# News and Merald.

### TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.

WINNSBORO, S. C., DECEMBER 4, 1883.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

O, ANXIOUS HEART.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill; The home-bound swallow, twittering as he

flies, Makes silence seem more still. The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods The air a latent sweetness holds in fee; An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds— So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft, cerulean deep, Where the hor zon bounds the nether world, Great ships becalmed like brooding birds

Lie with white sails loose furled, In peace the day is ended, and the night Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea; Along its bosom come with swift winged

The gray mists, silently. O, anxious heart, how nature speaks! Her power How leisurely she uses! How intense

The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!

How soft her influence! Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the tree tops with her winds of

To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath! So, dear, for all thy eager soul desires, She keeps sweet times and seasons. her mood

her mood Is hid for thee all passion's subtle fires To round thy womanhood Cease then ! and in this dewy twilight

move As one who asks not whither, cares not why; This gift for all holds still the Eternal love-God's endless by and by.

A BROKEN TRUST.

I, Edwin Leigh, had been married just three months, and for twice that time a junior partner in our banking firm, Debenham, Lockyer, & Co., of Crutched Friars.

I had cause to remember the day when a neighbor of ours, a young German merchant, called, after dusk, at our house-Wolseley Place, N. W.-to ask me to take charge of a sum, in gold chiefly, which he had received in the city after banking hours.

I am called off to France, and start by the night mail at eight o'clock," said my friend; "nor do I care to carry so much gold with me among the pickpockets of Paris, so please pay it in to my account when you go to the bank to-morrow-six thousand dollars." I insisted on giving Herman Kratz a receipt for his six thousand dollars.

"Dat is all nonsense," said the worthy Teuton, but he pocketed the paper I pressed upon him, and we shook hands

Dinner, however, was not over before with her. there was a loud peal of the door-bell,

and I received a pressing letter of instructions, sent by special messenger, from our principal's private residence. by early train next morning for Manchester on important business.

It was the first separation between Blanche and myself, and it was a trial to both, for I loved my young wife dearly; however, the journey was necessary, so at dawn I set off, looking forward with pleasure to my prompt return, and enjoining on Blanche to keep an eye on the tall morocco case that contained Herr Kratz's deposit. I was detained at Manchester longer than had been expected.

However, on the third day I reached it, the affairs which I had to arrange were satisfactorily settled, and I was able to telephone to my wife that I should return home that night. I started.

The weather-it was winter-had quite changed.

The cold was bitter, and the country white with snowrifts, while the loud. tierce wind brought fresh flakes with it. Still, wrapping myself in my warm ulster, I kept my place in the railway car, cheerfully looking forward to the pleasant welcome that awaited me. More than once I fell asleep, but always my dreams were of home, the pretty little wife, the eager greeting, the warmth, the sense of comfort, the glowing fire, the hot supper, for the traveler returned. London, at last.

Slowly through the blinding snow did my cabman make this way to Wolseley Place, No. 2; but, that haven of peace once reached, I ran like a schoolboy ur the flagged path of the tiny front garden, leaving grumbling Jehu to follow with the portmanteau.

Sarah, our housemaid, hurried to an swer my impatient ring. I did not, at first, notice the girl' affrighted look, nor the flaring candle snatched off the drawing-room table

Sarah had enough to do to prevent the candle from being extinguished, while I had to push hard at the closing door, before, along with freshening

wind and driving snow, I could effect an entrance. "You seem surprised, Sarah," I said "Oh, sir, you don't know what it is, No, there's nobody there," she said

wildly, as I rushed to the drawingroom, the door of which was ajar, one candle on the trim table, the fire extinct, the room empty and cheerless. I left Sarah to receive my portman-

teau and pay the cabman, and dashed There, in my wife's bedup-stairs. room, a bright fire burned, candles flickered, and kind, white-haired Dr. Blandford stood before the fire. There was a strong odor of ether and other drugs, and the medicine-chest stood open on a side table.

