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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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WHOLE NO 610.

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 those of the cities, and we guarantee satisfaction in every particular and 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.

Daisies on the Farm.
She painted them on canvases
With a soft, artistic air,
She wore them in her bodices,
And in her raven hair.
She thought farm life idyllic,
And said its greatest charm
Was lent it by the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.
"Do you not love the daisies?"
The farmer's son she said,
But all the praise he uttered
Was underneath his beard.
It sounded earnest,
But she felt a vague alarm
That he did not love the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.
She read to him a poem,
A pastoral complete;
He seemed unimpressed,
Though her voice was very sweet.
With some repressed emotion
He fawned, grew dark and warm,
For his burden was the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.
Soon the charming summer boarder
To her city home returned,
Her aesthetic nature yearned,
And the farmer's son, undaunted,
With his scythe upon his arm,
Went to battle with the daisies,
The daisies on the farm.
—Texas Siftings.

Selected Story.

Lost On The Mountains.

A True Story for Boys.

BY HAROLD W. RAYMOND.

Have any of you boys ever been over the big mountains of Switzerland? I wonder how you would feel if you found yourself lost among them, as my friend Pat would say, with only a few pieces of silver in your pocket and a couple of dozen words of the language of the country at your command! Tickleth, eh? Well, I should say so! I ought to know, for I have been there. I wonder if the brave boys of the Christian Union would be interested in my two days and a night upon the mountains?
I was almost sixteen, and thought myself so nearly a man that the difference did not count. I was six feet tall, and had a pair of quite presentable whiskers. My legs were long and sturdy, and I was proud of my ability as a long-distance walker. But I was nothing but a big boy, after all, and a very foolish boy, too, as you will agree when you hear the goosey-poosy way I walked myself off upon the wrong road, and never knew of my mistake until I had put a whole mountain between myself and my poor frightened father.
You see we had spent the night at Hostenhal, a little village part way up the St. Gothard Mountain, and we were going over the pass to the Rhone Glacier, a great gorge of yellow ice which never goes away, but out of which is pressed the tiny stream which grows into the river Rhone. If you have been to Switzerland, you will know all about the mountain passes, those splendid roads which the people of the country have hewed in the rocky sides of the mountains, and which go zig-zagging up, like big snakes, so that the stages and the huge freight wagons can be drawn over them. If I had not been a boy, I should have consulted my guide-book, and learned that there were two passes above Hostenhal, the road to the left going over the St. Gothard Mountain into Italy, and the one to the right over the Furca Mountain to the big glacier, and then to Interlaken. Being a boy, I took everything for granted, bade good-bye to the party, who were to follow me in a carriage, and started boldly up the mountain-side. A little footpath led me straight up over the rocks, crowned with pretty blue-bells, and when I struck the pass again I was far beyond the forked roads, and on the wrong one; and I never dreamed that there were two.
Away I went, singing blithely, and putting in my best likes, for I had boasted that I could beat the carriage. In a couple of hours I had reached the summit, and looked with wonder at the patches of snow which lay about me. Such ignorant snow! Not to know that it was August, and time to melt! It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached a little village at the foot of the mountain. To my astonishment the people there were Italians instead of Swiss. I was in Airolo. I began to suspect something was wrong, but could not quite understand it. Along the base of the mountain, toward the west, I saw a little valley with a sprawling mountain torrent in the middle, and at the further end a glacier glittered in the sun. That must be my destination. So, after lurching and resting at a little inn, I again set forth.
At seven o'clock I reached the upper end of the valley, and found myself in a sort of pocket, with no chance of going further. Ever since leaving Airolo I had been following a little foot-path through the most

