

The Darlington Democrat.

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

VOLUME 2. DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15, 1869. NO. 9.

Selected Story.

A DYING BURGLAR'S STORY.

The Career of the Most Notorious Burglar in America.

The New York Sun, of the 6th, is responsible for the following:

Among the prisoners arraigned for trial in the Court of Special Sessions, yesterday, was one James Moore, more familiarly known to the authorities as John Miller. He was accused of stealing a few yards of flannel from a store in Broadway, and though his counsel, A. J. Anderson, Esq., pleaded guilty to the charge and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The man bore the appearance of one who had had a hard life of it. His black eyes were deeply sunken. He was very pale, looked haggard and completely worn out. Upon his face was indelibly stamped that sad, sorrowful, disappointed look, which belongs to the old criminal when he sees he must bow to his fate, as he stands before an earthly tribunal for the last time, to be sentenced once more, and then to die, where he has lived in a felon's cell.

The history of John Miller would fill a volume. He was born in Scotland, and came to this city sixteen years ago, a first-class burglar in every respect. Before taking his leave of the old country, he had already distinguished himself by three successful burglaries, which yielded him 10,000 lbs. The profits of Edinburgh regarded him as the most skillful criminal in Scotland. When only sixteen years of age, he was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment in the Edinburgh Work house. The reverse of fortune made him shift his quarters. London was next selected as his field of operations. For a whole year, he lived and thrived by his burglaries.

His last exploit, before his departure, was blowing open a banker's safe, and abstracting money enough to pay his expenses across the Atlantic. With a few thousand dollars in his pocket, he reached our hospitable shores, in company with three other professional English burglars. He made plans of the vaults of the Bank of England, before leaving, with an intention of overhauling their contents, but the close scrutiny of the London police compelled him to forego his design.

Once in this city, he began operations immediately. He made his debut by breaking into the store on the Northwest corner of Duane and Church streets, and stealing 10,000 in silks and 5,000 in coin. A few days after this burglary, he again visited the store, broke the safe, and \$10,000 more fell into his grasp. The boldness of this last exploit produced a great sensation in the metropolis. The police could obtain no clue to the perpetrator. A vigilant watch was maintained over the premises for a few weeks, during which time, Mr. Miller, who was rapidly becoming initiated into our customs, visited three or four other stores, and carried off a few hundred dollars.

When the watch over the church street property was relaxed, Mr. Miller thought he would again try his hand at the safe which had yielded him such a rich harvest. He watched the place for a few days, and at last, one stormy night, he set out, well equipped with all the paraphernalia of a burglar, and in the company of a "pal." He easily effected an entrance into the store, and his way to the safe. He had not proceeded far with his work, before the alarm was given, the bird was caged. Notwithstanding the fact that he was a wealthy man, he was speedily tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for five years. Our criminal courts administered justice in those days, and were not in the hands of abandoned politicians.

Mr. Miller and his pal, who was no other than the notorious burglar Chauncey Johnson, alias Dutch Holmich, after sentence, were locked up together in a cell on the second tier, facing the yard of the prison. On the night before he was to be transferred through the wall, four feet and a half in thickness, with the fork he had used at his supper. He was at that time suffering from bronchial consumption, a disease which had always affected him, and will shortly terminate his career. Both burglars jumped down into the yard, where they were received by the watch dogs of the prison, who raised an alarm.

Knowing that they had no time to lose, they quickly ran up a small staircase which, at that time, led up to the court room of the special sessions, sawed off the iron window bars, and sprang across the court room. The only obstacle now in their way, was an old wooden door, which yielded to their efforts in a twinkling. Once under the dismal columns that front on Centre street, no time was lost in getting away. Johnson, being the more robust and athletic of the two, leaped over the iron railing and fled. Miller, was less fortunate. His malady had made him weak. Just as he gained the street, almost exhausted by the labors, a night watchman arrested him. The next day, he was removed to Sing Sing Prison, where he served his full term. Miller is the only man who ever broke out of the Tombs.

Five years' imprisonment did not reform

Miller. No sooner did he return, than he began a series of daring burglaries, the like of which had never been heard of in this city. He would break into a store on West street one night, and the next night South of Canal street would be visited.

