

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

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

VOL. III.

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1892.

NO. 14.

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In use for fifty years, it is still the most popular and successful of all pulmonary medicines. Taken in the early stages of Consumption, it checks further progress of the disease, and even at a later period, it eases the distressing cough, and enables the patient to procure much-needed rest. In emergencies arising from Croup, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, and Whooping Cough, it proves a veritable household blessing, affording prompt relief, followed by certain cure.

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War Telegraphing.

The Union army in 1862 lay camped on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite what was to be the Union soldiers' disastrous field of Fredericksburg. On the bank of the river in the extreme front of the Union line, stood the house of Mrs. Gray, a long, rambling stone building, whose front of three stories faced the river. The roof sloped steeply towards the rear, while the stone side was but one story high. Mrs. Gray, herself, an elderly widow, received the Union advance with every demonstration of welcome, and in the course of time it became a favorite rendezvous for young officers. A prime cause for this, aside from Mrs. Gray's cheerful heart and good fare, was the beauty of her daughter Sallie, a brunette of perhaps twenty years. A young lieutenant was badly wounded by these batteries, and spent all his spare time at the feet of the fair Southerner, who professed much sympathy with the Union cause.

Late one rainy night a sentinel, pacing back and forth before the stone front of the Gray House, heard a faint but sharp noise cutting the air. It sounded like the click of a telegraph instrument, and it seemed to come from beneath his feet. Greatly perplexed he called to the sergeant of the guard. They listened carefully and were presently joined by the gallant lover of Sallie Gray. Conviction of treachery smote his heart, and with this he unceremoniously entered the Gray dwelling. Sallie and her mother, despite the late hour, were busily sewing by a table in the sitting-room. The ladies rose in apparent surprise and indignation at the intrusion.

"Step aside if you please," said the sergeant.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Gray sharply.

"Frank, I appeal to you for protection," cried the young lady to the lieutenant. That officer could only shake his head and sternly wave her aside. "You are false. You have deceived me," he said hoarsely, as the girl who had promised to be his bride sank sobbing upon a sofa. The soldiers could hear the ticking more plainly now. They moved the table, lifted the carpet, and discovered a trap door leading to a cellar of whose existence they had no suspicion. A light below was instantly quenched, but they fearlessly descended and discovered a telegraph instrument, with an insulated wire running through the cellar wall, and evidently passing under the river, to the enemy on the opposite side. Crouching in the corner was the operator, a young and handsome man, who had never before been seen about that house, having lived for days in the cellar. "You are my prisoner," said the sergeant, brought the distressed wail from poor Sallie of "My husband, oh, my husband." The heart of the Union lieutenant went back once more to the girl he left behind him.

But notwithstanding the detection of this line of communication, the enemy seemed to know every movement of the Union troops. It was a mystery to the officers how they gained their knowledge. There were no more telegraph wires, and there was no passing across the river. At last the mystery was solved. Within the Union lines, but in sight of the enemy, there stood a low frame house occupied by a negro who did washing for the soldiers. He hung his clothes to dry in the front yard; but it was noticed that in the porch there hung three flannel shirts, one red, one white and one blue. The negro said they were his Union colors. But the shirts were not always in the same position, and a suspicious sergeant finally became convinced that the negro used to signal across the Rappahannock. The arrest of the negro and the effectual use of the shirt to deceive instead of to inform the enemy, followed.

At another time the army of the Potomac was nearing Berlin, Virginia. To receive orders in the rear, the troops had laid ten miles of insulated wire running through the woods, now beneath the leaves and again among the tree-tops. It was impossible to picket the entire line, and a large part of it was exposed; but it was thought to be effectually concealed. A scout lying in ambush one day heard a sound like the ticking of a clock. Creeping forward he was astonished to see a "Johnny" in his gray uniform, sitting on the ground and chucking to himself and

busily writing. The scout sprang to his feet and leveling his revolver, said to the laughing rebel: "What are you doing there?" "Surrender," was the chagrined reply, the smiles suddenly disappearing. The scout discovered that the rebel had cut the wire and had connected the ends with a loop running into a clock, the electricity securing the escapement so that the messages ticked themselves plainly into the rebel's ear. The ingenious machine was captured with the rebel.—Philadelphia Press.

