

### Garfield's Birthday.

MENTOR, December 1.—Nearly all Mentor was interested to-day in celebrating General Garfield's birthday. Two engine companies paraded all around his pumpkin patch and threw several streams over the Northern rail fence in honor of the occasion. About six o'clock the General got up, and, after making the fires, turned out to see how kindly nature had smiled upon the 49th birthday of the new Ohio sage.

A stable boy from Hon. Henry B. Payne's residence, near at hand, was the first to meet him as he perambulated thoughtfully through the cabbage garden in his morning gown and slippers.

"Wish you many happy returns of your 329th birthday," said the boy, enthusiastically.

The General turned away with an injured look, and after a few words of thanks to the engine companies, returned to his study, where, after helping to dress the baby and fill the tea kettle, he sat down to await congratulatory dispatches. Four wires were run into his study, and two stenographers, his private secretary and seven reporters waited with him until noon for the enthusiastic outpouring of congratulations that were expected.

At noon a telegraph boy rang the bell and the entire household rushed to the doorway. All grasped at the dispatch and opened it with eager hands. It read:

Many congratulations on your 67th birthday. When you succeed to the high and holy mission to which the magnificent voice of the American people, through the sacred medium of a pure, though slightly colonized ballot-box has elevated you, do not forget the District Attorneyship Jewell spoke about. A. J. DIXON, PRES.

The Mentor sage went, and stirred the kitchen-fires to conceal his emotion.

An operator called out at this juncture that another dispatch was arriving. Everybody rushed to hear it. It read as follows:

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 30.

To Garfield, Mentor: Congratulations, old boy, on 60th birthday. Send me Minister to England. Also raise hell in Herald—the great American journal.

JAS. GORDON BENNETT.

Collect.

Garfield sank in his boots and mused that this at least should have been spared him. The next dispatch revived him. It read:

Congratulations on your 68th birthday time. We want der Deutche vote. I hold on dose Interior Departments, now you don't discriminate of it. CARL SCHUBZ.

The sage hemmed and hawed awhile, and observing that two of the operators were Germans, walked out and rocked one of the babies until the next dispatch arrived. When it came it was a stunner:

On your 75th birthday please bear in mind that I was largely instrumental in your election, and give me something at least as good as Mayor. WAR O'DOWD.

"Who the devil is O'Dowd?" said Garfield. Nobody knew. One operator said he was the brother-in-law of old Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, and he needn't mind replying.

Dispatches came also from Conkling, Grant and Sherman.

Grant said:

I congratulate you very much on your 68th birthday and your election. Don't you hope you may get it in 1884?

Conkling sent word:

The kindest regards—excuse me; Sprague is said to be in town.

Sherman sent word:

I hope you feel pleased on your 50th birthday in occupying my place. But the closing dispatch of the day was one which excited the whole household for the rest of the evening. It was from Henry Ames, the heir of Oakes Ames, and read:

Please remit at once \$15,792—the principal and interest on \$329 for eight years at six per cent., and thus avoid more stringent proceedings. You testified that it was a loan.

The President elect sank helplessly in his chair and said he didn't want any more birthdays. The evening close with music.—New York Star.

### The Bloody Shirt.

A significant article by the Hon. George S. Boutwell, in the *North American Review* for December, entitled, "The Future of the Republican Party," is sure to arrest attention. Written after the result of the recent election had been ascertained, this article defines the position which the Republican party is, in logic and in policy, bound to assume toward the Southern States. Concession, compromise, conciliation, the author says insubstance, will no longer be tolerated. No person is to be admitted to a seat in the Senate unless the record of his election is clear. New laws are to be passed for the supervision and protection of the ballots in the elections of the members of the House of Representatives and Presidential electors. The civil magistrates must have the means within call (the army) of protecting the ballot and keeping the peace. The United States must insure to the people of each State a truly Republican form of government. No grants will be made for internal improvements in any Southern State where the equality of all men before the law is not a living, practical fact.

### His Capacity.

It had grown very, very late, and despite her yawns from ear to ear the young man's jaw still ceaselessly rose and fell.