Stretched on the bed, her pretty head almost buried among the soft pillows, but in the same dress she must have worn that day, lay Blanche.

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When she heard my step and my voice, her hysterical sobs redoubled, came from Liverpool. and it was almost in a shrick that she

"Do not ask it, Edwin, no, no, I Edwin."

cannot tell you. Do not question me, or it will kill me!"

I could, but my efforts seeming useless, Mrs. Leigh that, early that morning, "There has been, it appears, my dear

sir, an audacious robbery here," said, in a low voice. I started.

"And poor little Mrs. Leigh, who alone witnessed it, as I gather," went on the doctor, "has received a severe naturally weak." "I

nusband's protection is the surest Again, with some trouble, Dr. Blandford contrived to administer restora-tives, and then left his patient in my

Sitting down beside my wife,

gently took her hand in mine, and with much loving talk tried to draw from her what had thus alarmed her. But when I spoke indignantly of the scoundrel who had frightened her, and talked of sending at once for the police, Blanche started up, and clasped her hands imploringly.

"Oh, no, no-never!" she shrieked "Edwin, dear Edwin, say nothing to the police. He must not be pursued. "Let him go-pray, pray,

let him go free!" This, I felt, was most extraordinary. Why should I let a thief go, if he could be caught? And what could my poor Blanche mean?

I began, for the first time, to wonder of what the stolen property could have consisted. That there had been a real cobbery I could not doubt.

But, unless some impudent snatcher had slipped in to abscond with a few spoons, or burglars had been busy, I could not guess the meaning of the disturbance.

Mechanically I glanced around the room, and missed from its accustomed place my big dressing-case-new and handsome, with its silver mountings and patent lock—the very case in which before starting for Manchester, I had secured Herman Krantz's money. Where was the case now?

"Blanche, love," said I, anxiously, and in a quivering voice, "surely, the lressing-case——'

"Yes, yes," she cried out, again wringing her hands, with a long wail of agony; "cruel, cruel—yes, it is that! But spare him—pray do not set any one to hunt him down-not if you love me -Edwin' pray, pray!"

And then her hysterical attack became a paroxysm of so violent a nature that Dr. Blandfoad had again to be sent for, and he had trouble enough to calm, by skill and care, the violent agitation under which poor Blanche

now suffered.
"There must be no more talk of an exciting character to-night. My patient must have absolute repose, Said and parted.

I locked up the bas of monty in my dressing-case up-stairs, meaning, of course, to convey it to Crutched Friars uneasy slumber, and that Sarah was

What a night I spent! No sleep visited me, after the fatigue of my journey, so profound was my wretched ness. I was a ruined man, I felt; Mr. Debenham requested me to start ruined and disgraced, for I could no more replace the six thousand dollars left in my care by the German-himself not rich-than I could give any reasonable explanation of the robbery.

My wife's behavior was so singular, and her anxiety lest the villam who had made off with this large sum-the loss of which meant rum to our prospects-should be captured, was so inexplicable, that the suspicions of the world at large would cling to us both. I felt myself miserable and perturbed.

What could Blanche's evident sympathy with the robber imply, unless indeed the sudden shock had disordered her

The early post brought me a letter from Paris. My friend, Krantz, informed me cheerfully that he found a lengthened tour in France would be required in the interests of his firm, and that he was writing by the same post to our banking house in Crutched Friars, to request that the letter of credit on Rouen & Lyons, might be sent out to him for the amount of six thousand dollars.

"The sum you paid in for me will be handy, now," said the unconscious German

I groaned aloud as I read the words. "Your mistress is asleep?" I asked of Sarah. The answer was in the affirmative:

nor, until I had the doctor's approval, could I venture to disturb my sick wife by approaching her. My task was clear before me, and it

was no pleasant one. I must be at our office at the usual time, more as a self-accused culprit

than as a colleague Certainly, I had been guilty of nothing worse than carelessness. But then a banker has no right to be careless. And much of the affair could not be explained.

Blanche's behavior presented a riddle not to be guessed. My object was to insure Herr Krantz against loss, and to entreat that the rm would advance the money due to im, deducting the amount from my

Still, six thousand dollars. "We will take time to think of it, Mr. Leigh," said the principal. And, good-naturedly, he advised me to go home, since, in the present condi-

annual share in the profits.

tion of my mind and spirits, I was unfit for the routine of my daily duties. I reached home, and met Dr. Bland-

ford at the garden gate. "You will find Mrs. Leigh better now," he said.

And, indeed, I found my dear wife calmer, though pale and trembling. learly, it would be rash to allude, for the present, to the robbery. I spoke soothingly to her, and I could not have been half an hour in the room before a telegram was brought to me.

It was addressed to Blanche, and "I know nobody in Liverpeol," she said wonderingly. "You read it,

I did read it. It was from the Chief Superintendent | it did not require a great deal of trou-I soothed my poor darling as well as of the Liverpool police, and informed ble to disguise her sex.

as the steamship Arizona was sailing for New York, a passenger, a young man, embarking had slipped from the landing-stage into the river, and when his body was recovered life was completely extinct. Strapped to his waist was a large

morocco dressing-case, with silver mountings and a patent lock. In the side-pocket of his coat was a have done my best, but I am sure her found a letter, stamped and ready to ted the great industrial fair, which is signed "Your affectionate brother, Jasper Langtrey."

"Jasper Langtrey."

broke in upon me.
Of my wife's relations, who lived in the country, I had seen but little.
Yet I had heard of the one black sheep of the family, a scampish brother of Blanche's, who had caused sorrow and shame to his surroundings, and, having made England too hot to hold him, was supposed to be leading a golddigger's life in Australia.
He, then, was the thief, as Blanche,

when she had got over her first natural grief at the sudden tidings of her erring prother's untimely ending, shudderingly confessed.

England, but this I was unaware of; udge, then, of my astonishment when, yesterday, I suddenly saw him standing "It seemed that, finding the door

below accidentally opened, Jasper had entered unseen, and come straight to character and position." When my first surprise was over, he told me that, as usual, he wanted money. I offerred him the little I had

was awfully excited, and demanded more. I told him there was no more in the house, except the sum left in trust by a friend of yours." "You told him that!" exclaimed I. "Yes, that was my mistake," sobbed Blanche, "for his eyes followed mine. Imagine my horror when, seizing on the dressing-case with the money, he was about to leave the room. I sereamed and threw myself on my knees at his feet, and clung to him, entreating him not to wrong thus my

"'I trust to my sister,' he cried, 'not to make a convict out of her brother, and then rushed from the room and from the house." "And what could I do, Edwin dear-

it almost drove me mad—what could I "My poor Blanche!" I said, pityingly, as I took her in my arms and kissed

I went to Liverpool, and there had ly unrolling an old-fit joined leather which I was proud and thankful on my return to London, to pay into bank to Herr Krants's account. into

directions, and the necessary to provide for Jasper's decent burial. Here is the letter which he had penned: "DEAR SISTER BLANCHE,-All is well. 1 start for America this morn-

ing, per Arizona packet from Liverpool. I shall send this back by the pilot boat money when I have made my 'pile.' I rely on you not to betray me Your affectionate Brother,

"JASPER LANGTREY." I need not say that this letter, which carried back to my wife, cleared away every doubt between us-every

doubt from my mind. My Blanche and I have continued, as refore, the most trustful and happiest couple of any that I know. Herr Krantz did not learn until his return to England, some months afterwards, the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

