

THE DARTING GLOBE.

"IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

VOL. II. DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1892. NO. 50

An Ex-Tillman Man's Complaint.

[From the Lexington Dispatch.]
I voted and worked for Governor Tillman two years ago. I did it because I thought he was a friend to the poor, but I can't vote for any man to pay \$3 poll tax or eight day's work on the public road if he can't pay \$1.50. That is putting the poor man's labor too cheap for me. I pay my poll tax and I work the public road and every poor man ought to raise his voice against them both. I don't believe it is doing the poor man right. God gives the poor man but little means and he must work four days and take the bread from his children's mouths and \$1 poll tax and now they want to make it \$3. He has no horse or wagon, but a poor wife and children depending on him for bread, whether they are white or black. God made us all and we are compelled by law to pay as much road duty as the richest man in the State, and the rich man will make his \$1 in five minutes. No equality there. I urge you to work the road, pay your poll tax just as long as it is a law, but you can't make anything equal but so much out of the dollar, and if the poor man has but one dollar and he returns it and pays his part out of it for his taxes he has done his part and should not be made to do any more.

Run the free schools all the year, but take so much out of the dollar and the poor man will pay as much out of the dollar as the rich. God bless the poor of our land and open the eyes of our law makers to take the poll tax and the road tax off our men, and defeat every man that wants to heap a three dollar poll tax on them, or eight day's work for \$1.50. Some one said that a man was a "traitor" that left the reform party. I say as far as my judgment goes every one that is a friend to the poor man will leave, for the reform party can't show one place where they have given the poor man any better wages or done anything for them. On the other hand they have cut the wages and laid the burden on the poor. Cheap labor don't help the poor man or low prices don't help the farmer. It will take a third more of what you raise to bring you the same it did two years ago.

My farmer friend, I ask you to open your eyes and think for yourself. You can't live on promises, and that is all you have got from the reform party and you will ever get from them outside of low wages, hard times and low prices for what you have to sell.

Yours,
P. J. RUCKER.

P. S.—The poor man don't pay any poll tax in Columbia to send his children to school all the year. He don't work the streets and our streets can't be beat. The same plan ought to be in the whole State.

P. J. R.

A Saloon Keeper's Advertisement.

A saloon keeper of Lima, Ohio, not desiring to deceive any body as to the quality of the goods he handles, put out the following card as an advertisement of his business:

"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS:
"Greatful for your past patronage, and having a new stock of choice wines, spirits and lager beer, I continue to make drunkards and beggars out of sober, industrious people. My liquors excite riot, robbery and bloodshed, diminish comforts, increase expenses, shorten lives, are to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and liable to render these latter incurable.

"They will cost some of you life, some of you reason, many of you character and all of your peace; will make fathers and mothers, friends, wives, widows, children, orphans and all poor. I train the young to ignorance, infidelity, dissipation, lewdness and every vice; corrupt the ministers of the religion and members of the church, hinder the gospel and send hundreds to temporal and spiritual death. I will accommodate the public even at the cost of my soul, for I have a family to support, and the trade pays, for the public encourages it."

"I have a license; my traffic is therefore lawful and christians even countenance it, and if I do not sell drink somebody else will. I know the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill.' 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, and 'not to put a stumbling block in a brother's way.' I also read that 'no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of God,' and I suppose a drunkard maker will not share any better fate; but I want a lazy living, and have made up my mind that my iniquity pays very good wages. I shall therefore carry on my trade and do my best to decrease the wealth, impair the health and endanger the safety of the people.

"As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and indulgence, I must do all I can to prevent your mental culture, moral purity, social happiness and eternal welfare.

"For proof of my ability I refer you to the pawnshops, the police office, the hospital, lunatic asylum, jail and the gallows, whither many of my customers have gone.

"I teach young and old to drink and charge only for the materials.

"A very few lessons are enough. 'Yours till dead.'

Speaking the Truth in Love.

Truthfulness certainly is a noble virtue, but it is not the noblest. When the deepest, fullest significance of truthfulness is comprehended, when we have learned that it means genuineness, then its admirableness is more than ever conspicuous. Yet there is a higher, holier virtue than mere truthfulness, even in its best sense, and that is this same truthfulness enfolded with and characterized by love. We may be scrupulously truthful in speech and be shunned for our coldblooded and cruel bluntness. You may be sincere and straightforward in conduct as a human being can be, and also you may have a more dangerous influence than some who possess much less loyalty to duty than your own, simply because you are coldly correct, hard and stern in demeanor, winning no one to yourself or to the views of life which you cherish and illustrate.

