she got out of the reom.

a high opinion of her."

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The Telatchman and Southron | BEAUTY'S SECRET

By ALAN MUIR. Author of "Vanity Hardware," "Golden Girls," Elc.

> BOOK SIX. LADY BEAUTY'S JOY.

CHAPTER I

THE TIMEPIECE OF ONE GAY LIFE BEGINS TO STRIKE THE MIDNIGHT QUARTERS. Sophia found her mother seated on the edge of the bed pale and exhausted, but with nothing about her to account for her maid's sudden excitement. The old woman passed her hand feebly across her forehead, trying, it seemed, to collect her thoughts, and then

began to speak.

"Have I been asleep? I must have been asleep! Where is Jones? Did I not see her here? O, Sophy, I have had such an odd dream! I thought there was a ball here—in this room, and yet my bed was here too and I being on it and between the dances a girl in I lying on it, and between the dances a girl in a blue dress, whose face I could not see, came and sat on the bedside, and she had a lover with her, and they were toying and kissing, and then I called out something and after-ward awoke. I suppose I awoke. I had not

known I was asleep."

The maid subsequently told Sophia that, so far as she knew, her mistress had not been asleep at all; that all of a sudden she began to call out very loud, as if she were scolding: and that in the midst of a torrent of words she became deadly pale and seemed to frint away. Seeing this, the maid had rushed off for Sophia, and upon their return the old woman was come to herself, and sitting down as Sophia had found her. The doctor being sent for, made the usual inquiries and examinations, and ordered his patient to bed for a day or two, saying that she had overtaxed her strength; but when alone with Sophia he told her that there had evidently been an attack in the brain hich might be the forerunner of somethin, very grave, or might be only a symptom of weakness and

"The latter I think," he said as he was leaving; "your mother is a very aged person, I should fancy, and her last decay has probably begun. How long she may live no one can say; but she will not be the same woman again, and the rest of her life will be going lown hill, how fast or how slow depends on her constitution and our cara."

"I told you, Sophy, that I felt a little shaken," the old woman said, when her daughter came back to her bedside. "Don't you remember what I said about the peach rees? A little rest, Sophy, will set me up—a little rest. I have had a hard life of it, enjoying myself; I don't feel tired of that in the east, but every one wants rest sometimes There followed the contraction of life which is the sure token of advancing age. Old Mrs. femple got up late; she seldom drove out,

and then only at the sunniest hours, and she had all through the day her little delicaciesturtle soup in tablespoons, champagne in tiny glasses, and all the usual dainty forms of nourishment for wasting lives. Sophia remarked, however, that her mother was more than ever solicitous about expense. "I declare it is a sin to be eating this soup, the would say. How much is this a quart? gninea, I daresay. And as to sending to

Sunter's, Sophy, it is waste, sinful waste. You would get it quite as good at the confecioner's here. Fancy if I went on with chambegne and turtle at this rate for a year or wo, why, money would come to an end, Sophy-morey would come to an end." Everything pointed in one direction: Mrs. Temple was living on capital; and she dreaded the approaching exhaustion of her neans. Sophia tried to get some knowledge

"Could not I do that for you, mamma?" she asked one day, as the old woman was figurng over her bank book. "You, Sophy!" she answered, with a gleam

of her former vivacity. "You, dear child! you would not know which side is whichwhich is the mother and which the banker." "Let Archibald help you, then?" Sophia re-

"Archibald, indeed!" the old woman exclaimed. "That great man stooping to my ittle bit of business would be like a camel trying to get through a needle's eye. No.

Elsewhere, too, some gleams of her old spirit broke through the clouds of weakness and illness, but Sophia, watching her narrowly, thought the vivacity only assumed. Even now she fancied she could discern a look of deeper care on the old woman's face as she returned to her calculations. Next day they drove to the bank, and feeble as Mrs. Temple was she insisted on going in alone; and she had a long interview with the manager. When she came out she showed

Sophia a roll of notes. "Two hundred and fifty pounds, Sophy," she said. "I shall put it in my drawer, and if I am not able to get out again this winter there will be money enough to go on with.

don't wish anyone to go to the bank about my business again-mind that; and you need not pay any bills just at present. What ready money is wanted we can take out of All this was alarming to Sophia. She was time like this; but who, without uneasiness, could face the prospect of supplies perhaps suddenly cut off at the most trying juncture? As to herself, Sophia did not feel much

anxiety. Had Percival continued true to her, how gladly she would have put any fortune she might have inherited into his hands to repair his loss, but now she was not interested enough in life to fear poverty. Beyoud care for her mother she imagined there was nothing to live for. She had tried even after Mrs. Hands' visit to disbeliere ine reports which had seemed so fatall; anthenticated: but the very next day sibyl told her that she, too, had heard from another quarter the most indifferent account of Percival. At this Sophia became hopeless. It was curious that the only person to whom she said anything about her trouble was Prendergast. whatever had passed at the time of his proposal had set up something like an intimacy between them; and one day when he called, noticing that she looked pale, he made some remark upon the trial her mother's illness

"It is not, mamma," she replied; "that I could bear; but oh, I feel so wearv and sick! I have heard such dreadful things about the man I believed loved me. Have you heard anything? Oh, do you believe it all?" "I am afraid Brent has forgotten himself."

