OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air That drifts through the valley of dreams; It comes from a clime where the roses were, And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair That waved in the morning's beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown, And snow-white forcheads are there; A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown, Athorny bed and a couch of down, Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A rosy wreath in a dimpled hand, A ring and a slighted vow; Three golden links on a broken band, A tiny track on the snow-white sand, A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song That sobs on the summer air, And loneliness felt in the festive throng Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day, - And it mingled with the matin chimes ; But years have distanced the beautiful lay, And its melody floweth far away, And we call it now "Old Times."

For the Kome Circle.

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You're mistaken, I would sooner die than marry a mere country girl."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent moral, full of natural poetry, tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by admira-tion, a gnileless, simple, loving creature."

"Oh," said Fred, laughingly, "choice collection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you, if she was as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting needles, I would not marry her for a fortune."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Helen Irving, but it was a very pianimissimo laugh, way down in the very corner of her heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the speak-

In another moment the young lady come in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered in visible trepidation: "Do you think she heard me?

"No," rejoined the other audibly-"she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book-you are safe; she could not have heard you, but what an angel she is."

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks as she laid her book aside and began to twine a finished wreath of wild

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak tree a back ground, flowers strewed around her, peeping from her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unconscious that two handsome young gentlemen were so near her.

him to-morrow. He will remember me, Frederick Lane, at your service."
"Yes, sir, I will tell him for you," said

Helen, tucking her sleeve around her pretty arm, and making a rather formal courtesy. Then catching up her book, and gathering up the scattered flowers, she hurried home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, "so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Liane you talk so much about, is in the village. He will be here to-morrow the first specimen of a city beau, (as of course he will be,) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids and spotless in dickey, important and self-assured as one of that kind can possibly be. Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lisp one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan.— Father will not, I know, but if you, sis, will keep quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Helen, you are not quite respectful," said her father.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were around his neck. "I always mean well, but I am thoughtless. There, all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come, sis, what say you ?" Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"
"Ah! that's my own business," said Helen, dancing out of the room.

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary, overhead, burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on long blue stockings, nearly finished, and friend, who with the rest had paused to her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit most admirably. Are you fond of it?" "Yes, quite, I like it better than any-

well." glance had traveled from the corners of marble. The color had left his check.

"What books? permit me to ask."

said, gravely. "Is that all?" "All—of course not; and what do we not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance—the most thrilling as it before had been dignified-"as for the other books, let me see, I've got in himself in a Latin quotation; Helen smimy library—there's the primer, (counting lingly finished it, and she received a look to precede such a meal with whiskey on her fingers,) Second Class Reader, of elequent thanks. Bon mots, repartee, Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, Fairy Stories, two or three elements of something, Biography of some persons or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled. "Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have went to school more," she add- ing vision of loveliness, over the harp, ed, as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder, "but in making bread and churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be with some tender memory, rise and fall outdone."

result. He began to feel a magnetic at- ed from a dream." traction, and he mainly attributed it to engaging manner and disposition, quite won the city bred aristocrat, Fred. Lane.

There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed a well as you could not deceive. Did I not undershe said or did. She perplexed a well as delighted him.

Often as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment

It was useless to combat his passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet, figurative-ly speaking, and confessed his love for "I care not, Helen, only be mine," was

his invariable answer to her exclamation of unworthiness, "How she would appear in society.'

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, and yet, at the expiration of their honeymoon, Fred. was more in love than ever.

At a grand entertainment, given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked more beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed, without jewels or laces, with that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss rose, she was by far the most lovely creature in the

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked

her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled towards him, she was released from all derstand any more than a clam." And her lips and passed by. The observation the promises she had made to him. And then I said aloud, "I-I-that is-if you escaped neither Helen nor her husband. what does she, the dear, good girl? Why, don't mind, would you—would you—She looked at him. He smiled a lover's she takes a lump of pure gold, which her would you say that over again? I smile, and only drew her closely to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred. and wondered why he had martyred himself on the shrine of

with an innocent smile the beauty fooked up.

"Mr. Irving, the only one living in the willage, is my father," said she, rising in a graceful and charming manner.

"The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, that's where wellve. I believe it was an academy of the conformity to etiquette; and the conformity to etiquette; of conformity to etiquette; of conformity to

He replied with another graceful bow.
"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call upon features. Ill-concealed scorp lurked in comer appeared. She was a beautiful, quently returned to the South to wed the just the same as it were at sandwitch. features. Ill-concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she held sway over of this incident seems to have done, are before you drift; and then you start your the heart of Fred., and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time had better wives.—Louisville Journal.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?"
whispered in a low voice near her.
Helen's eye sparkled, her face flushed
indignantly. She turned to her husband.

He was gone, speaking at a little distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice. "A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"And sing?"
"A little," was the half reply.
"Then do us the favor," exclaimed Miss Summers, looking askance at her com-

"Come, I'myself will lead you to the

nstrument." Hark! whose masterly touch! Instantly was the half spoken word arrested-the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonations! Such affection, and give not away to the griefs told you how it would be. breadth, depth, and vigorous touch! Who

is she? She plays like an angel! strains float up :

> "Aye! care I not for cold neglect Though tears unbidden start, And scorn is but a bitter word, Save when it breaks the heart. If one be true, If one be true, The world may careless be,
> Since I may only keep my love,
> And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his listen. "Who can she-

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and thing else—that is, I mean, I can churn the unknown was his wife.

glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of some books or papers, but not a page nor leaf, yellow or rare, repaid his search.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a sanctified air.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"What books? permit me to ask."

