

The Elf-Child.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay. An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs away, an' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep, an' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep; an' all us other children, when the supper things is done, we set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun. A list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about. An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you Ef you Don't Watch Out!

On't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs— An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs, His mammy heard him holler, an' his daddy heard him bawl, an' when they turn the kivers down he wasn't there at all! An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press, an' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' everywhere, I guess, But all they ever found was this, his pants an' roundabout:— An' the gobble-uns'll git you Ef you Don't Watch Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin, An' make fun of ever one an' all her blood-an-kin. An' one't, when they was "company," 'an old folks was there, She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, 'an said she didn't care! An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide, They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side, An' they snatched her through the cellin' fore she knowed what she's about! An' the gobble-uns'll get you Ef you Don't Watch Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue, An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo! An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray, An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away— You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond an' dear, An' cherish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphan's tear, An' he'p the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about, Er the gobble-uns'll get you Ef you Don't Watch Out!

Punch, Brothers, Punch. [Mark Twain]

Will the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them? "Conductor, when you receive a fare, Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

A blue trip slip for an eight cent fare, A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

CHORUS. Punch, brothers! punch with care, Punch in the presence of the passenger!" I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before,—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenger!" I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, and tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except: "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenger!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings,—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenger!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I awoke, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr.—, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr.— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr.— said,— "Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearly, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenger!" My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said,— "I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you said the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—?"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenger!" I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr.— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted,— "Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have travelled; you have been boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured,— "A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenger!" Rev. Mr.— stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said,— "Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said,— "Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr.— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then a my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said,— "Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr.— turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness,— "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! He has got it, now." I did not see Mr.— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said,—

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their 'clack, clack—clack-clack-clack, clack, clack—clack-clack-clack' and right away those odious rhymes fixed themselves to that accompaniment.

For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack of the car-wheels in a day. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on—punch, in the presence of the passenger!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenger.' And the most distressing thing was that my delirium dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said,—

"Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I didn't see him before he died!" "Yes! I said, 'he is gone, he is gone, he is gone—oh, will this suffering never cease!'" "You loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!" "Loved him! Loved who?" "Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!" "Oh—him! Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!" "Bless you! bless you, sir, for these words! I, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?" "Yes! I—whose last moments?" "His. The dear departed's." "Yes! Oh, yes—yes—yes! I suppose so, I think so, I don't know! Oh, certainly—I was there—I was there!" "Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words—oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?" "He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said anything but Punch, punch, punch in the presence of the passenger! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance can no further go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenger!"

"Have tried others, but like Ayer's best" is the statement made over and over again by those who testify to the benefit derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Disease never had a greater enemy than this powerful blood-purifier. It makes the weak strong.

"The summer girl is only a little lower than the angels," remarked the young man in knickerbockers. "Wait until you pay for her ice cream, her boat rides, her merry go-round trips, and you'll think she comes a good sight higher," replied the cynic.—Yonkers Statesman.

EFFECTUAL.—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Cal., says: "I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels.

"I can't have whistling at the table, Mr. Slocum," said the boarding house keeper. "I thought you said yesterday, you liked to hear a man whistle at his work?" replied the boarder, as he made another ineffectual attempt at cutting his piece of beefsteak.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I have been a victim of terrible headaches, and have never found anything to relieve them so quickly as Ayer's Pills. Since I began taking this medicine, the attacks have become less and less frequent, until, at present, months have passed since I have had one."—C. F. NEWMAN, Dug Spur, Va.

"Having used Ayer's Pills with great success for dyspepsia, from which I suffered for years, I resolved never to be without them in my household. They are indeed effective."—Mrs. SALLIE MORRIS, 125 Willow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I always use Ayer's Pills, and think them excellent."—Mrs. G. P. WATROUS, Jackson, Fla.

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You may be easily and quickly cured by taking

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Darlington Lodge. No. 7, Knights of Pythias, meets on 1st and 3rd Tuesday Evenings in each month, at Leslie Hall, Florence street opposite Broad. Visiting brothers fraternally invited.

Town Ordinance. COUNCIL CHAMBER, Darlington, S. C., April 26, 1895.