Prendergast replied gravely, and said

Meanwhile her sisters, with the above exception, maintained on the subject an ominous and dreary silence; and her mother, whom she carefully kept in ignorance of the reports, never mentioned Percival's name. So poor Sophia, with her broken hopes, went her dull round from day to day, nursing her heart, and there was not one ray of cheerfulness in her life. She grew pale and worn; and though she tried to be cheerful, every one could see that care was eating her spirit and strength away. Certainly the constrast of her appearance with that of Caroline, or even with that of Sibyl, was a warning against living for an idea in this workly orld. The other sisters might not indeed have grasped the whole substance—in this life who does? But Sophia's very shadow had vanished away, and she was quite alone, and destitute not only of pleasure but of illu-

CHAPTER II. MRS. TEMPLE DELIVERS A FAREWELL SER-

sion, too.

MON ON LIFE. Winter darkened on apace, and while the old woman's health more visibly declined, Sophia was pained to find that she would not allow the idea of death to near her. From occasional remarks that she let fall, it seemed that Mrs. Temple was willfully maintaining this delusion of returning strength, with an undercurrent of conviction that she was to die after all. But to Sophia she always spoke as if her recovery were a certainty; and she even said one day: "Next year I shall go to Paris and the year after that to Vienna."

"Mamma," Sophia said seriously, when she heard this extraordinary speech, "next year! and the year after that! Does it never strike

you how uncertain life is?" "Of course life is uncertain," the old woman replied briskly. "I never knew the time when it was anything else. But we must make our arrangements, and then take our chance. You were taught to dance when you were seven years old, although you would not require it for nine years more, and life never have done not to have taught you to

"Yes, but when one is weak and sick these things seem to come nearer, don't they, mamma?" Sophia said with the greatest ten-

"Seem to come, Sophy! They do come nearer. I wish they did not. But that is no reason why we should bring them nearer still by our own reflections and guesses." "But, mamma," Sophia said, now resolved to press the matter, "ought we not at such times to think a little about the other world,

and prepare for it?" "Prepare for the other world!" the old woman exclaimed, impatiently. "Tell me, how shall we do it! You talk as if one could make ready for the other world like a flower show or a ball. I don't know anything about the other world. I hope everything will be

right, but there is nothing I can do." "See a clergyman, mamma," Sophia said, growing timid before her mother's unwaver ing hardnesss. "See Mr. Knox. He is very kind, I am sure, and not the sort of man to

"Very well, Sophy," her mother retorted, getting a little flushed with excitement, but speaking with sarcastic self-repression. "Let us suppose Mr. Knox comes to see me. I can to yourself. Hear nothing the young man tell you what will happen. He will have a says." black book with him, which at first he will try to keep out of sight, and he will edge it into view as he is talking about the weather. That will be a signal to me of what is coming. Then he will begin by saying that this

is a world full of pain and care and trouble." She hit off the clergyman's voice exactly, but more it seemed, from her old habit of ridicule than from any present wish to be flippant. "If I say what I think, I shall answer, 'Not a bit of it; it is a cozy, bright world enough, and I never complained of it.' Then he will go on and talk about loving the world. 'Well,' I ought to say, 'I do love it, and never more than now when I am shut out from it.' 'Yes,' he will say, 'but people ought to be serious.' 'Serious!' I shall answer. 'Believe me, the person who produces one hearty laugh from another does good in the world. Serious, indeed! give me round faces, not long ones.' Won't this be improving talk, Sophy, and do good to me and good to Mr. Knox? Then he will talk about sickness being a blessing, and if I give him my mind I shall say that sicktruth I shall answer: 'I don't see it. I have young people will go on!" done my best in life. I have not been a liar, or a thief, or cruel. Enjoyment came to me been if I had not taken it! But I have tried to be a good mother and a kind friend, and though I don't mean to say that I have not often been in fault like other people, still I have never done anything to make a fuss about. The Almighty won't judge us for mistakes and little slips of temper-that I am quite sure of. I have always gone to church when I could, and if there is any better way to heaven than that I don't know it, nor any-

is not likely to do any good to anybody." "But, mamma," Sophia went on, "do you never feel as if you wanted something better than this world? It is very happy and all that while it lasts; but do you never wish for

hody else.' So please, Sophy, don't have Mr.

another?" "Never, Sophia!" her mother replied, now with distinct harshness in her voice. "I have told you a hundred times. I am satisfied with the world, and with other people, and with myself. I tell you I find only one fault with the world-I want it to last, and it

This reply was delivered in a way that finally closed the conversation, and Sophia

never dared again allude to the subject. December drew to its close and she saw that her mother was more and more declining in strength, and that even her insatiable appetite for the world itself was departing. She no longer cared to hear the talk of the town. Her beloved Morning Post would lie day after day unopened. The little meals, away. which she used to take with the eagerness of one who is determined to overcome illness, were now languidly put aside to another hour. She slept more frequently, and everything showed plainly that she was quitting the stage of the world, where, a popular actress indeed, she had so long and so brilliantly figured.