Speaking the truth in love, whether by lips or life, never means belittling the authority or dignity of truth. It never seeks to evade the consequences of the most simple, absolute truthfulness. But it means being filled to overflowing with Christ-like tenderness, in loving truth, because He was the truth and lived the truth and made Himself one with it forevermore, so that the effort to be true is the same thing as to be Christ-like. Speaking it so as to make its truthfulness not only apparent, but convincing, and even winning, no matter how inherently unpalatable it may be.

We once read a story about a man who uniformly endeavored to tell the pure, simple truth about everything. The author certainly gave an amusing account of his collisions with the untruthful, but real exaggerations of household life, the polite evasions of society, and the customs of trade. The hero gradually became a social failure, for everybody found him an uncomfortable companion; yet this was more because of his want of tact than his bad adherence to principle, for all respected his fertile spirit, even if they could not approve his choice of times and seasons. When he died the community mourned him deeply. He had the truth-loving spirit and also the disposition to speak the truth in love. He did not realize sufficiently that the truth need not always necessarily be uttered in the form of direct assertion, but may be even in that of inquiry, jest, or even irony. The point of the story was this, that he who makes his loyalty to truth unmistakably plain, and who does this in the spirit of gentleness and tenderness, never fails to win confidence and respect.—Selected.

For Different Fancies.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.

A man has his clothes made to fit him. A woman makes herself fit her clothes.

A man is a cat, and the people too often shut him up in the same room with the canary.

A girl of sixteen seems to know of no other use for her nose than to turn it up at people.

Pleasure may be had, but it comes fearful high. Nothing in the world costs so much.

Don't say you would amount to more if you had the opportunity; if you have the ability you will make the opportunity.

Man never pretends to tell a woman the truth. Men learn to lie to women when they are courting them, and never get over it.

We should miss a great deal that is valuable in human nature if we confined our attention exclusively to important persons.

A woman is good because it comes natural, men are never really good until they have tried being bad and found that it didn't pay.

The trouble with getting a boy in a garden is that he dips up so many grub worms that tempt him to run off and go fishing.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self love in others, and exacts it in return from them.

When they are engaged they act ashamed to show how much they think of each other; and after they're married they are ashamed to show how much they don't.

Parting with a dear friend at the grave is a great deal like parting with one when you start on a journey and leave him behind. You cry the first cry or two, and believe you will cry forever; but soon you become interested in new scenes, new people, and new experiences, and forget him. You imagine when you leave the cemetery you will never forget the friend you left there, but you do.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, and skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It guarantees relief or no pay required. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Wilcox's Drug Store.

"He passed the hat and raised thirty cents out of all their clothes. When he gave it to me he says: 'You're only a boy, but you're a good one. You've got a quarter an' says: 'Yes, an' I ain't goin' to overcharge you. The hull gang of yer ain't wort' more'n' a pence.' Then I skipped."

Now Try This.
It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold or any trouble with the chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumptive, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from the throat and chest, who can't get relief, try this simple and perfect remedy. Try for a month at one of our expense and learn for yourself how good a thing it is. Linn bottles free at Wilcox's Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

Statistics show that more money is spent in the United States for eggs than for flour. Farmers want to look after their poultry and improve it by getting the best stock.

Strength and Health.
If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, getting rid of these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at Wilcox's Drug Store.

The Perfect Man.
There are no perfect men. We have been men and understand the whole tribe. On a clear morning when they are well dressed and the road is clear they look admirably, but none of them enjoy having a passing vehicle splash mud on their newly-blackened boots. None of them look placid when some one treads on their sore corns. If you want to find out that no man is perfect just marry him. But I think that the two sexes are about equal. If you secure for life the companionship of some one about as good as yourself you are to be congratulated. Better have the two blades of a pair of scissors as nearly as possible alike.—Philadelphia Times.

A somewhat serious and noteworthy collection has come into the market, and has lately been offered for sale to some of the officers of the British Army. The collection, which comprises 148 buttons, has taken nine years for its formation, and the owner wrote 384 letters to all parts of the globe in pursuit of his hobby.

A JEALOUS COW.

The Gores Her Master Because He Nursed a Pup.

