

THE CHOICE.

Don't be troubled, Joe, my husband; Don't be troubled, though 'tis true Life has not been all of sunshine Since I gave my hand to you; For I'd rather brave the tempest, Than without you, Joe, without you, Live in brightest summer shine.

Do you not remember, dearest, On that old-time, happy day, When, because I loved Joe Hastings, I from wealth did turn away? I knew that you were poor, Joe, With only your strong arm To work for wife and home, dear, And shield us both from harm.

But somehow you, my only, With all your lack of fame, Had power to make me long, Joe, To bear your humble name. And if you were a king, love, I could not prouder be Than of the humble title Your name hath given me.

Don't be troubled, then, my husband, I am happy at your side, And God, save in life's billows, Our lives will gently guide. "For better or for worse," dear, I promised, don't you know; And I'm sure of peace and gladness While I may cling to Joe.

Horror of the Situation.

A Business Man's Description of What He Saw on a Trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and Return.

A prominent Cincinnati business man, who has just returned from a trip to New Orleans, describes the situation as sorrowful in the extreme.

The trip down was made by boat. At Arkansas City the boat was not allowed to coal or land. Men stood on the bank with guns in their hands and cried out: "Damn you, don't you land here." At Memphis, which was reached at that lonely hour when the shades of night come on, when the gloomy shadows seem a foreboding of danger, a most depressing scene was presented. Not a dog, not a mule, not a negro, could be seen. The houses didn't seem inhabited; from no chimney did the homelike smoke ascend, indicative of the pleasant household fires within; every place was deserted; all was still. Vicksburg was almost as bad as Memphis. Terror reigns along the Mississippi. If the boat had freight for any town it was taken on to New Orleans. The inhabitants would cry out: "Take it on, we'll pay storage and extra freight." At New Orleans things looked much better. Men were at work on the levee, business houses were opened, but transacting little or no business. During the day that Captain A. was there, it rained continuously. Even in the eve, on Canal street, thirty or forty women trudged along. New Orleans does not wear the gloom of Memphis. A stranger can come in and not recognize at first, the presence of the disease not until he questions some one or sees the funerals.

The return trip was made by rail. About eight started from New Orleans, which number rapidly increased as the train came North. At Grenada not a white man or woman was visible—only twenty negroes. Surrounded by hills, lying in a broken and ridged valley, a person would think the town protected; but alas! this is a mistake. At Holly Springs about two hundred got on. Yellow fever had broken out the night before and eight out of twelve cases had died. At Hammond a good many got on. At Greenview, a town of about four thousand inhabitants, the fever broke out. The first day six died, on the second sixty. People were leaving it in large numbers. The scenes at the depots were heartrending. Wives, mothers, and sisters leaving husbands, sons and brothers, kissing them perhaps for the last time, bidding them farewell perhaps forever. Some men will not leave, they will fight it out or die. At one place a mother with three children got in the train; her husband had died a half hour ago, and before death had made her promise to leave on the next train. Oh bitter trial! To save her life and that of her children she left an uncoffined and unburied husband; deaf to her as life itself.

GRAPHIC STORY OF A MEMPHIS REFUGEE. Through the summer there had been, as there always is, a good deal of talk about yellow fever, but, as it got along into August without any cases, a good many people began to think we would pull through. There were others—and thousands of them, too—that were all ready, packed and with all preparations made, to step out on the first indication of the fever. It had been at work in New Orleans for some time, and as the warm season advanced it began to make headway up the river. Then Grenada caught it, and, with the memory of its ravages in 1873, the people generally became nervous and excited. "About the 12th of August we had our first case, supposed to have been brought up from New Orleans on the steamer Golden Crown. There were two of them, and they stopped with Pat Winters, who used to be Recorder. Both of them died, at his house. The first death, though, was that of Mrs. Blonda, an Italian woman. "The first news we had of her was in the morning, and in the afternoon she was dead. Did you ever see a panic? Well, if you didn't, you can't form any idea of it. Nearly everybody was wild. You could see it in their eyes. Why, they came running into the stores to buy things, and they went for the railroad ticket before something I had never seen before. The streets were crowded with one of those of all kinds, and every ing bag was full of trunks and travel-railroad staturature, on the way to the or anything. You couldn't get a hook or money. Men run on wheels for love movement there all the bustle and seemed so terribly something else that at the time of the fever. I felt as I did here then, and I had no change. I was it seemed as if the places of sensations, can't tell how or why, but doomed. I ing for some awful crash that like wait- blot out things forever. "On the first rush about fifteen people left town. A great many and

