

LOCAL ITEMS.

C. M. COMPTON & Co. have opened a branch-house on Main Street.

It is a cold day when ice-cream is left in the hands of the confectioner.

Begin the new year right by subscribing to THE ADVERTISER promptly.

It is definitely announced that the Tournament will take place on Christmas Day.

A polite way of dunning a delinquent subscriber is to send him a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

Hereafter, as often as our limited space will allow, we will endeavor to give full market reports.

Mr. WARREN SHELL will soon move into the house now occupied by Mr. Bissler.

Several young men of the Tumbling Shoals neighborhood left a few days ago for Ocala, Fla.

Married, on the 8th inst., at Gilmer, Texas, Mr. R. B. ADAMS, of that place, to Miss SUE E. HIX, formerly of Laurens.

We notice, that at the Centennial Fair in Charleston, Mr. R. H. YOUNG, of Laurens received first premium on Bread Corn over twenty-three entries.

An exchange says a woman is like an accordion. You can draw her out, but she "makes music" if you attempt to shut her up.

Our thanks are due Congressman PERRY for the Memorial Addresses on the life and character of Hon. Jos. H. EVANS, and other valuable public documents.

Rev. ARTHUR MILLARD, the distinguished lecturer who delivered a series of lectures some time ago, lectured on Thursday last at this place, on John Bunyan, which was highly appreciated.

L. & A. KOPPEL inform the public this week that they will change business soon, and in order to do this, must sacrifice their goods. Call and get fresh groceries at cost, without freight added.

After our esteemed contemporary the Herald, and our friend J. T. JOHNSON, Esq., have ended their discussion, we hope they will be able to decide as to whether prohibition really prohibits or not.

Mr. W. H. GILKINSON comes to the front this week and proposes to sell honest goods at honest prices. He has built up a large trade, but the best buyers will occasionally be over-stocked with goods. His low prices never fail to satisfy his customers.

Mr. C. J. HUNT, attorney for John Binson (and) who was convicted of murder at the last term of the Court of Sessions, has again secured a respite for his client, this time to March 10th, 1886. In the meantime a motion will be made for a new trial, upon after discovered evidence.

Something is wrong with the mail service in the County. We are always very careful in making up the papers for the different post-offices in the County, and we count each paper before the package leaves this office, yet subscribers are constantly complaining that they do not receive their papers. Something is wrong somewhere.

A "Tribute of Respect to Prof. Hiram Strong," in pen and ink, by a former student of Adger College, has been received.

Prof. STROSS was well known in this County, having been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Cross Hill for a number of years. He was an earnest and devout minister, but those who knew him as a teacher, can best estimate his real worth.

Grand Carnival. At the Skating Rink on Friday Evening—Fancy costumes and a world of fun—Everybody invited.

The Greenville Railroad. Is progressing rather slowly at present, owing to the difficulty in obtaining cross-ties. The track has been laid nine miles from this place.

The China Hall. Mr. T. W. ALLEN has charge of the new China, Glassware and Crockery Store of Mr. J. G. McCORKLE, which has been opened at this place.

Rolla Ryan. On Monday evening a full house greeted this Celebrated Humorist, and were well paid by two hours of hearty laughter. Although the programme was not new to many present, yet it was such as would well bear repetition. He proposes to give one more entertainment, this evening with an entirely new programme.

The Operetta. The Operetta announced in our last issue to come off at the College Chapel, on Thursday of this week, will come off on Wednesday instead. This promises to be the most enjoyable entertainment yet presented by our College, and will be free to the public. Too much praise cannot be given in behalf of the college, in that it has so often of late contributed to the substantial enjoyment of our people by its free public entertainments. In every way possible, the college is endeavoring to endear itself to our people. Miss KING, of the music department, has given much time and labor to the careful getting up of the Rain-Bow Operetta, and it is the determination of the faculty, that every time the College appears before the public, it shall be to raise itself in public and popular esteem. This will doubtless be the result of the entertainment of Wednesday night. Let everybody attend and enjoy it.

The Male Academy. For a number of years past Laurens has been unfortunate in not having a good school for boys, but we are glad to note that along with the many improvements that our town has made in the past few years, one of the most notable is in our excellent schools. Prof. EVANS is, in every sense, a competent teacher, and has given entire satisfaction, both to patrons and pupils. Educated for this profession, he has come into our midst as a permanent teacher, and is not using his as a stepping-stone to something else. We trust that our people will sufficiently appreciate the advantages to be derived from such institutions as the Male Academy.

