

THE KERSHAW GAZETTE.
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
 FRANK F. HARRIS, Proprietor and Business Manager.
 ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00.
 CAMDEN, S. C.
 JULY 19, 1876.
 VOL. 3.
 NO. 41.

WILLIAM GLYBURN,
 Cotton Merchant.
 Always in the market, and pays the highest price for cotton in cash.

Wm. M. Bird & Co.
 Importers and Manufacturers of
OILS, LEAD, ZINC, COLORS,
 WINDOW-GLASS, &c., &c.
 301 East Bay, CHARLESTON, S. C.
 decl'd

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
 The Passenger Trains on the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:
FOR COLUMBIA.
 (Sundays excepted.)
 Leave Charleston 9:15 A. M.
 Arrive Columbia 5:30 P. M.
FOR AUGUSTA.
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W. L. DANLEY,
 G. F. & T. A.
 Dentist.

E. C. GREEN, JR.
 J. H. PARKER & CO.,
 FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 COTTON AND NAVAL STORES,
 Accommodation Wharf and Vendue Range,
 CHARLESTON, S. C.

Latham House,
 CAMDEN, SO. CA.
 (Transient Board \$2.00 per day.)

Fresh Fish.
 Received daily from the coast, and delivered to the city at a small remuneration.
 COLUMBUS NELSON.

Get Your Lumber!
 With full confidence in my ability to give satisfaction, both in price and in quality, I offer to the public the following terms: \$12.00 per ton, in new logs; Cash; \$10.00 per ton, in split lumber; \$11.00 per ton, in split lumber; \$11.00 per ton, in split lumber.
J. N. ROBSON.
 66 East Bay, 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,
 CHARLESTON, S. C.

Wagon Yard.
 The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public that he is now prepared to accommodate them with the use of a good wagon yard and a comfortable house, and will be pleased to have his friends stop with him when they come to the city.
LOOK HERE!
 Garden seed, best in the market, warrant to yield, for sale by
M. C. GOODING.

The Kershaw Gazette.

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 Hold Your Husband Up.
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 "Well, what's to be done about it?—Such times kill energy, hope, enterprise. Alas! say you, if I were but a man, etc. This is the case of absurd, unfeminine ambition and restless discontent. Drag it, it is unbecoming, indecent. Thank God who has made you a woman, who has placed you in a sheltered position; who has bestowed upon you and the harsh contact of life and enterprise the devotion and strength of man. Sit back in your cushioned home, where you need see only your own—years by every tie of affection and blood—years in tenderness and sympathy—where you are or may be as supreme as royalty itself, and glory in your empire. But dare not be dainty and white, were not made to handle sails and loaves and, nor the quick brain which throbs under your smooth brow and flashes from your dark eyes only to be fed by romance and fiction. In reality, you've a mission out side the imperious domestic requirements at home. Hold your husband up. Yes, even you who so often feel that you do and must lean so heavily on his strength and love. Hold him up. The day may come (it comes sooner or later) when your hands must do this work—your heart must bear its burden as well as his. A day may come when, in his bitterness and disappointment, he will call him a failure—when he believes men so call him. You know otherwise—you know him brave, patient, true and good, but not infallible. Men grow strangely weak when they doubt themselves.
 Now is your time. You know him far better than do others. Let him see and feel that the one judgement—he courts above all else—endorses him. Show him that you believe in him—that on this trust you rest for your little ones and yourself. Keep his heart warm with confidence and approval. Tell him boldly that with him at the helm, your domestic comfort cannot be wrecked. Keep him looking far out at sea—fearing storms and breakers. More than one man has been helped, rescued by his wife's unflinching faith. "I cannot be less than the things he says, and new-shod he begins the battle once more. Here is your mission, my sister; here is your suffrage. Keep the brains of this teeming world from picking your husband's and brother's hearts at home. They can stand the keen thrusts outside if they know the oil of faith and love meet them within. Beware, beware! Beware passive looks and plaintive remarks. Beware the "little foxes that spoil the vines," and you will find a form as well planned as any recondite for "Woman's Rule" could venture to lay down.
Mechanics Should Read and Reflect.
 The young mechanic of the present day should be an earnest reader. Whether learning a trade, operating a machine, or drafting designs for the builder, he should be a lover of useful books. They will serve as an adjunct to his success. They will make him a bolder and happier man, giving him continually fresh themes for thought and pleasing topics for meditation. Books are to the mind what food is to the body. They fill and strengthen it. They add vigor, force and vitality to every function. They furnish that life blood which is the main spring of all action, and benefit that ad mirer in manifold ways. Do not, then, neglect so rich a boon. But read much and read carefully.
 We cannot all be rich, or great, or powerful; but we can all build for ourselves inviting palaces of wisdom, where the noblest and best of every age may come through the silent but immortal agency of books, to store our minds with the rarest samples of their genius. These choice legacies, too, will stand by us, and remain us, when trades, fortunes and friends fade to comfort and satisfy our drooping spirits. Who then would think of living without the associations of interesting books? No man should.
 Let the members of this club pledge themselves to each other and the Democratic party to abide by and sustain the nominees of the party for all offices, whether national, State, county or municipal, and will discountenance every effort on the part of individuals to distract our councils and divide the vote upon independent candidates, whom we regard hereafter as giving aid and comfort to our political opponents.
 Let any article of this constitution be altered or amended upon one week's notice by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.
 Let there shall be formed in each county, as early as practicable, a central organization, which shall be charged with the interest of the Democratic party in the county, and with which this committee can communicate. The presiding officer of such central organization shall forward as soon as possible to the chairman of this committee the name and post-office address of the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the county.
JAMES CONNER, Chairman.
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 The King and Queen of Greece are in Liverpool.
 Hembold, the black man, has been committed to jail.
 Sherman has introduced a bill to complete the Washington monument.
 Proctor Knott announced in the house the death of his colleague, Mr. Parsons.
 Sheridan thinks the loss of Custer and his men was an unnecessary sacrifice, due to misapprehension and superabundance of courage.
 The first official set of Secretary Morrill, upon taking charge of the treasury department, was the approval of the bond of Mr. Wymann as treasurer.
 Gen. Pope has issued an order directing Gen. Miles, with six companies of the 5th Infantry, to report at once to the scene of the Sioux war. The companies are at Forts Gibson and Hayes and Riley, and three at Fort Leavenworth.