Information was conveyed to him, about this time, that a large shipping house on Front street had received a heavy remittance of gold coin from the West Indies. Miller summoned unto him his confidential friends, Jno. Brown, Tim Sullivan and Skinner. The latter, who was what is called, in the slang of burglars, a "stow-away" secreted himself in the store during the day time. When evening came, Skinner opened the door to his friends and admitted them. Miller at once assumed command. He had the safe placed upon its back, the fuse was applied, and the patent lock flew open. To their surprise, only \$185 in silver was found. At this juncture, Brown fancied he heard the alarm sounded without. He rushed out just time enough to have a struggle with the night watchman—knock him down and escape. Sullivan and Skinner followed, but poor Miller, thanks to his bronchial consumption, was again captured. He offered the officer his gold watch, worth \$300, and \$500 in money, to let him go. The bribe was refused, and the burglar was marched to prison.

His friend Sullivan had the impudence to be present at the examination next morning, and as he had often been seen in the company of Miller, he, too, was arrested on suspicion. Both were tried at the ensuing term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and sentenced to the Sing Sing Prison for the full term—five years. Miller, by some means or other, managed to get out before the expiration of his sentence. He only remained in the city a short time, just long enough to raise a little money to pay his expenses out West. For some days after his return from the State Prison, he loafed around a well known bank in Greenwich street, and kept an eye on all that was going on.

One day he saw a lady dressed in deep mourning descend from a carriage which was well loaded with trunks. One hero instantly made up his mind that the lady was going on a long journey, and came to replenish her purse. He followed into the bank. Miller was not mistaken, for the lady informed the cashier of the bank that she was going to Europe, and presented a check for ten thousand dollars. The money was counted out to her and she left. When she reached the carriage, a gentleman with a pen behind his ear, accosted her and said that he was a clerk in the bank—that some mistake had been made in counting the money, and that she must give him the money to be re-counted. The lady not suspecting anything, complied with the bank clerk's request, and handed him the package of bills, adding that she had not opened it since she received it. The bank clerk left. The lady waited and she still waits. The bank clerk, of course, was no other than our friend Miller, who went in at one door and out of another, ten thousand dollars in pocket.

That night he decamped and began a tour of the Western cities. The presence of Mr. Miller at any place was always attended with a heavy burglary. Sometimes he was caught and lodged in jail, but next morning, when the jailer came to give his prisoner breakfast, the man was flown. Only twice did he return to the scene of his former triumphs.

The first time he came to answer to a summons from his old friend Chauncey Johnson, who contemplated a raid on a Broadway bank, and needed his indispensable services. Miller inspected the premises, and when all the arrangements were completed, the vault of the bank was broken into and the snug little sum of \$100,000 abstracted therefrom. With a generosity really marvelous, they surrendered the money for a reward of \$25,000, being assured by the police that they would not be prosecuted. This was Miller's last appearance but one in New York.

He shortly after left, and after wandering around for some time, breaking into stores and banks, and breaking out of all the jails, he finally settled down in Philadelphia. He refrained from business for awhile, but having gambled away all his money, and being reduced to want, he again took up the jimmy. He was successful two or three times, but he was no longer the same dashing, skillful burglar of his youth. He soon came to grief, and found himself secured in Moyamensing Prison. He was turned loose once more two months ago. The rough handling he received in Philadelphia disgusted him with the Quaker city, and he made his way to this, the city of thieves.

The last act in the drama was played yesterday in the Court of Special Sessions, as above stated. We forgot to mention that after his escape from the Tombs, the fitter stars leading up the court room from the yard over which he escaped, was removed, and the "Bridge of Sighs," over which he crossed over to his cell, yesterday was constructed.

There is one redeeming feature about this remarkable criminal. He never broke into a dwelling house, or assaulted anybody. He confined his operations strictly to banks and stores. He belonged to that limited class of transgressors who reduce burglary and jail

breaking to a science. In his younger days he was supposed to go for a prize less than \$1,000. Yesterday, in his old age, after having stolen over \$1,000,000, he was sentenced to the penitentiary for purloining a few yards of flannel worth \$3. From a dry goods store, he cannot live above six months, and will probably not live out his sentence.

Married A Good Deal.