A few years ago, says a writer in the London Spectator, I was a quarter milch cow, Rose, which was found of Thomas, the stableman, and also showed an aversion to dogs. One morning I had just begun to dress when I heard my puppy barking in the cowshed. The sound was the same as that of an unmistakable fear and anguish—a human roar. I dashed downstairs, and at the same moment arrived my son pitchfork in hand.

"There lay Thomas or his face in a dry gutter by the side of the road to the cow-house and the cow bawling angrily at him. We drove off the cutting and Thomas scuffled across the road, slipped through a wire fence, stood up and drew breath.

"Well, Thomas," said I, "what's the matter with Rose?"

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "I heard the pup bark and untied him, and I was a-copinioned precipitate but settled the pup in my arms when Rose came round the corner. She knocked me down and would have killed me."

Thomas had, indeed, had a narrow escape, his trousers were ripped up from end to end, and red marks all along his legs showed where Rose's horns had grazed along them.

"Well," said I, "you'd better not milk her this morning, since she's in such a fury."

"Oh, I'll milk her right enough, sir, by-and-by; just give her a little time to settle down," said Thomas. "It's only jealousy of that ere pup, sir. She couldn't abide seeing me a fondling of it."

In about twenty minutes Thomas called me down to see the milk. The cow had stood quiet enough to be milked. But the milk was deeply tinged with blood, and in half an hour end to end, and red marks all along his legs showed where Rose's horns had grazed along them.

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DEATH IN THE BATH.

Factors of Mount Endos Cure the Gout or Kill the Bather.

When Charles Boner was in Transylvania he visited Mount Endos, a volcano which is supposed to be a source of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. In particular there are two caves or clefts in the whitish-gray rock, out of which this gas, mixed with carbonic acid, is emitted with special freedom. The principal one of these caves is about twenty paces in depth, and as will be seen from Mr. Boner's description, is much frequented as a health resort.

"To enter the cave in safety care must be taken not to draw the breath. A slow respiration is made before rushing in, the nostrils are closed, and then with hasty steps the farther extremity is reached.

"A pricking feeling in the eyes is caused by the warm atmosphere. From the feet upwards the whole body has the agreeable sensation of a gentle heat playing around every limb. But your neck and head is exhausted, and you run back to the open air.

"The day before I was there a man had committed suicide by entering a step or two. He dropped at once, and when a shepherd who was tending his flocks on the opposite hillside, and who saw him enter, came across to look for him, he was dead.

"The vapors of the cave are highly valued as a cure for the gout, and for rheumatism. At the end of the cavern a tasteless, slightly warm liquid, clear as crystal, falls slowly, drop by drop, from the rock—the vapors rising from the condensed vapors probably from below.

A loose dress is worn by those who take this vapor bath. They go in, remain as long as they can hold their breath, then run out, breathe, and go in again.

The second cave is not far away, and is called the Murderer. In flying past the opening, birds drop dead upon the ground. Close to the entrance I found a jay that had just met its death. I thought of the upstee tree and its victims."

QUEER SOUTHERN PHRASES.
Provincials Around There, and Are Always Picturisque.

In Dr. Pierson's description of life in the south-west, he says it many years ago—"before the war"—he speaks often of the peculiar turns of speech there prevalent. He was once present at an ecclesiastical meeting where motions were made each other until many times were in a frightful muddle. Finally the moderator was appealed to for a decision.

He rose from his seat, as became a presiding officer thus appealed to, and lifting his hand to his forehead as if among the rafters of the low schoolhouse, he hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Brethren, my decision is that you are all seated, the first and last figures, but he could not help seeing that the decision was perfectly clear and satisfactory to the assembly.

As Dr. Pierson traveled about—he was an agent of the Bible Society—he often put up for the night at very humble cabins, and commonly, before the family went to bed, he was invited to contribute to their worship. The form of the invitation was peculiar and invariable.

The Bible and hymn-book were brought forward and laid upon the table, and then the host turned to the preacher and said: "Will you take the books, sir?"

At table he was expected to ask a blessing, and here, again, the phraseology employed was peculiar. When all were seated, the man of the house would say: "Will you make a blessing, sir?" Then all heads were bowed, and the blessing was invoked.

TRIED HER LOVER'S PATIENCE.

He Waited Two Hours, Then Started to Leave in a Rage.

