

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**25 FANCY CARDS,** 15 styles with name, 10cts post paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

#### TRIFLING

With a Cold is Always Dangerous. USE

**WELLS' Carbolic Tablets,**

a sure remedy for Coughs, Croup, All Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Chest and Mucous Membranes.

PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.

Sold by all Druggists. C. N. CRISTOFORI, 78 1/2 Ave. N. Y.

**\$200** a month. AGENTS WANTED. **THE STORY OF THE CHATELAIN'S ROSS.** A full account of this great mystery written by his father, beats Robinson Crusoe in thrilling interest. The Illustrated HAND-BOOK to all religions, a complete account of all denominations and sects. 300 Illustrations. Also the latest medical guide, by Dr. Parson's. 100 Illustrations. These books sell at sight. Male and female agents coin money on them. Particulars free. Copies by mail \$2 each. JAMES E. POTTER & Co. Philadelphia.

### A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS

We want 50 more first-class Sewing Machine Agents, and 500 men of energy and ability to learn the business of selling Sewing Machines. Compensation liberal, but varying according to ability, character and qualifications of the Agent. For particulars, Address

**Wilson Sewing Machine Co.**

—CHICAGO.

827 & 829 Broadway, New York, or New Orleans, La.

### A HOME AND FARM OF YOUR OWN.

On the line of the great railroad with good markets both East and West.

Now is the Time to Secure It. Mild Climate, Fertile Soil, best Country for Stock Raising in the United States.

Books, Maps, full information also, send for "THE PIONEER"

Sent free to all parts of the world. Address, **O. F. Davis**, Land Com. U. S. P. R. R. OMAHA, NEB.

Wonderful Success! 25,000

### CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

Sold in 60 days. It being the only complete low price work (77 pages) only \$2.50. The thing of the century—grand buildings, wonderful exhibits, scientific, great days, etc. Illustrated and so cheaper than any other ever had. Want it. One new agent cleared \$500 in 4 weeks. 3,000 agents wanted. Send quick for proof of above, opinions of officials, clergy, and press, sample pages, full description, and other extra terms. J. H. HARRIS, Bro., 733 Sanson St., Phil., Pa. Caution. Beware of all cheaply claimed official and worthless books. Send for proof.

# BIG

**EST** Million Gold Jewelry combination out. Consisting of elegant watch, chain, ladies' brooch and earrings, pair elegant gold stone sleeve buttons, set spiral studs, collar button, heavy plain wedding ring and gent's Parisian diamond pin. The above articles sent, post-paid, for 50 cts, have been retailed for \$6. Bankrupt stock and must be sold. Sold at Million Gold Watches, \$10 each, for a speculative purposes, good times, equal in value to a \$2000 genuine gold. This reputation for honesty, fair dealing and liberality is unequalled by any advertiser in this city. —New York Day Book, Dec. 15, 1876. Postage stamps in cash. F. STOCKMAN, 27 Bond St., N. Y.

### J. CLENDINING,

Boot and Shoe Manufacturer.

WINNSBORO, S. C.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Winnsboro that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Manufactory to one door below Mr. C. Muller's. I am prepared to manufacture all styles of work in a substantial and workmanlike manner, out of the very best materials, and at prices fully as low as the same goods can be manufactured for at the North or elsewhere. I keep constantly on hand a good Stock of Sole and Upper Leather, Shoe Findings, etc., which will be sold at reasonable prices. Repairing promptly attended to. Terms strictly Cash. Dried Hides bought. oct 12

### FINAL DISCHARGE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all singular the creditors of Thomas Stitts deceased, that application will be made to the Judge of Probate for Fairfield County, in Winnsboro at 10 o'clock in the forenoon on the 7th of March next for a final discharge and letters, dispositive. All persons concerned must show cause, if any, on or before that day. JAMES L. MARTIN, J. HOW SATTER.

### IMPORTANT

**GRAPPLERS**

**AGRICULTURISTS!**

**Emperor William Cabbage.**

The best, largest, hardiest and most profitable variety of winter cabbage known in Europe, and imported to this country exclusively by the undersigned, where, with little cultivation, it flourishes astonishingly, attaining an enormous size, and selling in the market at prices most gratifying to the producer. In transplanting great care should be used to give sufficient space for growth. Solid heads the size of the mouth of a flour barrel is the average run of this cabbage. One package of 50 cabbages sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents and one cent postage stamp. Three packages to one address \$1.00 and two cent stamps. Twelve packages sent on receipt of \$3.00.

