# The Fairfield News and Herald.

VOL. XLIV. WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY , 1888. NO. 24.


## Dorcas Caledon,

### THE HEIRESS OF CALEDON HEIGHTS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FLORENCE E. DIAMOND.

CHAPTER III.

My dear little room was never so dear to me as now that I was leaving it forever. I had been quite silent till now, too much bewildered to speak; but when I reached my room the full import of what was being done burst upon me, and I fell at the matron's feet imploring her not to send me away with those two cold, cruel women. "Only let me stay here," I begged amid a storm of sobs, burying my face in her lap, "only let me stay and I will do any thing. I will scrub the steps as little Paul does; I will be good oh! so good! I will never disobey you, indeed I will not!"

Mrs. Hart's tears flowed at this passionate appeal of mine, but she could not grant my request now—it was too late.

"You have ever been an obedient and good child, Dorcas," she answered, softly, "and I know you will not fail to make friends wherever you go. Those ladies are very nice, I have no doubt, when once you get used to them. Come, cheer up and go and bid the girls good-bye while I get your clothes ready."

So saying, she put me gently aside and began to empty out the contents of my small chest of drawers; while I, seeing that further pleading would be of no avail, went slowly out to where my companions were, and proceeded to bid them good-bye—a task that was not accomplished without much weeping on either side.

This over, I went back, and madam, with her own hands, dressed me in my best attire, which consisted of a linen suit, embroidered pantalettes and a white straw flat, then much worn by children. I then bade the matron an affecting farewell, clinging to her, and sobbing the while she kissed me gently, saying: "God bless you, my little Dorcas." And then, taking Miss Armund's hand, I was hurried to the carriage, where the coachman stood holding open the door. He helped the ladies in, tossed me in after them, shut the door, and, mounting his box, drove swiftly away. I looked back till a turn in the road hid the home from my view, and I passed out of that life forever.

All before me now was a strange and unknown road; did it lay in pleasant places?

I turned my attention to my companions within the carriage. Neither had spoken since starting. Mrs. Clayton sat looking out of the window, evidently deeply interested in the scenery though which we were passing. The other, Miss Armund, sat regarding me with a grim, moody expression of countenance that fairly chilled me.

Thus we rode on for some time when Mrs. Clayton suddenly exclaimed, vehemently: "Its all nonsense, Maria; the child was much happier where she was; you are doing no kindness to her in taking her away."

"Perhaps not," answered her companion, shortly. "I am partly doing a duty, though. And you can hardly miss the trifle that it

"DO NOT SEND ME AWAY."

will cost to educate her out of the immense Caledon estate. Methinks you might undergo some slight inconvenience for the sake of being mistress there."

Mrs. Clayton flushed angrily, but said nothing, and further conversation was prevented by the carriage stopping at the depot.

We alighted and entered the great waiting room which was crowded with people.

I had never been among strangers before, and this hurrying, surging crowd fairly bewildered me. But over all hung the conviction that I was going away among strange people, with these two silent and unloving women, who both seemed to owe me a deep and long-standing grudge. My heart was ready to burst with grief, and unable to restrain my tears I hid my face in my hands and wept bitterly. Several people noticed my grief, and remarks were being made as to the cause, when Miss Armund made her way to me and, sitting down by me, endeavored to pacify me by promises of fine presents, etc., and seeing that all were regarding me curiously I hushed my sobs and became quiet.

The next moment a shrill cry of "All Aboard" sounded through the room, and there was a rush for the outgoing train. Mrs. Clayton and Miss Armund, with me between them, hastily scrambled in, getting barely inside ere the train started. The coach we had entered was already full of passengers, but the ladies were given seats somehow, and in my haste and bewilderment I stumbled and pitched head first into a fat old gentleman who was squeezing himself into a seat near by.

"Gracious me!" he exclaimed, rather crossly, while Mrs. Clayton gave me a withering look from her dark eyes, which did not add to my composure.

"See here, Sis," said a kind, jovial voice at my elbow, "there don't seem to be any place in particular for you; suppose you take a seat on my knee."

"And, almost before I could comprehend what was being done, I found myself perched upon the knee of a handsome young fellow of perhaps one and twenty, who, seeing my confusion, had taken it upon himself to come to my assistance.

Mrs. Clayton thanked him graciously, and Miss Armund seemed satisfied, so I concluded it was nothing improper to take the offered seat, and, finally gaining courage, I dared to glance into my companion's face. It was a handsome debonair face, but kind and manly, and his eyes won my heart at once, they were so bright and kind in their expression. He did not ply me with questions, but after his first remark continued his conversation with his companions, quite a number of young men who occupied the seats near, and I guessed they were evidently from some school or college, for they were dressed exactly alike in brown suits with white gloves and hats. I learned afterwards they were the collegians from B— going home for their vacation.

