

Advertisements. One Square, first insertion \$1.50. One Square, second insertion 1.00. Every subsequent insertion .50.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, GENERAL INTELIGENCE AND INDUSTRIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

VOLUME 2. DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1869. NO. 7.

Selected Story. THE TWO SISTERS.

'Well' said Ned Arlington, 'for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better half.' 'I tell you,' replied a fellow stage coacher, 'you have had an easy courtship. For, I was compelled to love two ladies.'

chronic dodge, played on their various admirers to suit convenience and ensure rest. As far as those gallants were concerned, it was immaterial. Although one might be called for by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference.

On a lovely eve in September one of the sisters was from home. Now, thought I, here is a surety that I can talk a whole evening to one of this dual phenomenon. As she entered the parlor said I—

'How do you do Miss Hannah?' 'You are wrong sir, it is Miss Sue,' 'Are you humbugging?' 'Truly no; I tell you sincerely. You are now addressing Sue Grover.'

'What if the other girl were to come in? What a pretty mix! How would I know my girl! Though again I assure you, it would have made no difference. I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of embarrassments incident to non-distinguishment. On this ground I had a genuine trouble.'

Before Hannah returned. I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the church I spoke of the betrothal ring and requested her to please let me see the ring she wore. She took it off, and I carefully played with it to throw her off her guard—then calling her attention to a party of students, took my Congress knife and drew the file blades through the inner part. It left a nice little mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future.

At parties I had severe trials. I never knew when I took home, and even, when home would talk a flood of love to the wrong girl and receive a laugh for my enthusiasm. 'Hang it!' said I; 'the cream of the joke is—I can't be revenged, for I might hurt the wrong lady.'

The betrothal ring was given. Now, thought I, there is a termination to my discomfiture. Well, it terminated—for just twenty-four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring went to a jewelry store and ordered one precisely like it, and bearing the same inscription. Moreover she charged the jeweler to see that the engraving was counterfeited before recognition. It was done. So was I. Now what could I do? Had Sue been willing, I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish, and would never cooperate. Wedding came, I must take a young lady on the word of herself for parents.

you that the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. It was impossible for me to weep. Was she not the same in all respects? True, when I saw the family said, I was troubled, but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was in exact duplicate, and that moved before me as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less.

In eighteen months I stood in the same church, and it seemed before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was enacting a farce and remarrying my own wife.

A Word to Parents. Do speak kindly to your little ones! Their hearts are brimful of love for you. Put yourself on an equality with them; join in their little sports and pastimes. Do not feel that you compromise your dignity by such acts.

When you see this the case, rest assured there is something wrong. Parents, for heaven's sake! do not be stern and overbearing toward your children; recollect you were a child once; let them feel in their hearts that you are their best earthly friends, ever ready to sympathize with them in their sorrows or joys. If they commit an error some times, speak to them gently of it, not before strangers, or you will destroy all the good effect it might have had by pursuing a contrary course.

Lead and direct—do not drive. Say what you have to say gently and kindly, not with anger on your brow, and in tones that would lead one to suppose that they were culpable, and you a stern judge, instead of a loving, tender parent, as you should be.

Do your try to make home attractive? If not, you commit a great error. Let it be, to your children, the "dearest spot on earth," the great world will beckon them away from the home nest soon enough; care and pain will write their hearts' sorrows on their faces, line their foreheads, dim their eyes, and blot out their dimples.

Let us, therefore, do all we can to make their childhood and youth happy and joyous; and when they go out from it, to mingle with the cold unfeeling world, it will be to them a green spot ever in memory, to which their minds can revert with pleasure.

Let me say again, speak gently to your children; it will cost you nothing, but will make their hearts glad. Encourage them to bring their associates home with them; you can then see if they are proper ones, and point out traits to be shunned or imitated. Cultivate a kindly feeling to all; and especially to little children. It will pay.

Anecdotes of Duelling. The history of duelling has its comic and romantic aspect as well as its tragic and its diabolical. Some of the excuses given for not fighting are droll enough. Franklin relates the following anecdotes:

'A gentleman in a coffee house desired another to sit further from him. "Why so?" said the person thus addressed. "Because sir, you smell!" "That, sir, is an affront, and you must fight me."

'I will fight you if you insist upon it; but I don't see how that will mend the matter, for if you kill me, I will smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell worse, if possible, than you do at present.'

Amadeus V. of Savoy, sent a challenge to Humbert II., of the same duchy. The latter replied to the bearer of the challenge: "That the virtue of a prince did not consist in strength of body; and that if his princely boasted of his strength, there was not a bull which was not stronger and more vigorous than he could possibly be; and therefore if he liked, one should be sent to him to try."