The London News gives this interesting version of Henrik Ibsen's courtship. When he fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a "basar" horseman, how to make known the fact to her troubled him for weeks. At last he resolved to write to her. He would come and fetch his answer the same afternoon at five. Did the lady accept him she would be "at home," otherwise not. At five o'clock he presented himself, and the maid asked him to go into the best room. He was very hopeful and was glad to have time to collect himself before he met the lady. But when he had waited half an hour awful doubts began to assail him. After an hour had passed he imagined the letter had not reached the young lady. Some fatal mistake was making a fool of him. Still he waited on. After two hours he began to be ashamed of himself. He would learn that he had sat two hours in that deserted house and would laugh at him. At last he jumped up in a rage and rang the bell. The door was opening when a loud peal of laughter over him. He turned and saw the fair head of his adored emerge from under the sofa. Her mouth was laughing but her eyes were filled with tears.

"You are laughing at me. I wait all this while!" she said. "I wanted to see how many minutes a lover's patience lasts. How hard the floor is! Now help me to get out, and then we will talk." In less than a week the marriage was arranged.

WHY THE MONEY WAS NOT SENT.

The Postmaster General Was Merely Waiting to Ascertain the Address.

There are two capital anecdotes of the strange Irishman, Sheridan Knowles, a dramatist of singular capacity and knowledge of stage effect, combined with mastery of the language of rather peculiar kind, which give him his own niche in stage literature. He was an actor also, and afterwards turned preacher; but he was distinguished for his bull. He sent two hundred pounds sterling in Bank of England notes to his wife in London, which failed to reach her. He angrily demanded of the postmaster general an explanation and an apology, as he happened to be unusually certain of the day and hour when he had posted them, and denounced the authorities with energy. The answer was pleasant and courteous, and with the assurance that the minister knew his business, he was opening it was only keeping the money at the post office till the address was known, as it had been sent in an envelope without any address whatever, and only "I send you the money, written in a card." My dear sir, you are right, and I am wrong. God bless you!" was Knowles' answer. On another occasion he rushed across the Strand to shake hands with "O. Smith," an actor well known by his initials, and ask after his wife and children, who knew him only by sight, thanked him, but told him who he was. "I beg your pardon," said Knowles, "I took you for my namesake, T. P. Cooke." As for the postmaster's story, he has a quaint counterparty in the story of an actor's many city friends, who never would put any address on his envelope but "J. L. Toole, Esq.," on the ground that the post office always knew where he was traveling, and he was sure to get it. "You get it, my boy." It was Toole's suggestion that he might send him one hundred pounds sterling to test it.

Commonplace Happiness.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster delivered a lecture at Monona Lake, Wis., recently, on "Commonplace Happiness." Among other things she said: "Many and many a man will tell his wife that he loves her and considers that sufficient, making little practical demonstration of the fact. This only occurs in case of a crisis, such as sickness. A good old deacon died not long since in Massachusetts. It was anticipated that he would die—not because he was sick or ailing, not because he was old or feeble, but because he had been seen kissing his wife. People spend altogether too much time in attending to the machinery of life and leave but little for actual enjoyment. This is especially true of the American people, who scarcely know how to enjoy life."

Rothschild's Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank plastered with the following maxims:

Shun liquor.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Maintain your integrity a sacred thing.
Never appear something more than you are.
Take time to consider, and then decide positively.
Carefully examine into every detail of your business.
Then work hard, and you will be certain to succeed in life.

Things You Can Do.

You can never be lost unless you are willing to be.
You can do as much for God as the angle Gabriel. All he can do is his best, and you can that well.
You can find a way to serve acceptable, if you want to.
You can deny yourself, and take up your cross daily and follow him.
You can see the hand of God in everything, if you will look for it.
You can be saved in an instant, whenever you are willing to be.

The greatest curse in the world is jealousy. Nine out of ten domestic troubles originate in it. More than half the murders in the world are committed through its influence. It is a guest that no man or woman who ever entertained, could afterward get rid of. Instincts should be opened to cure those afflicted with it, for it ruins more homes than drinks. It is the shadow that follows love, and the happier and more blessed love makes you, the darker and more cursed the cloud of jealousy will leave you.—Exchange.

All men are alike when it comes to death and dollars.

STILL A MYSTERY.

Nobody Has Yet Explained the Secret of Oulja's Strange Power.