I gave the others only a glance. I could not bear their rather bold looks, and then, I fancied, some of them had laughed at my awkwardness, and, child though I was, I did not relish being laughed at.

"Well, little one," said my friend, kindly, "have you gotten over your fright yet? You were rather mixed up, weren't you? Never traveled much, eh?" and he laughed, pleasantly.

"I was never on the cars before but once," I said, meekly, "and I don't like it—they make such a terrible noise."

Here the other gentleman laughed loudly, as if the idea of the cars making a noise was very funny, indeed.

"Is that lady your mamma?" asked one, pointing to where Mrs. Clayton was sitting engaged in conversation with another lady.

"No, sir," I answered. I did not like being questioned by this strange fellow with wild, black eyes and ready tongue.

"Your other one, then?" directing his glance to Miss Armund, who, when she heard his question, scowled savagely.

"No, sir," I replied again. I have no mamma at all, or papa either," and again I felt ready to weep for loneliness.

My young friend saw this, and diverted my attention by buying some fine oranges of a boy who was offering them for sale. Presenting me with a couple of the finest ones, he said, cheerfully: "Now eat these,

A NEW-FOUND FRIEND.

and never mind fellows that ask questions of little girls"—a remark that was not lost upon his friends, for I was asked no more questions.

Presently some of the passengers got out, and I found a seat by the side of my young friend, who still was as kind and gentle as at first, till I felt I had known him always, and I began to dread the time when he must go and I would be left again alone with those two stern, silent women.

But night came on and still my friend and his party were with us; the lamps were lighted and their rays fell weirdly on the faces about me. I could see Mrs. Clayton sitting bolt upright, the white plumes in her hat nodding with the swaying motion of the cars, and her eyes wide open, with no signs of sleepiness about them, though most of the other passengers were in a state of semi-drowsiness. Miss Armund sat bent forward, her head on her breast, fast asleep. Even my young friend was nodding, and I felt my own eyes growing heavy and dull, and almost before I knew it I was sound asleep.

I awoke once, for an instant, and could hardly recollect where I was, but it came to me soon. My friend was still beside me and had placed an arm about me, or I should have tumbled to the floor. He looked at me now with a quiet smile, and feeling reassured I again let my head droop against his arms and fell fast asleep. I have often wondered since then if no unseen spirit whispered to him of the part that the sleeping child at his side should play in his life, or how all their lives their fortunes should be intermingled. Doubtless such a thought never crossed his mind. He was kind to the friendless child from mere good-heartedness, nothing more.

How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one shaking me roughly by the arm. I started up to find Miss Armund standing over me looking, in the dim uncertain light of early dawn, more grim and ugly than ever. I was alone in the seat. My young friend and his party were all gone; they had left the train while I slept. I learned afterwards that when he must go he had called Miss Armund to take his place, saying I was tired and sleepy, and he disliked to wake me.

I felt a strange loneliness and fear when I knew he was gone, but I swallowed my feelings as best I could and obediently followed the ladies to a handsome carriage that stood waiting for them and into which a servant assisted us, and we were soon rolling rapidly toward home, for as such I now designated it. After half an hour's drive, we arrived at what I suppose was an entrance way. A porter swung open a heavy iron gate and the carriage swept up a beautiful avenue bordered with trees, and finally stopped before the house, or mansion—a massive pile of bricks surrounded on all sides by broad verandah's or porticos. A flight of marble steps led up to the front entrance, and the pillars supporting the piazza were of the finest and most delicate specimens of architecture.

We ascended the steps, and Mrs. Clayton rang the bell. A servant admitted us and led the way to a handsomely-furnished sitting-room where the ladies removed their wraps; but Mrs. Clayton gave me in charge of a domestic, who conducted me to a pretty room on the ground floor in the rear part of the house.

"You're tired, miss," said the maid, kindly. "You can rest here till breakfast-time."

She removed my hat and sacque as she spoke and then, showing me the bath-room and toilet accessories, she left me alone.

I bathed my face, combed and braided my hair and brushed my teeth, as I had been accustomed to do at the home, and then, having nothing else to do, I drew a chair to the window and sat down to wait for the reappearance of the maid. While sitting here my attention was drawn to two children, boys, who were in company with a large dog racing up and down the lawn a short distance from the house. One was a dark-faced lad of perhaps twelve years. I knew at once that he was Mrs. Clayton's son, the resemblance was so great. But the other child was much younger, not more than five years old, and fair with light curling hair.

"It must be they have no little girls," I said to myself; "that is the reason they have adopted me."

Just here the maid entered, briskly.

"Well, little miss, ready for breakfast?" she said, cheerily; "but, if you please, what is your name?"

"Dorcas Lynn," I answered.

"Thank ye, miss; mine is Maggie Mitchell, and Mrs. Clayton sent me to fetch ye down to breakfast."

