NO. 10.

The Old-Fashioned House. Of all the tender and comfortable things That now and then sweet memory brings, There's nothing dearer that love recalls Than the old-fashioned house with its white

Not a mansion to-day, though a marvel of Can ever usurp its place in my heart, For there my earliest prayers were said, And I slept at night in a trundle-bed.

'Neath coverlids reaching from feet to chin, By a mother's hand tucked gently in, And a good-night kiss on my tired brow— O, Earth holds no such blessing now!

The garden was fragrant in flower-beds Where marigolds lifted their velvet heads, And warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew The bachelor-button and touch-me-not grew

In the river, that curved like ashepherd' crook, We fished for minnows with bent pin-hook, Or with little bare feet oft waded through, And bravely paddled our own cance.

'Twas a home of welcome no one could doubt, Whose latch-string hung invitingly out, And many a stranger supped at its board While blazing logs in the chimney reared.

O, this is an age of reform and change, And things esthetic, modern, and strange— Improvements that savor of silver and gold-Are supersoding the cherished and old.

But I turn from palace built for show, With Mansard roof, and stories below Of frescoed, calcimined, dadoed halls, To the old-fashioned house with its white-

-Boston Budget.

A YANKEE SCHOOL TEACH-ER IN UTAH.

Lehigh is a little town a few miles south of Salt Lake City. I reached it said "Put her out! Put her out!" lateone cold Friday afternoon in Destanding near if he would direct me to "Hotel! There ain't no hotel in this

"Where do people go who want to stop in Lehigh over night?"
"They go to the Bishop's house over there."

The Bishop's house! A Mormon Bishop, and I a Yankee school teacher sent out as a missionary from the Episcopal church! But there was no help for it, as I must have shelter for the night; so I crossed the road and knocked boldly at the door. It was opened by the Bishop's wife, a tall, thin, careworn woman, who eyed me

'Can I stay here all night?" I asked: "I have just come to Lehigh on the

"Who be you?" I told her my name, and added that I had lived part of my life in Louisiana, that portion of our country being less obnoxious to these people than the Eastern States.

"Be you a Gentile?" she inquired, after another sharp look at me. "I am not a Jew, that's certain." I

"The Bishop don't low Gentiles in this town. They never set foot here. But you can come in if you want to." I was surprised at the end of her sentence, which bore no resemblance to

The room which I entered was small and poor, used for parlor, dining-room and general sitting-room. In the apart-

ment beyond I heard the click of a sewing-machine and the sound of girl's "What d'ye come to Lehigh or?" Mrs. Evans inquired, still eyeing me

with immense curiosity. "I came here to open a school," "A school! What sort of a school?"

"A school for all the boys and girls that want to come. Haven't you daughters that you would like to She ignored the last question and

faced me with her arms akimbo. "What be you going to charge?"

"Nothing! That's a queer way to keep a school. Guess you'll get tired of it soon enough."

A long pause followed, during which

she seemed to be studying me and growing more and more perplexed.
At last she shot at me this question:
"Be you a Presbyterian?"
"No."

"A Methody?"

She turned around abruptly and flung open the door of the next room, where I had heard the sewing machine.

"Girls, come out here. Here's a woman, an' she's young an' she's goin' to keep a school, an you can all go, an she ain't a Presbyterian or a It is impossible to express the vigor

of her tones as she announced these separate facts, each one seeming equally surprising to her.

The girls crowded around me-such a number of them! "Are all these your daughters?" I inquired, though I felt that it could

not be possible.
'Oh, no. They are Matilda's, and Jane's, and Loreny and Martha

"And who is Matilda, and Jare, and

Loreny and Martha Ann?"
"The Bishop's families," and she set her teeth hard and turned away from

I found afterward that no fist wife of a Mormon ever speaks of the other women who are "scaled" to ber husband as his wives." They are always "families."

I noticed a small organ in the back

room, standing opposite to the sewing

"Do you play?" I asked.
They all shook their heads rather sadly. I learned that the organ was to them a great and awful mystery. It had never been opened since it was brought into the house some menths before, taken by the Bishop in part payment of a debt. There was a man at the railroad station, they toldine, who could play an organ. Evidently they felt the greatest admiration for the man at the station.

