

A Modern Job.

BY BIZARRÉ.

Boggs' face looked as mournful as a graveyard by moonlight as he descended the stairs of his boarding house, one morning last week, while the mincing manner in which he stepped and the wide detour he made to avoid anything touching him was calculated to give one the impression that everything was not serene.

Oh, old sport, how's things? shouted young Tripper, overtaking him in the hall and rushing past him.

Darnation! I wish you'd look where you're running! exclaimed B, holding on to the bannisters, and writhing around as if in agony.

Why, I scarcely touched you at all, said the young man, stopping and looking at him in amazement.

Touched the d—l. You hit one of my biles hard enough to knock a horse down, screamed Boggs, wiping the tears out of his eyes.

Then why don't you keep your boils out of the way if you don't want to get them busted? replied Tripper, getting mad and sassy.

I'll bust the man that busts one of them, if I go to prison for nineteen thousand years for doing it, said Boggs, hoarsely, treading as softly down the stairs as if he was walking on tacks with his bare feet.

Good morning Mr. Boggs, said his landlady, coming suddenly upon and brushing against him as he passed the parlor door.

Ouch, Oh, Lordy. Hang the thing, he exclaimed, leaping up against the wall and holding his pants off the tender spot.

Why, what's the matter? she asked with alarm.

Oh, lem'me 'love, can't you? he moaned.

Are you sick? she inquired, solicitously, coming over to his side.

Keep away and don't lay your finger on me, or I'll brake everything in this house, he cried, desperately, motioning her off with his disengaged hand.

Well, you might be a little more civil, I think, she replied, flouncing away to the dining room, where, meeting Jones, her first floor boarder, she said, confidentially—

I just had an awful fright from Mr. Boggs. He acts like a man with the hydrophobia. I wish you'd find out what ails him.

When Boggs limped in, opening the door very wide, and looking around for the softest chair, there was a painful silence for a moment, and then Jones asked—

Sprain your ankle, Boggs?

No; sprain nothing, said Mr. B, tartly, sitting down as gently as if he was going to hatch eggs.

Rheumatism, eh? inquired Jones, after receiving a smile of approval from his hostess.

No, ejaculated Boggs, tersely.

Boots hurt you, hey? questioned Jones.

None of your darned business, exclaimed Boggs, getting angry at being interrogated.

Well, there's no reason for you getting your back up about it. I was only inquiring what was the matter with you, said Jones, hotly.

Well, if you must know, I've got a howling old bile here on this leg, and a couple of double headed old 'snorters' hereabout, explained Boggs making a motion to lift his coat tail and point out the precise spots.

The landlady turned quickly away and commenced talking to the canary; Miss Decollete, the young lady boarder, who had been listening attentively, blushed scarlet, young Tripper roared with laughter, and Jones, after wishing the floor would open the house fall down, or some one shout fire in the street, stammered—

Yes—yes. Never mind sh—showing us, we'll take your word for it.

After breakfast, Boggs started off for business, walking as slowly and gingerly as a man does on ice; turning the corner of the street, a butcher boy with a basket on his arm, ran into him.

Ow, ow, Caesation. I'll kick the head off you, he roared, catching hold of a fence and glaring at the boy.

Crickety! What's the matter with you? Got the Jim Jams? Yelled the boy.

I hope I'll live to see you hung for that, exclaimed Boggs, mopping the cold perspiration from his forehead. Don't your clothes fit you? Don't you got enough to eat? asked the boy, chaffingly.

Boggs limped away, promising himself a days vacation, no matter how busy he might be, to witness that boy's execution, hailed a passing car, and set down softly, slowly and painfully on the hard uncushioned seat. A moment later, a fashionable miss with pull back skirts, and her hair artistically mussed over her forehead, came in and dropping into her seat diagonally, bumped up against his boil.

Chris-topher Co-lumbus! Why cant you sit down like a Christain? he exclaimed, squirming and wriggling around on his seat, till the passengers thought he was going to have a fit.

Me, sir? enquired the young lady haughtily.

Yes, you, you. You ma'am. I've got a bile on my leg as big as a bucket, and you flopped yourself down on it, he replied, passionately.

The passengers tittered, the young lady frowned, grew red as a boiled lobster, and drew away from him, and Boggs was in hopes that his troubles were at an end, when a meek young man with a struggling whisker, lavender colored necktie, and bashful, timid manners, on trying to leave the car, was precipitated into his lap.