Facts and Fancies.
 An Ulster overcoat covers a multitude of sins.
 Barbers are well informed on combing events.
 A regular borderer is one who pays his bill weekly.
 "Centennialia" is the latest name for the Quaker City.
 A considerate proceeding—sending a standing army to the seat of war.
 "The best and oldest advertising medium"—An old maid's sewing school.
 Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher? Because he is a sound instructor.
 The Fagot Dramatic Club would be a good name for a collection of sticks to suit under.
 If you have a favor to ask of a man, now be sure and shut the door after you when you go into his office.
 But few men can handle a hot iron chimney and say there is no place like home, at the same time.
 They have an Educational display at the Centennial, to be sure. But isn't it in the neighborhood of our School hill?
 A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way for him is to make a short voyage to sea. He will very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.
 The wonderful man in Detroit who puzzles the doctors by being able to make his heart shift sides can rest assured that he will be beautifully out up as soon as he dies.
 As old Mr. ———— heaved, the last scuffle of four tons of coal into his cellar, he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys, instead of girls, it wouldn't have been such. One ton would last all winter."
 "Go out, young man, she's not here!" said Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the door way.
 "I don't take any stock in savings banks, and behaved to them" said an indignant depositor yesterday. "Be hanged to them, you may well say it; there's many of em suspended already," retorted another.
 A couple of New England surgeons having recently sailed for Europe, some of their fellow scalpel-slingers went down to the harbor to wish them *Bone voyage*. They saw them off, you know.
 What's the difference between a profane man and an old toper? Only that the one swears often times in the course of a month, and the other swears off ten times during the same period.
 A colored preacher, in translating to his hearers the sentence, "The harvest is over, the season is ended and thy soul is not saved," put it, "De carn has been cribbed, dar ain't any more work, and de debil is still foolin' wid dis community."
 A classical error.—The late lamented Lempriere tells us that do was changed into a heifer; but we have lately gleaned from a doctor's prescription the following piece of information respecting the end of that young person: "Lo-dide de potassium."
 "We go to press at two instead of four to-day," said a Tennessee paper, "in order to attend to some business of importance in the country." At precisely five minutes before four, two high-toned looking men with shotguns called, and wanted to know whom the editor was.
 And great was the fall thereof.—Sister—"Well, you know, Bobby, your eye's ever inflamed; you can't go out with Tommy Brown till that speck of dust's out of it!" Bobby (anxious to be off)—"I think I heard it fall!"
 Professor in physics (who had given a popular lecture on "Light" the previous evening) to a bewildered student in astronomy—"Mr. W. why unprepared this morning?" Student (every thoughtful and good natured)—"I fooled my time away at the lecture last night."
 "What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father of a friend. "Dress him in shepherd's plaid," was theragly. "Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be a way of keeping him in check."
 Alexander Dunn's is responsible for the following: On his first visit to the Salon his attention was called to the superb portrait of the thoroughly thin Sarah Bernhardt, as "L'Etrangere" with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet. "Ah, yes, I see," he said, thoughtfully, "a dog keeping guard over a bone."
 In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at. He answered, "Four glasses of ale."
 "What next?" "Two glasses of wine."
 "What next?" "One glass of brandy."
 "What next?" "A fight of quills."
 Plato says that philosophy consoles a man in all trials; but we would have liked to see Plato chasing a lamp mover about his front yard and trying to produce a pleasing impression on the pretty girl across the way about the time the machine struck a stone and the handle took him in the pit of the stomach.
 They had a good deal of trouble with the Aztec woman attached to Barnum's circus, in Providence. It seems she wanted her salary raised to \$7 a week, but they told her if they did it she would be obliged to appear as the Siberian malfactor, and she said she would go back to Limerick first and take in washing a gain at two shillings a day, and they were obliged to compromise by bringing her out as the fascinating Odalisque of the