Read what a well known Garrett Co. Maryland says of the Emperor William Cabbage:

Bloomington, Garrett Co., Md., Jan. 22, 1877. Mr. James Campbell, 60 Fulton St. N. Y. Dear Sir:—I bought some seed from you last spring, and it was good. Your Emperor William Cabbage suits this climate well. On a mountain side the seed you sent me produced Cabbages weighing thirty pounds each. Very truly yours, JAMES BROWN.

Local Sole Agent in the U. S. for the famous

### Maidstone Onion Seed

from Maidstone, Kent Co., England, producing the most productive and most profitable and finest flavored Onions known and yielding 80 bushels from 800 to 1000 bushels per acre, sown in drills. Mr. Henry Colvin, a large market gardener at Syracuse, N. Y., writes, "Your English Onion Seed surprised me by its large yield, and the delicious flavor of the fruit. I could have sold any quantity in this market at good prices. My wife says she will have no other onions for the table in future." Send me as much as you can for the enclosed \$5.00.

One package of seed sent on receipt of 50 cents and one cent postage stamp, two packages to one address \$1.00 and one cent postage stamp. Twelve packages sent on receipt of \$3.00. My supply is limited. Parties desiring to secure either of the above rare seeds, should not delay their orders. All seed warranted fresh and to germinate. Cash must accompany all orders. For either of the above seeds, address JAMES CAMPBELL, mar 1-16m 66 Fulton St., N. Y.



### WHITNEY SEWING MACHINES

The following specific points of superiority:  
1—Great Simplicity in Construction.  
2—Durability.  
3—Exceedingly Light Running.  
4—Still Running Noiseless.  
5—Performs all Varieties of Work.  
6—Beauty of Finish and Workmanship.  
7—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Single Machines sent on orders direct from the Factory, written guarantee with each Machine.

### WHY PAY OLD PRICES!

Send for circulars and particulars. Address, **The Whitney Mfg. Co.,** Paterson, N. J. feb 17

### R. J. McCarley

BEGS to call attention to his new Stock of Boots and Shoes, all sizes and styles, at unprecedentedly low prices.

ALSO, An entirely new Stock of Groceries, Sugar of all grades, Coffee, Rice, Hominy, Meal, Soap, Starchy Soda, Pepper, Tea, etc. Fine Seed Fish Potatoes. Choice Brands of Flour. Best Corn and Rye Whiskey in town. Tobacco and Cigars, Molasses, Lard, Bacon, Ham, &c. Lowest market prices for cash. mar 3

### WRAPPING PAPER.

RETAILERS are requested to compare our prices for Paper and Paper Bags with those paid elsewhere. JAMES CAMPBELL.

### LE COCHON FIDELE.

A STORY OF THE QUARTIER LATIN.

No Animal is more unjustly treated Than the Pig.

Barns wrote lines to a butterfly on a lady's bonnet in church. (It wasn't a butterfly, but no matter; this is intended for family reading.) Gray achieved a dirge on a favorite cat drowned in a tub of gold fishes and Coleridge soared "to elegize an ass," but who has ever made a hero of a pig? Even Virgil does not spare him a hexameter in his third Georgic.

The pig has been accounted unclean because of mental obliquity or prejudice. That the pig is not squeamish in his tastes, must be allowed. He will eat anything, but so will other numbers of the animal creation. Ducks are not fastidious. They have been seen to make an aldermanic feast from the offal rejected by the pig. Yet the duck is not accounted unclean, and Hans Christian Andersen has devoted a charming story to the adventures of an ugly duckling. But who ever made a hero of an ugly pigling? It is not contended that all pigs are naturally gentle and self-denying. Some are born with vices. On the 4th of June, 1094, a pig was hanged on a gibbet, near Lucin, for devouring the child of a cowherd. But, then, consider the number of cowherds who have regaled on rashers of bacon in their time. Again, on the 10th of January, 1457, a sow and her six sucklings were indicted for homicide on the person of one Johan Lemant, of Savigny, when the former was found guilty without extenuating circumstances, which showed the animus of the jury, and sentenced to be hanged by the hind legs from the branch of a tree. The youngsters were left off, there being no positive proof connecting them with the crime, though there was strong circumstantial evidence, their claps being sprinkled with a froth of warm gore. But these were exceptional pigs, and we are no more warranted in condemning the porcine race as murderers because of these isolated occurrences than we should be in denouncing English working men as brutal because some of them renege with their wives, when their dinner is not to their liking, with the heels of their clogs.

