embarrassing deacon. Now the deacon is confessing, let him tell what he did with the money, if there was any. What good are these deacons, anyway, if a button must be stopped short of its mission?—Hollywood Transcript.

Startling But True.

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. P. 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. Weiden. Sold by Willcox & Co.

"Pshaw! why didn't the fool hold that ball? It was an easy one." That is what a spectator on the grand stand said when the catcher missed a "high ton" coming right into his hands. In a few minutes more an easy one came into the stand in the vicinity of the same spectator, and he jumped over three men and lost his hat trying to get out of its way. That's the way with some folks. They get wrath when other folks fail to do what they themselves couldn't do in fifteen years' practice.—Hartford Post.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Unclapped 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.

In eighteen months the Administration has waded out 22,747 of the 53,514 postmasters. It is a big job soberly, deliberately, wisely performed. It marks a policy of zeal tempered by discretion and denotes a victor who is just to his friends and magnanimous to his foes.

Cure For Sick Headache.

For proof that Dr. Gunn's Liver Pills cures Sick Headache, ask your Druggist for a free trial package. Only one for a dose. Regular size boxes, 25 cents. Sold by Willcox & Co.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of E. Miller Boykin, to be United States Marshal for South Carolina. Mr. Boykin is a good citizen and in him we have a competent and worthy official, who is at once a credit to the Government and to the State.

"Hughes' Tonic is doing much good in this country. It never fails to cure Chills and Fever. In my daughter's case it broke them in twelve hours." W. L. Starling, Delta, Ark.

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "if you can say that 'people run for office,' why can't you say that 'people walk for office'?" "Because they are in too big a hurry to walk," explained the intelligent father.

A few doses of Sherman's Indian Vermifuge, given in time, may save you many dollars in money and the life of your child.