"Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

### Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

The Watchman and Southron | LIFE OR DEATH.

Published every Tuesday,

N. G. OSTEEN, SUMTER, S. C.

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BY THE LATE HUGH CONWAY,

CHAPTER IV. It was early in May. The Academy had been open about a week-long enough for the newspaper critics to tell the public what it ought to admire. Strange to say, this year the critics were unanimous in bestowing their highest praises on a piece of statuary; and a great future for the sculptor was

As the bulk of the good people who pay their shillings at the turnstiles care little about statues, one which attracts general attention must be either a very great one or a very tricky one-as a rule the latter.

Yet, No. 1,460 in the catalogue appealed to no one by cheap sentiment or sensational treatment. It was out the lightly-draped figure of a beautiful girl. One just in the first flush of womanhood. She was in the act of stepping hastily forward. Her arms were extended as if to welcome, perhaps embrace, some one who was coming toward her. Her face bore a smile of eager delight. The grace, the lightness, the life of the figure arrested each passerby. The fall of the drapery, the position of each wellrounded limb, conveyed the idea of rapid she was doomed to remain forever in one fixed attitude. The stock remark of the spectators was that in a minute they expected to see her at the other side of the

This statue bore no distinguishing title, but those persons who turned to their catalogues found, under the number and the artist's name, a few words of poetry:

Her hands outstretched To greet the new love; while her feet Tread, scornful, on the old love's gifts. After reading this one turned, of course, p her feet, and found that one of them was treading on flowers-roses and large star-

shaped blossoms Several people, while admiring the statue. fancied they had somewhere seen the original of that beautiful face; but, save the sculptor, only one, James Herbert, knew the truth. He cursed Leigh's impertinence, but was too wise to take any notice of it. Yet he determined to keep Eugenia from the Academy if possible.

She was in town, and in a week's time was to be married to Sir Ralph. Two months after Mrs. Cathcart had taken her niece abroad the baronet joined them and renewed his proposals, this time with suc-cess. The girl stipulated that the marriage should not take place until the spring. The truth is, she wanted some months' delay in order to get rid of the memories of Gerall Leigh, and by the time she returned to England flattered herself she had successfully completed the operation.

She hal in the last few days heard some talk about the statue, but had steadfastly kept her eyes from the art criticisms, fearing to see Gerald's name. Nevertheless, she wished to visit the Academy, and was surprised when James Herbert, now amiability itself, refused to take her there." "You mustn't go this year," he said: "that fellow's statue is creating quite a

"Well, what of that?" asked Eugenia, "He has had bad taste enough to represent you. The likeness is unmistakable. It is a maudlin thing-a girl deserting her old | smile expressed. Gathering her skirts to-

better not go." Engenia said no more: but all day long she was thinking of her brother's words and longing to see what Gerald had wrought. That evening she dined out. At the table were several persons who worshipped art, and half a second, then with wonderful lightness

Engenia's cheek burned as she heard the praise bestowed on the new sculptor and the great future prophesied for him. Had she after all, been wrong? Would it not have been better to have followed the mandates of her heart? Had she not been weak and mercenary? No matter; it was too late now to repent. Poor Gerald! She must see this wonderful image of berself.

Early the next morning, quietly dressed and veiled, she went along to Burlington House. Like many others, she stood transfixed by the beauty and grace of her prototype; but, unlike others, she knew the meanng of the statue, knew the mute reproach it conveyed, knew why the marble foot trod upon those particular flowers. She had never told him the fate of his boyish gift, but Gerald had often and often re-called the first meeting with her. Eugenia's heart swelled as she remembered his brave words and confidence in bimself-how sure he felt of success. He had, indeed, suc-

ceeded, but the first great work from his hands was a memento of his love for a faithless woman-herself. Sir Ralph Norgate, her impending marriage, her brother's disdain and the world's sneers were forgotten as she gazed on that repreaching figure wrought by the man she loved, but did not love enough. Tears were in her eyes. She might have stood for an hour heedless of all save her sad thoughts, had not the mention of Gerald Leigh's name

brought her back to the fact that she was surrounded by people. Two gentlemen were at her side. They were talking of the work and the sculptor. One of them she know. He was a lord, famons for his love of art and encouragement

of rising artista "I tried to buy it," he said, "but found it was not for sale." "Commercially speaking," said his com-

panion, "it is as well you cannot buy it." "Why? The man must go to the top of his profession." "I think not. Indeed, my belief is he will do little more. I have inquired about him.

