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Miscellaneous.

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among other reasons:

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Any one who want a man a

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DARR & OSTEEN, Proprietors,

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DEWIE TEN

TRUM,

They made all the near cuts and

Boy" did that morning. I went

in a huckleberry dumpling; and

his eyes-well, he didn't have anv

eves; at least you couldn't see

in to look at him too.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1874.

No. 51.

Miscellaneous.

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HARNESS. SADDLES and

LEATHER Having bought the ENTIRE STOCK of the Harness and Saddle Manufactory of Messrs. Webb, Jones & Parker, I am pre- She listens while the dreamy bells pared to do all kinds of work in this line. THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE is doing a great Also will keep on hand for sale, HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., HARNESS LEATHER, SOLE LEATHER, UPPER LEATHER, &c.,

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ecretary of the Board, Mr. S. P. Boozer, A. P. PIFER. July 29, 30-tf.

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LOVE IN WINTER.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

'Oh, love is like the roses, And every rose shall fall, For sure as Summer closes They perish, one and all. Then love, while leaves are on the trees, And birds sing in the bowers; When winter comes, too late 'twill be To pluck the happy flowers.

It is a maiden singing, An ancient girl, in sooth; The dizzy room is ringing With her shrill song of youth; The white keys sob as swift she tries Each shrill and shricking scale: "Ob, love is like the roses!" cries

In a dark corner dozing I close my eyes and ears, And call up, while reposing, A glimpse from other years; A genre-picture, quaint and Dutch, I see from this dark seat,-Tis full of human brightness, such As makes remembrance sweet.

Flat leagues of endless meadows (In Holland lies the scene), Where many pollard shadows O'er nut-brown ditches lean; Gray clouds above that never break, Mists the pale sunbeams stripe, With groups of steaming cattle, make A landscape "after Cuyp."

A windmill, and below it A cottage near a road, Where some meek pastoral poet Might make a glad abode; cottage with a garden, where Prim squares of pansies grow, And, sitting on a garden-chair,

In trim black, trussed and bodiced With petticoat of red, And on her bosom modest A kerchief white bespread. Alas! the breast that heaves below Is shriveled now and thin, Though vestal thoughts as white as snow

And folded on her knee; Are moving quietly. O'er the dark flats intone-The Sabbath-sounds are blown

Her cheek a withered rose is, Her eves a violet dim; And hums a happy hymn. But soft! what wonder makes her start And lift ber sged head, While the faint flutterings of her heart

Just touch her cheeks with red? The latch clicks; through the gateway An aged wight steps slow, Then pauses, doffing straightway His broad-brimmed gay chapeau! Swallow-tailed coat of blue so grand, With buttons bright beside, He wears, and in his trembling hand

A nosegay, ribbon-tied. His thin old legs trip lightly In breeches of nankeen, His wrinkled face looks brightly, So rosy, fresh and clean: For old he is and wrinkled plain, With locks of golden gray,

Oh, sky-lark, singing over To this so happy lover Sing out with summer-cry! He hears thee, though his blood is cold. She hears, though deaf and weak;

Each took the path of pain-He lived a bachelor, and she Was never wooed again.

But when the Summer ended. When Autumn, too, was dead, When every vision splendid Of youth and hope was fled. Again these twain came face to face As in the long ago; They met within a sunless place

'Oh, love is like the roses. Love comes and love must flee Before the summer closes Love's sapture and love's glee!" Oh peace! for in the garden there He bows in raiment gay, Doffs hat, and with a courtly air

Presents his fond bouquet. While church-bells softly ring, The happy, silent heaven Beholds the self-same thing: The gay old boy within the gate, With ribbons at his knee; When winter comes is love too late?"

O Cupid, look and see! Oh, talk not of love's rapture, When youthful lovers kiss: What mortal sight may capture A scene so sweet as this? Beside her now he sits and glows While prim she sits, and proud, Then, spectacles upon his nose,

Pure, with no touch of passion, True, with no tinge of pain: Thus, in sweet Sabbath-fashion, They live their love again, She sees in him a happy boy-Swift, agile, amorous-eyed; He sees in her his own heart's joy-Youth, hope, love vivified!

His long Dutch pipe of wood; Gossiping oft and joking, As a gay lover should, And oft, while there in company They smile for love's sweet sake, Her snuff-box black she hands, and he A grave, deep pinch doth take!