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Following is the first Thanksgiving-Day proclamation ever issued by a President. The original is in the possession of the Rev. J. W. Wellman, and came down to him as an heirloom from his great-grandfather, William Ripley, of Cornish, N. H. We have never seen this proclamation before, nor even heard of it.—The Locomotive.

BY THE
PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas it is the Duty of all Nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his Will, to be grateful for his Benefits, and humbly to implore his Protection and Favour: And whereas both houses of Congress have, by their joint Committee, requested me "To recommend to the People of the United States a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful Hearts the many Signal Favours of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to Form a Government for their Safety and Happiness.

Now Therefore, I do recommend and assign THURSDAY the Twenty-Sixth Day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be: That we may, then, all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind Care and Protection of the People of this Country previous to their becoming a Nation;—for the signal and manifold Mercies, and the favourable Interpositions of his Providence in the Course & Conclusion of the late War;—for the great Degree of Tranquility, Union and Plenty which we have since enjoyed;—for the peaceable and rational Manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our Safety and Happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted;—for the civil and religious Liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge;—and in general, for all the great and various Favours which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And Also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our Prayers and Supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech him to pardon our National and other Transgressions;—to enable us all, whether in public or private Stations, to perform our several and relative Duties properly and punctually;—to render our national Government a Blessing to all the people by constantly being a Government of wise, just and Constitutional Laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed;—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations, (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good Government, Peace and Concord;—to promote the Knowledge and Practice of true Religion and Virtue, and the increase of Science among them and us;—and generally to grant unto all mankind such a Degree of temporal Prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under Hand, at the City of New York, the third Day of October, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven hundred and eighty-nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

A case of "peanut" politics is reported from Philadelphia. A devout Harrison worshipper, who must be considerable of a goose in other respects, paid an election wager by pushing a peanut along the sidewalk on Chestnut street from Broad to 7th with a toothpick. By the time the man reached the end of his journey his back ached so that he thought the whole Democratic party had jumped on him.

The Embarkation of Columbus.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were waiting the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so befitting that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery eagerly to watch for a favoring wind.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus, eager watchfulness was not to pass unrewarded. From the height on which La Rabida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steady gaze, like one of those seabirds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About three in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies and all earth slumbered, the awaited breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn, and the waters rippled as though leaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn the child Diego, and the three repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the lamps flickered in the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the soul. The monk put on his priestly vestments, and celebrated the holy sacrament at the high altar, before the taper-lighted Virgin. The hour was come, and Columbus resolutely descended to the shore, plucking himself away from embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for him the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the east the flag-ship majestically ran in shore to take the new Argonaut on board. The fluttering sails, the hurried maneuvers of the crew, the boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way, announced a speedy departure, and attracted the early risen villagers to the shore in their natural desire to witness the scene, and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors were weighed, a shudder ran alike through the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the stand. Where they were going they knew, but as their westward course after leaving Cadiz and the Canaries was to take them far beyond those lately won islands, none knew whither they were bound or the duration of the voyage. The cross floated above the flag-ship, which bore seaward toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unquerable by human will.

Professional Women.

Women are forging to the front in professions followed, hitherto, exclusively by men. Montana has a woman Attorney General in the person of Miss Ella L. Knowles. They say she is pretty, witty, and twenty-eight. Kansas is threatened with the affliction of having Mrs. Lease for a senator. It is unwomanly in any woman to make herself so conspicuous, and we are surprised at the actions of the men who helped to place these women out of their places. Women politicians must not be tolerated. If the admission of women into the arena of public and professional life would make the men better, we would be willing to admit them. But it won't have that effect. To be respected a person must respect himself or herself. A woman who aspires to a position which removes her from her recognized sphere forfeits her right to be respected. She, moreover, challenges criticism and comment. She lacks those distinguishing virtues—modesty and gentleness—which have always commanded the highest admiration and regard for her sex. The women's movement should, therefore, be nipped in the bud.—Colleton Standard.

