

THE GOLDEN SIDE.
There is many a rose in the bud of life,
If we would only stop to take it,
And many a rose from the better land,
If we would only stop to take it.
The golden side of life is full of hope,
And a bright future is full of light,
Though the winter storm prevail,
Better to hope than the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes of the heart bright,
For the sweet blue sky will soon pass through,
When the golden clouds are bright.
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FROM NEW YORK.
A chance for a Southern Restaurant.
—European Immigrants.—The Beecher scandal.
The New York Correspondent of the Charleston News-Courier, under date of June 2, says:
A noticeable change has taken place within the last two years in the character of the restaurant business down town. New York merchants, almost without exception, take their lunches at midday at the eating houses in the neighborhood of their offices, and their dinners at the evening at home, up town or in the suburbs. This custom creates a very large restaurant business in the mercantile quarter. Hitherto the French style of restaurant has been in favor, but lately there are springing up in every street what is called "dairies." They furnish customers with such meal provender as pure milk, eggs, hominy, fruit, muffins, toast, pies, &c., but no meats and soups. These establishments take such fanciful names as "The Alderney," "The Devonshire," "The Duchana," "The New England Bakery" and "The Connecticut Lunch." Their prices are moderate, and they are doing a flourishing and growing business. New Yorkers eat meat enough at home, and ought to be satisfied with a simple diet at lunch time.
I mention these facts because I have often thought what a chance there is here for some Southerner with business tact to make money with a Southern restaurant.—There are several thousand merchants, brokers, clerks, &c., doing business within an area of a couple of square miles, who were born south of the Potomac, but there is no place in New York where they can get rice cooked in the Southern style, baked sweet potatoes, corn bread, as the old "mammas" cook it, "fried" chicken in the Virginia style, "gumbo" in the New Orleans style, and other dishes peculiar to the South, which will suggest themselves to the minds of your readers. There is a fortune to be had by somebody who will go into this line of business and do it well.
There was never before so many European immigrants pouring into this port as now. The steamers come in daily with loads of one thousand and fifteen hundred people.—While the number of Irish immigrants is still large, the percentage is decreasing in comparison with the number of German, English and Swedish immigrants. The English, from the farming and manufacturing districts, are beginning to come over in such large numbers that the steam promises to widen to the dimensions of that of the Irish. There is a small but quite perceptible Italian immigration. Of the arrivals in this city fully eighty per cent. go West. A very small proportion go South, and the remainder stay to add to the permanent population of the metropolis. Castle Garden, where the immigrants land and are registered, is a place well worth visiting by strangers in New York. The diversity of tongues to be heard there has hardly been equaled since the failure of the Babel building scheme.
It is a curious little fact, which I have not mentioned in any of the local papers that the Irish boys of the street boot-black business. A few years ago the impudent young gamins who saluted you on every corner with the shrill cry of "Shine 'em up sir," bore in his countenance the unmistakable impress of the Irish race. Now your tormenter is a small, darkfaced boy with glittering black eyes and the agility of a monkey. The Italian has not come into possession of the street by muscle, for if it should come to a trial of strength, the Celt would prove the victor. The probability is that the Irish boys have found the newspaper trade more profitable, and have therefore abandoned the other field to the energetic descendants of the conquerors of the Old World.
There was a large crowd at Mr. Beecher's church yesterday morning and evening; many persons evidently expecting that he would allude to the great scandal. But he said nothing about it. Bowen is in the West at present. His son, who has charge of his business during his absence, telegraphed to him on Thursday, when the tripartite pledge was made public: "It is out; what shall I do?" Bowen telegraphed back, "Do nothing." Young Bowen says that his father will make a full explanation when he returns. As it is proved now that Henry E. Bowen was the originator of the scandal about Mr. Beecher, which the Woodhull and Claflin creatures had garbled, it is difficult to see how Plymouth Church can permit him to retain his membership. He has been conspicuous in sitting under the pulpit of the man whom he has recently said he believed to be a villain.

