

The Watchman and Southron.
Published every Tuesday,
by the
Watchman and Southron Publishing Company,
SUMTER, S. C.
Subscription price—\$1.00 per annum—in advance.
Single copies, 5 cents.
Advertisements—\$1.00 per line for the first week, and 50 cents for each succeeding week.
For terms of advertising, apply to the Office, or to
K. G. OSTEN,
Business Manager.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

ROCKING HORSE POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This valuable book will be presented free of charge to all subscribers to the Watchman and Southron who pay for one year in advance, and this to old subscribers who pay all arrears and a year in advance.

E. F. RICKER & CO.,
SUMTER, S. C.
DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Liquors, Wines, Tobacco and
Cigars.
Whiskies
Parties in need of any goods in our line
will find it to their advantage to call on
us for the best quality and best selected
stock.

THE MODEL GIRL.
A practical, plain young girl;
Not afraid of the rain young girl;
A poetical, young girl;
A ruddy and rosy young girl;
A belle-of-the-land young girl;
At-home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-face young girl;
A toilet serene, young girl;
A life pure and clean young girl;
A princess-of-peace young girl;
A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-from-a-stare young girl;
Improves every hour, young girl;
Not a sickly soul, young girl;
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl;
Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;
No indulgent-in-blues young girl;
Not a bang on her brow, young girl;
Not a fraud, not a bow, young girl;
She's just what she seems young girl.
Not a cheap-fash young girl;
Not a chaser-of-fash young girl;
Neither flippant nor lax, young girl;
Nor a chaser of "wax," young girl;
A marvel-of-sense young girl;
A lover-of-peace young girl;
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl;
Not a slattern in dress, young girl;
But "know what to do," young girl;
And a matter-of-fact young girl;
A rightly-amiable young girl;
Red-lips, most-delicious young girl;
A sparkling clear eye, young girl;
That says "I will try," young girl;
A sure-to-succeed young girl;
An honest-courting young girl;
A never-one-firting young girl;
A quiet and pure, young girl;
A modest, demure, young girl;
A fit-for-a-wife young girl;
A sought-after young girl;
A future-most-fair young girl;
An ever discreet, young girl;
We too seldom meet, young girl;
This queen-among-queens young girl.
—Canada School Journal.

WORK OF THE CYCLONE.
Large Loss of Life and Immense Destruction of Property.
A destructive cyclone prevailed throughout a large portion of the country on last Tuesday evening, dealing death and destruction in many places. From the Columbia Register, of the 21st, we take the following in regard to its ravages:
The cyclone seems to have entered the State from the Northeast and to have branched off into two different directions at or about Chester, one branch going across toward Darlington, Williamsburg and that section of the State, demolishing buildings, prostrating fences and sweeping down acres of forest growth.
Throughout its entire course the cyclone has marked its track with terrible evidences of its destructive power. Gentlemen who were in Manning during the prevalence of the storm describe it as terrific, torrents of rain, hail, thunder and lightning, and the houses trembling and shaking as with the shock of an earthquake.
Wherever the cyclone touched the earth it swept everything before it, mowing down the forests of pines which it encountered and leaving them in a ruin of 150 or 200 yards wide, as though they had been cut down by some immense mover.
The most distressing accounts come to us from Darlington. The cyclone entered the town from the South in the vicinity of the depot, and having partly demolished that structure it passed through the town carrying death and destruction on its course.
The fine dwelling of R. W. Boyd was swept away in a moment. Mr. Boyd was painfully if not seriously injured, and two negroes killed on the premises. Mrs. Boyd and her daughter had gone to Florence, and on their way back had taken refuge at the house of T. H. McCaw, Esq., about two miles from the latter place. During the night the house was struck by lightning and took fire, and the inmates had barely time to escape with their lives.
The dwelling house of Mr. White was blown down and himself and wife instantly killed.
The house of Mr. C. Edwards, of the firm of Edwards & Norment, was also destroyed and Mr. Edwards was seriously injured.
Besides these casualties a number of persons were known to have been more or less seriously injured in the town, and our informant states that at the time he left yesterday morning six persons were ascertained to have been killed and fourteen or fifteen wounded. The damage to houses, fences and other structures was general throughout the town.
In the vicinity of Williamsburg, on the Northeastern Railroad, serious loss of life is reported, and the same accounts come from Rockingham, North Carolina.
Of course at this time but a very imperfect estimate can be formed of the damage which has been done, but enough is known to show that it has been one of the most disastrous visitations of this character which has ever befallen the State, and we fear that the details which will reach us within the next few days will add many horrors to the record.
The town of Chappell's, on the Columbia and Greenville Railroad, has been laid in ruins and the loss of life and limb is great.
Passengers who came down on yesterday's train say that the cyclone passed near Anderson city, and that a man, woman and child were killed near Anderson by a falling house. The cyclone, so far as heard from, seems to have struck ground near Anderson, then at Chappell's and then near Asheville.

