

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

VOL. III.

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 11, 1893.

NO. 19.

COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP

Sore Throat, and Bronchitis are liable to invade the household at any hour of the day or night. They often come when least expected.

Bronchitis

"I have had occasion to use remedies for colds, coughs, croup, etc., and am familiar with most of the preparations recommended for those ailments."

Cured by

"I find that where all other cough medicines fail, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral proves successful."—J. H. White, Gilced, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

BOOK, BOOKS.

Stationary Novelties.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

All School Books have been reduced in price since last season.

Toys, Wagons &c.

Full line small Musical Instruments,

PIANOS, ORGANS &c.

DARLINGTON BOOK STORE.

E. C. ROTHOLZ.

Later Arrivals in Wash Goods.

Persian Mulls in very neat design.

Black Sheer Stripe and Plaid Lawns.

Elysee stripes, black ground and handsome figures.

Line chambrays.

Immense line of Parasols with pretty handles.

Ladies' summer underwears, 10 cents and upward.

Slits mits in all lengths.

CORSETS!

We have six grades of the H. & S. corsets; best value for the money.

The largest assortment of cream and black laces in all widths.

We have open up some very desirable Point De Jenes, Point De Gul pure and Point De Irlande in white and color. Our

MILLINERY

Is still conducted by Miss Maggie Jones, who has proven to the ladies that she can and tries to please.

Your call is requested.

E. C. ROTHOLZ,

MAIL ORDERS promptly attended to.

John C. White,

Darlington, South Carolina.

Stoves, Tinware, Pumps, Piping, House

Furnishing Goods, Bolts, Tobacco

Flues, &c.

Call and Examine Our Stock, and we can Please You.

Anything Not in Stock Will be Ordered for You.

THE CABIN ON THE CLAM.

Lately, you say, with mighty arch

By bright blue clouds and glittering stars

A tender message sending

By night, when of crimson cloud

The stars were gleaming

Morn after morn repeating wild

Aurora's cheerful story?

Peaceful? When night with noiseless feet,

From folds of herbs and flowers,

Strove close in her mantle dark

Deeds to this lot of ours?

Like faintest sounds of distant sea

Pounding some gentle hoary

We least the great world's noise and fret

And trace her changeful story?

As far away white gleaming sail,

Turquoise a bend of river,

A wide sea with radiant flash

Makes every heart beat quick.

Oh, thankful, where the kindly stars

Shed light on the blue with beauty,

We look and breathe the fervent wish

That all may do the same!

—Boston Transcript.

A WHITE WOODCHUCK

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING PET.

A Wild Little Creature that Became Domesticated by Kindness—His Long Period of Sleep and How He Looked During These—His Awakening.

Some years ago in the spring, while

traveling on the Belfast Branch railroad,

just before arriving at Brook Station, I

changed to looking out of the car

window and saw a curious looking animal

run under a pile of brush in a gravel

pit near the track. I concluded at once

that it must be an albino woodchuck, as

my husband had told me one had been

seen in that vicinity. At the station I

hastily procured a basket, and securing

the assistance of two boys I proceeded

without loss of time to the gravel pit,

and overhauled some of the brush soon

found the animal. It was an albino woodchuck

about two-thirds grown, pure white, with

pink eyes, and as snug a little fellow as one

would care to handle. Without much

difficulty I dropped my basket over him,

and securing him returned to the station,

boxed him up and expressed him

home to my husband, with instructions

to keep him on a milk diet until my return

a week later.

On returning home I found my pet en-

closed in a nest of cotton, pulling away

like a contented kitten. He was quite

reconciled to the restraints of captivity,

had already become so tame as to allow

his beautiful snow white coat to be

stroked, and seemed especially to enjoy

gentle stroking about the face, which I

think is a characteristic of most wild

animals, and one of the ways of estab-

lishing confidence with them. For the first

year of his life he consisted princi-

pally of bread and milk, with an occa-

sional handful of plantain leaves. A

most interesting sight was to watch him

while being fed. He would sit up like a

squirrel, holding his food in his paws.