THE ONLY TRUE HOME.—The home is never truly home except as the marriage union is sanctified by God, and the whole domestic life is ruled and blessed by the law of the spirit of Jesus Christ! This alone it is that surely exalts and redeems.—I care not how bright and beautiful may be the future that now opens itself to affianced hearts, nor how fine the mansion or elegant the appointments which they may call their own, nor how refined their tastes, how choice their associations, or how abundant their stores—there is no immunity from peril nor realization of the highest bliss, unless the Lord of life and glory abide in the house, its ever welcome and cherished guest and friend. A shadow rests upon every family circle where His name is not known, where there is no open or secret voice of prayer, and where there is not inculcated with solemn care the profoundest reverence for God; for Christ; for Scripture; for the institution and observance of our holy religion; and for the mighty, heavenly truths, principles, and realities that outlast the perishable and fleeting things of earth and time. This done it is, I repeat, that truly exalts and redeems, purifying love and strengthening trust, eliminating every discordant element and perfecting every sacred tie, creating in each soul a deeper, tenderer interest for the lasting good of the other, lessening the crosses and glorifying the daily cares of life, giving a juster significance to the marriage union, and a loftier elevation to its multiform experience and abatement, and diffusing everywhere a gracious atmosphere of sweetness and light.—Rev. Dr. P. Putnam

STREAK GENTLY.
"Please help me a minute, sister."
"O, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.
"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"
"I can't now; I want to finish this story," said I emphatically, and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.
He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a wind-mill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one, for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, and kites. He had been working all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it, and his sister had refused to help him, and he had gone away with his heart saddened.
I thought of this in fifteen minutes after he had left, and the book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded him the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. Yet I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.
In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!"
His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, and I determined to atone by unselfish kindness. I went with him, and, sure enough, on the roof of the wood-house was fastened a miniature wind-mill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit anybody. I praised the wind-mill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and forgetful of any unkind word, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always more loving and gentle.
A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unconsciously closed. Sometimes his temples would moan, and muscles relax, and then hope would come in to our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said to me, "I hear my wind-mill."
"Does it make your head ache?" I asked.
"Shall we take it down?"
"O no," he replied. "It seems as if I were out-of-doors, and it makes me feel better. Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me to fix it, and you were reading, and told me you couldn't?—But it didn't make any difference, for mama helped me."
O how sadly these words fell upon my ears, and what bitter memories they awakened!

How I repeated, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched by his couch, hope growing fainter, and anguish deeper, until one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed his eyes, once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart.
—He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little wind-mill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it upon the roof of the wood-shed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank, and I remember, also, the thoughtless, the unkind words.—Ed.

LEARN ALL THE PEOPLE SING.—We have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song.—The time was when Mear and Antioch and Windham and Dundee stood with the strength of archangel to marshal the troops of God; but, for the last thirty years, our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, four persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrows over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory. When you die for me, and open the gate of heaven to my departing soul, then I will let you do my singing. O sing, ye who are bought by love divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back, and you may be more skillful in your argument against religion than I am skillful in my argument for religion; but who could resist the holy influence when, last Sunday night, this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song:
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
—Talmage.

Next to the boyish delight of surreptitiously sucking the mouth of a molasses jug, says a philosophic correspondent is the pleasure of breaking an engagement with the dentist.

WHY AUNT SALLIE NEVER MARRIED.
"Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never got married. You remember you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised us you would tell us about it some time. Now, aunt, please tell us."
"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen year old I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself I was quite a good-looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a good deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him, and things went on until we were engaged.—One evening he came to me and put his arms around me, and kind of hugged me, when I got excited, and some frustrated.—It was long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened over the street. Those doors were drawn to, and he came up close I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to, and don't you think girls, the poor fellow lost his balance, and fell through one of the doors into the street."
"Oh, Aunt! Was he killed?"
"No; he fell head first, and as he was falling I caught him by the logs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave way and a poor young man fell clear out of his pants into a parcel of ladies and gentlemen along the street."
"Oh! Aunt! Aunt! Lorry!"
"There that's right; squall and ggle-much as you want. Girls that can't do a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-he-ing in such a way don't know enough to come in wheat rains. A nice time the man that marns one of you will have, won't he. Catchee telling you anything again?"
"But Aunt Sallie, what became of him?"
"No; the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered. How that man did run! He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that he never dared to trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married.—I felt very bad about it for along time, for he was a good man, and I've often thought to myself that we would have been very happy if his suspenders hadn't given way."

There is no rest for the weary—another synonym for the editorial fraternity. The merchant, the banker, the professional man, may take his annual tour to more frigid regions, but the editor remains at his post.—The endless succession of current events must be faithfully chronicled. The opinions of the people must be consulted, their interests watched, and the shifting scene in the drama of life duly recorded and criticized forever and ever. There is but one perpetual motion yet discovered; it is attained by the quill of the journalist, and only ceases when the machinery that moves it is worn out.