The French poet Voltaire was a noted duelist, but he would not always fight. On one occasion, having been challenged by a gentleman on whom he had exercised his wit, he replied—

'The game is not equal; you are big, I am little; you are brave, I am a coward, however, you want to kill me, I will consider myself dead.'

Masonic. We Walk by the Plumb.

The operative Mason is taught to regard the plumb as one of the indispensable tools of his profession. Without it all his other tools are absolutely useless, and so long as he expects to do good work and square work he must make constant application of the plumb and watch eagerly for the slightest deviation from it.

The promise made by the Grand Architect of the Universe to the chosen people of God, as recorded in the seventh and eighth verses of the seventh chapter of the prophet Amos, has a peculiar meaning to every Free and Accepted Mason, which can not, under any circumstances, be over-estimated, for it will be remembered that Masonry owes its origin to the Jewish nation, many of her wisest and best men, from Solomon, King of Israel, down to the most distinguished Israelites of the present day, having been eminently known from their fidelity, zeal and attachment to the underlying principles of our time-honored organization.

Every well informed mason who has diligently studied the sublime ritual of our institution, as handed down from one Masonic body to another, can not but observe how rigidly this promise has been kept. The Supreme Grand Master of us all, whom as Masons we all revere and venerate, has ever guarded the craft from peril and stood by us in our darkest hours. Kings and Emperors have time and again placed the fraternity under ban, and prohibited, under penalty of death, the existence of subordinate Lodges in their respective dominions.

Speculative Masons, who meet in regular intervals to practice the duties of Charity and Benevolence, should never lose sight of the fact that each individual brother is a recognized portion of the grand fabric of Masonry, and that his daily life and conversation, no matter what his position in life may be, is either calculated to shed a brighter lustre upon the Craft or bring it into positive contempt. The profane, who have never seen the royal light of Masonry, can not judge the character of the institution, except thro' the reputation of its members, and where this test is applied, the opinion thus formed either advances the interest of the Lodge or injures its effectiveness materially.

Without revealing any of the mysteries of the craft, we state definitely what is meant by the expressive sentence which heads this article: "We walk by the Plumb." It is to worship our great Creator, Benefactor and Preserver with our whole heart and mind and strength; to love our neighbor (more especially those who are bound to us by the sweet ties of fraternity and brotherly love) as ourselves; and to follow implicitly that golden rule which teaches us to do to others as we would have others do unto us.

It will be remembered that every mason, in every part of the habitable globe, is received into fellowship with the fraternity by solemn prayer, in which all around him earnestly join. It is no idle form, no careless ceremony, but an act which not only acknowledges fealty and devotion to the Supreme Grand Master, but invokes his blessing on all brethren there assembled, and prays its continuance on neophyte who, bowing before the majesty of Jehovah, seeks to become a true and faithful brother among us, extend our principles of charity and benevolence, and gain as life advances an enviable reputation among his fellow men for the practice of every commendable virtue.

And while we are prompt to acknowledge the obligations we owe to our great Creator, we should be equally prompt in the performance of those responsible duties we owe to our fellow men—more particularly to the household of the faithful; for they are of great importance to all, and none of us know how soon we may need the same kind offices. In every business transaction—in all money affairs—in our daily speech and conversation we should always endeavor to walk by the plumb. It is readily conceded that "perfection on earth has never been attained; yet it is no less the bounden duty of every member of the craft to watch his own conduct day by day, to do as near right as possible, or in brief, to walk by the plumb with his God, his neighbor and himself, endeavoring day by day to win for himself the reputation of being a just and upright man, worthy the confidence of all.

Well would it be for every member of our ancient brotherhood if their rule was rigidly adhered to, regardless of consequences. In all matters of religion, or politics, or the thousand every day affairs of life, if every human being would walk by the plumb, the world itself would be transformed into an abode of perfect happiness. If a man enters upon any undertaking whatever, it is his bounden duty to look upon the subject in all its bearings, to view it in every conceivable light, and to ask himself the question whether it is honest, just and right, before God and his fellow men; not whether it is expedient—for we are all more or less governed by selfish considerations—but whether it will stand the test of the plumb-line properly applied. Once perfectly satisfied that it will stand this test, he need not fear to proceed; the blessings of Jehovah will follow him, and the approbation of his own conscience will justify the decision he has made.