But our ordinary pig is amiable, an indefatigable hunter after food when he is hungry (and when is he not?) and a passionate lover of the dice far niente. All he asks is to be let alone, but men refuse this negative favor. Mischievous boys pelt him in the ribs. Malicious teamsters crack their whip lash over his rounded back, active pound masters arrest him on the Queen's highway, and pound him, and even his owner slits his ears and inserts a ring in his nostrils. He is the object of general persecution, and we would scarcely recognize in him any connection with the piggies so touchingly alluded to in the familiar household story—

"This little pig went to market; This little pig stopped at home; This little pig got bread and butter; And this little pig got none! This little pig cried, 'Week! week! week!' Help me over the barn door."

The pig, although universally contemned, is endowed sometimes with exquisite sensibility, in proof of which I will relate a story which came to my knowledge in Paris. I am careless whether the story is credited or not by the mob; some folks are as sceptical as the Tichborne twelve, and will not believe in the sea-serpent, or the enormous gooseberry that grows every autumn; but the story is true nevertheless.

Well, this pig of which I write was an inhabitant of the Quartier Latin—that mirthful, happy rendezvous of wild, buoyant, improvident studentship, affluent in spirits, but limp of purse.

In one of the narrowest, crookedest, darkest lanes of the network of streets at the back of what is now the Boulevard St. Michel, as one crossed diagonally from the Sorbonne to the Pantheon, stood a small tavern which will be known by men of the present generation as *Le Cochon Fidele*, "The Faithful Pig." Here flocked the Bohemians who lived by the edge of honor and the Morgue, and pen-and-ink photographs of duels and suicides with equal glee: the rapin, tall-hatted, long-haired, and cunning in pipes, who paid his shot by scratching caricature; the medical student of fifteen years' standing, whose only

books were woman's looks; his listless brother of the law, who had pawned his "Code Napoleon" long since, and had his hair cut a la Robespierre on tick; dreamy ideologists, skilled billiard-players; and here, her last asylum, had come the ultimate specimen of that extinct race, the Lisette of Beranger.

At the *Cochon Fidele* the gayest parties for caucusing at Asnieres and picnicking at Robinson's Oak were made up, and from its portals twice a week a merry band sallied arm-in-arm to enjoy a saucy revel in the *salois* of Pere Bullier. It was a sporting place when I knew it; there was no dullness there, respectability. We cracked jokes always; sometimes cracked bottles—when we had the money; seldom cracked heads, for we were all firm friends, a joyous sodality. The ceiling and walls of the diminutive tavern were eloquent with grotesque sketches in charcoal, distemper, and oil; the portraits of the principal clients of the house were there in side-splitting distortion, but still recognizable; over an inner door was the most bizarre of representations of a *levee* of pig-headed courtiers; a panel opposite glowed with lifelike portraits, in an oval cluster, of literary worthies worshipped by Young Franco Dumas, de Musset, Murger, Georges Sand, Gautier, Janin, Gerard de Nerval, Beranger and Hugo, of course, for *Le Cochon Fidele* was nothing if not realistic.

Partly Courbet, with his pleasant face, ruddy as Burgundian wine, came sometimes to smoke an ancient cutty, and Oham and Gill, and others who have since worn renown; and some of the wild daubs around that mocked us were their handiwork. The laugh of Henri Monnier was familiar with the echoes of the strained roof-tree, and Charles Baudelaire had often strolled into *Le Cochon Fidele* to borrow a veal of foalcap from a more fortunate brother. Even some *dix majores* enthroned in the oval cluster had haunted the tavern in these days. At yonder deal table, where Jules and Lotte are playing dominoes for a lump of sugar, mused Alfred de Musset; and in that nook by the easement Henri Murger outlined with a stumpy pencil the "Vie de Boheme," heedless of the cup of black coffee that grew cold. There was a tradition that the *petit bonhomme*, Adolphe Thiers, had run up a score of three francs (seventy-five cents) there when he was *dans la decche* (as all of us who are worth our salt are one time or other.)

But the tradition on which the company prided itself most was that which gave its name to the hostelry. Recall the pig of the Latin Quarter which I have mentioned—a catless, happy-go-lucky grunter. He seemed to have drunk in the free-and-easy spirit of the schools with the atmosphere he breathed. Could he sing he would have been a troubador. As it was, he was the student's pig, and rubbed his snout against the knees of every roysterer, who passed, with the same love that the soldier's dog showed for a red-coat, and the fireman's dog for the Salvage Corps. He roved about the Quartier in the morning, a chartered libertine, and nobody molested him; but invariably, with the regularity of clockwork, he sat down, as noontide approached, on his haunches opposite the window of the Bohemian tavern, which was then called *Le Cochon d'Inde*—"The Guinea Pig." The students never failed to hand him out a platter of slops and to pat his sleek head; but when the platter was licked clean, he did not stir. There he sat, in the same position, motionless, as if he were out in stone, with his gaze wistfully fixed on the *dame du comptoir*. She was a bonnie buxom damsel, with laughing grey eyes, and cherry cheeks, and hair that fell on her plump shoulders like thick skeins of soft shinning, golden silk. Not till the shutters were put up could that pig be induced to quit his ground; and then, with drooping ears and tail, he reluctantly crept off. But how cheerfully he trotted up next morning before midday, by which hour Titine had taken her seat behind the counter of zinc, and was humming a *chansonnette*, while she showered sprightly banter on the customers, and deftly passed the crochet-hooks through the capeline on which she was everlastingly engaged.