A correspondent writes to the Warsaw (Mo.) Times as follows: About two years ago a man by the name of P., engaged in huckstering, came into this vicinity, and after a few months in his trade, married the widow J., who had six children. Things went on smoothly for a time, then came storms and finally squalls. About the first of this month a woman from Illinois, with six children, appeared here claiming Mr. P.—as her true husband, and produced her certificate of marriage. Things looked blue for Mr. P., and he treated the matter as a fraud. The Illinois wife left with a view to commence suit. On Tuesday last Mr. P.—left for parts unknown. On Tuesday a woman with six children, hailing from Tennessee, came to the village claiming Mr. P.—as her husband, and found the inexorable going; and she also returned husbandless. On Wednesday night some strange party drove up to the house of Mr. P.—a Cole Camp wife, and left a child upon the doorstep, and then departed. Rumor has it that Mr. P.—also had a wife in the vicinity of Lexington, Mo., and from recent developments we are inclined to believe it.

Think Before You Spend.

Do you really need the article? It is probably a pretty dress or some piece of furniture, but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or is it some luxury for the table that you can do as well without. Think, therefore, before you spend your money.

Or need a new carpet, new couch, new chairs or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had at first intended, and while you hesitate, the dealer says to you: "This only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But, before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be better a year hence, especially in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to lay by something for a rainy day? All those luxuries will only gratify you for the moment. You soon tire of them, and their own permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances—not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate—that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses, and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.

A Needle in the Heart.

At one of the late meetings of the Academy of Science at Milan, Italy, Dr. Serafini Bisci, exhibited the heart of an insane man who died lately, and who at various times attempted suicide, after he had killed his father in one of his insane fits. The unfortunate man died of cancer of the tongue, which he had bitten off during one of his excesses of lunacy. When he was dissected a needle of three inches in length was found in the heart. The coroner's court was informed that twenty-two months before his death he had told his parents that he had pierced his heart with a needle. They, of course, did not believe it, because no change in the functions of this organ could be remarked. He never complained of any pain in the chest or in the heart. Scientific men regard this case as being of most extraordinary interest to surgeons and anatomists.

A Physiological Question.

The Schenectady Star is puzzling itself over the conundrum why girls can dress as thinly as they do and still keep warm, and relates the following startling experience: "One nice rosy girl in an open easter fifteen miles on one of the coldest nights of winter, and while we sat five or six miles as a stake, our teeth chattering like castanets, she kept up an animated conversation, every now and then exclaiming: 'Oh! isn't this delightful! Don't you enjoy it?' When arrived at our destination, notwithstanding we were dressed a great deal warmer than our fair companion she had to lift us out of the cutter and conduct us to the tropical atmosphere of the kitchen. On our return trip we were frozen to death, and she drove the corpse home. It must be that girls are tougher than we men people."

A man is first judged by his dress; afterwards, by what he turns out to be. There is a story of the celebrated painter and poet Buchin, who, walked out one day in very shabby clothes, became more an object of derision than regard. He was mortified, and went home, and arraying himself in his very best, again walked out to receive on every hand obsequious attention. His mortification turned to anger, and going home, he threw his gold-lace coat on the floor and stamped on it exclaimed, "Art thou Buchin, or an I?"

Masonic.

Why Some Lodges have Deteriorated.

Among the questions asked by our correspondent of last week, with request that answers should be given publicly in the Masonic columns of the Courier, is the following: "Why have certain Lodges deteriorated and what is the remedy to prevent others from falling into the same sad state?"

The above question has two clear and distinct propositions—one having reference to the past, the other to the future—and we therefore propose to touch upon them separately.

The first proposition therefore, is, "Why have certain Lodges deteriorated?" This subject is a delicate one, but yet it must be fairly dealt with before suggesting a remedy. It is, therefore, proposed to treat it in a general way, in order that our remarks may not be considered as applying to any individual Lodge in particular, but to the whole Fraternity as a body.