Rich abundant! Thunder abundant! Lightning abundant! But with plenty of warm sunshine in between. The cotton, corn, grain, all doing well. And grass everywhere! Mr. Fletcher of the New England Farmer, says ours could be a great country if we could only see the grasses. Well, could he only visit our fields now and behold the evident agony of our farmer—their hot strife and weary endeavors—he would readily confess that ours was the greatest grass country in the world. Come down, Mr. Fletcher, and see us in our grassy aspect.—Edgefield Advertiser.

An exchange tells a pleasing tale of two crippled soldiers of the late war, one a Confederate and the other a Federal, who have fallen together in New York, and formed a partnership for running a hand organ.—"These crippled soldiers," says a Northern newspaper, "could not probably give the word statesmanship, but they show a spirit of reconciliation, and a willingness to make the best of the present, which no professional statesman might study a candidate to their own credit and the infinitesimal advantage of the country."

I do not merely admire you as the most beautiful object of ere I have seen, but I reverence them as the redeeming glories of humanity, the sanctuaries of the virtues, the antepasts and pledges of the perfect qualities of the head and heart combined with external and attractive beauty, by their union, almost exalt the man into the angelic character.—Times.

A skeptic who was trying to confuse a christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked if it could be that we were in the Spirit, and the Spirit in us, received the reply: "O! dar I put it in de fire till it gets red hot—say de poker is in de fire, and de fire is in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

"You have played the lute with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady who was his partner in a social gain of what at an evening party. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was because you played the knave."

We noticed, the other day, in a puff of a country grocer, that he was spoken of as "one of the old war-horses of the trade."—We suppose that means that he is a heavy charger.

A Missouri railroad conductor got "robbed" of \$13,000 a few months ago, and is now building a \$10,000 residence.

It is thought that Victor Hugo's forthcoming poem, "Satan" will be a devilish good thing.

Domestic Goods,
CONSISTING OF Brown and Bleached Sheet-Stripes, Blue Denims, Cottonades, Tickings.—All of which we are offering at greatly reduced prices to cash buyers.
SPARKS & COLTON.

Old Papers for Sale.
ENQUIRE at this office.

RICE & RAWLS
HAVE JUST OPENED
A splendid assortment of Summer
Prints & Muslins,
PLAIDS AND GINGHAMS,
Men's and Boys' Clothing.
For Summer Wear,
Ladies' Misses' and Children's
SHOES,
Men's and Boys'
Boots and Shoes.
ALSO
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Hardware, SADDLES, BRIDLES, LEATHER, &c
Crookery, Glass-ware, Groceries, Wooden-ware, Bed Steads.

Drugs and Medicines.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
April 4 14
LEFFEL'S DOUBLE
TURBINE WATER WHEEL.
THE BEST NOW IN USE.
HAVING accepted the Agency of Leffel's Turbine Water Wheel, manufactured by Paul & Hunt, of Baltimore, Maryland, I will examine any Water Power, and give any information necessary. I will also furnish Circulars, describing the action, power and adaptability of this wheel, on application. I have been putting up Machinery and Water Wheels for nearly twenty years, and find Leffel's Turbine Wheel far superior to any I have yet seen, on the reaction principle. This wheel can be put up under all heads, from 3 to 40 feet. Address:
T. M. WHITESIDES,
Union C. H., S. C.
Jan 1, 1873

State of South Carolina.
COLUMBIA, APRIL 24th, 1873.
The "Union Times" is hereby designated as the newspaper for the publication of all Legal Notices and Official Advertisements for the County of Union, under the Act of February 22, 1870 entitled "An Act to regulate the publication of all Legal and Public Notices," and the order heretofore issued designating the "Charleston News-Courier" as the Official Paper for the County of Union is hereby rescinded.
By order of the Board,
H. E. HAYNE,
Secretary of State and Sec'y of the Board.
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
OFFICE SECRETARY OF STATE,
I, Henry E. Hayne, Secretary of State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original on file in this office.
H. E. HAYNE,
Secretary of State.
May 2 18 73

The Union Exchange,
BY
T. W. McBRIDE,
UNION C. H., S. C.
HAVING leased and fitted up in the finest city style, the large building formerly occupied by Mr. Thos. McNALLY, opposite the Union Times Office, I respectfully invite all visitors and travellers to this place to give me a call. I will ensure them the best of attention.
Good Beds and Good Board.
My table is furnished with all the substantial and luxuries of the season, well cooked and served up.
THE BAR
Is always supplied with the choicest brands of Wines, Brandies, Whiskeys, Porter, Ale, &c.
Oysters and Fish
Always kept, in their season, and cooked in all styles, at the shortest notice. I have secured the assistance of Messrs. H. J. Thompson and Mun. Fant, to superintend the establishment, who will always be found ready to attend to the wants of customers. Call and try us.
Jan 31 5 73