sent their families away and went themselves afterward, when the disease came out so bad. There was so much baggage at the railroad depots that it wasn't all carried out for a week. My family remained there until about two weeks ago, when I sent them away. "Then there was a calm for a day or so, but as soon as a few more people died there was another panic, and almost everybody that could get away and they went in a hurry; those who left by railroad had already bought their tickets. The roads out of town were full—some of the people in wagons and some on horseback, and a good many foot—any way to get out of Memphis. Then the city began to look empty. By the 20th or the 22d a good many of the business houses closed up, and then it began to look like desolation. You could go along a block and for all the signs of life you would see you might as well be in that old dead Memphis in Egypt. "The infected district at first was around the Memphis and Charleston and the Louisville and Nashville depots. There are very few houses with living people in them there now, almost all dead, and some of them rotting to pieces in the houses. All the railroads but the Little Rock are running their day trains now, but they have taken off their night trains. People stay in after dark, because the night air is too dangerous to be out in. "I tell you, it was awful to go down town every day, and see and hear what was going on. One day it would be: 'Well, Hamilton went last night, and I've just heard Carson has got the black vomit.' Then somebody would come along with the news of some other acquaintance dying or dead, and it seemed as if you could see death in the air. And the next day the first thing you would hear would be that the man you were talking with the day before was down with it, and a bad case. Most of the doctors stood up nobly to their duty, but there were a few that skulked out almost on the first sign. "Can you give me the names of any of the medical gentlemen who deserted?" "Yes; there were Drs. Malcolm, Hewitt, Herming and Morrison. Dr. Morrison was the jail physician, and when the fever broke out there he ran away, and Dr. Abercrombie was appointed in his place. In 1873 the worst infected district was in the neighborhood of the jail, but there was no fever among the prisoners. This time when it made its appearance there, the prisoners confined for slight offenses were discharged and all the other well ones were taken to President's Island, about four miles down the river. The clergyman of all denominations stayed at their posts, and, as they have no congregations, they have nothing to do but attend the sick. "I tell you, there are some awful sights in Memphis now. There are only about thirty-five hundred people there now, and something like thirteen hundred of them are down. You know the specialties have so much to do that they can't hunt out every case. People who want assistance have to apply to some one of the agencies for it, and there is so much ground to be covered that very often the patient is dead before the doctor can get there. Last week when Dr. Abercrombie was taken, I made an application at 10 o'clock in the morning, and couldn't get a physician till 6 in the afternoon. A doctor will go out in the morning with enough cases on his list to keep him busy all day, so he has to refuse all appeals. I have seen a doctor with women and children on their knees, begging him to come to their husbands and fathers and mothers—some of them trying to drag him in. When you go into some of the houses you see horrible sights. I'll never forget one place saw on Jefferson street. The whole family—father, mother and seven children—all were in one room. The father was dead, and his body hung across the bed with his head hanging down and the black vomit spattered all over the bed and the room. The mother was dying, and that horrible black vomit—it looks like coffee grounds—was running out of her mouth into the face and breast of one of the children that lay on the floor by the bed. Ugh! It makes me sick to think of it. All the children but one were down with the fever, and they rolled around on the floor and screamed and groaned so it seemed as if hell had been moved up on earth. "There is no telling the amount of suffering there is there. Many a man has been taken while away from home, and the poor fellow has crawled into some hole, where his body has been found days after, twisted out of all shape, and found only by the horrible smell of the decaying flesh. A number of houses have been broken into, and whole families have been found with the bodies falling to pieces. One of the most horrible things that occurred there was the death of Mrs. Zonane. She lived on Jefferson street. The doctor who attended her didn't let her family know that it was the yellow fever until just before she died. Then he told them, and the five children, ranging from ten to twenty years old, came to say goodbye. She had the black vomit, and they were told they had better not kiss her but they did, and as they came up one after the other and gave her the last kiss on earth, their lips were stained with that horrible stream of death. And, what is almost miraculous, none of them have caught the fever yet. "Now, put them along side of John Donovan. His name will go down to future generations with Judas Iscariot. He ran away, leaving his wife and children there to die, while he telegraphed to Dr. Mitchell from away off in Brownsville to take care of them. It wouldn't be safe for him to go back to Memphis just now. I believe they would tar and feather him."