He does not live the life a genius must live,

in these days, if he wants to succeed." "I am sorry to hear it," said Lord moving away. Miss Herbert left the Academy with an echo of Gerald's extravagant statement that life or death hung upon her love sounding in her ears. The conversation she had overheard distressed her greatly. The thought that her treachery had ruined a life full of promise would not be dismissed. She spent a most miserable day, and its misery was not diminished by the truth,

which she could no longer conceal from herself, that she still loved Gerald. She loved him more than ever. Too late! Too late! And Eugenia Herbert wept, as many others have wept, that the past could not be un-Sir Ralph Norgate and James Herbert dined that day at Mrs. Cathcart's. Their society was little comfort to Eugenia. She felt now that she hatel her lover-hated his polite, hollow society ways and expressions-hated that blass look which so often settled on his face. She had never care! for him. Their love making had been of a

frigid kind-not, be it said, by Sir Ralph's wish. He was proud of, and perhaps really fond of the beautiful girl he had bought; so it was scarcely fair that Eugenia should compare his polite wooing with that of the impassioned boy's, which recked no obstacles-heeded no consequences. Oh, if Geraid were a baronet and rich!

Miss Herbert at that moment hated her brother. Bitterly as she blamed herself, she felt that something he had said, done or designed had induced her to refrain from answering Gerald's letter. If only she had

Her bitter thoughts made it impossible for her to sit out the dinner. Very soon she pleaded headache and went toher own room to resume her self-revilings. She made no further attempt to banish Gerald from her thoughts. She lived again every moment the system, and thus becomes the great blood she had spent in his company—heard again renewer and health restorer." dered as the dismal words, "Life or death," seemed echoing through her ears. If she could undo the past!

Why not? The thought rushed through her. What hindered her to, save the false gods to whom she had bent! She was still legally free. Gerald was in the same town. Why should she heed her friends? Why trouble as to what people would think or sence. Presently she cried: "Ah, made-say? By one bold step she could right moiselle, this is dull for you—see, I will everything. If to-morrow-nay, this very dance to you," and therewith she raised herhour—she went to Geraid and bade him take | self on her toes and went pirouetting round | her and hold her against all, she knew he her captive, humming the while an air of

would do so. He would forgive. To him her action would not seem bold or unmaidenly. In his eyes she would rank as high as ever; and what matters the rest? To-morrow they might be miles away, and the bliss of being Gerald's wife might well compensate for what people would say about her conduct. She herself could forget all, save that she was now bound forever to the

man she loved. She would do it. With feverish impatience she threw off her rich dress and wrapped herself in a plain cloak. She put on the prettiest hat she could find, stole down stairs, and was out of the house before second thoughts had time to bring irresolution. Her heart beat wildly. She hailed a cab and was driven to Nelson studios. On the way she remembered it was an unlikely hour to find an artist in his studio, but, nevertheless, now she had set

out, resolved to complete her journey. She walked quickly to Gerald's door. She knocked softly, but met with no response. She dared not wait longer outside. The pictured consequences of her rash act were assuming tremendous proportions in her brain. Another minute's delay and she must leave the spot, never to return. She turned the handle of the door and entered

Now, Miss Herbert's half-formed plan of action, when she found herself face to face with her ill-treated lover, had been something like this: She would walk up to him and simply say, "Gerald, I am come." The rest must be left to him, but she believed, in spite of her weakness and treachery, he

would freely forgive her all. Gerald was not in the studio. The gas was half turned down and the clay casts on the wall looked grim and spectral. But if Gerald was not in the room it was still inhabited. On a low couch-a couch covered by a rich Oriental rug-lay a woman fast

In after years, Eugenia, speaking to herself of that moment, could only describe her feelings by the old image of a sword passing through the heart. She turned to fly the place, but as she turned she was seized by an overwhelming impulse. At all risk she must see the sleeper. The truth is, she was now a prey to a second passion, which some

say is stronger than that of love. She crept across the room and gazad on the sleeper. Even by the dim gaslight she knew that she gazed on beauty before which her own must pale. The woman might have been some five years older than herself, and these wonderful charms were at their zenith. The rich, elear, warm color on the cheek, the long black lashes, the arched and perfect eyebrows, told of southern lands. The full, voluptuous figure, the shapely; rounded arms, the red lips, the soft, creamy neck-before these the heart of a man would rnn as wax before a fire. Eugenia, seeking her lover, found this woman in his stead!

familiar to her. Well might it be. In London. Paris, everywhere, she had seen it in the shop windows. There were few people in France or England who had not heard the name of Mile. Carlotta, singer, dancer, darling of opera bouffe, whose adventures and amours were notorious, who had ruined more men than she could count on the fingers of her fair hands.