He soon learned to take his milk from a

spoon. Grasping it near the bowl, he

would hold it very gracefully until the

milk was all lapped out; then, with a lit-

tle assistance, would return it to the

spoon, and repeat the operation until

his appetite was satisfied. Then he would

go into his nest, roll himself up like a

kitten and take a nap of several hours.

With one exception he never showed his

wild, savage nature during the two years

of his life in confinement.

Early in the fall the disposition to

berate began to show itself by his lack

of activity, and he remained in his nest

most of the time, his sleep becoming

profound that he could be taken from

the nest without awaking. About Nov-

ember 1st his sleep for the winter began.

He was placed in the cellar, where the tem-

perature was very even—just above the

freezing point—and here he remained

without being disturbed until the middle

of March.

During all this time his body remained

cold, and all outward appearances of life

less. About the time of his awakening

in March, upon visiting him and placing

my hand on his body, I found it to be

quite warm, and after rubbing him for

a few moments he began to stir and

stretch, but did not get upon his feet.

The next day I took him into a warm

room to order to watch the process of

awakening, rubbing his body and legs

for a hour or more. He seemed quite

indifferent to my sollecitude on his be-

CARING FOR THE GOOD BOOK.

How the Scriptures Were Preserved Pre-

viously.

The books of the law were the first

books of the Bible to be collected by the

priests and leaders of the Israelites; after

the law came the written history of the

people, in the Fifth century B. C., the

collection of the prophets by Malachi,

and from his time onward the collection

of hagiographies, the Psalms, Proverbs,

Job, Canticles. All of these had been

preserved by the priests, copied and cir-

culated as occasion required, and circu-

lated in manuscripts, as of course all

writings were circulated in those days.

The dispersion of the Hebrews and

their acquisition of other languages and

loss of the Hebrew language, necessitat-

ed the translation of the Scriptures into

other than the Hebrew, and previous to

the Second century B. C. what we know

as the Septuagint translation—the LXX—

was compiled in Greek, and preserved

especially for the Hebrews living in Alex-

andria and other parts of Egypt. The

Septuagint comes from a tradition that

seventy scholars—seventy-two actually—

made the translation. Translations and

revisions into the Aramaic were also

made, and these translations were copied

from time to time, so that the oldest

manuscript of the Old Testament now

extant is only about 1,400 years old.

The case is the same with the New

Testament. It was written again and

again, until now there are upward of

1,000 manuscripts for the Gospels and

as many more for the rest of the Key Text

Scriptures. The oldest manuscript is the

Codex Sinaiticus and the Codex Vatican-

us, which date from the Fourth century

A. D. So the books of the Bible were

hand-drawn, the old copies always being

renowned before they were out, the

language being Hebrew, Greek and after

A. D. 800, Latin. The latter, in the trans-

lation adopted by the Roman church, and

known as the Vulgate, became common-

ly used in the Christian churches, was

the first book printed, in 1493-5.

As far back as the Seventh century

portions of the Vulgate were translated

into English, and the early versions by

Wyclif and his predecessors, by Pur-

vey and others, were translations from the

Vulgate. Tyndale used Luther's

German translation of the Greek Bible.

The authorized version of King James

was made by forty-seven scholars and

finished in 1611; the manuscripts, con-

as accessible, were consulted, the trans-

lation not restricting themselves to the

Vulgate, but going to the Hebrew and

Greek whenever they could.—Pittsburg

Dispatch.

A "CHARACTER" IN FRANCE.

Recently a French gentleman, reply-

ing to an inquiry by a lady concerning

the character and qualifications of a

woman who had applied to her for the

position of cook, and who had lately

been in the gentleman's service, said that

she was "extravagant, imperious, and

sentimental, given to drink." The lady

then wrote the letter to the applicant for

the position, who immediately brought

out for damages against the writer.