In packing my trunk that norning, I had accidentally left out a litle sing-ing-book, and at the last mimte tucked ing-book, and at the last minute tucked it into my satchel. I was thankful that I had it within reach. Isat down to the organ and played and sang to them. As I went on from one piece to another, they grew mee openmouthed and wider-eyed.

"How many tunes do yo know?" one of them asked at last.

I laughed as I told them I knew a

good many.
"Never counted 'em?"

"No; I never counted them." The man at the station, they in formed me, only knew six. It was plain that my musical reputation was already far ahead of that acquired by the man at the station.

When I went to bed that night the Bishop had not returned. As I approached the dining-room the next morning I heard a gruff bass voice growling, with a jerk on each word, "Put her out! put her out!" I naturally supposed some sort of wild animal had entered the house, and hesitated an instant before opening the door. "A Gentile woman-all night-in this house! A Gentile woman! You put her out! Put her out!'

I opened the door then and walked into the little room. The Bishop stood in the middle of it, in a perfect fury. "Good morning, sir," I said, as

pleasantly as I could. "You're a Gentile woman!" he growled, in response to my salutation. "I laid out this town of Lehigh just thirty-four years ago, and you're the first Gentile woman who ever got into

"Well", I said, as I took a chair and seated myself comfortably, "that is quite an interesting circumstance. I'm sure I'm proud of the honor of being

the first. I appreciate it."
"You've got to go," he growled, in the same jerky tone in which he had

"Oh, no," I said; "I've come to stay. It is all the more necessary for cember, and when I alighted at the stay. It is all the more necessary for station asked a small boy who was me to stay if I am the only one, but I assure you, Bishop Evans, there are plenty more who will come after me.

He looked as if he were going to strike me. I have no doubt but that he would have done so if he had dared. But one's life is safe enough in Utah. The killing days have gone by, and the Me mons know it. They are afraid of out Government interfering when they shed blood. The Bishop simply glared with a ferocious look and hands, then strode out of the house, giving the door a terrific bang behind him. Mrs. Evans was nearly frightened out of her wits.

"There's a train from Lehigh at 11 o'clock," she began, when I interrupted her. "I didn't come to Lehigh at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon," I said, leave it on Saturday morning. I have come to stay, my dear madam, as I told your husband."

That day I attempted to find a boarding-place, the attempt consisting in walking from house to house, knocking at the door and asking for a room of some sort, not being particular as to size, location or furnishing. The doors were invariably slammed in my face. though in many cases the slamming said laughingly, "So I suppose I must process was preceded by the question, be a Gentile." enough to me, "Be you a Presby-terian?" That I was a Gentile seemed somehow obvious enough.

Not getting a boarding-house, I bought a house-a poor little affair of the beginning, and gladly accepted the rather equivocal invitation. four rooms—and, though Saturday afternoon was not a very favorable time ernoon was not a very favorable time for setting up housekeeping, I managed to get my trunks, boxes and some provisions into it, finding that hurried and unsatisfactory operation preferable to returning to the Bishop's house for the night, even if he had not carried into execution his threat to "put her out." Sunday morning brought divers of his "families" to visit me in my new

abode-Matilda, Jane, Loreny and Martha Ann all had their representatives under my roof.

"Can you sing us a tune out of your own head?" one of the girls asked.

I sang a few lines for her, then said:
"Wouldn't you like to get a lot of your young friends in Lehigh to come and have a good sing this afternoon? I have nightly of books in a his box said." plenty of books in a big box, and I'll teach you."

"All the young folks in Lehigh?" "Yes; just as many as you can get."
"Oh, my! They'll all come!"

I never mentioned the words Sunday school, but that is the way I began one, the first in all the thirty-four-years

in Lehigh.

My day-school grow slowly and through bitter opposition. I had furnished two of my little rooms with the appliances sent from the East, and enough wonder and curiosity was excited by them to keep some of the children in daily attendance.

But their greatest wonder was about my religion. They became convinced at last that I was not a Presbyterian, but what I was remained a mystery. One day a girl said to me in an insinuating manner: "Teacher, you ain't a Presbyterian or a Methody, and I can't think what you be. Don't folks have any religion where you come from?"