charming little valley, which, I venture to say, had never before been explored by an American. The little children, were most polite and respectful, and wished me good afternoon in a tongue which I could not answer, though I understood their meaning. At frequent intervals beside the path I would come upon a little wooden crucifix, which the simple peasants, thought a great help to them in saying their prayers; but all this time, with a loud roar, the mountain stream came dashing down and beat itself white with rage against the big rocks that stood in its way. So much was I interested by all these quaint and novel surroundings that I clear forgot about the Rhone Glacier, and the party of fellow-travelers whom I had expected to meet long ere this.
But stay! There comes a chill breath over the mountain, and I have reached the upper end of the valley. There is a glacier, to be sure, but it is a small affair I have certainly gone out of the way; but where? I have seen but one road, and followed that. Where could I have blundered?
If there had been any use in getting frightened, your uncle Hal would have been the scarestest six-foot boy in all Switzerland. He certainly felt cold shivers in plenty, but, realizing that they would get him out of his troubles, he decided to do the manly thing. He was tired and foot-sore from a long day's tramp, but that must not count.
On the other side of the torrent was a little village. There was no bridge, but at the risk of my life I managed to get across over the slippery bowlders. On the other side I found a man who could talk French. I could not, but I could barely understand a small portion of it.
"Glacé du Rhone?" I inquired, pointing to the little glacier.
"O, non! non!" said the friendly native going off into a long explanation, out of which I managed to understand that he had once been a waiter in Paris, and knew an American when he saw him; that I was altogether on the wrong track, and that the Rhone Glacier was over the mountain to the northward. Could I climb straight over the mountain? Oh, no, no; that would be very dangerous without a guide. I was half minded to try, and if I had, this would probably never have been written; but I did not feel so self-confident as I had in the morning. So I thanked the man as best I could, and started hot foot for Airolo.
Away I went, as never I had gone before. I thought of my dear father, far away over the mountains, wringing his hands for his lost son, and all the weariness went out of my legs. There was but one thing to do, I felt—to go back to the hospice where we had slept the night before, and take a fresh start. It was an all-night tramp, but that was all right if only I could let father know that I was safe and sound.
It was nine o'clock when I started up the mountainside. I paid no attention to the winding road, but went straight up over the rough rocks like a goat. I had not got far up when the full moon arose on my right, and turned the mountainside into a fairyland. How beautiful it was! And how still! I was the only moving thing on the big mountain, saving the dancing cascades and the ravines, and even they were checked as the advancing night grew colder. In spite of my anxiety, I felt my spirits rising amid the witchery of the scene, and I took back upon that night now—now that I have forgotten the aching legs and bilaterated feet—as one of the happiest experiences of my life.
Well I must out a long story short. At four o'clock in the morning I reached the fork in the roads, and saw my mistake. Half an hour later I reached Hostenhal. There was a diligence, or stage, at eight, and I thought my troubles over, but when, after three hours' sleep, I turned out to take it, behold! there was not a vacant seat. It was a sore disappointment, but I felt I could not wait, and as I had not money enough with me to pay for a carriage, away I went, aches, blisters, and all, to hoof it. I will not tell the tears I shed that day, as I toiled over the steep rocks that cut into my poor, blistered feet. Once a carriage came along with two pretty young ladies and an old gentleman in it. They were Americans evidently. I was too bashful to ask for a lift, but I tried to look pleading and suggestive. I noticed that one of the young ladies appeared very much interested, and thought it very heartless when the carriage drove on without me. And what do you think, boys? This young lady said afterwards that she noticed I was suffering and looked to ask me to ride, only I had such a cold, proud look, she did not dare!
It was getting late in the afternoon when I met a man who looked at me in a strange manner, and tried to speak a little English. I

was on the down grade then, and could see the wonderful Rhone Glacier and the big hotel that stands beside it. The queer man said something about a guide. I told him to go away—I wanted no guide. But still he stuck to me, talking German, and laughing, until I was very angry. How was I to know that he had been hired by my father to search for the lost boy, and that he was trying to express his honest joy at finding me? I thought he was a rascal, after my pocketbook. At last he turned and ran like a deer to the hotel. I waved my pocket-handkerchief, and saw a score flustering in the distance from the big group on the hotel veranda. Then, for the first time, I broke down, and cried like a big baby. Ten minutes later I was in my father's arms, and was the hero of the hour.
Ab, well! This was many years ago, and my dear father has long since gone to heaven; but among my mother's most precious relics is a little piece of paper in his handwriting, bearing these words, written that thankful night: "For this my son was dead, and is alive again."—*Christian Union*.

