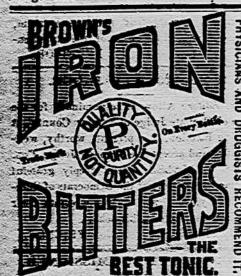
"Be Just and Fear not--Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's"

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.]

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DEALER IN

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And she turns her back on him. "Tonly say I can't marry you as a poor

"Very well; don't marry me, then." "But I don't want you to speak in that Fill comply of Fresh Garden Seeds. "And I don't want you to speak at all."

"Sophia, you need not be so ill-natured. She turns on him, making ready to tell fib

he second, which this time was a sizable one. vithout any mistake. "O, I know what it is; you have some other woman out in Australia whom you want to

marry, and this is all pretense!" hours: No rubbing! No varnishing! No "Want to marry some other woman out in Australia!" Percival cried, aghast at the thought "Another woman! Why, Sophia,

He sinks at her feet, and then he presses her handkerchief to his lips-not her hand-humbly signifying that anything about her is dear to him. And she, though not ill-pleased to see how artistically she has brought him to her feet, bites her lip, tosses her head, looks arigry still. Then releasing her hand-

kerchief from his grasp, and putting it to ber "I know this," she says. "If you really loo-loved me, you would not let this miserable mo-mo-money stand in our way!" And quite overcome with grief, sne plunges

into her pocket handkerchief, and is lost to his view. He will have her out; she will not come. He will dry her eyes; she does not want to have them dried. He will make her stop

crying; she cries all the more. At last he ODE TEN HORSE TOZER & DIAL PORTABLE ENGINE. sinks at her feet. "Listen, Sophy; I will do anything you please. I will make no trouble about anything. I will marry or not, just as you like,

if you only will stop crying. I can't bear to see you cry; I can't, indeed." "O, you dear old stupid!" she cries, unveiling herself at the moment; and there she is, rosy, blushing, laughing, triumphant. She has carried her point and made a fool of him, and she tosses her handkerchief in his face,

and flies from the room, killing him with a retreating eye as he tries to catch her in vain-My wish is that every reader of this tale should, at all convenient places, have the moral lessons of the passage pointed out. Here I wil just remark, that if any reader is very much in love with a woman, and she wants him to do anything which he does not want to do he may as well do it at once and

One other fragment of their courtship, of later date, let me give, just to show how Sophia wove her web around him. She is at the piano, and has been singing "In Questa Tomba" to him. They are alone in the little drawing room, and Percival says: "I am so fond of that melancholy music."

face full of fun, she starts off:

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1886.

Alone and merry are we; For Love is the game, and I am the toy; So laugh, if you like, at-me!

Sing! if your heart beat light, dear boy-Like a lark o'er a sunlit lea; Let the first trill be Passion, the next be Joy, And the end of the music-me!

There's nobody here to see. You can be saucy—and I can be coy! Dance, with your arms about-me!

This shall our pastime be-Yes, but tears like those-albeit their grief is deep and pure-are ready to sparkle when the next gleam of sunshine comes. Sophia

awoke next morning with a dancing heart. She ceased, and turned up a thorough flirting face, sparkling like a brook when the sunshine glances on it through moving leaves. O, she was ready for a bit of frolic just then, our grave Sophia, with her seriousness and her natural piety, and all the rest. Grave young women frolic at times, my uninstructed reader, and I would have he answered. "But, Sophia, you are too good—far too good—to offer to wait for me.

haps more in love just then-looked at her, and his eyes grew moist with tenderness and delight as he gazed.

"I don't laugh much, Sophy. I dance badly. I can't sing at all." "An old, crabbed, awkward thing!" she replied. "His face is crosspatch. His step is a halt. His notes were learned in a rookery. No. do what she will, she cannot make him augh. He is too much in love, and his gaze makes her more serious, too. The twinkling lights in her face pass off. She begins to give him beam for beam, full of earnest affection. All the brook is running deeper now, and the lights fall on it steadily. "But the awkward boy loves little Sophia

"Does he, truly?" "More than all the world beside." How old the words are! How new and fresh each lover can make them!

forever and forever?" "Forever and forever and forever." "Then." Sophia cried, spreading out her arms, "why are you standing over there, stupid thing? Don't keep me waiting any longer. Come and kiss me."

CHAPTER VIII. LADY RIVALS. WITH THE FOOTLIGHTS BE-

so long allowed to his father. So Percival did not marry as a poor man, after all, and way to fortune too.

Wedding bells come ringing in as my story nears its end. Sophia Temple is the bride the sun shines on. It is a quiet marriage; but loving eyes are about her and upon her. Seven long years she has waited, and now the day has dawned that makes her happy. All is sunshine. The little wedding feast is full of pleasantry. Egerton Doolittle makes a speech, in which he assures the company that he always maintained, in the face of evervbody, that Sophia would find some one to marry her some day. He did not exactly mean what he said, but that some one would turn up; for he had heard that there never is a Jack but there is a Jill-not that he meant to imply that Sophia was not most charming; quite the reverse; but still it requires foresight to say how any given thing will turn out, and he always said so, in spite of everybody; and there the thing was that day, and nobody could gainsay it. And Goldmore hands Sophia solemnly into her carriage, and off they go for life and love, and the story is

They come back again and settle in the

Egerton Doolittle came in one morning and asked to see Sophia privately; and when he was alone with her, and the door shut, he drew a long playbill out of his pocket. "Look here, Sophia," he says, in a voice of

city there is to be for one night only a performance of "The School for Scandal," with Imnigan as Lady Teazle.

man. He will go back to Australia and Egerton says. "If you will take my advice as a relative, I should keep Percival in the background. You will observe it is only for angrily. "Of course I can't say Will you marry me? three times running. You must keep Percival in the background."

