BUNTER WATCHWAR, Established April, 1850.

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

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1850

New Series-Vel. VII. No. 41.

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

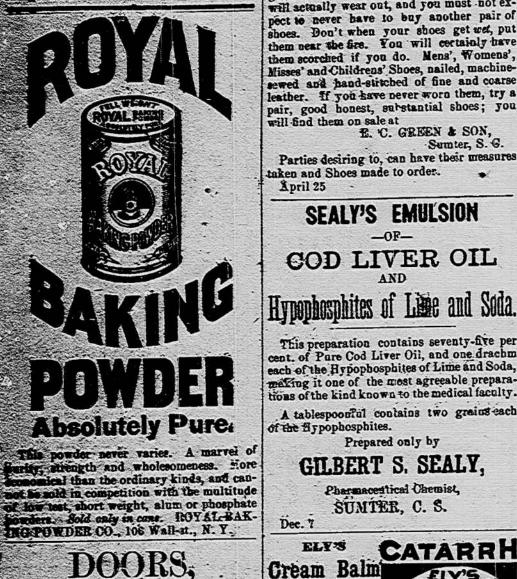
SUMTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

the delatchman and Southron. Published every Wednesday, BT N. G. OSTEEN,

SUMTER, S. C. TIAMS:

Two Dollars per annum-in advance. ADTRETISENENTS. Die Square, first insertion

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I meet upon the woodland ways At morn a lady fair: Adown her slender shoulders strays And none who looks into her eves 'Can fail to feel and know That in this conscious clay there lies But I, who meet her oft about The woods in morning song, I see behind her far stretch out

A priest, a prince, a lord, a maid, Faces of grief and sin, A bigh-born lady and a jade, A harlequin-Two lines of ghosts in masquerade,

Who push her where they will, As if it were the wind that swayed A daffodil.

She sings, she weeps, she smiles, she sighs, Looks cruel, sweet, or base; The features of her fathers rise And haunt her face.

HEREDITY.

Her raven hair.

Some soul aglow.

A ghostly throng-

As if it were the wind that swayed Some stately daffodil. Upon her face they masquerade And work their will.

-Lippincott's Magazine.

The Story of a Masterpiece.

By HENRY JAMES, Jr. IN TWO PARTS .- PART L.

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This preparation contains seventy-five per cent. of Pure Cod Liver Oil, and one drachm each of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, making it one of the most agreeable preparaions of the kind known to the medical faculty. A tablespoonful contains two grains each

of the Hypophosphites. Prepared only by GILBERT S. SEALY. Pharmacentical Chemist,

Dec. 7

ELY'S

Cleanses the

SUMTER, C. S. CATARRH

CREAM BALM CATADCURES COLD ROM-COURSES HEAD

of an unusual share of sound information, of irreproachable habits and of a temper which was undererett was therefore all

At this moment Gilbert returned. The "When I'm with her it's all very well," be two friends exchanged greetings, and their pursued, "but when I'm away from her I feel as if I were thrust out of the ranks of the living."

"Well you must be patient," said his friend; "you're destined to live hard, yet." Lennox was silent, and his face remained rather more somber than the other liked to

"I hope there is no particular difficulty," the latter resumed; hoping to induce him to relieve himself of whatever weighed upon his consciousness. "I'm afraid sometimes I-afraid sometimes she doesn't really love me."

"Well, a little doubt does no harm. It's into fatuity. Only be sure you love her." "Yes," said Lennox solemnly, "that's the great point."

One morning, unable to fix his attention on books and papers, he bethought himself et an expedient for passing an hour.

He had made at Newport, the acquaintance of a young artist named Gilbert, for whose talent and conversation he had conceived a strong relish. The painter, on leaving Newport was to go to the Adirondacks,

and to be back in New York on Oct. 1, after which time he begged his friend to come and see him. It occurred to Lennox on the morning I speak of that Gilbert must already have returned to town, and would be looking for his visit. So he forthwith repaired to his studio.

Gilbert's card was on the door, but, on entering the room, Lennox found it occupied by a stranger-a young man in painter's garb at work before a large panel. He learned from this gentleman that he was a temporary sharer of Mr. Gilbert's studio, and that the latter had stepped out for a few moments. Lennox accordingly prepared to await his return. He entered into conversation with the young man, and, finding him very intelligent, as well as, apparently, a great friend of Gilbert. O LONGER ago he looked at him with some interest. He was than last summer,

during a six weeks' of something less than 30, tall and robust, stay at Newport, with a strong, joyous, sensitive face, and a thick auburn beard. Lennox was struck < John Lennox became ongaged to with his face, which seemed both to express Miss Marian Eva great deal of human sagacity and to indicate the essential temperament of a painter. erett, of New York. "A man with that face," he said to himself, Mr. Lennox was a

widower, of large "does work at least worth looking at." He accordingly asked his companion if he estate and withmight come and look at his picture. The latout children. He ter readily assented, and Lennox placed himwas 35 years old, " of a sufficiently self before the canvas.