"Suppose," he said—and he kind of hitched up closer—"suppose"—and he sort of put one arm around her fragile waist—"suppose"—and somehow he got hold of one of her little hands—"suppose"—and it seemed as if he drew her head down on his manly breast—"suppose you were in command of a gallant ship, in what capacity would you like to have me go in the vessel?"

He thought she would say "first mate," but it had grown very, very late and as his arm encircled her waist, and her little hand rested in his, she rubbed her golden head against his polko-spotted shirt front, and sleepily and brokenly murmured: "As donkey—donkey-pump."

He took his squat felt hat and carried his ice-cream heart out under the silent stars.

### She Discriminated.

X—, traveling through Brittany, asks an old woman who is peddling crosses and medals at a church-porch, the price of a certain trinket.

"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she asks.

"For my sweetheart," replies X—not precisely seeing the drift of her question.

"Ten francs."

"Ten francs—phew!" says X—, turning on his heel.

"Come back, come back," cries the old woman: "take it for three. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart—if it had been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to the price."

"I'll take it—here are your three francs."

"You haven't a wife either—if it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to two francs. Oh! you men, you men!"

### Money.

Many work for it, beg for it, starve for and die for it; and all the while from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in the human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

### The Printer.

B. F. Taylor once paid the following tribute to the toilers at the case: The printer is the adjutant of thought and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the author and printer are engineers together, engineer indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bombard ages yet to be?

There at the "case" he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield thereon, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move gradually on to the "latest syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs, toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite that he is performing, when he thus sights the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile e'er before described—fling into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but wonder, the rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere, long ago—it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star—'t died upon the ear. But the printer caught it up where it was lying there in silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the ark that had preserved it, and it goes forth into the future with the olive branch of peace and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

How the type have built up the broken arches in the bridge of time. How they render the brave utterances beyond the pilgrims audible and eloquent—hardly lettering the free spirit but moving—not a word, not a syllable lost in the whirl of the world—moving in connected paragraph and period, down the lengthening line of years.

Some men find poetry, but they do not look for it as men do for nuggets of gold; they see it in nature's own handwriting, that so few know how to read, and they render it into English. Such are the poems for a twilight hour and a nook in the heart; we may lie under the trees when we read them, and watch the gloaming, and see the faces in the clouds, in the causers; we may read them when the winter coals are glowing, and the forgetful hand, and still, live evening bells, the melodious thoughts will ring on.

### An Interesting Puzzle.

In a storm at sea there was a Christian captain on board a vessel with fifteen seamen, who chanced to meet with a Turkish vessel with the same number of seamen in her, who were in danger of being lost. The Turkish captain most earnestly entreated the Christian captain to take him and his men on board his vessel in order to save them from the danger to which they were exposed. The Christian captain consented and took him and his men on board his vessel, but the storm still increasing until their destruction seemed inevitable, it was then agreed by both captains to place all the men on deck and cast every ninth man, until half the men were thrown overboard, in order to save the other half. The Christian captain performed this with such simplicity, accuracy and ingenuity that, by casting off every ninth man, he drowned all the Turks and saved his own men. The question is, how were the thirty men placed in line?

Have you paid your subscription.

### The Methodist Conference.

For the information of our readers we publish the following list of lay delegates and reserves to the South Carolina Conference, which meets at Marion Courthouse on the 15th of December:

Orangeburg District—B. A. McKillop, Dr. J. W. Summers, James Stokes, Rev. John Inabnit. Reserves: J. E. Wannamaker, P. V. Dibble.

Charleston District—Wm. Stokes, A. E. Williams, Dr. N. P. Kirkland, V. G. Dibble. Reserves: W. S. Utsey, J. M. Brabham, H. Cogswell, W. J. Causey.

Cokesbury District—Rev. M. M. Boyd, J. F. Lyon, J. R. Wright, T. S. Moorman. Reserves: T. F. Harmon, C. G. Walker.

Columbia District—Abram Jones, P. E. Wright, Dr. W. M. Walker, Rev. A. B. Brown. Reserves: B. R. Furbisced, W. T. D. Cousar, R. D. Senn, R. H. Jennings.

