ADVERTISER SUPPLEMENT.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., APRIL 25, 1872.

The Greatest Inducements

—OF—

THE SEASON!

MARKERT & CLISBY

Edgefield, S. C.,

ARE NOW OFFERING THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES

That has been offered in this market since the war.

Our Stock throughout being **Entirely New,** and purchased from First Class Manufacturies, we warrant every article we sell as **Pure** and **Unadulterated!**

Having just returned from the North, where our personal attention was given in selecting our Goods, and having paid Cash for them, we were enabled to buy at Low Figures.

We are now offering the following Goods at astonishingly low prices:

100 oz. Quinine, at $3 per oz.
100 Bottles Morphine, $1 per bottle,
6 lbs. Brom. Potash, 25 cts per oz.
4 lbs. Iodide " 75 cts per oz.
6 lbs. Chloroform, 35 cts per oz.

A Fresh Supply of Dr. Tutt's Patent Medicines.

4 Doz. Dr. Tutt's Expectorant,
4 " " " Sarsaparilla,
4 " " " Jamaica Ginger,
8 " " " Liver Pills,
4 Doz. Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
4 " " Cherry Pectoral,
6 " " Pills,
3 Doz. Radway's Sarsaparilla,
3 " " Ready Relief,
4 " " Regulator.
2 Doz. McLean's Strengthening Cordial,
2 Doz. Hegeman's Ferriated Elixir of Bark,
1 " " Calsaya Bark, with Bismuth,

Also, numerous other valuable Remedies of the day, too tedious to mention.

Prescriptions Compounded at all hours with the greatest care, and at the Lowest Figures.

Family Groceries.

We beg leave to call especial attention to our large and select Stock of **Family Groceries.**

If you wish the best Green or Black TEA you can always get it at MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

The Best Java and Rio COFFEE can be had at MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

The Best Golden SYRUP or MOLASSES can be bought at the lowest figures at MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

And best grades of Coffee SUGARS can there be had at from 14 to 15 cts.
Superior HAMS at 16½ cts.
1000 lbs. RICE at 11 cts per pound,
Choice Tea and Soda CRACKERS,
SARDINES, OYSTERS,
PICKLES, TOMATOES, PINE APPLES, &c.

CANDIES BY THE WHOLESALE.

Now arriving **400 Pounds** Fresh and Well Assorted CANDIES. Those in search of Candies, and Confectioneries generally, should give us a call.

Fruits! Fruits!

2 Barrels Superior APPLES,
1 " Fine ORANGES,
1 Box Fresh LEMONS,
4 Boxes very fine RAISINS.

YOUR ATTENTION, LADIES.

We have on hand a superb assortment of Toilet and Fancy ARTICLES, embracing in Part—

TOILET SETS, Rich, Rare and Beautiful,
VASES, PUFF BOXES, and Extra PUFFS,
TOILET POWDER and PERFUMES, in an endless variety,
3 Doz. Lubin's genuine EXTRACTS,
3 " " Toilet POWDER,
2 " Coudray's EXTRACTS, assorted, something extra,
1 " " Hair POMADE,
1 " Japan Tea ROSE, very fine,
1 " Atkin's ESSENCE WHITE ROSE,
1 " Coudray's LAVENDER WATER.

And if you wish something Extra in the way of HAIR BRUSHES, Tooth and Nail BRUSHES, and infant Hair BRUSHES, Dressing COMBS, &c., you can find them at MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

We beg leave to call the especial attention of the ladies to all the above line of Goods, feeling assured that we can please the most fastidious taste, and would be gratified to show them to any who may honor us with a call.

Sincerely thanking our friends for their liberal patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of their trade.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

March 20

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Our Stock of WINES, WHISKIES and BRANDIES is not to be equaled in this Market in AGE, PURENESS of QUALITY, and LOW PRICES. We have in store, and to be received in a few days, the following:

20 Bbls. of assorted WHISKEY.
2 " Celebrated Hunter WHISKEY, at $8.00 per gal.
1 " Kentucky Belle WHISKEY, at $7.00 per gal.
2 " Baltimore Club WHISKEY, at $5.00 per gal.
4 " Zeigler Old Rye WHISKEY, at $3.50,
3 " Old BOURBON, at $4.00,
4 " Pure C. D. CORN, at $2.50,
4 " Cheap Rye WHISKEY.

