

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

I'm thinking of a day like this
Just fifty years ago,
It was the proudest of our lives
At least I deemed it so;
For Ellen, 'twas our wedding-day,
And you were sweet sixteen,
And in my heart you reigned as now,
It's loving, gentle queen.

Our home was but a humble one,
Its comforts then were few,
But still we always kept the hope
Of better things in view.
We worked together, you and I,
'Till many years had passed;
Our careful savings day by day
Grew quite a sum at last.

And in those years the darling babes
We called our little three,
Like sunbeams came to cheer our home
And comfort you and me.
We had trials to be sure;
And many a bitter grief,
But in each other's sympathy
We always find relief.

Your locks are sprinkled o'er with grey,
And mine are white as snow;
We both have lost the youthful bloom
Of fifty years ago.
And yet the same devoted love
Unites us heart to heart;
Its links the hand of truth has bound,
And only death can part.

Our Golden Wedding, fifty years!
Why, Ellen, can it be
Our children's children in a group
On yonder lawn I see?
Well, well, though we are growing old,
We'll not be grave but gay;
Come, join our friends who hail with us
Our Golden Wedding Day.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.—A traveler just from the South reports the following: On one of the Southern railroads there is a station called 'Sayer.' Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lip, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

'Sayer! Sayer!' 'What's that?' responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman.

'Sawyer! Sawyer!' 'Well, I don't care if you did, she's my wife.'—Merchant Traveler.

AN EDITOR INSULTED.—Editors have to put up with all manner of taunts and insults. Not so long ago, at a social gathering, an Austin lady said to a young man who is connected with a local paper:

'You ought to belong to a church choir.'

'But I can't sing. What put the idea of my belonging to a church choir into your head?'

'Oh, nothing, except that I was reading the other day that a San Francisco church proposes to introduce harp music into the choir, and there is not much difference, you know, between a harp and a lyre, so I thought I'd just make the suggestion.'—Siftings.

'—There, Tommy, this is the second time you have forgotten the lard!' 'Indeed mother it was so greasy that it slipped off of my mind!'

—The accused was the wife of the complainant and the charge was that she had struck him across the nose with a chunk of wood.

Magistrate to prisoner—'Did you have any quarrel with your husband?'

Prisoner—'No, your honor.'
Magistrate—'Did he ever scold or abuse you?'

Prisoner—'No, your honor.'
Magistrate—'Why, then, did you commit this assault upon him?'

Prisoner—'Because I heard the doctor say he ought to be bled.'

—An Omaha preacher is the last pulpit pounder to try to put a stop to Sunday night courting. That preacher would meet with great success by fighting a cyclone with a snow shovel. This Sunday night courting business is as sure to come as death and the tax collector. It is an old established industry which has been going on since the beginning of time and is sure to continue to the end. It is about the only industry that don't ask for a protective tariff, as the more foreign competition it has, the better it thrives.

President Webb, of Mississippi College, was interviewed by a young man who wanted to go to school. 'Well,' said the President, 'what do you know?' 'Nothing,' was responded. 'Well, you are just four years ahead of some of the students. It takes them four years to learn what you know to start with. Your prospects are fine, sir.'

'George, dear,' said a sweet young wife, to her husband, 'I've had a talk with the servants and have agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—rent was so high and the price of meat and butter had risen to such a price, and evrything—I thought this was reasonable, because I've so often heard you complain of the same thing.'

—The oldest lady guardian of the poor in London declares that women is more economical than men. But as she says that men are more inclined to spend money than women because they have more, she admits that the greater economy of women is from compulsion, not principle.

—The trial of Thomas L. Shield, for the murder of Joseph G. Sit'on has been transferred from Charlotte to Statesville. It is said that Shields looks broken down. His long confinement in jail has bleached his face and his eyes have a staring, glassy appearance. There are many who predict that he will not be able to stand many more months in jail.

—It is stated that in an average life of fifty years a man works 6,000 days and sleeps as many more, eats 3,000, walks 800, and spends the rest of the half century in amusing himself.—N. Y. Tribune.

—A Louisville paper heads an article "An Editor in Church." It is rather odd that a Kentucky editor should have mistaken a church for a saloon.

DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF W. M.

Hagood & Co., is this day dissolved by Mutual consent.

All parties indebted are respectfully begged to come forward as soon as possible and pay their Notes and Accounts to W. M. Hagood, as money is badly needed.

W. M. HAGOOD,

P. McD. ALEXANDER.

COPARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have entered into partnership for the purpose of conducting the Mercantile business at Easley under name and style of W. M. Hagood & Co., and respectfully ask the patronage of the public.

W. M. HAGOOD,

J. McD. BRUCE,

W. W. ROBINSON.
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Feb 8--8m