There gravely juvenescent, In sober Sabbath-joy, Mingling the past and present, They sit, a maid and boy! Oh, love is like the roses!"-No! Thou foolish singer, cease! Love finds his fireside 'mid the snow, And smokes the pipe of peace!

Selected Story.

WINNING A NEW DRESS.

"Such a beautiful new silk as Mrs. Leith has got," exclaimed Tom Vernon's wife as they were eating breakfast. "The loveliest shade of a lavender, and trimmed with lace that must have cost at least three dollars a yard." It's

just exquisite!" "Of course," laughed Tom: "I can foresee what all this enthusiasm is leading to. My little household divinity has an idea in her head that she would look well in lavender silk."

"I did not say anything of the kind," said Mrs. Vernon, but Tom knew by the way she said it that he had guessed pretty near the

"And the way in which she got it makes it all the more enjoyable she says," went on Mrs. Vernon. "You know Leith's always telling how easy it is to get the start of a woman in a joke, or anything of that kind. It seems Mrs. Leith got the start of him in some way, and he felt so cheap over it that he promised to get her the prettiest dress in regard to it. That's the way she earned her lavender

silk." "Poor Leith!" laughed Tom .-"I don't pity him, though. He ought to be able to hold his own with a woman. I'd like to

woman get the start of me!' "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mrs. Vernon, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and a view to business. I'll agree to get the start of you in some way if you'll get me a lavender silk."

"Agreed!" responded Tom .-"But I'm afraid you won't have your new dress very soon, my

"See if I don't." said Mrs. Vernon, wisely. "It isn't such a hard thing to get the start of you men as you think it is. We could do it any day if we cared to try." "Oh!" laughed Tom, giving her a kiss as he spoke, "we are not

conceited at all; are we!" "Not the least," answered his pretty wife; "you wait and see how the case stands by and by." "Well, I'll wait," answered Tom,

rushing round distractedly in search of his hat. "Where the dickens ?- I hear the train coming, and I've only three minutes to get to the depot in. Oh, here it is, good-bye, Kittie, and remember, I predict that you will lose your new silk dress," and with

another kiss he was off. "Rather a poor show for comfort," thought Tom Vernon, two or three days after, as he entered a crowded car and looked about

him for a vacant seat. Every seat was occupied. The poor fellow thought he had got to make the best of it and take a standing ride homeward, when a young lady, at least he considered she was a young lady from her style of dress, but couldn't be certain of anything, because her face was hidden under a brown veil, beckoned him toward her, and offered

him half her seat. Tom was always very susceptible. The fair sex had kept his heart in a continual flutter before he married. Now, he felt sure that there wasn't a woman like Kittie in the world, and yet he couldn't overcome his susceptibility. A pair of bright eyes bewitched him for the time being. A smile from the pretty face was

too much for him to resist. Therefore, when this veiled lady offered him a seat beside her, Tom, with a face that was very expressive of the pleasure with which he accepted the offer, came forward and sat down, wondering who it could be behind the brown veil. Some young lady who knew him by sight, he was pretty sure, because there was something in the trim little figure that scemed

rather familiar to him. The train started with a jerk, and the young lady was nearly twitched off the seat. Tom helped her to become settled, and in some way his hand got entangled with hers, and he didn't try to disentangle it. The young lady didn't seem to have any very serious objections to the situation, for she permitted Tom's fingers to cling to her own daintily gloved one under cover of her shawl.

Tom said something once or twice, but the lady didn't seem inclined to talk much. It was perhaps a half-hour's

ride from the city to the place where Tom got off. A half-hour doesn't seem very long for Tom to get up a flirtation with his young lady companion. Once or twice he wondered what his wife would was a bacon-curer.

say if she knew all about it. But then it was just to pass away the time, and there wasn't any harm

in it. Merely an innocent amuse-Just before reaching the station where Tom lives, the train passed

through a tunnel. Into this tunnel plunged the rain on this memorable evening. The lamps had not been lighted in the car, and of course everything was wrapped in midnight dark-

"May I have a kiss?" whisper-Tom, leaning toward the brow veil. "Just one," he pleaded.

There wasu't any reply in words. but Tom, whose arm had stolen about the silent young lady's waist, felt a curious tremble shake her. He didn't know but what she was laughing at him. "Silence gives consent," said

veil and plumped a whopping kiss somewhere in the vicinity of the Just then the train dashed out of the tunnel, and Tom hoped to see the face of his queer com-

Tom, and pulled away the brown

panion. But the brown veil was The train stopped, and Tom got up to get off.

So did his companion. A cold shiver ran all over hi What if the story should leak out He hurried out of the car, and looked around at the door, to find the brown veil close behind him. He made a plunge for the platform, but he couldn't escape his fate. The brown veil followed

"Who the dickens can it be?" thought Tom. "If it's any one who's going to stay here awhile, Kittie will be sure to hear of it, and I don't know how I could explain it to her satisfactorily. Wo-

nen are so particular." "Hello, Tom!" called out riend, coming up just then. "Just

from the city?" "Yes," said Tom, who was meditating a hasty retreat. "Who is that woman in the brown veil, Bernard? She came up on the train with me."

said Bernard, looking about among the crowd; "I don't see any." Tom breathed freer. "I don't see her now. I don't know who she was, but there was

"That woman in the brown veil?

something kind of familiar in her appearance, I fancied. Good gra-Tom's last remark was caused by the appearance at his elbow of

the identical lady in the brown "I'd like to walk home with you, if you have no objection," she said, with a queer little trem-

ble in her voice, as if a laugh were not far back of it. "With me!" cried Tom, aghast

"I-that is-" "Oh, it doesn't make any difference," laughed the lady, and Tom's eves were something worth seeing when he heard that laugh. "Dear dear! It's too good to keep! Oh,

Tom! Don't you know me?' Up went the brown veil, and there stood Kitty, her face perfeetly convulsed with merriment. "I'll be shot if it isn't my wife!" eried Tom, looking as he wanted to faint, or do something equally

diverting. "Didn't know your own wife!" cried Bernard. "I declare, if that isn't the richest joke of the season. I say, Tom, I must tell the boys about that. Oh I must really." "Just one," whispered Kittie to Tom with her eyes full of mischief. "Silence gives consent."-

Tom's face was as red as the rose in Kittie's hat. "If you'll keep still about that-" "You'll get me that lavender ilk," finished Kittie.

"Yes, I'll do it," cried Tom .-"Inst say it's a bargain." "And you'll never do so again?" added Kittie.

Tom Vernon," said Tom, solemn-"Well on these terms, I agree to say nothing about it, but-it was so rich!" and Kittie couldn't help laughing till she cried, "Oh, om, to think of it!"

Tom declares that he knew who the lady in the brown veil was all the time, but he can't make his wife believe it. She got the lavender silk, and the transaction bids fair to be a lucky one for her, because if she wants anything she has only to say: "Just one!" and "Silence gives consent!" and Tom. looking decidedly sheepish, is sure to come to terms.

A belle, upon being asked her father's profession, said he "em-

BY SLOPER.

It is a true saying that "there

With this brief prelude, I will introduce "Patterson's Boy." Now it has always been an unanswered question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" but I am fully prepared to answer for "Patterson's Boy, and solemnly declare that it wasn't

time, but one night "Patterson's him if he was going swimming Boy" could not find any other string to attach to his toe, but a ed him to play marbles, the Patstrong, closely twisted cotton cord, terson family thought we didn't called in the West a troll-line, appreciate the situation; and old strong enough to hold the largest | Patterson lifted us with his boot. fish in the river; so he tied the string securely to his toe, and with fence, he went to sleep in all the Dr. Edward Jarvis, in the fifth andids and jar bugs. There was also rious countries, strikingly show

One morning, however, this annuitants lived. The contract great engineering operation, it is boy got up early to solve the pro- | was mutually satisfactory and pro- | extremely probable that it will be blem of that game, and seeing the fitable. Ninety-seven years later, attempted by the French authoristring tied to the fence, he thought | Mr. Pitt issued another tontine or | ties. horns of the calf; then he went

"Wouldn't you like another one?" tumbling over of tables, and chairs, which, and the conditions in young man shortly after rejoiced and then a yell from "Patterson's which, any form of life is placed, in the fullness of the blessing of "Never, as sure as my name's Boy," as he came through the win- should be brought into harmony the gospel of peace. Christians, dow with nothing on but his shirt, and, with a kind of "half hammon" hop, step and jump, he went after that calf, while the tail of his shirt sailed out on the breeze and flopped liked an election banner on a

windy day. Away they went around the vard, over, the wood-pile, through the garden, over beans, and peas, and tomato vines, and then disappeared in the corn, where the rattle of the dried corn blades and the yell of "Patterson's Boy" was all that indicated anything interesting down there. But, rockety clack, they came back again, and "Patterson's Boy" had taken a death grip on that line to relieve the unpleasant strain on his toe and as the calf had got warmed better time than ever.