I answored; "Oh, yes, a very beautiful religion. I was writing some of it this morning on the blackboard," as indeed I had done, and I turned the board that she might read these words

"Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another; even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven

God was not an unknown word to the Mormon children, for they are taught that every Bishop becomes a god in reward for faithful service, and I was not surprised at the girl's next question: "Is your God a smarter man than Brigham Young?" They seemed profoundly impressed when I read to them that God made the mountains. "Brigham Young couldn't do that," was one of the comments. "Did your God make the mountains. God make the mountains round here, teacher? I shouldn't think He could make them if he lives way off in the States." One of the boys brought me several packages of books from the post office, and confidentially informed some of his playmates that "God was a real good friend of teacher's, and He lives in the States, and made all the mountains in the whole world, and

sent her books through the post office."
Though all the Mormon fathers and Though all the Mormon fathers and mothers were opposed to the school, and forbade the children attending, many of them came regularly, to my surprise. Upon questioning one of the girls, who every day brought her little sister with her, as to how she dared to do so, she answered: "Father hasn't furt me yet, and I know he won't meddle with little Rachel till he's

whipped me—and I'd rather have a beating than stay home from school." Bishop Evans threatened to disinherit one of his grandchildren if she persisted in going to the Gentile school. The message reached her in the street. She stood still for a moment, looking thoughtful, then with a sudden toss of the head she said: "You tell grandpa that he isn't very rich, and there's 155 grandchildren besides me, and I'd rather have an education than my share

of the property. One night the people turned out and stoned my house-1 had often won-dered why they didn't burn it down over my head. I certainly thought that they would demoiss it, but I lay perfectly still until after a while I could hear their speculations as to whether I was inside, and if so, how I could sleep through such a commotion. The next day one of my scholars said to me: "Didn't the stones wake you up, teacher?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "they made good deal of noise."

She gazed at me in astonishment. "Wasn't you-seared?" "Scared! No. I never thought of being seared."

"Why wasn't you?" "Because I was warm and comfortable in bed inside, and they were out in the cold and snow working hard, and I was pretty sure they would get

tired after a while."-Boston Tran-Young Navigators.

As I approached Manikuagon Point, opposite the red light-ship, warning vessels off that dangerous shoal, I saw a very small boat standing in from the open sea, so far off that it seemed as if it must have come upout of the sea. and did not appreciate the dangers about it. As we both approached the beach, I saw that it contained a man and two children-a bright-eved boy about eight years old and a girl about The man jumped from the bow into the surf, and pushed the boat off, while directing the little boy at the stern in a graff, sea-worn voice: "Heave away, lad: get your oar over to starboard, or she'll swing around. Now, Mary, shove her head over-nurry up! don't you see that heavy hurry up! don't you see that heavy swell? Hold hard! Now get her head about, quick as you can. That's it. Haul in your sheet." And at last those little mites were standing out to sea again, and settling themselves down in the stern-sheets as composed-

"Where on earth, sir, are your children going, alon, and on this stormy coast? Will you ever see them again?" they are used to a boat; they are taking some seals I have just brought in from the nets down to the next bay; it's only a few miles. We don't think much about such dangers; but we are perhaps a little too venturesome some-One of my friends on Anticosti sent his two boys to take the boat across the mouth of their bay for a load of hay. A squall came up so heavy that one boat could not beat into shelter, and they were carried out to sea. Nothing was ever seen of them afterward." Here he scanned the horizon, and looked after his own boat with a thoughtful expression. "But with this fair wind the children will soon reach home. We have another danger besides the weather: sharks are dangerous here; they some-times follow a boat for hours, and now and then they capsize her and take a man down. At least we suppose it must be done by the sharks. Last year, right out there, an Indian was after a seal; pretty soon we saw him stand up and fight something in the water with his paddie. In a minute his cance capsized and he went under.

When we got there all we found was his cance stove in amidships."
"But that seems more like the ac-

tion of the devil-fish."
"Well, yes, but we have never seen any devil-fish here, and there are plenof sharks." -C. H. Farnham, in Harper's Magazine for September.

The Flight of Humming-Birds.