It bore a representation of a half length L distinguished apfemale figure, in a costume and with an expearance, of expression so ambiguous that Lennox remained cellent manners, uncertain whether it was a portrait or a work of fancy; a fair haired young woman, clad stood to have suffered a trying and salutary countess of the Renaissance. Her figure was a many pure and simple, and not a million-

companion withdrew to a neighboring studio. After they had talked awhile of what take the task. had happened to each since they parted, Lennox spoke of the painter of the Duchess and of his romarkable talent, expressing surprice that he shouldn't have heard of him

Watchman and Southron.

before, and that Gilbert should never have spoken of him. "His name is Baxter-Stephen Baxter." said Gilbert, "and until his return from Europe, a forthfglit ago, I know : little more about him than you. He's a case of improvement. I met him in Paris in '62; at that time he was doing absolutely nothing. He better than to be too sure of it, and to sink has learned what you see in the interval. On arriving in New York he found it impossible to get a studio big enough to hold

him. As, with my little sketches, I need only occupy one corner of mine, I offered him the parties immediately interested. He found ase of the other three, until he should be able. the painter perfoctly well acquainted with to bestow himself to his satisfaction. When he began to unpack his canvases I found I had been entertaining an angel unawares."

Gilbert then proceeded to uncover, for Lennox's inspection, several of Baxter's portraits, both men and women. Each of these works confirmed Lennox's impression of the painter's power. He eturned to the picture on the easel. Marian Everett reappeared at his silent call, and looked out of the eyes with a most pene-

trating tenderness and melancholy. "He may say what he pleases," thought Lennox, "the resemblance is, in some degree, also a matter of expression. Gilbert," he added, wishing to measure the force of the should be avoided. likeness, "whom does it remind you of?"

ninds you." "And do you see it yourself?"

"They are both handsome, and both have uburn hair. That's all I can see."

Lennox was somewhat relieved. It was not without a feeling of discomfort-a feelng by no means inconsistent with his first noment of pride and satisfaction-that he thought of Marian's peculiar and individual charms having been subjected to the keen appreciation of another than himself. He that his own imagination supplied the rest. engagement had as yet been an affair of pure sentiment, and he had taken an almost fastidious care not to give himself the vulgar

half or that of another. Baxter worked firmed and rapidly, and at the end of a couple of hours he felt that he had begun his picture. Mr. Everett, as he sat by, threatened to be a bore; laboring apparently under the impression that it was

suppose that she looked well nowhere else. ; the total cost and average per pupil as sition before the artist. The latter requested But in fact, as Baxter learned, she looked a day or two to consider, and then replied (by note) that he would be happy to under-Miss Everett expected that, in view of the projected renewal of their old acquaintance.

quite well enough in the character of what adies call a "fright"-that is, sunburned, travel stained, over heated, 'exhilarated and they stood together on the edge of a falling. torrent, high above the green concavities of

given above for the Graded School, is iccluded the cost of building the addition to the high school house, school ges of a graded school, while its system. is well, worth double the cost of any

private school in the land.

The Hot Springs Convention. Columbia Register ...

Mr. L. A. Kansom, who was the Sceretary of the Hot Springs Immigration Convention, says that the criticisms of the proposed Southern Immigration Association and the work it is expected to accomplish are premature, from the fact that the Association has not yet been erganized, and, of course, no scheme for the conduct of the work has been adopted.

So far nothing has been done except that a Convention, composed of delegates from eleven Southern States, representing every shade of opicion, recommended that the people in those States form a joint organization for the purpose of inducing the investment of capital and the promotion of immigramessage with a beautiful change of color and a single rapid glance at his face. She then tion to this section. Adverse criticism at this time is, therefore, simply opposition to the proposition for united effort on the part of the Southern States in an imperiant movement for their indus-

She understood him by the movement of his lips and shook her head with a smile. But she stooped, picked up a little stone, and wrapping it in the bit of paper, prepared to trial development. toss it into the torrent. Baxter, uncertain, put out his hand to take

it from her. She passed it into the other hand and gave him the one he had attempted to take. She threw away the paper, but she let him him keep her hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Our State Contemporaries.