So saying she led the way to the breakfast-room. It was a large, lofty room; and the table, at which the family were already seated, was glittering with cut-glass and silver. There were at the table Mrs. Clayton, her husband, a stolid, corpulent man of fifty, perhaps, Miss Armund, the two boys I had seen in the garden, and a little girl of about my own age, I thought, though I afterward discovered that she and her brother were twins; therefore she was two years my senior. But she was certainly the most strikingly-handsome child I had ever seen. To me, in fact, she looked as I might have imagined an angel would. She was fair as the lily, with a soft, rose tint in either cheek; her hair was golden as a sunbeam, her eyes blue as the sky in June, and her lips like [illegible] She was seated near her mother, and gave me a cold stare of indifference when I took my place beside her. No one spoke; the very air seemed oppressive. Taken altogether, it was a most uncomfortable meal, and I felt glad when it was ended.

The children immediately withdrew when breakfast was over. I remained standing by Miss Armund, hardly knowing what to do. Mr. Clayton arose, and placing his hands in his pockets, regarded me in a questioning manner for a few moments, and then asked: "What is this child here for, Lena?"

"His tone was more the one of a servant addressing a master than that of a husband addressing a wife, I thought.

Mrs. Clayton flushed angrily at the question, but her voice was steady enough when she answered him.

"She is a protege of my friend, Miss Armund," she said.

"Oh! oh! yes; a very fine one, Miss Armund," he said, suavely.

"Thank you," was Miss Armund's chilly reply.

"Yes, yes, ma'am; not at all," and taking his hat, he hastily left the room.

Again a strange stillness fell upon us. Mrs. Clayton had risen and gone to the window, where she stood idly beating against the panes with her white jeweled fingers. Miss Armund sat still and grave, the hard lines around her mouth harder and grimmer than ever. She clasped her large, bony hands together and looked like one who struggled with a great passion of hate or remorse, but her face cleared at last. A look of deep determination took the place of the frown upon her features. She broke the oppressive silence in her usually quick, abrupt way.

"I am going now, Lena," she said. "but I want to say to you before I go that I have brought this child here for the purpose of educating and taking care of her. I wish you to treat her as you treat your own children. Allow her the same privileges you allow them, and I am content. It is," she continued, thoughtfully, "but a small recompense for the wrong done her, but it will suffice. Carry out my instructions and you need do no more; but I wish them carried out, mind you," and her voice grew stern. "You understand me, Lena?"

Mrs. Clayton had turned from the window at Miss Armund's first words, and remained quiet and attentive to what she was saying. Her face betrayed no expression but that of extreme indifference; but at Miss Armund's question: "Do you understand me, Lena?" she raised her head and answered, coldly:

"Your instructions shall be regarded, Miss Armund."

"Very well. Tell James to get the carriage. I will be ready in a moment. I can not just say when I will come again," in answer to Mrs. Clayton's polite invitation, which I could not help thinking was given under protest.

Miss Armund came toward me then and held out her hand. "Good-bye, Dorcas," was all she said, and I shyly repeated good-bye. Then her lank form disappeared in the doorway and she was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## DANIEL MANNING'S LIFE.

### A Poor Boy Who Made Himself One of the Greatest Politicians.

(From the New York Press.)

Daniel Manning was born in Albany, August 16, 1831. His father died when he was a child, and he was obliged to provide for himself when only nine years of age. His first employment was in the office of the Albany Atlas, which was subsequently merged into the Argus. He began by sweeping out the office, and in course of time came to be the "devil" of the establishment.

While in this position he learned to set type, and gradually rose to the position of foreman of the composing room. Then he joined the reportorial staff of the Argus and first reported the markets. Afterward he was appointed to report the proceedings of the State Senate, and was employed in that capacity for a number of years. He subsequently became a stockholder in the Argus, and in 1865 was made associate editor. When William Cassidy, the chief editor and president of the Argus Company, died in 1873, Mr. Manning's judgment, general intelligence and business talent obtained for him the presidency of the company. He very seldom wrote any editorials for the paper, but contented himself with directing and managing its affairs.

In 1873 he also became connected with the National Chemical Bank of Albany, and was elected a director. He was advanced to the vice-presidency in 1881, and in the following year, upon the death of General Robert H. Pruyn, he became the president. He was also a member of the Albany Park Commissioners, one of the trustees of the Fort Orange Club, a director of the Albany Railway, the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad Company and the Albany Electrical Light Company.

Mr. Manning during all his life took an active interest in politics, but it was only of late years that he became known as a political leader. He was scarcely known at all in political circles outside of Albany prior to the election of Samuel J. Tilden as Governor of New York. He was appointed a delegate from Albany to the convention of 1874, which nominated Mr. Tilden for Governor, and proved so useful in the campaign which followed that he gained Mr. Tilden's confidence. He was always a Democrat, and thoroughly believed in the principles of that party.