Personal.

Chief of Police EICHELBERGER is again at his post.

Mr. W. A. LAW, of Spartanburg, was in town last week.

Several communications and advertisements crowded out of this issue.

Mrs. BRAWLEY and daughter, Miss IDA, are visiting relatives in town.

Geo. WESTMORELAND, Esq., of Greenville, attended court last week.

Mr. N. S. HARRIS, Jr., is home for the holidays, from the Citadel Academy.

Mr. B. H. ANDERSON, who has spent the past year in Florida, has returned home.

Rev. G. T. HARMON, who has so acceptably filled the position of pastor of the Methodist Church at this place during the past year, will remain during the next.

Mr. C. W. GARRETT, cadet of King's Mountain Military School, is spending a short vacation at home. With pleasure we notice from his "stripes," GARRETT has been promoted to the rank of Orderly sergeant.

Mrs. R. P. TOWN received a telegram on Monday, stating that Col. TOWN was quite sick. She left on the evening train for Columbia. We trust the illness of the Senator may not prove serious and that he will soon be at his post again.

County Correspondence.

CLINTON.

"J. J."

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Parrott will be pleased to learn of their slow, but sure, recovery from a protracted and painful illness.

Everything is brightening up for Christmas, and moving is the order of the day. The latest move is Mr. M. G. Peake into the new cottage on Main Street.

One more new firm has opened business here within the past week. The firm name is Blakeley & Young. Guss and George, are respectively, the sons of Uncle David and Uncle Newt, and are deserving of a liberal patronage. Their stock is composed entirely of family and fancy groceries.

Our young folks have, in active rehearsal, to be performed on next Wednesday night, at the Orphan's Seminary, a splendid farcical drama. The charge for admittance is only a quarter, and the proceeds to go into the general fund of the Ladies' Aid Society, and will be applied to the College Building.

The numbers in the matrimonial line have become a little confused of late, so that you may put down, without enumeration, Mr. T. DRAWT, Remigio to Miss Stella King, or you may do as the cotton buyers, start a new number for DRAWT, and his bride, with the confident expectation that the number will soon run up again.

The A. M. E. Church, located two miles from this place, was burned to the ground on last Thursday night. It was one of the very best colored churches in the county, and cost about one thousand dollars. The stewards of the church are confident that it was the work of an incendiary, and will swear out warrants and have certain suspicious parties arrested in a few days. The suspicious, at present, rest upon a disaffected portion of the church membership.

CROSS HILL.

BLACK.

Mr. D. C. CROW of this township has removed to Wateree Township.

Christmas is nearly here and all hands are busy preparing for the festivities incident to the season.

We understand that J. Hillary Bryson has rented the Cross Hill place from J. Willie Jones. Mr. Bryson and his family are quite an acquisition.

Mr. Hendrix, of Hunter Township, has moved to the place of his father-in-law, Mr. Jas. A. Jones, near Cross Hill. We gladly welcome him and his estimable wife into our midst.

There seems to be quite an epidemic among the boys in this section; we hear of quite a number that have died in the last week. We are sorry to learn of this, because hogs are scarce and it is impossible to live without them.

We have been treated to some delightful weather for a few days; the sun is bright and warm, and gentle breezes rustle the leaves, and we are reminded that we live in the sunny South, whose "bunny breezes brighten every scene."

We were glad to see the handsome and genial face of John M. Anderson a few days since. He was visiting his mother and friends before departing to his new field of labor—Newberry where he will enter the service of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Mr. Garlington Owens, of Madison Co. Fla., was married to Miss Bettie Lowe, of this county, on Thursday, the 17th inst., Rev. R. W. Seymour officiating. Mr. Owens will leave in a few days with his bride for the land of flowers. We throw the bit shoe after the happy couple for good luck.

HURRICANE.

HAZE.

As I have never seen anything in your paper from Hurricane, I will give you a short sketch.

Jack Holland will leave us next year. The bad weather is delaying wheat sowing.

Mr. D. E. Tribble is selling sewing machines.

Mr. Joe Hollingsworth has moved to Mr. J. H. Copeland's.