The following lines were copied from the album of a young lady of Elizabeth, New Jersey: 1. Three things to admire: Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. 2. Three things to love: Courage, gentleness and affection. 3. Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. 4. Three things to delight in: Frankness, freedom and beauty. 5. Three things to wish for: Health, friends and a cheerful spirit. 6. Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. 7. Three things to fight for: Honor, country and home. 8. Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct. 9. Three things to think about: Life, death and eternity.

SAVANNAH, September 12.—The rice plantations around the city have been damaged by the gale and rain to the extent of \$850,000.

Nature Made a Slave.

THE GREAT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DECAUVILLES, NEAR PARIS.

The Latest Refinements in the Cultivation of the Soil—How the Work is Laid Out—A Farm that Pays Better than a Gold Mine—An Example from France for Farmers.

PARIS, August 7.—We are not accustomed to regard France as the land of agricultural development. She is rather looked upon as behind the age in all that pertains to intelligent cultivation of the soil. In traveling through the country you see clumsy, old-fashioned ploughs, ancient harrows, and well worn syclopes and sickles; the modern cultivators, reaping and mowing machines, self-rakers and thrashing machines are rarely found. This lack of improvement upon the old time methods is partly due to the system of dividing the farms into such very small parcels that machine labor would be impracticable. When there are a thousand contiguous farms, with an average area for each of less than ten acres, it is evident that hand labor alone can be used in their cultivation, unless some co-operative ownership of machinery could be arranged. Even then, there would be endless disputes and disagreements in its management, and it would be impossible to employ it satisfactorily. But besides this difficulty there is another, fully as important. French peasants and French farmers are eminently conservative. They are satisfied to go on in the same way that their forefathers have always gone. Even when convinced, by actual observation, that better results can be obtained by adopting some new idea, they rather prefer not to make the attempt. They say that they know what to expect from their old methods, whereas the new may promise well at first, and yet afterward develop such defects as to bring disaster upon those who have adopted them. Nevertheless, it is in France, and very near Paris, too, that I found the nearest approach to perfection in farming that I have seen in either Europe or America, and a more interesting illustration of scientific agriculture can hardly be imagined. About twenty miles from Paris, on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, is Corbeil, and the farm of which I speak is a short three miles distance from the latter place. The farm is called Le Petit Bourg, and it has the River Seine on one side of it and the railroad on the other. M. Paul Decanville, the oldest son of the first proprietor, is the manager of the farm, but he will soon have the assistance of his three brothers, who are now preparing themselves for their work at the Polytechnic, Ecole Central and Ecole des Mines. The land is situated on an extensive plateau, and is therefore especially suitable to the style of farming pursued by the late M. Armand Decanville. The Chateau Petit Bourg was originally the residence of Madame de Pompadour. When the Lyons Railway was surveyed, about thirty years ago, the owner of the chateau and park was so disgusted at the invasion of his property by the iron horse that he sold the chateau to the Government as a site for a juvenile reform school, and, after clearing the park of its timber, offered it on lease for farming. M. Armand Decanville, although educated as a lawyer, was anxious to take a farm, and he soon obtained a lease of the whole estate, amounting to about 625 acres. To this he added by lease or purchase of the surrounding farms whenever occasion offered, until now there are about 1,500 acres under the control of the family. The land being high, with insufficient natural water supply in many seasons, M. Decanville erected pumping works on a large scale, and laid a network of pipes for artificial irrigation all over the property. The height of the plateau above the river enabled him to drain off quickly any surplus rainfall, while any deficiency was easily made good by pumping works. He also took advantage of every improvement in machinery, introducing English and American inventions whenever he could thereby economize labor. The steam plough was first attempted fifteen years ago, but it was not until after the Exposition of 1867 that he definitely adopted it. He chose an English invention which is worked by two stationary engines, drawing the plough backward and forward across the field. It is very simple, compact and effective, and considering the amount of work done, it is not heavy. There are twelve ploughshares set on a chelon, so that it has the appearance of a huge cultivator, in the shape of a right angled triangle, the sharps being set in the hypotenuse. Whenever there has been an exhibition of farm implements in Paris or in any of the Northern departments, M. Decanville has always made a point of inviting the exhibitors to Le Petit Bourg to test their machines, and in this way he has been able to select the machinery best suited to his crops and land. The recent great success of the McCormick self binding reaper renders it probable that machine will also be adopted on this model farm. The estate is divided into four separate departments. The first includes the farmwork proper, the animals, dairy, and implements; the second consists of the best sugar manufactory, the pumping works, and the gas works; the third is devoted to the quarry, which is, nevertheless, one of the most profitable of the four, since a fine quality of grimestones and millstones is produced; the fourth includes the forges, repair shops, and the manufactory of freight train cars, of which a great many are used on the farm and also sold outside. The manager's office communicates by telegraph with the quarters of each department overseer, and other wires are run to different points on the farm from the sub-office. Since the invention of the telephone M. Paul Decanville has discussed the desirability of increasing the number of points of telegraphic communication, and it is probable that telephones will be placed in every field, so that instant communication can be had with the laborers. Heretofore a system of signals has been in use, but it will doubtless be superseded by the telephone. The best sugar distillery was one of the first erected in France, and it has proved remarkably successful. At the present time a very large portion of the farm is devoted to best cultivation. Hops are also grown extensively and with unusual success. Indeed, it would be difficult for any crop to be a failure. The earth is never allowed to rest. It is never fallow, except for a short period after harvest, when it is used for pasture. The steam