Whoop. Dorm it. Dorm it. Dorm everybody. I'll massacre you, he shouted, grabbing the floundering young man by his paper collar, jamming his head over the seat, and trying to choke him to death. The meek youth kicked and gasped, and the conductor separated and bounced them both off the car.

Wait till these biles get well, and I'll lam you for running against me, screamed Boggs, shaking his fist at the mild young man.

The meek youth made no reply, but after trying to pin his bursted paper collar, hurried away to consult a lawyer about bringing an action against Boggs for unprovoked assault with intent to kill.

Boggs was undergoing such grinding torment that he concluded to return home and go to bed, and was limping back when he stepped on an orange peel, and his left foot shot out from under him with a swiftness that made him sick, and he could feel his very scalp lift with horror of the inevitable crash; then his right foot scooted away in the opposite direction, and he came down on the pavement with an abruptness and force that will make him shiver to think of it to his dying day.

An old apple woman helped him up, picked up his hat, wiped the tears from his eyes with her apron, and let him hang on to an ash barrel till he could get his breath and consciousness back, when he crawled home, and meeting his landlady on the stairs, said—

If you will make me three flaxseed poultices a foot thick, I'll buy you the pretties kumpep up dress in the city when I get well.

You must have clean lips. One of the highest characteristics of ministerial manhood, is purity of speech. If all other men are careless of their words, he must have a watch upon his lips and put a bridle on his tongue. Nothing will send a minister's influence and reputation below par more speedily than improper conversation. An unchaste story, a low entendre, a filthy joke, a questionable word or gesture, a sentence that would make a pure woman blush in public or in private, in select or in mixed company, is a burning shame and scandal to any minister of the Gospel. An impure story is next to an impure action; a filthy joke is morally wrong as a filthy deed. He who has impure lips, and who indulges in impure speech, be he divinity student, doctor of divinity, or bishop, is a disgrace to the church, a grief to the Saviour, and a corruptor of the morals of the young. Clean lips are essential to the success of a minister. The people watch the word of a young minister with the closest and sternest criticism.

He Didn't Want the 'Scription.

He was an old man, and he had a bit of conductor's pastboard stuck in his hat. He walked into the drug store and inquired: 'Have you got any good 'whiskey?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the gentlemanly druggist.

'Gimme half a pint?'

'Have you got a doctor's proseription?'

'No.'

'Can't sell it, then, sir. Jury in session; must be strict.'

'Where can I get a doctor?' sadly inquired the aged inebriate.

'I'm a physician, sir,' winningly responded the druggist.

'Can't you give me that—what you call it, 'scription?'

'Well, I might.' And the Doctor wrote out a prescription blank, calling for so many ounces of spirits frummenti. He filled a snug looking bottle with the article, pasted a label on it, numbered to correspond with the paper, and presenting the bottle to the venerable roysterer, remarked, in the most business like way imaginable: 'A dollar and a half, sir.'

'A dollar and a half?' gasped his astonished customer.

'Ain't that pretty high, mister?'

'It's our price—a dollar for the proseription and fifty cents for the medicine.'

'Yes, well,' slowly replied the wicked old duffer, as he slowly buttoned up the half pint in his overcoat pocket; 'I guess, boss, that I don't want the 'scription. Here's your half a dollar,' and he stuck his tongue in one side of his mouth, winked ironically at him of the mortar and pestle, and walked out.—Worcester Press.

PICKENS COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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Clerk of Court—S D Keith.
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Sheriff—J Riley Ferguson.
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School Commissioner—R A Bowen.

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Auditor—Alonzo M Folger.

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County Commissioners, C L Hollingsworth.

Justices—Lusley, Lake I. Arrial—Savory, Central, James A. Liddell—Pickens C H., C L Hollingsworth and G W Taylor—Dacusville, J B Sutherland

NOTICE.

I take this method of informing my friends that I will be found in my office on each SATURDAY, for the purpose of transacting any business that comes under my jurisdiction.

As my duties as School Commissioner will compel me to be absent in different parts of the county, I make this special appointment for the benefit of all concerned.

R. A. BOWEN,
School Commissioner

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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2d Term—Salustius' Cataline and Jugurtha; Xenophon's Anabasis; Higher Algebra commenced; Solid and Spherical Geometry completed; Chemistry.