CHAPTER III.

SOPHIA HAS THREE COUNSELORS. Nor was poor Sophia left alone with her sorrow. We have all friends in this worldsome who wish us well, and some who wish us nothing of the kind. Ill wishers and well wishers sometimes are equals in making us uneasy. And thus it was with Sophia, for not the girl to give way to covetousness at a | while she was shut up with her mother in the sick house various persons found opportunity to disturb her with counsel or warning. The indefatigable Mrs. Hands, who had fully made up her mind that the young woman must and should marry voing Junn Done. managed to work her way into the house several times. Soph now feared and hated the widow in qual parts, although she could

not deny that, in telling her the truth about Pricival, she had acted the part of a friend. "My dear Sophia," this energetic dame said, "I hear that Brent is coming homebankrupt, they say; character and cash both gone! I should like to see you comfortably settled before that time, and in a position to treat him as he deserves. Now, while your mother is still living, and able to be comforted, settle yourself, Sophia, settle yourself. My dear, I know one young man, at least, who would be at your feet in an hour after the time I told him there was a hope that you would change your mind and say

'yes.' I know the young man." "Thank you," Sophia replied, hastily. Her cheeks were on fire at the bare idea of seeing Percival again. "I shall stay with mamma to the last; and I am not going to marry any one."

"Certainly not a man who has treated you badly," the widow said, resolved to pledge Sophia to this much, at least. "I am not going to marry anybody." Sop

repeated, tartly. She had another counselor. Egerton, having heard that Percival was returning, ventured to advise Sophia on the whole sub-

"It is not his being a little wild, Sophia, that I would so much object to," he said. "We are all that sometimes. I mean all young fellows, not girls, though I said 'we.' I had what we call an affair with Miss Johnson at that glove shop myself many years ago, and it went so far that once or twice we were on the point of going out walking together, and all that sort of thing-you know what I mean, Sophia; but it was the time for the equinoctial gales, and the weather got unsettled and that stopped it; and then I got engaged to Caroline, and she was such a tremendously fine girl that she steadied me. I don't want to find fault with Percival Brent, who is not half a bad fellow, I think. But you are not the woman for him, Sophia, that is where it is-you are not the woman for him. In every case a weman ought to be

the woman for a man. A man of Percival's sort ought to be engaged to a woman with a whip in her hand. Some of us-I mean the fellows with 'go'-want to be influenced, and things to be brought to bear on us, and we want forcible feminine character about us. and the rest of it, and in such cases there is even that fickle and false Percival-looking her worst. Then the door opened, and he nothing like a woman with a whip in her was ushered in. More solemn and weighty words were ad-

Sophia's future. "I tremble for that girl," he said to his wife one morning, "kind, impressible, virtuous as

gast, who is as much in love with her as ever, | one accident whom Mrs. Lanigan. and to whom fortune will make no difference. I fear-I very greatly fear-that Sophia will be very poor at her mother's death. Everything points that way. But she is the sweet-est of girls," he added in tones of solemn approval; "she is a sister you may well be while I live, Sibyl. She shall live here if she out, to take Sophia to his breast; but that

will make this house her home." "I don't know that Sophy would care to live | erect a barrier before her heart. She would here," Sibyl answered curtly. "She is fanci- even then have given the world for his emwas as uncertain then as now. Still, it would ful and quixotic. Perhaps she will marry Percival Brent after all." "Not after his improper behavior," Gold-

more remarked, with the solemn morality of

a Great Briton. Sibyl laughed a little. "Women forgive that sometimes," she said. Accordingly Goldmore, in fear of something which he could not quite define to himself, resolved to give Sophia the benefit of his

were those of a man who "knows." "Don't be deceived by that soft forgiving heart of yours into marrying a profligate, Sophia," he said. "A young man may fall into many errors and come out of them, and be as good as ever, but a profligate never re- so he drew her gently up until their eyes met after his daughterturns to the state of his youth. He may seem respectable, but he is never truly restored. He has lost that which he can never regain. There will always be a hardness and a coarseness about him, and he may any hour relapse into evil ways. Such men make a pretense of reforming when they want to marry, and perhaps even believe themselves reformed but, Sophia, a profligate can no more reform and be what once he was than a man who has lost an eye can see again as perfectly as when he had two. Be firm, Sophia! Be true

Poor Sophia began to cry. "I am not saying this thoughtlessly, my dear girl," Goldmore continued, taking her hand. "I admire a young woman who loves a man and will make a sacrifice for him, and I may take the liberty of assuring you, Sophia (so great is my interest in you), that I had resolved, had the young man been hon- pression; but the clear, strong gaze could orable, that no little difficulty of a pecuniary never have come from any but a true man. kind should have stood in your way. But Sophia felt it. Before he opened his lips she now, Sophia," Goldmore said, with all the knew she had misjudged him. Already she magnate upon him once more, "I must interfere in quite another sort of way." Late that night, when weary Sophia stole

back to her mother's room, she found it dark, for the lamp had gone out. "Are you awake, mamma?"

