THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

The Watchman and Southron.

Published every Tuesday, N. G. OSTEEN,

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LADY BEAUTY'S SISTERS.

AN INTERCEPTION.

The course of true love, if it never runs smooth, very often runs slowly. No one can say that Car of Sibyl Temple married for | you are going to say. love; we need not assert that they sold themselves; marriages such as theirs are made every day, with the sanction of the church tell how, leading to we cannot tell what." and the praise of the world; but they are not ideal marriages, not romantic—not the stuff out of which love can be made. Sweet Sophia Temple, the beauty and heroine of this tale, was not proposed to so abruptly, nor married so hastily.

Young Brent was shy. To increase his shyness he was passionately in love, and love made a thousand things delights to him which a well-informed modern man might do for his lady once, but not twice, certainly. For instance, young Brent would stroll about the town half a morning waiting for a chance life went from her face and eyes, and the meeting; and if, after he had executed a fear that is joy vanished, leaving behind the perfect walking match in slow time, he met | fear that is fear indeed. Sophia, and she gave him a smile, or exchanged a few words, he would return home all aglow, and could hardly sit down to his geology, so hot his flame would burn. Week after week this went on. Silly young fellow, when he might have been bathing in the full dropped in a burning seal on her lips; the tide of courtship, to be thus timidly treading the margin of the golden sea! Yet perhaps clared so by signs which even her modesty not so silly after all; since most people agree could not have hidden. Alas, how short is that love's preludes are so delicious that they the space allotted to whispering, blushing may well be lengthened; and some say that love in this rough world! Just then the the water is pellucid near the shore and tur-

bid when we venture further out. This I will say in defense of him. Sophia, slow, worshiping kind of courtship. It often ing, but not in his fashion. struck me that she was already what one might imagine a good, warm-hearted and her, more than from any woman I ever | ple. Down he sat on his new hat-crash! it knew, or man either, did I learn how comely human nature may be when harmoniously developed; how various qualities of mind and soul, which we are apt to think conflicting, such as humor and devotion, passion and purity, may, when combined in proper proother. Sophia changed from mood to looked inexpressibly discomfited. Who should mood with an ease, an absence of make the next move? It was Sophia. one morning greatly interested in an account | darted from the room. But Percival could of a wedding robe, its color, trimmings, and not see her face before she was gone. the usual sequels—just as seriously internote of mingled humor and sadness which grous mirth. was so much his own-I saw Sophia's face tion—laughable, perhaps—but it impressed ever say me, and it was indeed a disclosure of her char-laugh?" acter. She had a frank, spontaneous symnathy with life all round and in every part, such as I never met in any one beside herself. By reason of this virtue she was always interested in what was going on, and the very quality which subdued her individuality in one way made her character fresh and delightful in another. Sophia charmed, by her

seemed to make her sympathetic with the concerning dresses and marriages and car- solved to finish his broken story. He lost no riages and fortunes and smiles and postures time now, having learned a lesson on that and witty answers and complaisancy—these all Sophia carried up to a higher level of idea and aspiration. She resolved to charm others mere society conquests. Mrs. Barbara Tem- "Shall I finish what I was saying?" ple's prelections were delivered in the spirit Lord Chesterfield, low and selfish, Sophia, by the instinct of a lofty mother recommended, but with a different end in view. And here was the pleas"I should like to see it." ing originality of her life; she used worldly methods for most unworldly ends. The on the face of her life, and serious people love it." declared she needed conversion. But in the secret interior of her intentions she was truly d-voted, trying, by the spell of a beautiful lived better and happier. Certain wise men look at the picture." explain the miracle of Pentecost as having lain in the ears that heard, not in the tongues that stoke, the listeners clothing the speech speaker never understood.

With slow delight, with many a blush, with stolen glances and few shy words, the and each had commended the other in their inmost souls long before any love was expressed. Brent senior had quite recovered his spirits in the presence of Mrs. Barbara Temple, and his easy-moved laughter was heard in dining room and drawing room as of old. Accordingly, to and fro, from house to house the families went; and the young people had plenty of occasions of making love, though it was as yet love unspoken. There are, then, two schools of lovers-

those who plunge are wise, but those who inch are wiser. Percival, either by foresight or simply through circumstance, was an "incher. Pleasant work he found it. But is a grave history like mine to detail every nod, glance, b'ush, smile, sigh, and so onf or are grave students like my readers to be so trifled with? Let me, with wise reserve, be con-

tent, for this chapter at least, with one windy; time, 3:15 p. m.; scene, dining room at Mrs. Barbara Temple's; persons present, Percival and Sophia. Mark, reader, they have been here since the rest rose from lunch, talking about anything or nothing, but growing warmer-at least Percival was growing warmer-every moment. He believes the hour has come. So stand the two at the win-

dow, watching the drops that course down the panes, and idly racing drop against drop. Sophia wins three drops running. "Ah," Percival remarks with a sigh, "it is no use. I can never stand against you." Sophia thinks she understands this, and sighs, too, faintly, blushes about the thousandth part of a tint, droops her head about

the millionth part of an inch. He sees all.