Hurricane is about half way between Clinton and Reynolds.

Mr. W. A. Nabors has bought the Garger place from Mr. Welr.

Mr. E. G. Pitts says it is cold in Florida. He has only been there a short time and there has been plenty of ice and frost.

Rev. H. Fowler, pastor of Hurricane Church, has moved to the place he bought from Mr. James Ramages, who has moved to Arkansas.

Our county commissioners make us work our road twice a year, while there is a road in two miles of here that hasn't been worked in five years.

Mr. Fann Strapson has moved to his new place near Mr. Nabors to Miss Maggie Bradlock. Mrs. Maggie Bradlock to George Taylor. We also learn that Mr. W. P. Agair will assist Mr. W. W. Green in his shift, his move will be south and not west.

CENTERVILLE.

HANS VON BREMER. The Texas fever is still raging.

We notice some cotton in the fields yet.

Mr. Henry Boyd will do business at Mr. J. A. Coates' next year.

Mr. Jas. H. Davall, of Wateree, is moving back to the old home place, at Davall's Cross Roads.

We learn that Mr. Henry Cooper, of Wateree, is moving back in the bounds of our neighborhood again.

Mr. Hugh Mahon passed through our neighborhood a few days ago with a drove of hogs, selling at 5 cents. We learn that another drove passed up the road last Monday, selling at same price.

WATERLOO, C.

EDITOR OF ADVERTISER:—Please notice in your paper that the Ladies of Waterloo and vicinity will give a "Hot Supper" at Anderson's Hall, on Wednesday night, the 29th inst., for the benefit of the Methodist and Baptist Churches of Waterloo. Come down, Mr. Editor, and satisfy the longing of your soul with good cheer, and as Locke & Patton has well said, "don't forget your pocket book."

CHEEK.

To Wed or Not.

EDITOR PAT DONAN PRESENTS HIS VIEWS ON MATRIMONY.

(From a Letter to Minneapolis Tribune.)

You are going to marry me, are you? How kind of you to do for me what I never could do for myself! I had begun to think, perhaps it was time. From my reserved seat on a barbed wire fence I have been watching the procession a good while. Day after day and week after week, until the weeks have longed well into months, and the months into years, I have looked on at humanity's strange wedding march. It is the old, old story.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall. Yellow yelp going churchward.

The trap springs and another victim is caught. The matrimonial larrikin is thrown and another hapless bumpkin is walking and dancing on the airy nothings of honeymoonal delights—and the honeymoon is made of greenest green cheese. One by one I have seen my honest companions pass, ever passing away to that dread home whence no voyager returns, save through a Chicago divorce suit or the expense of a first-class funeral.

A few years since, a middle-aged, handsome man, high-spirited, friendly, stout, and merry, bright, contented, young-looking, the matrimonial slumber, had swept over their plain, and where are they now?—Smith, blunder, cut down like the grass of the field, which, today he, and tomorrow he, made into hay to feed a colony of fine-goose-necked, fat, well-fed, dry, and fat for pointers. Alas! alas! what has got into the youth of the land?

Consign to a single, Sober day's work.

Adam's wedding coat him, Adam, and got him killed. Over his garden fence he had a skin and trousers, and he had roundabout, plump into the lake, and of an unknown world of sin, filth, and errands.

Lois' Deluded ears with a grace of getting him turned into a Caudanant of saved Turk's head salt.

Jacob's courtship of Miss Rachel Laban, who was as the tomcat well at every church festival, subjected him to fourteen years of bitter slavery, a wet nurse to a herd of goats, while all the other girls in the neighborhood giggled at him daily from the windows.

For the bliss of resting his infatuated pate in the blue check apron of a dusky Delilah's lap, Col. Sampson, the great original lion splitter and jawbone swinger, allowed himself to be shorn of his wool, his strength and his glory, and played blind horse for years in a Philistine treadmill.

David had to steal his sweethearth and bushwhack her disesteemed old father the rest of his life.

Solonon's jocularly made him a renegade, a Mormon, an idolater, for a she darkey's sake the Wise Man—sovereign, singer, and sage inspired—forgot his religion and became a fool, and burnt incense in jeweled censers to stuffed crocodiles and pickled toads.