Miscellaneous.

and sharp turns and curves around that vard; they upset barrels and PATTERSON'S BOY. pans, broke down all the pretty flowers in the front yard, they

then they disappeared for a moare no days like the old days, ment under the woodshed, where and, indeed, there is no fiction so 'Patterson's Boy" could be heard laughable as the real, humorous thumping his head among the old incidents of our boyhood days, at traps piled up there. least to us, who can so vividly remember every look and gesture of some comic adventure or incident, set the bee hive. Then the buzover which at the time we so nearzing of the bees, on that sweet ly split our sides, that we can't Sabbath morning, was so suggesbear to have a woman's finger poking us in the ribs even to this day without getting excited.

yelled and kicked and roared. I who pulled the string.

In my younger days "Patterson's Boy" and I used to go for a swimming bath every Sunday morning during the summer in the Ohio river. We would go at an early hour, before sunrise, and, as he was a sleepy-headed youth, it required a voice of thunder to rouse him from his snoring. I got tired of the strain on my lungs, and of seeing so many night-capped heads poked out of the neighboring windows, so I suggested to "Patterson's Boy" that he tie a string to his big toe every Saturday night, hand; his mouth looked like a hole with the other end tied to the fence, and I could just quietly and gentlý pull the string, and wake him without disturbing the neigh-

This plan worked well for a

that might throw some light on scale of annuities, on the basis of the subject, especially as he knew the same expectation of life as in the other end was tied to the toe of the previous century. These latter "Patterson's Boy." Now Patter- annuitants, however, lived so much son's calf was lying down by the longer than their predecessors, fence near the string, so the boy | that it proved to be a very costly went up quietly, and patted the loan for the government. It was calf on the head, and petted it un- found that while 10,000 of each sex til he had gained its confidence by | in the first tontine died under the false pretences, and then he unfast- age of 28 only 5,772, males, and ened the string from the fence and | 9,416 females in the second tontine | tration of the words. "Here we tied it on over the little stubby | died at the same age of 100 years | have no continuing city," and askover and sat on the gate post to tants of 1693 was 26.5 years, while come." In trembling hand she In a few minutes I came walk- months after they were 30 years came the answer: "Thank you ing along to wake "Patterson's old. From these facts, says Dr. so much for those kind words .-Boy" for our swim, and when I Jarvis, it is plain that life, in many My parents are dead. I am an approached the fence the calf forms and manifestations, and pro- orphan, and no one has spoken to jumped up in fright, and started bably in all, can be expended in me like that since my mother died on a run across the lot. I heard vigor, intensity and duration, un- long years ago." The arrow, shot a terrible racket inside, and the der favorable circumstances amid at a venture, hit home, and the

A WORD TO WIVES --- No man ever truly prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unite in mutual endeavors or reward his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, knowing that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for the voyage who finds an associate but for happy hours, while for months balmed pork," she believed. He up to his work they were making of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

with the law appointed for its be-

LONG-WINDED TALKERS.

Men are often talked to death. It is a hard death to die. It is often the case that they ave to die standing.

knocked down a shelf; and smash-The long-winded talker is worse ed all the jars of preserves, and han the drouth in June; he set tles down on you like a swarm of red-hot mosquitoes and acts as though he intended to stay.

He never has anything of im- sharp, in order to produce a telling portance to tall, if he had he could effect. To one one end is attachdo it in a minute.

But it never got really lively and interesting until the calf upalways looking the other way, of the divisions of the brass hunting up the next victim. He knuckle. Thus armeda man might will hold you by the button and defy an army. If he were to get tive of the land where milk and talk for three hours and a quarter; hold of one individual man, the honey flows that it was strange if and when he has got through you effect is appalling; every blow he "Patterson's Boy," didn't apprefeel as weak as though you had strikes with the knuckles would ciate it. I think he did, from the

way he hopped, and danced, and just come out of a hot bath. very vainest of mortals; they bullets in his heart, while the gim-By this time Patterson came don't never talk to interest you, let attachment is cutting away at out, and got an old scythe, and but to amuse themselves. mowed around with it until he

cut that blasted old string, and flighty as a bladder blown up with killed at least a dozen times begot his only son in the house, and by that time the neighbors began You can't escape one of these ter; not only killed, but so batto come in to look at him. They had put some more clothing on

him, however, as that shirt he They are the worst thieves in roomy coffin for his remains .started out with was now all gone. the world, they steal time, a thing Somebody ought to rame the You couldn't reasonably expect that cannot be replaced. a shirt to last that boy long, scal-I had rather be attacked by a It is small, but telling in its efloping around as "Patterson's

two inch auger and a dozen gim | fects.