To which we call the attention of those who wish to buy to sell again.

4 Cases Old Hennesey BRANDY, very fine,
20 Gals. California BRANDY,
20 " Holland GIN for Medicinal purposes,
20 " Jamaica and N. E. RUM,
20 " Pure Old Sherry WINE,
20 " Madeira WINE,
20 " Old Port WINE,
5 Cases CHAMPAGNE,
2 Cases RHINE WINE.

And in addition to the above we would urge upon those who indulge in the luxury of fine SEGARS, and Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO, to give us a call.

MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar. 20 tf 13

Special Notices.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is the

Only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radways's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fever and Ague.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by Radway's Pills,) so quick as RADWAY'S RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE THAT

EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER!

Every drop of the SARSPARILLIAN RESOLVENT *communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular diseases, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.*

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

DR. RADWAY'S

Perfect Purgative Pills,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

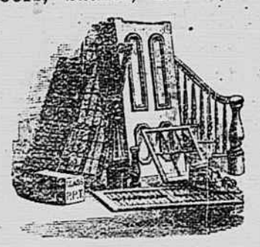
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per Box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

July 5 1y

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c.



P. P. TOALE,

Manufacturer and Dealer,

No. 20 Hayne St. and Horlbeck's Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

☞ This is the largest and most complete Factory of the kind in the Southern States, and all articles in this line can be furnished by Mr. P. P. TOALE at prices which defy competition.

☞ A pamphlet with full and detailed list of all sizes of Doors, Sashes and Blinds, and the prices of each, will be sent free and post paid, on application to

P. P. TOALE,
CAARLESTON, S. C.

July 26 1y 31

THE RURAL CAROLINIAN
GREAT SOUTHERN
ACRICULTURAL

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Two Dollars per Annum,

64 PAGES READING MATTER.
30 PAGES ADVERTISEMENTS.

WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL,
AND
D. WYATT AIKEN,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

B. M. TALBERT, Agent at Edgefield Court House, S. C.

March 6 1y*11

AUGUSTA HOTEL,

AUGUSTA, GA.

THIS popular and well-known Hotel is now fully open for the reception of visiters, having recently been thoroughly renovated, newly painted, and put in the most complete order. We are determined to make ours a first-class Hotel, not to be surpassed North or South.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of our Edgefield friends and the public generally.

MURPHY & MAY, Proprietors.

Feb 14 tf 8

The New Church Organ.

BY WILLIAM M. CARLETON.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Agin my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five and thirty years;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now their bold, new-fangled ways
Is cumin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—'I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies'—
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To 'mansions in the skies.'

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singing there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said,
She understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

Ah! Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book thro' an' thro'
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back.
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A squealin' over me.

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes the history of a tragedy on the plains in the far west:

Riding out above Julesberg, a rock was pointed out to me, at the foot of which had been enacted a tragedy, the mere recital of which made my blood run cold. The place was in a deep canon, surrounded by high bluffs, and there was a loneliness and silence in the frowning rocks that oppressed every visitor, and made them glad to hasten their departure from the gloomy dell. Many years ago two young men came from the east and, ascending the Missouri, engaged in the fur business. They were bosom friends, and prospered in all their undertakings; money flowed into their coffers and they became wealthy; still they stayed in the west that had been so generous to them, and finally determined to make it their permanent home. One of the young men had a fair sister, who lived at St. Louis, where the parties went annually to sell their furs and divide the profits of their business. The girl, infatuated by the tales of adventure, told her by her brother, longed to visit the great west, and begged so hard that her brother finally consented. For a whole year she lived at the hunter's ranche on the head waters of the Missouri, and when the time came for the partners to go down the river to sell their furs, the brother was sick and could not go. The girl was loth to leave her brother, but he urged her to go home and see their mother, saying he would soon be well and follow after her. Intrusting his darling to his friend and partner, the two set out in a Mackinaw boat, well manned and provided with every comfort. The brother grew worse and the summer wore away before he was able to travel.