THE ORIGIN OF LEAP YEAR.
A young lady writes, says an exchange, to know the "origin of Leap Year, and the reason, if there be any, that ladies can propose to gentlemen during this year." From the best authority, it is narrated that on one occasion the good St. Patrick was strolling along the shore of Lough Neagh, cooling himself after exertions in exterminating the snakes, when he met St. Bridget in tears. It appeared that the young ladies in the convent school presided over by Miss Bridget had given the worthy lady much trouble by insisting that they had as good a right to propose as the men. St. Patrick thought the matter over, and finally offered a compromise. He said he would give the ladies the right one year in seven, when St. Bridget threw her arms round his neck and exclaimed, "Arrah! Patrick, jewel, I daren't go back to the girls with such a proposal. Make it one year in four." To which Patrick, with a gallantry doubtless learned in Ireland, replied: "Bridget, acushla, squeeze me that way again, and I'll give you Leap Year, the longest of the lot." Bridget thereupon "popped the question" to Patrick on the spot, and the Saint was compelled to console her the best way he could with civil words and a new silk gown. Ever since ladies have had the right to propose during Leap Year, and, if refused, to claim a silk gown.

THE FIRM MOTHER.
"Come here to me," said a firm mother to her son. "Didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if you went down town?"
"Yes, ma," standing on one foot.
"What made you go? Say!"
"Cause, standing on the other foot."
"Didn't you know I'd whip you?"
"Yes, ma," showing by his manner that he didn't.
"I'm a great mind to wear you out. If you go outside the yard again to-day I'll whip you."
About ten minutes afterward she sees the boy playing in the street, and calls him. He comes reluctantly.
"Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you went outside the yard?"
"Yes, ma."
"Why did you do it?"
"Cause."
"You good for nothing little rascal, I'm a great mind to wear you out. If you go outside the yard again to-day I'll whip you, if it's the last act of my life. Do you hear me?"
"Yes, ma."
After a while she sees him playing in the street again. Calls him and says:
"Never mind. I'll tell you pa when he comes."
Tax the Pistol.
While Congress is in session would it not be well, when imposing a heavy tax upon the manufacture and sale of tobacco, whiskey and other such articles, to include pistols with these evils and tax it out of existence? Neither the traffic in whiskey, tobacco, or any other article entails half as much misery on the human family as is caused by the pistol. It is a curse to the human race as it now vends. It furnishes more victims for the gallows than all other evils combined; it entails more misery, suffering and disgrace upon the human family than any companion of the assassin, the murderer, the thief and coward—than any other known evil. It is the boon of highwaymen, whereas if it were not for the pistol we do not believe that one of these crimes would be committed where a hundred are now recorded. It ought to be legislated out of existence (except for the army) as the greatest curse to civilization and to the whole human race if a pistol there is not more than one good one—the rest are all evil. It would be a blessing to society, to civilization and to the whole human race if pistols had never been invented.—Lancaster Ledger.

There will always be crackers. A good many people are already prophesying a famine in South Carolina for next Summer. If all would go to work in earnest, mind their own business, and pay less attention to other people's, the promised famine would not come.