A Laborer's Luck.
On the third day of August, Charles Russell worked at the bowlder-crushing machine on McFarland street, between Elm and Plum. It was his duty to remove the crushed bowlders, so as not to interfere with the work of the machine, and shovel those that spilled into the wagons. Toward four o'clock in the afternoon some of his fellow workmen remembered his picking up a piece of one of the crushed bowlders and putting it into his pocket.
"I'll keep that to remember the job by," he observed to Pat O'Brien. On the following day Russell did not come to work. In a few weeks he was forgotten.
On the day following, which was the 4th, a man, evidently a laborer, presented himself at a well-known jewelry store on Fourth street, and, asking for the proprietor, said: "I have a peculiar stone which I would like to know the value of, as well as what it is." Unrolling a red bandanna handkerchief which was tied in several knots, and taking out a buckskin bag the man laid a good-sized stone on the counter, which sparkled and glistened and shed its rays in all directions.
"You are a fortunate man," said the jeweler, "that stone is worth \$125,000 to \$150,000. It weighs 824 carats. What are you going to do with it?"
The man walked leisurely to Front street, where he entered a cheap boarding house.
The next day a reporter repaired to the boarding house. He said: "Russell, you have a valuable diamond. I was in the store the other day when you came in and had it valued."
Russell laughed and said: Well, I didn't steal it, I can tell you, although I know it looks queer for the likes of me to be having so valuable a stone. I worked for the Bowlder Company, on McFarland street, on the 3d of August, and as I was watching the big wheel crush the bowlders I spied something shining.
I picked it up and found the diamond fastened to the middle of the bowlder. I stuck it in my pocket, and bringing it home, I picked it out by the aid of a hammer andawl, and took it to the jeweler as you saw me. I mean to dispose of it, buy me a little place and settle down for the rest of my days."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Bit of Advice.
An autograph letter that I would like to own was shown me a few days ago. "A. Lincoln" was boldly signed at the bottom of it, and this wisdom was there, paraphrased in this wise:
"Do not worry.
"Eat three square meals a day.
"Say your prayers.
"Think of your wife.
"Be courteous to your creditors.
"Keep your digestion good.
"Steer clear of the billionsness.
"Exercise.
"Go slow and go easy.
"Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.
Capt. Coleman, schr. Waymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottle of this Standard Remedy at Wilcox & Co's., Drug Store.

ORIGIN OF THE WHITE MAN.