"What a stormy day!" he says next. "Very stormy." "And yet it does not seem dull, not in here, does it?" Artful young man! he lowered his voice toward the end of the sentence. as if the very walls must not hear, but she

"Oh, no; it does not seem a bit dull in here," she responds. There is a regular lovers' way of saying the same thing to and fro; the simpletons mean to intimate

Sophia looked very lovely just at that moment, with the fear that is joy hovering over her, casting lights on her eyes, flushes on her cheek, and making her every slightest mo-tion tender and gentle. He feels that now he is full in the sway of the whirlpool; on and on he will be borne until he has told

"Something very singular happened to me in Australia," Percival says, bending nearer to her; "something I am half afraid to speak of."

Here he stops.
"Tell me about it," she whispers, oh, so low, so deliciously! She meant: Anything you say will be sweet to hear-especially what

"It was something so strange, so unforeseen! One of those things which happen we cannot He stopped again. Again she murmured speak but to one ear only, unbaring their

"While I was in Australia I fell in love with a girl, who is the queen of my heart,

and shall be till I die." Her posture never changed, not by the movement of a finger; and I do not think the sharpest watcher would have seen a quiver of her eyelid or a tremor of her lip. But the "Are the girls—the girls—in Australia-

very pretty?" she inquired, in a death-like The next moment she would be in his arms; the next moment his kiss would have

dining room door opened, and in rushed little Mr. Brent, roaring with laughter, stamping on the floor, choking, rubbing his hands. more than most women, was fitted for this And Mrs. Barbara Temple followed laugh-"And then," cried the parson between his rapturous bursts, "then, without another beautiful woman becoming in a more ex- word, down sat the dean, looking so importalted state of existence. She had the gold of ant, so dignified, so reproving-just like an our nature, with very little of its dross. From angry turkey cock, I assure you, Mrs. Tem-

was stove in-his new hat! And up he jumps again, and exclaims: 'Bless me, my Rosy with his boisterous mirth, he went up and down, not knowing what he had done, though quick-eyed Mrs. Temple suspected portions, be each the complement of the and would have withdrawn. Percival

constraint, which was the sign of a "Good to have a merry heart, Mr. Brent!" nature reconciled to life in the best sense. she said, smiling at him in a way which I am going to mention a trivial occurrence, showed—he told his son as they went home but to me it was significant. I saw her that she at least enjoyed the story. And she

Fixed he stood, poor baffled young fellow; ested as the most dressy of her sex could have the arms dropped at his side which were to been. A little while after, when a piece of have been wound about the girl he loved; his poetry was read aloud by somebody in the face a blank, his heart full of vexation. company—one of Tom Hood's, I think, just Meanwhile the little rector fell into a chair, and sent up peal after peal of most obstrep-

"The dean was new, and the hat was new. with a ripple of fun on it passing, with the poem, into seriousness. It seemed as if the When he got up no one living could have soul of the poet, in its double mood of laugh- told which looked more dismal, his face or ter and tears, were expressing itself in her his hat. 'Bless me, my hat?' I hear him saylovely features. It is a small matter to mening it now, Mrs. Temple. The finest sight I ever saw. Percival, Percival, why don't you

> ROOK THREE. LADY BEAUTY'S LOVERS.

THE LOVER SAYS "WILL YOU?" AND THE constellation of charms, the grouping of virtnes and graces of body and mind, which One evening in February Rector Brent appeared about five o'clock, just as the lamps most opposite persons, and at home in the were lighted in the drawing room. Luck had it this time that Sophia should be sitting Was there a key to all this? or was she a alone, and as she rose to welcome her visitors Phoenix in muslin, a paragon, admirable and she remarked that her mother and Sibyl were nexplicable? It is my conviction that her in the library and Car out for a walk. The nother's constant lectures on the subject of little man, with praiseworthy readiness—perromen making themselves fascinating-lec- haps he had got a hint beforehand-remarked tures which fell on ears that interpreted that he would go to the library, as he wanted every word into new and higher language to speak with Mrs. Temple; and at the word than the original—gave that bent to her dis he hurried from the room, and left our pair position which made her what she was. The alone. Sophia, glancing at Percival, noticed little morning room disquisitions, with ball | that he carried a small parcel in his hand; rooms and lawns and dinner tables for texts, and he, finding himself alone with her, re-

subject already. "I was interrupted the other day when I was telling you about Australia," he rewith happiness and goodness in view, not marked, drawing a chair close beside her.

"That girl I am in love with so passion under a thin disguise of good humor. ately, who got my heart out there-" all this came out with such tumultuous haste that nature, resolved to use the means her she might have known what would follow-

"I thought you would. I brought it with me," he said, opening his packet with trempolish, the graces, the social attractions, the bling fingers. "Only let me tell you this picaccomplishments, literature and wit, which ture gives you a very faint idea of her insaints either despise or at best only tolerate, deed. It is beautiful, but her actual face is she used as the very material out of which past all likeness and all praise, soft as starher noble purpose must be woven. And so light, pure as snow, tender as the spring she remained rather worldly than otherwise sunshine, full of life and truth. Oh, how

"She must be happy," Sophia said, with a delicate sadness that whispered all he wanted to know, but the excited young fellow did not womanhood, to make those with whom she mark it. "She must be very happy. Let me

Almost with a sob she said it. "I shall show it in a moment," he replied, holding it ready to turn up to the lamplight; with a sense of their own. So worldly, good- "only let me finish my story first. It was humored Mr. Barbara Temple said her this picture I fell in love with. I resolved shrewd say; but the words, as they pattered when I saw the face that is here to live and from her lips, caught from the daughter's die for it. Its heavenly fairness subdued me finer ear a music and a meaning which the in a moment and for ever, and all my fear was lest the true face should not be as lovely. I had to wait a long time before I saw the original-many months. All that time I was courtship of Percival and Sophia progressed, true to my picture, and gazed at it morning, noon and night, till every feature was printed on my heart. Then the day came when I saw-her. At the sight all memory of the picture vanished quite away. Oh, how I trembled lest she should be promised to another, or lest she should not love me!"

