

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, MARCH 16, 1870.

VOLUME XVI—NO. 43.

**B. WHERLE,**  
GREENVILLE, S. C.  
DEALER IN  
**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,**  
**CLOCKS, JEWELRY,**  
**SPECTACLES,**  
18 & 22 Carat Solid Nuptial Rings,  
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED  
**WARE.**  
WORK of all descriptions in his  
line done promptly.  
Oct 27

**GREENVILLE**  
**PAPER MILLS.**  
THE undersigned have this day  
formed a copartnership under  
the name of  
**JAMES BANNISTER & SON,**  
For the purpose of carrying on the  
MANUFACTURE  
OF  
**PAPER**  
**James Bannister,**  
**T. J. Bannister.**

THE Mills are now in excellent  
order, and we are prepared to  
turn out a  
**FIRST CLASS PAPER,**  
Which will warrant to give  
satisfaction.  
A FULL SUPPLY OF  
**PRINTING, COLORED,**  
**YARN & WRAPPING**  
**PAPERS**  
Can be found at all times at our  
Agents, Messrs. DAVID & STRAD-  
LEY'S.  
September 1, 1869. 16-1f

**NBW MILLINERY.**  
**MRS. L. T. JENNINGS,**  
RESPECTFULLY AN-  
nounces her friends and the  
public generally, that she  
has just received and  
opened a  
**BEAUTIFUL**  
AND HANDSOME LOT OF FALL AND  
**MILLINERY,**  
Which she offers at prices low and reasonable.  
Ladies before purchasing their  
**HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c.**  
Would do well to give her call, at her old  
stand.  
Oct 13 21 6m

**The State of South Carolina,**  
**GREENVILLE COUNTY.**  
In the Common Pleas—Equity Side.  
**THOMAS C. GOVER,** Administrator, vs. P.  
F. SIDDUTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of  
Real Estate, to Pay Debt, &c.  
UNDER the Decretal Order made in the  
above case, the Creditors of the Estate  
of Mrs. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required  
to establish the rank and amount of their  
claims against said Estate, before the Clerk,  
within nine months from this date.  
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.  
Clerk's Office, September 28th, 1869. 9m

**E. P. JONES,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
**AND SOLICITOR IN EQUITY.**  
WILL PRACTICE IN ALL  
**COURTS OF THIS STATE**  
ALSO  
IN THE UNITED STATES COURTS.  
Office Greenville, G. H., S. C.  
July 7 15

**TOWNES & EAST,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
AND  
**SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.**

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING FORMED  
a copartnership in the practice of Law  
in Greenville and the surrounding Counties  
of Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg and  
Laurens, will give prompt attention to all busi-  
ness entrusted to them.  
OFFICE at Greenville.  
G. T. TOWNES. O. S. EAST.  
Nov 10 35  
W. E. RASLEY. G. S. WELLS  
**RASLEY & WELLS,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law  
AND IN EQUITY.  
GREENVILLE, S. C.  
PRACTICE in the Courts of the State and  
of the United States, and give special  
attention to cases in Bankruptcy.  
June 15

**WATCHES, CLOCKS,**  
**Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.**  
WILL order an extra article  
for any person. Special atten-  
tion given to the REPAIRING  
of all kinds of Watches of every  
description. Best references given.  
JAMES G. BLACK.  
June 20 6

**WM. P. PRICE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
**DAHLONEGA GA.**  
WILL practice in the Courts of Lumpkin,  
Dawson, Gilmer, Fannin, Union,  
Towns, White and Hall.  
Jan 10 33

**SAMUEL BLACK, BARBER.**  
WOULD respectfully inform the public  
that he has removed to a room in  
the OLD COURT HOUSE, where he will  
be prepared to receive customers as heretofore.  
Being a Professional Barber, he  
hopes by attention to business, together  
with politeness to all, to merit a portion of  
public patronage in CUTTING, SHAVING  
AND SHAMPING.  
Jan 20 85

**S. S. TOWNES, EDITOR,**  
**J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE**  
Subscription Two Dollars per annum.  
Advertisements inserted at the rate of  
one dollar per square of twelve lines (this  
size type) for the first insertion, fifty  
cents for the second and third inser-  
tions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent  
insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.  
All advertisements must have the number  
of insertions marked on them, or they will  
be inserted till ordered out, and charged for.  
Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements  
will invariably be "displayed."  
Obituary notices, and all matters relating  
to the health of any one, are regarded as  
Advertisements.