Lancaster Ledger.

merit should properly attach to a picture executed at the behest of a pasfinished to the Catawba River, 13 miles only and cannot be traced to any resion, in order that it should be anything more than a mockery-a parody-of the from this place and within 12 miles of juration of that passion; and that she knew Instinctively that there is nothing so chilling Rock Hill. The bridge for the River to an artist's heat as the interference of is being hauled up from Welsh's and the work of putting it together will be colored, and the third party is Joe llogical self interest, either on his own bebegun at once. The road is expected James, Jr., the son of the murdered to reach Rock Hill is time for a big excursion from that place to Charleston who are in jail claim that young on July 4th.

Aiken Journal and Review.

The Joe James Tragedy. There have been three arrests made during the past week in the Joe James murder case, but whether these arrests are based upon anything more than suspicion remains to be learned, as if there is any real clue to the marder it is kept quiet. The air is Track-laying on the 3 C's has been full of rumors, but they are rumors liable authority.

Two of the parties arrested are William Scott and Louis Williams, man. It is said that the two negroes James offered them \$500 each to kill his father, but they refused. Bob Arthur, colored who is said to be

the dungeon, and the trial justice

who committed him refuses him a

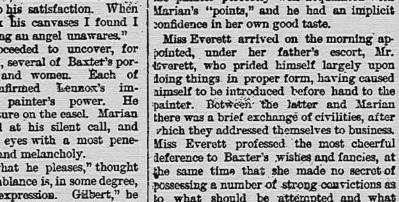
preliminary hearing, although his

counsel has repeatedly demanded it.

does not care to have made public

before the case goes to trial. It is

shooting was told where to find



"I know," said Gilbert, "of whom it re-

find her convictions sound and her wishes thoroughly sympathetic. "He found himself called upon to make no compromise with stubborn and unnatural prejudices, nor to

sacrifice his best intentions to a short sighted vanity. Whether Miss Everett was vain or not heed not here be declared. She had at least the wit to perceive that the interests of an enlightened sagacity would best be served by a painting which sheuld be good from the painter's point of view, inasmuch as these

was glad to be able to conclude that the painter had merely been struck with what was most superficial in her appearance, and It occurred to him, as he walked home, that it would be a not unbecoming tribute to the young girl's loveliness on his own part, to cause her portrait to be painted by this clever young man. Their-

appearance of a mere purveyor of luxuries and pleasures. Practically, he had been as in a rich mediæval dress, and looking like a yet for his fature wife a poor man-or rather probation during the short term of his wed- relieved against a somber tapestry, her arms aire. He had ridden with her, he had sent ber flowers, and he had gone with her to the

Stephen Baxter would call upon her, under the auspices of her lover. He called in effect, alone, but Marian was not at home, and he lailed to repeat the visit. The day for the arst sitting was therefore appointed through Lennox. The artist had not yet obtained studio of his own, and the latter cordially offered him the momentary

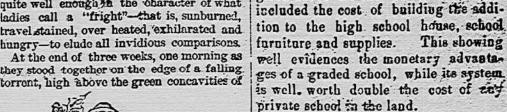
ise of a spacious and well lighted apartment in his house, which had been inlended as a billiard room, but was not yet atted up. Lennox expressed no wishes with regard to the portrait, being content to leave the choice of position and costume to the

It was no surprise to the young mon to

are the painting's chief end. I may add.

moreover, to her great credit, that she thor-

oughly understood how great an artistic



On the edge of a falling torrent. hills; Baxter felt himself irresistibly urged to make a declaration. The thunderous noise of the cataract covered all vocal atterance; so, taking out his sketch book, he

tore out the leaf.

wrote three short words on a blank leaf. He

handed her the book. She read his

"Don't tear it up!" cried the young man.

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Jan 25 O

TOALE &

EL ONE US to spend a great deal of her time-rather to

her own satisfaction, it may be conjectured, than to that of these excellent young women. ALL GOODS GUARANTEED. Estimates furnished by return Mail.