In 1876 he was elected a member of the Democratic State Committee. In 1879 80 he served as secretary of the committee and in 1881 he was chosen its president, a position he occupied continuously for several years. In 1880 he had become regarded as Mr. Tilden's most trusted adviser, and was one of the most influential members of the New York delegation in the national convention which nominated General Winfield S. Hancock for President. It was through him, as chairman of the New York delegation, that Mr. Tilden communicated to the convention his decision not to stand again for the Presidency.

It has been said that Mr. Manning was mainly instrumental in securing the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for President, and that a month previous to the meeting of the State Convention of 1882 he remarked to some political friends who called on him at the Argus office: "It seems to me we had better nominate this man Cleveland, of Buffalo."

At the special request of Mr. Tilden, President Cleveland invited Mr. Manning to become a member of his Cabinet and offered him the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

He was always a man of delicate health, and upon the ground that his physical condition would not warrant him in assuming the labors of the office Mr. Manning at first declined. Influences were brought to bear which finally induced him to enter Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

The labors of his position, as he feared, were more than he could sustain. He was returning from a Cabinet meeting on March 23, and was about to enter the Treasury building when he was attacked with dizziness, and fell heavily to the ground. He was taken to his home in a carriage, where he remained for a considerable time under the care of his physician.

He tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Treasury to the President on June 4, but Mr. Cleveland refused to accept it, and induced him to take a long vacation. Again Mr. Manning sent in his resignation on February 14, of this year, to take effect on March 4, and this time the President accepted it with regret, which he expressed in a lengthy eulogistic letter.

Mr. Manning then took a trip to Europe and spent some time at the seaside resort of Bournemouth, but received no permanent benefit. Previous to his resignation he was offered the presidency of the Western National Bank, which was about to begin business in this city. This position he also declined upon the score of ill health, but was told that if he would accept it he would be given a leave of absence which he could terminate at his own pleasure. He consented to this arrangement and the bank was opened.

Miss Mary Little was Mr. Manning's first wife, whom he married in 1853. She died in 1882, leaving four children. The eldest son, James Hilton Manning, is managing editor of the Argus, and the other son, Frederick Clinton Manning, is an active young business man. One of the daughters is the wife of John A. Delehanty, an Albany lawyer. Mr. Manning married his second wife, Miss May Mergueritta Freyer, of Albany, on November 19, 1884.

Bernal, the famous Mexican bandit, was killed in a fight near Cosala on Thursday.

## LOVE'S WAKING.

### The Fickle Bertha Dupre and Her Husband.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

In the great Algerian smoking-room, extended on a divan, Bertha felt that time laid heavy on her hands. She lost all thought of the book that she had just read, and which had slipped from her lap to the carpeted floor, soft, thick and rich in colors.

The October sun played wantonly through the slightly opened window upon the curtain hangings and the gilded nails of the furniture.

Bertha dreamed of herself as the maiden; recalled the day of her marriage, two months ago, and one by one the days, the hours which had since rolled by, and from time to time you could see her shrug her shoulders and pout her lips.

Bertha is not pretty, yet somehow, if you could only see her, you certainly could not help feeling that she merited being loved. The heavy treasure of her chestnut locks massed at the back straightened up her head into an attitude of noble, graceful pride. Her brown eyes, ordinarily indifferent, often mocking, forget themselves sometimes, and strayed off into dreams. And her mouth, a little large, perhaps, but it knew how to laugh one of those clear, ringing laughs that you felt came from a real good, honest soul.

Love? Well, no! she did not love. Why? It is that eternal history: A rich heiress, a commoner, though a Parisian, who promised herself within fifteen years to bear a title and have a "salon," she had not understood that the brave young man who called himself simple George Dupre and lived ten months out of the twelve on his landed estate, knowing Paris only by several weeks of each year there, had given to her something as rare as a fine name in bringing to her his great, good heart and strong youth.

Ah, if he had been a man of the world, if the women had spoken in low tones of his follies, the young girl would then perhaps have remarked that in the great blue eyes of her lover there was enough frankness for all her confidence; love enough for a wealth of affection. She did not know that a man has no time for love in Paris; that solitude and the free air of the woods are the best counselors of the heart. Bertha never once doubted herself, and I should have never guessed it if she had told me of it, and this was how it came about. While she lay there dreaming, the sun commenced to set and the indiscreet ray cast into her chamber, slid over the flowery carpet and cunningly approached the young woman. It kissed her feet first, then her knees, and mounted even to her face. Dazzled by the light, Bertha rose to go and close the blinds.