**Selected Poetry.**  
**My Darlings Three.**  
To my two little darlings, who nestle to-  
night  
In their mamma's embraces, so fond and so  
tight;  
And to her who hath borne them for herself  
and for me—  
To my wife and sweet children, my beauti-  
ful three.  
The sweetest wing'd angel my heart shall  
employ,  
This message to bear to my sources of joy,—  
Which like nature's best fountains unceas-  
ingly give  
Their ineffable bounty to me—and I live—  
Their delights to enjoy.

I can look on their faces—all three in a nest!  
As they smile in their dreams and repose in  
their rest—  
Ah! now do I hear my own name from  
their lips,  
In the tenderest accents—as my angel tips  
From his wings my request.  
Hark—they murmur: "tis dear papa's  
voice that we hear."  
Six liquid blue eyes search to see if he's  
near;  
And one little dimpled cheek blooming with  
roses,  
In loving expectancy sighs, and discloses  
The trace of a tear.  
My angel is wise, and so, bending in love—  
As a good angel should, kisses each precious  
dove,  
Saying "dearest of pots, I have come from  
afar,  
With these kisses and love from your dear  
papa—"  
Kissing each precious dove.  
And now while I gaze, the rich purple of  
morning  
Ushers in the bright sun, all the household  
adorning;  
At the altar of worship behold my sweet  
three,  
Breathing prayers to God for themselves  
and for me.  
Sounding heaven to me.  
Oh, God! bless my treasures, and may our  
home be  
A heaven on earth, for my darlings and  
me;  
May the angel that sweetens their dreams  
with his kiss,  
N'er be sent on a mission less freighted  
with bliss,  
To my darlings three.  
[March No. XIX Century.]

**Original Communications.**  
**FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.**  
**Notes from the Scrap Book of an**  
**Old Physician of Greenville County.**  
**JEMA O'FLARIN.**  
*His Entrance into America from*  
*the bays of Ireland, with a brief*  
*sketch of his Travels and Ex-*  
*perience.*  
You see, I took ship at Liver-  
pool with my sister Jena, in the  
year 1830, in the ship called the  
*Mocking Bird*, for the port of  
Charleston, South Carolina, in  
America just. After a sail of six  
weeks—having a voyage of tem-  
pest and storm on the high seas,  
just—we landed at said port.—  
There I found my aunt Maggie  
O'Flarin, with whom I left my  
sister Jena, and made my way up  
the country, after a travel of ten  
days, just, on foot, to my cousin  
Daniel Anderson's, in the County  
of Greenville; and you see my  
cousin Daniel Anderson he had a  
bobtail sorrel mare, and I bought  
myself a bobtail sorrel mare, and  
my cousin Daniel Anderson he al-  
so had a two horse wagon; so this  
I hitched the two bobtailed sorrel  
mares, and back I made my way,  
just, till Charleston for my sister  
Jena, the big chest and the trunk  
I had left there with my aunt  
Maggie. So you see, in our trav-  
eling through the country back till  
my cousin Daniel Anderson's, in  
the County of Lexington, just, by  
the wayside in a thick piece of  
woods, I discovered a beautiful  
thing about the size of a half  
bushel, just, of a leaden-color like,  
hanging to the twig of a limb. I  
went to the woods and looked af-  
ter the pretty thing very closely,  
and sure I did, just, and could  
see no other fruit on the tree but  
the pretty thing about the size of  
a half bushel, and bobbers indeed  
I could not tell whether it was an  
apple, a pear, an acorn, or what it  
was; but says I to myself, I will  
gather it any way and give it to