ploughs are always at it. No portion is left waste. There are no fences, no uncultivated nooks. It is divided only by occasional drainage ditches, and the crops grow close up to the edges. As soon as one crop has been harvested and conveyed by the train cars to the barns, preparations are made for another. Fertilizers are thoroughly spread and turned under. Other machines break the ground and prepare it for new seed, and before Mother Earth can feel that one weight has been lifted from her bosom, she is threatened with another. Everything is done systematically and rapidly, yet without haste. Every crop is treated by itself in such a way that there is little or nothing left to chance. If hay is to be cut, it is all done in one day, when the prospect is fine. If rain is threatened, an army of workers rapidly places every straw under waterproof covers, and no harm is done. Again it is as rapidly spread and allowed to cure. Then, before any injury can happen to it, it is loaded up, run off to the weigh yard, baled, strapped and stored, or else immediately sent to be sold, according to the state of the market. If nightfall seems to interfere with the proper gathering of any crop, electric lanterns are so placed as to light up the field, and the work goes steadily on. Nature is made a bond slave. If she smiles on the farmer's labors, she is allowed to do so without interfering; but if she attempts to overturn his calculations by any of the usual methods by which she damages crops—storms, drouth, rains, &c.—she is made to stand aside while artificial aid is given to them. Is it too dry? Open the irrigation pipes, and sprinkle all the land with refreshing showers morning and evening. Is it too wet? Open the drains and hasten off the surplus water. In an elegantly kept park, surrounded by flower gardens, stands the family house. It is only one story in height, and covers a great deal of ground. There is no questioning the good taste of the occupants. While comfort is apparent in every part, there is no lack of tasteful ornamentation. There is luxury without profusion, and elegance without waste. Mme. Decanville is said to be a lady of fine education and accomplishments, and her house shows her to be of a refined nature. It is comfortable without being slipshod, stylish without being stiff. In the large hall, and in fact all around the house, are numbers of birds. The gardens are miracles of beauty. And yet the mistress is no idler for all her aesthetic tastes. She is the manager of the household, as her husband is the manager of the estate; and from all accounts she is no less successful. She attends to all the household accounts, superintends the household work, and directs the management of the gardens and poultry yard. She has a large force of servants, both male and female, solely under her control, and I understand that the profits of the poultry yard are all ceded to her for pin money. At an early day I shall pay another visit for the express purpose of learning the details of cost and returns in this kind of farming. Two thousand acres backed by \$100,000 and a man of executive ability and business talent, ought to be worth more than a gold mine. At any rate, M. Decanville has found it so. I ought to add that he has built a modern village of more than fifty houses for his employees with co-operative stores.