"Was she promised to another?" There followed a tiny sigh.

manly face. "I can finish the story; she said she would love you." "The story is not finished yet," he cried, impetuously. "But you are right in one thing: you can finish it. Look, this is the picture of

the girl I love." She bent to look, and as she did so a tear she could not keep back dropped on the cardboard. The next instant she uttered a cry and started to her feet. She had seen herself. A moment she looked at him, and such was the struggle of surprise, delight, modesty and fear in her face that he was now as far from her secret as a moment before she had been from his. He thought she was angry.

"Miss Temple—Sophia," he said, "don't be angry. If I have offended you, I did not mean it. Surely you won't be angry?"

at him, for speech and action had forsaken her together; and he, foolish fellow, grew "I loved it so," he said, pleading. "I could not help it; and I wanted to tell you myself before I spoke to others about it. I wanted you to hear the story first from my own lips. He hung his head, ashamed to look at her. I know I am presumptious. I feel sure already that you will tell me I am not the man you can love. I wish I had waited a little before speaking; the dream was so much bet-

Still she made no answer, but only looked

ter than this awakening; but I could keep myself silent no longer. Perhaps it is as well to know it at once. It will save—" But as he spoke, her check came close to his own, and her little hand fell on his shoulder. Too womanly for coquetry or covness, she gave her answer at once, and with such readiness that neither Percival nor Sophia were able to settle that night which kissed the other first.

CHAPTER II. CAROLINE AND SIBYL MARRIED. And so the third Miss Temple was engaged. bing like a child, called out:

Mamma made no objection. She did, indeed, when business came to be talked, remark to Mr. Brent that her daughter's fortune would not be large, and that she hoped he would be able to provide handsomely for his son. At this he waved his hand in a confident way, nodded and said: "That shall be all right," He did not at that time enter into any particulars, but Mrs. Temple, from what she knew of him, was quite satisfied with this assurance and the matter dropped. It was soon known to the whole town that Sophia Temple was engaged to Percival Brent, and the announcement a little relieved our disappointment at the mysterious disappearance of the rector's flirtation with the widow. Indeed, some of us started the hypothesis that what we superficial investigators had mistaken for a flirtation was in reality nothing more than the settling of the preliminaries of the present affair. We said it must have been very pleasant for the two seniors to make the arrangements in that mug way; and thus we explained the little

intimacy between them. Pleasant was the early courtship of this happy pair. The very skies smiled on it. Never, I believe, was there such a February. Day followed day in the softest beauty. Mornings crisp with frost, soft, balmy noons, evenings with red skies and frosty air again. Their love making was full of satisfaction. Sophia found him an ingenuous young fellow, with real enthusiasm, full of active resolutions for life. True, she found it hard to be very warm over geology; but his general notion of living to use and honor delighted her. I think she would have been better pleased had he talked of getting into parliament or entering the church, rather than of achieving triumphs at the British association, an institution which at that time had not emerged from the age of weakness and scorn. Still, she was fully satisfied with him, and gave him all her love. And he, for his part-it had been giving the rector fifteen hundred could not be otherwise was entranced with her. Warmth, purity, tenderness, principle, all the finer parts of character were hers; taste and no lack of humor, ready speech, lively fancy. As to her face, he worshiped

it. He always said that her face was beautiful, because it was the image of her mind. Why narrate lovers' raptures? They were all in all to each other these happy days of early In March the two weddings came off; first Car's, and then Sibyl's. Egerton Doolittle had made a special request that the two should be celebrated on the same day; but to his request the great Goldmore declined to comply-possibly a lurking suspicion that the thing might look ludicrous led him to say no. Accordingly, we married Caroline and Egerton first; and a pleasant wedding it was, everything being done in most elegant style; and little Mrs. Barbara Temple looked not a day more than forty. And Rector Brent, between the occasion, the champagne and his own amorous disposition, cast so many glances at her, and these so warm, that it seemed as if he was being captivated anew. ing; flashing with wit, fire in her eyes, and her attire faultless. She wore a bridal dress band away to the south of France. Under mon-pleased all the ladies; the men, I believe, looked more at the head which carried shoulders, made her dress complete, and we all pronounced her a lovely bride. She vousness; indeed, I thought with slight to say she had made a foolish choice. Egerton Doolittle lisped his responses, and the two of money," "failure of investments," and "inposed bride and bridegroom, to which, with many a blush and titter, and hand sidled to his mouth, Egerton responded. He thanked them all. He believed that he was a very fortunate man. Here came a long pause. Fact was-confidentially-it had been his great aim in life to find a tremendously clever woman-a woman who would be able to point out whether any given work was erroneous or not. He did not like erroneous works. He might read an erroneous work without knowing it, and get his mind upset. He had married a wife who could and would tell him if a given work was erroneous, and he was very happy. He thanked everybody, and wished everybody in the room would soon be married like himself, except those who were married already. There was no need to wish them married, becausewith a sly expression-they were married already. (Here champagne effects became slightly prominent.) He believed he had married a tremendously clever girl-woman he meant-wife he meant-and he was very thankful. He hoped his wife would try to