"Come here, sir," she says to her husband after Egerton has gone. "Do you see this?" She shows him the playbill, and he looks a little foolish and conscious.

"I want to see the Lanigan, Percy," she says. "You must take a box for us both to see the Lanigan." "You are jesting, Sophia."

So the abashed husband has to take a box, tuin to rise.

"Now, which is Mrs. Lanigan?" Sophia asks, after the play has begun.

Mrs. Lanigan?" Sophia puts a very impres- guine. "We are working against hope." sive emphasis on "that."

"Yes, that is she," Percival replies, with obvious awkwardness. He feels very much eshamed of having admired her. He can see going to say I should not be disheartened nothing in her now at all.

"Mrs. Lanigan is not the woman with the lieve him. In fact, she implies that it is quite incredible that THAT can be Mrs. Lanigan.

"Why, Percival, you said she was so pretty." "Well, you know," Percival says, "that was

"Had she the same nose in Australia?" in quires Sophia, crushing her husband by this

pieces, from her eyebrows to her toes, and makes it as plain as Euclid to Percival that she is not at all prepossessing; and Percival, having the woman of women at his side, believes all he hears, and begins to remember now that Mrs. Lanigan's complexion was sometimes a little doubtful. So you see, reader, that Sophia, with all her charms, was only mortal woman after all, and would let fly an arrow at a rival as swiftly as any of her sex. But it mattered nothing to Mrs. Lanigan, who was three times recalled. And it mattered nothing to Sophia, who only wanted to punish her husband, and never loved him more tenderly than that night. And so it really comes to this, that I need not

SEQUEL

have recorded so trivial an occurrence at all

THE CHARACTERS BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR. I am beginning to regret that I did not call this "A Circular Novel;" which, beside being a title that might have raised public curiosity immensely, would have pointed to one of the most remarkable features of the production. For the mathematical reader will know that it is the property of a circleno matter how vast it be-that if you pursue its circumference patiently you must at last reach the very point from which you start. So here, reader, have you and I been comof terms, trudging without a murmur the and sixty-five times every year like all the panions now for six months, and on the best round of this novel, and now June finds us rest of us! It is your men who either never in that very dining room, with its mingling wish to go to bed, or have no bed to go to, the dining room was Egerton Doolittle's; and cival continued a devoted student of science lights, from which at first we started. For

the ladies, and with the evening our novel,

long was never, even to the last, ruffled by one fold. Responsible he was, just, good, in to him. The pair had not a quarrel in their lives; partly because she stood in awe of him, partly because he never meddled with her, partly because each was impassive and cold, partly because they never loved each other. through life, and never exchanged one cordial confidence. Even when Goldmore was seized to Sybil. This was not because he feared frightening her, but only from his way of found," which Percival uttered with unusual keeping things to himself. Before long, how- deliberation, Mrs. Sophia comes to her husever, concealment became impossible. The band's side, and, looking saucily over his doctor entered the house; the end was in shoulder, says she:

a word to you." He drew himself up a little, nothing with a faint remembrance in his air of his fa nous testimonial style. "You have been to and a pinch. Beyond these harmless pleasdie you will find that I have recognized all general subjects between the two. that. You will not be hampered by any ation and attention to all my wishes." He paused, and she stood beside him and of whom all we now record is that he called

did not speak, nor show any sign of feeling. Sophia his wife; and that she was mother to She only regarded him fixedly; and he, after the simplest way: "God bless you, my dear, and watch over you when I am gone."

And then, although her face moved not a whit, he saw one tear come out and stand on but I have failed to describe you aright. You her eyelash and roll down her cheek. It was the only tear he had ever seen her shed. Per-teresting in life. Who could make real your haps from her it signified more than floods of thousand little graces of mind and way, of weeping from an ordinary woman. It was dress and look and speech? I feel that had I sincere, anyhow, not assumed; and Goldmore drawn a woman who knew the way to adknew it, and the sight comforted him before | minister strychnine safely, and did adminhe died.

full of grace and dignity. She was by no smoked Three Castles tobacco, wore a billyall expected that she would have married success in my hands. But you I have not ful habits. But five years went by, ten, your clear and perfect beauty. You will be fifteen, and still Sibyl Goldmore did not called insipid; you whose hands and eyes and change her name. And now there appeared presence, had they but been about me, would upon her most unmistakable signs of age; and, have made me all I might have been, and more decayed, she seemed more and more re- ing to paint you, have painted only your solved to let all the world know what a pale shadow, and who feels now, as the brush beauty she thought herself. She grew affected, slips through tired fingers, "I have tried, sat in postures, dressed for twenty-five-we and tried, and failed."

even fancy that she rouged a little. Meanwhile, her old reserve and her silent ways remained the same. She talked little. and took no pains with her conversation. She treated most people with haughty reserve. Strong and sensible as she was, Sibyl was never able to see that she was growing an old beauty had long ago been ridiculous. I grieve have kept an anecdote for the very latest to write it of Sibyl, for whom I have ever felt line. respect, and even regard, but the verdict of Kettlewell was that she-once a queen in our society-had become-dreadful word!-