ONLY A SERVANT.—Because a girl is obliged to earn her bread and butter by working in another woman's kitchen, it does not follow that she is degraded by her occupation. I once knew a hired girl, as the phrase goes, who, when her work was done—and it was hard work, too—devoted herself to the study of music and French. Her mistress, observing Mary's studious habits, kindly placed the piano at her disposal on certain evenings of every week, and finally she became quite a fair player, and could read French with ease. As a natural consequence, she married well and rose above her lowly station. She fairly earned her good fortune. In place of foolishly running the streets she devoted her spare moments to music and good reading. Of course such girls are rare—by rare we mean there are hundreds of such girls as Mary, who have as much talent, only they don't cultivate their talents, because they have an idea that they are looked down on, therefore abuse what talents they do have—but there are hundreds of such, and they need not consider themselves drudges, nor will anybody, if they only have a mind to make themselves respected. The estimation in which they are held by others, depends upon their opinion of themselves. [Waverly Magazine.]

TEACH THE GIRLS TO READ.—Dr. Bonnor, in the Presbyterian, in a very sensible article on learning to read, says: "As to the propriety of girls studying elocution sufficiently to enable them to read well, none, we suppose, would deny. This is all that is taught in any of our Southern schools, and we are sorry that so little attention is paid to it. A woman that cannot read well, or a man either, is not well educated, we care not what else they may know, or can do. They need to go back to the spelling book and begin again. Not that we would have a woman ascend the stage as a lecturer, or enter the pulpit as a preacher. Not at all. But in the family around the fire, in the parlor, we would that all our girls could read effectively, eloquently, so as to render in the highest style of art the best productions of the best authors, whether prose or poetry, whether simple or dramatic, whether comic or tragic."

Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering"—not the other thing, "being ministered unto." It is handing the morning paper to another for the first perusal. It is vacating a very pleasant seat by the fire for one who comes in chilled. It is giving up the most restful arm-chair or sofa corner for one who is weary. It is "moving up" in the pew to let the new-comer sit by the entrance. It is rising from your place to darken the blind when the sun's rays stream in too brightly upon some face in the circle. It is giving your own comfort and convenience every time for the comfort and convenience of another. This is, at once, true courtesy and real Christianity. If we mean to copy the spirit of the Master, we must be ready, in every relation of life and at every hour of the day, to give up being waited upon, and to practice this self-sacrificing, beneficent and "ministering" graciousness of spirit and conduct.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, September 10, via Helena, Montana, September 12.—By an extra courier from Capt. Browning we learn that on Sunday last Gen. Miles had a battle with the Bannocks on Soda Butt Creek, near Clark's Fork. Thirteen Indians were killed, and the rest of the party, thirty-seven in all, were captured. Gen. Miles's loss was Capt. Andrew S. Bennett killed and one soldier mortally wounded.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood and Gives Strength. DR. QUINN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEPHENS: Dear Sir—Your "Vegetine" has been doing wonders for me. I have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began the use of your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning up my system, purifying my blood, giving strength; whereas all other medicines weakened me, and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if families that live in aque districts of the South and West would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the "Chills" or the malignant Fevers that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills, and live to a good old age. Respectfully yours, J. E. MITCHELL, Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo. CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEPHENS: Dear Sir—I have used several bottles of "Vegetine." It has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for Kidney complaint. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it as a good blood purifier. N. YOCUM, PAIR AND DISEASE.—Can we expect to enjoy good health when bad or corrupt humors circulate with the blood, causing pain and disease; and these humors, being deposited through the entire body, produce pimples, eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, constiveness, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism and numerous other complaints? Remove the cause by taking VEGETINE, the most reliable remedy for cleansing and purifying the blood.

VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine. NENIA, O., March 1, 1877.

DR. STEPHENS: Dear Sir—I wish to inform you what your Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted with Neuralgia, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I also found my general health much improved. I believe it to be a good medicine. Yours truly, FRID. HARVESTICK. VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE

Druggists Report. H. R. STEPHENS: Dear Sir—We have been selling your "Vegetine" for the past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction. Respectfully, BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE

IS THE BEST Spring Medicine. H. R. STEPHENS, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Professional Cards.