Now, near this window, in the embrasure, stood a pretty little piece of furniture usually locked with a key. This day the key had been left in the lock and one of the drawers was left partly open, and among a common lot of papers Bertha perceived a package of letters bearing George's address, and having nothing else to do to amuse herself, and noting the superscriptions to be in the fine, light hand of a woman, and as silence reigned in the closed chamber, the ray of the sun itself having disappeared, she untied the ribbon that secured the letters and began the reading of them.

The first said simply:

"You are not thoughtful, my dear friend. I asked for a few roses, a small bouquet for my courage, and you sent me a sheaf of flowers! I pardon you, but see that you are wiser in the future. By by. "LOUISE."

A packet of letters is like a book; one loves to finger over the leaves and glance through them before reading them.

Bertha took from the middle of the package an envelope ornamented with a silver monogram and drew out of it another billet; it was scarcely larger than the first, but it said more, terminating with these words: "You are handsome!" This time it was signed "Loulu."

This gave renewed interest, and, her curiosity touched, she absorbed herself in their reading for a long time. She became passionately interested, for her hands trembled each time she unfolded a letter. One time even she displayed a little shiver of anger, and the tell-tale red flushed her countenance.

Suddenly she heard a voice calling her from without, that of her husband, who had returned. She closed the drawer quickly, ran out upon the steps and found herself face to face with George. He was standing there, his gun negligently thrown on his shoulder, cap in his hand and a little dusty and a little tanned, but young, strong and happy. The day had been a good one and according to his custom he told her of his luck and of the incidents of his hunt.

Bertha looked without saying anything, and in looking at him and listening to his clear, vibrating voice she seemed to hear another voice, the soft voice of a woman, breathing into her ear and saying to her: "Tell him. You are handsome."

"Come, tell me," said George to her. "I have asked you the question now three times. Shan't we have dinner in half an hour? I am dying of hunger. What say?"

"Very well; certainly," said she, coming out of her reverie.

While he mounted to his apartment she remained thoughtful several minutes, caressing with a nervous hand Jack, the favorite spaniel. Of whom was she thinking? Stopping for several minutes she then quickly ran up the steps and entered,

In the smoking room, before the same drawer of the same piece of furniture, Bertha resumed her interrupted reading. She opened the last letter of the package, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: They speak of your charming finance, and I know you must love her. To you I say, 'Be happy.' To her I can wish nothing. Has she not snatched all this good fortune from me? Does she know the full measure of happiness? I would so like to tell her. There! there! I grow weak and foolish. Adieu. "LOUISE."

Bertha refolded the letters, tied them together, and pressed them back with the other papers into the drawer, then, seating herself in the large arm-chair, near the window, remained quiet and pensive.

The time rolled by and the young woman became so lost in her dreams that she did not hear George enter. He leaned over the back of the chair and asked, laughingly: "Don't you know that dinner is ready?"

Bertha raised on him her moistened eyes.

"What! weeping?" said he.

"No," said she, rising. Then she passed her arm around the neck of her husband and sighed. "No. I love you; that is all."

### Woman and Her Diseases

Is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

## THE COLUMBIA SEMINARY.

### Dr. Woodrow Claims that the "War" Upon Him Has been "Renewed."

The Southern Presbyterian, published and edited by Dr. James Woodrow, late professor in the Columbia Theological Seminary of natural science in its relation to revealed religion, and present professor in the South Carolina University of geology and zoology, last Thursday contained a column editorial, entitled "The war renewed," embodying in greater detail the following statements and comments:

"One of the inducements offered to students in the Theological Seminary is that the lectures of the professors of the South Carolina University are open to them. Accordingly during the last few months several of the Seminary students have been attending Prof. Woodrow's classes, some regularly matriculating as University students and others obtaining permission from the professor to attend regularly as visitors. Their attendance suddenly ceased. After a time one of them reappeared. From the minutes of the New Orleans Presbytery the Southern Presbyterian now learns the cause of the cessation and reappearance, and ascertains that the attendance was forbidden by Profs. Tadlock, Girardeau and Herzman. The New Orleans Presbytery, after considering on the 27th of December a communication from the faculty of the Seminary relative to that Presbytery's candidate, who, acting under the Presbytery's Assembly correspondent, announced his purpose to attend Prof. Woodrow's lectures contrary to the wishes of the faculty, adopted, by a vote of 18 to 11, resolutions sustaining the faculty and disapproving the action of the Presbytery's correspondent of education."