DEATH'S SENSATIONS.

A MAN WHO PRACTICALLY DIED THREE TIMES IN ONE YEAR.

Personal Experiences with Death Go to Show That the Moment of Final Dissolution Is Absolutely Painless and Without Fear of Future Life.

Although neither a physician nor a clergyman I wish to corroborate the views of the physicians contradicting Rev. Dr. Epworth under the heading, "What Is Death?" in your Sunday issue. As a Federal soldier, May 31, 1862, I was one of those who fought against the surprise of General Johnston, at the time commander of the Confederate army, at Fair Oaks. The surprise was made at noon, while our boys were eating lunch. I remember one soldier struck in a vital part and killed while leaning upright against a tree in the act of carrying a flapjack to his mouth, remaining dead in precisely the same position. When I saw him standing there I mistook him for a live man, especially as he seemed to me intent only on eating his flapjack, but the illusion was dispelled when touching him, because as an officer I wanted him to join his comrades.

My own personal experience in the matter confirms the physicians' also. The 30th of April, 1874, a fire was raging in my factory in San Francisco. By some means I was about 150 feet from the main entrance in the burning building when, to my dismay, I beheld the five-story building over me through a skylight. Passively I lowered my head, thinking only of my coming death and wishing it would be swift. In less than a second thousands of bricks fell on me sounding like a big drum beating on a big bass drum. I remember a crash, then nothing, but when I came to my senses I was wedged in between heavy timbers, the upper part of my body only being free.

About a dozen steps back of me was a stranger to me who had not received a scratch, but concluding that my leg was broken, and also my utter inability to save myself, he crawled over to me and attempted to pull me out of my terrible situation. But all his efforts only increased my suffering and as I saw the man gradually sink down, I left him to my fate and try to save himself. Finally he crawled away, promising, however, to return with help and axes. I must have been bewildered, for no act of my past life came to my memory, but suddenly thinking of my small, motherless children, I thought for a moment at intervals through my fingers.

Some firemen must have heard, for presently there were several streams of water poured on me. I then realized my danger, yet I who had never gone into a battle, and, being in a very dangerous position, they cut away part of the timbers and rudely but safely passed me over the debris in the street. A deafening shout from an immense throng which had witnessed the gallant rescue, streams of cold water and fresh air revived me, and I begged of them to be careful with my legs, which were dangling from my body.

After many weeks of suffering the physicians decided to break my leg again, but being unable to do it well while I lay in bed, they decided to use chloroform. Being subject to heart disease I objected, but the matter being urgent I finally consented to take the anesthetic. Fully convinced, however, that I should die under its influence, but knowing that either way I would have to die, I agreed to take the only chance of life I had and laid myself resignedly on my back; yet, although convinced that my last hour had come, I had not the slightest recollection of my former deeds. As I heard the physicians' whistles again, I thought I was about to die, but I was not. I was only wondering what would come next.

I recovered, however; but, breaking my leg a third time on account of some adhesions in my knee, it was decided that I should undergo another operation, which necessitated the use of anesthetic again. This time the physicians thought I was a goner sure, for it took them nearly two hours to revive me; yet, although certain of my last hour, I could not recall my past life, and in neither case did I fear death when I had squarely to face it.

In each instance the passing away was painless, while in the first suffocation came almost unconsciously, while almost the same sensation came in the other cases. In the case of the soldier at Fair Oaks (Seven Years) a certain time must have elapsed between his decease and my notice of him; yet heaven or hades did not seem to bother him; his flapjack seemed to be what he wanted—his eyes were on it and his mouth was open ready to receive it. In my own case I could claim to have died three times within a year, yet I do not think I had any other but a sensation of rest.