No Explanations.
A traveller for a Detroit wholesale grocery house was the other day making a trip between two northern country towns with a sleigh, when one of the horses was taken sick, and he drew up at a farm house and inquired if he could put the animal out and rest him until he recovered.
"You can," replied the woman, "but I want to warn you in advance that I have run away from my husband on two different occasions—once with a drover and once with a map seller."
"Well, what of it?"
"You'll find out as soon as the old man comes up from the slaying! He'll think you are after me, and there'll be a row."
"Oh, I guess I can explain matters to him."
"Don't you wait to explain nothing," she continued; "he'll go for you without a word, and if you can't wallow him he'll give you the worst licking a stranger ever got!"
The horse was too ill to go on, and the agent had no recourse but to stay and face the music. He was at the barn, rubbing the animal down, when the old man suddenly showed himself at the door. Waiting just long enough to draw a full breath he made a break for the traveller. The latter dropped his wisps of hay and felt of the farmer's right eye in a way that laid him flat. He got up and came again, but was received with a stinger on the jaw, and as he went down the traveller got him by the throat and held him fast. By and by, when he dared let him up a little, he explained: "I was forced to stop here and take care of a sick horse."
"Well, that's all right," replied the farmer. "Let me up and I'll help rub him."
He was assisted to his feet and went to work with considerable heart. By and by he went to the house and had his eye bound up, and when supper was ready he insisted that the traveller should eat with him. Not a cent would he take when the latter was ready to go, but extending his hand he said:
"Stranger, I've licked seven different men who stopped here within the past six months, and it kinder does me good to get knocked under the benches. Next time you come this way stop and give me an hour's lesson. Good-bye to you."—Detroit Free Press.

Where the old Maids Come in.
Do, you know, sir," inquired an American tourist of his companion, while doing England, "can you inform me the reason for the fresh beautiful appearance of the English people? Their complexion is far superior to ours or our countrymen over the herring-pond."
"Well, I know what Professor Huxley says,"
"And what reason does he advance?"
"Well, Huxley says it is all owing to the old maids."
"Owing to old maids! You surprise me."
"Fact, Huxley figures it out this way. Now, you know the English are very fond of roast beef."
"But what has that to do with old maids?"
"Go slow. This genuine English beef is the best and most nutritious beef in the world, and it imparts a beautiful complexion."
"Well, about the old maids?"
"Yes, you see the excellence of this English beef is due exclusively to red clover. Do you see the point?"
"All but the old maids. They are still hovering in the shadows."
"Why, don't you see? This red clover is enriched, sweetened and fragrantified by bumble-bees."
"But where do the old maids come in?" said the inquisitive American, wiping his brow wearily.
"Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face. The only enemy of the bumble-bee is the field-mouse."
"But what have roast beef, red clover, bumble-bees and field-mice got to do with old maids?"
"Why, you must be very obtuse. Don't you perceive that the bumble-bees would soon become exterminated by the field-mice if it were not for—"
"Old maids?"
"No, if it were not for cats, and the old maids of Old England keep the country thoroughly stocked up with cats, and so we can directly trace the effects of the rosy English complexion to the benign cause of English old maids; at least, that's what Huxley says about it, and that's just where the old maids come in. Science makes clear many mysterious things."

A Very Remarkable Horse.
The Walton, Ga., News' says: "When General Sherman passed through this section of country in 1864 his men took from Mr. Robt. Crawley every horse and mule he had, and left in his lot in their place, a small skinned up, worn out mare, as she was altogether worthless to them. Uncle Bob, as Mr. Crawley was usually called, finding this helpless and apparently useless animal in his lot, and having none other, began to nurse her. He daily greased her sores for several weeks until they healed. As she was his only chance, he then began to use her. He found her willing to do all she could, and with extra pains she became a first-rate animal, and afterwards brought him eight fine colts, all of which made splendid horses. He named the old mare Fanny, and kept her until his death. Just before his death, as he realized that his time was short in this world, he gave the faithful Fanny to his daughter Tempie, afterwards Mrs. Baker and now Mrs. George W. Knox, to be well cared for. She served her mistress well until the 22d inst., the date of her death. She was thought to be eight years old when Sherman's army left her, and she was consequently at least 28 at her death. She leaves a young mare colt 2 1/2 years old, bearing the same color and name as old Fanny. The old mare was almost human, as she seemed to understand everything said in her presence. For years she was only required to carry her mistress to church and her master a fishing, and when the latter would get on a pond in a boat the faithful old animal would closely watch him and frequently neigh to warn him apparently of danger. She always seemed to be elated when her master succeeded in catching a good string of fish for her mistress as she would never fail to express it by being particularly sprightly and anxious to get home and bow her head to Mrs. Knox."

Bill Nye on Hornets.
Last Fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy house of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until Spring. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He joggled my memory in some way and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place around it.
Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bud. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding doors and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me and around my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.
I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything, and he came and lit in my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of Summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb and wear a waste paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way after all that is forever new.