BE it ordered and ordained: That, for the purpose of electing five members of a Board of Health, as required by an Act of the Legislature of the State of South Carolina, entitled "An Act to Establish Local Boards of Health in the Cities and Incorporate Towns of the State and to Define the Powers Thereof" Approved January 5th, A. D. 1895:

It is hereby Ordered and Ordained: That the Town of Darlington shall be and hereby is divided into five wards, designated as follows, to wit: Ward 1. Shall comprise all the territory lying to the West of Railroad Street, beginning at the crossing of the C. S. and N. railroad, extending down Railroad Street to Pearl Street, crossing Pearl Street down through Eagle Avenue to Orange Street, down Orange Street to the East and down the Street dividing the Factory grounds from the residence of G. W. Dargan to Swift Creek—the same being the Town limits.

Ward 2. Shall embrace all the territory lying between the Eastern line of Ward 1 and the Eastern line of Ward 3. Ward 3. Shall embrace all the territory lying between Ward 2 and Main Street, the Eastern boundary of which shall begin at the crossing of Swift Creek by Main Street, extending to the crossing of C. S. & N. railroad on Main Street, so that the said ward will be bounded on the North by Swift Creek, on the South by C. S. & N. railroad, East by Main Street, and West by the Eastern line of Ward 2. Ward 4. Shall comprise all the territory lying to the South and South-East of C. S. and N. railroad (to a straight line designated by Ward's Lane on the West; said Ward to be bounded North by C. S. & N. railroad, on the East by Swift Creek and the corporate limits, and on the West by Eastern boundary of Ward 2. Ward 5. Shall comprise all the territory lying North of C. S. & N. railroad and East of Main Street, bounded on the North by Swift Creek, on the East by Swift Creek, on the South by the C. S. & N. railroad, and on the West by the eastern boundary of Ward 3. By Order of Council: J. W. EVANS, Clerk. May 28—5t.

S.A. WOODS & CO.

desire to announce to the people of Darlington County in general, and to the ladies in particular, that they are now opening, at their handsome establishment on the east side of the Public Square, a large and varied assortment of

SPRING GOODS

Which for STYLE AND PRICES is not to be excelled in this section of South Carolina. Give them a call and examine their beautiful stock before deciding where you will make your Spring purchases.

THE Darlington Grocery & Warehouse COMPANY,

whose place of business is at their new warehouse on Russel Street, near the C. S. & N. Depot, offer to the retail trade, as well as to consumers, in original, unbroken packages,

FOR SPOT CASH,

a full line of choice family groceries, at the very lowest wholesale prices. Housekeepers are now reminded that they need not send off to buy their usual barrel of sugar or barrel of flour, and the like, for they can get them just as cheap at their very doors, and save freight.

HARTSVILLE RAILROAD. June 8, 1894. MIXED TRAIN. Leave Hartsville..... 4.30 a m Jovann..... 4.45 a m Floyd..... 5.05 a m Darlington..... 5.25 a m Palmetto..... 5.40 a m Arrive Florence..... 6.00 a m Leave Florence..... 9.00 p m Palmetto..... 9.15 p m Darlington..... 9.25 p m Floyd's..... 9.45 p m Jovann..... 10.00 p m Hartsville..... 10.15 p m J. F. DIVINE, Gen. Supt.

C. & D. and C. S. RAILROADS. In effect June 3, 1894. MIXED TRAIN. Leave Wadesboro..... 2.00 p m Bennett's..... 2.25 p m Morven's..... 2.40 p m McFarland..... 2.55 p m Cheraw..... 3.45 p m Cash's..... 4.15 p m Society Hill..... 4.40 p m Dove's..... 5.15 p m Floyd's..... 5.30 p m Darlington..... 6.05 p m Palmetto..... 6.30 p m Arrive Florence..... 6.45 p m Leave Florence..... 8.15 a m Palmetto..... 8.40 a m Darlington..... 9.15 a m Floyd's..... 9.40 a m Dove's..... 9.55 a m Society Hill..... 10.35 a m Cash's..... 10.55 a m Cheraw..... 11.40 a m McFarland..... 12.20 p m Morven's..... 12.35 p m Bennett's..... 12.50 p m Arrive Wadesboro..... 1.10 p m Local Freight. Leave Darlington..... 4.30 p m Palmetto..... 4.43 p m Arrive Florence..... 5.03 p m Leave Florence..... 8.15 a m Palmetto..... 8.40 a m Arrive Darlington..... 9.55 a m A. F. KAVENEL, President.