One of the principal causes why some Lodges have fallen off, both in numbers and respectability, has arisen from a carelessness of members in proposing candidates, of whom they have had but little or no previous knowledge, simply because some friends have stated they were "good fellows." It should be known that "good fellows," in the general acceptance of the term, often make bad Masons. Should it so happen that some member of Lodge has been able to ascertain such particulars concerning the "good fellow" as would make him believe that the candidate was sufficiently worthy of the important privilege of being made a Mason, his rejection, the brother proposing the new member very often feels hurt, and takes the matter as a personal affront. If he would properly consider the whole affair, he no doubt would view the rejection in exactly the opposite light: for if it be certain that the person proposed is unworthy to be taken by the hand by all good Masons, who regard as saving the proposer's reputation, and preserving the Lodge from discord and disruption. A candidate rejected or objected to for cause, is better out of the Lodge than in it, as the proposer himself might ultimately find out when the test of time had developed the secrets of his candidate's character and disposition. If accepted when he should have been rejected, it is often found that, before many years, the improperly made member, either through disappointed ambition or evil passions, generally succeeds in destroying both the honor and harmony of the Lodge into which he has been admitted. The brother unwittingly introducing any one who might thus be rejected should rather feel pleased than otherwise that others had been enabled to find out the true character of the man he had proposed before he had succeeded in being made a Mason, and before it had become too late to remedy the evil.

Another principal cause is the laxity of Committees of Investigation. The simple fear of offending a good and well-meaning brother has very often operated on the minds of persons composing such committees, and must have influenced their actions; many times inducing them to report favorably when perhaps they thought in their own consciences that the candidates were rather below the strict standard of what should constitute the qualifications of a brother. They would perhaps argue in this wise: "We do not know of anything actually bad in his character, but yet his habits are a little loose. Still as brother A. has proposed him, we may as well report favorably." The candidate is admitted. He is in turn appointed on a committee, and reports "favorable" on a candidate a few shades lower in the social scale. This member also in turn does likewise. And so on, until the words "little loose" becomes the fact. This is all wrong. Again the committee selected may not feel inclined to devote the time, or have the time to spare necessary for the fullest inquiry into the candidate's antecedents, of even his present habits; and are therefore contented, if not actually satisfied, with the recommendations given by the references specially mentioned by the person desiring to become a member. Of course it is not at all likely that the candidate will refer to any one who would know the evil side of his character, if he have one and yet a close inquiry from his neighbors or former acquaintances, or even his present business connections, might perhaps easily have led to a complete unveiling of a man whose life was nothing more nor less than a living lie.

Another cause arises from the haste of young Lodges to make members, without caring to inquire into the qualifications of those they admit, or even fixing a standard for the guidance of their investigating committees. Under these circumstances many persons not entirely up to that highly moral standard which should characterize a Mason become members of the craft, and they induce others equally objectionable to

join; for notwithstanding the fact that no person is directly asked to become a member of a Masonic Lodge, still there are many ways by which friends and acquaintances may be induced to do a thing, and yet suppose they are doing it solely of their own free will and accord. After awhile these recklessly made members bring discredit into their Lodge, and in order to get rid of them they are requested to form a Lodge of their own which in too many cases they obtain the necessary permission to do. The result must naturally be and is injurious to the welfare and dignity of that time-honored institution Free and Accepted Masonry.

Leaving this part of the subject for the present, we will touch upon the second proposition, "What is the remedy to prevent others falling into the same sad state?"

First. Let no member of a Lodge propose as a candidate any man with whom he is not personally acquainted, and with whose history, for at least one or two years, he is not thoroughly conversant, no matter who the person may be who desires him so to do.

Second. When a candidate is proposed let every member of the Lodge consider it part of his duty to find out for himself something about the person thus offered for membership, and if unworthy or suspicious, report the facts to some of the officers of the Lodge—such reports to be kept secret—so that the proposition might be returned.

Third. Every member of an investigating committee should perform his duty strictly, and without fear or partiality. Should the candidate be objectionable, the committee should act manfully, and report as his conduct warrants, no matter who may propose as a candidate; for if a bad man be admitted, his negligence, all the evils that followed upon his shoulders.

Fourth. Do not confine your inquiries to the set down references, but extend them in all possible directions. Such strictures will not harm a good man, and may lead to the detection of a bad one. In such cases there cannot be too close an investigation.