The Presbyterian adds that in October Prof. Woodow was earnestly requested, in the name of the Seminary students, to take a number of them under his instructions, either in his study or elsewhere, but peremptorily declined, but subsequently several of them matriculated at the University in order to attend his lectures, and as he could throw no obstacles in the way of such action, they did thereafter attend them. Soon some of the students ceased attending, and Prof. Woodrow learned that the Rev. G. A. Blackburn, Dr. Girardeau's son-in-law, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Columbia, had informed several students that their attendance at Prof. Woodrow's University lectures was injuring the Seminary by causing outside friends to withhold contributions, and the support of those who persisted in attending would be cut off. Subsequently Dr. Girardeau told one who had been attending that such action was in direct opposition to the will of the entire Church, and that if students were allowed to listen to Prof. Woodrow's lectures the entire effect of the Church's struggle for the last three years would be nullified. The student, regarding this as an official opinion, notified the faculty of his intention of renewing his attendance at the lectures. This announcement was not replied to by the faculty, but they sent the communication already mentioned to the New Orleans Presbytery.

The Southern Presbyterian expresses regret that Drs. Tadlock and Herzman have shown themselves entitled to a place by Dr. Girardeau's side in the front rank of extremist partisans, and says that it had not thought that they would "be found uniting with their colleague in boycotting a professor who is quietly discharging his duties in the State University."

It is evident that this new development will tend to keep open the question of evolution so long fought over. It is a curious fact that even the practical excommunication of Dr. Woodrow has not kept theological students from seeking his instruction in geology and consequent dicta as to the origin of man.

### A Good Thing for Boys.

Manual training is one of the few good things that is good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterward. It is good for the bookish boy to draw him away from books. But, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, too, in showing him that there is something that he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let him go to the work room for an hour, and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbor, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a better and brighter boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planing the board that does him good; it is planing the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part, nay, without any, of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will have to let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors.—American Magazine.

### Cleveland and a Little Girl.

Mr. Cleveland evinces great fondness for children. When he alighted from his carriage at the Minnesota Club House and was in the act of ascending the steps a little girl, seven or eight years of age, evidently the child of some working people, pushed her way through the crowd and stepped in front of the President. The great man stopped for a moment and looked down upon the little intruder. But when he saw the pleading expression in the brown eyes of the child, and the little girl murmured out: "Please, sir, I would like to shake hands with the President of the United States," the look of austere dignity on the President's face was suddenly replaced by a smile of intensest gratification. "Certainly, darling," he quickly responded, and the tiny hand was soon encased in his own, while with the other he smoothed back the curls from the dimpled face and patted the blush-tinged cheek. Fifty years from now that little girl will probably be telling her grandchildren the incident of her meeting with President Cleveland.—St. Paul Globe.

J. E. PHYSIOC'S Merchant Tailor Establishment, Columbia, S. C., is in full blast. Only a look will convince any one. All that want a first-class fitting suit try him. A full line of the best goods on hand.

An agricultural exchange thinks that the old-fashioned plough is soon to become a thing of the past. We have often thought it was being run in the ground.

## ROBBED AND BEATEN.

### Outrageous Conduct of a Mob of Negroes in Lancaster County.

(From the Lancaster Ledger.)

About dusk on the evening of the 20th ult., while Mr. W. J. Blackmon, a well-to-do farmer, who lives in the eastern section of this county, was at his barn, about forty yards distant from his dwelling, looking after his stock, several persons set upon him with clubs and most brutally beat him until they supposed they had killed him, when they took his keys from his pocket and threw him into the stable. Sam Kelly, a colored boy, who lives about 200 yards off, was the first to apprise any one of Mr. Blackmon's condition. He says that he heard the blows and supposed Mr. B. was beating one of the mules, so he went to the stable and found Mr. B. lying in the stable as he supposed dead. He called to his mother and told her that the mules had killed Mr. Blackmon. They informed Mrs. Blackmon, who was cooking supper, and they all three ran to the stable where Mr. B. was lying insensible and bleeding profusely from his wounds. Mr. B. was removed to his house and a physician sent for in post haste.

In the meantime, while Mrs. B. was out looking after her husband, the parties who committed the dastardly and atrocious outrage entered the dwelling through the front door, and going into the room where Mr. B. keeps his safe, attempted, with the keys they had taken from his pocket, to open it. Failing in this and breaking the knob off the safe door they threw the keys on a bed in an adjoining room through which they had to pass and departed.

The following morning an inspection of the stable lot was made for tracks, and tracks of three persons were found coming from the back part of the lot to and around the stable to the point where Mr. B. was assailed. The tracks were apparently made by two persons wearing women's shoes and one wearing boys' shoes—the largest tracks being made by number 7 or 8 shoes and the others by number 6 shoes.

No effort is being spared to ascertain the guilty parties. Six white men, one woman and a colored boy have been arrested and lodged in jail on suspicion, and it is likely that other arrests will be made. Their names are: Oren Bone, Andy Deas, Elmore Deas, Jim Barret, Sanford Barret, Stephen Hinson, Fanny Barret, all white, and Sam Kelly, colored.