Eugenia recognized her, and her smile of scorn deepened. The sight of a half emptied champagne bottle close to the sleepera half smoked cigarette lying on the floor just as it had fallen from her fingers, added nothing to the contempt Miss Herbert's love, or some such nonsense. Still, you'd gether to avoid any chance of contamination by touch, she was preparing to leave the studio as noiselessly as she had entered it, when, suddenly, the sleeper awoke. Awole without say warning. Simply opened her splendid dark eyes, stared for

> and agility sprang to her feet. "Que faites vous la? Why are you here?" she cried. Without a word Eugenia moved towards the door. Mile. Carlotta was before her. She turned the key and placed her back

> against the door. "Doucement! doucement! ma belle," she said. "Permit the to know who honors me with a visit?"

"I wish to see Mr. Leigh. I suppose he is out. Be good enough to let me pass." "Are you a model, then? But, no, models look not as you look."

"I am not a model" "Not! fidonc! You are, perhaps, one of those young misses who write Geraldo latters of love. Als bonne heare? I wish to see one of them-moi." With a sancy smile, Carlotta pocketed the key, turned up the gas and commenced a cool scrutiny of har prisoner. Eugenia



Mile. Carlotta was before her.

"Oui, vous etes belle, ma chere-belle,

mais flonde, and Geraldo, he loves not the

blonde." "Let me pass," said Eugenia, stamping Her tormentor laughed, but not ill-temperedly. "He will soon be here," she said mockingly. "Surely mademoiselle will wait. He will be enchanted to see one of

the young misses." Mile. Carlotta, when not injured, was not vindictive or unkindly; but she was as mischievous as a monkey. No doubt, having teased the girl to her satisfaction, she would have soon released her, but it bappened that Eugenia turned her head and for the first time the light shone full upon her face. Her jailer started. She sprang towards her, seized her arm and dragged her across the room. Still bolding her captive, she tore down a sheet and revealed the clay model of the statue which had made Gerald famous. She looked from the lifeless to the

living face, then burst into a peal of derisive laughter. Engenia's secret was discovered. "Hal ha! ha! The young miss that Geraldo loved. The one who threw him away for a rich lover! Yet she wished to see him again-so at night she comes. Ah, madenioisalle, you have w-r-r-recked him, c-r-r-ushed him, r-r-ruined him, still would see him. Good, good; it is now his turn. My Geraldo shall bave revenge—revenge!" Eugenia, thoroughly arouse I, commanded her to let her ge. Carlotta laughed in her face, was even ill-bred enough to snap her fingers and pose out ber tongue at her prisoner. Eugenia humbled herself and implored her by their common womanhood. Carlotta laughed the louder. Eugenia appealed to her venality and tried to bribe her. Carlotta lowered her black eyebrows and scowled, but laughed louder than ever. "He will come very soon," was all she said. "He will not stop long away from me-Car-

Miss Herbert was at her wit's end. Yet, even through the shame of the situation. the anguish of her heart made itself jelt. After having wrought herself up to make such a secritice, such an atonement, it was pitiable to find Gerald no better than the rest of his sex! She sank upon a chair, longing for release, yet dreading to hear the

stop which would herald it. Half an hour passed. Mile. Carlotta whiled it away by emptying a glass of champagne, smoking a cigarette and making comments on Gerald's prolonged abOffenbach's. Her dress was long, but she managed it with marvellous skill, and Eugenia, while loathing, could not help watching her with a sort of fascination. She was as agile as a panther-every attitude was full of grace, every gesture allur-

Suddenly she stopped short. Her great eyes sparkled even more brightly. She glanced at her victim. "Hist," she said. "I hear him. I know his step. He comes."
A moment afterward the door was tried, Eugenia covered her face with her hands. Sae knew not what the woman meant to do or to say, but she felt that her crowning shame was at hand. Yet her heart beat at the thought of seeing Gerald once more, and a wild idea of forgiveness on either side passed through her.

Mile. Carlossa turnel down the gas, unlocked the door, and, as it opened, threw herself into the arms of the newcomer. Eugenia heard the sound of kisses given and returned, and her heart grew like stone. "Geraldo, mon ami," she heard the dencer say in passionate tones, "dis moi, que tu m'aimes-que tu m'aimes toujours!" "Je l'adore, ma belle-tu es ravissante!" "Tell me in your own dear barbarous tongue. Swear it to me in English." "I swear it, my beautiful gypsy. I love

you."
"Me only?" "You only," and Eugenia heard him kiss her again and again. "Dis done, my Goraldo. You love me more than the pale-faced miss who scorned you?" He laughed a wild, unpleasant sounding laugh.