Marian Everett was penniless indeed; but she was richly endowed with all the gifts which make a woman charming. She was, without dispute, the most charming, girl in the circle in which she lived and moved. Even certain of her elders, women of a larger experience, of a heavier caliber, as it were, and, thanks to their being married ladies, of greater freedom of action, were practically not so charming as she. And yet, in her emulation of the social graces of these, her more fully licensed sis-

ters, Miss Everett was quite guiltless of any aberration from the strict line of maidenly dignity. She professed an almost religious devotion to good taste, and she looked with horror upon the boisterous graces of many of her companions. Beside being the most entertaining girl in New York, she was, therefore, also the most irreproachable. Her

beauty was, perhaps, contestable, but it was certainly uncontested. She was the least bit below the middle height, and her person was marked by a great fullness and roundness of outline; and yet, in spite of this comely ponderosity, her movements were perfectly light and elastic. In complexion, she was a genuine blonde-a warm blonde; with a midsummer bloom upon her cheek, and the light of a midsummer san wrought into her auburn hair. Her features' were not cast upon a classical model, but their expression was in the highest degree pleasing. Her forehead was low and broad, her nose small, and her mouth well, by the envious her mouth was called exormous. It is certain that it had an Immense capacity for smiles, and that when she opened it to sing (which she did with infinite sweetness) it emitted a copious flood of

sound. Her face was, perhaps, a trifle too The bargest and most complete establishment South circular, and her shoulders a trifle too high; but, as I say, the general effect left nothing



sented them; and, then, on the other hand, she keenly enjoyed intellectual eleverness, and even cultivated it. Her great merit was that she made no claims or pretensions. Just as there was nothing artificial in her beauty, so there was nothing pedantic in her acuteness and nothing sentimental in her amiability. The one was all freshness and the others all bonhommie. John Lennox saw her, then loved her and offered her his hand. In accepting it Miss Everett acquired, in the world's eye, the one advantage which she lacked-a complete stability and regularity of position. Her friends took no small satisfaction in con-

r eves on the spectator, toward whom she seemed things considered, believed to be making a a very good match and to be having by no to move-"Dans un flot de velours trainant means the worst of the bargain. es petits pieds."

And yet Miss Everett, too, was a very marriageable young lady-the pretty Miss Everett, as she was called, to distinguish her As Lennox inspected her face it seemed to reveal a hidden likeness to a face he well knew-the face of Marian Everett. He was, from certain plain cousins, with whom, owing to her having no mother and no sisof course, anxious to know whether the likeness was accidental or designed. ters, she was constrained, for decency's sake, "I take this to be a portrait," he said to the

rtist, "a portrait 'in character." "No," said the latter, "it's a mere composition; a little from here and a little from here. The picture has been hanging about

ne for the last two or three years, as a sortof receptacle of waste ideas. It has been the victim of innumerable theories and experiments. But it seems to have survived them all. I suppose it possesses a certain amount

of vitality." "Do you call it anything?"

"Do you call it anything?"

"I called it originally after something I'd read-Browning's poem; 'My Last Duchess.' Do you know it?"

"Perfectly." "I am ignorant of whether it's an attempt to embody the poet's impression of a portrait actually existing. But why should I caref This is simply an attempt to embody my own private impression of the poem; which as always had a strong hold on my fancy. I don't know whether it agrees with your to be desired. I might point out a dozen disown impression and that of most readers. cords in the character of her face and figure, But I don't insist upon the name. The posand yet utterly fail to invalidate the impressessor of the picture is free to baptize it sion they produced. There is something esafresh.

sentially uncivil, and, indeed, unphilosophi-The longer Lennox looked at the picture cal, in the attempt to verify or to disprove the more he liked it, and the deeper seemed a woman's beauty in detail, and a man gets to be the correspondence between the lady's so more than he deserves when he finds that, expression and that with which he had inin strictness, the aggregation of the different vested the heroine of Browning's lines. The features fails to make up the total. Stand less accidental, too, seemed that element off, gentlemen, and let her make the addition. which Marian's face and the face on the Beside her beauty, Miss Everett shone by canvas possessed in common. He thought of her good nature, and her lively perceptions. the great poet's noble lyric and of its exquis-She neither made harsh speeches nor reite significance, and of the physiognomy of the woman he loved having been chosen as the fittest exponent of that significance

He turned away his head; his eyes filled with tears. "If I were possessor of the picture," he said finally, answering the artist's last words, "I should feel tempted to call it by the name of a person of whom it very much eminds me." "Ah?" said Baxter; and then, after a pause

-"a person in New York?"

It had happened a week before that, at her over's request, Miss Everett had gone in his company to a photographer's, and had been botographed in a dozen different attitudes. The proofs of these photographs had been trasting her brilliant and comfortable future sent home for Marian to choose from. She with her somewhat precarious past. Lennox, had made a choice of half a dozen-or rather nevertheless, was congratulated on the right Lennox had made it, and the latter had put hand and on the left; but none too often for them in his pocket, with the intention of opping at the establishment and giving his

his duty to beguile the session with cheat opera. Fat he had neither sent her sugar esthetic small talk. But Marian good plums, nor made bets with her, nor made her. numoredly took the painter's share of the resents of jewelry. Miss Everett's female dialogue, and he was not diverted from his friends had remarked that he hadn't as yet work. given her the least little bethrothal ring,

make a masterpicce.

forehead. "It's made."

and they met his own.

the altar in the temple.