make him happy—he meant he hoped he would try to make her happy—no, he meant that he would try to make her happy, and he hoped he would do it. Man was strong. Woman was weak. The man should use his strength to make the woman comfortable and happy, you know. As the poet had said. it was tyrannous to have a giant's strength. but it was excellent to-no, that was not it exactly. He forgot which came first. He would look it up, and and them the exact quetation by post. Anyhow, whatever the poet had said. if it was a menly act, he pledged himself to do it, but not otherwise, and he believed that was the safeet way to

leave it. Here he sat down with a kind of movement as if he were going to pieces, and we all applauded heartily. Sibyl's wedding came a fortnight later, more sedate, and even more splendid. Archibald Goldmore loaded his young bride with presents so costly that, I think, to have had them, some of the girls would have married Methuselah. Goldmore looke l dignified enough during the service, and not old; and he walked down the aisle with a vigorous tread, so that, on the whole, the disparity in years did not appear so great as we expected. Sophia had been chief bridesmaid, of course; and, in spite of her sister's faultless beauty, in my eyes she looked the lovelier of the two. While they were kneeling, a sunbeam fell on her, and when it touched her head, heaven seemed choosing her as a bride at the same moment. Wonderful it was how the posture of prayer became that girl—the warmth and seriousness of her face seemed framed for

worship, or for pure exalted love. But are tle two sentiments alien? No blunder about Goldmore's speech, you may be sure. All sober, proper, truly elephantine, and thoroughly Great British. The language in which his revered friend had proposed the health of himself and his wife was in the highest sense gratifying. On his wife's part and his own he thanked them sincerely. He felt, indeed, that the lady who had that morning bestowed her hand upon him was all, and more than all, that his rev-"And did she-did she-Oh, but she must!" | ered friend had called her. He felt the honor Sophia said, turning her sad full eyes on his she had conferred upon him. He could assure his wife, and her friends, that whatever lay in his power should be done to make her the return which she deserved. It was a satisfaction to them both to know that marriage would not part them from their friends, nor from that locality. It would not be long before they should be among them as neighbors; and he could only say, as one of the pleasantest incidents in that propinquity, that his wife and himself looked forward to seeing

the present company gathered round their One thing was noticed at the wedding feast; little Mr. Brent, usually the loudest laugher in every company, appeared grave and abstracted; indeed, more than one perwhich suggested a suspicion that he was struck with illness. Percival, happy with his Sophia, and with a thousand tender thoughts awakened by the ceremony of the day stiering in his breast, was not likely to observe anything except what enforced attention; and no cloud dimmed the brightness of the lover's joy. Had Percival noticed his father's face he—use' to its expression—would have perceived to at it was not illness which was impending. But Fate was kind to these loving two. It was for them a day of tender and undimmed aelight—not a cloud, not a breath, not a doubt—only playful railery, soft looks, gent'e touches, sighs and all the train of lovers' little pleasures. Their love increased wonder u'ly that happy day; and it was well, for trouble was at hand.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT MISFORTUNE. It was dark as father and son drove bome, and Percival was greatly startled when, almost as soon as the horses began to move, almost as soon as the horses began to move, only memory and sob- like yours. No; the Brents are honorable Europe in order to avoid the examina- They fought bravely and died in fight. words now in use?

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1886. "I am a rained man, Percy-a rained man!" The explanation which followed this annonncement was in all its main features new to Percival, who had never known any particulars of his father's affairs. The facts, which may be briefly told, were these: Brent senfor was the son of a father who had married twice, and the rector had now a halfbrother nearly twenty years older than himself. This brother, under his mother's marriage settlement, had inherited all her property, which was very large. The father had a life interest in it, but at his death the whole passed absolutely to her only child. Rector Brent's father had ever been a careless and imprudent man, who, having married fortunately, lived on his wife's money. After

her death he married again, as has been said, and his second wife died in the same month as himself; but his reckless and improvident character was plainly seen by the state in which his affairs were left. He might easily have saved, and saved handsomely, for the education and maintenance of his second son, our rector, but as a matter of fact he died so deeply in debt that even his furniture had to be sold to satisfy his creditors. Young Brent was then at Oxford preparing for the church, but it seemed as if his whole future must be altered. At this time his brother came forward, and although he had never been kindly used by the second Mrs. Brent, he now, with great generosity, resclved to help his brother; and he made him an ample allowance for his university expenses. Under these circumstances a very cordial friendship sprang up between the two, and this friendship had hitherto been unbroken. The elder brother did not marry, being studious; and if not a woman hater, certainly not a woman hunter. As time went on, and the younger brother's position and requirements grew, the elder increased the allowance he made him, and now for several years he continued to his death, when an ample provision would be made for himself and his son. This arrangement had gone on for many years undisturbed, but a short time before, to Rector Brent's great astonishment, his