The humming-birds are small (the largest species attaining to about the size of a swallow, the smallest not much larger than a bumble-bee) and of delicate structure. They are famed for their magnificent plumage, which almost always displays metallic tints. Their flight does not resemble that of any of our native birds, being maintained by rapid vibrations of the wings, which enables them to remain apparently motionless in one spot for a considerable time. Their passage from place to place is effected by a series of rapid darts, almost too swift for the eye to follow. Their flight might perhaps be best compared to that of a moth. Like these insects, the humming-birds hover for long over a flower, sipping the honey with their long, thin bill, and in other particulars also -in color and form, for examplehumming-birds and moths offer some remarkable parallels. Representatives of each may be found, to distinguish between which needs a close scrutiny, and which, when on the wing, might perplex the best observer. To all outward appearance the humming-birds are birds when at rest, insects when in motion. - Popular eSience Monthly for

Imagine a slenderly built man, about the medium height, weighing, possibly. 140 pounds, and who, although 88 years old, appears 60, but retains the erect a complexion naturally dark and tanned by the sun, with black, feverish eyes, black hair, and a thin mustache, so black that it seems dyed; clothed in a plain business suit that may have been picked up in any ready-made store, a standing collar, frayed at the corners, a black tie, a commonplace straw hat, and cheap shoes, staring, intensely black eyes, the most prominent feature of the thin, restless face, which looks promaturely aged, and yet displays a wonderful vitality in every glance This man will be Sam Jones, the great

THE WRONG MAN.

Working the Confidence Game on an Old New York Soldier. James Chit:enden is a well-to-do farmer of western New York, who

fought under Gen. Grant, and who came to the city to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of his old commander. Time has whitened the long hair which streams over his coat-collar. and long bending at the plow has intparted a stoop to his broad shoulders; but his face is ruddy with health, and his step as firm and springy as ever, while his arm is as strong and his glance as bright as when he first shouldered a musket. Many eyes were turned upon him as he sauntered sadly down Broadway on his way to the city hall yesterday afternoon in his travelstained linen duster, heedless of clamor of the passing crowds and the din of ear-bells and earriage-wheels. A sorrowful expression clouded the benevolent countenance of the veteran, and he was walking along slowly near Canal street, saddened by thoughts of days that were gone, when he was astonished by a cordial salutation from a slim, dudish youth, who suddenly smiled up at him and waved at him an am-

brosial hand gittering with rings: "Why, bless my soul, Mr. Smith," exclaimed this product of latter-day civilization in the most honeyed tones. "who ever would have thought of sec-ing you? This is indeed an unexpect-

ed pleasure."
Mr. Chittenden for a moment was taken aback. He surveyed the newcomer from the crown o. his white tile to the points of his dainty patent-leather shoes and saw at once that he was an entire stranger; but he loves a joke, and a twinkle showed in his clear gray eye as he replied with a quiet

"My name is not Smith; it's Brown." The dudish young man bowed his most fashionable bow and at once passed on, with profuse apologies for his mistake, and Mr. Chittenden again pursued his way. He had stopped laughing at his little adventure and had relapsed into his former train of meditation when he was a second time accosted by another apparition in a standing collar and cuffs, and a voice even more unctuous than the first, saiuted him as "Mr. Brown." Whether Mr. Chittenden's faith in human nature had been shaken by his first encounter, or whether his love of a joke again imbut he immediately seized the hand extended to him and shook it with cordial violence, uttering at the same time the warmeest greetings.

To a hound.

—The next term of Court for Edge-field county will convene on the second Monday in November. Judge Hudback of the hand. The hand became

"How do you find yourself, my dear-est friend? There, stand off so I can look at you," cried the exuberant farmer, emphasizing every word by tightening his grasp of the stranger's stranger's —Sarah Scoit ure is mine, sir, entirely mine. Only to think of it's being you! What, come to see the funeral? How considerate of you, ch?"

—Sarah Scott, a colored woman, died suddenly on a steamboat in Charleston as she was on her way to St. Helena Island.

—The good will

"Oh, yes, and—and all that sort of the Rock Hill Herald is offered for thing," replied the other, his smile a sale by Francis W. Williams, assignce little fainter and his tone a little less of J. M. Ivy & Co. cordial than at first. "Why, what an

Brown?"