"I mean 'in form:""

extremely disagreeable?"

back to his work, "such is life!"

"I came and you weren't at home."

"What was the use, Miss Everett?"

"Why didn't you come again!"

We might have become reconciled."

them firm.

he had not exerted a strong effort to make

either of pearls or of diamonds. Marian, however, was quite content. She was, by inture, a great artist in the mise en scene of emotions, and she felt instinctively that this classical moderation was but the converse presentment of an immense matrimonial abundance. In his attempt to make it impossible that his relations with Miss Everett should be tinged in any degree with the accidental condition of the fortunes of either party, Lennox had thoroughly understood and she read in his kindly eyes an his own instinct. He knew that he should augmented edition of the assurance some day feel a strong and irresistible conveyed in Baxter's. He was enthusiimpulse to offer his mistress some visiastic for the black dress, which, in truth, ble and artistic token of his affection, seemed only to confirm and enrich, like a and that his gift would convey a greater satgrave maternal protest, the young girl's look isfaction from being sole of its kind. It f undiminished youth.

seemed to him now that his chance had come. What gift could be more delicate than the gift of an opportunity to contribute by her patience and good will to her husband's posession of a perfect likeness of her face? On that same evening Lennox dined with his future father-in-law, as it was his Eabit

to do once a week. "Marian," he said, in the course of the dinner, "I saw this morning an old friend of yours.

"Ab," said Marian, "who was that?" "Mir. Baxter, the painter." Marian changed color-ever so little; no

more, indeed, than was natural to an honest surprise,



Her surprise, however, could not have cen great; inasmuch as she now said that she had seen his return to America mentioned in a newspaper, and as she knew that Lennox frequented the society of artists. "He was well, I hope," she added "and prosperous."

dear? asked Mr. Everett.

he always painting?"

picture which reminds me of you."

A fund has been started in Charles- really the murderer, has so far manton to pay for tickets for poor boys to aged to evade arrest, though he is see the base ball games! This is stretch- still hiding in the neighborhood. ing charity mighty thin. When we Young James is chained down in The next sitting was fixed for the morrow. Marian wore the dress which she had agreed think of how much good this money apon with the painter, and in which, as in her position, the "picturesque" element had been religiously suppressed. She read in

would do poor people; of the thousand and one ways it might be used for alle-Baxter's eyes that she looked supremely viating distress, we wonder that the good people of Charleston are willing to It 18 possible, and indeed probable. beautiful, and she saw that his fingers tingled contribute for such a purpose. We that the sheriff is in possession of to attack his subject. But she caused Lennox to be sent for, under the pretense of obtaindare say it is a freak of the base ball some very strong evidence which he ing his adhesion to her dress. It was black. and he might object to black. He came

> A Slander Upon a Worthy Order. whispered that the party who did the Timmonsville Farmers' Friend.

There seems to be a disposition on the reward as soon as the work the part of certain persons to spread was done, and that according to abroad the idea that the Farmers' Alli- agreement he went to the appointed "I expect you," he said to Baxter, "to ance is a third political party in dis- spot and found it, and then made guise-that it is composed of negroes himslf scarce; and that young Joe "Never fear," said the painter, tapping his as well as whites and is a thing to be James is the man who made the con-On this second occasion, Mr. Everett, exshunned by all well-thinking people. | tract. hausted by the intellectual strain of the pre-Our learned contemporary at the county It is the almost universal opinion ceding day, and encouraged by his luxurious seat seems to be awfully disturbed about of the public, and has been ever since chair, sank into a trançuil sleep. His comthe danger of an unsuspecting public the murder, that James, was shot by panions remained for some time, listening to

running against the fangs of the alleg. some negro whom his son lived to his regular breathing; Marian with her eyes patiently fired on the opposite walk and the ed viper and being swallowed up and commit the deed. This opinion, too, young man with his glance mechanically gulped down by a third party. It came has been expressed freely and openly. traveling between his figure and the canout last week in a stunning editorial It is stated that young James was in vas. At last he fell back several paces to warning the public to be on the lookout Darlington for the purpose of swearurvey his work. Marian moved her eyes, and 'shun the new order as it would a ing indictments for slawder against "Well, Miss Everett," said the painter, in plague.' accents which might have been tremulous if