The Rebren Nepchaue Kinlaw's Historical Sketch of the Tragedy of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.
When Mr. Kinlaw—"de Rebren Nepchaue Kinlaw"—lays himself out to expound the Scriptures he embellishes the text with metal phors, and clothes it in language at once revolutionary and extraordinary. Mr. Kinlaw was born and raised on Combahee, and his rhetorical figures are based largely on the events in daily life in that delightful land. It will not, therefore, be surprising that one should find his historical sketch of the tragedy of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden adorned with similes taken from a rice plantation, and otherwise elaborated with startling low-country effects and conceits. It may also be stated, by way of explanation, that a seasoot field-hand's idea of supreme happiness is the possession of a winter apple tree.
"De Rebren Kinlaw" is an itinerant preacher of no particular denomination, and who, it will be remembered, preached, a funeral ante-mortem sermon over Aunt Di's "chile" at the Four Mile House. The following sermon was delivered at the Summerville depot last Sunday evening to a small but select circle of friends, male and female:
"My bredren and sistah: I bin een dis er long time befo de Nuncheon cum; long time befo Gin' Lee and Mr. Elliott of Silliman Han. I bin a preach de wud o de Sperrit wen all ones waz een slabrmynt, an I gwine to lucidation to-day how Adam git left by Nicodemus an how it come to be dat de fuss buckra walk pou tap de cert. De holo ting come to pass sumpn lukkadla:
"DeLawd bin a walk een de gyaden dis bout de middle o de day. De hawn done blow, an all de han bin a set down rasslin wid coole bottle and trowin an ketchin foolishness one tur anurrer. Same like dat de voice o de Lawd sound out like one lightning een de nite. De Lawd, atta be cross ota by a walk eep de pa't tru de orchard. Soon iz he git by dat winta apple tree he stan up stoek still and gaze pou an wid grate apperance. Tsait a han on de place wot sin drop he kittle an spoon an ting an gaze good fashion, all in a trible like de Good Master. De bittle pyo stan like he freeze een ebby bobby mout. Bimeby, disis I dun tell you, all to once de ert rock an de sky split wid de powofulness o de grateeness o de Lawd. He besx tell de beknness o de sperrit set all de people a crawl on day face. Needa buckra, needa so nigger kin beggin to ondanst de tribulation and terrification o dat day, whuich it was twelve o'clock. De boss an mule leff de plow an scatterate de pine lan dis like a drove o patridge wen a pinter rout em, an yo' shoot two barrel one time an yo' tech a fedda. De sky cloud up an de big rain stan same lukka ripe pesimoun reddy fo drop De squer mek track fo de hole, and attal he git way he tan roun een de hole and throw he eye back dis like he bin a half one o dese hold hann and walk free a rumbilin an rumagnin roun een a bickory ticket. De skay bay lay low on de count o he skay mite fo de fust time eence he bayw. De Bibber Jordan riz up an билe wid a grate fresh, and Bablon shake same like a brocm grass field. O, my bredren, twaz terrable, an to dis day Adam face stan white same like Mass Steve Elliott face. Oh, my sistah, stan up to me like a man while I onrrable de grate ponderation o de fuss trial whuich it ebba eence mek de ea o a corn roun on a summa day dis bout as long for on a spang plum Yemassee plum to Coosawatohie. Now, disis de Bible troot regadsin o how Adam face tun white, cawdin to how it specify een John Baptias. Now, John say, sezee, disis I dun tell you tum de fuss gwine off o de commencement to day, sezee, says John, Adam bin a cullud passoun, an he dressup een ocon skin an eat wile hummer and loons. An' how sambeber, de Lawd sin truss Adam an sezee, Boy, dese winta apple ain fo' tech tell nex summa', an attal de Lawd dun gie de awda he leff Adam, but he leff Gabriell and Nicodemus, he couzin by he murra dis, fo' patrol de gyadin, and watch Adam, kaze him had a bad karakter fo' trick an cunningness O, my bredren and sistah, listen at me good, an yerry fo' ona self, how dat winta apple come to mek de fuss buckra fambly een scripeter. Now, John Baptias sezee, says John, dissez quickis de Lawd gone oten de gate, Gabriell and Nicodemus tak a stan fo' watch de tree. O, my bredren and sistah, wen Adam tink say him kin trow duss een Nicodemus eye an Gabriell all two one time, he dis as well try fo' hook a guinea fowl een de broad day light; needa so fo' borrow a wattrilun wot ain blongs turrum. Kaze wy! Kaze, sezzi, needa Gabriell, needa

Short Summer Sermons.

Dar am certain fings whuich you kin chalk down on de celloh doah wid a feelin' dat you am gwine to hit nine times whar you miss once.
It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money.
No man can remember whar he frowed his empty cans and bottles unle he diskivers dat somebody has dumped ashes ober his fence.
Broadcloth and silks look well on de street, but dey doan' werry well wid cold 'taters at home.
De value of de dog you know am no gauge for de feelings of de owner if he happens to be around.
Nine men enter ten borrow wid de expectation of bein' just so much ahead. De odd one will want to borrow agin as a reward fur his honesty.
It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man an' a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposishun.
While you should lay your nuybur as yourself, doan' gin him to understan' dat you kin be depended on to lie awake o' nights to purchase his grape-arbor.
When a man's whiskey costs mo' dan his flour he should stan' ready to wote fur de buildin' of two wings on de County House.
De man who figgers dat he kin so live as to dodge slander an' esape malice, has got a heap o' thistles waitin' fur his bar' feet.
The average man's business word kin be depended on up to a sartin pint—as fur as he will profit by keepin' it.
De problem of livin' doan' depend so much on hangin' to an old well-wet cap'ten in de parlor as it does in savin' de ernsts an' crumba in de kitchen.
While it am true dat all men war created equal, a heap of us have got spiled in de bringin' up. Bout de only time social barriers am abolished am doornin' a steamboat exploshun.—*Free Press*.