Mr. Blackmon's condition is much better and there is little doubt now of his recovery, though at first his wounds were thought to be fatal. He received five severe blows on his head, besides bruises and cuts on his body, and his left forearm was broken. He lay unconscious for several days. It was hoped that on his recovering consciousness he would be able to tell the names of his assailants, but he has no recollection of having ever seen them.

Mr. Blackmon opened his safe on Monday and found that it was entered by the robbers on the night of the 20th. A bag containing $2,000 in gold was taken, while one containing $4,000 in gold was not touched. He is now able to talk, but declines to say much about the affair. He intimated enough, however, to give some visitors to understand that the guilty parties were within the reach of the law. He sent for the sheriff yesterday.

### An Ornament of an Old Court.

The Princesse de la Tremoille has recently died here at the age of seventy-seven. Her name recalls the reign of Louis Philippe, of whose court she was one of the greatest ornaments. As Mile de Serrant she made a brilliant debut at Court, and was instantly taken up by the King and his consort, Marie Amelie. In September, 1830, Mlle de Serrant married Prince Charles Marie, Duc de la Tremoille and Prince of Tarentum and Talmond, whose brother, a royalist general of cavalry, was guillotined by the Terrorists at Laval in 1794. The Prince died in 1839. During her long widowhood the Princesse de la Tremoille led a very retired life, occupying herself chiefly with the education of her son, the present Duc de la Tremoille, who is one of the most devoted adherents of the Orleans family, and wanted to go into exile with the Comte de Paris, but was persuaded by that Prince to remain in France.—Paris Dispatch to London Daily Telegraph.

### Industrial Notes.

The cotton seed oil trust, by its improved machinery in the pressing of cotton seed, saves in the aggregate from ten to twenty thousand bales of cotton, which has heretofore been lost.

There were five sales of wool in London last year amounting to 1,180,000 bales.

The Standard Oil Company has run during the past year 4,500,000 barrels of oil through its lines in northern Ohio.

It is estimated that it will require $33,800,000 to support the various departments of the New York city government during 1888.

The total value of the mineral products of the United States is estimated at $465,000,000, an increase of $30,000,000 as against the previous year.

A new nail is coming on the market to make more trouble. It is claimed they will run twenty per cent. more to the keg than the ordinary nail and not one imperfect nail is to be found in a keg. They are to be sold at current prices. German steel is imported to make them and a Chicago firm has the monopoly.

### Work the Order of the Day at Sing Sing.

The 1,552 convicts in Sing Sing Prison began the New Year at their regular tasks while the people in the outside world were making merry. Only four of the eight legal holidays of the year in this State are observed in the penal colony up the river, and New Year's day is not one of them. The prison opened at 6.30 in the morning, and the convicts were marched to the big mess room where 1,200 of them silently breakfasted together. Then, under the surveillance of their keepers, they were marched to their several places of work. Not until the natal day of the Republic will there be any change from the prescribed plan, but wholesome fare given them, and no cessation from work except on Sundays. As on election day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, they will have an extra bill of fare, and can make as much noise as they want to on the next holiday, Fourth of July.—New York World.

### A Total Eclipse

Of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is approaching. Unrivaled in billious disorders, impure blood, and consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs.

A great improvement in envelopes is the gumming of the lower inside, while the upper flap remains clean to be moistened as usual by the tongue.

## UNDER THE CZAR'S RULE.

### HOW THE PEASANTS OF RUSSIA ARE KEPT IN SUBJECTION.

Long Hours of Duty—Their Homes, Tilling the Soil, Harvesting Scenes—An Interesting Letter on the Customs of a Remarkable Nation.

(P. S. Heath in New York Mail and Express.)

ST. PETERSBURG, December 28.—Peasant life life in Russia presents an interesting study. In the rural portion of the country is found quite three-fourths of the entire population, St. Petersburg and Moscow being the principal cities, and therefore the bone and sinew is with this class of people. Only about 5 per cent. of the peasants can read and write, and few have the ordinary instincts of man and woman. They are superstitious, ignorant and stupid. But this is not a wonder. They have been a free people scarcely longer than the blacks of America, it being during the troublous slavery times in the United States that Alexander II. issued an ukase giving the white slaves of Russia freedom. They were not slaves in the sense of being owned, body and soul, by their landlords. The land which they occupied was the property of the nobility, and none were permitted, when once located on a farm, to leave it permanently or to go beyond a certain distance, even temporarily.

No schools were provided for the peasants during the time of slavery, none are provided now, and then, as at the present time, the design of the Czar, influenced by the nobles, was to keep them in the densest condition of servitude and ignorance. Their earnings on the farms are gauged by the landlords so that they have just enough on which to live. As no means were provided for the elevation of the slaves when they became serfs, they have remained exactly where they were found, and for all practical purposes they might just as well have remained slaves. It is generally believed that the Czar's act in emancipating them was to gain diplomatic favor abroad.