"Is that you, Sophia?" the old woman answered, in a clear and singularly collected voice. "That girl in blue is here again, you

"What, mamma? Where?" "Here, at the end of the bed, and that young fellow with her. They have been dancing, and came here afterward. They have an unmitigated bother and perplexity. Won't there kissing and laughing. I don't object to that make Knox whistle? He will feel he laughing or kissing either; only they should that when I took my lips away from yours I something. I am sure. Archibald makes a certain points—such as the Columbia not spoken to me, not a word. Only they sit must put me down; and next he will say we not choose this place, where so many people are all sinners. What then? If I say the are passing up and down. But, Lord! how

Time after time during several days the old woman would imagine that the bedroom and I took it, and what a fool I should have | was a ballroom, and that the girl in blue and her lover were sitting at her bed's end, flirting and misbehaving themselves in a way which tickled the old woman; for she often laughed aloud, and said over and over again: Lord! how young people will go on!" At last, on Christmas eve, Sophia was sitting beside her, and she spoke all at once in a low, penetrating whisper: "Sophy, I know who that girl is now."

"Who, mamma?" "Myself, dear-myself." She uttered this in a whisper of secreey, low, but intensely Knox here; either I say what I do think and clear. "I saw the face just this moment. shock him, or I say what I don't think, which And that is Jack Dallimore-'Spider Jack' we used to call him, he was so thin; but he was clever and so handsome! We stole out together during the dance at Lord Mount-joy's. There he is kissing her again! How cold it is! Let us go back; let us go back; let

us go back!" She truned and composed herself to sleep, and all night long she lay placidly. When the doctor came in the morning he found her much weaker, and said she must have brandy every half-hour, for she was sinking fast. But she would take nothing; only slept away, while hour by hour the beating pulse reported failing strength. Sophia, feeling the end was near, sent word to Car and Sibyl, and the three sisters watched beside her all the afternoon, while Egerton and Goldmore waited down stairs. The breath grew fainter; fixed lines came out on the mobile face; the three daughters stood round the bed; and the worldly little mother passed without a pang

CHAPTER IV.

PERCIVAL RETURNS. It was about the middle of January. The funeral was over, and Sophia was sitting alone in the little morning room which had been her mother's favorite spot. Car and Sibyl had gone home, and Goldmore was down stairs in the library examining the old lady's papers, the greater portion of which had only just now been obtained, as her solicitor had been from home. He had arrived half an hour ago, and, together with Goldmore, was going into the affairs. Sophia sat alone, full of foreboding and dreariness. It was after four o'clock; the sky was sullen and gray; a mist was rising all round the house. Dreary, drary world! Sophia's heart went of as it had done a hundred times arry lay for months past—to Austria em Percival, and that odious Mrs. Langan. She had in her mind's eye quite a picture of her rival; a tall, handsome woman, with free eyes, a high color, and dark eyebrows and hair. How could Percival have liked such a creature? Then there was the wonder which had haunted her now for weeks. Would Percival come to see her when he arrived in England? Would he imagine she did not know! Could she steel her heart and repel him as she ought!

So constant had these reflections and questionings been of late that what followed was a coincidence only in appearance. "Will Percival come to me?" was actually on the tip of that inward tongue with which we soliloquize when her maid came into the room with an expressive face, saying:

"Gentleman called to see you, miss," adding,
in a kind of unofficial whisper: "It's Mr.

Brent, miss." She had heard all the gossip of the town: but her face and tone signified that if she were mistress and not maid, Percival should be forgiven at once, and more than forgiven shortly. But Sophia was too agitated for observation. Should she say: Not at home! Engaged? Cannot see him? Her heart had almost stopped beating; but, resolved not to let her maid see anything, she said, in as quiet a voice as she could comp "Show him up."



She gave one hasty glance in the mirror to that she was fit to be seen, as girls say. Let female seers prognosticate what they will from it, she did not care to meet Percival-

The two stood looking at each other in dressed to the poor heart-sick girl. Goldmore silence for a moment. He saw her pale, worn, no sooner heard that Percival was coming and clad in black. She saw him bearded, back than he became sincerely alarmed for weatherburnt, stronger looking, handsomer than ever. She was ready in her heart-sickness to cast herself in his arms and take her chance. But just then she saw the mark of a the is. I wish she would accept Prender cut upon his forehead, and she remembered

Why he had waited that moment I cannot tell. A man never should pause when the woman he loves shows the smallest sign of readiness for his embrace. Perhaps Percival no doubt that he was dejected by the thought only wished to give the maid time to go down stairs. It is certain that next moment proud of, and she shall never want a brother he sprang forward, with his arms stretched mood that her spirits flew far above every little space of waiting gave jealousy time to

brace, if but it had been honest; but perplexed, tortured, and at last fairly mad with jealousy, she turned deadly white, and, sobbing, she cast herself on the couch, where, grasping the satin cushion in her hands in a passion of grief or disappointment—
"Oh, I can't, I can't, I can't!" she cried, in a