Caroline, at the same time, had changed member how well she used to dress?-all these girls dressed well. But Caroline, as she became intellectual, began to neglect her person, and rather affected sloveniness. She would wear a morning dress in the evening, or go to a concert in a shawl like a parish blanket, which she would pin across her have picked up in Hanway street. In fact, Car became fearfully blue, and would even talk about Hebrew during dinner, attacking tender young curates who had never seen a Hebrew grammar, frightening the poor young men out of their senses, and ruining a good dinner. In addition to this, she became woman's rights lady, and made speeches if it was a strange town, he would nudgo his on to the now nearing close. next neighbor when the speakers came on the

ton Doolittle?" Curiously enough, the stranger was never

able to point her out. "I should like to have seen her," Egerton would say. "People assert she is a tremen-

she is a tremendously clever woman!" "And in this way, my dear," Egerton would say to her when they got home, "in this way I intend to get your name up. It's the kind of thing that is done with actresses, and-and popular preachers, and statesmen too, I unierstand, Some one goes about-perhaps the man's twin brother—pretending he does not know him by sight; asks, 'Is that the great

Mr. So-and-so? Probably the other says, 'I never heard of the great Mr. So-and-so.' 'How very remarkable!' the twin brother

exclaims. 'Everybody is talking about him. I so wish to see what he is like.' Exactly and in due time they are waiting for the cur- my way with you, dear. I shall get your name up, depend upon it."

"I am afraid we shall never get our votes," Caroline remarked, resting her chin on her hand, and speaking in a mood of doleful confidence. It had been a wet evening, and the "The blue satin dress? Surely THAT is not | meeting had been small, moist, and not san-

"I should not be disbeartened, Car, if I were you," Egerton replied. "Try a little of this pheasant, dear. No? Well, I will. I was about the cause. As you said to-night, dear.

new truths always have to work their way. g train?" Sophia says, resolved to disbe- Look at my theory about red mullet. I have been at it for twenty years, and yet even to this day that delicious fish is laid on your plate in most houses in Kettlewell just as if it was a package. But that truth will work its way, too; and when I am no more"-Egerton said this with a tremor in his voice, and he laid down his knife and fork to deal with certain symptoms of moisture in his left eye-

"when I am no more, red mullet will be cooked in my way all over educated Europe." persuaded that a reform in that direction would help on the regeneration of mankind, and in this gentle conviction our amiable milksop will live and die.

We bid farewell to Sibvl, to Caroline, to Egerton. Let the men learn what lesson from Egerton they can or will. I write for the women. And I wish them to observe that Caroline, as well as Sibyl, sank into a social infliction, lost all power of attraction as years went on; and in both cases I believe the loss arose from simple mismanagement. This story (as every reflecting reader saw long ago) has as many morals as a bedgehog has prickles. But here is one particular moral spear which I would infix in the minds of my feminine students: Either Sibyl or Caroline, according to the

gifts of person and of mind, would have outshone Sophia from first to last had they known the secret of charming as she knew it. CHAPTER IL

MY SWEET SOPHIA. I daresay some of those readers who are never satisfied went to know why in the world I have not told them more about Percival Brent, our Sophia's worthy and happy husband. Now, the answer to this I shall at once supply. He was so good and worthy, and so successful and happy after his marriage, that of him there is nothing to tell. What can you say in a story about a man who goes to bed and gets up again three hundred who make the fortunes of us novelists. Perall his life, and he has already attained a very respectable eminence among men of research.

esty, his name would be more widely known | dery is on the surface; modesty is in the than it is; and even now I am assured he will One ponderous figure we miss. Archibald make a sensation beyond his own circle of fully modest, but not," Sophia said with a Goldmore no longer moves in the Kettlewell thought by a new work which he has in society. Fifteen long years ago that leviathan hand. Sophia loved him well and constantly, she?" paid the great debt of nature. The grand reserve which had hung around him all his life for an instant. His only other mistress was Science, who is a harmless dame, and never broke a wife's heart yet; for, indeed, she his own way; but Sybil never got very near | rather promotes matrimonial constancy. Children came to these happy two in fair succession, girls and boys-the eldest being at Cambridge when the youngest was yet toddling from chair to chair. I fancy Sophia never quite shared the enthusiasm of her lord Love, my reader, is a grand ingredient in quar- and master for the physical sciences; and she rels. The husband and wife walked apart did not quite care for all his learned professors, who had not enough humanity for her; but she always entertained them genially. with what he felt sure was to be his mortal At times she would fillip her husband a little. illness he did not communicate his foreboding | For instance, one day hearing him say of a scientific friend, "He is successful and pro-