Greenville District—W. S. Morrison, P. A. McDavid, J. W. Daniels, J. C. C. Turner.

Spartanburg District—S. M. Rice, Dr. A. C. Fuller, T. L. Hames, J. B. Santors.

Sumter District—W. H. Steinmeyer, John O. Durant, William R. Crossley, E. Rollings. Reserves: J. W. Hembert, M. E. McDonald, S. H. Spencer, Dr. James M. Burgess.

Florence District—J. B. Clarkson, G. Hoffmeyer, J. F. Carraway, H. P. Brock. Reserves: J. Epps, W. A. Brunson, R. R. Lowson, J. A. Kelley.

Marion District—Messrs. Norton, Sellers, P. M. Hamer, J. C. Covington. Reserve: Dr. E. L. Swett.

### Good Advice.

In various parts of the South indications are cropping up of the resolution by Southern merchants to patronize Southern cities, and refuse to patronize Northern cities. The campaign funds of the South-bating Republican party, by purchasing from Philadelphia and New York. It is impossible that there can be organization in the movement, but there can be a general manifestation of determination that will soon make itself felt. The anxious alacrity with which a number of Northern dealers and manufacturers spread denials of charges of bull-dozing their employees for the Republican ticket, shows that they respect and fear the commercial South. Let us all determine to do each his part towards making the South materially solid, and teaching the lesson that we can accept rebuffs and make our disapproval of sectional hatred felt. Patronize Baltimore, Charleston, Richmond and Atlanta, wherever possible. Make the South independent of her enemies.—*Greenville News.*

### How Georgia Lost Her Vote.

The Electoral vote of Georgia is probably lost to Hancock and English for the following reasons: The Revised Statutes of the United States provide, in Section 137, that the electoral colleges of the several States shall meet on the first Wednesday in December and cast their vote. The Georgia Code, Section 1312, provides that the Governor shall notify the electors to meet at the capital on the first Monday in December, to be ready on the Wednesday following to cast their vote. This the Governor has done, but the electors did not meet nor vote, and it is thought by leading officials and lawyers that they have no right to meet and vote next Wednesday.

### Not a Bigot.

Bob Hegersol, in defending himself from the charge of drunkenness, says: "I don't pretend to be a teetotaler. I heard a story the other day that illustrates my position. There was an Irishman who joined the Sons of Temperance, and a few days afterwards one of his friends saw him in a saloon with a glass about half full of whiskey in his hand. Said he: 'Pat, I thought you were a teetotaler?' 'So I am,' said Pat, 'but, thank God, I am no bigot.'"

### A Fatal Feast.

New York, November 24.—A Knoxville, Tenn., special gives the following particulars of a recent poisoning in the vicinity of Kingston, forty miles from Knoxville. On Thursday evening last was celebrated the marriage of Joel Hembell, well known in that county, and Miss Dail, an accomplished daughter of Colonel Dail, at whose residence about fifty ladies and gentlemen had assembled. Subsequently a reception was tendered the couple, and extensive arrangements had been prepared for their entertainment. By some means in preparing the feast arsenic was used instead of soda. About forty persons immediately after supper were served exhibited symptoms of sickness, and five of the number have since died. The first victim was Robert Dail, a brother of the bride; the next was little Miss Lowery, an orphan. Mr. May, of Missouri, and Mr. Gallater, of this city, also died the following day. To-day another one is added to the number. The father of the bride who was not expected to live is reported better to-day. About thirty other persons who were present are reported seriously ill, a number of whom will probably die. The poisoning is thought to have been accidental.

### He Did See.

Many years ago there lived at Salem, Connecticut, an eccentric man named Amasa Kilborn, about whom numberless stories are told to this day. On one occasion in summer he had a five acre lot of choice grass cut and spread out to dry. In the afternoon a shower came up and drenched it. The next day the hay was spread out to dry. Another shower came up and drenched it. On the third day the programme was repeated. On the fourth day after the hay had

been properly dried and raked into windrows, a cloud pillar moved up over the western horizon, and a distant growl of thunder echoed from the hills. Kilborn was mad. He looked at the cloud. "Ran up to the house, boy," he said, in a voice trembling with resentment, "and bring down a fire-brand, quick, now!" The boy asked no questions. He came back with the blazing torch, and Kilborn touched off each windrow. "There," said he, "I'll see if this hay will get wet again!"

