

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

VOL. I.

DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1891.

NO. 46.

CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. A. Rice, Pastor; Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m., Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. A. Rice, Pastor; Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., Sabbath School at 8 p. m., Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 8 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. G. B. Moore, Pastor; Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., Prayer Meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m.

EPISCOPAL CHAPEL.—Rev. W. A. Guerry, Rector; H. T. Thompson, Lay Reader. Preaching 3rd Sunday at 8:30 p. m., Lay Reading every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Sabbath School every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

MACEONIA BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. I. P. Beckington, Pastor; Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., Sabbath School at 3:30 p. m., Prayer Meeting every Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

WHEN THE TEARS ARE NEAR TO FLOWING.

When the heart is overburdened—
Full of sorrow, lost in woe;
When the world is draped in cypress,
And the dirge-winds through it blow—
Then the tears are near to flowing.

When the soul with joy is freighted,
Full of love's delightful glow;
When the world is clad in color,
And the song-bells thrilling go—
Then the tears are near to flowing.

So it seems that bounding gladness
Sister is to sad-eyed woe;
For, when either, thrilling, throbbing,
Through the being floods to—
Then the tears are near to flowing.

One is just outside the portals,
Sprinkling life with grief-thawed snow;
One is just inside the rose-plot,
Scented with pleasure's pearly flow—
And we say, the tears are flowing.

—L. R. Hambrick, in Times-Democrat.

The Broad Street Turn.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

Burt Cliny Haled, brother, Broad street, turned over a new leaf on a New Year. I met him at Dr. Hall's church in the morning. He had a reformed look in the corner of his eyes. "I am through," he said in a calm, business-like manner.

Everything that Cliny did was done in a business-like manner. I've known him to get off a car and chase a newsboy for two blocks to get a cent change, because it was business and he would not be swindled, and I have known him to write a note to Ned Harrigan to get a free box and then spend \$200 on flowers and supper before the night was over. With a Broad street peculiarity he insisted that that was business too.

I believe that anywhere Cliny would be called a good fellow. He held strictly to the business principle of skinning his fellow-man alive on Broad street and blowing in a pipe when the boys were not at that financial warpath.

One day Cliny, as I said, turned a leaf. He did it methodically, calculatingly and firmly. He was polishing his dome before the glass, and as he laid the brush down he said, "I must get married."

Very punctilious and discreet was Cliny. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Nashville and Tennessee. It was a good investment at that time.

Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Broad street manner. "I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties around. They've been around till I'm tired. I want a mature, sensible, sober, economical, tidy, level-headed, modest, healthy, good-tempered, prudent, affectionate, sagacious, lovable, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary, and I'm going to organize the business of getting what I want. I can give an hour a day for the next year to the finding of what I want, and I'm too old a business hand to have what I don't want."

So Cliny at forty-four organized himself. Set up a matrimonial bureau in that private office with cathedral windows. Put his number eleven gilder on sentiment. Chucked the forget-me-nots out of his soul and came down to hard-pan.

He would advertise. Yes, he would. No nonsensical rot about cultured girl desiring to meet cultured lady, but direct business proposition. It would involve immense clerical system—very well, would get typewriter, dictate answers for an hour every morning. "First thing to do—get typewriter; must be business girl."

you think you can get down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the business in this room?"

All that Cliny ever heard was a demure little "Yes, sir," that had the same suggestion of tremor in it that one gets from raspberry jelly.

"All right. I can't bother with you to-day; come to-morrow," and Cliny fell to signing checks, and Chip Hat went away, and the young man outside poked his nose through the crystal potted his barrier, puckered his lips and flipped two or three bars of "The Maid with the Milking Pail" after her.

IV.

The little office with the cathedral windows took on a new feature. There was an instrument under the ash, with a black tin roof over it, and a little sailor hat, with a blue ribbon on it, hung on the bronze peg opposite the door.

"Now, then," said Cliny, putting on a most forbidding air of strict business. "You understand that the matter for which I have engaged you is entirely aside from the regular business of this office. By the way, what shall I call you? Miss what? Chalcey? Well, never mind the Nelly, I'll call you Miss Chalcey, it's more business like; and I don't want you to talk outside of this room about any of the business you have to transact here. Do you understand? If you get that straight to begin with there'll be no trouble."