"By 'successful' my husband means that "Sibyl," the old man said one day, when he was rather better than usual, "I wish to say and by 'profound' that he believes absolutely Which Percival answered with a laugh

me a loving and an honorable wife. When I antries there was never a difference on And here is why I have said nothing about foolish restrictions. I desire to return you Percival Brent. Happy, somebody cries, is my thanks"—as if he had been speaking at a the nation that has no history. Happy the public dinner-"for your unvarying consider- | hu-band, say I, about whom the novelist can find nothing to tell. Happy Percival Brent,

the children who are now rising up like waiting to gather a little strength, added in voung palm trees in that happy home where once down the dining room floor our merry little mother of long ago stepped her minuet. But Sophia, Sophia, to you I have not done justice. We all called you "Lady Beauty," ister it; or had I written about a woman who Liberty and fortune he certainly left her; had four husbands, but had never realized and at the time of his death Sibyl was in the her ideal, and described her in a cab, or a very height of matronly be aty. Her figure | yacht, or some other energetic conveyance, was full and rounded, her hair as fresh as flying away to joy with the man of her heart; when she was twenty, and her movements or had I described a lively young woman who means young; but hers was a style of beauty | cock hat sloped on her head, knew how to which Time finds it hard to destroy, and we swear and whistle-she might have been a again. This expectation was the more reason- been able to draw, my sweet Sophia. A able because she maintained her more youth- blurred dim tracing is all I have given of

> CHAPTER III. LADY BEAUTY TEACHES LADIES ALL HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

But with a sigh I shall not end this story. I am resolved to end smiling, and to have woman, and that the affectation of physical | my readers smiling, too; for which purpose I

Sophia would sometimes see her friends at little tete-a-tete visits, and here she would to explain some matter not altogether clear discourse, as she only could, on all kinds of to herself, "that in all our gayety there ought subjects, or she would let her friends discourse. The charm of Sophia was, that you with years in quite another way. You're | could never tell exactly whether it was you or she kept up the conversation. How that woman managed her house and family is quite beyond my comprehension. Manage she did, and well, and yet whenever you of rank, who have been trained with a due called on her, morning or evening, there she was, dressed with the best taste, her hair done in faultless style, and all the rest of her breast with some old brooch that she might attire to match. Ah, gray-haired Scphia, you knew-did you not?-that one to whom you often vouchsafed those gracious inter- good breeding. It seems to me that vivacity views, in all honor loved you with a more than boyish love? Of what did we not talk! Literature, music, pictures, history, gossip now and then, but somehow one always went away from that drawing room with a more cheerful heart, with nobler views and hope; advocating female suffrage. Upon these of human life, with a touch of refinement occasions Egerton used to go to the back of carght from Sophia. And lovers Sophia the hall with an umbrella and applaud. Also, had more than me, as he shall see who reads

One morning-well I remember it-as Sophia and myself sat thus alone, Percival "Can you tell me," he would ask, in a low being occupied with a fossil, I drew from my whisper, which of these ladies is Mrs. Eger- pocket that little paper of "Beauty Rules," of which I told you some time ago, saying that I should like her to explain these axioms to me. She was sitting in a low chair, and had a work-basket beside her, with which she kept up a kind of telegraphic connection in dously clever woman. Indeed, I know she is. the shape of a thread which traveled slowly In fact, you may spread it with confidence; from the basket to herself, as her fingers

worked out some mystery in wool. "Hand me the paper," she said, laying her needles and work down. "I will read them to vou, and explain." But here Sophia was selzed with a fit of laughing, greatly tickled, it seemed, to flud

herself lecturing on beauty to me. "I never showed these to any one except yourself," she remarked, when her mirth was ended. "And I never meant to show them to any one at all. I daresay you will think

them great rubbish." And so she tegan with a comic preface, which was not on the paper at all: "'Beauty Rules,' by Sophia Brent, an elderly lady, who ought to be thinking of

"Rule Onc .- A woman's power in the world is measured by her power to please. Whatever she may wish to accomplish she will best manage it by pleasing. A wo-

man's grand social aim should be to please. "And let me tell you how that is to be

done," Sophia said, putting her paper down for a moment. "A woman can please the eve by her appearance, her dress, her face and her figure. She can please the car by studying the art of graceful clocution, not hard to any of us, for by nature we speak with finer articulation than you. She can please the mind by cultivating her own-so fer, at least, as to make her a good listener; and as much further as she will she can please the fancy by ladies' wit, of which all of us have a share. She can please the heart by amiability. See here," she continued, growing graver, "you have the key of my system. Beauty of person is only one feature of true For poor Egerton remained constant to his beauty. Run over these qualities. See how great theory about red mullet and firmly small a part personal beauty or the freshness of youth plays here. I want you to obser this: for my art would consist not in making women attractive who are openly pretty and young, but in showing them that youth and prettiness, though articles of Leanty, are neither the only nor the indispensable arti-

> "In that case," I remarkel, "you will hardly illustrate your system in person." To this she vouchsaid a smile and mock courtesy, and read:

"Rule Two .- Modesty is the ground on which all a woman's charms appear to the best advantage. In manners, dress, conversation, remember always that modesty must never be forgotten.

"Hardly likely to be," I murmured. "Is it?" "Understand me," answered Sophia briskly. "I mean modesty in a very extended sense. There is nowadays a tendency in women to rebel against old-fashioned modesty. The doctrine of liberty is spreading among us, for which I thank God," Sophia said (she was the oddest little mixture of Tory and Whig and Radical ever compounded on this eccentric earth). "But the first effects of that doctrine on our minds are a little confusing We are growing more independent and more individnal. Some of us fancy that to be modest is to be old-fashioned, and, of course, we want the newest fashions in all things. I maintain," Sophia said, growing a little warm, as if she fancied I might argue back-"I maintain that a modest woman is the reply of my sex to a brave man-you can no more have a true woman without modesty than a true man without courage. But remember, I use the word modesty in a high sense."