In pressing his suit with the "star-eyed Egyptian, sweet sorcerer of the Nile," who was a mulatto, the father of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Col. Susan B. Anthony, threw away the scepter of the world. The grass-widower Napoleon's second courtship was his first step on the road to Waterloo and St. Helena.

Married! To be married! Well, hardly. What is married but mis-mated, too often married? Nature plays many high old quips and tricks, and kinks up her venerable beds to court the court can p-r-r-r-ettes and whirligigs. She starts a president with a peanut peddler's soul and makes a her's near thro' beneath the ground wall of a scavenger. She drapes galvanized rich wench, or worse, in the rich lace and brocades of senators, governors, and cabinet ministers' wives, and encloses the spirit of a saint or a martyr in the dingy tatters of a char-woman or a beggar. She wraps courage, gratitude and affection in the hide of a dog, and swaddles baseness and brutality in broadcloth and fine linen. She permits two legged donkeys to bray in all our legislative halls and dine at our Delmonico's, while their superiors in every worthy quality and qualification munch coarse straw in a thousand unchinked country stables.

Every fellow gets the wrong woman, and no woman gets the right fellow. To love is to be occasionally miserable. To court is to venerate between the orthodox and the Chinese hall—from a hell of fire to a hell of ice. To marry is to plunge headlong into bathos, and to take the chances of looking forever like one-half of a

Carolina chariot team, which usually consists of a blind jack and a muley cow, or a scrub calf and a knock-kneed junket. Marriage has been likened to the flies on a carriage wheel—viciously—all on the outside are hitting their heads against the glass of life, and all on the inside hitting their heads against it to get out, and so which way they will, there is always a pane ahead to them.

Married! To be married! And to a Mexican girl! What sort of a traitor do you take me for? Desert my own country and country women and marry a foreigner, while the census shows a half million or a million possible or probable old maids, and on beneath the stony banner of the Free, Never! But she is rich. Well, I have no hankering for the situation to care, nor woman's baggage, checks, through life. And she sings like a nightingale. That is sweet, but I prefer our own mocking birds, orioles, or meadow larks. And she speaks three languages. Heaven preserve me. Any well-organized woman can talk enough to me in one.

Married! To be married! Nay, nay. I was recently an editor, man. Divide nothing by two, and perhaps by several, and how much remains? Ask to starve some other gentleman's sister to death? Her-ness an angel fresh from realms of celestial bloom and sunshine to a ragman's dog cart. Clip the rainbow tinted plumes of seraph, or a seraphim, and give her in exchange one bag-sacked, gray cross-eyed old man. I would not if I could—and I need not fret about it, for I could not if I would. It would be as well to too high for anything but a ritualistic responsibility to entomplate without feeling a chunk of model ice slide down my vertebral column. Parblee it from me for many a day. I would rather cook forever, cook forever my lone corn dodger, wash my own solitary paper collar, sew on my own paste-board horn button, and bring out my dancing and other primitive propensities than dream of such a fraud on womanhood or mankind, now, hereafter and for ninety days or so, without real, genuine, genuine.

State of South Carolina, LAURENS COUNTY, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

James W. Copeland & Co. vs. James J. Hollins, et al.

Pursuant to judgment for sale in the above stated case, I will sell at public outcry, at Laurens, C. H., S. C., during the legal hours for sale, on Saturday in January next, being Monday the 14th day of the month, the following described property:

All that tract of land lying, being and situate in the County and State aforesaid, containing one hundred and fifty-two acres, more or less, and bounded by land of J. M. Traylor, John Walker, and others.

Terms: One-half of the purchase money to be paid cash, and the balance on a credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale, secured by the bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises. Purchaser to pay for papers.

Filed at the clerk of the County Court, this 15th day of December, 1885.