**Selected Poetry.**  
**THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD**  
BY AMY RANDOLL.  
"The best little wife in the  
world" said Herbert Ainscourt.  
"Of course—I dare say," re-  
sponded Mr. Porteros. "But  
what's your exact idea of the best  
wife in the world? Jones says  
he's got the best wife in the world,  
because she keeps his stockings  
darned, takes him to church three  
times of a Sunday, and never lets  
him have an opinion of his own.  
Jenkins says he's got the same  
identical article, but Jenkins' wife  
keeps all the money, draws his  
salary for him, and makes him  
live in the back kitchen, because  
the parlor is too good for the fam-  
ily to use."  
"Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit ogre-  
ish—a little submissive, soft-voiced  
thing that hasn't an idea except  
what is reflected from me. I tell  
you what, old fellow, I'm the mas-  
ter of my own house; I come when  
I please, and go when I please,  
Daisy never ventures on a word of  
reproach."  
"Then you ought to be ashamed  
of yourself, larking round at the  
clubs as you do, dissipated bache-  
lor fashion."  
"Ashamed! What of it?"  
"Why, I suppose you owe some  
duties to your wife?"  
"Where's the harm? My wife  
doesn't care."  
"Probably you think so, because  
she is quiet and submissive; but  
if she were to object—"  
"Object! I'd like to hear her  
try it."  
"Now, look here, Ainscourt;  
your wife may be a model wife,  
but you certainly are not a model  
husband. People are beginning  
to talk about the way you neglect  
that pretty little blue-eyed girl!"  
"I'll thank you to mind their  
own business. Neglect her, in-  
deed! Why, man, I love her as I  
love my own soul."  
"Then why don't you treat her  
as if you did?"  
"Oh! come Porteros, that ques-  
tion just shows what a regular old  
bachelor you are. It won't do  
to make too much of your wife, un-  
less you want to spoil her."  
Mr. Porteros shook his head.  
"That sounds selfish. I don't like  
the ring of the metal."  
And he went away, leaving Mr.  
Ainscourt to finish his game of  
billiards at his leisure.  
"What a regular old fass bud-  
get Porteros is," laughed the lat-  
ter. "Always poking his nose in-  
to somebody else's business.  
There's one comfort—I never pay  
any attention to what he says."  
Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was  
setting alone in her drawing room  
her two little white hands tightly  
locked in one another, and her fair  
head slightly drooping—a delicate  
little apple-blossom of a woman,  
with blue wistful eyes and curly  
flaxen hair, looking more like a  
grown-up child than a wife of  
twenty-one summers.  
"O dear!" sighed Daisy. "It is  
so dull here. I wish Herbert would  
come home. He never spends any  
time with me nowadays, and I  
practise all his favorite songs, and  
read the newspapers, so I can talk  
about the things he is interested  
in, and try so hard to be entertain-  
ing. It's very strange."  
And then her oval face bright-  
ened into sudden brilliance, and  
sparkles stole into her eyes; for  
the wife's quick ear had detected  
her husband's footstep on the  
stairs. The next moment he came  
in.  
"Well, pet, how are you?" with  
a playful pinch of her cheek.  
"There are some bonbons for you.

**Selected Poetry.**  
**Story for the Ladies.**  
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"Well, pet, how are you?" with  
a playful pinch of her cheek.  
"There are some bonbons for you.