It is worse than an act of folly—it is absolutely criminal for any member of the craft to imagine that the beautiful tenets of Masonry are only to be "practiced in the Lodge room where they are taught. Like the sublime principles of religion, they are equally adapted to the most trivial as well as the momentous affairs of life. The practiced mason looks upon the straw that floats upon the bosom of the broad ocean, or the light fleecy cloud, "scarcely bigger than a man's hand," which floats in the horizon, and as they decide his course of action instantaneous, so does some trifling word or act by one of the brotherhood, hardly thought of at the time as worthy of being remembered, leave an impression upon others that years perhaps fail to efface. These facts should always be kept in view; for it is not by mere numerical strength that Masonry claims to exert an influence in the world second only to religion. It is by the unaltered reputation of her individual members, many of whom, by the daily practice of our sublime principles have earned a brilliant halo over the institution that time never can destroy. Let every mason serve the character of Masonry by his own betterment, as an act of devotion toward ourselves and to our brethren wherever dispersed. This can only be done effectually by those who can truthfully assert: "We walk by the plumb."

wisest as well as the best of men have erred," yet it is no less the bounden duty of every member of the craft to watch his own conduct day by day, to do as near right as possible, or in brief, to walk by the plumb with his God, his neighbor and himself, endeavoring day by day to win for himself the reputation of being a just and upright man, worthy the confidence of all.

There are 17,919 names who pay an income tax in New York city. Sixty-seven persons who pay tax on incomes of \$100,000 or over. Most of these old gentlemen are self-made men, who have come up from the lower round of the ladder. The man who leads the list, A. T. Stewart, everybody knows is an Irish emigrant who commenced life with a capital of less than twenty-five cents. Indeed, with a few exceptions, most of the parties on the list were scarce as well off as Mr. Stewart's Take Henry Keep; he boasts that he graduated from the Poor-house Jefferson county. Jay Gould drove a herd of cattle from Delhi, Delaware county, when a lad, for fifty cents a day, in order to get money enough to reach the Hudson river. David Grosecbeck, over thirty years ago, used to mend old shoes for his brother, who was a respectable shoemaker in Albany. We all know the history of James Gordon Bennett and Robert Bonner, poor boys full of talent and industry. Rufus Hatch, when a young pedler, had an ambition to hold the reins of a pedler's wagon. E. D. Morgan commenced life with a quart measure of molasses. It is scarce a dozen years since Henry Clow was an errand boy in one of the banking-houses down town. The brothers Sedgiman started out in life with a pedlar's pack. David, in his younger days, retailed pork by the half pound and molasses by the gill. H. T. Helmbold was first cabin boy on the sloop Mary Jane that navigated the Delaware river. We might go on through the list and show that nearly every one of those solid men were the architects of their own fortunes.

James W.—at his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, busily engaged in writing. "My son, I want you to go down to the post office for me."

"O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply then, but in a few moments when his mother and sister came hurried to the door, as James was about to enter his father's, the latter sternly said: "My son, you may finish your own duties, as an act of devotion toward ourselves and to our brethren wherever dispersed. This can only be done effectually by those who can truthfully assert: "We walk by the plumb."

A young gentleman connected with a New Haven morning newspaper, who generally goes home about 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, made a mistake on a recent morning, and got into the wrong door, which happened to be unlocked. He had scarcely got inside when a rush was made for him from behind the door, a woman's night gown fluttered around him, and a pair of pumpp soft arms glided around his neck. In another second his head was drawn down and a warm, moist, luscious kiss planted just below his moustache, while a soft joyous voice, which the young man recognized as that of his lovely next door neighbor, asked, "My darling husband! why didn't you come earlier? Gasp! a wild exclamation of "Mistake!" which was answered by a hysterical shriek, the young man fled to his own room next door, with feelings that can better be imagined than described.

A team driver was heard calling to his oxen, "Wo-haw Methodist!" "Wo-oo Presbyterian!" "Wo-haw Baptist!" "Wo-oo Campbellite!" and being asked the reason for the singular names of his oxen, replied that they were not given for nothing. "That fellow there," pointing to Methodist "is a tearing pitching fellow, that pulls strong, but makes more noise about it than all the rest. Then that chap, Presbyterian, he puts that big foot of his down, it is there sure. I call that fellow Campbellite, because he can't cross a pond of water no how. And that fellow yoked with him, he's Baptist a splendid ox, a magnificent ox, as ever you saw in your life; but there's something the matter with him too—the trouble is that he won't eat with the rest of them."

A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day I must do it the first thing, and in an hour after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with-much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every-thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every one who reads this do likewise.

Prentice says man was the chief consideration at the creation. Woman was only a "side issue."

How Poor Boys Reach the Top Round.