IN A PEASANT'S HOME.

A peasant's house is a very rude structure and contains none of the elements of comfort, healthfulness or cleanliness. Frequently the stables are under the same roof with the tenant. His allowance of furniture, food and clothing being fixed by his landlord, he lives scantily. The building is usually of pine or cedar logs about ten inches in diameter, barked and set neatly together. It is of one story in height, with one room, generally has three or four windows, with one sash in each, and they are protected from the outside by rude board shutters, which when closed at night make complete darkness within and ventilation miserable. The floors are of logs and earth, and the beds are on the floor.

There are no stoves in a peasant's house. A brick and clay chimney fireplace suffices. Here warmth is secured, and the food is cooked in kettles. The family meal is spread on the floor, and the repast is partaken of while sitting on folded legs, tailor style. In front of many of these houses, which are covered with hay and poles—a rough sort of thatch—the traveler frequently sees a drosky from the city, the vehicle of the landlord, who pays daily visits. The peasant has very crude agricultural implements. He generally makes them at his own furnace and gives them finish and polish on his own grindstone.

The peasant's grindstone is a huge affair, is turned by one man, while another, sitting up on a frame above it, manipulates the implements. Axes, plowshares, scythes, wagon tires, portions of harness, horseshoes and everything used about a farm or stable are finished on the grindstone. A crude little furnace heated with "peat" or pine chips and the grindstone comprise the manufacturing appliances of the peasant. His plow is a simple pole with handles on a dead level with the tongue, which has an offshoot downward, on which the share is nailed or tied.

A plowing scene in Russia, with the rough old frame, the crude, triangular or diamond-shaped share and the tiny little furrow made, would be disgusting as well as pitiable to the American farmer's eyes. The draught or weight of the plow comes directly from the high-bowed hame, which extends two feet above the horse's neck and which is fastened to the collar. Instead of traces the tongue or shafts do the pulling. The Russian in no walk of life has yet learned the philosophy of direct draught from the collar of the horse. All vehicles are drawn by the shafts and tongues, and these are fastened to the high hame or bow, which in turn is fastened to the collar. There is no such thing as trace straps or chains. Carriages are thus drawn.

WOMEN THE REAL WORKERS.

The women in Russia do two-thirds of the work in the country. There are immense wheat, oat and hay fields everywhere, and in August there is great activity in the country. The large majority of persons at work are women. They wear short dresses, plain and straight, and a long piece of cloth over their heads like the Arabs. The wheat is sown broadcast, and if not cut by the women with sickles is harvested with the old-fashioned scythe, which has a two-pound snead and a broad, short blade. From the snead up to the handle there is a wooden bow something like, in appearance, the half of a heavy barrel hoop. This bow keeps the wheat, etc., from falling back over the scythe handle and scattering. I have never yet seen a man who would deign to gather up, bind and stack the wheat or oats when once it was felled. The women must do this while the men do the "gentlemanly" work, although I have seen many women cutting the grain with the scythe. The neighbors club together in harvest and help one another.

A Russian harvesting rendezvous is quite lively, and is the scene of a motly crowd. The old men and young, boys and girls, with their mothers, grandmothers and aged women, assemble at daybreak. There are a number of horses, on which are carried water, food and extra implements. The horses the boys and men ride, while the old women walk. They always carry the scythes, forks and rakes back and forth every day, and work as long as there is daylight; and since it is daybreak at 3 a. m. and not dark till 9.30 p. m., the hours of labor are long ones.

The forks used in the fields are made of the prongs of tree branches. A limb is selected which has at least three offshoots, and from this a hay or wheat fork is made. The wheat is stacked at first like that of America, except in the matter of cap-sheafs. Instead of three or four top-sheaps just one is placed. It is turned heads down and spread so as to cover the entire stack. The heads of Russian wheat are long and slender and the grain small and red. It would be graded at Duluth or Chicago as No. 2. The straw is rank and slender, and the yield a little more prolific than in America. It is harvested and sown in the same month, August. When the wheat is sufficiently matured it is hauled on long, slender, one-horse wagons to the windmill on the farm and threshed.

Hauling wheat to the thresher is a leisurely and lazy work, and is never done till the plowman wants the ground it occupies. The windmill which furnishes the flail power for the threshing is the same found throughout Holland and Germany. It is double-armed, the same as the one Don Quixote set out to conquer. These mills are very common around Warsaw, in Poland, and are used for every conceivable work, the women even grinding their coffee, churning and washing with them. The slightest breeze sets them going, as their faces are turned against the wind so as to catch its full force. This appears, however, to be the only labor-saving institution found in Russia.

I asked a landlord why he did not introduce the modern implements on his farms, and was informed that labor was too cheap; besides, it was found advantageous to give as many people work in the country as possible, because if they go to the towns or cities they become troubles