Then she turned her demure face towards him and said, "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently and profoundly that he noticed her eyes. They were agates—moss agates, by Jove. Funny little spots in them that swam and danced down and melted into each other in the most absurdly molten way, as if there might be little caldrons under them where the light was boiled and softened down into some ridiculous girl nonsense. The worst of it was they always seemed to be just on the point of boiling over, as if light, like music, had some kind of inscrutable pathos in it.

So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Cliny would come in about half past ten or eleven, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grunt out, "Good morning, Miss Chalcey," and then sit down at his desk to open letters. Sometimes she would sit demurely for half an hour, her head turned, looking out of the one clear little pane in the cathedral window straight at Bob Slocum's Gothic office opposite, where there was never anything to see except Bob Slocum's window shades, and that piece of telegraph tape that dangled forever from the wires overhead, in spite of all the sparrows that had tried to pull it off. At other times Cliny would dictate, and then the click of the instrument drowned the monotonous chirp of the janitor's bullfinch that was whistling somewhere.

Of course she got to know all about it—what it was he was trying to do—and he grew to consult her on some of the details. Like a good girl she put her whole heart into it and really tried to help him all she could to find the wife he wanted. How could she help it, and then, too, she couldn't help finding out by degrees that Cliny drew some heavy checks and had a swell circle of acquaintances.

And he—well he, like a good methodical business man, fell into a routine here as elsewhere. His heart was constructed on solid clock-work business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him at once. It always does annoy a business man to have things irregular. He fidgeted in his chair. It was too bad. Nobody could be depended on, and here were several letters to be answered. He called Swain in. "Where is that young woman?"

Swain started a little, as if he felt guilty of having abducted her, and said, "What do you want, a typewriter? Here's Wallace and Dues and Clapp, any one of 'em can—"

And Cliny shouted, "Nonsense! Shut the door!"

Then he noticed the bronze peg. It had an ironical and plucked aspect.

He sat down in the chair by the window and looked at Bob Slocum's shades.

He couldn't help wondering what Miss Chalcey found to think about during all the vacant hours when she looked out there, waiting.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her severely. "It annoyed me very much," he said from his chair, with out looking round. "You should have sent me some word. I depended on you. It's very irregular and unbusinesslike."

She turned round and looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you."

His astonishment twisted him round in his chair, and he came plump up against the agates, swimming in some kind of light he had never seen before.

"Confound it, Miss Chalcey," he said, jumping up. "What do you mean by having a sick mother and not telling me! What do you mean by coming here to-day? Will you never get any business ideas into your head? I told you that this room was to be confidential. Do you call it confidential to act in this manner? I'm surprised, Miss Chalcey. I'm hurt."

He took down the sailor hat. "You are to go back to your mother—at once."

He opened the door. "Here, Swain, get me a coupe." And Swain saw the sailor hat in his hand.

VI.

It was about a week after this. The room had half a ton of letters in it. Cliny used to come in, look at the bronze new and go away again. Then the sailor hat reappeared.

Miss Chalcey was there waiting, so was her little lunch that she always ate when Cliny and Wallace went down to Delmonico's, and on Cliny's desk was a tiny bunch of violets. He shook hands with her, congratulated her on her mother's recovery, and said: "Pshaw! don't mention it, my child. I'm just about as kind as the average business man—no more no less. We've got a terrible lot of business here."

They both laughed!

Cliny was in particularly good spirits that morning. It was so comfortable, don't you know, to have the office routine go on its regular business-like way—to hear the click of the instrument; to get side glimpses of two white rounded wrists darning a galling; to know that the chip hat was covering up that bronze peg, and you couldn't hear the bullfinch. It went on about a week, with a little bunch of violets every morning on his desk, which he always put in his button hole when he went uptown. There were two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, and so she fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her eat her lunch, and enjoyed it.

Then the whole affair came to a sudden stop. These things always do in real life.

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"Miss Cliny, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is I've found the woman I want, and of course I shall not need you any more."

She was looking at him dreamily, as if she wondered where the paragon came from that filled his bill.

"Yes," he said, "strange as it may sound I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife and I shall not want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've found most of 'em."

"I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalcey, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?"

"Yes, sir."

"You really and truly think so, on business principles?"

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"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her. You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Cliny—Nelly."

And she was.

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"Miss Cliny, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is I've found the woman I want, and of course I shall not need you any more."

She was looking at him dreamily, as if she wondered where the paragon came from that filled his bill.