Oulja still flourishes in Boston, according to the Transcript, as a drawing-room favorite. Now and then it accomplishes something quite remarkable, as, for instance, the other night when a story-writer asked the question of Oulja—the story-writer not being at the board, but sitting near by—that is to be the name of the hero of my next story." No one but the asker of the question knew what the name was, but Oulja proceeded to spell out the first four letters of a very unusual name—and then, after a while, with a little faltering and a wrong letter once, the entire name was spelled out. It must have been hit upon either by accident—which would be very remarkable—or else, some how, get from the mind of the only person who knew the name to the fingers of the persons who were at the board—which perhaps would be still more remarkable. One young lady was told by Oulja that a friend had a gift for her, and she asked for it. The matter went to the offering, and found him to send her an offering of lilies. Perhaps this was simply a clever guess. It is a singular thing that Oulja is generally inclined to blackguardism and bad words, and has been known to swear violently in households where no oath was ever heard. The spiritualists explain it on the ground that the board is manipulated by an idle, impudent sort of spirits.

Inventors of the Photograph.
A French dealer in "Notes and Queries" has discovered that Nicéphore Niépce, who is generally credited with the invention of the photograph, and that a less known author, Thibault, in 1790, in his old book called "Gibbatic," described the photographic process very closely. He said: "The rays of light reflected from objects made a picture on all polished surfaces—the retina of the eye, glass, etc. Now we have sought to fix this picture to all parts of the globe in substance very delicate, viscous and quick to dry and harden. By means of this a picture is made in an instant, we then back this up with a piece of cloth and present it to the objects we wish to print."

A Murderer Had His Pass.
First Thug—Bill Bludgeon has been convicted of murder.

Second Thug—For follow! Now they'll look 'em up, an' his laws will apply to a new trial, an' poor Bill will die of old age before he can be put in Atlanta Constitution.

WONDERS IN FIGURES.

Some of the Recent Discoveries of the Figures Field.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which, you observe, are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, excepting the first and last figures, 44,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 9 we get a result equally as curious, viz., 5,555,555,505. If we take the 123456789 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last numbers being 66,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,888,888,845 except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666,667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27—the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures of 27, and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand, we get as a product 711,111,112, all 1's except the first and last figures, which together read 72—the multiplier.

SHIPS THAT NEVER RETURN.

Sea Captains were yarning about dangers of the deep, when a Thompson's marine related an experience which he declared, made his hair rise every time he thought of it. He said: "One trip I made from New York to San Francisco is very distinctly impressed upon my mind. We had in a general cargo, including seventy tons of gunpowder and some railroad iron. We had a very rough passage around the Horn and were tossed about pretty roughly for a week or so. I could hear the strain of the rigging, the cargo groaning and grinding and it made me pretty nervous. I can tell you. When we reached San Francisco and discharged, I found that thirty tons of the powder had been stowed on the railroad iron. Some of the packages had been broken open by the working of the cargo and the iron was covered with powder. We swept up several barrels of it and—well, I felt sick to think what might have happened."

Two Strange Islands.

They Are in the Gulf of California, Between Guaymas and La Paz.

An employe of the state department has given an interesting description of two islands in the Gulf of California, which were recently visited by him. About an equal distance between Guaymas and La Paz lies the island of Carmen, where there is an immense salt lake surrounded by hills forming a sort of crater, the salt deposit mixed with muriate of soda lie in strata, which begin with the thickness of six inches and increase to about fourteen inches at a fourteen feet below the surface. The climate is exceedingly hot, and only a few people live on the island, who are most devoid of vegetation except for the luxuriant cactus growth.

The island of Tiburon, situated an equal distance north of Guaymas, is said to be a resort of the Geres Indians. They are exceedingly hostile and oppose the landing of strangers on what they consider their domain. Their weapons are poisoned arrows. The canoes made use of by these Indians are of peculiar construction, consisting of long reeds bound together with strings.

Reason for Gratefulness.
A little girl but four years old was observed to be very devout in church and to be very eager not to miss attending the services. "What do you do when you are there, Rosie?" asked a lady friend. "You cannot read and you must get very tired of such long services." The little one shook her head gravely. "An never tired," she said; "I have so much to say to God." "What do you say?" Do tell me," persisted the lady. The child climbed on her knee and whispered, with all her soul in her eyes: "I cannot go to church too often to thank God—I was not born a boy."

Scandal Well Defined.

Some pupils were asked by an examiner at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl held up her hand, and being told to answer the question she replied: "No body does nothing, and everybody goes telling of it everywhere."

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM.