

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—each square being one line of type for the first insertion, and 75 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements on per cent on above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates as square as ordinary advertisements.
Special notices in local column 25 cents per line.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbidden and charged accordingly.
Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING
Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
Terms Cash.

PUTTING UP STOVES.

One who has had considerable experience in the work of putting up stoves, says the first step to be taken is to put on a very old and ragged coat under the impression that, when he gets his mouth full of plaster, it will keep his shirt-bosom clean.

Next he gets his hand inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and backs his fingers, and then carefully makes a black mark down one side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway in doing this work until this mark is made down the side of the nose.

Having got his face properly marked, the victim is ready to commence the ceremony.

The head of the family, who is the big goose of the sacrifice, grasps on one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the woodsward, cellar or garret, toward the parlor.

Going through the door, the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around and jam his thumb nail against the door post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted.

Having put the stove comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs.

Two of these are left inside the stove since the Spring before. The other two must be hunted after for half an hour.

They are usually found under the coal.

Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove, while his wife puts two of the legs in place and next he holds up the other sides while the other two are fixed, and one of the first two falls out.

By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat, regardless of the linen.

Then he goes for the pipe, and gets a cinder in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will be found a little too long. The head of the family jumps his hat over his eyes, and taking a piece of pipe under each arm, goes to the tin shop to have it fixed.

When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish from the chair with the nails in his boot heels.

In getting down he will step on the cut, and may thank his stars it is not the baby.

Then he gets on an old chair and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that in cutting the pipe off, the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes out into the yard and splits one side of the end of the pipe with an old ax and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller.

Finally, he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true.

Then himself and wife, and the hired girl move the stove to the left and the legs fall out again.

Next is to move to the right. More difficulty with the legs.

Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes into the cellar after some little blocks.

While putting the blocks under the legs, one pipe comes out of the chimney.

That remedied, the elbows kept tipping over, to the great alarm of the wife.

Head of the family gets the dinner table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it, to drive some nails in the ceiling. Drops the hammer down on his wife's head.

At last he gets the nails driven, makes a wire spring to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed.

Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

DEATHS.—Mr. Edwin McCrary, an old and valued citizen of this County, died at his residence on the 13th, ult. Aged 65 years.
Wm. Blakey, Esq., a most worthy and highly esteemed citizen of this County, died at his home, on 10th inst. at the advanced age of 74 years.
Mr. V. McBeck Burgess, a brick-mason, an industrious and worthy young man of this County, while engaged in building a chimney, fell therefrom and was killed, a day or two since. — *Laurensville Herald.*
In Tazewell county, Ill., great damage has been done fruit trees by the hard freezing, particularly peach and pear trees; it is feared that the wood of both is in severely injured. Apple trees in some localities have been so that you can see through them, others have split the length of the trunk on one side.
A New Hampshire boy a year old weighs 100 pounds. The happy father weighs 120 pounds.

Miscellaneous.

(From Our Monthly.)
AVELEIGH CHURCH.

BY SILAS JOHNSTONE, ESQ., NEW-BERRY, S. C.

Aveleigh Church was organized on May the 30th, 1835, with thirty-one members, by the Rev. Moses Waddell, D. D., and Rev. Samuel B. Lewers. The idea which has almost always prevailed with the people of Newberry, that this town would some day, be immense in size, induced the Presbyterians to erect their church building a mile and a half from the village. The first elders, Isaac Kellar and Alexander Chambers, were ordained 31st May, 1835. Services were held occasionally during that year by Dr. Waddell, Mr. Lewers and Rev. E. Holt, Agt. Board Foreign Mission. Rev. Joseph Johnson supplied the church once a month, during a part of that year, and during 1837, Rev. Isaac Waddell, James Lewers, and Richard C. Ketchum, (a licentiate of Harmony Presbytery), occasionally preached to this congregation. On Saturday before the 4th Sabbath in January, 1838, Mr. Ketchum was installed pastor (for his full term) of Aveleigh in connection with Salem Church, Fairfield—Mr. Isaac Waddell preached the sermon and Mr. Lewers delivered the charge to the pastor and the congregation. Mr. Ketchum continued in the pastorate until near the close of the year 1839.

Chancellor Job Johnstone, and Dr. George W. Glenn were ordained elders second Sabbath March, 1839.

After Mr. Ketchum's resignation of the pastorate, Rev. John McKittrick, licentiate of S. C. Presbytery, supplied the pulpit for a short period—and was installed pastor Aveleigh and Smyrna, 29th Aug., 1840.

At Fall session of Presbytery, 1845, a call from Aveleigh, Gilder's Creek and Smyrna, was presented to Rev. E. F. Hyde, who had been supplying Aveleigh after the resignation of Rev. McKittrick—probably in 1841. Mr. Hyde was installed pastor of the three churches, 26 Oct., 1845, Rev's Falkner and McKittrick conducting the services.

Rev. W. B. Telford, licentiate of the South Carolina Presbytery, succeeded Mr. Hyde, in the pastoral charge of these churches last named. He was ordained and installed 8th of June, 50 by the Presbytery—Ministers present, G. F. Gilbert, moderator, E. F. Hyde and John McLees—Elders, Geo. Booser, of Smyrna, Wm. Mans, of Gilder's Creek and Dr. George W. Glenn, of Aveleigh.

In 1852, the old house of worship being found to be inconvenient distance from the town, was disposed of, and a new building was erected, in the town of Newberry, on Calhoun street. Edward J. McMorris giving for that purpose one acre of land, which he conveyed to the Trustees. The building being completed, it was dedicated by the same name (Aveleigh) 17th December, 1852—Rev. S. S. Gaillard, (assisted by Rev. David Will, D. D.), preached the dedication sermon. Mr. Telford's pastoral relation with the three churches being first dissolved, was installed pastor of Aveleigh alone, 17th April, 1853. Rev. W. H. Davis preached the sermon. Rev. E. T. Buist, D. D., delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. T. L. McBride, D. D., charged the congregation.

Dr. John Long, Dr. David E. Ewart, Carter Randall and Geo. D. Smith, were ordained elders 29th July, 1854.

Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D., visited this congregation, and held a protracted religious meeting in Aveleigh Church, from 22nd of September to 28th of same month, in 1854—thirty persons were hopefully converted at this meeting.

Mr. Telford resigned his pastoral charge, 11th March, 1855. Rev. A. D. Montgomery, was stated supply until he was elected pastor, 1855.

John O. Peoples was ordained an elder and James M. Baxter, Thos. McCaughrin and W. K. Blake, Deacons, Nov., 1856.

Rev. E. H. Buist, licentiate of the S. C. Presbytery, (together with John Mack and Robt. Johnston), had been preaching occasionally to this congregation, after Rev. Montgomery's resignation of the pastorate, was ordained and installed pastor July 6th, 1862.

On the 4th Sabbath of February, 1862, Dr. John B. Adger, D. D., baptised in this church four colored adults, and four white and twenty-five colored infants.

Silas Johnstone, ordained elder 15th June, 1862. Rev. R. A. Mickle, the present pastor, succeeded Mr. Buist, whose pastoral relation was dissolved by his request, 18th December, 1865. Rev. R. A.

our old acquaintance, Howard Leigh.

"I do wish, Frank, you wouldn't keep drumming with your fingers on the mantel; it makes me nervous; but, of course, you do not care for that," exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, petulantly.

"I beg pardon my love; I was not aware that I was annoying you."

"Why don't the servant bring up the chocolate?" pursued Mrs. Tracy, elevating her eyebrows.

"Shall I ring and inquire?" "No, it isn't worth while. If we had only remained in la belle Paris, where the servants understood their business."

"Then you preferred Paris as a residence?" said Leigh.

"Oh, by all means, but Frank never could be contented there. It is the most absurd whim of his, returning to America."

"You forget, Leonore," said Frank, somewhat gravely, "that America is our home!"

Mrs. Tracy tossed her head and took refuge in a bottle of smelling salts. Her husband turned carelessly to Leigh and resumed the conversation that her petulance had disturbed.

"I haven't asked yet whether my old acquaintances, the Walktons, are living or dead. You haven't forgotten my penchant for the beautiful baby?"

"Oh the Walktons disappeared long ago from the current of New York life. He failed or something—blew his brains out, I believe. She died of a broken heart. La Belle was sent, I understood, to an orphan asylum, where she has already sprouted up into a gawky, red-haired woman."

Tracy was silent a moment contemplating upon the sad facility with which people slip from the cares and memories of their friends in the whirl of large cities.

All at once the door was thrown open, and two or three rosy children bounded into the room, with long, shining curls hanging on their shoulders, and eyes all in a sparkle with infantile merriment.