### Wisconsin's Wonder,

A strange case has come to light in Waupina Wisconsin town around which there still hangs an air of impenetrable mystery. Every woman is gossiping about it. Last spring a young woman named Gertrude Fuller became the bride of a young man-calling himself Frank Dubois, and to all outward appearances they have since lived happily together. pily together. They have gained a livelihood by painting and other odd bits of work, and not even their most intimate friends have ever thought of them except as passing a quiet, happy noneymoon at their modest little home. Last night S. J. Hudson, of Belvidere, Ili., a former resident of Fond du Lac, Wis., presented himself at their door and claimed Gertrude Dubois' whilom husband as his wife, who had leserted him and his two children. The gossips are greatly excited over the matter, some going so far as to claim that the woman herself has been deceived as to the sex of the person she narried. This was the story told by reporter sent out to investigate it. dertrude, in reply to this question, maintained that the person she lived with through the summer is a man, and her stepmother upholds her in this assertion. Hudson, who lived in Fond du Lac

revious to his departure for Belvidere mer place last night, being unable to obtain an interview with his wife. He states that when he left Fond du Lac, pose, and that he has not seen her since. Frank Dubois, otherwise Mrs. Hudson, left here on the noon train the lights of the present, many little things, unnoticed at the time, point directly to this conclusion. There is, in fact, no doubt upon the subject, Fuller's husband is Mrs. Hudson. Why the two women should have done so remarkable a thing as to marry each other cannot be imagined. Mrs. Hudson is a masculine-looking person, and

Howard Paul,

Howard Paul, the well-known entrepreneur, has probably carried one of his practical jokes too far. The joke of it is that he did not contemplate perpetrating it at all. While in Boston recently, in reference to the engagement of Mr. Wyndham and company at the Bijou opera house, he visibe posted, addressed to Blanche, and the pride and glory of Boston. He was much attracted by the display of goods at the tables of a prominent manufac-At the sight of that name a light turer, and claimed considerable attention from the young lady in attendance in examining the samples, toilet soaps being one of his hobbies (although he also includes soft soap in great quantities). Mr. Paul thought the young lady's courtesy needed recognition, and hesitating to offer her a douceur of money, he begged her acceptance of two tickets for the theatre. The young lady, who was quite a beauty, colored, hesitated and finally declined, but Mr. Paul insisted. "Oh! no," she murmured, "I could not think of accepting "He had, it seems, lately returned to theatre tickets from a stranger."

"It does not matter much," replied Mr. Paul, "as you may never see me again."

"Unless," continued the maiden fair, 'you can give me references as to your

"Oh," laughed Mr. Paul, "you want some references? Oh, I can give you any number;" and with that he wrote the few severeigns in my purse. He a list of a dozen or more prominent gentlemen in Boston and New York, which seemed satisfactory to the young lady. Mr. Paul thought the matter ended, but he finds that she has written a dignified little note to all his friends has a stick large enough for any schoolhe gave as reference, making the most he gave as reference, making the most careful inquiries regarding him socially master should be permitted to use and pecuniarily. These friends replied eulogizing Mr. Paul, hoping thereby to serve him. Satisfied by these replies the young lady has now addressed a husband and myself, but he pushed me letter to Mr, Paul, which has been forwarded to him from Boston, saying she your lazy fellows who sits around the would be pleased to receive him at her residence, and it appears she is well connected. Whether this letter influenced Mr. Paul to defer sailing in the Britannic is not in our ken.

Like a Fool.

bank to Herr Krants's account. yard and a half of wallet un rolled he agent:

"Is that clock right?" "No, sir," promptly replied the

"'Tain't?" shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry when out of the Mersey. I trust to you not to betray me. I will repay the the name o' common sense do ye have it stuck up there for, then?" "To fool people," calmly replied the

agent; "that's what we're here for, to fool people and misdirect them."
"Well, by gol," said the passenger,
hurriedly rolling up his wallet, "then

've missed my train. I'll report you, I "Won't do any good," replied the agent; "it's the company's orders. They pay a man \$85 a month to go around every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks so that not one of them will be right and no two of them

alike." The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The tick-

et seller went on: "It's the superintendent's idea. He s fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man prance around and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket and then his train has been gone two hours. It saves him the expense of going to the circus."