**Selected Poetry.**  
**Where are my tight gloves?**  
"O Herbert! you are not going  
away again?"  
"I must, Daisy. There are a  
lot of fellows going to drive up to  
High Bridge, and I'm one of the  
party. You can go over to my  
mother's to dinner, or send for one  
of your friends, or something.  
There, good bye, puss; I'm in a  
deuce of a hurry."  
And with one careless kiss pressed  
on the quivering damask rose  
of a mouth that was lifted up to  
him, he was gone.  
Daisy Ainscourt neither went to  
her mother-in-law, nor sent for one  
of her girl-friends. She spent the  
evening all alone, pondering on  
the shadow which was fast over-  
growing her life.  
"What shall I do?" thought the  
little timid, shrinking wife. "Oh,  
what shall I do?"  
But, child as she was, Daisy had  
a strong, resolute, woman's heart  
within her, nor was she long in  
coming to a decision.  
"Daisy," said her husband to her  
the next day, "you haven't any ob-  
jections to my attending the Orion  
Ball Masque?"  
"Are masked balls nice places,  
Herbert?"  
"O yes, everybody goes; only I  
thought I'd pay you the compli-  
ment of asking whether you dis-  
approved of it or not?"  
"Can I go with you?"  
"Well—ahem—not very well,  
this time, Daisy. You see, Mrs.  
Fenchurch really hinted so strong-  
ly for me to take her, that I  
couldn't help it."  
"Very well," assented Daisy,  
meekly, and Herbert repeated  
within himself the psalm of praises  
he had chanted in Mr. Porteros'  
ears: "The best little wife in the  
world!"  
But notwithstanding all this, Mr.  
Ainscourt was not exactly pleased  
when at the selfsame Ball Masque,  
during the gay period of unmask-  
ing, he saw his wife's innocent  
face crowning the picturesque cos-  
tume of a Bavarian peasant girl.  
"Hello!" he ejaculated, rather  
ungraciously, "you here!"  
"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girl-  
ish smile. "You said everybody  
went. And oh, Herbert, isn't it  
nice?"  
Mr. Ainscourt said nothing  
more; but Mrs. Fenchurch found  
him a very stupid companion for  
the remainder of the evening.  
He was late at dinner the next  
day, but, late as he was, he found  
himself more punctual than his  
wife, and the solitary meal was a  
half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped  
over her cashmere shawl trailing  
over her shoulders, and her dimpled  
cheeks all pink with the fresh  
wind.  
"Am I behind time? Really, I  
am so sorry! But we have been  
driving in the park and—"  
"We! Who are we?" growled  
her husband.  
"Why, Colonel Adair and I—the  
Colonel Adair that you go out  
with so much."  
"Now look here, Daisy!" ejacu-  
lated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from  
the table and pushing back his  
chair. "Adair isn't exactly the man  
I want you to drive with."  
"But you go everywhere with  
him?"  
"I dare say—but you and I are  
two different persons."  
"Now, dear Herbert," interposed  
Daisy, willfully misunderstanding  
him, "you know I never was a  
bit proud, and the associates that  
are good enough for my husband  
are good enough for me. Let me  
give you a few more oysters."  
Ainscourt looked sharply at his  
wife. Was she really in earnest,  
or was there a mocking under-  
current of satire in her tone? But  
he could not decide, so artless was  
her countenance.  
"I'll talk to her about it some-  
time," was his internal decision.  
"Daisy," he said carelessly, when  
dinner was over, "I've asked old  
Miss Barbary to come and spend  
the day with you to-morrow."  
"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for  
I am engaged out to-morrow."  
"You! Where?"  
"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined  
a Woman's Rights Club, and  
we meet there to organize."  
"The deuce take woman's  
rights!" ejaculated the irate hus-  
band.  
"Of course I don't believe in  
'em; but it's the fashion to belong  
to a club, and such a nice place  
to go to of evenings. I am dull  
here evenings, Herbert!"  
Herbert's heart awoke him, but  
he answered resolutely:  
"I beg you will give up this ri-  
diculous idea. What do women  
want of clubs?"  
"What men do, I suppose."  
"But I don't approve of it at  
all."  
"You belong to three clubs,  
Herbert."  
"That's altogether a different  
matter."