Where Are They?
Many people, when they read in the dispatches of Khartoum, Suakim, Tokar, Trinkit, El Obeid, Darfur, Kordofan, and so on, in the dispatches from Egypt about the loss of the Sudan, have only a very hazy idea of the geographical relations of the places named, and therefore cannot appreciate the significance of many of the dispatches. For the convenience of those who have not time to look up all these things in an atlas, it may be well to give a short statement of the position of the leading points mentioned in the daily news.
Khartoum is situated in the upper or Southern part of what used to be called Nubia, above the sixth cataract, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile. Southwest of it is the district of Kordofan, in which is situated the city of El Obeid, whence the Mahdi advanced toward Khartoum. Still to the West, several hundred miles is Darfur, a much larger territory than Kordofan and entirely within the boundaries of the Sudan proper.
Suakim, from which General Baker marched out the other day, is on the Red Sea, about half way between Suaz and Aden and over 400 miles Northeast of Khartoum. Tokar is just South of Suakim, also on the coast, and Trinkit is between the two. Suakim, where Tewfik Bey's army has been destroyed by the hostile forces, is near Suakim to the North. Southwest of those places, between them and the Nile, is the Bisharen Desert. The point on the Nile nearest Tokar is Berber, between the fifth and sixth cataracts and about 200 miles Northeast of Khartoum. It will be seen that communication between Khartoum, on the way to Khartoum, and Baker and Burnaby, headed in on the coast of the Red Sea, 300 miles or more away, is impossible.

When a man finds a dog collar in a piece of mince pie he feels sorry for the dog, but his sympathies are mostly concentrated on himself.

What Our Editors Say.
In commenting upon the social rules and regulations existing in official circles at Washington, that paper says:
There is too much favor of privileged order and distinctions of class about it. Questions of precedence are repugnant to the whole spirit of our government. There is no real reason why the wife of any officer of our government should have any particular place or be accorded any official recognition beyond that which is given to any other woman equally well born and bred. Social distinctions on a basis of congeniality and fitness are all right, but when they are carried into classes and minutely divided by subtle and unfamiliar rules they become degraded, snobbish and ridiculous; when they are carried into the White House and officially sanctioned there they become dangerous. When the time comes that we have a class recognized as superior in rank to American gentlemen and gentlemen—and that class composed of office holders—the mission of the republican party will be entirely fulfilled. We will have a bastard monarchy and aristocracy possessing all the faults and none of the advantages of a real monarchy and aristocracy and all the evil and none of the good of a Republic.

The Negro Exodus.
It is reported that 400 negroes will soon leave the County for Arkansas, where they have contracted to work on cotton plantations, and it is said that fully one thousand will go. Some of the whites consider this a blessing, others put on long faces and talk about the depreciation of lands, scarcity of labor, &c.
As we look at it, the fact remains that there are numbers of negroes in the county, who will either have to get work or starve. Can they all get work? We think not. The merchants are not able to make the necessary advances for them all to rent lands. Many of our land owners have quit planting and gone into other departments of business. Most of them are not able to advance money to their tenants, nor can they employ them for wages.
In a country such as this, much labor is lost on planting by the common laborer, much money wasted and much debt incurred. Will not this gradual exodus change the character of our farming and bring our whole system to more business-like methods? We think it will. There is a plenty of labor and to spare in the country, and wherever there is a demand for labor, that labor will go. Cotton cannot be profitably made with high priced labor, and if labor becomes scarce, prices will rise. Our people will then be forced to make their own provisions and cotton afterward. Whatever they get will be bought for cash at low rates, and the small cotton crop will be more profit than the large one now is.

Simple Laws.
A prominent public officer of this State made a public address a few days ago, in which he criticised our laws and law-makers, because the laws are not simple enough for the people at large to understand them. Such talk is absurd, and the man who uttered it ought to know better. No government has ever devised a code of laws simple enough for the understanding of the people. So far as the letter of the law is concerned, that is simple enough; the workman, though so plain that the way-faring man, though a fool can run and read them—but they will be mere words to him. Persons will always be found ready to condemn the law, because they regard it as proceeding directly from the devil or, what is worse in their mind, the lawyers. But all countries have had their lawyers, and we have not reached an era sufficiently utopian to do without them. The opposition to lawyers became so pronounced at one time in the colonial days of Virginia that a law was enacted directing that any person who attempted to practice law should be fined a certain number of pounds of tobacco. The experiment proved its own absurdity, and it was soon decided that the good of society demands that certain men should devote their lives to the study of law that it may be wisely expounded.