"Aye, lad; cordiality runs in our family," rejoined the farmer, closing his fingers relentlessly and working his arm like the handle of a force-much; "a firm hand shows a warm toward to be beyond November 20. pump; "a firm hand shows a warm heart. Affectionate?" Well, I rockon None of your loose grips for Meet a friend as a friend, 1 say, I am. and don't be backward in showing

suffering with a sore hand, if you would acquitted. kindly-

"Don't mention it, sonny; don't old friend. Well, well, only to think that it's you. How-how-you've

growed!" "Yes, indeed, and that reminds me -I've an important engagement, and I see I have no time to lose, so if you'll just excuse me----

But Mr. Chittenden is not the man to part from old friends so hastily, and so he only jerked the arm of his new acquaintance the harder, renewing his expressions of delight. By this time the thing was getting serious. The would-be confidence man was capering with pain, and struggled in the vice-like grasp of the stalwart rustic like a lobster in the clutches of an octopus. His face and lips were colorless, and his brow streamed with cold perspiration. His eyes stood out like saucers. His collar broke loose, his hat fell off, and the light seemed to have faded out of his life. The agony depicted on his face was not lessened when he saw that a crowd was gathering; and the farmer released him only after a final

wrench which nearly tore the wily sharper's arm from its socket. "What, going already?" exclaimed Mr. Chittenden, who had never turned a hair and rather enjoyed the exercise. "Well, well, you needn't be in such a hurry," he continued, in a reproachful tone, as the confidence man picked himself up and darted around the corner out of sight of the approaching figure in the helmet and brass buttons. That's rather shabby treatment of an old friend like me-but he didn't seem so very glad to see me, after all," and Mr. Chittenden beamed benignly upon old, appears 60, but retains the creet figure and quick movements of youth; a complexion naturally dark and tanned World.

> Miss Belva Lock wood is not quite so ridiculous as campaign caricatures made her. She might be 40, or she might be 50. Her features are of the clear-cut Grecian, refined type; aquiline nose, straight forehead, overhanging a pair of sharp, penetrating eyes, a glance into which at once convinces one that the lady is endowed with more than ordinary brain power. Mantled over her forehead is a roll of handsome, wavy gray hair that adds much to her natural beauty of her face. There is nothing in her outward appearance or expression that would lead a casual observer to guess that she belonged to that much-ridiculed class of women de-nominated "strong-minded."

THE NEWS OF THE STATE.

Some of the Latest Sayings and Doings in South Carolina. -Daily freight trains are now run

on the Blue Ridge Railroad. -Chicken cholera prevails to a con siderable extent in York county. -O. T. Culbreath's life was insured for \$2,000 in favor of his children. -Greenville and Pelzer have been placed in telephonic communication. -The annual fair of the Piedmont

Fair Association is only two weeks off. -- The Newberry County Fair will be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th instant. -There were three deaths in Camden

colored. —New buildings are going up rapid-ly in Charleston and old ones being

during the month of September-all

tured bolls. -The residence of Mr. Jerome C.

Miller, of York, was burnt by an acci--Capt. II. F. Edwards, of Darlingon, was found dead in his bed on last

Friday morning. riday morning.

—Road-workers in some parts of ciate Reformed Presbyterian Church Abbeville county are excused on ac-

count of headache. -The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of South Carolina will meet at Lex-

ington on the 23rd inst. -A sturgeon weighing 100 pounds umped into a boat crossing Sand-Bar churches. Ferry and was captured.

road men on the 13th inst. -The State Baptist Convention will

meet at Newberry on Thursday before the third Sunday in November. -Robert L. Connor, son of Mr. L. D. Connor, of Cokesbury, was killed

in a railroad accident in Arkansas. -A protracted meeting at the Baptist church in Williamston has attracted much interest and worked great good. section of Edgefield county, claims to

-A young man of Abbeville county gave a cow and calf, a shotgun, a sow and seven pigs and six dollars in cash

-A wild turkey gobbler runs with a drove of tame turkeys in Orange-burg during the day, but at night goes

-The good will, material, etc., of

-The Associate Reformed Synod of affectionate fellow you are, Mr. the South was in session several days Office-Fleming's Corner, Northwest in Due West. The next session . will

> -Capt. H. F. Edwards, of Palmetto. his bed on the morning of the 30th ult.

