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MILLER'S ALMANAC For the Year 1874. PUBLISHED FOR Horry COUNTY. For sale at 10 cents each by M. B. BEATY. Dec 9 1873

TO-DAY. THE PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER. It is a thoroughly American enterprise, illustrated by the leading artists and teeming with the best efforts of the most able writers of our country. It is a paper that, once introduced into the family circle, is sure to be eagerly watched for and carefully preserved.

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On a tree there sat a crow, In his bill a chunk of cheese; On the ground a fox, below, Said, 'Some music, if you please. You are beautiful of wing, And I bet that you can sing.' Cheered by flattery, the crow Sang, and dropped the cheese below. Then the cunning fox did freeze To the fallen chunk of cheese; And he calmly juggled it off, And he scoffed this song with scoff, MOLAL.

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus Thy sure destruction seal; Within that cup there's such a curse, Which all that drink shall feel; Disease and death, forever nigh, Stand ready at the door, And eager wait to hear the cry 'Of, Give me 'one glass more.'

Go, view the prison's gloomy cells, Their pallid tenants scan; Gaze, gaze upon those cartily bells, And ask when they began? Had they a tongue, oh, woe! thy cheek The tale would crimson o'er; Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak And answer, 'one glass more.'

Behold that wretched female form, An outcast from her home, Bleached in affliction's blighting storm, And doomed in want to roam! Behold her! Ask that prattler, hear, Why mother is so poor? He'll whisper in thy startled ear, 'Twas father's 'one glass more.'

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return, Reflect upon thy fate; The poisonous draught indignantly spurn, Spurn, spurn it, ere too late. Oh, fly the ale-house, horrid den! Nor linger at the door, Lest thou, perchance, should slip again The treacherous 'one glass more.'

That's what they said of him. His moustache was gray, he was past thirty-nine, and, not being married, was considered solitary. It mattered little to him. The care of his patients made him bright and active. His profession was sufficient for his wants. He was the loved and respected physician for half the families in the place, and he never wanted for company and friendship.

Why he never married had been the speculation of the village. The subject was now threadbare, and they ceased to talk of it. He saw much of female society, for he was one of those fine, rare natures, that make brothers to girls. His genial good nature, and above all, his ability to keep secrets, made him indeed the brother to half the girls in Wauchussetta. They came to him with their little pains and ills, and their little heart-breakings and love sorrows. For one he had pills and advice; for the other, a ready ear, counsel, help and confidence.

No wonder Sally Depford came tearful and angry to him, in her little difficulty with Sam Barrett. A small rage made her the more attractive. As the doctor heard her woful tale, he could hardly fail to study her face with admiration.

Years, twenty years his junior, rather pretty reasonably well educated, sensible, and quite ready for a joke at any time, she preferred the bright side of everything. Hence her present sorrow. She did not wish to be 'bothered' as she expressed it, with a serious love affair. It was a trouble, a vexation, an interference with her pleasure, and—

'Well, there! It is entirely dreadful, and I don't want it, nor him. Just as I was fairly out of school, and preparing to have a splendid time with the girls, then this thing comes along, and I don't like it.'

'That is so, doctor. Is it not?' The doctor had no immediate reply to make. He would consider the case—and he.

'There was something so attractive about her face, and it was no small wonder that Sam Barrett, the last beau left in the village, was desperately in love with her.

She frowned. He was so slow. 'Come, sir, parade your wisdom. I can pay for advice, and I want it.' 'Go to bed early, get up late, and sleep it off.'

him that, please. As for me, it does not help a bit. There it stands. He will pursue me with attentions. I do not want—' 'Snub him.'

'He is not snuable. Snubbing falls harmless on his good-natured temperament. I tried it, and it don't work. He took it like a lamb. 'Tell him you are not at home.' Then he leaves his card, and says he will call again. And he is sure to do so.'

'Poor boy! He has it very bad this time. The symptoms are alarming.' 'They are, doctor; they are, and I don't like it. It is a nuisance, and a bother, and besides that, I hate him. There!'

'Feel better, my dear?' 'Yes, for I am getting mad. I feel like breaking things, and—' 'You do. You do it all the time. Poor boy! I am not surprised! Here you go about the place, being as attractive as possible, and then you break all our hearts, and scold us for it. What do you expect?' 'It is not my fault. I did not make myself.'