In the meantime the partner returned, bringing him news from home and a division of the annual profits, which were larger than ever before. The brother, pleased with the manner in which their business had been managed, readily yielded to the suggestion of his partner to delay his visit home, devote the winter to active operations, and go down in the spring with furs. All went well until midwinter, when the brother received a letter from his home that nearly crazed him. The letter was from his mother, and gave a long and circumstantial account of the seduction and ruin of his beloved Nina by his partner. The girl had confessed everything, and told how he had seduced her while bringing her home down the Missouri and then abandoned her. The poor girl, unable to bear her shame, had become a maniac and soon would be a mother. The first impulse of the brother on reading this letter was to seek out at once and kill the villain that had ruined his family, but he thought the momentary punishment inflicted by a ball was not enough for such a scoundrel, and so devised a plan of revenge that no Indian could have outdone for cruelty. Keeping the receipt of his letter a profound secret, he went on with his business as usual, and every day met his partner on the same terms of friendly intimacy as formerly. When the skins were packed and all in readiness to go down the river, the brother went to Fort Benton and there had executed a will, leaving the name of the person who made it blank, after which he returned to his camp on Jefferson Fork. He then represented that on the Platte great profits were to be made in the fur trade, and proposed to his partner that instead of going down the Missouri they should go overland to Fort Kearney and meet the boats at the mouth of the Platte on the Missouri. The inducement was that if they found all as represented they would establish a branch of their business at Fort Laramie, and thus increase their profits. The partner readily assented to proposals so manifestly for the benefit of both, and alone they sat out, taking only a pack mule to carry the flour and bacon to be used on their journey. They traveled for many days, and finally came to the Platte, down which they followed the overland trail to Benard's Ranch. Under some pretense or other, the brother induced his partner to accompany him into the lonely pass, where, disarming him, he securely tied him hand and foot, and bound him to the rock. At first the partner thought it was some cruel joke, but when the brother produced the letter and read it, the poor man knew that his time had come. He confessed all and asked to be shot, but the brother had another fate in store for his victim. Coolly encamping by the rock, he sat down to see his partner starve to death. On the third day the ill-fated man signed the deed bequeathing all his property to the injured girl, and the brother attached a fictitious name as witness of the instrument, by the forms of which he was made executor of his partner's estate. He then wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill with fever on the plains, and if he did not recover these letters would be delivered by his beloved partner. All this the infuriated brother compelled the poor man to do, and then quietly awaited the end. Day by day the partner grew weaker, and brother gloated over his misery, often reading to him the letter from his mother.

The poor man promised to marry the girl and make all the reparation in his power to the family, but the brother was deaf to entreaties. At last the partner—dwindled to a skeleton—died, and the brother, after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, resumed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died while on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his assertion delivered the letters. The will was also proved, and the girl became the dead man's heir. Two years afterward the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died he confessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skeleton, around the neck of which was still the chain by which the poor man, when living, had been fastened to the fatal rock. The spot is still pointed out to travelers, and the tale told of how the brother day after day ate his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb or a cup of water to slack his thirst.

A Yankee who thinks that ceremonious funerals are a waste of time, has invented a new kind of coffin which will, he thinks, be useful. It is like the ordinary casket, but runs upon casters placed on one end of it. He proposes that, while the clergyman is reading the service, the coffin shall be wheeled about the room, stopping before each mourner, and thus avoiding the long procession of friends and acquaintances desirous of seeing the features of the dead which closes a funeral now. He estimates that by the use of this "Fugacious Casket," as he has christened it, a clever undertaker may attend fifty per cent. more funerals than under the present system.

Living Together.

The art of living "together" pleasurably is greatly promoted by the habitual exchange of the little courtesies of life; they are never unimportant, never unacceptable, are always grateful to the feelings in every household. Shall brothers and sisters be less careful of the feelings of one another, than those of a stranger? and as between husband and wife, should there be less effort at gentleness of deportment, of suavity of manner, and courtesy of expression than is extended to outsiders, who have no special claims, and may never be seen again. Shame upon any member of any family who neglects those affectionate attentions, and those suavities of deportment toward the members of the household, and even to the lowest servant, which cannot fail to elevate the giver and draw from the receiver those willing and spontaneous reciprocities which make of family associations a little heaven below.