This is but a single one of a thousand der of his father when he was arrestlies that will be invented and manufac- ed-Timmonsville Farmer's Friend.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," said the young girl. tured for the purpose of impeding the And the two exchanged a long, firm progress of the Farmers' Alliance in glance, which at last ended in a smile-a this State. It is a matter of very grave smile which belonged decidedly to the family of the famous laugh of the two angels behind doubt whether there is any such thing in existence as a colored Farmers' Alli-"Well, Miss Everett," said Baxter, going ance; and if there is, it is, as apt as "So it appears," rejoined Marian. And

designing party as a reflection upon the then; after a pause of some moments: "Why didn't you come and see me!" she added. real Alliance: If there are colored societies calling themselves Farmers' Alliances, they have no connection whatever with the white Alliance-no more "It would simply have been more decent. than the colored Masons and Knights "We seem to have dono that as it is." of Pythias are connected with or recognized by the white lodges. "That would have been absurd. Don't you

The following extract from Article ee how true an instinct I had! What could IV. Section 1 of the Constitution of the have been easier than our meeting? I assure you that I should have found any talk about Farmers' Alliance should set forever at the past, and mutual assurances or apologies rest this question :

'No person shall be admitted as Miss Everett raised her eyes from the floor member unless he has been a citizen of and fixed them on her companion with a the State of ---- for six months past, deep, half reproachful glance. "Is the past, then," she asked, "so utterly disagreeable?" and not then unless he be a farmer, a Baxter stared, half amazed. "Good heavfarm laborer, mechanic, country school teacher; country physician or minister Miss Everett dropped ber eyes and re of the gospel, be of good moral char I may as well take advantage of the moacter, believe in the existence of a Sumont, rapidly to make plain to the reader preme Being, be of industrious habits, the events to which the above conversation

sixteen years." Miss Everett had found it expedient, all things considered, not to tell her intended husband the whole story of her acquaintance Curolina Spartan. with Stephen Baxter; and when I have re-

paired her omissions, the reader will probably State Convention, denounced the influence of the State House and the Colum-She had; as she said; met this young man for the first time at Rome, and there in the bia City Club and said that when the represented.

course of two interviews had made a deep impression upon his heart. He had felt that

-----Love Sick. The following was handed to us a few days ago by a gentleman friend who says he has been there and

people who accused him of the mur-

not, an arrangement concocted by some knows how it feels : O, how can I, how dare I attempt

> proposal to such a sweet object of ove's sweet innocence, without giving offense ? For her innocence is like a flower which withers when roughly touched, but blooms not again though watered with bitter, burning tears. Her charms are so irresistible, I am truly love sick; and must tremblingly confess I am iu a state of captivity. I would plead most earnestly for a merciful banishment, while I would ever hope for a perpetual local habitation" in the heart of this most bewitching, adorable, fascinating, enchanting, charming, captivating, and most lovable creature of loveliness. "Twere vain to tell her all I feel. O, that I pos-

sessed an off-cast shoe from one of the dear little feet of this most loveable creatu ë as a souvenir in subsilentio.

The Darlington County Alliance was organized at Timmonsville, Saturdey, May 19th. Ten Sab-Alliances were



first in the summer in Switzerland and afterward in Paris. He is a sort of coasin of Mrs. Denbigh." Mrs. Denbigh was a lady in whose company Matian had recently spent a year in Europe a widow, rich, childless, an invalid and an old friend of her mother. "Is

some curiosity. "I should like to see it. If you think it's like me, John, you ought to

know it then?"

"Yes, through Mr. Baxter himself. I saw

"Where did you know this gentleman, my

ens!" be cried, "of course it is" mained silent

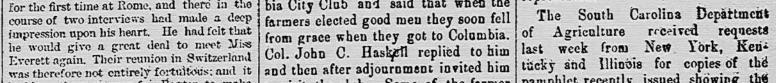
"Apparently, and extremely well. He has two or three as good portraits there as one may reasonably expect to see. And he has, moreover, a certain

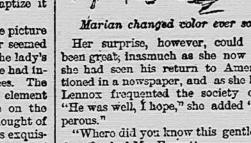
buy it up."

astify her discretion.