"Why not? You can love or say you can

love. She was the changeable white moon-

you are the glorious southern sun. She was ice-you are fire. Better be burned to death than to die of cold and starvation. Men have worshipped you-men have died for you. I love you." They came into the room. His arm was round her. Her radiant face rested on his shoulder. Again and again he kissed those

beautiful lips. His eyes were only for her and saw not Eugenia. Miss Herbert rose. Her face was as white



as her marble prototype's. She might have passed out unobserved by Gerald; but Mile. her and Gerald-turned and saw Eugenia. vision—then she was gone. With a wild cry he turned to follow her, but the woman him. She was strong, and for some moments detained him. Her resistance madgened him. With a fierce oath he grasped her round arms and tore them from his

She was walking swiftly along the road. He soon reached her side; but, although aware of his presence, she neither spoke nor | South Carolina has increased a hun-

hearsely. She made no reply-only walked the

"Tell me why you come?" he said. "I will never leave you until you answer ma." She turned and looked at bim. Fresh from that scene in the studio-with those words still ringing in her ears—even the great by a casting vote in 1816, but a change she saw in his face did not move her measure framed independently of

"I came," she said, "on the eve of my to the last protective tariff passed to marriage, to ask forgiveness of a man whom I fancied I had wronged I am glad I came. provide revenue for the war. Mas-I found him happy and in society after his sachusetts and New Hampshire

Her voice was cold and contemptations. He quivered beneath her scorn. At that | moment a cab passel. Eugonia called it. "Leave me," she said to Gerald. "Leave | into the hands of certain Eastern men me. Our paths in life shall cross no more." He grasped her wrist. "Do you dare to the growth and progress of the West. reproach me? You! Eagenia, I told you

"Life or death!" she repeated. "Death, this instance they found they were. at any rate, seems made very sweet to They were outwitted by New York, Still holding her wrist, he looked into her

down to her ear. "Yes, death," he said, in a sclemn whis- their own States they could. This per; "but the moral and spiritual death His hand left her wrist. He turnel and, the trade. Webster, when twitted

without a word, strole away. Whither? with being a Protectionist, retorted Even as Tanuhauser returned to the Venus- that the Eastern men had been forced berg, so Gerald Leigh returned to his studio for herself and Gerald. Wept for the ance of the policy. While Kentucky shame she had endured. Wept for the use was forcing protection on Massachu-Wept for the life before her and for a man's setts she was sending representatives

future and career wrecked by her weakness, of free trade to both Houses. Refer-The next week she married Sir Ralph ring to South Carolina, the speaker Norgate. The ceremony was surrounded hoped the time had come when she by befitting splendor. Yet, even at the altar, Gerald Leigh's pale, passionate face could afford to recognize the misrose before her, and she knew it would take Calhoun made in supposing pever leave her thoughts. She leved him slavery to be the secret of her suc-

them, so took them with her and perused them as she went north with her husband. turn for the Massachusetts conversion Among them was one in a strange hand-"For your sake he struck me-Carlotta! the rights of man during the war. writing. It ran thus:

many letters. She had no time to read

But he came back to me and is mine again. The lesson South Carolina is now Him I forgive, not you. We go abroad to teaching Massachusetts is one of gether to warm, summy lands. Some day broad scope and of larger rightswe shall quarrel and part. Then I shall remember you and take my revenge. How? That busband for whom you deserted Ger- he will to buy or sell what he will aid. I shall take from you."

and threw the pieces out of the carriage

soon have been set at rest.

"He is dead. He died for your sake, not ment, and we are apt to be swamped on to abolish the new slavery." mine. Your name, not mine, was on his lips. Look to yourseif. I am coming to by them, for they carry with them so

Then Mile. Carlotta, more beautiful, more | States it was laid down that all men | enticing, more audacious than ever, came in this country should be equal, en-

For some months it had been whispered in joy equal rights and the same gov-For some months it had been whispered in society that Sir Ralph Norgate was not so ernment. Yet it was only twenty There are at least five policy or lot- port. Under no other circumstances perfect a husband as such a wife as Eugenia years ago that we succeeded in rid- tery establishments in Charleston, can there be a lawful choice by the appearance the whispers grew louder, the slavery, and not without using the numbers of other gambling dens of Hence, the Register has at all times statements more circumstantial. Eugenia caught an echo of them and smiled disdain-

malicious triumph at the pale lady who encounter too much, even for his cynicism. to be the sure corner-stone of Ameri- would be infinitely more to their He was bound to speak. "The blackguard!" ..e said. "Eut, Eu-

genia, I don't think I would have a divorce

or a separation. It makes such a scandal."