C. D. BARKSDALE, Master, L. C.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT FOR FISCAL YEAR 1886-1886.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of S. C., approved Dec. 24th, 1884, a general assessment of property for taxation will commence on Jan. 1st, 1886, and continue until the 20th day of February. All property, both Real and Personal, must be returned for taxation, and all changes in realty since May, 1884, must be noted in returns. During the above time my office at Laurens, C. H., will be open for the reception of returns, and for the convenience of the taxpayers, I will also attend at the following places at the time specified, to wit:

- Young's Township, Young's Store, Jan. 5th.
Young's Township, W. B. Parsons, Jan. 6th.
Dial's Township, D. D. Harris, Jan. 7th.
Dial's Township, W. B. Stoddards, Jan. 8th.
Dial's Township, Goodjohn's, Jan. 9th.
Sullivan's Township, Tumbling Shoals, Jan. 11th.
Sullivan's Township, Brewerton, Jan. 12th.
Wateree Township, Daniel's Store, Jan. 13th.
Wateree Township, Geo. Moore's, Jan. 14th.
Wateree Township, Waterloo, Jan. 15th.
Cross Hill Township, Cross Hill, Jan. 18th.
Cross Hill Township, Spring Grove, Jan. 19th.
Hunter's Township, Milton, Jan. 20th.
Hunter's Township, Goltville, Jan. 21st.
Hunter's Township, Clinton, Jan. 22d.
Scribbletown Township, Tetersville, Jan. 23d.
Jack's Township, Reynosa, Jan. 25th.
Jack's Township, Roseborough, Jan. 26th.
All uncollected between the ages of 21 and 60 years are taxable Polls, except those who are incapable of earning support by being maimed or from any other cause.
Owne' of Real Estate will take Notice that Full Returns of Real Property will be required.
After the 20th day of Feb., 1886, 50 per cent. penalty will attach on all property not listed for taxation.
G. M. LANGSTON, County Auditor.

IN ALL COUNTRIES AND CLIMES

It is the time-honored custom to gather the choicest gems, and select the most pleasing pictures, as gifts to the living and absent ones, and tenderly touch the "little hearts" with some sweet or amusing souvenir cheap selections. These are substantial goods and will last longer than a season, and will tend to remind the recipient longer than the Holidays.

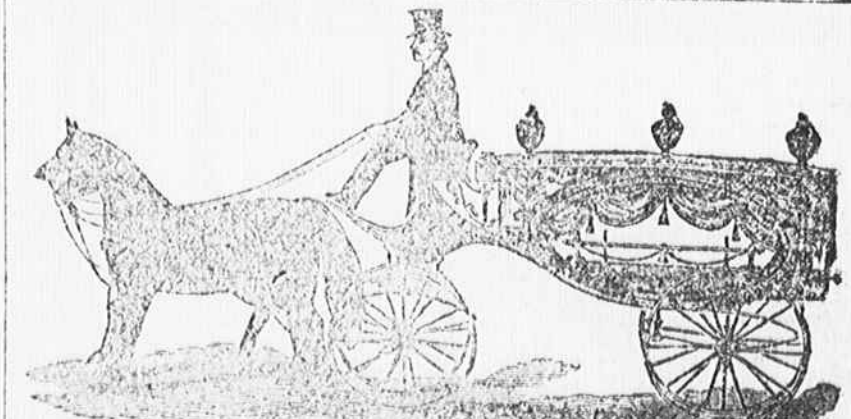
Gift No. 1, Gift No. 2, Gift No. 3, Gift No. 4, Gift No. 5. The Greatest. Lists of clothing items and prices.

JNO. D. SHEAHAN Master's Sales. J. M. ANDERSON, COTTON AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, AGENT FOR MASSER'S COTTON GINS, FEEDERS and CONDENSERS, and BRISB'S PREPARED AGRICULTURAL LIME.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! By so doing you WILL SAVE MONEY BY Purchasing your Extracts, Jellies, Preserves, &c., and also Candles, Fruits, Nuts and Toys, from J. M. PHILPOT.

CLOSING * OUT GROceries AT COST. On and after this, 15th day of December, I will sell my entire stock of GROceries, AT COST, in order to close out my business at this place.

J. T. POOLE LAURENS, S. C. Dec 16 20-3. Laurens Male ACADEMY. The next Session will begin Jan. 4th, and will continue six months. Each pupil will be carefully governed and thoroughly instructed. Tuition \$2.50 per month. No deduction made for absence except in cases of protracted sickness. FRANK EVANS, Principal.



B. B. HUNTER. Photographer. Special Notice. All persons indebted to me either by note or account are earnestly requested to settle by Jan. 1st, 1886. My business must be closed by that time. All who fail to come and make satisfactory arrangements in some way, will find their notes and accounts in the hands of an officer for collection. S. R. TODD, Nov. 16, 1885, 46 3m.