Fault-finding is an apple of discord in multitudes of families. There are some persons who, from ugliness of temper arising from bodily infirmity or an inherent blight of nature, are forever finding fault, either with something said or done, or omitted to be said or done; if not in the family, then out of it. Somewhere or something is always going wrong with them; in every remark they make there is vinegar and bitterness; their whole nature seems to be in a condition of chronic snarl; their adjectives are of a most sweeping character; every person is a "liar" or "swindler" or "scoundrel," even if their shortcomings are of the slightest character. Such persons are demoralizers of the community in which they live, and of those with whom they reside, they are a perpetual storm, a tornado and a curse. This complaing, faultfinding trait does not assume these gigantic proportions of enormity at once, but always comes by slow degrees and long practice.

Let the reader fear falling into this great condemnation; let him be afraid of it, and resolve never to find fault with anybody or anything, or characterize any one's conduct for omission or commission, until he has "slept on it," thus giving the clearer judgment of a renovated brain an opportunity of more dispassionate exercise.

Let every person of refinement, intelligence and culture, bear in mind that "living together" with others pleasantly, happily, it is of essential importance to practice the virtues of uniform gentleness, deference and courtesy, remembering that one of the most cardinal points in the promotion of domestic enjoyment and of family happiness is to cultivate self-sacrifice; for it is this which cherishes love in the heart of the giver, and kindles it in those for whom the self-sacrifice is made; or, to frame the principle into a phrase which all can comprehend, remember and apply, that is the noblest heart in any household which gives to the others the first choice, and leaves to others the best place and the best things.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Be good to your mother. If any one must wait for a favor, or for necessary comforts, do not let it be her, for she will not be with you many years. When she is dead and gone, it will be an increasing sorrow if you have neglected to give her these little loving attentions which would have smoothed her pathway and cheered her last days.

An Evening Game.

The following game of questions and answers, which, when played upon by the uninitiated into the mysteries, is well calculated to afford endless laughter. A lady may be supposed to request a gentleman to write down this list:

1. Set down a lady's name.
2. Set down some time past.
3. Write the name of a place.
4. Write either yes or no.
5. Yes or no again.
6. A lady's name.
7. Some time to come.
8. Yes or no.
9. Yes or no again.
10. Name of a city.
11. Some color.
12. Any number not exceeding six.
13. Name of a color.
14. Yes or no.
15. A lady's name.
16. A gentleman's name.
17. Name of a clergyman.
18. A sum of money.
19. Name of a place.
20. Any number at all.

When these conditions have been complied with, the gentleman is then requested to read off the list, thus prepared, as answers to the following series of questions:

2. To whom did you make your first offer?
2. When?
3. In what place?
4. Does she love you?
5. Did you love her?
6. When will you marry?
7. How soon?
8. Does she love you?
9. Do you love her?
10. Where does she reside?
11. What is the color of her hair?
12. What is her height?
13. What is the color of her eyes?
14. Is she pretty?
15. Who is to be the bridesmaid?
16. Who is to be the groomsman?
17. What clergyman is to marry you.
18. How much is she worth?
19. Where will you reside?
20. How many servants will you keep?

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in my girlish times. Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men to gaze as you pass, first at your black dress and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you can meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends console you, after the following fashion: "Oh well! it is a dreadful loss. We knew you'd feel it, dear," and in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you." But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arms you have leaned upon, the true faith you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness that none other could give it. It is to hear no more the well known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that to your adoring eyes seemed as the face of the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held for him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for a while, only to have—in the hours of loneliness and weakness—the torrent roll over you, while—poor storm riven dove—you see no haven.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.—No man ever appears to think how soon he must sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have through countless ages come marching hand in hand, the one destroying, the other building up. They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is a easily accomplished as a child tearing to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is but a repetition of life story; we are born, we die; and hence we will grieve over these venerable piles, finding the common level of their prototypes in nature, ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
And other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day.
A hundred years to come.

LOVE, FORTUNE, OR POSITION.—Who marries for love, takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of your appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a rid with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady will wear mourning. Which will you have?