The case was decided against the writ-

er of the letter, who was fined and ad-

monished that he had no right to give

circulation to injurious statements con-

cerning another person, even if the

charges were true.

In order to evade the responsibility

this introduced in French law house-

keepers have taken to issuing such "re-

commendations" as this:

"This certifies that Mme. Hortense,

no nurse to my son, aged one year, and

not leave him in a bench at the Jardin

des Plantes and go away and forget him

on the 20th of August last."

The certificate is intended to be taken

in a contrary sense, and serves its pur-

pose without laying the writer open to a

suit for damages.—Youth's Companion.

A Problem.

Once there were two tramps who were

actually looking for work. In the course

of their wanderings they came upon a

pile of coal in front of a palatial resi-

dence.

Said the tramp with the inferior intel-

lect, "Let us engage ourselves to stow

away this fuel at a price of twenty-five

FLOWERS AND LOVE.

HUGE SUMS ARE OFTEN SPENT BY SENTIMENTAL FELLOWS.

Baskets of Rare Blossoms That Cost the Ardent Youth Hundreds of Dollars.

Florists in New York City Do a Thriving Business in All Seasons.

"I want to be hung up." When a dapper young "bloke" or an old Gotham dandy comes into a floral establishment in Fifth avenue some bright fall afternoon and sees the above expression, at the same time winking the other eye, the tradesman knows that the customer is in love, and that this is perhaps the beginning of a long campaign in which the principal scene is to be Cupid dallying amid the flowers.

Maybe she's an actress.

In that case there will be no limit to the hanging up matter. Every swell Gotham dandy knows that his customers seldom pay cash for the floral decoration they have ordered. There is plenty of it in the business, but the profits are so large that the tradesmen take the risks. You would be surprised at the number of men in swell circles who play "broke" to their florists.

"Chase me, chase me."

This is what they say when the tradesman presents a bill.

Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent yearly by the young dandies and the old chaps of Gotham on their favorite pastime. Maybe Cholly goes to the "Black Crow" some night, and there on the slight falls under the fascination of the chorus girls' fair beauty. If you are cynical or dyspeptic you will have your doubts about her age and her hair; but Cholly is in raptures all evening.

"That night he hangs around the stage entrance.

Next day he goes to his florist, takes that worthy aside and tells him all about it.

"I think a \$100 basket will do, eh?" Cholly nods.

"I will make you a basket four feet high. It will be delivered over the foot-lights promptly at 9 o'clock. It will be decorated with very white pink and blue satin ribbon a yard long. For a hundred extra I will put a couple of doves in the basket, and pinned on the roses. The doves will have satin ribbons tied to their feet. As the basket is handed over the lights the attendant shakes the souvenir, and out fly the doves. Ah, old fellow, what do you say to that, eh?"

"Very well, but never call a word of it on my paper. This is the opening of the romance.

Little Miss Million receives roses in January.

They are rare American Beauties. They cost in Fifth avenue \$1.50 per dozen. That's a goodly dollar a dozen. Maybe she gets two dozen a day in a big blue and gold box.

Cholly pays for these.

"There are hundreds of high rollers in Gotham," says the exclusive florist, "who spend enough each season to keep a family—and it is on flowers for the glibly given of the footlights and upon their lady loves.

"It is not uncommon to receive an order from some young dandy to deliver to his lady friend a bouquet each morning, say for a month. He will plunk down \$100 with the order. For this sum he is to send Little Miss Million a bunch of selected roses for thirty mornings. There is to be an air of romance over the gift. It is to be sent to the house promptly at 9 o'clock each morning. No note or name is to accompany it. Little Miss Million is not to know, you know, of course he will call each night and see his flowers on the piano. Maybe one night he will be rewarded by seeing her wear one beautiful rose in her yellow hair. I am sure that is worth \$100 to any young chap."