'Well—no—not exactly—' 'For heaven's sake, doctor, why don't you do something? Advise me.' 'Get married!' 'Doctor, you are too hateful! 'I presume so; doctors always are. But that is my advice. Get married; then he can no longer trouble you.'

'Now you are silly, doctor, and I shall not tell you any more. You do not care a straw for my troubles, after all, and—' Here she began to be teary, and threatened to have a good cry. 'My dear, my advice is not so bad. You must admit that if you were engaged he would leave you at once.'

'I suppose so.' 'Yes. Then get engaged; or, if you don't care to go so far, arrange with some young man to be engaged to him temporarily. Then your Sam—' 'He is not my Sam, thank Heaven!' 'Then your Sam will take into himself another wife, and when all is secure you can break your engagement, and all will be serene again.'

'What an absurd idea! Jump into the water for the sake of escaping from drowning. I tell you I don't want anybody's attention. It would be a dreadful trial to be engaged at all, even in self-defence.' 'Not if the other party would agree to keep himself away, and simply lend a diamond ring for a while, and play the part of the distant intended. I don't know, doctor, it is a desperate measure. But it would be effective.'

'Of course.' 'It would be rather amusing to go home and announce that I was engaged. I should have to tell mother how it really stood, and father would be, of course, let into the secret. The rest need not know. Goodness! what a scattering there would be, and how all the old ladies would talk.'

'You need not care. It would be easy to act your part, and in a few weeks all would be comfortably over and everything would be serene again.' 'I declare, doctor, the more I think of it, the more amusing it seems. I am very wicked, no doubt, but then the case is a hard one—' 'And demands heroic remedies.'

'Precisely. Now the next step is to get up a good lover. I shall not expect much. Any straw man that is convenient will answer. Do you know of one, doctor—a good one? He must be nice, and all that, or I could not endure it.'

'Well—no—I cannot think of one just now. There are none living near that are available. Perhaps we might import one.' 'Doctor, I have an idea.' 'How startling! Bring in forth, that I may admire it.'

'You be the lover.' 'All right. I am willing. 'Then we are engaged.' 'Yes, for the present.' 'In fun, you know.'

last new engagement. As for Sam Barrett, he faded beautifully away, and actually disappeared. He suddenly found a tip-top chance for business, you know, in New York. Ought to go right on and fix up.

His parting with Sally was not particularly affecting. She would not allow it. That curious antique diamond ring flashed in his astonished eyes, and his affection melted softly away into nothing, like the cloud of white steam under which he escaped in the 3:49 P. M. express. The whistle echoed among the Wauchussetta hills, and the gentle Sally heard it without a sigh.

Some of the other girls could hardly forgive her for driving away the only available young man in the place, but they soothed their lacerated feelings with the sweet hope that, as the summer vacation was near at hand, a new importation of city visitors from Boston and New York might make it gay again, and spread wide once more the matrimonial horizon.

The suddenness and complete success of the victory rather surprised the victor. She had succeeded beyond her expectations. Now that it was all over she would return the ring, and—well, no, perhaps she might keep it just one more night. Cousin Mary Depford was coming to spend the night, and it would be rather amusing to wear the ring a little longer, and to let her into the secret. She would return the ring in the morning.

Pleased with this unspoken plan, she set the ring firmer on her finger, and prepared to receive her company. Cousin Mary Depford was charmed with the ring, and was profuse in her congratulations. Sally took them quietly enough. 'It is all a joke, you know, dear.'

'A joke!' 'Yes, dear, a little—well—game, if I may so speak.' Cousin Mary was properly shocked. In the retirement of their own room, she expressed her mind fully, and declared that she would not wear the ring another moment. It was a pretense and—a shame to do such a thing.

Sally was startled, and pleaded the dreadful necessity of the case. 'He was such a bore, you know, and really—what could I do? It was all in fun. There is nothing serious. I mean to return the ring to-morrow.'

'I would not wear it another minute, if I were you, Sally Depford.' Sally laughed and still retained the ring. She would return it to-morrow. She would wear it one more night, for it was really such a handsome ring. The doctor behaved beautifully; he only called once, and did not even ask her to ride or walk.