"Yes," he said, "strange as it may sound I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife and I shall not want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've found most of 'em."

"I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalcey, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?"

"Yes, sir."

"You really and truly think so, on business principles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her. You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Cliny—Nelly."

And she was.

The only unbusiness-like thing they did was to both try to look out the ridiculous little pane at the same time—and no two business people could do that simultaneously without looking like Siamese twins.—New York World.

He took down the sailor hat. "You are to go back to your mother—at once."

He opened the door. "Here, Swain, get me a coupe." And Swain saw the sailor hat in his hand.

VI.

It was about a week after this. The room had half a ton of letters in it. Cliny used to come in, look at the bronze new and go away again. Then the sailor hat reappeared.

Miss Chalcey was there waiting, so was her little lunch that she always ate when Cliny and Wallace went down to Delmonico's, and on Cliny's desk was a tiny bunch of violets. He shook hands with her, congratulated her on her mother's recovery, and said: "Pshaw! don't mention it, my child. I'm just about as kind as the average business man—no more no less. We've got a terrible lot of business here."

They both laughed!

Cliny was in particularly good spirits that morning. It was so comfortable, don't you know, to have the office routine go on its regular business-like way—to hear the click of the instrument; to get side glimpses of two white rounded wrists darning a galling; to know that the chip hat was covering up that bronze peg, and you couldn't hear the bullfinch. It went on about a week, with a little bunch of violets every morning on his desk, which he always put in his button hole when he went uptown. There were two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, and so she fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her eat her lunch, and enjoyed it.

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OCEAN CABLES.

HOW BROKEN WIRES ARE RAISED AND SPLICED.

A Work That is Very Costly and Difficult—Locating a Break—Grapppling in Water Two Miles in Depth.

If you visit any of the cable offices in town you may see small sections of the cables. They are made of paper weights and the like. Their diameter varies from that of a silver half dollar to that of a good-sized tea-cup. If you see the manner in which the wires that go to make them up are twisted and interwoven you will come to the conclusion that any of these cables, big or little, are enormously strong and capable of standing a tremendous strain.

And yet these ocean cables break, strong as they are, and what is more the breaks are at times very serious. Mending cable wires lying near the shore and in water that is comparatively shallow is not such a difficult matter, but when it comes to patching up a deep sea wire flat lies on the bed of the ocean hundreds of fathoms deep, why that is altogether another matter.

It must not be supposed that ocean cables break often. They do not. Still they break often enough to keep the vessels used by the companies for the purpose of pretty busy repairing them. There are seven or eight of these ocean cables, now owned by the Western Union, the Anglo-American and the Commercial Cable companies.

Off the banks of Newfoundland cables are often broken by coming into contact with the dragging anchors of fishing boats. These breaks are very awkward, and the icebergs that float down from the North at certain seasons extend deep under the water and damage the wires badly.

Then the wear and tear of time is another cause of breakage. The bottom of the ocean is not flat like the top of a table, but has mountains as wild and valleys as deep as any that you can find between New York and San Francisco. So the cable that stretches from Nova Scotia to the coast of Ireland has to span some pretty rough country.

The cable companies have now reduced the mending of cables down to a system. It is regarded as a part of their regular business, just as it is to keep linemen at work on land. The companies each year set aside so much money to the account of repairs, and men, and all things needed, are kept constantly on hand.

It costs a very pretty penny to fix an ocean cable when it breaks. The companies have in such a case to maintain a fully equipped ocean steamer with expert navigators and electricians on board, whose business it is to devote their trained knowledge to this single matter for, say, two weeks or a month. If, as the Western Union does, they hire a steamer, they must pay for her a daily rental of \$1500. So far, say, three weeks, the rental would run up to more than \$225,000, a pretty number of pennies, too. Then, in addition to this, there is the actual cost of the repairs and the twenty-five or thirty miles of new cable usually used in big breaks. Cable sold by the yard, mark you, too, is as costly as the finest lace. There have been breaks in the cables that have cost as much as \$100,000, but of course these were exceptional.

The first thing that the experts have to do when it is found that there is a break somewhere in the wire, is to locate that break, and this is not altogether an easy matter. Still the electricians have brought it down to a pretty fine science, and can figure with very great accuracy as to where any break may be. They have now an instrument by which they can determine with much nicety how far an electric current started on a given line travels before it is interrupted. A calculation is made on this instrument and a similar one on the other, and between the two the true location is pretty