He was perfectly well the night before. -William J. Cunningham was tried last week in the Lancaster Court for "Time does alter one, it's true. There, there, Mr. Brown; I have been Haile gold mine on May 12, last and

-W. G. Smith, of Anderson county, from one-sixteenth of an acre expects J. W. FERGUSON. GEO. F. YOUNG. mention it. Nothing like exercise to the pool blood circulating. I can never control myself at the sight of an would be worth \$25. -The farmers of Eastern Kershaw,

where the cholera has been killing out so many hogs recently, are thoroughly disgusted with hog raising and are anxious to sell out their entire stock.

-In Abbeville county, a few days ngo, a colored woman living several miles from the village, who has been somewhat notorious for her immoralities, was visited and whipped by the 'regulators." -The new Catholic church at Abbe-

ville will be dedicated on the fourth

Sunday in this mouth with appropriate ceremonies. Work on the new Methodist church in the same town is progressing rapidly. -The gin-house of McDaniel & Brooks, at Modoc, Edgefield county, was accidentally burned on the 26th ult., together with 25 bales of cotton

belonging to farmers in the vicinity Loss about \$2,000; no insurance. -It is said that Mr. O'Shields, a well known farmer in Spartanburg, has been warned to leave the county after he gathers his crop, the charge being that he warned the sheriff of the approach of the late lynching party.

-George D. Wadley, Superintendent of Construction of the Georgia Central Railroad System, will commence work on the Savannah Valley Railroad immediately, and expects to complete it inside of eleven months. -There are thirty-seven practising

physicians in Newberry county, one of whom is a colored man, Dr. Z. W. McMorris, who graduated in 1883 at Mcharry School of Medicine of the Central Tennessee College, Nashville. -There was a heavy freshet in Lynche's River, in the eastern part of Kershaw county, last week, caused by recent rains. The low lands were recent rains. The low lands were flooded and the damage to the corn and cotton planted along that stream

was very great. -The old Star Fort at Cambridge in Edgefield, the Advertiser says, still remains as a monument to the memory of those who shed their blood fo of those who shed their blood for liberty in the great war with our mother country. The trench which General Green had dug in trying to undermine the fort is still open, and the marks of the pick, made over a century ago, are distinctly seen. The trench is 200 yards long, 4 feet wide and 5 feet deep. A DESPERADO SHOT.

A Negro Lunatic Killed by a Constable in Summerville.

There was great excitement in Summerville, twenty miles from Charles-ton, on Monday the 28th inst. That morning, before day, Andrew Flower, colored, who had been in the State Lunatic Asylum, went through the village firing off his pistol and raising a disturbance. He assaulted his own wife and daughter. He then left his house and went out on the edge of the village and assaulted a widow woman and her daughter, who are white. They fled from the house. Constable Limestone, a son of Judge R. J. Limestone, went the next morning. He drew a revolver and Limestone shot Ar Belton him dead. The coroner hald an in- Ar Hodges quest at once. The verdict was "jus-tifiable homicide." After assaulting his own wife and daughter, he set fire oroved.

-M. A. Waldrop, of Greenville, exto his own house, and it was burned to the ground. He also fired the house SPARTANBURG, UNION AND COhibits a stalk of cotton with 143 mas of the widow and her daughter after three bolls. universal verdict of Charleston, where Flower is well known, is that he was Ly Alston suffering from delirium tremens, and Ar Union did not know what he was doing.

The annual session at Due West was largely attended, delegates from nearly every Southern State being present. A committee from the United Presbyterian Church in the North was present, and important steps were taken looking to a union of the two Ly Newberry

-Parkman and Holmes, two of the Ar —Spartanburg banquets the Green-wood, Laurens and Spartanburg Rail. have been arrested and lodged in fall at Edgefield. They will apply for bail. It is said that warrants for about twenty other persons suspected of being implicated in the murder will be taken out at an early day. Indignation meetings are being held in Ly Hodges various parts of the county. -The Columbia Record says that

City Hall and Opera-House building o -J. A. Attaway, of the Red Bank pay their rent in future to the commis- Ly Belton sion on account of taxes due the State Ar Anderson have discovered a coal deposit on his plantation.

by the city on the building. The city Ar Seneca City has disputed this claim of the State. Ar Walhalla Taxes have not been paid on the building for years. -Miss Cynthia Duckett, of Newber-

> sore and blood poisoning resulted, which caused death in a few days. THE LAURENS BAR.

JOHN C. HASKELL, Laurens, S. Columbia, S. C. HASKELL & DIAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. LAURENS C. II., S. C.