"Just what I was going to ask," I said. "Not prudery," she added. "Prudery is

let us ascend to the drawing room and rejoin | I have been told that, but for his great mod- | to modesty what brag is to bravery. Pru- | will yawn over it. The second is more in our soul. Rosalind in her boy's suit is delight-

> I assented, and thus made way for-"Rule Three. - So the woman's aim is to please, and modesty is the first principle in the art of pleasing.

"Have you anything to say to that?" she demanded "Not a syllable," I replied. "I play disciple this morning." "Very well," she rejoined. "We come,

"Rule Four .- Always dress up to your age or a little beyond it. Let your person be the youngest thing about you, not the

"A very important lesson for women of forty," Sophia remarked, speaking with a seriousness which amused me. "The attempt to dress for young almost invariably leads to a reaction in the spectator's mind, and the traces of years become more palpable and more significant. But a slight and graceful assumption of years in one's dress has an effect directly opposite. May this rule pass?"

I bowed, and she went on:

"Rule Five -- Remember that what women admire in themselves is seldom what men ad-

"In nine drawing rooms out of ten," Sophia said, seeing me give a look of inquiry as she read this article, "Miranda or Cordelia, as novel heroines, would be voted bores. Women would say: 'We utterly decline to accept these watery girls as typical of us; we want smartness and life.' I don't really care much for Miranda or Cordelia myself, Now, this more because he was wealthy and presumpseems to me to caution us against trusting too implicitly or too far our own notions about ourselves. Another source of misunderstanding comes from the novel writers. We are the novel readers, and the novelist is forced to write heroines to suit our taste. He does not want to offend us. Thus it comes about that even the male novelist is too often only depicting women's women, after all. And I believe scores of modern girls are seriously misled for this very reason. They believe they are finding out what men think of them, when in truth they are reading their own notions handed back to them under a pretty dis. u se."
Like the c seap wine," I ventured to ob-

serve, "made in England, exported to a foreign country to be blessed, and then returned as fine old sherry-highly finished Sophia laughed with me at this, and read

"Rule Six.-Women's beauties are seklom men's beauties. ously enough, as her beauty more and now shall never be. Forgive me, who, try- of what I said just now, only here I speak of he should not run. personal beauty. My observation is, that if ten men and ten women were to go into the same company, and each sex choose the prettiest woman there, as they thought, you would rarely find that they chose the same.

If this be so, we ought not to trust ourselves even as to our faces without considering that the sex we are to please must in the end settle the question, and will settle the question "Rule Seven .- Gayety tempered by serious ness is the happiest manner in society. "By which I mean." Sophia said, looking at

me with knitted brows, as if she were about

to be a hint of self-recollection. Do you understand me ?" "Not quite," I said. "This I know certainly," she replied; "the most agreeable women I have met with-and I think the most regarded-have been women regard for religion. Their worldly education had made them mindful of grace and liveliness; their religious education kept these qualities under a particular sort of control, which is perceptibly different from mere and sprightliness are greatly enhanced by a vein of seriousness. Certainly no woman

ought to be a mocker. "Next," she continued, seeing I did not speak, "comes---

"Rule Eight .- Always speak low. "I wonder why I put that down. It is so obvious. In support of it I need only quoteyour Shakespeare, who calls it 'an excellent

"Rule Nine.-A plain woman can never be pretty. She can always be fascinating if she

"I well remember," Sophia said, after reading this to me rather questionable assertion. "a man who was a great admirer of our sex telling me that one of the most fascinating woman he had ever known was not only not pretty, but as to her face decidedly plain -ugly, only the word is rude. I asked my friend: 'How, then, did she fascinate." well remember his reply. 'Her figure,' said he, 'was neat, her dressing was faultless, her every movement was graceful, her conversation was clever and animated, and she always tried to please. It was not I alone that called her fascinating; she was one of the most acceptable women in society I ever knew. She married brilliantly and her husband, a barrister in large practice, was devoted to her-more than if she had been a life and character of a good man.

queen of beauties,'
"Now here," Sophia continued, resuming her own discourse-"here was a woman who, excepting a fairly neat figure, had not a single natural gift of appearance. Is not this worth our thinking about-those of us women who care to please and are not

"Rule Ten .- Every year a woman lives the more pains she should take with her

"The dress of us elderly dames," Sophia said, laughing, "ought to be more of a science than it is. How often one hears a woman of and other bills over our worthy Presififty say, 'O, my dressing days are past? | dent's vetocs. The machinery of Conit, they have only well begun. At least, the gress must work for the benefit of the time has come when dress is more to her than whole people, and not for the benefit of ever. Remember, from forty to sixty-five is Republicans and their friends. How is a quarter of a century—the third of a long it that all of those good (?) Democrats life. It is the period through which the in Congress, who have until recently

thought beforehand-to be charming then!

speak, "here comes my last rule—as yet:"

she asks what will please the men of fashion." "I by no means intend," she added, "that a as if President Cleveland is different woman is not to have regard to the opinion of men of fashion, only she should not give from the majority of the Democratic it the first place. She will carry the men of party in Congress. When the fountain fashion sooner by methods that please the head is pure there is hope for the men of sense than men of sense by methods stream. With Cleveland in the White that please men of fashion. And besides, House for another term and judiciously listen to the men of fashion. They always praise a woman for things which begin to selected members in Congress, it is imperish at twenty-five. Even the old men of possible to estimate what changes for eventy will talk of a fine girl-deucedly fine the better would take place. If the passege.) "And they will call a woman ment to remain in their hands, they rather on the decline, when, if she is on the must send men to Congress who will decline, where and what are they? You see, redeem party pledges. if a woman lives for the commendation of

men of fashion she will, if pretty, piquant,

or what not, have a reign of ten years. But

if she remembers that she has charms of

mind and character and taste, as well as

charms of figure and complexion, the men of

sense will follow her for half a century; and in the long run the men of fashion will be led by the men of sense. "And there," Sophia cried merrily, throw ing the paper down on the rug beside her-"there are my rules for reforming our little world of women!"