Dr. Epworth, in his assertion also that either a look of horror or beatitude overspreads a deceased person's face, seems to forget that the Scriptures teach us that the soul leaves our terrestrial envelope at once on dissolution; hence the body cannot show what reception the soul had on the other side of the Byz.—An Interested Reader in New York Press.

Caste Broken Down by Street Cars. Street cars in Bombay are mostly of a American manufacture, and the promoters of the street car lines are Americans. When it was proposed, not many years ago, to start such lines Europeans prophesied their failure upon the ground that such common public conveyances could not be profitable in a caste ruled community. It was believed that the high caste man, who will not eat or drink from the vessel used by a low caste man, would refuse to ride in a public conveyance beside his humble brother.

In spite of these doleful prophecies the railways were built and equipped, and the high caste man complacently pays his fare and rides untroubled by the side of any sort of man. The cheapness and convenience of the street cars were too much for even the hard and fast rules of caste.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DEATH OF TOMMY.

Virginia Hospitality Could Not Be Disregarded Too Lightly.

The south has always been known for its hospitality, and nowhere has this quality been more religiously maintained than in Virginia. Unfortunately the war made sad havoc with the Virginian's resources, but his old time open heartedness has never altered.

Some years ago a friend of mine traveling in the lower portion of that state stopped for a few hours with old acquaintances and remained for tea. An occasion of this kind in Virginia calls invariably for the favorite dish of the south—the fried chicken.

As I was but one young chicken on the place, and that one a pet. It had been left an orphan by its mother at a very early age, and, like Pip in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations," had been brought up by hand. The children called it Tommy, and were very fond of it, while Tommy in turn was attached to the children as to a mother.

The matter was a very serious one, and a family consultation was held. Virginia hospitality could not be lightly disregarded, and it was decided that poor Tommy must become the sacrifice. My friend, of course knew nothing of the tragedy that was being enacted for his comfort, and when tea was served regarded the plate of nicely browned chicken with contemplative joy.

Soon, however, he became aware that something was amiss. An air of silent sorrow pervaded the little family group usually so gay, and the children took nothing on their plates. The chicken was passed, but with the exception of my friend no one partook. Selecting a juicy looking drumstick, he fixed it with his fork and cutting off a choice bit conveyed it to his mouth.

At this there was a sudden and heart breaking howl from one of the little boys, "Oh, mamma, mamma, he's eating up our Tommy!"

The reason the other children mingled their voices in a wild wailing, and the older members burst into uncontrollable laughter in which, as the truth dawned upon him, my friend joined.

Then there came explanations, more laughter and tears, and adjustments all around.

Poor Tommy could not be restored to life, but he was buried under a big apple tree with appropriate ceremonies.—Albert B. Paine in Harper's Young People.

A Ball of Fire Makes a Visit. A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St. Jacques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace, was getting his dinner one day during a thunderstorm when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney board fell down, and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quickly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor. The spectator, in conversation afterward with M. Babinet, of the Academie des Sciences, said it looked like a good sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, but by moving them gently aside he avoided the contact.

The Formation of Heat.

M. Lagrange has communicated to the Belgian Academy a paper on the formation of bodies in the universe. In this paper he expresses the opinion that, before any expenditure of work, the quantity of heat of the universe was nil, that the temperature was gradually raised above absolute zero, and the extreme of work done by attraction, and hence the formation of solid bodies must have preceded that of liquids and gases; that, through the gradual condensation of matter and consequent enormous development of heat, the earth would attain, at least in the parts near the surface, the state of fluidity necessary to its form and geological characters; then, as the temperature gradually rose with gradual agglomeration of matter, a very dense atmosphere would form, with pressure diminishing outward, and in a more advanced phase, the temperature of this, after reaching a maximum, would gradually diminish, causing liquefaction or solidification of certain matters at first vaporous, while other solid bodies might remain suspended in the atmosphere.