brother, then over seventy, told him he meditated marriage. The facts were scon out. A strong-minded Irish widow, of good family, with a file of tall, hungry, penniless sons, had marked him for her own. There followed, in the usual artful sequel, flattery and amiable persecution. The old man was cajoled, managed, and, in the last stages of the affair, bullied, until, without his brother's knowledge, he was actually married to the triumphant widow, who wrote to the rector. explaining the haste and secrecy of the transaction by the state of "our dear Henry's nervous system." The elder brother assured his junior that the marriage would make no difference in his allowance or his subsequent prospects; and for twelve months this promise was kept. But the old man was growing feeble, and his wife impatient. Her sons were expensive, and she wished to secure Car, I must say, looked splendid that morn-everything for them. By what means could Sophy," the little diplomatist said; "and it not be ascertained, but she spirited her h of brocaded satin, and her head-dress, which the plea of bronchial disease and nervous was somewhat original—those girls had a prostration, she shut him up from society; tasteful way of being slightly out of the com- and when, a few months before, the rector, growing uneasy, had gone to Cannes to see his brother, he was not admitted to the house, it. Her veil, streaming over her superb being comforted by the assurance that everything was being done to restore, or at least to compose, "dear Henry's nervous system." To went through the service without any ner- tell the rest in a few words, on the morning of Sibyl's marriage the poor rector received a audacity, as if she would challenge anyone letter, written by his brother himself, in which, after some vague sentences about "loss were man and wife together. Breakfast, as creasing expenses," he plainly said that he I said, went off well. Little Mr. Brent pro- inclosed the last check which he would ever be able to send. The letter closed with a postscript, in which the rector was reminded that already a great deal had been done for him, which genial stroke was due to the dictation of the accomplished Mrs. Brent. So our unhappy rector found himself placed in the position of the holder of a benefice worth scarcely a hundred a year, after outgoings, a costly establishment, luxurious habits, de-

clining years, and a son who had been led to expect fortune as his inheritance The little clergyman behaved with singular fignity and straightforwardness. He toki the whole story frankly, and seemed to develop fo ti de for the trial. We were pleased to near now from his lips some of hose phrases about trust in God and re mation to the dispositions of providence at which we had sometimes felt inclined to smile when the sleek little fellow spoke then; in the pulpit. Indeed, so deep was our commiseration for the rector's misfortune that we-who are neither a church nor, I fear, a very charitable people-summoned a meeting of leading parishioners, at which we resolved, by annual subscriptions, to raise enough to pay the curates: and thus, without directly pauperizing our clergyman, we hoped to enable him to hold his living. In this way Rector Brent was put in possession of about three hundred a year-not a bad allowance, you may say; but consider how he had lived hitherto. The carriage must be put down; the gardens must be laid out in grass; the cozy dinner parties must be given up; Rector Brent must, for the rest of his life, walk the

ways of genteel poverty. Among the first to hear the bad news was Mrs. Barbara Temple. That excellent little woman had a maxim for every change and chance, and upon hearing the tidings she remarked that such was the world-up and down, "If the 'ups' were always up," she continued, straying for an instant into philosophy, "the downs would never have a chance, There was only so much money, so much ease, so much luck, going. What one lost fell to the lot of another." At the same time she expressed and felt genuine sorrow for Mr. Brent and for his son, who had always appeared to

her a most promising young fellow. Shortly after hearing all this, Mrs. Tempio rang for her maid, and sent for Sophia, who came in with a light dancing step, rare with her; her face was full of glee. "I know what it is, mamma; you want me

to look at your dress. But I saw it before you did. Frightful, it is! You shan't wear it, dear; not if I wear it myself." "Sophia, you look very pretty this morn-

ing," the mother said, with much fondness and admiration, and a touch of sorrow too, as she thought of the disappointment the girl was about to have. "Never mind the gown; I have something to say to you." Sophia looked wondering into her mother's

serious face, as she took a seat beside her. "Life is full of trials, Sophy," the kind hearted little wordling began. "No one is fit to live who is not ready to meet small vexations and disappointments, that perhaps at first don't seem small, and meet them with a ber-what is undoubtedly true-that most disappointments have a bright as well as a life, it is surprising to notice how many mishaps which we either cried over or felt we would like to cry over, only we restrained ourselves, Lecome on review matters of congratulation. Do you know, Sophy, I think sometimes, when I look back over my life, that what I called my misfortunes have in three cases out of four become either directly or indirectly sources of happiness after a sures, heart against heart, emotions, vows, year or two. I don't wish to talk boastfully, dear: but I think some of that is due to my

own good common sense." She drew herself up with a self-satisfied air, but instantly resumed her compassionate tone, while Sophia looked a little anxious, son remarked a strange pallor about him | not knowing what was coming. She saw that her mother watched her closely, as she delivered herself of these philosophic morsels. "I shall not delay what I have to say," Mrs. Temple went on, stroking her girl's hand kindly. "I have heard something this morning which renders your marriage with young