CHAPTER IV. THE LAST AND LEAST CHAPTER OF THE

I praise my hereine no more-not a line, not a word. Two little anecdotes I tell of

modern habit. Percival Breat was a quiet undemonstrative man of science, who never shocked any- ments. It affords the newspapers a body by declaring himself against religion, refreshing and perennial grist of news or the "old notions." But among his particular friends, it was well known that he freely accepted the most advanced and (as they are at present considered) the most disintegrating scientific views. ("Now what is this lead- ing slang of the dramond field, which ing up to!" you, my May-blossom student, will ask: patinece, little one; look below and

see how near the end we are.) One of his

up your religious practices so regularly?" ansivered. "I am married to a wife whom I love, and admire even more than I love her. For true Dictionary, nor the Encyclopædia sweetness of character, liveliness, sense, and virtue all round, I never met her equal I Britanica, nor any other creature cas have often asked myself, 'What is the secret of her character?' and I always come to the announcement that 'A's two-bagger same conclusion—that if her religious faith carried B to the third, where he died on were deducted from her she could not be what she is, but must become a less agreeable

bid me take. I cannot renounce a religion which I feel makes her what she is." A tedious anecdote, reader, however short. Now for number two, which is quite another stop, or words to that effect.

To Kettlewell, not so many years ago, came a man aged forty-three. He was famed as a ladies' man, and something in him must have pleased women, for his success with a certain set was quite undoubted. Perhaps his consummate impudence won their hearts. Be that as it may, he was among them an object of no little curiosity, the tive heir to a title. This man, satisfied with himself and confident of his power over women, met Mrs. Sophia Brent two or three times. Whether he fancied her to be maid or widow-or whether, knowing her to be married, he meant to enshrine her in a Platonic affection I cannot tell. This I can tell.

This, reader, did actually happen. That this man of the world, aged forty three, fell in love with Mrs. Sophia Brent, aged fifty-three, and positively made a downright fool of himself. Ladies, I am your most obedient humble

What Our Editors Say.

Carolina Spartan. It is now rumored that General E. W. Moise will be a candidate for Congress in the seventh district. Moise is any such idea. a versatile Hebrew, irrepressible in While saying this, we congratulate

killed for this session by the House of themselves. His time as Governor for representatives. The Educational Com- the second term is nearing its close and mittee have adjourned to meet the day although he has made a good Governor position to this measure. It is a cropin this go-as-you-please gait another century. Strong check reins have to be applied and the Federal government but his appointment to office in Washalone can do this effectively. With ington is merely evidence of the Presithis approaching centralization it would dent's high appreciation of his personal be better to have our people educated so worth. Only this and nothing more. as to grapple with the problem when it comes, and let them be educated in part with the nation's money, for this will neither hasten nor retard centralization.

Dr. Bellinger, of Charleston, has been acquitted of the murder of Stephsaid he would die before he would tell why he did the deed." If he made this statement the assertion now that it was done is self-defence is incredible, and der. If he did not make the statement the paper which published it, published a wicked slander, and imperilled the

A Democrat in the White House. Prosperity Reporter.

Spartanburg Herald.

The President continues to send in his vetoes, and the Republican Senators feel that a Democrat is in the White House. The lesson they received when we will sell drinks to make starved and following the Edmunds movement to intimidate President Cleveland is not maked orphans and broken-hearted forgotten. It is safe to predict that wives to fill graves with drunkards. they will not attempt to pass the pension jails with criminals, poor houses with paupers, the insane asylum with inmates, the gallows with subjects, and majority of grown-up people pass. And yet how little pains women take—how little found so much fault with that noble man in the White House, failed to kill "And now," she went on, seeing I did not these private pension bills and obnoxious schemes before they reached the "Rule Eleven .- In all things let a woman | White House? This is a fair question, swer before next election. It does look " (I wish I could give an idea of Democrats wish the reins of govern-

> Commencements. S. C. Adrocate.

Commencement season, with its badges and batons, essays and orations, flowers and medals, sweet girl graduates and not naite so sweet boy dittos, is desolating the earth with its inunda- of death. My two little boys wilion of speechifying. There is a surfeit soon be motherless, and I cannot con I of talk-counsel, admonition, warning, sent to turn them over to the tender praise, prognostication, retrospection, mercies of the dram-shop. I shall vote and almost any other abstract or con- 'dry.' "- Southern Journal. erete representation of verbal, articulate communication. There is enough of this sort of invaluable commodity, this good advice pabulum, lavished on worn, her, and with these I leave her to your judg- weary, perspiring humanity at this scament, my fair readers. The first ancedote, son of the year to furnish the earth for you will perceive, is in the old style, and you a millennium.