"it is a matter of perfect indifference to me," she said, coldly. She spoke the truth. Carlotta's romantic vengeance was an utter failure. Lady Norgate and her husband were, in truth, no further apart than they had been for many months. Eugenia was indifferent. And, as time goes on, grows more and more so. Indifferent to wealth, indifferent to rank, to pleasure, even to pain! She cherishes nothing, cares for nothing, save the remembrance that she was once loved

by Gerald Leigh—that he bade her give him life or death—that although she gave him death he died with her name on his lips. Mr. Arlo Bates tells, in The Providence Journal, a story illustrating the extremes to which the worship of literary greatness has at times gone in Boston, whatever may be its present state. In the latter part of

failed somewhat, his daughter came into his library one morning, and found him entertaining a stranger, a Boston woman. As miss Ellen entered, the sage looked up with an expression of hopeless bewilderment. "Ellen," he said, "I wish you would attend to this lady; she wants some of my clothes." Trained by the experience to the vagaries of the lion hunting female, Miss Emerson was yet Carolina objected, but the mother country vetoed our import tax on slaves, and so continued the unholy rather taken aback by this somewhat ham Lincoln signed the proclamation rather taken aback by this somewhat startling announcement; but the visitor proceeded to a voluble explanation that she was a making a "drawn-in" rug, "a poets rug," made of poets' cast off clothing. Mr. Longfellow had given her an old shirt, and "if Mr. Emerson had a pair of worn-out pants—" Whether she got the trousers report sayeth not, but surely such ingenuity of impertinence desarras some rew rd. of freedom our soil was stained with slaves most of the Southern slaveowners gloomily predicted that cot-

Col. J. J. Dargan Before the Brooklyn Club.

ton planting must cease if slavery

were abolished. Cotton was king and

There is no possible chance of a

From the Brooklyn, N. Y. Eagle, March 20. L small audience gathered in the of South Carolina, on the "Parallel hundred acres in cotton, in his State. twined her arms around him and restrained | Since the act of emancipation, however, he has adopted a system of community of interest between his colored work-people and himself, which, neck, throwing her away with such force he says, he finds works much better that she fell upon the floor. Then he rushed than the wages system. He em: pleys colored labor exclusively, and finds that now the cotton crop in dred fold with free labor, aided, in "What brought you here?" he said, part, by improved mechanical con-

Mr. Thomas G. Sherman, in intro-

ducing the speaker, made a brief his-

torical survey of the tariff from the first protective tariff measure passed any idea of deriving revenue, down and the very-corner stone of Ameri- of the assemblage. can civilization. The old arguments used half a century ago by the profought side by side against the growslavery advocates are used still; but ing influence of protection, which was coming from the West, and playing whose avowed policy it was to retard Yankees are seldom outwitted, but in slavery was abolished. Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, eyes in a strange, hopeless way. He saw nothing in them to help him. Be leaned adopting protection as far as possible and making all the money out of they did by controlling the cream of to adopt the measure, and certainly the money with which the tax is paid. upon a single question. Eugenia wept all the way home. Wept did not mean to ask for a discontinu- The people work two-thirds for themselves and one-third for the protection of classes. This is slavery and who seek to perpetuate oppressive taxation. Protection is as certainly ccss. The time has come when South and a shocking wrong to all other in-Carolina has a mission to teach Massachusetts a lesson in freedom in reof South Carolina to the doctrine of South Carolina to speak out and let ing with all their might. the world know what a horrible institution slavery was. We owe it to the cause of justice and truth and to that man should be able to go where the welfare of mankind the world so long as he does no harm to his Eugenia's lip curled. She tore the letter fellow-man. He must accept the lesand the pieces out of the carriage son of the war as teaching the value window.