Better Game.
We are delighted to note that Col. A. P. Butler is heartily interested in establishing a South Carolina Branch of the Southern Immigration Association, with Charleston as the port of entry. We are also glad to note that he is receiving every encouragement from those able to assist, especially from Gen. John B. Irvin, the member of the Executive committee from this State.
This is precisely what South Carolina needs to assist in working out the race problem, which stands like a roaring lion in our path. Six hundred and four thousand negroes versus three hundred and ninety one thousand Caucasians—this is the problem that we and our posterity must solve or sink under.
The Creator of the Universe is on our side; His peaceful agencies are now at work removing the negro from the State by so-called exoduses from each county. But that is not enough; we must help ourselves; we must provide for the grand army of Caucasian immigrants who are to close the gaps and set in motion additional implements of skill, whereby our industries will be diversified and the accursed all-cotton swept into oblivion.
No better place than Charleston can be chosen as the Southern Castle Garden. Let the good work proceed with all the moral and material aid that our citizenship can extend. This is an enterprise worthy of the Department of Agriculture, and in striking contrast with some of the very small game to which it has sacrificed its usefulness and impaired its influence.
At a meeting of temperance women on an old lady got up to give her experience: "I know something of the evils of rum," she said. "I have buried three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily, and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effect of liquor but, thanks to a kind providence, each death netted me a clean \$10,000."
"Yes," said the Deacon, "that cow is badly hurt and wouldn't bring \$5. But I shall get more for her. A party of small city fellows are coming down here to hunt, and I shall put her up in the scrub pine lot and tell them deer abound up there. Oh, she's as good as sold for \$50."

Is the Very Air Taxed?
When the American citizen awakens in the morning his eyes open upon the walls of the room covered with paper that is taxed 25 per cent. He throws off his blankets taxed 60 per cent, and steps from his bed, taxed 35 per cent, upon carpet taxed 74 per cent. He unrolls his window curtains, taxed 45 per cent, and looks out through glass taxed 80 per cent, to see how the weather is. Throwing off his night-shirt, taxed 45 per cent, he puts on his undershirt taxed 45 per cent, and vest, taxed 45 per cent, and pants taxed 48 per cent. Finding a button gone he has it sewed on with a needle taxed 25 per cent, and spool thread taxed 60 per cent. He arranges his hair with comb and brush taxed 30 per cent, and pares his finger nails, with a pocket knife taxed 50 per cent, or with cutters taxed 45 per cent. Feeling a little out of sorts he takes a dose of castor oil, taxed 102 per cent, from a goblet taxed 45 per cent. He shaves before a looking-glass taxed 60 per cent, with lather from soap taxed 31 per cent. He starts his fire in a stove taxed 45 per cent, and puts on the tea-kettle, taxed 50 per cent. He makes a light breakfast of mackerel, taxed 25 per cent, with rice, taxed 125 per cent, and salt taxed 36 per cent. For the cups and saucers and plates used on the table he is taxed 55 per cent, and he pays 45 per cent, on his knives and forks. The sugar he uses in his coffee is taxed 42 per cent. He adds a few pickles, as a relish, taxed 35 per cent, and his vinegar is taxed 26 per cent. If the tops off an orange he pays a tax of 20 per cent. His breakfast over, he smokes a cigar or cigarette taxed all the way from 75 to 200 per cent, according to quality, and prepares for daily duties. Put-

Where Are They?
Many people, when they read in the dispatches of Khartoum, Suakim, Tokar, Trinkit, El Obeid, Darfur, Kordofan, and so on, in the dispatches from Egypt about the loss of the Sudan, have only a very hazy idea of the geographical relations of the places named, and therefore cannot appreciate the significance of many of the dispatches. For the convenience of those who have not time to look up all these things in an atlas, it may be well to give a short statement of the position of the leading points mentioned in the daily news.
Khartoum is situated in the upper or Southern part of what used to be called Nubia, above the sixth cataract, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile. Southwest of it is the district of Kordofan, in which is situated the city of El Obeid, whence the Mahdi advanced toward Khartoum. Still to the West, several hundred miles is Darfur, a much larger territory than Kordofan and entirely within the boundaries of the Sudan proper.
Suakim, from which General Baker marched out the other day, is on the Red Sea, about half way between Suaz and Aden and over 400 miles Northeast of Khartoum. Tokar is just South of Suakim, also on the coast, and Trinkit is between the two. Suakim, where Tewfik Bey's army has been destroyed by the hostile forces, is near Suakim to the North. Southwest of those places, between them and the Nile, is the Bisharen Desert. The point on the Nile nearest Tokar is Berber, between the fifth and sixth cataracts and about 200 miles Northeast of Khartoum. It will be seen that communication between Khartoum, on the way to Khartoum, and Baker and Burnaby, headed in on the coast of the Red Sea, 300 miles or more away, is impossible.

What Our Editors Say.
In commenting upon the social rules and regulations existing in official circles at Washington, that paper says:
There is too much favor of privileged order and distinctions of class about it. Questions of precedence are repugnant to the whole spirit of our government. There is no real reason why the wife of any officer of our government should have any particular place or be accorded any official recognition beyond that which is given to any other woman equally well born and bred. Social distinctions on a basis of congeniality and fitness are all right, but when they are carried into classes and minutely divided by subtle and unfamiliar rules they become degraded, snobbish and ridiculous; when they are carried into the White House and officially sanctioned there they become dangerous. When the time comes that we have a class recognized as superior in rank to American gentlemen and gentlemen—and that class composed of office holders—the mission of the republican party will be entirely fulfilled. We will have a bastard monarchy and aristocracy possessing all the faults and none of the advantages of a real monarchy and aristocracy and all the evil and none of the good of a Republic.

The Negro Exodus.
It is reported that 400 negroes will soon leave the County for Arkansas, where they have contracted to work on cotton plantations, and it is said that fully one thousand will go. Some of the whites consider this a blessing, others put on long faces and talk about the depreciation of lands, scarcity of labor, &c.
As we look at it, the fact remains that there are numbers of negroes in the county, who will either have to get work or starve. Can they all get work? We think not. The merchants are not able to make the necessary advances for them all to rent lands. Many of our land owners have quit planting and gone into other departments of business. Most of them are not able to advance money to their tenants, nor can they employ them for wages.
In a country such as this, much labor is lost on planting by the common laborer, much money wasted and much debt incurred. Will not this gradual exodus change the character of our farming and bring our whole system to more business-like methods? We think it will. There is a plenty of labor and to spare in the country, and wherever there is a demand for labor, that labor will go. Cotton cannot be profitably made with high priced labor, and if labor becomes scarce, prices will rise. Our people will then be forced to make their own provisions and cotton afterward. Whatever they get will be bought for cash at low rates, and the small cotton crop will be more profit than the large one now is.

Simple Laws.
A prominent public officer of this State made a public address a few days ago, in which he criticised our laws and law-makers, because the laws are not simple enough for the people at large to understand them. Such talk is absurd, and the man who uttered it ought to know better. No government has ever devised a code of laws simple enough for the understanding of the people. So far as the letter of the law is concerned, that is simple enough; the workman, though so plain that the way-faring man, though a fool can run and read them—but they will be mere words to him. Persons will always be found ready to condemn the law, because they regard it as proceeding directly from the devil or, what is worse in their mind, the lawyers. But all countries have had their lawyers, and we have not reached an era sufficiently utopian to do without them. The opposition to lawyers became so pronounced at one time in the colonial days of Virginia that a law was enacted directing that any person who attempted to practice law should be fined a certain number of pounds of tobacco. The experiment proved its own absurdity, and it was soon decided that the good of society demands that certain men should devote their lives to the study of law that it may be wisely expounded.

Better Game.
We are delighted to note that Col. A. P. Butler is heartily interested in establishing a South Carolina Branch of the Southern Immigration Association, with Charleston as the port of entry. We are also glad to note that he is receiving every encouragement from those able to assist, especially from Gen. John B. Irvin, the member of the Executive committee from this State.
This is precisely what South Carolina needs to assist in working out the race problem, which stands like a roaring lion in our path. Six hundred and four thousand negroes versus three hundred and ninety one thousand Caucasians—this is the problem that we and our posterity must solve or sink under.
The Creator of the Universe is on our side; His peaceful agencies are now at work removing the negro from the State by so-called exoduses from each county. But that is not enough; we must help ourselves; we must provide for the grand army of Caucasian immigrants who are to close the gaps and set in motion additional implements of skill, whereby our industries will be diversified and the accursed all-cotton swept into oblivion.
No better place than Charleston can be chosen as the Southern Castle Garden. Let the good work proceed with all the moral and material aid that our citizenship can extend. This is an enterprise worthy of the Department of Agriculture, and in striking contrast with some of the very small game to which it has sacrificed its usefulness and impaired its influence.
At a meeting of temperance women on an old lady got up to give her experience: "I know something of the evils of rum," she said. "I have buried three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily, and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effect of liquor but, thanks to a kind providence, each death netted me a clean \$10,000."
"Yes," said the Deacon, "that cow is badly hurt and wouldn't bring \$5. But I shall get more for her. A party of small city fellows are coming down here to hunt, and I shall put her up in the scrub pine lot and tell them deer abound up there. Oh, she's as good as sold for \$50."