ATTENTION DEBTORS!
I HEREBY notify all persons indebted to me by Note or Account that they must call and settle the same by the first of January, or costs of suit will be added. After the first day of January all Notes and Accounts not paid to me by that time, will be turned over to R. Munro & Son for collection.
This is no idle threat, but a fixed determination on my part.
THOS. McNALLY,
Dec 20 50 73

GOLDSMITH & KIND,
FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,
(PHENIX IRON WORKS)
COLUMBIA, S. C.
MANUFACTURERS OF Steam Engines, of all sizes; Horse Powers, Circular and Muley Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist and Sugar Cane Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Cast Iron Railings of every sort, including grave yards, residences, &c. Agricultural Implements Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c.

THE "SILVER TONGUE" Organs.
MANUFACTURED BY
E. P. NEEDHAM & CO.,
143, 145 and 147, East 23d St., New York.
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
Responsible parties applying for agencies in sections still unoccupied, will receive prompt attention and liberal inducements. Parties residing at a distance from our authorized agents may order from our factory. Send for illustrated price list.
Dec 27 51 73

Positive Notice.
NO PAPERS left in my office to be recorded with the Recording Fee.
CHAS. BOLT,
Clerk of Court.
Feb. 7 6 73

DISCOUNT.
The firm of Porter & Steele was this day dissolved by Mutual Consent.
Their entire stock of goods will be sold at cost for cash.
All persons indebted to the firm will please call and make payment at once.
PORTER & STEELE.
March 28 18 73

NEW JEWELRY.
USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.
HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK WITH A COMPLETE AND SELECT STOCK of the finest
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Wedding Rings, Gold Pens, Watch Chains, Bracelets, &c.,
and every other article usually found in a well assorted JEWELRY STORE, I respectfully invite the citizens of Union and the surrounding Counties to call and examine for themselves.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired at the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner, at very reasonable rates for CASH.
Oct. 25 42 73

A. B. MULLIGAN,
COTTON FACTOR,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
I do strictly a commission business; never buy cotton on my own account; am always prepared to make liberal advances on cotton.
Oct. 4, 1872 20 73

MARBLE WORKS,
UNION C. H., S. C.
HAVING just returned to Union, I am now ready to execute, in the shortest time and best styles, all kinds of work entrusted to me.
Italian and American Monuments, Headstones, &c.,
FROM ORIGINAL AND SELECTED DESIGNS.
Iron Railings, suitable for enclosing Lots, Graves, &c., &c., furnished at Philadelphia prices, with freight added.
WM. A. NICHOLSON.
Oct. 25 42 73

GREENVILLE AND COLUMBIA R. R.
COLUMBIA, S. C., March 1, 1872.
ON and after this date, the following schedule will be run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with Night Trains on South Carolina Railroad, up and down; also with Trains going North and South on Charlotte Columbia and Augusta Rail Road:
UP.
Leave Columbia at 7.15 a.m.
" Alston " 9.05 a.m.
" Newberry " 10.40 a.m.
" Cokesbury " 2.00 p.m.
" Belton " 3.50 p.m.
Arrive at Greenville 5.30 p.m.
DOWN.
Leave Greenville at 7.30 a.m.
" Belton " 9.03 a.m.
" Cokesbury " 11.15 a.m.
" Newberry " 2.30 p.m.
" Alston " 4.20 p.m.
Arrive at Columbia 6.00 p.m.
THOS. DODAMEAD, General Sup.
M. T. BARTLETT, General Ticket Agent.

ALSTON HOTEL
BY
MRS. ELKIN.
THIS Hotel has been rebuilt, and is the regular Dinner House for the Down Train of the G. & C. R. R.
The table is furnished with substantial and luxury, while cleanliness and attention to visitors makes it one of the most desirable Dinner Houses in the South.
April 19 15 73

200,000 SHINGLES FOR SALE.
THE subscriber has on hand at Peak Station, near Alston, S. C., on the Greenville and Columbia R. R., two hundred thousand No 1 Shaved Shingles, in packages of five hundred each, which he offers very low. He is constantly receiving similar lots. Orders will be promptly attended to. Price \$4.50 per thousand. No charge for loading. Terms Cash.
P. H. DOMINICK,
Address Alston, S. C.
Feb 21 8 73

Positive Notice.
NO PAPERS left in my office to be recorded with the Recording Fee.
CHAS. BOLT,
Clerk of Court.
Feb. 7 6 73