**Selected Poetry.**  
**Work for the Month.**  
The corn crop now demands the  
attention of the farmer. In local-  
ities where danger of hard freezes  
is over, the sooner it is planted the  
better. Where ample provision  
for feed of all kinds has not been  
made, by sowing largely of oats  
and other grains, our readers will  
pardon us for urging that a large  
breadth of land be devoted to corn.  
It may not be a profitable crop  
compared with small grains, but  
experience has shown that, as a  
general rule, it is decidedly better  
policy for the farmer to raise than  
buy his provisions. To one living  
on a railroad or steamboat thor-  
oughfare, with land specially  
adapted to cotton growing, and  
with a good season, it may be  
cheaper to buy corn than to raise  
it; but how few, comparatively,  
are thus situated, and who has the  
guarantee of good seasons? The  
corn crop is made during the first  
half of summer—the cotton crop  
is made during the latter half; it  
may happen, therefore, that a sea-  
son be admirably suited for a corn  
crop and yet perfectly disastrous  
to a cotton crop. It does not fol-  
low, because the cotton crops fails  
that corn would have failed also,  
and we must urge again, as we  
have done before, that two chances  
are better than one.  
For corn, land should be ploughed  
very deep and thoroughly, to  
guard against drought, the great-  
est of its enemies in our climate.  
As a farther safeguard against the  
same, flat culture is all important,  
and to render this practicable, it  
should be planted in the "water-fur-  
row," or where the land has not been  
bedded, in the bottom of a deep  
broad furrow made by a large  
shovel, drawn by two horses. This  
furrow should be so wide that a  
little "list" may be thrown on  
the seed without filling the large  
furrow. Planted in this manner,  
the corn makes its appearance be-  
low the general level of the sur-  
face, and permits dirt to be thrown  
to it in the after workings, without  
ridging the land. Our best authori-  
ties say, that in the early stages of  
cultivation, the dirt should not be  
turned to it too rapidly, allowing  
time for the roots from the first  
joint to develop well, before those  
from the second joint shall have  
soil to form in.  
Cotton seed is generally consid-  
ered a standard manure for this  
crop. It is one in which the nit-  
rogenous element is in excess, as  
compared with other important in-  
gredients, and in substituting any  
other manure in its place for corn,  
we should follow this indication.  
All the small grains and grasses  
(corn is a true grass,) delight in  
nitrogenous fertilizers. Some of  
our enterprising farmers might do  
a good work, by making a series  
of experiments, testing the value  
of different fertilizers for corn, as  
has been done in the case of cot-  
ton. The practice of putting man-  
ure in mass near the hill of corn,  
we are compelled to believe a bad  
one—a part may be placed there  
to advantage, to give the young  
plant a strong, vigorous start—the  
balance should be applied broad-  
cast, or perhaps put in the furrow  
on each side of the corn, during  
the second working. In this con-  
nection, we refer to the experi-  
ments of Mr. West, in the Feb.  
No., present volume, from which  
he draws the inference, that in the  
case of cotton, whenever the  
amount used passes a certain lim-  
it, the excess pays better applied  
broadcast, than in the drill.  
We would again suggest the  
planting of a portion of the crop  
with the seed of some early vari-  
ety of corn obtained from the North  
—it may mature before the sum-  
mer droughts. On this point see  
testimony of Mr. S. Z. M., in pres-  
ent No.  
As soon as the corn crop is dis-  
posed of, sorghum may be plant-  
ed. With the many improve-  
ments discovered of late in manu-  
facturing syrup and sugar from  
this plant, we doubt not it would  
pay those living where the tropi-  
cal cane does not grow, to make  
this one of their regular crops. Mr.  
Cook gives us full directions for  
planting, cultivating, &c., in pres-  
ent No.  
During March, the bedding of  
cotton land, and distribution of  
fertilizers should be pushed rapid-  
ly forward, if not already done.  
It is desirable, after guano, &c.,  
has been placed in the ground and  
bedded on, to let the land re-  
main undisturbed for some three  
or four weeks before planting.  
The manure should be placed pret-  
ty deep in the ground, that it may  
remain damp in dry weather.  
[Southern Cultivator for March.]  
ESDEAVOR for the best and pr-  
vide for the worst.