Is the Very Air Taxed?
When the American citizen awakens in the morning his eyes open upon the walls of the room covered with paper that is taxed 25 per cent. He throws off his blankets taxed 60 per cent, and steps from his bed, taxed 35 per cent, upon carpet taxed 74 per cent. He unrolls his window curtains, taxed 45 per cent, and looks out through glass taxed 80 per cent, to see how the weather is. Throwing off his night-shirt, taxed 45 per cent, he puts on his undershirt taxed 45 per cent, and vest, taxed 45 per cent, and pants taxed 48 per cent. Finding a button gone he has it sewed on with a needle taxed 25 per cent, and spool thread taxed 60 per cent. He arranges his hair with comb and brush taxed 30 per cent, and pares his finger nails, with a pocket knife taxed 50 per cent, or with cutters taxed 45 per cent. Feeling a little out of sorts he takes a dose of castor oil, taxed 102 per cent, from a goblet taxed 45 per cent. He shaves before a looking-glass taxed 60 per cent, with lather from soap taxed 31 per cent. He starts his fire in a stove taxed 45 per cent, and puts on the tea-kettle, taxed 50 per cent. He makes a light breakfast of mackerel, taxed 25 per cent, with rice, taxed 125 per cent, and salt taxed 36 per cent. For the cups and saucers and plates used on the table he is taxed 55 per cent, and he pays 45 per cent, on his knives and forks. The sugar he uses in his coffee is taxed 42 per cent. He adds a few pickles, as a relish, taxed 35 per cent, and his vinegar is taxed 26 per cent. If the tops off an orange he pays a tax of 20 per cent. His breakfast over, he smokes a cigar or cigarette taxed all the way from 75 to 200 per cent, according to quality, and prepares for daily duties. Put-

Where Are They?
Many people, when they read in the dispatches of Khartoum, Suakim, Tokar, Trinkit, El Obeid, Darfur, Kordofan, and so on, in the dispatches from Egypt about the loss of the Sudan, have only a very hazy idea of the geographical relations of the places named, and therefore cannot appreciate the significance of many of the dispatches. For the convenience of those who have not time to look up all these things in an atlas, it may be well to give a short statement of the position of the leading points mentioned in the daily news.
Khartoum is situated in the upper or Southern part of what used to be called Nubia, above the sixth cataract, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile. Southwest of it is the district of Kordofan, in which is situated the city of El Obeid, whence the Mahdi advanced toward Khartoum. Still to the West, several hundred miles is Darfur, a much larger territory than Kordofan and entirely within the boundaries of the Sudan proper.
Suakim, from which General Baker marched out the other day, is on the Red Sea, about half way between Suaz and Aden and over 400 miles Northeast of Khartoum. Tokar is just South of Suakim, also on the coast, and Trinkit is between the two. Suakim, where Tewfik Bey's army has been destroyed by the hostile forces, is near Suakim to the North. Southwest of those places, between them and the Nile, is the Bisharen Desert. The point on the Nile nearest Tokar is Berber, between the fifth and sixth cataracts and about 200 miles Northeast of Khartoum. It will be seen that communication between Khartoum, on the way to Khartoum, and Baker and Burnaby, headed in on the coast of the Red Sea, 300 miles or more away, is impossible.

What Our Editors Say.
In commenting upon the social rules and regulations existing in official circles at Washington, that paper says:
There is too much favor of privileged order and distinctions of class about it. Questions of precedence are repugnant to the whole spirit of our government. There is no real reason why the wife of any officer of our government should have any particular place or be accorded any official recognition beyond that which is given to any other woman equally well born and bred. Social distinctions on a basis of congeniality and fitness are all right, but when they are carried into classes and minutely divided by subtle and unfamiliar rules they become degraded, snobbish and ridiculous; when they are carried into the White House and officially sanctioned there they become dangerous. When the time comes that we have a class recognized as superior in rank to American gentlemen and gentlemen—and that class composed of office holders—the mission of the republican party will be entirely fulfilled. We will have a bastard monarchy and aristocracy possessing all the faults and none of the advantages of a real monarchy and aristocracy and all the evil and none of the good of a Republic.