"Don't you come near me, you noisy little monsters!" hissed Leonore, waving them away with her snowy, jeweled hand, "you'll crush my silks and laces ruinously!"

No word of reproof, however, fell from Frank Tracy's lips, as the little ones climbed on his knee and hung round his neck. Those children were the sunshine of his life; he endured his wife, but he idolized his children.

"Poor Tracy, it's quite plain to see he is not happy," said Leigh, that evening, as he was taking his ease within his cosy home circle.

"That wife of his is enough to drive a man distracted. I wonder he don't commit suicide!"

And so, some days afterward, when the sudden death of Mrs. Tracy was announced, in a newspaper—illness, disease of the heart—his first thought was: "What a lucky thing for Frank!"

It was scarcely a year after Mrs. Tracy's decease, and the widower sitting alone in his study, when Howard Leigh was announced.

"Well, my dear friend!" was his smiling salutation, "what news do bring me?"

"Capital news!" said Leigh. "Do you know I have just engaged a splendid governess for your children?"

"I am glad of it; the little rebels are getting quite beyond my management. They need some gentle, affectionate female influence."

"And they'll have it. This is one of the finest girls I have seen for a long time. She has been teaching in an academy, but thinks she should prefer a situation in some private family. She is all grace and gentle dignity!"

"I am delighted at your success. When will she come to take charge of my children?"

"This evening. But I haven't told you the strangest coincidence of all! Who do you suppose she is?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine."

"Her name's Agnes Walton; she is the same whom you took such a fancy to in the days of her babyhood. I can tell you, she don't know you were an old beau of her's, else she would shrink from assuming this responsible situation in your family!"

"Nonsense!" said Tracy half laughing, half embarrassed. "But I am sorry she is reduced to the life of a governess."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and several times that afternoon it recurred to Frank Tracy's mind. He wished he could see her.

The gas had been lighted, however, and the little girls were safely tucked up in bed, after having said their prayers on "papa's" knees, before the new governess was announced.

"Miss Walton pray be seated."

He saw at the first glance that the pretty baby had grown into an exquisitely lovely girl of twenty-two, with soft, "under eyes, like

Poetry.

THE YOUNG WIDOW

She is modest, she is bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold—
Like an apple, pure and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old—
Half-involving, half-repulsive,
Not advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her aims—
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts,
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile—
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

You are sad, how very serious
Will her handsome face become.
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb,
Are you thoughtful? How her laughter,
Silver sounding will ring out—
She can love, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

All old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Ye Adonises of twenty,
With your love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win, and fool you all!

Selected Story.

TRACY'S WIFE.

"What makes you so late to-night, Frank?" Tracy laughed and reddened a little as his room-mate, Howard Leigh, carelessly put the question.

"Blushing, eh?" pursued the latter, with a species of mischievous malice in his voice; "then, of course I am to conclude that you have been in the charming society of some young lady."

"You are partly right," said Tracy, lightly, "but the lady is a very little lady. To tell you the truth, I have been spending the evening at Mrs. Walton's and playing with that charming baby of her's. I never saw such a little Hebe in my life. Why, I could have sat for hours with that baby on my knee!"

"Then I am to conclude that she neither chewed your cravat ends nor jerked at your watch chain, to say nothing of crying!"

"Not a bit of it. She's the most perfect little piece of flesh and blood I ever saw in my life. If I thought she would grow up half as pretty as she is now, upon my life I would wait for her!"

"And what would Leonore Warren say?"

"Ah, what indeed! I'm glad you've recalled me loyalty; though, certainly Leonore can't very well be jealous of my tiny flirtations with Mrs. Walton's baby. Heigho, I sometimes think I've made a mistake in engaging myself to Leonore Warren. She's as beautiful as an angel, and yet, somehow, we don't seem to be congenial."

"Rather late to think of that, I should imagine, when the wedding day is fixed, and passage taken in the European steamer for the wedding tour. By the way, Frank, how long will you remain in Europe?"

"I can't say; some years I believe. Leonore thinks a residence in Paris will be delightful. I don't agree with her, but brides, you know, are privileged to have their own way. I'll tell you what, Howard, the prettiest pink coral in Naples shall be sent to hang around the ivory neck of Mrs. Walton's baby."

"Frank, how fond you are of children?"

"You are wrong there, my boy—I am not fond of children, generally speaking, but I don't know who could help loving that little brown-eyed seraph."