'He walks so fast, and as for that old phase, you know how it cracks.' It was a very proper engagement. Rather cool, perhaps. What could you expect? He was past forty, it a day, they said.

She did not return the ring the next day. It rained. She sent a note to the doctor by a friend, the following day, asking him to call for it. He was away, and would not be back till Monday. Of course she must wear the ring one more Sunday; and she did, in spite of Cousin Mary Depford's remonstrance.

On Monday she carried the ring, still on her finger, to the doctor. He was just starting off on a professional tour when she came, and he was so merry, and there were so many things to talk about that she quite forgot the ring. Besides, there stood the widow Bigelow in the next yard, pretending to hang out her clean clothes on the line, and watching with both eyes.

Cousin Mary Depford was harrasing. They had a little 'tiff' after the manner of girls, and made it up on the strength of a promise from Sally that she would certainly return the ring to-morrow. On the morrow she started, ring on finger, to duly return it. He was not at home. She went again, just before tea-time. He was at tea, and pressed her to stay and take supper with his good old house-keeper and himself.

She hesitated a moment, then accepted. She could quietly hand him the ring after supper, and in the meantime she might as well have a good time. The fine old house, the elegant dining room and the cosy table set for three, were charming. The doctor was a good talker, and cultivated and refined in his manners. She had been obliged to bear much wretched gossip for the last week or two. It would be rather amusing to see just how it seemed to be engaged. She might as well have a good time, for it would soon be over. She would return the ring as soon as the house-keeper retired. The house-keeper did nothing of the kind. As soon as tea was over she took her knitting, and sat down by the open window in the parlor, where she could see everything that happened both in the house and in the garden.

her own room, looking wonderfully serene and happy. Cousin Mary Depford was silent and watchful. Presently she saw something, and said: 'O, Sally!'

'Well, dear?' 'Where is the ring?' 'Oh, my love! I quite forgot all about it; I did, indeed. I'll take it right back to-morrow.'

As for the doctor, he sat up half the night, pacing his room alone and in the dark. At midnight he was called to see some distant patient. He was glad to go. The cool ride through the solemn dark gave him a chance to think.

The next day Sally boldly started for the doctor's to return the ring. He was not at home. Of course she could not leave it with the house-keeper. Besides, why should she take the trouble to carry it to him? It was not her place; he should ask for it.

Cousin Mary fairly raged. For the first time Sally was really unhappy over the matter, and in a little passion she pulled off the ring and threw it in a drawer. 'I'll return it by mail, Mary! Now leave me in peace!'

There was no peace. Without a thought she walked up alone to the post office through the village street to get the evening mail. It did seem as if the whole town were waiting for their letters. It was too warm for gloves, and in her haste to get her letters she forgot the absent ring.

Such a hitting of eyebrows and whispering! Flushed and angry with herself, she darted out of the letter office only to almost run into the doctor's arms. She hid her hand in the folds of her dress, and with a forced smile, bade him good-evening. He spoke pleasantly, smiled and passed on. In a moment Sally heard his foot-steps behind her as she walked rapidly home. She would not turn nor speak to him on the public road; and that would only make matters ten times worse. What was she to do? It was dreadful! How she wished she had never touched the ring!

To her surprise, he overtook her, and quietly and firmly put her arm in his. For a moment she experienced a sense of unutterable relief and satisfaction. She leaned upon him for support, and was gratified as he seemed to draw her closer. How good in him to come to her rescue!

'The certain has not been rung down yet, Miss Depford.' 'The curtain! Oh! he was only carrying out the joke! With a forced laugh she took the hint, and in a moment was as merry and chatty as ever. Once the doctor looked at her in a questioning way, and once he was silent for a whole minute.

'They walked arm in arm up the village street, and at the sight half the town was dumb with astonishment, and the other half whispered the dreadful news about the missing ring. Little did they care. They walked on and on, and almost before Sally was aware of it they arrived at the doctor's gate. The doctor opened the wicket, and with a smile held it wide for her to enter.

She paused. Was it right? Was she not carrying the joke altogether too far? The blood mounted to her temples, and she was silent. 'Will you not come in, Miss Depford, and make us a little call?' 'No!—I thank you; not now.'