The Negro Exodus.
It is reported that 400 negroes will soon leave the County for Arkansas, where they have contracted to work on cotton plantations, and it is said that fully one thousand will go. Some of the whites consider this a blessing, others put on long faces and talk about the depreciation of lands, scarcity of labor, &c.
As we look at it, the fact remains that there are numbers of negroes in the county, who will either have to get work or starve. Can they all get work? We think not. The merchants are not able to make the necessary advances for them all to rent lands. Many of our land owners have quit planting and gone into other departments of business. Most of them are not able to advance money to their tenants, nor can they employ them for wages.
In a country such as this, much labor is lost on planting by the common laborer, much money wasted and much debt incurred. Will not this gradual exodus change the character of our farming and bring our whole system to more business-like methods? We think it will. There is a plenty of labor and to spare in the country, and wherever there is a demand for labor, that labor will go. Cotton cannot be profitably made with high priced labor, and if labor becomes scarce, prices will rise. Our people will then be forced to make their own provisions and cotton afterward. Whatever they get will be bought for cash at low rates, and the small cotton crop will be more profit than the large one now is.

Simple Laws.
A prominent public officer of this State made a public address a few days ago, in which he criticised our laws and law-makers, because the laws are not simple enough for the people at large to understand them. Such talk is absurd, and the man who uttered it ought to know better. No government has ever devised a code of laws simple enough for the understanding of the people. So far as the letter of the law is concerned, that is simple enough; the workman, though so plain that the way-faring man, though a fool can run and read them—but they will be mere words to him. Persons will always be found ready to condemn the law, because they regard it as proceeding directly from the devil or, what is worse in their mind, the lawyers. But all countries have had their lawyers, and we have not reached an era sufficiently utopian to do without them. The opposition to lawyers became so pronounced at one time in the colonial days of Virginia that a law was enacted directing that any person who attempted to practice law should be fined a certain number of pounds of tobacco. The experiment proved its own absurdity, and it was soon decided that the good of society demands that certain men should devote their lives to the study of law that it may be wisely expounded.

Better Game.
We are delighted to note that Col. A. P. Butler is heartily interested in establishing a South Carolina Branch of the Southern Immigration Association, with Charleston as the port of entry. We are also glad to note that he is receiving every encouragement from those able to assist, especially from Gen. John B. Irvin, the member of the Executive committee from this State.
This is precisely what South Carolina needs to assist in working out the race problem, which stands like a roaring lion in our path. Six hundred and four thousand negroes versus three hundred and ninety one thousand Caucasians—this is the problem that we and our posterity must solve or sink under.
The Creator of the Universe is on our side; His peaceful agencies are now at work removing the negro from the State by so-called exoduses from each county. But that is not enough; we must help ourselves; we must provide for the grand army of Caucasian immigrants who are to close the gaps and set in motion additional implements of skill, whereby our industries will be diversified and the accursed all-cotton swept into oblivion.
No better place than Charleston can be chosen as the Southern Castle Garden. Let the good work proceed with all the moral and material aid that our citizenship can extend. This is an enterprise worthy of the Department of Agriculture, and in striking contrast with some of the very small game to which it has sacrificed its usefulness and impaired its influence.
At a meeting of temperance women on an old lady got up to give her experience: "I know something of the evils of rum," she said. "I have buried three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily, and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effect of liquor but, thanks to a kind providence, each death netted me a clean \$10,000."
"Yes," said the Deacon, "that cow is badly hurt and wouldn't bring \$5. But I shall get more for her. A party of small city fellows are coming down here to hunt, and I shall put her up in the scrub pine lot and tell them deer abound up there. Oh, she's as good as sold for \$50."

Is the Very Air Taxed?
When the American citizen awakens in the morning his eyes open upon the walls of the room covered with paper that is taxed 25 per cent. He throws off his blankets taxed 60 per cent, and steps from his bed, taxed 35 per cent, upon carpet taxed 74 per cent. He unrolls his window curtains, taxed 45 per cent, and looks out through glass taxed 80 per cent, to see how the weather is. Throwing off his night-shirt,