> "Mamma!" Sophia cried, in great agitation. "These things happen, Sophy," the mother continued; "these things often happen. I never told any of you girls before, but I assure you the first man that proposed to meand to whom I was on the point of being married-had to fly from England to avoid "Mamma!" Sophia cried again, but now springing to her feet, with a face white with

people, but they are beggars this morning, Soplay-beggars." Then, in as few words as she could use, the Httle woman, with most perfect lucidity, told rector ought to have kept a sharper eye on

my jewel box all night open on my front doorstep as of leaving a rich relation untoo late for him to testify. guarded-if it was my policy to get his money. Now, don't cry, dear," she added, seeing her girl's tears flowing fast; "things might have been much worse." "I am not crying now, mamma," Sophia

said, sobbing, however, while she spoke. "I was frightened at first by what you said. At least, these are tears of relief, I mean. I really felt afraid of I don't know what. But it is only money Percival has lost-not character, not honor." "O, no; his honor is untouched," the mother replied. "His character is as good as ever; and that will, of course, stand by him when he goes in search of employment. Besides, I am glad on your account, dear; for even the

a person who had done anything wrong would be disagreeable." Sophia said nothing. She was drying off her tears with great brisknsss and assiduity. It is a pleasant sight to see a pretty young woman wiping her tears away, and feather-

ing herself into cheerfulness again. "Excellent good sense, Sophia," the mother said, looking at her with great approval. "I always knew, with your sound judgment, you would come to this view of the matter; but I was prepared for a little temporary reluctance and a little girlish romance, and I was prepared to bear it kindly, dear, and to wait for the return of good sense, which I per annum. This, he promised, should be knew would not be delayed long. But you are a wise girl, Sophy; nothing like facing the inevitable boldly, and at once." "But, mamma," Sophy said, "it is no: such

a great trial. Percival can work. We can both wait." "O, then I have mistaken you!" exclaimed the mother. "Now, Sophy, my dear, you must not be absurd. This marriage is simply

impossible. Wait as long as you may, the young man cannot make a fortune such as you should expect and require. You will see this some day." "I promised him I would love him always," Sophia said, with artlessness which in an-

other woman might have seemed affected: "and am I to break my word because my poor fellow is unfortunate? He has done nothing. Is he to lose his money and-and At which dreadful prospect Sophia began to cry again, and worked at her eyes with her pocket handkerchief, which she had

twisted into a sort of ball, as crying women "It is a very nice, kind way of talking, after. you better for it, sweet, sweet girl!" with a kiss at each adjective. "But we must be prudent, dear. Believe me, Sophy, nothing that is imprudent is ever kind in the long run. It may appear so; it never is not kind even to those it seems most to bene-

fit. In life, dear, everything depends on prudence." "Mamma," Sophia cried, rising from her chair for the second time, "if you had told try, ought to be pensioned by the whole owes to his rival. There is no sense in me that Percival had been disgraced, I think I should have died. If you had told me that the man who spoke to me as he spoke had any secret dishonor, I think I should have killed myself in grief and shame. I know the world would never have been the same to me again. But his fortune, his money—what is that? Mamma, I promised to love him and to marry him, and nothing but his own fault shall make me change. Not if he lost ten fortunes! It would be hard on him," she repeated, with another rub of her eyes, "to lose his money, and then to lose me."

Mother and daughter, there they sat. The

mother was not angry, scarcely disappointed, quiet, confident, fully assured that the victory would be on her side at last. Were not time and money with her, and who with such auxiliaries ever lost a battle? And there sat the daughter, tearful, flushed, affectionate, longing to have her Percival beside her to console him. Ah, sweet Sophia Temple, some there were as well as Percival who for a few of those tender dewy kisses then budding on thy lips would have lost half the world, and scarcely sighed as it slipped

CHAPTER IV.

STILL ABOUT MISFORTUNE. Percival called upon Sophia that afternoon, ple allowed him to see her alone. Indeed, the Loyalty to the Union does not require little woman was never other than kind to that Southern Congressmen should vote her daughters, and, being sure that Sophia's

have it all to themselves. Percival, impulsive in his wretchedness. told Sophia everything in a breath. He was stout-hearted enough to hide his grief pretty well, and he hastily assumed, as a kind of poswell, and he hastly assumed, as a kind of pos-tulate of the whole conversation, that Sophia tend to its proper business of legislating bright reality that will most assuredly would think of nothing but of giving him up. Thus he raised in her a light sweet petulance which caused her to leave his dark illusion unscattered for a while.

"I shall go out to Australia again, and begin life," he said with a manful air. She could not look at him, or she would have been in his arms, so she stood half that during his recent visit to Washturned from him with downcast eyes, and he, ington, Governor Thompson was

faintly hoped for other things. "Yes, I shall go out to Australia again," he repeated, so sadly that Sophia could hardly a fine climate," he added, trying to seem un- his unwillingness to resign the office of short time, and it is not expected that even for an instant hold herself back. "It is concerned again.