The room was half in darkness, and Percival by no means understood the true cause experience of life. His kindness and his good of her agitation. He came to her side, and, intentions were undoubted, and his words kneeling, took her in his arms without a word. She felt his embrace winding about her, so full of strength! She was nothing in his arms! In her wretchedness she felt thankful that he had taken her so. It was not her doing! She was too frail to resist him. And

Let me tell you a secret, reader. Some

men and women-not many-are born in this world who are honest by nature. Earthsprung honesty I should call theirs, to dis-tinguish it from that which is the result of sound teaching and example. These people are never so awkward as when they are doing anything mean or underhand; and for the rest of their lives their honesty is proclaimed in their aspect. Such was Percival Brent. He was a simple, straightforward man, true by instinct, and the idea of having been seriously false to Sophia-or that he could have been suspected of such an offense-had never crossed his mind. And now, as he looked down into her troubled eyes, his own, which were dark brown, and very speaking in their way, beamed out steadfast rays of love and truth. There was a little surprise, a little sadness in the exwas beginning to hate herself for her doubts. A moment longer he gazed at her, not, as it would seem, wishing to hurry her kiss; and she grew so impatient to expiate her fault that she was going to kiss him first. He

gently held her back. "Sophia," he said, "do you remember the day we said good-by at the Beeches?" She nodded her head in answer. She could not speak. Her eyes were running over. "I could not say good-by. I was too broken -far too broken."

She pressed his hand to tell him how well she remembered all. ours met once more."

He stopped. "I understand," Sophia said to herself, with a sudden flash of new interest in his words. "He is going to confess to me about Mrs. Lanigan! I daresay he only flirted with her a bit; and he must have been very lonely in more wished to see Sophia in the library. Australia; and no doubt she was very forward-like an actress!"

All this ran through her mind, not only faster than it runs from my pen, but faster far, reader, than your eye travels along the line of words. Without a pause Percival

"And I have kept that vow, Sophia. I

wanted to tell you before I kissed you. You can take your good-by kiss back again; for the lips have been all your own since then." "Oh, wait—wait one moment!" she cried. She wished to collect herself for the coming joy. Besides, ought she to kiss hira with her eyes wet with tears? So she made ready. Then she turned her warm and melting lips upward, and, as she drank his long kiss, she sighed a sigh of rapture too deep for words, almost too deep for thought. "I am his, and he is mine." Oh, how that pure embrace re- To Sophia, at least, everything seemed warded her, in one great spell of bliss, for all her waiting and her pain! She forgot everything but her deep happiness. She was in a and then with his usual three syllable ceretrance of joy, and all beside joy faded out mony began to speak. of her consciousness. There was neither past nor present, neither hope nor fear,

neither wish nor regret-all was merged in the full and blessed Now! I declare I will not have my lovers peeped at for the next few minutes. And I shall tell you nothing at all, but let your fancy

paint what passed on that sofa. Glance back over your own lives. Have you ever had such a moment of love after years of pain? Just recall your own sensations, and leave Percival and Sophia to enjoy theirs undisturbed, as happy lovers should. Even when their first transports are over there they sit, exchanging at slow intervals

one low spoken sentence for another. So at full tide on some quiet coast a wave breaks with a low plash of music on the shore, and then there is silence, and then another wave answers in the same murmuring note, as in its turn it lays its head on the | Shail I read the letter, or will you read it for golden beach. Or so, deep in the words at yourself?" summer noon, when all begins is rest and "Read it, stillness, on sinong bird trills out a few deen notes of passion, and then the golden stillness recurs, until the mate answers from another tree in notes as laden with music and tenderness. Break, shining sea, wave after wave of joy! Sing, birds of love, and let the voice of your passion go to and fro from breast to breast! And you two pure and faithful hearts, touch each other at last, and tell in what language you please that earthly paradise is here, within your clasped

"But. Sophia," Percival says at last, "for what possible reason did you behave yourself



PERCIVAL BRENT.

so very oddly when I first came into the room! I really thought you were angry or frightened. What could you mean by it?" He laughs, but when he looks at her he sees her lower lips give a twitch, and she makes a little shivering noise, as if she were going to burst out crying.

lately," he says tenderly. "Think no more about it, dear.' She hated herself for her doubts. She would confess all to him. No, she would not. Yes, she would. Then at last she answered: "It was not my home troubles, Percy. It

"I suppose you have had so much trouble

"What was it?" It is so sweet to bend over her and question her in this low voice. "Well, you know, it was-it was---He sees that twitch of the lip once more. He sees her eyes move round the room, as if looking for something, but she stops again. "What can it have been?" he asks a third

a shining April shower, though her voice "It was nothing—nothing in the world, but that I was so delighted to see you, dearest, dearest darling!" She seals that statement with a kiss. But, my moral young woman, we have caught you telling a decided file

Then all at once she looks up, laughing like

CHAPTER V. LADY RIVALS WITH THE SEAS BETWEEN Sophia noticed that her lover spoke in a

voice of sadness, and not with the exultation which so joyful a meeting might be supposed to inspire. Sophia at once remembered what she had been told of his ill fortune, and made of it. She could not understand what dejection meant just then, being in so happy a

She had a kind of feeling that all would be well somehow, but she asked her lover tenderly if any anxiety pressed upon him, and he at once told her the truth.