NORTHEASTERN RAILROAD. In effect Nov. 18, 1894. SOUTH BOUND. Leave Florence..... No. 25. 5.10 a m Lanes..... 4.20 a m Arrive Charleston..... 6.10 a m No. 23. Leave Florence..... 7.35 p m Kingstree..... 8.40 p m Lanes..... 9.07 p m Arrive Charleston..... 11.13 p m No. 63. Leave Lanes..... 7.05 p m Arrive Charleston..... 8.40 p m NORTH BOUND. No. 78. Leave Charleston..... 4.12 a m Lanes..... 6.30 a m Kingstree..... 6.49 a m Arrive Florence..... 7.55 a m No. 82. Leave Charleston..... 4.20 p m Lanes..... 6.08 p m Kingstree..... 6.23 p m Arrive Florence..... 7.15 p m No. 82. Leave Charleston..... 7.00 a m Arrive Lanes..... 8.35 a m No. 53 runs through to Columbia via Central R. R. of S. C. Train Nos. 78 and 14 runs via Wilson and Fayetteville—Short Line—and makes close connection for all points North. J. F. DIVINE, Gen. Supt.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA & AUGUSTA RAILROAD. In effect May 26, 1895. SOUTH BOUND. No. 55. Leave Wilmington..... \*3.30 p m Leave Marion..... 6.34 p m Arrive Florence..... 7.05 p m Leave Florence..... \*7.30 p m Arrive Sumter..... 8.38 p m Leave Sumter..... 8.38 p m Arrive Columbia..... 10.00 p m No. 51. Leave Florence..... \*3.15 a m Arrive Sumter..... 4.19 a m No. 52. Leave Sumter..... \*9.45 a m Arrive Columbia..... 11.05 a m No. 53 runs through from Charleston via Central Railroad; leaving Lanes 8.35 a. m., Manning 9.15 a. m. NORTH BOUND. No. 56. Leave Columbia..... \*5.20 a m Arrive Sumter..... 6.43 a m Leave Sumter..... 6.43 a m Arrive Florence..... 8.00 a m Leave Marion..... 8.25 a m Arrive Wilmington..... 11.50 a m No. 53. Leave Columbia..... \*4.25 p m Arrive Sumter..... 5.43 p m No. 50. Leave Sumter..... \*6.05 p m Arrive Florence..... 7.15 p m \*Daily. \*Daily except Sunday. No. 53 runs through to Charleston via Central Railroad; arriving Manning 6.21 p. m., Lanes 7.00 p. m., Charleston 8.40 p. m. Trains on South and North Carolina R. R., leave Elliott 7.05 p. m., arrive Bishopville 7.39 p. m., Lucknow 8.10 p. m. Returning, leave Lucknow 6.30 a. m., Bishopville 7.00 a. m., arrive Elliott 7.38 a. m. Daily except Sunday. Trains on Wilmington & Conway R. R., leave Chadbourne at 10.30 a. m., arrive at Conway 12.35 p. m., returning leave Conway 2.30 p. m., arrive Chadbourne 5.00 p. m., leave Chadbourne 5.55 p. m., arrive at Hub 6.30 p. m., returning leave Hub 8.15 a. m., arrive at Chadbourne 9.00 a. m. Daily except Sunday. Trains leave Pagnalls 3.15 p. m., Summerton 4.47 p. m., Sumter 5.50 p. m., Darlington 7.30 p. m., Bennettsville 8.19 p. m., arrive Hamlet 9.15 p. m. Returning, leave Hamlet 6.15 a. m., Bennettsville 7.11 a. m., Darlington 8.11 a. m., Sumter 9.45 a. m., Summerton 10.40 a. m., arrive Pagnalls 12.15 p. m. Daily except Sunday. JOHN F. DIVINE, Gen'l Supt.