There is some good, however, in the multitudinous palaver, of commencein pleasant contrast to the hybrid, halfalphabetical, balf-numerical statistics of the base-ball reporter harls with reckless unintelligibility at the dazed heads friends who knew his views, and could speak of the uninitiated. Ordinary people to him freely, said one day interrogatively: | can understand that Miss B's charmingly "It is a matter of astonishment to me, written essay on 'Adversity, like Night, Brent, that you, with your opinions, still keep Reveals the Stars, was melificously "Let me tell you the reason," Brent rendered by the Rev. Verisopht Gusher in his most gurgling, cooing, tear-compelling style.' But neither Webster's an error of C's, caused by D's feul hit and not so good a woman. She has kept me to first, who muffed the sphere and from taking the leap which reason has often spoiled the nest of goose eggs of the

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866.

New Series-Vol. V. No. 50.

opponents, despite a whitewash and two hot grounders jumbled by the short Abbeville Press and Banner. Much Ado About a Small Matter. Our metropolitan neighbor, the News and Courier, seems to go into eestacies over the appointment by President Cleveland of Governor Thompson to the office of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. That paper prints some three or four columns of leaded matter. in reference to the 'honor' which has thus been conferred on South Carolina. When it is remembered that, merely as a place of honor, it is not superior to the office of Governor, we are amased that so much ado should be made about so small a matter. We believe the pay of the Assistant Secretary of the Treas-

ury, is only about \$1,500 a year, and we further believe that there are dozens of appointments that are superior to that of Assistant Secretary. Then, is South Carolina so much reduced that the State is specially 'honored' if one of her citizens gets a tenth-rate appointment at Washington? We repudiate "Which," she remarked, "is another form peace or war. There is no reason why Governor Thompson on his appointment. We are glad that he has received it, and we know that our people are glad of The education bill has been virtually it on account of himself more than for

before the session closes and the Labor it is not to be expected that he could be Committee will not report the bill. The again re-elected. There are other citifact is the Southern members are afraid zens who would fill the office as well as of centralization and that is the only be does, and it is nothing but right excuse they have for their persistent op- that there should be a change. The whole thing may be told in a few words. ping out of the old idea that separated The people of South Carolina respect Washington from some of his friends, Governor Thompson, and have the and it may be traced in our political kindest feeling for him. For these reahistory all the way down to the present sons they are delighted that be has been day. However much we may dread it, provided for at Washington. If his centralization is coming and it ought to appointment to the office of Second come. When people get too numerous Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is or too headstrong to be managed by the a great 'honor' to South Carolina, then constable and the town police, the arm we are greatly mistaken. Governor of the law needs strengthening a little. Thompson's spotless life, and unim-Our government cannot move forward peachable character as a citizen, as a teacher in our schools, and Governor of the State is an konor to South Carelina.

Worshipful.

O, thou great, almighty, everlasting. beautiful, glorious, bright shining dollar ! We love thee with our whole soul. might and power! We love thee more than our neighbor, and better than ourselves. It is for thy sake we live ney Riley. We do not intend to pass and move, and have our being. With judgment on Dr. Bellinger's guilt or thee we can accomplish all things, withinnocence. He swore positively that out thee we can do nothing. Then he killed the negro in self-defence. Immediately after the killing it was pub- dominion. For thy sake we labor all lished in the press that "Dr. Belliager | the day long; for thy sake we lose our sleep at night; for thy sake we go poorly clad, and feed ourselves on the vilest of food; for thy sake we lie, and cheat, and steal, and oppress and de-Dr. Bellinger has added perjury to mur- frand our neighbors; for thy sake we will keep our children from school; for thy sake we will profane the Lord's day; for thy sake we will neglect the orphan and the widow; for thy sake we will make wars, and rob and murder our fellow-men; for thy sake we will make laws to license men and women to sell intoxicating drinks to make drunkards, liars, thieves, gamblers, blasphemere, robbers, cut-throats, house burners.

> hell with victims. Oh! how we love thee, thou all potent dollar! thou great attracting dollar. With the weakness of age and declining years may our love for thee grow stronger and stronger while life shall last, and may our heart still cling

murderers, and suicides; for thy sake

close to thee when death closes our mortal career. Amen. Text-1 Timothy 6, 10. For the ask what will please the men of sense before and the voters should demand an an- love of money is the root of all evil, which while some covetod after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." [Benj. A. Ponn, M. D. Bryantsville.

Mistook Their Man.

"You are a drinking man, are you not?" said a canvasser for the liquor party, to a prominent official of Rich-

mond. "No," said he, " I never indulge." "Well, but you won't vote against

us. will you?" Yes, I shall even if it costs me my office from which I now get my living." And then with an indescribable pathos, and with gathering tears, he added:

"My wife is lying at the gates

He had had Enough. Old Lady (somewhat privileged:) 'Are you a marrying man, Mr. Hard-

Mr. Hardeastle (earnestly :) 'Ob, Be indeed ma'am ; I'm a widower.

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tinge, to a ruddy, healthy color. It entirely removes flow, gloomy spirits. It is one of the BEST ALTERATIVES and PURIFIERS OF THE BLOOD, and is A VALUABLE TONIC. STADICER'S AURANTII

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Under the Editorial management of

"Melancholy music! Will you have some

Ripple and dash her hands fly across the keys. Ripple and dash, the notes glance off her finger tips in a kind of audible spray. among the company were not Sophia only. Then, with one look behind her at him, and a but her husband, Percival Brent. And now

By ALAN MUIR.