"I have not prospered," he said sadly. "Complaint always comes with a bad grace from one who is unsuccessful, but I assure you I have not had a fair chance. The man with whom I was working promised to take me into partnership, and all seemed to go well for a while, but we had a quarrel." "About what?" Sophia asked, with keen in-

terest, "Was Bessie Warren in the quarrel?" she says to herself. She tosses her head with a little of the triumph of the woman who has won the man. Percival is as unconscious of it as Miss Bessie Warren herself can be. "Oh, as to what we quarreled about, that is not of any great importance," Percival replied, with a little hesitation. "A short time

"So!" Sophia thought, "I was rather expecting her to come in somewhere here." "His daughter," continued Percival, "got

engaged to another man-" "To another man!" exclaimed Sophia. "Had she an affair with any one before?" "How sharp you girls are in love matters!" says plain Percival, not seeing her drift, how-

"It was not exactly an affair; I think she took a liking to a man who would not take a liking to her." "Now just tell me," Sophia said, stopping hip here. "was she pretty?" "How quick you girls are to ask about each other's faces!" cries plain Percival again.

or plain, what is it to you?" "I want to know," Sophia said, "and know I shall. Was she pretty?" "Very pretty indeed," Percival answers. "And you say she took a liking to a men who did not take a liking to her?"

"She is in Australia, and you here. Pretty

All through his life Percival never understood why just at this moment Sophia got a "Go on, Percy," she said; "tell me more." "Well, she engaged herself to another man, and he and I never got on; and then the old

"Yes; he did not care for her."

thing up and here I am, Sophia, quite penni-less. Indeed, dear, if it had not been for what you hid in that pocket I should not have been here to-day." He stopped and shook his head sadly.
"Never mind, Percy!" Sophia said gayly. "You are here in safety. Something will

net of me!" "No!" cries proud Percival, "I have got the promise of a situation in Sydney-a capital situation too, and out there I shall go, and work my way." about to speak with great eagerness, when the maid came in and announced that Gold-

Percival was for going away, but she would not hear of it. "It is my house now," she said, with a sad smile; "you must s'ay with me a little longer. Wait until I come back." With a doubting and fearful heart she affairs, and, alas, money had never seemed

so precious in her eves before. Had she but a fortune now, how happy she and Percy might be! She braced herself, however, for the shock which she felt sure was coming, and opened the library door. Scated at a table, all covered with papers, were her brother-in-law and her mother's solicitor, and by the candlelight their faces, half shaded and half seen, looked very ominous. gloomy. Goldmore rose from his seat solemply and set a chair for her at the table,

CHAPTER VI.

"We have been examining, my dear Sophia, your mother's papers, and we are now in a position to let you know exactly how you stand. I have waited before calling you down, in order that I might be able to satisfy your mind in all particulars, and not merely read over documents to you which would deal in general terms without making the fact of the case clear. I think as your mother has made a very special communica-tion to you about her affairs—communication which she wished her executor to read before showing to you-I think I may now read her letter, and thus it will be she and Pot I who will tell you how you are left to put on appearances which do not fit

"Read it, please," Sophia replied, trembling with excitement. Goldmore drew the candle closer to him-

self, adjusted his glasses on his nose and "'My Dear Sophia-I have for a long time felt great anxiety about you and your future, when I shall be taken from you. For Caroline and Sibyl I am not concerned; they are happily married, and will never want either wealth or counsel. With you the case is very different. You must be aware that your course in life has not been such as I approved of. I regretted, and I shall always regret, that you did not marry when you had a favorable opportunity, and you know well my precepts, and, indeed, disappointed all my hopes. But I am bound to say you never forgot yourself, and your behavior was as mild and daughterly as possible under the me the idea of a girl who, though acting from a mistaken principle, was doing it in a high-"You three girls will have at my death a have a chance at the honors and emoluthousand pounds apiece. The whole of my remaining income goes back to the family of my first husband. I hoped to have seen you married and settled before I died; but, as this was not to be, I could not think of your being left in so miserable a condition. For this reason, while my income was still very large, I resolved, without telling any one, to reduce fore I die this sum will no doubt be increased. You will be my residuary legatee, and at my death the sum I have saved will be yours absolutely. I must charge you to be cautious with it. Submit yourself implicitly to the guidance of our good Archi-bald; and, as you love my memory, and remember the sacrifice I have made, you must not, in any freak of affection, let the fortune slip away. It is meant for your comfort, You will ill repay me if you allow any other

person to squander it. "You have chosen your way in life; and, although it is not mine, I hope you will be happy. Of course I have no right to force my views on you. You have got to live your own life, and to get enjoyment in your own way. The great thing in life is by some means to get enjoyment out of it, which I sincerely hope you may do. Try, anyway, to be a credit to your mother. Remember, whatever else you do, always dress handsomely and keep up appearances, and think sometimes of your old worldly mother, "'BARBARA TEMPLE.'"