Frank took up the newspaper as he spoke, and the conversation gradually merged into the all-tracing subject of politics, foreign and domestic.

Twenty years have ebbed and flowed in the broad channel of time, and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy had just taken possession of their elegant home, after a long residence abroad. It was evening. The gold clock on the mantel pointed to the hour of seven, the fire burned clearly in the ornamental grate, and the flowers in the several vases on each side of the chimney piece, were scarcely brighter in their hues than the pictured blossoms of the superb velvet carpet.

Frank Tracy, who had changed from a handsome youth into a tall, stately man of about forty, stood thoughtfully before the fire, while his languid, faded looking wife, reclined on a sofa in the lustrous shine of the glowing chandeliers.

There was only one guest present to break the monotony of the conugal tete-a-tete, and he was

Female Academy.

NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY.

A. P. PIERCE, M. A., Principal.
Miss FANNIE LEAVELL, Assistant.
Prof. F. WEBER, Musical Dep't.

The Exercises of the above School will be resumed on TUESDAY, 7th JANUARY, 1873.

Tuition from \$12.50 to \$22.50 per Session. Paid in advance or satisfactorily secured. Pupils will be charged from date of entrance to the end of the Session. No reduction except in cases of protracted illness.

Plain, substantial boarding can be obtained with the Principal at \$15 per month. For particulars, apply to S. P. BOOZER, Esq., Sec. Bd. GOL S. FAIR, Pres't. Jan. 1, 1873.

Monumental.

MONUMENTAL.

L. M. SPEERS,
CONTRACTOR
For the erection of all kinds of

MONUMENTS,
Monumental Head Stones,
TOMBS, COMMON GRAVE STONES, &c.

Yard near N. A. Hunter's Shop, Newberry, S. C. Jan. 15, 2m-5m.

Photography.

OUR GALLERY.

LET it be distinctly understood that the PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY of

NEWBERRY,

is in full blast and doing things up an right, and well prepared for a good run this Fall. All kinds of work done in good style, including copying of old Pictures, Filling Pins, Rings, &c.

ALBUMS

Just received. Come along during this pretty weather. Respectfully,
W. H. WISEMAN,
Oct. 2, 40-4f.

Drugs.

GERMAN SOOTHING CORDIAL FOR INFANTS.

Invaluable in Teething, and Summer Complaints of Children. Cures DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, and other Diseases, incident to the period of Dentition.

Unlike the "Soothing Syrup," now so widely used, this CORDIAL contains NO ANODYNE,

Or other injurious Drug. It is composed of the best vegetable materials, and should be found in every Nursery. The best physicians recommend it.

MANUFACTURED BY
Dr. H. BAER,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

For sale by MOTTE & TARRANT, Newberry, S. C. May 3, 18-4f.

Undertaking.

C. M. HARRIS,

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker.
Has on hand and will make to order, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Safes, Sofas, Settees, Lounges, &c.
Cabinet work of all kinds made and repaired on liberal terms.
Has on hand a full supply of Metallic, Mahogany and Rosewood Burial Cases.
Coffins made to order at short notice, and always supplied.
Oct. 30, 4f.

Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.

THE SUBSCRIBER has constantly on hand a full assortment of the above approved cases, of different patterns, besides coffins of his own make, all of which he is prepared to furnish at very reasonable rates, with promptness and dispatch.
Persons desirous of having cases sent by railroad will have them sent free of charge.
A hearse is always on hand and will be furnished at the rate of \$10 per day.
Thankful for past patronage, the subscriber respectfully asks for a continuation of the same, and assures the public that no effort on his part will be spared to render the utmost satisfaction.
A. C. GRANMAN,
Newberry, S. C., July 31.

Music Given Away.

We will order "Pazzas Musical Monitor" to be sent for one year to any one who will send us five subscribers to our paper. Think of it! You can get at least Sixty Musical Sanes, Deots, and Chlores, and from \$40 to sixty Piano pins, worth at least \$10, by sending us five subscribers to our paper.
Feb. 3, 5-4f.

Private Boarding.

A few gentlemen can find BOARD BY THE MONTH with
A. W. T. SIMMONS.

Private Boarding.

A few gentlemen can find BOARD BY THE MONTH with
A. W. T. SIMMONS.

Private Boarding.

A few gentlemen can find BOARD BY THE MONTH with
A. W. T. SIMMONS.