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South Carolina Railroad.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 18, 1875.
On and after Sunday, December 19, the Passenger Trains on the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

FOR COLUMBIA.
(Sundays excepted.)
Leave Charleston 9 15 a m
Arrive at Columbia 5 00 p m

FOR AUGUSTA.
(Sundays excepted.)
Leave Charleston 9 15 a m
Arrive at Augusta 6 10 p m

FOR CHARLESTON.
(Sundays excepted.)
Leave Columbia 9 00 a m
Arrive at Charleston 4 45 p m

Leave Augusta 9 00 a m
Arrive at Charleston 4 45 p m

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.
Leave Charleston 9 15 p m
Arrive at Columbia 7 20 p m

Leave Columbia 7 00 p m
Arrive at Charleston 6 40 a m

AUGUSTA NIGHT EXPRESS.
Leave Charleston 8 00 p m
Arrive at Augusta 7 45 a m

Leave Augusta 8 30 p m
Arrive at Charleston 7 40 a m

SUMMERVILLE TRAIN.
(Sundays excepted.)
Leave Summerville at 7 30 a m
Arrive at Charleston 8 45 a m

Leave Charleston 8 15 p m
Arrive at Summerville 4 30 p m

CAMDEN TRAIN
Connects at Kingville daily [except Sundays] with Up and Down Day and Passenger Trains.

Day and Night Trains connect at Augusta with Georgia Railroad, Macon and Augusta Railroad and Central Railroad. This route via Atlanta is the quickest and most direct route, and as comfortable and cheap as any other route. To Montgomery, Selma, Mobile, New Orleans, and all other points Southwest, and to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and all other points West and Northwest.

Day Train connects at Columbia with the Through Train on Charlotte Road (which leaves at 9 p. m.) for all points North. Night Train connects with Local Train [which leaves Columbia at 8 a. m.] for points on Charlotte Road.

Laurens Railroad Train connects at Newberry on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Up Columbia Night Train connects closely with the Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

S. S. SOLOMONS, Superintendent.
S. B. PICKENS, General Ticket Agent.

Greenville & Columbia R.R.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with night trains on South Carolina Railroad up and down. On and after Monday, December 13, the following will be the Schedule:

Leave Columbia at 7 45 a m
Leave Alston at 9 15 a m
Leave Newberry at 10 35 a m
Leave Cokesbury at 2 07 p m
Leave Belton at 3 50 p m
Arrive at Greenville at 6 35 p m

Leave Greenville at 8 05 a m
Leave Belton at 9 40 a m
Leave Cokesbury at 11 20 a m
Leave Newberry at 2 40 p m
Leave Alston at 4 20 p m
Arrive at Columbia at 6 50 p m

Connect at Alston with Trains on the Spartanburg and Union Railroad; connect at Columbia with Night Trains on the South Carolina Railroad up and down; also with Trains going North and South on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta and the Wilmington, Charlotte and Fryingwood Branch.

Train leave Abbeville at 9 15 a. m., connecting with Down Train from Greenville. Leave Cokesbury at 2 15 p. m., connecting with Up Train from Columbia. Accommodation Trains, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Leave Cokesbury at 11 15 a. m., or on the arrival of the Down Train from Greenville. Leave Abbeville at 1 o'clock p. m., connecting with Up Train from Columbia.

ANDERSON BRANCH AND FLUE RIDGE DIVISION.

Leave Wallhalla at 8 00 a m
Leave Perryville at 9 45 a m
Leave Pendleton at 7 35 a m
Leave Anderson at 8 35 a m
Arrive at Belton at 9 20 a m

Leave Belton at 8 50 p m
Leave Anderson at 4 50 p m
Leave Pendleton at 5 50 p m
Leave Perryville at 6 35 p m
Arrive at Wallhalla 7 15 p m

Accommodation Trains between Belton and Anderson on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leave Belton at 5 50 a. m., on arrival of Down Train from Greenville. Leave Anderson at 2 00 p. m., connecting with Up Train from Columbia.

THOMAS DODAMEAD,
General Superintendent.

JABEZ NORTON, Jr., General Ticket Agent.

Schedule.

Atlanta & Richmond Air Line Railway.

PASSENGER TRAIN EASTWARD—DAILY.

Leave at Atlanta at 3 p m
Leave Toccoa City at 6 45 p m
Leave Westminister at 8 15 p m
Leave Seneca city at 8 25 p m
Leave central at 9 12 p m
Leave Easley at 9 41 p m
Leave Greenville at 9 41 p m
Leave Spartanburg at 2 03 a m
Arrive at Charlotte at 2 03 a