Goldmore laid the letter on the table, and then, with his most imposing air, took up another paper, on which were some column adjusted his glasses, and began afresh: "The property you receive in this way," he said, "amounts to about twelve thousand to glance over this---

"O. Archibald, not just yet," Sophia said, in

great agitation. "To-morrow-another time

And Sophia hurried away, not to her lover, but to her mother's room. There she cast herself on Mrs. Temple's bed, and poured out such as I hope, reader, may be dew your memory some day. The little worldly mother,

"Miss Temple is a little moved," the solici-

"She is a tender-hearted girl," Goldmore

tor remarked. "By no means unnatural"

mingled tears of gratitude, grief and joy, who seemed-and who, in a way, was-see selfish, how kindly she had acted at the last! Sophia thought of her frivolity, her obstinate refusal to make any preparation for death, her absorbed spirit of worldlinese; and then this kind deed coming up like a flower out of her very grave! She was a tender-hearted girl, as Goldmore said; but, perhaps, most of us, one time or another, have felt something akin to the feeling which filled her breast, as, through her tears, she called out, although there was none to hear:

"Mamma, mamma! Oh, if I could only tell you-if I could only have you for ten minutes to tell you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.] What Our Editors Say.

Carolina Spartan. complications here in South Carolina." From this it would seem that the General will not be a candidate before a Farmers' Convention.

Greenville News. It is fashionable to talk of Cleveland's luck. Luck as an explanation of his remarkable career is as convenient as empty. Cleveland's luck has consisted of his doing and saying the right things thy of the body of the people. Those little closer to him and pressed his hand so at the right time, and he has done that because his sound judgment has guided an honest purpose to do right, and he has not been deflected from his course man became rather disagreeable, and nothing and purpose by greed or fettered by went right, and it ended in my throwing the fear.

Try an Experiment. Camden Journal.

Would it not be a good idea in talking up the "new deal" to require Canal, the Railroad Commission, the homestead law, the concealed weapon law, etc? We think that the concealed weapon business needs about as much At this Sophia's face fell, and the was attention as anything we can think of

The decent and peaceable citizens of the State deserve a little consideration at the hands of our Legislators as well as ruffians and rowdies who, thus far, seem to have all the law in their favor instead of against them. The pistol descended to the library. She was fully pre is a curse to civilization anyhow, and in pared for the worst as regarded her mother's order to bring it within proper bounds why not pass an act requiring every man who carries a pistol to pay a license of \$500 per annum for the luxury be thus enjoys, and any one found with a pistol who has not this license, let him be sent to the penitentiary for ten years. No good

sussion you could use in a century. We would like to see the experiment tried anybow. We are satisfied that

News and Courier. Pay for the old coat before you bargain for a new one. Limit your wishes by your own means rather than by the means of your neighbor. Turn the others by respecting yourself. Measure your lot by your deserts rather than by your desires, and, above all, don't try you, and which when donned only wear body and heart and soul like a garment of Nessus.

Third-termism.

Abbeville Medium. The State convention is to be held on August 4th. It is time the people adoption of that system in regard to were thinking of our next State officers. The general sentiment we believe is against third-termism. If this objection was powerful enough to defeat such a man as Gen. Grant, it certainly should give us a new deal in the State. that, in acting as you did, you cast aside all It is the Democratic idea and it is the correct one. A free government should not perpetuate offices in certain individuals and families. In this way olicircumstances; and I cannot but tell you that garchies spring into existence and powyour affection for me at that time touched er. It is time for us to have a care in me deeply, although I was angry. You gave the matter. There is no scarcity of men to fill all our offices. Capable minded way. And since then, every day, I and deserving men can be found in have had fresh tokens of your love and care. every section of the State who should

Two Exceptions.

Florence Times. It is considered that rich editors belong to a period so remote that the my expenditure, and lay up a little money for you. I have already accumulated rather memory of man runneth not to the time more than eight thousand pounds, and be- thereof, but as in everything else, there Antonia lawyer, seemed tired and worn are exceptions. While in Marion re- out on returning to his residence. cently, we were surprised to see that W. J. Mongtemery, the editor, of the have had a hard's day's work again in Pee Nee Index, who is also a lawyer, a Court, said Mrs. Gassaway. farmer, a florist and poultry raiser, a good man withal, and successful in all difficult case, but I've won it." of his specialties, had the foundation laid for half a block of brick storehouses. And in Columbia, Rev. Sidi H. Browne, the editor of the Christian Neighbor, had begun to build another brick dwelling alongside his present palatial residence. It is indeed grattlying to note is not stolen." this evidence of prosperity among our successful confreres, that inspires the hope that some of these days the editor of the Times may be able to build him a house, and one large enough for twe.