Son of the war as teaching the value phasize our abhorrence of the institution and of the arguments by which coinage under the Bland Act should be listlessly turning the leaves of a society journal. Although she was a great and fashionable lady, she was often listless, and found life rather a dreery proceeding. She their incorruptibility when in Confound life rather a dreery proceeding. She was often listless, and found life rather a dreery proceeding. She their incorruptibility when in Confound life rather a dreery proceeding. She was often listless, and the country needed. found life rather a dreary proceeding. She read to-day among the theritrical notes that Mile. Carlotta, the divine opera bonife active of the South ever suspected of trees, was engaged to appear next month at the Frivolity. Although the woman's absurd threat was unleeded, if not forgotted, the first term of the North. At least term in the read to the American Union. Nullification and secession are neither of them the products of her mind. She loves freedom, and not slavery; the country should use only gold as a metallic currency. No vote has yet the close of his remarks Mr. absurd threat was unheeded, in not forgotten, her name recalled too vivirily the most painful episode in Lady Norgate's life. Sentatives of the North. At least three members from Northern States turned to another part of the paper and read that the gentleman who committed suicide under such distressing circumstances at Monaco, had now been identified. He was Mr. Gerald Leigh, the sculptor, whose first important work attracted so much attention two years ago. It was hinted that his pression for a well-known actress would and would not if it could. We

would and would not if it could. We George, "that Mr. Dargan is a of his cell and was found dead by a was the cause of the rash deed.

Lady Norgate dropped the paper and covered her face with her hands. He had spoken truly. Her love meant life or death, that she believed or troubled about the swindling schemes of our corrupt legislators. Present reckless legislation is going far beyond the paper and of his cell and was found dead by a deputy who visited him a half hour after having placed him in a cell by less legislation is going far beyond to tall heartly must, in recipion, as all heartly must, in recipion, and discovered her face with her hands, the had deputy who visited him a half hour after having placed him in a cell by less legislation is going far beyond the recommendation of the closest drive the closes ventured to tell herself it was true that the line of necessity, and we are in the line of necessity, and we are in the line of necessity are linear and the line of necessity are linear and the l Gerald hal forgotten her and Carlotta was responsible for his death, her mind would responsible for his death, her mind would would responsible for his death, her mind would responsible for his deat

The Kershaw County Poor House is many other men. The speaker then a dilapidated building with two rooms Lady Norgate would cherich those words forever. Poor comfort as it was, they told and between abolition and free trade. the place in which they live is enough All that is required now is to carry it interest in each other.—[Washington ber that Gerald had loved her to the last. In the Constitution of the United to sicken any one."

New Series-Vol. V. No. 35. What Our Editors Say.

might rightly expect. After Carlotta's re- ding our Government of the brand of which make two drawings daily, besides people of their own public servants. iron hands of war, shedding oceans of various denominations which are sapping advocated the primary system as essenblood and sacrificing life. But an- the earnings of the working classes, tial to anything like a proper represen-Then the name of Carlotta's new victim other form of slavery has since fasten. These concerns are carried on in open tative government. broad daylight, seated side by side with the tion of the war. The war was de- compelled to pay taxes for the privilege. this, and nothing but this, will the peosiron. The man had the grace to turn his clared and fought to secure the libe- If some of the papers over in the city ple consent to take. head away, but Carlotta shot a glanco of ration of the black man; but it gave would expose and denounce these dens, rise to another form of slavery for even if they devote less time to uprootpassed without a quiver of the lip. James lise to another form of slavery for even if they devote less time to approximately the white man. Good men argued it ling negro churches and barber-shops, it

can slavery, and it is now almost credit. unanimously agreed that abolition Laurensville Herald. was not a too dearly purchased free-Strikes among railroad employees, esdom. Many, like the speaker, com- pecially, seem to be the order of the pared free trade with abolition, and day in the Southwest and elsewhere. now hoped that oppression and injus- The Knights of Labor organization tice would be put down because it seems to be at the bottom of the movewas their wrong. Free traders adopt ment. While sympathizing with skillthe arguments of the abolitionists and ed labor and all other kinds of labor, the pro-slavery men adopt the argu- | we deprecate the methods resorted to by ments of protection. It is inevitable, the Knights of Labor to remedy alleged it is clearly to be seen by those who grievances. If complaints are well will look, that the fight for free founded, some other means should be trade will be crowned as was the adopted than wholesale strikes and boyfight for abolition. A study of the cotting. The average laborer must sufarguments pro and con, abolition and fer in the end. If wages are oppresfree trade, will be found of peculiar sively low there are certainly better interest. Many years ago, yet with methods of relief than those in question. in living memory, England and New Whether just or otherwise, whenever Mr. Emerson's life, when his mind had | England found the business of cap- labor undertakes to fight capital turing wild Africans, shipping them through doubtful or impracticable to America, and then selling them to means the former must succumb to the be very profitable. Earlier yet South latter.