"Which way is the clock wrong," the passenger asked in despairing ac-

cents, "fast or slow?" "Don't know," replied the agent, 'That's part of the fun, not to let anybody in the building know anything about the right time. All that I know is that it's about ninety minutes wrong, one way or the other.'

With a hollow groan the passenger dropped his carpet bag and wallet and and made a rush for the door, upsetting every man who got in his way. about two minutes he came back, erestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked up to the window, he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a sane man: "What made you talk to me like a liar?"

"What made you ask questions like a fool?" answered the ticket man.

The Largest Organ in the World.

The largest organ probably ever constructed was lately completed at early last spring, left here for the for- Ludwigsburg. It is destined for the Cathedral Church at Riga. There are in it 7,000 pipes, 124 stops, with pe-Mrs. Hudson was to follow him, he dals, &c, proportionately numerous. having left her a ticket for that pur- A very complete "swell" arrangement allows the increase and diminution of sound to be effected with a singular north. In spite of the assertions of perfection and delicacy of effects. The Gertrude and his step-mother the filling of the pipes could not be carried people here believe Dubois to be a out by organ-blowers, but is effected by woman. Looking at past events in machinery worked by a gas engine of four-horse power. This organ is 20 metres high, 11 broad and 10 deep (about 651 feet, 36 feet and 33 feet and the people are satisfied that Miss respectively). The largest wooden pipe is 10 meters (323 feet) high, and its cubic contents are 706 cubic feet, while by a curious contrast the smallest pipe is made only a centimetre and a half high (little more than half an inch), and is attached to the greatest one. Village Wluttler

The little village of Oxford, Ind. to which public attention has been attracted by the cruel murder of the young and pretty Ada Atkinson, has some eight hundred souls—mostly slow, contented, hospitable, stupid, Hoosier souls. And they all whittle. Every store has its wooden box sitting before it, and every box has its whittlers sitting upon it. Near the public square is a rathing—a long scantling on three posts-evidently once intended to protect pedestrians against a yawning excavation, but now risen to the importance of a free whittling post. Here one may study whittling as a fine art and a science. Here one who has nothing else to do-and what else can one find to do in Oxford?—may studdy the characters of men by their whittingknow the carpenter by his chips, as it

Here is a wee, pearl-handled pen-knife with blade not an inch long, held in clean, delicate fingers, while a tiny sliv. : is broken from the scantling and poised, pointing toward the breast, as a woman holds a pencil that she vainly hop is to sharpen. The whittling is done towards the thick of the thumb that steadies the end of the little sliver, and mites of shavings timidly fall at the feet of a "dude" whittler, who does not belong in Oxford, but is probably a traveler from some Boston millinery house and charges his eigarettes to his expense account. How different from the genuine Oxford whittler! He whips out a huge bone-handled knife-a good handful of a knite-and throws open the great four-inch blade with a loud, sharp click that proudly proclaims; "There's backbone in our family, I'd have you to know." Striding confidently up to the railing this whittler rubs tue blade back and fourth over the soft, weather-drabbed pine, and makes the assault. B-r-r-rip! and he

and the whittling begins. The stick has not been cut from the scantling; the knife started it and the sheer force of the whittler tore it off, And so also he whittles. His knife is not sharp, for this whittler is none of house all day with nothing to do but wear out whetstones and keep knives sharp. He is a vigorous, active man, who, although there is nothing worth doing, is never idle. He forces the knife into the stick and pries off sliver after sliver as he begrudgingly stays long enough to hear the latest villiage gossip; and when his stick is thus broken into bits he hurries on to the post ago last Valentine's day, he goes to the post office on the arival of every mail and, with the others, complains that the postmaster is slow in making the