### Woman's Suffrage.

Oregon has a legislature that is not afraid of woman. A bill has passed both branches extending the right of suffrage to the few women they have in the State. The question now has to be submitted to the people—that is, to the men people—for approval. The males are largely in the majority in that State, and there seems no danger of anarchy resulting from woman suffrage. While in Utah, a little farther south, a man is allowed anywhere from one to a dozen wives, in Oregon a man is lucky if he gets one. In Utah polygamy is allowed, in Oregon polygamy is enforced. The action of the Oregon legislature seems a bid for emigration of women to the State, and we may soon be able to learn the effects of woman suffrage, were men a more courageous than here in the South.

At a social party in Alleghany City, Pa., on Saturday night last the guests amused themselves by indulging in private theatricals. In one of the scenes enacted a marriage ceremony was performed, the parties being Mr. Frank Henry and Miss Williams. Although intended as a sham ceremony, it was conducted in regular form, the usual questions being propounded and the answers made properly. At the conclusion of the ceremony the couple discovered that the person officiating was a bona fide clergyman, that the marriage was legal, and that the knot would be a troublesome one to untie.

We wish every man who takes this paper would settle up.

### Gossipers.

We commend the following to the gossipers of Orangeburg: "Can the evil wrought by gossipers be estimated? We think not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches in the least upon scandal. Many a social, noble-minded woman has been obliged to withdraw herself from a neighborhood intimacy which would have been pleasant otherwise, because her remarks were returned by some idle tale-bearer, so perverted as to make her doubt the existence of genuine friendship, and accept loneliness for the sake of the safety it brought. You say we must talk about something." Yes; and through that very fact we see a remedy for the evil, to so thoroughly interest ourselves in other and better things that we find no space to spare for our neighbor's affairs. Let us talk of our homes, our house plants, our books, or our babies. Let us teach our eyes to find beauty everywhere, while we blind them by constant watchfulness to blemish. Never, under any circumstances, cast the first stone. Then, if an erring neighbor goes down, you cannot blame yourself for assisting in the downfall.

### Ghosts.

North Denver, Colorado, is exercised on the subject of ghosts. A gentleman of that place, while passing a cemetery at a late hour, was scared into rapid flight by a number of white-robed figures. Returning with courage strengthened by the possession of a revolver, he heard a full chorus of earthly and unearthly noises, which caused a second and more precipitate flight. It is suspected by many that body-snatchers were at work, and adopted these means of preventing interruption by passers-by.

The Mexicans are fond of dancing but at Sante Fe the waltz is not countenanced in good society, and can only be seen in the low public dance houses. "At a fashionable gathering," says a recent visitor, "even the square dance is conducted with great decorum. The ladies all sit on one side of the ball room and the gentlemen on the other, and when the music begins the young men walk out into the middle of the floor and beckon to the young ladies whom they desire for partners. At the close of the dance the ladies return to their side of the room and the gentlemen to their own."

Some months ago the fourteen year old daughter of Ellen Dausbury a respectable colored woman of Memphis, Tenn., was attacked while at home alone, the family having gone to church, and beaten and stabbed to death by unknown hands. Last Sunday night the girl's mother and her other daughter were attacked on their way to church by a man and a woman, both unknown, and beaten with flat irons, being probably fatally injured. The family having no enemies that they know of, and the motives and perpetrators of the murders are mysteries.

A tragical story comes to us from Rock Hill. Mr. John M. Howe, a citizen of that place and a liquor dealer, was known as a snake charmer. He had no fear of the most venomous snakes, and indeed had a rattlesnake for a pet. One day last week he took the snake out of its cage, and was amusing himself by allowing it to coil about his arm, as he had been in the habit of doing, when suddenly it became vicious and sank its fangs into his finger. In thirty minutes Howe was dead, despite the most persistent efforts to save him.

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