The Commission. Our neighbor asks, 'Can anyone tell what has become of the South Carolina traffic. From that time until Abra- Railroad Commission?' Probably they have gone into the rear coach to consuit in regard to the importance of what this wrong. He recollected well that the South Carolina Governor said to the just before the proclamation freed the North Carolina executive.

Clarendon Enterprise. We hear it mooted that this farmers' quence in the desire for the right, and in their stead to place live, ener- children as comfortable as possible. trade, by the Hon. John. J. Dargan, South Carolina now acknowledged getic men. Of course no rupture of the Such devotion did not go unrewarded. his courage and foresight, and regard- Democratic ranks can be intended, for The blind man proposed and was seism of Negro Slavery and Protected him as worthy the highest honors the farmers and those interested in this cepted. He married the faithful girl. tion," delivered under the auspices memory can place upon him. He movement embrace at least nine-tenths Two children were the result of their passed out unobserved by Gerald; but falls, of the Brooklyn Revenue Reform too was a rebel of the deepest dye, of the Democratic voters in the State. union. During his years of blindness Club. Mr. Dargan was formerly a be it remembered. Liberty has now At present we are decidedly in favor of the sightless man never lost hopes that He had but time to realize it was no slave-owner, cultivating about five but to take one more step forward this movement, but we anxiously await some day he might again look into the -- there need be no war this time the action of the State Convention, to beauties of nature and the loved enes

in abolishing the white slavery. see what will be their declared policy. war over free trade because the Hampton Guardian. people are at present divided on the question in every State of the two-thirds of the entire ballot of the cessful, and he from whom the light of Union. We are now tired of State and pay a greater portion of the day had been shut out so many years. war, and tired of the implacable patriots of the North and South who other class to rout the Radical robbers self with joy. A friend, who was at cannot see that the war is ended. and place honest men in office. Their once recognized, came, leading a lady The free trade battle will be fought pursuit is the basis of all others, and is by the hand. out with ballots, not bullets. Our a most noble vocation. They are enpresent tariff was imposed to obtain titled to a respectful hearing-in fact, revenue to carry on the war; the they can compel it. What the outcome people bore the imposition cheerfully of this convention will be remains to be for the purposes of the war. We seen. We suppose the reduction of have become so accustomed to this taxes, laws in the interest of farmers,

Seneca Free Press. despite those old arguments slavery attributed to the farmers who have been had to go. The ruin which was in the Legislature. There is a good alive. The husband seems as well as promised and prophesied before slav- deal of solid lying about that thing. he ever did, and is now in business is ery was abolished failed to appear, There are not so many genuine farmers this city. - Cincinnati Sun. but instead we have happiness and in the Legislature as are reported to be. freedom. Instead of a stoppage of A man who owns a farm, runs three cotton planting it has doubled since stores, owns forty shares in a factory, and then practices law or medicine out But the tariff which made the abo. of benevolence (?) is no farmer. Belition of slavery possible now con- sides, the few genuine farmers in our tinues and is used for the mainten- recent Legislature were sent there for ance and support of a private various purposes. They had no unity enterprise at the cost of another pri- of design, no concert of action. Some vate enterprise. It has become a of them have been sent there not for curse, and has reduced the white any known or even presumed legislapeople to a degree of slavery meas- tive ability; they have been elected ured by the work necessary to earn because they represent certain factions

S. C. Advocate. The United States Congress outgoes it cannot stand. So surely as we Dickens's British 'Circumlocation Ofhurled slavery from us so surely is fice' in exemplifying the great business the doom of protection approaching. principle, 'How not to do it.' It has They forfeit their country's gratitude taken the two houses three months to get settled in their seats, and now three more will be consumed in getting out of a curse as a protection to industry them and going home. Meantime the country looks anxiously to see some dustries that it does not protect. little matters of finance, tariff, civil-Protectionists may make up their service, etc., disposed of. The Demominds to pass into history with the crats are doing an immense amount of advocates of slavery. It is due to nothing, and the Republicans are help-

Carolina Sportan. The silver question is now up for discussion in the House. Mr. Tillman over and the American people, believes in using gold and silver both as whom we have so greatly wronged, a basis for our currency. Mr. James,

responsible for his death, her mind would sive taxation. Many Northern reptike a courteous for who gives fair warn
Like a courteous for who gives fair warn
responsible for his death, her mind would sive taxation. Many Northern repthe North and South will stand totied, saying that he might as well go
cother in the courtest that is coming that many as to have to go to the periing. Mile. Carlotta wrote once more:

The is dead. He died for your sets not

out in perfect good faith.