Fifth. Use the black ball only when deserved, that is, when a candidate is really not fit to be made a Mason. A Lodge should not be annoyed either by rejecting a good man, or by admitting a bad one, or by admitting a man for any other than the proper motives or reasons.

Sixth. Fix a standard of light, tone, and the guidance of the investigating committees and never deviate from it, even for your best friend.—*Courier.*

Ten Columns in a Washell—Appearance Against Him.

The Truth in His Favor.—A New England merchant doing a large business requiring several clerks a short time since missed several articles of value from his store. He determined to watch the habits of the young men, to discover, if possible, which one, if either of them, was untrustworthy. There was one of them who appeared particularly active and faithful; his dress was inferior to that of the other clerks; and he was not particularly popular among them. The merchant learned that this young man remained for half an hour or more after the others left, with the door of the store locked. This circumstance awakened his suspicions, and he arranged a plan to conceal himself in the store, so that he might discover what occurred when the clerk supposed himself to be unobserved. Having seen the young man upon an errand just before the hour of closing, he entered his place of concealment. The door was locked as usual, at the proper time. The clerk at once began to sweep and put the establishment in order.

While waiting for the dust to settle, he was seen to go behind the counter, and taking something from beneath it, placed it in the breast of his coat. The merchant was now alive to discover what had been taken, and what was to be done with it. The young man went to the window and sat in silence a few moments, apparently examining the package which he had taken from his breast. The merchant was not left long in doubt. His clerk soon fell upon his knees he saw that he was a Bible he had been reading; and now he offered aloud a simple and touching prayer, for himself, his mother, and sister, his employer, and particularly for a brother clerk, who, he feared, was yielding to temptation. After he had finished dusting he left the store, unconscious of having had a human eye upon him.

It is easy to believe that the merchant was deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. This clerk's salary was increased several hundred dollars a year, and he was given the position made vacant by the discharge of another whose criminal acts had been discovered.

An old Virginia hunter, who heard Bishop Meade preach in his clerical robes without manuscript, paid him this compliment: "He is a good preacher, and he is the only one of them petticoat preachers that I ever heard who could preach without a rest."

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but justice, though tardy, always comes; and this is the reason why a baggagesman at Cleveland got a hole in him while smashing up a trunk in which there was a revolver.

Printer's Devil.

Miss Piney W. Forsythe, who is a practical printer herself, has the following happy and appropriate notice of so called printer's devils.

"A great many persons are in the habit of looking upon and speaking of printer's devils in a manner that reflects no credit on themselves. These same printers in nine cases out of ten, are three times as well posted on the issues of the day as the person who speaks lightly of them. There is no class of boys for whom we have a more profound respect than, well behaved printer's devils. They know something and are practical, which is more than you can say of all classes of boys. In that respect we place the boys who work in a printing office head and shoulders above most other boys. Young women, before you again elevate that delicate nose at the approach of a printer's devil, get some one who knows something of history to tell you the men of some character that were once printer's devils."

A Valuable Hint.

The following bit of information, furnished by an exchange, is well worthy the consideration of every reader.

"It has been long known to intelligent persons, that foul water is one of the agents for the diffusion of disease; but even these will be astonished to be assured, as Sir Wm. Jenner positively assured the last meeting of the British Medical Association, at Leeds, that two of the most fearful diseases, cholera and typhoid fever, are mainly if not entirely propagated by the drinking of contaminated water. No individual can take too much care to keep their drinking water free from impurity, and it is of the highest importance that large communities should be supplied with water uncontaminated by any refuse or sewerage. At any rate, where this is not done; there ought to be an end of the impertinence of ascribing diseases to the 'mysterious dispensation of Providence.'"

That terror to all sailors in New York harbor, Hell Gate, must be smashed, according to contract before the expiration of December 1st. The contractor is using nitro glycerine, and the obstruction. An account says: "The glycerine is placed in tin cans, which are connected with an electric battery through wires of copper and zinc, attached to the rock. Fifty pounds of explosive material are placed in each can. The can is then deposited in a boat which is carefully rowed to a given spot. The can is then lowered with the utmost caution, and fastened upon a section of rock. On Saturday eighteen of these cans were placed in position upon the Hog's Back, but owing to some unexplained reasons failed to answer the electric current, and did not explode. When it does burst there will be a young earthquake."