distribution. The justice of the piece is a thoughtful whittler. He made a dollar and six bits in fees last year, and whittled away \$3 worth of wood. His knife is neither sharp nor dull. It is like his witssurprisingly dull over the straightestgrain questions, but wonderfully keen when knotty problems get in the way. He breaks off a piece of wood with his stumpy fingers, and sits on the edge of the sidewalk as if he had come to stay: and why should he not stay sin 3 he has all the time there is, and can do nearly as much business there on the sidewalk as in his little temple of justice pard by? Before proceeding to whittle he thinks it over a long, long time, and turns the stick end for end, and end for end again. Finally, breaking into a low, soft whistling of old "Coronation" or "Pleyel's Hymn." he cuts a notch in one end of the stick, and, half listening to the gossip of his fellow-villagers, he goes on whittling and whittling, whittling and whittling.

Now and then he slices a long, even shaving from the stick, and squints along the surface to see if it is straight Then he sits and looks at the wood and thinks, and thinks, and thinks! What will he make of that stick? Simply nothing. He will squint along its sides and make it as level as the villagers suppose his head to be; and he will smooth it down until it is as glossy as the elbows of his coat. But, after all he will have only a smooth, straight stick. Does it symbolize his thoughts? Is he sitting on the edge of that sidewalk dreaming of the new Jerusalem and reminding himself that, notwithstanding the gloss of varnish on the tortuous paths of vice, the straight way is the smoothest way? Nobody knows. He only whittles and whittles, and speaks not his thoughts.

And here comes the young man with the brand new knife that his visiting uncle has just brought from the city. He is in breathless haste to show it to the villagers who, each in his turn, takes its German silver handle in his hand-actually takes it in his own hand -and looks from the knife to the sparkling eyes of the villagers who cluster around and tip whinks back at him, as if to say: "Ain't she a daisy, though?' He turns up the handle and reads the name of the maker, a famous one, and every villager says: "G Whillikens!" The owner stands close, first on one foot, then on the other, anxious that every villager see the knife and envy him, yet impatient to get to work on the scantling with it, and more than half afraid that somebody will cut with

t before he does. Men come from the other side of the square, even the stiff-backed whittler from the post office, and the fat justice gets up with much exertion and many grunts-all to join in the excitement of the day. The own r takes his knise, and, with the air of a man who has been elected chairman pro tempor of a grange meeting, approaches the scantling, the envied of all observers. With a brave, smooth and mellow that one feels like open and made one. No estimate of complaining against the winds and rains | the cost has been made public.

and the hand of time that will come to ruffle and to tarnish and to spoil that fresh and clean and beautiful gash. The villagers rub the place with their scaly fingers and pronounce it a splend-id cut, and each in his turn gives the keen blade a trial. Some-clumsy creatures!-cutting only a notch, apparently as American tourists climb Mount Blanc—just to

say they have done it. Others take the knife up foudly, and with gleams of satisfaction on tueir prickly faces, make ong, slow deep passes through the easy pine, hanging on and on with their very sonis. No gushing actress ever burned a kiss into the fluttering heart of a jealous lover with more I-wouldn'tlet-go-if-1-could-and-1-couldn't-1f-I would-itiveness than these villagers drew the shining blade through the modestly willing heart of the yellow pine. And the knife is declared the best piece of steel that has ever came into Oxford since poor Bobby Dobson -peace to his ashes! -brought over his famous Sheffield blade, that wore out a

whittlers before it was lost, and became the olject of a search that will never end. When Women are Sea Sick.

dozen handles and four generations of

A ruddy-faced steward sat on the rail of an ocean steamer and clicked his heels together as he smoked a brierwood pipe. He was short, stocky, and

"Were you ever sea-sick?" asked the

reporter, planting himself before the "Oh, yes. I suffered once. I got over my first attack without much trouble, however, and have not been hit since. When I first went to sea I put myself in excellent condition for the malady. I hadn't taken a bit of care of myself for two weeks. I had been eating good-by dinners for three days, and kept it up all the night before I sailed. The result was disastrous. I began to think my case over when I got over the attack, and made up my mind that anybody could do a good deal toward preventing sea sick ness by careful dieting and a little medicine, I have never been bothered since, and I've been at sea for twelve years,"