Mexican Vanity.
The Mexicans are an ignorant, bloodthirsty lot, who are never so happy as when in the midst of pillages, robbery and bloodshed. They are a vain, conceited people, and have the most enlarged ideas of their own prowess and valor. To illustrate this I will tell you of a certain incident which happened only a month or two ago. A young Mexican from the City of Mexico, who is connected with the government, came to Washington, after a tour of nearly all the prominent cities of the country. I asked him what his impressions were of our people. He said that he was astonished at the strides which the United States had made in civilization and the arts. He spoke particularly of music, of which he is very fond, and said that he had the good fortune to be present at the concerts given by the famous Mexican band in New York and Boston. The audiences were evidently cultivated and appreciative, but he was particularly struck with the fact that they applauded in the right places. This he considered to be a most remarkable fact, because, he said, Mexico was two centuries in advance of this country. Now that man was perfectly serious. He meant every word he said. You cannot get a Mexican to believe that his country is not the greatest, the grandest and the most invincible nation upon the face of the globe.

The Romance of a Laundry Girl.
A New York letter says: I heard to-day the story of a Troy shirt factory girl which has elements of the wonderful in it. A new hotel, to be called the Berwick House, is being built at Rutland, Vt., at a cost of \$25,000 to \$30,000. A former Troy laundry girl is the capitalist in this venture, although the house is named after her brother, who is the ostensible proprietor. Her name is Mrs. Phoebe Churchill. She married an officer of the United States Navy, who was blown up in a premature explosion at Hell Gate at some stage in that improvement. Two women came forward to claim him as husband. One was from South Carolina. He was living with her at New York. The other was this Troy girl, and she succeeded in establishing the validity of her claim and securing \$2,000 insurance on his life. A considerable sum of money that was raised in New York was divided between the two women. Mrs. Churchill having known something of the laundry business at Troy, entered into partnership with a gentleman of that city and started an establishment in New York city. They now have four or five laundries here which are equal to a bonanza, and it is from this source that the money has come for the construction of the Berwick House.

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—flatulency, 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. Rosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tamors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address The Dr. Rosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Wilcox & Co.

What to Teach our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:
Teach her that one hundred cents make a dollar.
Teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.
Teach her to say "No" and mean it, or "Yes" and stick to it.
Teach her how to wear a calico dress and to wear it like a queen.
Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gowns.
Teach her to dress for health and comfort, as well as for appearance.
Teach her to cultivate flowers and keep the kitchen garden.
Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.
Teach her to have nothing to do with temperate or dissolute young men.
Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely, as well as very injurious to health.
Teach her to regard the moralists and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.
Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."
Teach her that music, drawing, painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.
Teach her the important traits—that the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poorhouse.
Teach her that a good, steady, church-going, unobscure, farmer, clerk, or teacher without a cent, is worth more than forty loaders of non-products in broadcloth.
Renews Her Youth.
Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c. at Wilcox & Co's., Drug Store.

A Summer Terror.
They sat at the open window, and gazed out over the sea; and the scene was full of quiet, and tranquil as could be; when a strange unearthly growing like a voice of fate was heard, and the least of us so quiet by its frightful sound—were stirred. And the maiden shrieked in terror, "This thine—three and divineful cyclone; it can hear its dreadful mutter, and its weird, wailing, tone!" But the youth, though pale, was fearless; and he said: "Oh, bear thy pain; 'tis the village band who practice 'tis the robins nest again!"

Startling But True.
Wills Point, Texas, December 18, 1885. After suffering for more than three years with disease of the throat and lungs, I got a few 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. Weldon. Sold by Wilcox & Co.

He Knew It.
"Pittsburg (away from home)—
"What's that stuff in the glass here?"
"Water—Water, sah."
"Water?"
"Yes, sah."
"Now, see here, young 'man, I may look green, but I'd have you to understand I'm not from the country. You can't play that on me, for water. Water's yellow."
And then he went down to the hotel office and told the clerk how he had been insulted. —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Gently.
Senator McDougall was convivial and witty to a degree. Returning from the Capitol one night slightly excited by test, he happened in the darkness fall into a grand sewer, from which he was trying to crawl, which a policeman came up and inquired: "Wha, in the name of all that's holy, are you?" "Gently, my friend, gently," said the laborer, replying: "When I left the Senate Chamber I was McDougall, but now it seems that I am Seward."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

Cure For Sick Headache.
For proof that Dr. Gamble's Liver Pils cures Sick Headache, ask your Druggist for a free trial package. Only one for a box. Regular size boxes, 25 cents. Sold by Wilcox & Co.

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