Port's Uncle Sam.

"Maud, my darling!" he said as he clasped her in his arms.
 "Oh, Arthur," she cried, "I have something to tell you, but I must do it quickly. Papa wishes me to marry Everett—but oh! Arthur, I will die first."
 "How long did he give you to consider?" Arthur asked thoughtfully.
 "Only until tomorrow evening," she answered.
 "Well, I think we can be safe away before then, darling," he said, "so take courage."
 "What can we do, Arthur?" asked Maud.
 "You can go home and get what few things you may need, and meet me here in an hour. I will have a carriage in waiting, and we will leave forever the place where you have been so persecuted," said he.
 They kissed her tenderly they parted.
 Maud hurried to her room and packed a few things in a valise. While tossing over the contents of her drawers she came across a small rosewood box.
 "Oh, my vase! I had almost forgotten it!" she exclaimed.
 She set the box on the table, and taking a key from her pocket unlocked it. Resting on a crimson velvet cushion was a small vase of curious workmanship. The tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed upon the beautiful toy.
 After gazing at it for some time, Maud looked the box and very carefully packed it away with her other things; then leaning her head on her hand she fell into a deep reverie. Four years before, when Mrs. Arlington lay on her death bed, she had called to her and given her the box saying:
 "Maud, I want you to keep this in remembrance of me. Do not remove the vase from the box, unless you are in need, then you will find it."
 But a severe fit of coughing out short the sentence, and half an hour later Maud was motherless! So the mystery of the vase remained sealed.
 Presently glancing up at the clock Maud saw that it wanted but a quarter of ten. Hastily rising she robed herself in a heavy cloak and concealed her face by a thick veil; she then stole forth quietly, after giving one last lingering look at the room where she had spent so many happy years. Arriving at the trying place, she found Arthur there, and after a few moments conversation they entered the carriage and were driven away.
 The next morning Mr. Arlington descended to the breakfast room, but Maud was not there; after waiting some time, he sent the maid to see if she had risen. They really now as one of old, "They'll rally for the right; The truth and honor force array 'Gainst tyranny and might."
 Who says we won't elect them?
 Oh, hear your country's call!
 Come, ye men of our standard,
 Come, ye brothers, onward!
 And join each voice in thrilling tones
 For this, the chosen
 And free our fettered land.

Selected Story.