Greenville News. One of the most absurd performances

of the century is the expulsion from of figures, set out with great care. He re- France of the Orleans princes. The average king or prince is always made weak and harmless by familiarity. When it is seen that he is only a little vested is most satisfactory. I should like you dude with very ordinary strength and hard work dancing at a full dress ball." an assortment of inherited diseases he ceases to be dangerous to anybody. is very fatiguing." Only the incorrigible fogies and flunkies | Country Aust: 'I thought so, seeing while? I don't think I can speak very much | vinity in royal blood. Intelligent peo- for it.'

With an agitated bow to the man of law | ple generally understand that, with the exception of the reigning family in Prussia, the royal blood of Europe is about as bad and productive of physicial and said, adding, in his testimonial style: "I have mental scrubs as any in the world. Where monarchs reign they endeavor to hold the respect of the populace by keeping far from it and trusting to imagination to give them the traditional king-

ly qualities they lack. The Orleans princes are singled out and banished, made martyrs and removed to a distance which will allow their adherents to exalt them before the people as saints and heroes. Furthermore, the act of expulsion is evidence that the republic distrusts its own strength and fears to allow the exiles to live at home. If anything can possiby cause the people of France to ac-

Judge Aldrich's Charge. Columbia Record.

The remarks of Judge Aldrich to the

cept a monarchy again this action will.

grand jury at the opening of the Court on Monday were true and full of in-General Bratton, of Fairfield, now struction. His criticism of the custom and then a candidate for Governor or of South Carolina farmers keeping their something, has assailed the Farmers' smoke houses and corn cribs in the Convention as ill-considered, inconsider- West, and his refutation of the idea ate, radical and unreasonable, and ut. that the consequences of want of econoterly regardless of the difficulties and my and bad practices can be cured by legislation, were replete and forcible and coincide entirely with the views so often expressed by The Record. What he said about the injustice of the abuse that has sprung up against the lawyers was also entirely true, but we do not think that profession is likely to suffer from the abuse referred to. Indeed, that abuse seems to proceed only from a comparatively small number of persons, and not to meet with the sympapoliticians who seek to gain prominence by pulling down, or trying to pull down, an honorable and useful profession, will find out their mistake to their own cost. So far as we have been able to discern the attitude of the lawyers generally, they do not think the attacks upon their profession deserving of

Anderson Intelligencer.

any attention or reply whatever.

The acquittal of Ferguson in Abbeville last week upon the fourth trial. for the murder of Benedict, is one of those conspicues instances in which the Courts of carcountry are brought into contempt by the failure to mete out justice to offenders. If there ever was an unjustifiable murder, we believe this was one of them, and there is no excuse for such a verdict, except that the defendant had money and influential friends to manage his trials, while the poor man he killed had none. Such verdicts lower the respect and confidence which the people feet in

our Courts. It Won't Do.

Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

The Columbia Register and other journals are advocating the nomination citizen can object to such a law, and the of State, Congressional and County bad citizens should be made to obey it. officers by the primary plan. We be-Such an act would do more towards lieve this plan can be made to work suppressing crime than all the moral satisfactorily in making County nominations, but when it comes to extending it to State and Congressional nominations, we think it will be found too no good citizen would suffer by such a cumbersome and expensive. Even when confined to County officers, the primary is attended with a great deal of trouble and worry, and often fails to give entire satisfaction, but these local difficulties can be overcome. Extend the system, however, to State officers and any dissatisfaction engendered by the result would be hard to heal. you cannot keen up with the ways of from the fact that the territory is so the world. Command the respect of extensive. If there should happen to is not at all unlikely, it would take several elections to decide the matter. which would weary the people and make the friends of defeated candidates lukewarm and indifferent in the real election. We had better go slow about these matters; and let well enough alone. Let us have the primaries in the Counties, but the present mode of nominating State and Congressional candidates can't be improved on by the

> them. It won't do. David Davis, died at Bloomington; Illinois, Saturday morning June 26th. He was one of the Supreme Court judges in 1876 and was one of the commission to decide the Haves-Tilden contest. There being a vacancy for the Senate in his State, the legislature fearing that he would favor Tilden, elected him to the United States Senate. His acceptance of this office took him out of the commission and Judge Bradley was put in his place. In politics Senator Davis claimed to be independent. While he was an honest man and had great ability, he was not a leader. A few years ago he married a second wife con-

siderably younger than himself. She was a North Carolinian. A Criminal Lawyer:

Major Gassaway, a prominent Sad 'You look tired, dear. I suppose you

'Yes, I'm very tired. I've had a 'You had better drink a cup of tes, and then go to bed early and get a good

night's rest.

'No rest for me to-night. I'll have to sit up and watch, the stable with a shot-gun to see that the carriage borse 'Why, who is going to steal it?' 'You see, I was defending one of the worst herse thieves in Western Texas; this afternoon, and I cleared him. He

is foot loose now, and I am afraid he will come around to-night and steal my horses. Nobody's horses will be safe until that double-dyed scoundrel is out of town.' - Texas Siftings.

In Full Dress.

City Niece (dressed for the ball :) It

Country Aunt: 'It must be terrible

me mamma's letter, and then excuse me for a | believe now that there is virtue or di- as you're almost stripped to the waist

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