WM. C. KEITH, JOHN S. VERNER. KEITH & VERNER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND Solicitors in Equity, Will practice in the State Courts on the Eighth Judicial Circuit and in the United States Court. Office on Public Square, Walthalla, S. C. Jan 6, 1878

S. MCGOWAN, R. A. THOMPSON Abbeville, S. C. Walthalla, S. C.

MCGOWAN & THOMPSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Will give prompt attention to all business confided to them in the State, County, and United States Courts. Office on Court House Square, Walthalla, S. C.

January, 1870

Wesleyan Dispensary, No. 12 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIED DR. BUTTS

No. 12 N. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo. Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, gives the result of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled "THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE" and "THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER" Books that specially guide and instruct in all matters pertaining to Marriage and Womanhood, and supply real long needed information, and in plain, simple language, easily understood. The books are sold singly, with all the valuable information for both married and single, with all the latest scientific information in regard to life, and the woman, in matrimony, and the best of the best. The books are sold singly, with all the latest scientific information in regard to life, and the woman, in matrimony, and the best of the best. The books are sold singly, with all the latest scientific information in regard to life, and the woman, in matrimony, and the best of the best.

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The Remedy of the 19th Century. Bartham's Infallible PILE CURE. Bartham's Pile Cure Co., Durham, N. C. It never fails to cure Hemorrhoids. Price List and bona fide testimonials furnished on application.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!

For the Specially Curable of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. ANY PHYSICIAN has the ingredients. Address, Dr. W. J. ALLEN, 611 E. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN KAUFMANN,

LUMBERMAN, ALE, PORTER AND LAGER BEER BREWER, Walthalla, S. C.

Estimates on Buildings furnished. Orders solicited. July 4, 1878 83-3mo

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Zachary Powers, deceased, will present them properly attested and proved, and all who owe the estate will come forward and make payment. T. B. POWERS, Administrator. August 15, 1878 89-4t

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

COUNTY OF OCONEE. IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Malinda Miller, Plaintiff, vs. Caroline Honen, Plaintiff, and Sidney Davis, and others, Defendants.

TO Sidney Davis, Edward Honen, John F. Miller, Rebecca Davis, Eliza Piekens, heirs-at-law of John E. Davis, deceased; heirs-at-law of A. P. Davis, deceased; Susan Anding, F. H. Davis, W. H. Davis, Defendants in this action:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court, at Walthalla Court House, South Carolina, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint, on the subscribers, at their office, on the public square at Walthalla Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the day of this service. And if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid the Plaintiff in the action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. MCGOWAN & THOMPSON, NORTON & STRIBLING, Plaintiffs' Attorneys, Walthalla, S. C.

J. W. STRIBLING, C. C. P. [L.S.] To the Defendants: Eliza Piekens, heirs-at-law of John E. Davis, deceased; heirs-at-law of A. P. Davis, deceased; Susan Anding, F. H. Davis and Warren R. Davis.

TAKE NOTICE: That the summons and complaint in this action, for the partition of the Real Estate of John E. Davis, deceased, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Walthalla Court House, South Carolina, on the 29th day of August, A. D. 1878.

MCGOWAN & THOMPSON, NORTON & STRIBLING, Plaintiffs' Attorneys, Walthalla, S. C. Sept. 5, 1878 42-6

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

Sitton's Mills

ARE now in thorough repair, and we are prepared to wait on customers. The Mills are in charge of G. N. Cothran, an experienced and reliable miller, who will be glad to see any and all of our former customers. The mills make the very best of FLOUR and large turn-out of the grain. Persons having wheat to grind will do well to give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed. The reputation of these mills are well known in the market. Any one having wheat to grind for the market will find sacks for sale at the mills at cost. The mills are about five miles from Seneca City and about fifteen miles from Walthalla, on Conners Creek. May 30, 1878 28-

FLOUR, FLOUR!

HARPER'S MILLS, LOCATED on Martin's Creek, three miles from Seneca City, are in good condition and in charge of an experienced miller. Satisfaction guaranteed. All we ask is a trial. July 25, 1878 86-2mo

Buy only the NEW AMERICAN It is the Only Sewing Machine WHICH HAS A Self-Threading Shuttle It has Self Sewing Needle. Never Breaks the Thread. Never Skips Stitches. Is the Lightest Running. The Simplest, the Most Durable, and in Every Respect. The Best Family Sewing Machine! The "NEW AMERICAN" is easily learned, does not get out of order, and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application. AGENTS WANTED. J. S. DOVEY, Manager, 64 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