One noontide Titine was not in her accustomed place; but the pig was in his. Long and earnestly he looked; at last he boldly entered and put his fore feet on the counter, knocking over a glass of absinthe, and the female, who was Titine's substitute—a vixen, she—beat him

about the head with a crumb-brush, and angrily shouted, "*Pas de cochonnerie!*" The pig slunk back, mortified at the rebuff, and staggering to the old spot at the other side of the lane, sprawled at full length on the hard pavement. When night fell he sorrowfully departed. Next day he re-appeared, but Titine did not. He did not dare to enter—the vixen was there; but he sank heavily down, groaned and whined in the most piteous human manner, and big beady tear-drops gushed from his eyes. The students contributed the customary platter, but he refused his food. Youth is proverbially careless, and with a "*Sacra-cochon!*" the sufferer was dismissed.

For ten days this scene was repeated. Titine was sick in the Hospital of the Pitié, and then she returned, paler than when she left, but still the same bright, joyous Titine. The pig came down as usual, stopping feebly and wearing a dejected air, for the poor fellow had lost at least fifty-four kilogrammes; his ribs were all spare ribs, and the flesh hung on his sides in great idle collops. Suddenly he saw her; his eyes lit, his nostrils distended, his whole frame quivered with emotion, and he gave one exultant grunt that echoed through the neighborhood. An Anglo-Indian in the Rue St. Jacques thought it was the trumpeting of an elephant. Titine, who was receiving congratulations, turned around at the noise, murmured, "*C'est ocher cochon!*" and tickle his ear with her soft hand. The pig was an altered pig from that day. He ravenously fell upon half a dozen consecutive platters of slops, and visibly—almost miraculously—improved in appearance. He was himself again.

Next morning he trotted up brisk and blithe as ever. But no Titine was there. What was the meaning of this? There was a holiday group at the threshold, and by-and-by Titine came out arrayed in virginal lace, white gloves on her hands, and a wreath of orange blossoms on her hair, which gleamed through the folds of a gossamer veil. Ah! then the pig knew what was meant. The wedding party hid it to the adjoining church at St. Etienne du Mont; the pig never made a complaint, but followed it to the Place du Pantheon, and deliberately putting himself in the way of an omnibus, was run over and killed.

That double event was known all over the Quartier before night, and the students determined that in future "The Guinea Pig" should be known as "The Faithful Pig." This is believed to be the first instance on record of a pig having committed suicide through disappointed affection. May it be the last.—J. A. O'Shea, in the *San Francisco Mail*.

LOST HIS DAMAGES.—Soon after dinner Thursday a citizen of Third street entered a lawyer's office and began:

"My wife has been bitten by a dog."

"Good!" replied the lawyer. "You must claim damages in the sum of \$500."

"Yes; she was bitten three times by the brute," continued the husband, "and of course I want damages."

"Well, now, you go home and tell your wife to go to bed and stay there for at least a week. Have her groan and take on, and suffer great pain and distress, and call in the neighbors to witness her sufferings. We'll just make the man who owns that dog get up and howl."

The man left in a joyful frame of mind, and yesterday he came back, looking sorrowful.

"No use trying," sadly said he, shaking his head. "My wife waited just long enough to find out that the wasn't mad, and then she started out to make twenty-two calls this afternoon, and I guess we haven't got a case."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MISTOOK HIS CALLING.—A young Bridgeport dry goods clerk out of a job got a situation in a meat market. The other morning, he stood thinking dreamily about his girl, when a lady entered and said, "Are these steaks good?" "Splendid, mum, wear your like India rubber. Nothing slessy about our goods, mum; last you a long time. In fact, you can't make any impression." The recommendation of the absent-minded young man, who had got his two callings mixed in his abstraction, was out shortly by the hasty departure of the customer, who was not in the boarding house business, and therefore didn't require so much glibness in her steaks.—*Bridgeport Standard*.