"You must see some very amusing cases of sea sickness." "They are seldom amusing to me,"

said the steward solemnly, "because they always recall my own experience. Most cases are pathetic, though I smile sometimes when the braggart keels over. On every trip we have at least one man who boasts of his ability to withstand sea sickness. He always says that the trouble is as largely mental as physical, and that a man of inyingible of the man of physical of this edness has its number of physical of this price of it several times over, we done man and price of it several times over, we done man and the price of it several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over, we done man and the price of its several times over.

sickness than men?" "Yes, but, on the other hand they stand it better. A woman struggles right up to the point of despair against

the—what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming dishevelled, haggard, and draggled. She fights against it to the last, and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold un her head. Then she becomes maud lin and pathetic. She takes to her room and invariably asks three questions. First, whether people die frequently of sea sickness, then how many mile we are from shore, and lastly, when we will get there. She also often asks me how deep the water is, and if I think it possible for any one to go seven days without food! The doctor is always talked over. I am asked time and again if I think he is capable and efficient, and if I have confidence in him. When the patient gets so ill that she loses interest in the doctor, she usually lies on her side and cries by the hour. Luckily the more violent

attacks only last a short time." "How is it with men?" "Oh, men give in at once. to take to their berths. Then they grumble and swear until they are well enough to go on deck again. A great many passengers come aboard loaded with medicines and schemes for the prevention of sea sickness. I never knew a preventive yet, except the one I mentioned when we first began to I mentioned when we first began to talk."

Gold in South Wales.

Notwithstanding that the search for gold has been carried on for thirty years in the colony of New South Wales, how fields or new deposits are continually being discovered, some of them in localities which were supposed to have been thoroughly examined Some of the fields recently discovered promise to equal in extent and richness any discovered in the early days while the oldest fields, though apparently exhausted, so far as the miner unaided by capital and skill, is capable of exhausting them, yet contain de-posits of gold which will yield a rich narvest to the skilled miner who shall bring to bear upon them appliances such as are being successfully employed elsewhere. Gold has always been found in association with certain formations, and the extent of country occupied by these is about 70,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the whole area of the colony—a considerable portion of which has not yet been touched by the pick or the mi-

Bonauza Flood's New Palace,

Bonanza Fleed's new palace, to be erected on the north side of California street, San Francisco, will be a twostory-and-a-basement structure of 100x 100 feet superficial area. The foundation will contain 1,000,000 bricks. The central hall will be 45x32 feet and almost boastful slash that betrays the 25 feet high, the dining-room 45x30, very magnificence of faith he assaults the library 26x39, the grand receptionthe scantling, and peals, as from a room 26x29, the drawing-room 45x30, yellow cheese, a long, smooth, curly and the hall and music room 50x37. shaving, laying base a virgin surface so These last three rooms may be thrown

## VERDICT

THE PEOPLE.

Mr. J. O. BOAG—Dear Sir: I bought the first Davis Machine sold by you over five years ago for my wife, who has given it a long and fair trial. I am well pleased with it. It never gives any rouble, and is as good as when first bought.

J. W. BOLIOK.

Winnsboro, S. C., April 1883.

Mr. Boag: You wish to know what I have to say in regard to the Davis Machine bought of you three years ago. I feel a can't say too much in its favor. I made about \$80,00 within five months, at times running it so fast that the needle would get perfectly hot from friction. I feel confident I could not have done the same work with as much ease and so well with any other machine. No time lost in adjusting attachments. The lightest running machine i have ever treadled. Brother James and Williams' families are as much pleased with their Davis Machines bought or you. I want no better machine. As I said before, I don't think too much can be said for the Davis Machine.

Respectfully,

ELLEN STEVENSON,
Fairfield County, April, 1883.