WHAT BRIGHAM SAID.—The Mormons tell a good story of Brigham Young. Among the applicants for the special privilege of taking a second wife, there came, one day, a brother of unusually doubtful character, a drunkard and a rascal generally, when something like the following dialogue ensued: "So you want another wife, do you?" "Yes, if you please, Brother Brigham." "Well, the short of the matter is, that you can't have one." "Why can't I have one as well as the other saints?" "So you want to know the whole story, do you?" "Yes; I should like to know why I can't have more than one wife, as well as the rest of 'em." "Well, you shall know, then, in short order. I want your race to die out."

NO HOME.—There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influences of a comfortable home, merely for the want of thrift or from dissipated habits. Youth was spent in frivolous amusements and demoralizing associations, leaving them at middle age, when the intellectual and physical man should be in its greatest vigor, enervated and without one laudable ambition. Friends long since lost, confidence gone and nothing to look to in old age but a mere toleration in the community where they should be ornaments. No home to fly to when wearied with the struggles incident to life; no wife to cheer them in their despondency; no children to amuse them, and no virtuous household to give zest to the joys of life. All is blank, and there is no hope of succor except that which is given out by the hands of public or private charities. When the family of an industrious and sober citizen gather around a cheerful fire of a wintry day, the homeless man is seeking a shelter in the station house, or begging a night's rest in the out building of one who started in life at the same time, with no greater advantages; but honesty and industry built up that house, while dissipation detroyed the other.

SELLING A STATE FOR TAXES.—The Little Rock (Arkansas) *Gazette* says:

Outrageous taxes imposed upon the people of Arkansas, at a time when they had not recovered from the impoverishing effects of the war, worked the forfeiture of the enormous quantity of about three million acres of land, or one-seventh part of the whole State, through the non-payment of taxes. During the past few weeks the State Auditor has been engaged in selling these lands. Only about one-third of them could find purchasers, and that on an average, at the small price of the amount of taxes imposed. The unsold lands are now being re-offered for sale, with the prospect that the amount disposed of, added to that sold at the original sale, will not exceed one-half of the whole three million acres. Thus the State will have gotten, after driving many of the people into bankruptcy because they could not meet the onerous taxes levied by unconscionable law-makers, about one-half the taxes it demanded. The Auditor's office is now being flooded with petitions from all manner of persons, praying the donation to them of the unsold soldiers' lands. Under the law as it stands, every man, woman, and child is entitled, upon proper application, to 160 acres of land.

This question of the intermingling of the two races on public occasions is one the most embarrassing ones that is submitted to the people of the South for a solution. No more difficult problem was ever submitted to any people. Just as religiously as they believe that man was "created a little lower than the angels," do they believe that the Caucasian was created a little higher than the Ethiopian. With this belief they were born and with this belief they expect to die. Laws may be piled upon laws, civil rights and social rights bills may be enacted by the hundred, the people of the South will perforce yield them a sullen obedience, but the grand idea that they are a better and a higher race than those whom they recently had in slavery will never be legislated out of their minds. It's human nature, and is the same the world all over.—Chester Reporter.

COST OF LEGISLATIVE SESSIONS.—Mr. Potter, of Massachusetts, has gathered some interesting facts relative to the average and cost of legislative sessions in twenty-four leading States of the Union. The New Hampshire House of Representatives has the largest number of members—338, while the Delaware House has but 21. New Hampshire, however, has the smallest number of senators—12, except Delaware, which has nine persons in the Upper House. California pays her legislators $10 per diem, while those of Rhode Island receive but $1 per day. The Kentucky Legislature meets but once in two years, and the average length of the session is sixty days, while the Legislature of Massachusetts holds annual sessions of about one hundred and seventy days. The Massachusetts Legislature is also ahead in the matter of expense. Law in the Bay State is enacted at the high cost of $256,000 per annum, while in Delaware the Legislature costs but $10,000 biennually; in Rhode Island, $3,000 annually; in New Jersey, $14,000 per year; and in New York, 48,000 annually.

In a religious excitement in a country town a person met a neighbor, who took him by the hand and said:

"I have become a christian."

"I am glad of it," was the reply, "for I suppose we shall now have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said the new-born christian, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."