"You will meet some girl out there," she answered in the very exultation of her hypocrisy, "and you will like her very well." "I shall never love any one again," he said gravely; and his voice grew unsteady at the last word. "Only you," he added, in a yet

more shaking voice. That bit of unsteadiness finished Sophia off. round the world, and I shall wait here faith-

fully till you come back." was ten thousand times dearer to her now, Washington, like all the others he political friends. because she could show her love to him; and has received, came to Governor Thompthat no other man should ever call her his own, with twenty other of those silly speeches made on such occasions; some of marks the widespread recognition of which, as declaring the nobler impulses of his ability and fidelity in the discharge the heart that God has made, will be remem- of every trust that has been commitbered, I doubt not, when ten thousand human frailties are blotted out of the book of his very loss; and he realized something of the truth of Him who knew the human heart, and said that there are times when, in the very loss of life, we find life anew-life which can- and graces the Executive office, Gov. not perish and which cannot be defiled. There! They spoke no more, not another sentence for many minutes, but stood folded

tured, exchanging by a thousand fond pres protestations, which the narrow channels of speech can never convey.
"You are all the world to me," he said at "All the world, am I?" she answered softly. "O Percy, Percy!" "And you will go on loving me, Sophia?"

in each other's arms, mingling tears, enrap-

"For ever and ever." "Better or worse—richer or poorer?"
"Yes, till death us do part nothing else shall-never, Percy! So it went on, silence and speech alternating for full an hour. Mrs. Barbara Temple was a wise woman, but I somewhat doubt the astuteness of her policy on that particular afternoon.

TO BE CONTINUED.] Pulitzer.

tion in the Pan-Electric Telephone mat- | We can give them only reverence and ter. Several years ago, while Mr. remembrance. Surely we owe them Pulitzer was a police commissioner in that and ought to give it. the story of the disaster, remarking, when St Louis, it was reported that he was Splendid warriors! Patient, loving. she came to the maneuvering widow, that the receiving \$800 per month from a gam- glorious patriots and heroes! Marture bling establishment for his protection who crowded the hard and weary read from interference by the police. When to martyrdom with unfaltering spirits. "Because we all know, Sophy, that there are always widows who will do these things if the matter was brought before the and feet many times sore and bleeding. they can. I should as soon think of leaving Courts, Commissioner Pulitzer dissap- always willing! Shivering in tattered

## What Our Editors Say.

"Ring" Methods.

Abbeville Medium. "Can any man or set of men monopolize the high offices in this State, filling tion is a pertinent one in this State. Too much of this thing has been going neglect to honor him, their right arms most transient connection of your name with terms but that when these expire he has especial claims to some other office. and sluggards. It looks as if some arrangement was made among the chosen few by which they can rotate from one position to another. They appear to think they are entitled to be pensioners upon the people and that the public treasury must Gen. John B. Gordon, who is now mak-

be opened for their sustenance. In this way oligarchies grow up and a class is created which soon becomes don helped Hampton, his personal bigoted and puts on airs of superiority. Even now if a good citizen outside of these officeholders seeks the governorship or other State office he is branded he did. Gordon is a politician with a as a disorganizer or malcontent. The "ins" take it as a personal affront and all manner of misrepresentation and with that infamous swindle, the Southabuse is heaped upon the aspirant.

mous people would endure such a state fellow citizens; and his resignation of of affairs. Let the masses of the people of the senatorship from Georgia to take give more attention to politics and learn the true situation. When they do comprehend it, there will be a swift and decisive rebuke to the coterie that has held sway for years which will make such South Carolina in '76; and the news-"ring methods" odious forever here- papers of this State exhibit very ques-

The Pension Grab. Columbia Record.

legislation of Congress, and President man of high character and eminent Cleveland has shown his determination ability, they should not be required to to do so. The soldiers of the Mexican give him up because a few South Carewar and other wars, where they fought lina editors have exaggerated notions of as the representatives of the whole coun- the "debt of gratitude" which this State country, and there is no qualification calling on Georgia to pay our debts. whatever to our willingness to see them liberally provided for, except that when the liberality assumes such proportions as to become extravagance, we rise to Pension Bureau and not by Congress. As to the soldiers of the late war a regard for truth compels us to say that it seems to us particularly hard that the tribute to the payment of the pensions listen to him: of the soldiers of the North while our own soldiers go unprovided. This one circumstance is a standing reminder of by-gone strife and a constant declaration .flight. that the Southern people were rebels-a charge which we never can admit. If it has to be so, however, it behooves the Democrats in Congress to take care that less Ocean of the foaming waters that they are not made the instruments of robbing the treasury in their behalf. for every pension bill that is presented seem tyrannical. So she let the be f and girl simply because the beneficiary was, or claims to have been, a Union soldier. Let all applicants for pensions go to the Pension Bureau, as President Cleve-

on measures of general interest.

land has suggested, and let Congress at-

Keeping Faith With the People. News and Courier. The fact has been made public watching her, felt his heart sink. He had authoritatively informed that an important Federal appointment would be offered him if he would consider its ac-

While it is exceedingly pleasant, of course, to know that Governor Thomp-"Never do!" she cried-"never do. I ask declined it under the circumstances, nothing more of you; and then go round and and so gives additional evidence of his So her little bit of deceit was over, and she obligations of the exalted office he now was sobbing in his arms, telling him that he holds. The honor proffered him at ed as if they were his own personal and son without being sought by him, and

ted to him. high-minded gentleman who now fills Hugh S. Thompson.