There are 17,919 names who pay an income tax in New York city. Sixty-seven persons who pay tax on incomes of \$100,000 or over. Most of these old gentlemen are self-made men, who have come up from the lower round of the ladder. The man who leads the list, A. T. Stewart, everybody knows is an Irish emigrant who commenced life with a capital of less than twenty-five cents. Indeed, with a few exceptions, most of the parties on the list were scarce as well off as Mr. Stewart's Take Henry Keep; he boasts that he graduated from the Poor-house Jefferson county. Jay Gould drove a herd of cattle from Delhi, Delaware county, when a lad, for fifty cents a day, in order to get money enough to reach the Hudson river. David Grosecbeck, over thirty years ago, used to mend old shoes for his brother, who was a respectable shoemaker in Albany. We all know the history of James Gordon Bennett and Robert Bonner, poor boys full of talent and industry. Rufus Hatch, when a young pedler, had an ambition to hold the reins of a pedler's wagon. E. D. Morgan commenced life with a quart measure of molasses. It is scarce a dozen years since Henry Clow was an errand boy in one of the banking-houses down town. The brothers Sedgiman started out in life with a pedlar's pack. David, in his younger days, retailed pork by the half pound and molasses by the gill. H. T. Helmbold was first cabin boy on the sloop Mary Jane that navigated the Delaware river. We might go on through the list and show that nearly every one of those solid men were the architects of their own fortunes.

Not Now.

James W.—at his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, busily engaged in writing. "My son, I want you to go down to the post office for me."

"O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply then, but in a few moments when his mother and sister came hurried to the door, as James was about to enter his father's, the latter sternly said: "My son, you may finish your own duties, as an act of devotion toward ourselves and to our brethren wherever dispersed. This can only be done effectually by those who can truthfully assert: "We walk by the plumb."

SAD RESULT OF A JOKE.—At Barrington, N. H., on the evening of the 8th inst., Frank Currie, of Stratford, thirteen years of age, hid himself in some bushes near the road for the purpose of frightening Brad, Waterhouse, a boy two or three years older, son of Daniel Waterhouse, of Barrington, near neighbor to Currie. The Waterhouse boy was walking leisurely along the road and heard a growling and rustling of the leaves. Not suspecting any trick was being played upon him, he naturally supposed the noise was caused by some wild fire animal, perhaps a panther, which has lately been seen in Stratford. Running to a house near by he procured a gun, and returning to the spot again, heard the growling and pawing. He fired in the direction whence the sound came when the screams of the wounded boy told him that he had shot a human being instead of an animal. The Currie boy was taken home, when it was found that one eye was completely destroyed, and his face, tongue and neck perforated by shot, so that his life is in a very critical condition.

A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day I must do it the first thing, and in an hour after this I was allowed to play; and then I could play with-much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every-thing in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every one who reads this do likewise.

Prentice says man was the chief consideration at the creation. Woman was only a "side issue."

TIMMONSVILLE CARRIAGE AND BUGGY MANUFACTORY.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Darlington and adjoining Counties that he is prepared to put up in the best style and at the lowest rates, Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, CARTS, &c. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. J. A. McEACHERN, Timmonsville, S. C. Sept 1 48

Onward! Upward!!

HAVING met with success, far beyond our expectations, in the publication of the CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, we take this method of offering our papers, Daily, Tri-weekly and Weekly as among the best advertising mediums in Western North Carolina.

ARLINGTON MUTUAL Life Insurance Company.

INSURE YOUR LIFE! Insure in Arlington Company. 1st. Because it is the Best Company. 2nd. Because it is the Cheapest. 3rd. Its Dividends are Higher than any other. 4th. It is purely Southern and home enterprise.

Let Southern Men Patronize SOUTHERN INSTITUTIONS. Its terms are so liberal, that all may partake of its benefits. For further particulars call on J. G. McCall and B. C. Norman, AGENTS.

CHERAW MARBLE WORKS.

THE undersigned informs his friends and the public generally that he has resumed business, since the late fire, and keeps constantly on hand a fine and select stock of MARBLE. And is prepared to furnish and put up all kinds of work in his line, viz: Monuments, Tombs, Bannets, MURAL TABLETS, BAPTIST FONTAINS, HEAD STONES, &c.

South Carolina State Agricultural and Mechanical Magazine. (Official Organ of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society.)

TURNIP SEED. All kinds, for sale at HART, PARKER & CO. No. 44

If You Want GOOD SODA AND CREAM TARTAR, call on HART, PARKER & CO. No. 44

OSTENDORFF & CO Wholesale Grocers, DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS & SEGARS. 175 East Bay, Charleston, S. C. Agents for E. Clausen's Ales. Aug 21 29