The people are entitled to have their choice in this matter, it is a matter of no moment whom they choose to sup-

became town talk. Yet Eugenia made no ed itself upon us. Protection as we defiance of the law, right in the faces of All we want is a fair showing for the Not even when she met her husband, in now have it, is but a remaining por- the city authorities, and are not even people in choosing their officers; and

#### A Bold Jump.

An officer with a handcuffed darker boarded the train on the Port Royal and Augusta railroad at Allendale yesterday and the following information was given the Chronicle reporter by a passenger of the bold and successful escape of the prisoner by jumping through the window of the car. The circumstances, as

parrated by the passenger, are as follows: A constable, accompanied by a handcuffed negro prisoner, boarded the passenger train at Allendale. Just as the train had passed Brunson, going at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour, the constable, not dreaming that there was any possibility of his prisoner escaping. took his seat on the opposite side of the car. The window next to the negro was open, and in an instant the negro made a plunge and went straight through the window, head foremost, lighting on his head. He was up in an instant and upon his feet and to the woods. The train was at once stopped, but the constable, deciding that it would be a useless pursuit, on foot, did not give chase. Neither the name of the negro or the crime for which he had been arrested could be ascertained .-Agusta Chronicle March 20.

#### A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming movement, or as it is called in derision, over his eyes. While in this condition the slavery of the negro the founda- this Tillman movement, is a class on- his wife died. A young German girl, tion of the throne. When William slaught, intended especially against whom the unfortunate man had never Lloyd Garrison rose up in New Eng. lawyers. We do not think that any seen, was very attentive to the wife in land to fight slavery, emboldened of such intention exists. The idea is, as her last illness, and, after her death, noble courage and perseverance, he well as we can understand it, to remove did what she could to make the grief-Art Association Hall yesterday eve- put aside all- calculation or conse- a lot of before-the-war aristocratic fogies stricken husband and his two little

A physician was finally consulted. who agreed to attempt the removal of The farmers of South Carolina cast the cataract. The operation was suc-

> 'Do you know who this is ?" he said to the happy fellow.

'No. I do not.' 'That is your wife?' and then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a tariff that it has ceased to be regard- and the necessity of combining and domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued; ed as a burden, and it is even grave- showing and using their political The two children were also brought ly urged that it is a positive good strength, will be debated by the lights in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment. This is a true A good number of the bad laws are story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all

# Boys Getting Aquainted.

When two strange boys come together they proceed to get acquainted something after this fashion;

'What's yer name? 'Tommy Crupper. What's yourn?" 'Dickey Tabbits. Wot's your dad's

'Ole Dan Crupper, an' the dog's name's Sniff. Is yer dog yaller?" 'Nope : he's spotted an' wears a collar. Got a knife to trade?'

'Yep; but I lost it. When I find it I'll swop you. Watchy read in? 'Third Reader. Lus trade bats,' 'I dassent; my pop won't low me. My feet's the biggest.

Well, I chawed terbacker onest. 'That's nothin.' I saw three dogs fighting at one time." "I was in swimming six times one day a'ready.,

'I had two teeth palled last week. 'That's nothin.' I cut my finger most every day, an' our hired girl 'moss burnt her head off las' night."

'That's no great sight. A robber broke into our house one time, an' my pap's got a brother in jail.' Well that ain't much. My ma's got a sister with a glass eye, an' our paby's got four teeth an' a lump on its

head what makes it cry all the time. Can your father play the fiddle?' 'Maybe I aint got a brother who can turn a han' spring an' walk on stilts. Why don't you brag?'

'Who's a braggin'? I wouldn't be blowhard.' Don't you call me that, or I'll-'You will, will you?'

'Yes, I will ?' 'No. you won't!' 'I will!' 'You won't !

'Won't, wen't won't! 'Touch me if you dare.' 'Don't you pucker your mouth at me,

'If I was a girl I'd wear a dress.' 'Wait till I ketch you some time, an' 'll lick you till you can't walk.'

'No, you won't.' Yes, I will.' 'You won't, either!'

'I will if you dare me to.' 'Well, I dare you, an' anybody won't take a dare'll steel sheep. There it is, smarty, an' now let's see what

you'll do.' The next instant both boys are rolling in the dust, pulling hair, and try-The plan adopted for the primary ing to chew each other's ears. From first blow towards revenge. She would bardly have written it had she known that Lady Norgate would cheri h those words would cheri h those words would cheri h those words is between slavery and protection,

r I'll smash yer nose. 'Put a chip on your shoulder and I'H knock it off.'

'Will-will-will!