J. T. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, side of Public Square.

LAURENS C. H., S. C. J. C. GARLINGTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LAURENS C. H., S. C. Office over W. H. Garrett's Store. Laurens.

BENET & McGOWAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, LAURENS C. H., S. C. FERGUSON & YOUNG, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

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COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE R. R. PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after July 19th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as herewith indicated upon this Road and its branches: DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS. No. 53-Up Passenger.

S C Junction A 10 55 a m Ar Alston 11 55 a m Ar Newberry 12 58 p m Ar Ninety-Six D 2 14 p m Ar Hodges Ar Belton Ar Greenville No. 52-Down Passenger.

Ly Greenville 10 00 a m 12 34 p m Ar Ninety-Six 1 23 p m 3 08 p m At Newberry Ar Alston

> LUMBIA. No. 53-Up Passenger.

11 58 a m Ly Alston 1 59 p m Ar Spart'g, S U & C depot Ar Spart'g, R & D Dep B 3 27 p m No. 52-Down Passenger. Lv Spart'g R & D Dep H 12 05 p m Lv Spart'g S U & C Dep G 12 11 p m

Ar Union 4 05 p m Ar Alston LAURENS RAILROAD.

No. 3-Up Passenger. Ar Goldville Clinton 6 90 p m Ar Laurens

Ly Laurens 9 10 a m 12 00 m Ar Newberry ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

No. 4-Down Passenger.

Ar Abbeville Ly Abbeville 4 20 p m 11 25 a m the sinking fund commission has sery. Ar Hodges ed notice on the lessees of stores in the BLUE RIDGE AND ANDERSON

> 8 50 p 14 Ly Walhaila Ar Belton 11 02 p m Trains run solid between Columbia and Hendersonville. CONNECTIONS.

A Seneca with R. & D. R. R. for A. With Atlanta Coast Line and South Carolina Railway, from and to

harleston. With Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta from Wilmington and all points North. With Charlotte, Columbia and Au-

gusta from Charlottee and all points B. With Asheville and Spartanburg from and for points in Western North

C. Atlanta and Charlotte Division R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta and points South and West.
G. R. TALCOTT, Superintendent.
M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agt.
D. CARDWELL, A. G. Pass. Agt.

MAGNOLIA PASSENGER ROUTE. G. L. and S., A. and K., and P. R. and

A. Railways.

BLUE TIME-GOING SOUTH. Ly Woodruff *7 50 A m Ly Enorce 8 52 A IN Lv Laurens Lv High Point 9 32 a m 10 10 s m 10 34 a m 11 07 a m *11 35 a m Ly Coronaca Ar Greenwood Ly Greenwood 550 a m 2 0 p m 7 00 p m Ar Augusta 10 25 a m Ly Augusta *10 50 a m *10 00 P 10 7 00 a 10 Ar Atlanta •11 20 a 🙉 Ly Augusta

Ar Chalesston 6 00 p n 6 05 p n Ar Beaufort Ar Port Royal 6 20 p Ar Savannah Ar Jacksonville 6 15 a m

*8 50 p m Ly Jacksonville Ly Savannah 6 55 a m 7 00 a ma 7 85 a ma 7 47 a ma Ly Charleston Ly Port Royal Ly Beaufort Ar Augusta Ly Atlanta *8 20 p m 6 10 a m Ar Augusta Ly Augusta Ar Greenwood 7 00 p m 11 40 a ra Ly Greenwood Ar Coronaca Ar Waterloo 2 28 p m 3 01 p m Ar High Point

Ar Ora Ar Woodruff 5 45 p *Daily. Connections made at Greenwood to and from points on Columbia and Greenville Railroad.

E. T. CHARLTON, G. P. A. J. N. Bass, Supt., Augusta, Ga.

Dr. W. H. BALL

DENTIST.

LAURENS C. H., S. C. WHO WA CINCINN

TYPE * FOUNDRY

PRINTING MACHINE WORKS,

The type used on this paper was east by the

August 5, 1885.

GOING NORTH

Ar Laurens 4 03 p m 4 43 p 🛤

Tickets on sale at Laurens to all points at through rates. Baggage checked to destination.

OFFICE OVER WILKES' BOOK AND DRUG STORE. Office days-Mondays and Tucsdays.