Girls," Etc.

BOOK SIX.

LADY BEAUTY'S JOY.

CHAPTER VIL

She did not see Percival again that night;

but sent him a little note asking him to come

early to her the following morning. And no

coner was he in the room than she flew to

him and kissed him, with pride and delight

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Going back to Australia, as I told you,"

am not going to be a success in life, I am

"O, I am going to earn my bread myself,"

Sophia cried, clapping her hands. You keep

"Earn your bread!" exclaimed Percival.

"Give dancing lessons, dear," she answered.

And with a "tra, la, la" on her lips, she

began to turn and whirl about the room,

down and up, the picture of honest delight.

And Percival looked on in wonder, which

at every motion of her figure kept turning

"Dancing lessons!" he exclaimed. "Where

"Here is my first," she retorts, taking him

"For twelve thousand pounds, you clumsy

"Twelve thousand pounds, Mr. Percival

Brent. I am worth twelve thousand pounds!"

Now she stops and looks him full in the face.

"By the way, can you tell me how Mrs.

Percival turned very red at this amazing

question; but there was no guiltiness in his

"How do you know Mrs. Lanigan?"

and caused Sophia to lift her finger.

"I thought there was something up by what

I heard in the hotel last night," Percival said

with gravity and reflection. "Tell me, Sophia,

have there been any stories going about

"Rather," she answered, now serious her-

"Let me tell you the whole truth about

that affair," he said. "I was driving with

Mrs. Lanigan. The fact was I was one of a

large party in the country that day, and the

carriage which was to take Mrs. Lanigan

back to the theatre had an accident, and the

friend at whose house she was asked me to

drive her in his gig, and I did, and we came

o grief. I believe, Sophia, I had too much

champagne, and that is the truth of it. We

ad rather too merry an afternoon meal. I

"Naughty boy! But tell me-did you sit

"There," Sophia said twice over, putting a

kiss between the two words-"there, I forgive

She forgave him; but the hot fellow would

not so easily forgive the slanderous folk who

had made free with his name. And if I were

to tell how he searched the slander out, and

faced Mrs. Hands, and faced John Done, to

whom she referred him, and how John Done

turned very pale, and declared that Mrs.

Hands had taken up in earnest what he had

said in jest, and how to exculpate himself

John Done made all his family quarrel for-ever with Mrs. Hands, and how Mrs. Hands

by the transaction lost fifty dinners and about

one hundred lunches annually for the re-

mainder of her life-all this, if I were to tell,

would fill more pages than I can compute in

a moment, and time and space press, and I must and shall soon make an end. So we go

He will not consent to marry her as a poor

make his fortune. Note, reader, how she

"Oh, very well," cries she, tossing her head

She walks from him to the window, and

"You know what I mean," explains he. He

has followed her. "You know quite well

"Well, if I do, then you need say no more

back to Sophia and her Percival.

do as you please."

what I mean."

looks out, quite in a pet.

drank too much wine, I confess."

next to Mrs. Lanigan at lunch?"

you the champagne!"

"No; at the far end of the table."

up as she goes by. "Now, sir—"
"Really, Sophia, what is all this for?"

"Twelve thousand pounds, Sophia?"

boy! There, you are on my toe!"

ourself; I'll keep myself."

How do you mean to do it?"

on every feature.

into love.

will you get pupils?"

ace as he replied:

newspaper said that."

ere not to my credit?

self. "Don't mind them."

Author of "Vanity Hardware," "Golden

Dance! if your heart beat light, dear boy;

Just for one hour of heedless joy Laughter and singing and dancing, dear boy; And only yourself and-me!"

you know it. But Percival, more prosaic than she-per-

more than all the world beside." "And will he go on loving-forever and

TWEEN THEM. "How do you know her?" Sophia asked smartly. "I know her through the newspa-Percival got his own way, after all, in the matter of marrying as a poor man. Fortune, per. She was out driving with a friend of mine and got spilt. Somebody said it was the Henry Fielding tells us somewhere, never does things by halves. Two months after horses having had too much champagne—the Percival's uncle died, and it was found that, in spite of his wife's cajoling, he had remem-Percival muttered something under his bered his nephew; and, though the bulk of breath which sounded very like some brief his property went to his stepsons, he left Perand emphatic remark about the newspaper, | cival the fifteen hundred a year which he had "Please, not before me," she said. "No olonial language before me. I am not Besthe little mother, had she lived, might have confessed that sometimes love finds out the

Beeches, which has lain vacant since Mrs. Temple gave it up. They began their married life with every promise of happiness and with the brief sunshine of this life warm and bright about them. May I relate one little Exactly a month after their return home

alarm, "look at this." The bill announces that in a neighboring Mr. Lanigan as Charles Surface and Mrs. "I call it a serious thing for you, Sophia,"

one night, and as a prudential matter I should Does she?

"Never was more serious in my life. must, and I will, see Mrs. Lanigan!"

"There," Percival says, "in the satin

"Yes, the woman with the long train," he

And hercupon Mrs. Sophia Brent sets to

CHAPTER I.

Acres 25. 2. 1814. Sell. Alex