lets all at once than have a longwinded talker get after me. It was interesting to look at him. His nose stuck out like a large, full-grown tomato; his ears were as large and thick as your

It was an extraordinary occasion to the family, but when I asked with me, and that other boy want-THE LENGTHENING YEARS OF are under way by the French the other end fastened to the MAN .- In an interesting paper by government. As to whether the Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, sweet security, of innocence, and | nual report of the Massachusetts | is at present a question of considesoon his childlike snore was ming- board of health, the following vital rable discussion. On the one ed people could only see themselves ling with the joyous music of katy- statistics, past and present, of va- hand, the replacing of a large amount of desert waste by water, another innocent youth who lived how the advance of civilization and making scaports of interior across the street from the pater- has prolonged life: In ancient points in Algeria, and the expected nal mausion of "Patterson's Boy." Rome, in the period of 200 to 500 restoration of an ample rain-fall The course of true love never did | years after the christian era, the | to various parts of northern Africa, average duration of life in the are viewed with favorable anticipa-Now, of course, these boys most favored class was 30 years. tions. On the other hand, it is loved each other, but a little un- In the present century the av- maintained that the sea will be pleasantness sprang up once be- erage longevity of persons of the simply an immense evaporation tween them, owing to a little same class is 50 years. In the basin, which will soon be clogged game of marbles in which "Patter- sixteenth century the average up with salt; or that a serious inson's Boy" came out so far ahead longevity in Geneva was 21.21 terference will take place in the that the other boy could never un- years; between 1814 and 1833 it amount of heated air carried derstand it; and it had been a was 40.68, and as large a portion across the Mediterranean, which puzzle to him ever since, although | now live to 70, as lived to 43, 300 | at present prevents the extension he never cast any imputation on years ago. In 1693 the British of the Alpine glaciers. Should float helplessly on the surface of the honor of "Patterson's Boy," government borrowed money by this be interrupted, it is feared and, generously overlooking it, he selling annuities on lives from in- that increased glaciation will enloved him as well as ever, and fancy upward, on the basis of the sue, possibly restoring a large porwould go over and eat pie with average longevity. The treasurer tion of Central Europe to its conhim, whenever they had a baking received the price and paid the dition during the reindeer epoch. annuities regularly as long as the Whatever be the result of this

> In Season .- A lady once writing a letter to a young naval officer who was almost a stranger, thought "Shall I close this as anybody would or shall I say a word for my Master?" and lifting up her for heart a moment, she wrote telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illuslater. The average life of the annui- ed if he could say, "I seek one to milk pail. shose of 1790 lived 33 years and 9 folded it and sent it off. Back how often do we close a letter "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus.

A singular circumstance is reported to us by a gentleman from Booneville, Ky., who is reliable authority, as having recently occurred in that place. An old hen came off her nest with a brood of bran-new little chickens, hatched out all her eggs save one, which remained in the nest. The old cat belonging on the premises took possession of the nest and came off with a flock of little cats and a chicken, she having hatched out the remaining egg. The whole family are doing well.

Buffalo has a female burglar only seventeen years old.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements insorted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements tenper cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tribute of respect, same rates per square as ordinary

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large adver-tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING Done with Nestness and Dispatch

A NEW WEAPON.

The New Orleans Picayune

gives the annexed description of the neatest instrument for a street fight that has yet been produced: It is a weapon with a sinister and cynical appearance that would make even the bravest man tremble. It consists first of an ordinary pair of brass knuckles, rather ed a gimlet knife, to the other a While he is talking to you he is revolver, whose trigger forms one not only break the assaulted per-Long-winded talkers are the son's skull, but lodge a half-dozen his throat. A man who had been They are as cheerful and as treated to that weapon would be fore he knew what was the matfellows any more than you can an | tered, bruised, and cut to pieces, that a sardine box would prove a