"Bugmaster-General" is another name for State entomologist in Illinois.

A story is told of a soldier in the army whose only fault was that of drunkenness. His Colonel remonstrated with him. "Tom, you are a bold fellow and a good soldier, but you get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of the human character combined for sixteen dollars a month?"

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

"Oh! the wretch!"—A miserable specimen of a male man says that giving the ballot to woman would amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to ask any interest in politics.

Dr. E. C. Young and Isham Cox—Quakers—held a religious meeting at the Washington Street Church, last night—and, the "spirit having moved them," delivered excellent addresses, which, as we are informed, were attentively listened to.

Said and ambitious youth one day to a young lady: "Don't you think I'd better dye my moustache?"—"crossing that infant prodigy, 'I think if you let it alone, it'll die itself!" said the lady.

A Chicago paper tells a story of election night, which it thinks shows the enterprise of young Chicago. A party of boys were soon getting together the materials for a bonfire. When they were asked what was the news, they replied that they had none. We don't dabble in politics. We built the fire so that when the news comes we can sell it out to the side that beats!"

A man in Michigan, in attempting to yawn, got his jaws set, with his mouth wide open, and had to ride in a row-boat twelve miles, with the wind blowing down his north-west passage in order to have the door closed. He caught a terrible cold.

A little six year old was walking with his father, and passing a church, the child asked "What house is that?" That is the Dutch church," was the reply; "people go to that to be good, so that they may become angels."

"Will there be Dutch angels pa?" That child should be sent to Sunday school.

Job Department.

The above Department will be promptly attended to, and all work in this line executed on the most satisfactory terms. We will furnish all short notice.

LAW BLANKS.

HAND BILLS.

POSTERS.

CIRCULARS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WEDDING CARDS.

BILL HEADS.

PAMPHLETS.

LABELS.

All Job Work will be done on delivery.

Mrs. Parker's

DRESS Trimmings and Fancy Goods are now open and ready for sale.

Frills, Gimps, Buttons, and handsome Silk Cloth Buttons, Children's All-wool Scotch Plaid Hosiery, Ladies' and Children's "coolie" Hood, Ladies' Woolen Fanchions, very pretty, infants' crocheted shoes, Linen Tape Trimming, Cash's Frilling, Combs, &c., also one piece of very pretty plaid. Her Millinery stock is complete.

MRS. PARKER

WILL make up walking suits for ladies and children, also well received Patterns from the North each month during the season.

Oct 27

TIMMONSVILLE

CARRIAGE

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. McBRACKEN

Sept 15

Onward! Upward!!

HAVING met with success, far beyond our expectation, 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.

Advertisements Solicited—Terms Moderate.

PREMIUMS! PREMIUMS!!

We offer FIVE valuable Agricultural Premiums to persons getting up Clubs for the Weekly Observer. Address: SMITH, WATSON & Co., Charlotte, N. C.

Aug. 26

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.

3d. Its Dividends are Higher than any other.

4th. It is purely Southern and a home enterprise.

It beg leave to call the attention of the public generally to the subject of

LIFE INSURANCE.

It is the sacred duty of every one to insure his life, so that his family may not suffer from poverty after his death. The uncertainty and peril of these lawless times, and the certainty of death, admonish all to make

Immediate and Sure Provision for their Loved Ones.

The success of the ARLINGTON COMPANY is unparalleled.

Let Southern Men Patronize SOUTHERN INSTITUTIONS.

Its terms are so liberal, that all may partake of its benefits.

For further particulars call on

B. C. Norment, AGENTS.

March 8

CHERAW MARBLE WORKS.

THE undersigned informs his friends and the public generally that he has resumed his 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, Mantels,

MURAL TABLETS, BAPTISMAL

FONTS,

HEAD STONES,

Of all descriptions at the lowest possible rates. Iron Railings furnished to order, and general satisfaction guaranteed.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Advances will be required on all work.

Persons wishing anything in my line should consider the difference in freight between this point and that of Charleston.

J. H. VILLENEUVE,

Market-street.

CHERAW, S. C.

J. M. WOODWARD, Agent at Darlington, and W. A. CARRIGAN, Agent at Society Hill. All orders through them will receive prompt attention.