**Selected Poetry.**  
**THE WHOLE NUMBER OF INDIANS IN**  
**California is estimated at 40,000.**  
Never let your dignity stand in  
the way of your usefulness.  
Boast only of your self-posses-  
sion when it has been tried.  
John Robinson has cleared three  
million dollars in the circus busi-  
ness.  
This preacher is often as wise in  
what he does not say as in what he  
says.  
St. Louis is agitating the prop-  
erty of Sunday evening theatrical  
performances.  
John Mosby, of guerrilla notori-  
ety, is a candidate for County  
Judge at Fauquier, Va.  
A new prison has been construct-  
ed in Wilkesbarre at a cost of  
\$206,000.  
A mounted police is recommend-  
ed for the out skirts of New York  
city, and a vigilance committee is  
threatened.  
The Alabama Senate sent back  
the other day about four dozen  
bills to have the spelling correct-  
ed.  
A young lady being asked by a  
boring theologian which party in  
the church she was in favor of,  
she replied that she preferred a  
wedding party.  
North Carolina has a hale  
young gentleman of 143 summers,  
has had seven wives, never drank  
a toddy, been sixty years a widow-  
er, and is now ready for another  
wife.  
General McClellan is to deliv-  
er a series of addresses to the mem-  
bers of the National Guard reg-  
iments in New York city next  
month, on discipline and the ac-  
quisition of military knowledge.  
The author of St. Elmo and  
Vashti is engaged upon a sequel  
to the latter novel, which, it is  
said, will render Worcester's Un-  
abridged Dictionary entirely use-  
less.  
A man, says an exchange, who  
is too stingy to advertise a farm  
for sale, put up a written notice in  
the hotels the other day. A man  
who was inquiring for a farm was  
referred to the written notice. He  
replied, "I can't buy land at a  
fair price from any man who ad-  
vertises in that way. He'll steal  
the fence, the pump handle and  
the barn doors, before he gives  
possession."  
TRUISMS.—There are many truis-  
ms in the world. Take the fol-  
lowing as a sample in every-day  
life:  
One new bonnet will make a  
lady feel happy—very.  
One "funny man" will bother  
a whole neighborhood.  
One goose hiss will disturb a  
whole assembly.  
One drop of oil will stop a hid-  
eous noise.  
One "jolly row" will turn all  
the inhabitants of a street out of  
doors.  
One pretty flirt will make a  
dozen plain girls unhappy for an  
entire evening.  
One song will set thirty people  
talking.  
DEATH.—Instinctively, every  
creature shrinks back from this  
awful monster. The little ant and  
the mighty quadruped both alike  
dread it. It turns the hush of  
feasting into mourning. It changes  
our countenances and sends us  
away. O, how cold, how dark is  
the grave! No one can think of  
this dismal abode and not feel a  
deep solemnity creeping over him.  
There in that narrow cell the dust  
of the ragged beggar and the purple  
clad potentate mingle and com-  
mingle. There the babe and full  
grown man decay and rot. Who  
can visit the tombs of the silent  
dead and say that sin is not a bit-  
ter thing? Who can stand by  
the new-made grave and say that  
the Bible is a fable? How unut-  
terable dreadfully is death to us  
if we have no interest in Christ Jesus.  
The grim visage of the monster  
drives away all our friends or pal-  
sies all their powers to assist us.  
Alone and friendless we have to  
go through the dark valley and  
shadow of death. In a few years  
it will make no difference to us  
whether we are rich or poor, learn-  
ed or unlearned, loved or despis-  
ed. There are no distinctions in  
the grave. The worms, the noble  
allies of death, recognize no differ-  
ence between the flesh of the poor  
man and that of the rich. But it  
will be a matter of eternal moment  
to us whether we are in Christ  
Jesus or not.  
Strange infatuation! Blind delu-  
sion, to barter the immortal soul,  
with all its capabilities for joy, for  
a few short lived and, at least,  
adulterated pleasures.