> The Confederate Dead. Greenville News.

people of this community to remem- cupied the only thought was to push ber that the observance of memorial the cause to victory. Home missions day is not a business speculation or a were found to be in similarly encouragscheme for anybody's advantage. It is ing condition. The increase of mema labor of love and patriotism, inspired bers in the churches represented aggreby motives which should command the gate 66.527, and there is now in the respect, spmpathy and active help of white Southern Baptist churches a total

of the dead Confederates die or to ville, Kentucky. ocase from honoring their graves and their deeds. We cannot afford to post ourselves before the world as indifferent Woodward avenue when a butcher It is generally believed in St. Louis to the glory that is our only recompense cart came along and splashed her from that Congressman Pulitzer resigned in for the loss of so much of the best man- bonnet to shoes. A pedestrian who order to escape an investigation concern- hood of our country, or forgetful of witnessed the accident pulled out his ing his transactions with the Bell Tele- heroism and self-sacrifice. We cannot handkerchief and said : phone Company. It is generally be- afford to let our children grow up be- Beg pardon, but let me wipe some lieved that the attacks of the World lieving that the Confederate cause and of it off. lear and pain. Ten me; what is it! He can't, O, he can't have done anything upon Attorney General Garland, Gen. its soldiers were so unworthy that we 'O, thanks,' she replied, 'but never

peared and did not return until it was gray though the snow and chill of winter, gasping in the dust and heat of summer, toiling, hungry, suffering so many things, facing death and giving blood, limbs and life for country and principle! Where in sublimity of purpose, in grandeur of act, in all that glorifies and sanctifies humanity and constitutes the essence of the highest them in rotation at will?" asks the Au- manhood can the Confederate soldier gusta Chronicle in discussing the merits | be matched? Well may the people of of Gordon and Bacon, gubernatorial the South unite in one awful invocation candidates in Georgia. The same ques- and pray that when they forget the Confederate soldier, dead or living, and on among us and it is high time for a may numb and their tongues rot. Well change in the political methods of our may they do it. For a people who people. When a man is elected to a could forget or dishonor such cause and State office he seems to think that he such men would have men without is not only entitled to two consecutive courage in their hearts and women who could be mothers of only puny dastards

> Impertinent Advice. Georgetown Enquirer.

Some of our exchanges are indulging

in a good deal of sentimental gush about ing an active canvass for the governorship of Georgia. It is true that Gorfriend, in the campaign of 1876; but there were hundreds of other Georgians who did as much for South Carolina as very good military record and a very bad civil record. His connection ern Life Insurance Company, is enough Only a servile, cringing and pusilani- to damn him forever in the eyes of his a lucrative private office has never been satisfactorily explained. On the whole, we think Gen. Gordon has been amply rewarded for the services he rendered tionable taste in advising our Georgia friends, with such tender solicitude, as

to their choice for governor. It is none of our business whom they elect govern-It is time to call a halt in the pension or; and if they want Bacon, who is a

A Ringing Salutatory.

The editor of a new paper at Woodobject, and we also think that their ruff's comes out in a column salutatory. claims ought to be passed on by the from which we give some extracts be-

The Woodruff people have lots of

fun ahead of them this Fall. when people of the South should have to con- that editor gets really excited. But

"Woodruff is our birth place, and the home of our young years that have so rapidly glided by in time's furious

"If we fail we can but do so, knowing that others have gone down beyoud the surging waves of the relentheave with open mouth ever ready to swallow those who may be so unfortunate as to rush madly into the depths

of these uncertain watery graves. "We therefore grasp the pen amid these trials and murky clouds and will patiently await the future for the sequel of our labors, at the same time trusting and hoping that our infant and disconnected debut will ere long loom into a reach the eclat and overdrawn climax of hopes which we have based upon our

new department of life." Big Majority for the President. Up to the 18th inst., the President had in all sent about 2,100 nominations for civil offices to the Senate. Of these 1.700 have been confirmed and only thirteen rejected. The remaining 400 ceptance, and that he promptly declared will be disposed of in a comparatively Governor merely to promote his own in- the proportion of rejections will be increased. The Pennsylvania nominations, it had been anticipated would meet with much objection; but of the son was tendered the honorable position entire 150 sent in all have been conreferred to, it is still more gratifying to firmed but two or three, and these are the people of the State to know that he still pending and will go through. Nearly all of these nominations were made at the instance of Mr. Randall. appreciation of the responsibilities and and Senator Don Cameron has taken as much interest in having them confirm-

> The Southern Baptist Convention.

This important body, representing about one million Christians, had a very interesting session at Montgomery, Ala., lovely girl in his arms, felt how little he had lort, and how much he had crimed in that lort, and how much he had gained in that line with more zeal and conscicentious. rian, Dr. Mell, presided. The missionness than the courteous, modest and ary work was of course the absorbing question. Reports showed that the past year had been one of success and of forward movement.

The receipts were \$83,854, of which South Carolina contributed \$8,368. The most interesting feature in the fereign work was the opening of a new It will be fair and proper for the mission in Cuba. In fields already comembership of 1,039.600. The Con-We cannot afford to let the memory vention for 1887 will be held in Louis-

She was wading across the mud on

J E. Johnston, Secretary Lamar and have hastened to forget them. They mind the mud. If you feel it a duty "Nothing wrong, dear," she answered. "I Senator Harsis, were paid for by the fought for our common cause without to do something in the case please only mentioned my case as in some respects | Bell Company. Editor Pulitzer fled to receiving or hoping for pay or profit. mention some of the leading cust