is a white PERSON and over the age of Capt. B. R. Tillman, in the late

farmers elected good men they soon fell The South Carolina Department

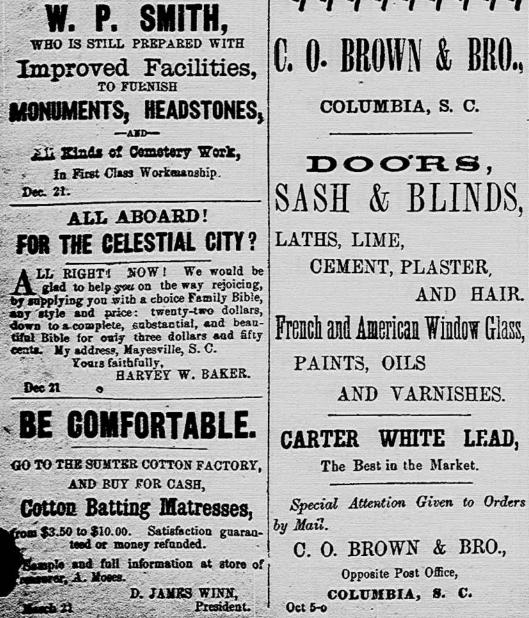




"I knew him in Europe two years ago-

"His 'Last Duchess?" asked Marian, with

"I wanted to buy it, but it's sold. You



his faith. That of Miss Everett was not put to so severe a test, although she was fre quently reminded by acquaintances of a moralizing turn that she had reason to be BRO., very thankful for Mr. Lennox's choice. To these assurances Marian listened with a look of patient humility which was extremely becoming. It was as if for his sake she could consent even to be bored. Within a fortnight after their engagement had been made known, both parties returned to New York. Lennox lived in a house of his own, which he now busied himself with repairing and refurnishing; for the wedding had been fixed for the end of October. Miss Everett lived in lodgings with her father, a decayed old gentleman, who rubbed his idle hands from morning till night over the prospect of his daughter's marriage. John Lennox, habitually a man of numerous resources, fond of reading, fond of music, fond of society, and not averse to politics, passed the first weeks of autumn in a restless. fidgety manner. When a man approaches middle age he finds it difficult to wear gracefully the distinction of being engaged. He finds it difficult to discharge with becoming alacrity the various petits soins incidental to the position. There was a certain pathetic gravity, to those who knew him well, in Lennox's attentions. One-third of his time he spent in foraging Broadway, whence he returned half a dozen times a week, laden with trinkets and gimcracks, which he always finished by thinking it puerile and brutal to offer his mistress. Another third he passed in Mr. Everett's drawing room, during which if the copy betrays the original." Special Attention Given to Orders period Marian was denied to visitors. The rest of the time he spent, as he told a friend, God knows how. This was stronger language than his friend expected to hear, for Lennox was neither a man of precipitate utterance, nor, in his friend's belief, of a strongly passionate nature. But it was evident that he was very much in love; or at least very much artist, with a smile; "a maiden lady, who is of his balance.

and showed the painter one of the cards. "I find a great resemblance," said he, "between your Duchess and that young lady." The artist looked at the photograph. "If I am not mistaken," he said, after a pause, 'the young lady is Miss Everett." Lennox nodded assent. His companion remained silent a few moments, examining the photograph with considerable interest, but, as Lennox observed, without comparing it with his picture. "My Duchess very probably bears a certain resemblance to Miss Everett, but a not exactly intentional one," he said at last. "The picture was begun before 1 ever saw Miss know-has a very charming face, and, during tinued to work upon it. You know how a painter works -how artists of all kinds work: they claim their property wherever they find it. What I found to my purpose in Miss Everett's appearance I didn't besitate to adopt, especially as I had been feeling about her face effectually realized. The Duchess was an Italian, I take it, Now, there is a decidedly southern depth and warmth of tone in Miss Even tt's complexion, as well as that breadth and thickness of feature which is common in Italian women. You see the resemblance is much more a matter of type than of expression. Nevertheless, I'm sorry "I doubt," said Lennox, "whether it would betray it to any other perception than mine. I have the honor the added, after a pause, "to be engaged Everett. You will, therefore, excuse if I ask whether you mean to sell your picture." "It's already sold-to a lady," rejoined the a great admirer of Browning."

orders. He now took out his pocket book | it in its rudimentary state, when it looked like nothing that I should care to look like. I sheeked Mrs. Denbigh very much by telling him I was glad it was his 'last.' The picture, indeed, led to our acquaintance." "And not vice versa," said Mr. Everett,

facctiously. "How vice versa?" asked Marian, innocently. "I met Mr. Baxter for the first time at a party in Rome."

"I thought you said you met him in Switzerland," said Lennox.