Don't Scold.-For the sake of They are worse than a female your children, don't do it. It is a committee of five, to raise money great misfortune to have children to white wash the basement of the reared in the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting com-You cannot only get rid of the plaining and fault-finding of such women, but make them all respect | persons is to make the young who you by subscribing seven dollars, hear it, unamiable, malicious, caljust about twice what it will cost lous-hearted, and they often learn to to do the whitewashing .- Billings. | take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such A GIGANTIC PROJECT .- The pro- tongue-lashings. As they are alect of converting a portion of the ways getting the blame of wrong-Sahara Desert into an inland sea doing, whether they deserve it or continues to find favor, and it is un- not, they think they might as well derstood thorough surveys with a do wrong as right. They lose all view to determine the precise ambition to strive for the favorable mode of accomplishing this object opinion of the faultfinder, since they see they always strive in vain .result aimed at is desirable or not but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these, unloved dreadas others see them they would fiee

weapon; it deserves a name .-

to the mountains in very shame. WICKED INGENUITY .- One of the subtle methods of catching fish,employed for years by poachers in England, is to fill a large stone bottle with quicklime, then to pour in water enough to nearly fill the jar, and cork it up, securing the cork to the neck of the bottle by copper wire. The bottle is thrown into the water, and the pressure, caused by the working of the lime, explodes the bottle and stuns the fish, which then

Little Toby Foster's first composition was as follows:

ROOsters can cro wich Hens

cant they swallow their vittles hole cause they hant any Teeth. Some of them Can fight orful they are Good to pick Wurms and Som times help A Hen build A Nest they never have but 2 Legs ROOsters never lay Eggs. A correspondent wants to know how to break a cow that is afraid

of a woman. We haven't thought

sufficiently on the subject to give

an answer, but in New Jersey,

when a cow is afraid of a woman,

she quiets the animal by simply

hiding her back hair under the The amount of grain shipped by the American line of steamers to Liverpool from Philadelphia du-

ring August was nearly 350,000 Do not allow your daughters to be taught letters by a man though he be a St. Paul, or St. Francis of Assissium. The saints are in heav-

There is a spell in woman's laughter, but not so dangerous as in that of man, for his spells man-slaughter Utica girls all wear shoes with an L on. Without that they

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in Have the courage to wear your

old clothes until you can pay for

Hint to storekeepers: To make money-Advertise.

Good seldom or never come unmixed with ovil-

HERALD OFFICE apply to the Jan. 21, 8-tf.

ary other influence which ever existed."

It has published a series of scientific and literary extras which have met a wider sale and more ary extras which have met a wider sale and more arrows.

News.

The best newspaper in the world is the New YORK TRIBUNE. It combines the dignity and sagacity of the London Times with the representative news enterprise of America.—Baltimore Bulletin.

pecomes therefore a matter of vital importance to the country that the direction of the ideas of this vast section should be in able and conscientious hands, and a matter for congratulation that the farmer's newspaper par excellence has the high standing of the TRE TRIBUNE.—The N. Y. South. work in popularizing Science, by the publication of cheap extras to that great daily.—Our Monthly,

THE TRUE SOUTHRON.

Published Without the aid of any Official Patronage whatever, and appeals alone to the FRIENDS OF HONESTY AND GOOD GOVERNMENT for support in its fight against villainy. We call upon the WHITE MEN OF SOUTH

and principles.

We say, candidly, we need your support. The party in power have done their utmost to crush us by endeavoring to deprive us of legitimate business, and all we ask is the subscription of every true Carolinian—which will place us beyond the reach of contingencies.

Send one cent stamp for specimen copy. W. G. KENNEDY, Editor. SUMTER, S. C. July 29, 30-tf.

faithful, polite and attentive servants. monthly boarders. Apr. 22, 16-tf.

secured to the House the reputation it now T. M. POLLOCK, Nov. 12, 45-tf.

Prices as low as the lowest for good goods. Orders with the cash, or satisfactory re-

Poetry.

This muslined nightingale.

A dame with locks of snow.

Still palpitate within. Her hands are mittened nicely, Her lips, that meet precisely, Now come, now gone, in dying swells

And leaning on a tasseled cane, He hobbles on his way.

She stands to greet him, as of old, A blush upon her cheek. In Spring-time they were parted By some sad wind of woe; Forlern and broken-hearted Each faltered, long ago; hey parted : half a century

In the season of the snow.

Reads the week's news aloud! Content there he sits smoking

[Gentleman's Magazine.