MR. BOAG: My machine gives me perfect satis-action. I find no fault with it. The attachments we so simple. I wish for no better than the Davis Vertical Feed. Respectfully, MRS. R. MILLING.

MR. BOAG: I bought a Davis Vertical Feed wing Machine from you four years ago. I am lighted with it. It never has given me any o uble, and has never been the least out of order. I is as good as when I first bought it. I can cheerfully recommend it.

Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Respectfully,
MRS, M. J. KIRKLAND.
Monticelio, April 30, 1883.

This is to certify that I have been using a Dayls Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for over two years, purchased of Mr. J. O. Hoag. I haven't found it possessed of any fault—all the attachments are so simple. It neverrefuses to work, and is certainly the lightest running in the market. I consider it a first class machine.

Very respectfully,

MINNIE M. WILLINGHAM.

Cakband, Fairfield county, S. C.

Oakland, Fairfield county, S. C.

MR BOAG: I am well pleased in every particul with the Davis Machine bought of you. I think a first-class machine in every respect. You know you sold several machines of the same make to different members of our families, all of whom, as far as I know, are well pleased with them.

of work we have to do. No puckering or skipping stitches. We can only say we are well pleased and wish no better machine. CATHERINE WYLIE AND SISTER. April 25, 1883.

I have no fault to find with my machine, and don't want any better. I have made the price of it severa, times by taking in sewing. It is always ready to do its work. I think it a first-class machine. I feel I can't say too much for the Davis Vertical Feed Machine. MRS, THOMAS SMITH.

MR. J. O. BOAG—Bear Sir: it gives me in ich pleasure to testify to the merits of the Davis Ver-tical Feed Sewing Machine. The machine I got of you about five years ago, has been almost in con-stant use ever since that time. I cannot see that it is worn any, and has not oost me one cent for repairs since we have had it. Am well pleased it is worn any, repairs since we have had it. repairs since we have had it. Yours truly, and don't wish for any better. Yours truly, ROBT. CRAWFORD, S. C.

We have used the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for the last five years. We would not have any other make at any price. The machine has given us unbounded satisfaction.

Very respectfully,

MRS. W. K. TURNER AND DAUGITERS;

Fairfield county, S. C., Jan. 27, 1893.

MRS. THOMAS OWINGS. Winnsboro, Fairfield county, S. C.

We have had one of the Davis Machines about four years and have always found it ready to do all kinds of work we have had occasion to do. Can't see that the machine is worn any, and works as

My wife is highly pleased with the Davis Machine bought of you. She would not take double what she gave for it. The machine has not been out of order since she had it, and she can do work but of work on it.

MRS. W. J. CRAWFORD, Jackson's Creek, Fairfield county, S. C.

rk on it. Very Respectfully, Jas. F. Free. any kind of work on it.

Monticello, Fairfield county, S. C. The Drvie Sewing Machine is simply a treas-tre Mrs. J. A. GOODWYN.

Ridgeway, N. C., Jan. 10, 1883. J. O Boad, Esq., Agent—Dear Sir: My wife has ocen using a Davis Sewing Machine constantly for the past four years, and it has never needed any repairs and works just as well as when first bought. She says it will do a greater range of practical work pnd do it easier and better than any machine she has ever used. We cheerfully recommend it as a No. 1 family machine, Your tru v.

Your tru.y, JAS. Q. DAVIS. Winnsboro, S. C., Jan. 3, 1883.

MR. BOAG: I have always found my Davis Machine ready do all kinds of to work I have had occasion to do. I cannot see that the machine is yorn a particle and it works as well as when new Respectfully, Mrs. R. C. Gooding.

MR. BOAG: My wife has been constantly using the Davis Machine bought of you about five years ago. I have never regretted buying it, as it is niways ready for any kind of family sewing, either neavy or light. It is never out of fix or needing tepairs.

Winnsboro, S. C., April, 1883,

Very respectfully, Fairfield, S. C., March, 1888.