Maud Arlington.
 "John, what have you there?" inquired Mr. Arlington as he passed his servant into the hall.
 "A note for Miss Arlington," said John, with a bow.
 "I state she's in her room," said Mr. Arlington.
 John gave him the note; he took it, glancing at the writing, and then turned to the door immediately.
 "John bowed and turned away, wondering what could be the matter. Mr. Arlington entered the library, and shut the door with a bang. Presently it opened softly, and a young girl entered the room.
 "What is it, papa?" she asked.
 "Yes, what is it?" he said angrily, and advancing, he gave her the note.
 She took the note, read it, then gave it back to her father, saying—
 "It's from Arthur Lee; he wishes to escort me to the opera to night."
 "But have I not forbidden any communication between you and Arthur Lee?" said Mr. Arlington.
 "Yes, father, you have, but I will not obey you."
 "Will not obey me?" said her father, in astonishment. "Say that again if you dare!"
 She was silent for a few moments, then said—
 "Papa, I mean what I say."
 Mr. Arlington paced the floor in silence for a few moments, and then throwing himself into a chair, said in a gentle tone—
 "Maud, what if I say or do in for your own good, and you should consider it as such."
 "Papa, I do not mean to be disobedient, but I will never marry a man I do not love, and I will marry Arthur Lee and no other," said Maud firmly.
 "Maud, do not be so hasty; remember he is but a poor artist, and cannot give you the home that Harry Everett can."
 "I want no better home than the one Arthur can give me, and as for marrying Harry Everett," she said, scornfully, "that I will never do."
 "I will give you until to-morrow evening to decide," said her father, "you can go now."
 Maud left the library and retired to her own room. Locking the door, she sat down to her desk and wrote a few lines; then calling a little boy, who was employed in running errands, she gave him the note telling him to deliver it to Mr. Lee and be careful not to let any one depart, going out the back way to avoid suspicion. About nine that evening she stole gently out of the house and down to the river side. A young man

Organization.

The Watchword of South Carolina Democrats.
 ROOMS OF THE DEM. STATE EX. COM. COLUMBIA, JUNE 8.

At a meeting of the State Democratic Executive Committee, held in Columbia, June 8th, 1876, it was resolved:
 That the following form of organization recommended by the former executive committee, and adopted in several of the counties, be recommended by this committee for adoption in all the counties in which local or precinct clubs are not already organized.
 2. That clubs already organized be referred to this form of constitution for guidance on all points not embraced in the constitution under which they are organized.
FORM OF CONSTITUTION.
ARTICLE 1. The name of this organization shall be "The Democratic Club."
ART. 2. The officers of the club shall be a president, two vice-presidents, a corresponding secretary, a corresponding secretary, and an executive committee of five members, who shall serve for such time as may be fixed by resolution; and any vacancies for these offices shall be filled by an election at the first meeting after the same is announced.
ART. 3. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to collect and disseminate information, and advise with regard to such policy as in their judgement shall best subserve and promote the general good of the country.
ART. 4. The president, with the sanction of a majority of the executive committee, shall have power to call extra meetings of the club, and one-third of the total membership of the club shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
ART. 5. A regular meeting of the club shall be held on the—Saturday is every month.
ART. 6. Any non-residence of the vicinity may become a member of the Club by signing the Constitution, and pledging himself to sustain and support to the best of his ability all nominations made by the Democratic party, either in State, County or Municipal elections.
ART. 7. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to prepare a full and correct roster of the Club, giving the names, residence and occupation of each member, and also a complete record of the names and residences of all voters within the township.
ART. 8. That the members of this club pledge themselves to each other and the Democratic party to abide by and sustain the nominees of the party for all offices, whether national, State, county or municipal, and will discountenance every effort on the part of individuals to distract our councils and divide the vote upon independent candidates, whom we regard hereafter as giving aid and comfort to our political opponents.
ART. 9. Any article of this constitution may be altered or amended upon one week's notice by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.
ART. 10. That there shall be formed in each county, as early as practicable, a central organization, which shall be charged with the interest of the Democratic party in the county, and with which this committee can communicate. The presiding officer of such central organization shall forward as soon as possible to the chairman of this committee the name and post-office address of the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the county.
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Family Circle.

Hold Your Husband Up.
 A woman writing in the *Savvy South* upon the subject of hard times, addresses her sisters in the following truthful and eloquent language:
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