"No, in Rome. It was only two days be fore we left. He was introduced to me without knowing I was with Mrs. Denbigh; and indeed without knowing that she had been in Everett, Miss Everett, as you see-or as you the city. He was very shy of Americans, The first thing he said to me was that 1 the few weeks in which I saw her, I con- looked very much like a picture he had been painting.

"That you realized his ideal, etc." "Exactly, but not at all in that sentimental tone. I took him to Mrs. Deplyigh; they found they were sixth consins by marriage; he came to see us the next day, and insisted in the dark for a type of countenance which | upon us going to bis studio. It was a miserable place. I believe he was very peor. At least Mrs. Denbigh offered him some money, and he frankly accepted it. She attempted to spare his sensibilities by telling him that.

If he liked; he could paint her a picture in return. He said he would if he had time. Later, he came up into Switzerland, and the following winter we met him in Paris." invited to paint her portrait.

without alacrity, and Lonnox laid his propo-

had been the more easy for Baxter to make, it possible, for the reason that he was able to claim a kind of roundabout relationship with Mrs. Denbigh, Marian's companion. With this lady's permission he had attached him-

> of travel his own, he had stopped when they stopped and been prodigal of attentions and

civilities. Before a week was over Mrs. Denbigh, who was the soul of confiding good nature, exulted in the discovery of an invalu-

able kinsman. Thanks not only to her naturally unexacting disposition, but to the apathetic and inactive habits induced by constant physical suffering, she proved a very insignificant third in her companions' spending of the hours. How delightfully these hours were spent it requires no great pfort to imagine. A suit conducted in the midst of the most romantic scenery in Europe is already half won. Marian's social graces vere largely enhanced by the satisfaction which her innate intelligence of natural beauty enabled her to take in the magnificent scenery of the Alps. She had never eppeared to such advantage; she had never known such perfect freedom and frankness

it. She had surrendered her heart to the ing by, had intercepted it. He felt his long of for the first or primary department, count. If Lennox had had any mistrust of Miss

Everett's relations with the painter, the manner in which she told her little story would the constant feminino sympathy which have effectually blighted it. He forthwith rushed within earshot, with the coo'ness and proposed that, in consideration not only of the young man's greaf talent; but of his it too had not been fed by the eternal snows! actual knowledge of her face, he should be beauty-was a continual enchantment, Miss Marian assented without reluctance and

Everett looked so thoroughly in her place in

to visit the club. Some of the farmer pamphlet recently issued showing the delegates were horrified to go to the resourses of the State. The gentleman

finding out. A Comparison.

Florence Times.

The economy of the system of Graded

club and see Haskell and Tillman suck- who writes from Illinois says ... We ato ing lemovade through the same straw. taking great interest in the South. All self to their party. He had made their route Verily, the ways of politicizus are past of us are workers up here. We have six months of straight winter. Corn only about half planted. Ice last night, May 18th."

> Two young men of Orangeburg ön Friday disguised themselves as girls Schools for any town is well evidenced and decoyed a festive book agent into a by those at Florence. Few of the patfirtation. At the preper time two fica our schools are, and we propose to show personating frious parents appeared rons here realize what a saving to them with pisto's and the masher took to the how many dollars and cents are in their favor by the difference in cost of graded swap and had not been heard of at and private schools. The Graded 12 at accounts, his baggage being left at

School here has been in operation the ee | the hotel. years. The total cost per proil has | J. D. Ratteree, of Chester enjoys been \$3.90 for the three years, or the unique distinction of being the only \$2 963 per pupil per , car, making a man on record whose life was saved by total cost for the school \$11,913 27. the kick of a mule. He was recently and gayety. For the first time in her life With the sam, number of pupils at acquitted of the murder of Jack Reed, the had made a captive without suspecting private sch ools, and making the com- a colored man, on the ground of insanparison oy an average and by putting ity caused by the kick of a mule in the and the pastoral valleys, and Baxter, stand- the "uition only at the regular rate of head. He also had a good bank ac-

projected Swiss tour vastly magnified and the total oust would have been \$40,- Mr. Henry Clay Lukens, of New beautified by Miss Everett's part in it- oy 905 for the three years, or \$14,635 York, has accepted a position as editorper your. Not to take into considera- in chief of the Charleston World. Mr. clearness of a mountain spring. Oh! if only tion the superior system that a graded Lukens is a journalist of several years school offers above all others, the sctual experience, and was held in high esteem And then her beauty-her indefatigable saving in dollars and cents to the Sti- by the newspaper fraternity of New zens of Florence by our present system York, where his abilities were widely a drawing room that it was almost logical to is \$28,991 73 for the three years. In recognized.