She put out her hand to sustain herself, and laid her unglowed fingers on the top of the gate-post. She felt ready to faint with mortification, shame and disappointment. This was the end. It was only a joke—a pretence—and— 'Miss Depford,' said the doctor, in a low voice, 'where is my ring?' She snatched her hand away, and hiding it in her dress, turned away to hide her face.

'Pardon me, pardon me, doctor; I am much to blame. I did not mean any harm, and I hated—hated—' 'Hated whom?' 'That Sam Barrett; and I was so glad to escape from him, that I am afraid I have done very wrong—very wrong indeed.'

'How so?' 'In carrying out this dreadful, dreadful joke, as you call it. I am well punished for my folly. I took the ring off, because I must—return it to you.'

But—Sally—I do not wish you to return it.' She turned round amazed. What did he mean? One glance was sufficient. 'Come in—please—my love.'

She took his arm again without a word, and they walked slowly up the gravelled path toward the old mansion. The house-keeper came out and bade them welcome in a grand and impressive manner. The crickets began to chirp in the grass. The air seemed laden with the perfume of summer flowers. The ancient ivy seemed to even vaguely hint of autumn, as it hung in motionless festoons from the walls. There was a sober air about the place, far different from her childhood's home. The doctor offered her an arm-chair in the wide piazza.

How courteously and dignified his manners. His hair was gray—with hon-

orable toil. He leaned over her and whispered: 'It is an old-fashioned place, and I am such an ancient solitary.'

'Hush! it is our home, our home! The house-keeper turned proudly away from such childish nonsense, and faintly wiped a tear for the late lamented solitary goose.

Mr. Spurgeon's Conversion. In the course of a sermon preached at Rochdale a few days since, Mr. Spurgeon said he would never forget the period of his conversion. From place to place he went, hoping to find peace. At last, one snowy cold morning he dropped into a little Primitive Methodist chapel. There was a man who preached Christ very much for the same reason that he (Mr. Spurgeon) did now—namely, because he did not know much about anything else. The text was 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.'

The preacher, pointing towards him (Mr. Spurgeon) said: 'There's a young man under the gallery who looks very miserable'; and he added: 'You will never be happy until you look to Christ. You must look to Him, as God made flesh, as God bearing sin, as the Savior dying instead of you'; and then, pausing, he said: 'You know a fool can look. It does not require a wise man to do that. You are weak and sinful; but it does not require a strong or a good man to look.' Then, shouting with all his might, the preacher said: 'Young man, look now.' He did so, and as he gazed his burden fell away; and he who before had been so wretched left that little house of prayer so happy that, from that day to this, with many troubles and a great deal of cure, he would not change places with anybody on earth or in heaven, for while God had any work for him to do on earth, he would rather be here than there, knowing that he should go there when the work was done.

A Singular Case. We learn that a young man at Smithville met with a severe accident a few days since. It seems that while barefooted he jumped from some point a considerable distance down a declivity and fell with one of his bare feet on two sharp tennipenny nails which were driven through a plank and which had been placed so as to leave the points upward. The nails, which were rusty, were driven entirely through his foot and made terrible wounds. A physician was sent for and did all that was possible, but with no apparent relief to the sufferer, who it was momentarily feared would be seized with lockjaw and die. At this critical juncture an old colored woman, who called at the house, said she could apply a remedy which would be certain. She was allowed to test her skill and proceeded in this wise: She got two copper cents and put one over each of the holes made by the nails, securing them properly so that they could not get out of place. Not long after the sufferer experienced a sense of great relief from the singular application and by the next morning the wound showed evident signs of healing and he experienced but little or no inconvenience from the hurts. At last accounts he was rapidly recovering and all apprehension of danger had passed.—Wilmington Star.

Tit for Tat. A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a young man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, the lover placed the ladder to the window, and in a few moments the young girl was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke the silence by saying: 'Well, you see what proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered: 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made no reply, but after a silence of some minutes she suddenly exclaimed: 'Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.'

'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady re-mounted, while the ill-fated lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called: 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window and said: 'Perhaps I may and perhaps not.' and then shut down the window, leaving him to depart alone.

When they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting or not, an old lady steps in and remarks: 'I say, there ain't no one sick in this here house or nothin', is there? I seen a right burnin' high into 12 o'clock, last night, but I don't smell no campfire or nothin' round.'—Boston Traveler.