Briefly, M. Lagrange, in elucidation of the basis of his original and remarkable theory, as thus set forth, declares that space is occupied by two substances, namely: One, attractive, which is matter properly so called, or material; and the other, repulsive, which occupies the interatomic space, and from which results between any two atoms a variable repulsion exercised at the surface of the latter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Yawning Witnesses.

A few evenings ago half a dozen men were sitting out in front of the Capital hotel discussing various topics, when Judge Yost, of the supreme court, in telling an anecdote of a trial, remarked that the witness yawned and he knew he was lying.

"How did you know?" was asked.

"Well, sir, I have seen witnesses lie and not yawn, but I never knew one to yawn that he was not telling a lie."

Judge Sims, the member of the legislature from Trigg, remarked, "Yes, I always know a witness is lying when he yawns."

Senator Dave Smith said, "It is almost invariably the case."

Judge Wall, the senator from Mason, came up and corroborated the statements of the others, and just then Judge Brent, of the superior court, joined the group. "When a witness yawns he is telling a lie, and he knows it."

Several other lawyers were appealed to, and all bore out the statements made. None, however, could explain the phenomenon. Judge Yost was the only one who had a theory, and that was that when a fellow was swearing to a lie he could not face the music, and his embarrassment found expression in yawning.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Centralization of Government.

The history of the federal government is one of going strength and influence. The difference between the intention of the founders of the system and of the existing fact is nearly as great as that between the opinions of Jefferson and moderate Federalists. From the first organization of the government to the present time there has been almost a steady advance toward centralization. This advance has been both aided and retarded by the supreme court; but in the legislative branch of the government and in the popular mind the proportions of the federal government have constantly grown larger. It has not been the tendency of the people of the republic to strengthen the local government at the expense of the general government. On the contrary, the general government has grown at the cost of the states.—Henry L. Nelson in Harper's.

The Death of Jumbo.

The story told by Scott the keeper who went to America with Jumbo, of the elephant's death is sad. The animals were being loaded while the circus was performing, and Scott was walking Jumbo along the railroad between two rows of trucks.

There was another elephant with them—a dwarf elephant bought in Singapore in 1883 to be "clown elephant." Jumbo would not go anywhere without him. On this occasion the small elephant was going in front, and when the train came round the curve Jumbo caught hold of his chum and pushed him between two freight trucks. This saved the small one, who only got his leg broken, but Jumbo was badly cut up by the heavy locomotive and died about an hour after.—St. James Budget.

A Young Child Wife. The conversation had drifted to early marriages, and Allan Thompson, of Dubuque, said: "The youngest wife I ever knew lived at Fairview, Ia. Her maiden name was Ella Hotchkiss, and at the age of eleven she was married to a youth of eighteen, whose name I cannot now recall. I frequently saw her after her marriage playing with other children about the village, making mud pies, etc. About a year after the marriage a little daughter—a tiny thing weighing but three pounds—was born to the youthful couple. The ladies of the neighborhood then persuaded the child wife to don long dresses and quit jumping the rope in the street."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Military Doubt. "Did you see a boy about my size round the corner?" a boy inquired of an elderly gentleman who was passing. "Yes, I believe I did," said the man. "Did he look ugly?" "I didn't notice." "Did he look scared?" "I don't know. Why?" "Why, I heard he was round there, and I don't know whether he wants to lick me, or whether he's afraid I'm going to lick him. Wish I did!"—Exchange.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt. Judge Duffy—How dare you come in to court so? Take your hat off. Tramp—But, judge, you know I'm not a stranger here.—Texas Sittings.

Telescope observations show that the planet Venus appears to a distant observer far more nearly like the earth than does Mars.

The guests at a hotel in Ohio presented one of the waitresses with a pair of roller skates in hopes of being waited on more