"The color had left his check. The color had left his check. In a graceful acknowl-

"I read the Bible a good deal," she edgement she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talks; who would have thought it?" "He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

Meanwhile, Frederick Lane stood like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife pathos,"—blushing, and recollecting her-self, she added, with a manner as childish miring this one, condemning that. A sedate looking young student lost

language rich, fancy and imagery, fell from her beautiful lips, as if they had received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Frederick walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hands over his eyes, bewildered like, to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathn sweet and sorrowful cadence.

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so does this mean? I feel like one awaken-"Tell me," he said when alone, "what

"Only a country girl," said Helen, then Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her falling into her husband's arms she exsweetness and artlessness of character, claimed, "forgive me, I am that little rus-

stand you had never-

"Been at an academy," she broke in never took a music lesson, never was

Reader wouldn't you and I like to be see the bright smiles between her pretty face and dimples, as she tells how she banished the piano, books, harp, portfolio, music, all in an empty room by themselves, and locking the door, leaving them vein which contains the silver is sandto seclusion and dust, while the young country girl, without any deep-laid scheme, succeeded in convincing the well-like a curb-stone. bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the churn and knitting needles than with the piano and books?

HONORABLE COURTSHIP .- We heard a we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in ings come nearer, or approach each other, California. When the engagement was you may say-that is, when they do apmade the doctor was rich, having been proach, which, of course, they do not alvery successful at San Francisco. It had ways do, particular in cases where the nanot existed many months, however, when, ture of the formation is such that they by an untortunate investment, he lost his stand apart wider than they otherwise entire "help." The event came upon would, and which geology has failed to herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me? him, it should be added, just as he was account for, although everything in that I cannot bear the thought; but should he about to claim his bride. What does he science goes to prove that, all things being overcome all conventional actions, then I do? Why, like an honorable and chival- equal, it would, if it did not, or would not, have a husband to be honored, and then rous young fellow, as he is, he sits down and writes the young lady the particulars are. Do not you think it is?" How she watched him as he presented of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if it would be; that cussed whiskey cocktail the fact produced any change of feeling has done the business for me; I don't un-

we live. I believe it was an academy to her eyes, when she felt how noble a heart she had won.

It?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

Helen's heart beat high, and tears come to her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young bride stood near her hust heart she had won.

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The young bride sto sweet girl he loved, and who loved him Very well. Now suppose you go down ladies who read the Bible, as the heroine twelve hundred (it don't really matter,) pretty sure to make good sweethearts and drifts, some of them across the ledge, and

laugh. It is like the sounds of flutes on as I can see, the main dependence of a the water. It leaps from her heart in a miner does not so lie as some suppose, but clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that in which it cannot be successfully main-bears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilerating spring. Have you ever pur- tinue while part and parcel of the same sued an unseen fugitive through trees, led are not committed to either in the sense on by her fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And cumstances the most inexperienced among we are pursuing that wandering voice to us could not detect it if it were, or might this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the overlook it if it did, or scorn the very midst of care or sorrow, or irksome busi- idea of such a thing, even though it were ness-and then we turn away and listen, palpably demonstrated as such. Am I and hear it ringing through the room like not right?" a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind.

panion of so many ladies who, pure from stand even the simplest proposition. I of the world, having not forgotten to laugh in the same sweet manner when, as a girl, fault was my own, no doubt-though I And again hark! A voice rolls—a flood of melody; clear, powerful, and passing sweet: astonishment gives many a fair cheek a deep scarlet. There is a top college unbroken, and the silver the darksome road we are traveling, and touches with light even our sleep. Truly but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded touches with light even our sleep. Truly but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded to cocktail that has played the mischief." the innocent laugh of woman, springing up and gushing forth from their tender hearts, will prove more soothing to man when the cares of life oppress him than aught else on earth besides. Then let every lady, both old and young, cultivate those forms which can more readily win the hearts of the sterner sex—ever wear fling question a man could ask me."

ed cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that—I'll begin it all over again, and—"

"Don't now—for goodness sake don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you may head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trible b the innocent laugh of woman, springing up and gushing forth from their tender "No, now don't say that—I'll begin it upon their faces the softening smile of affection, and withhold not from man's cars those sounds which will make him forget the world and love thee still the more.

—Petersburg (Va.) Index.

so plain this thire that you can be so plain this thire that you ca

— A forlorn fellow, running over with love and doggerel says: When Sally's as enumerated—and I leaning forward larger prepared to keep tally of each point just been finished, and contains new furniture as enumerated—and I leaning forward throughout, for the accommodation of Regular and hing else—that is, I mean, I can churn the unknown was his wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the neck was hisen; how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from a hand like hern; and when she kisses Tower's nose, hern; and when she kisses Tower's nose, arms her dog imprisin, I always wish my neck was hisen; how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from a hand like hern; and when she kisses Tower's nose, metal, whereby it constitutes the medium

Humorous Bending,

A Reminiscence of Artemus Ward. I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by in-vitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the silver mines, cocktails. Artemus, with the true cos mopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers. But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant re-

mark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said:

would suddenly drop like pearl from her lips, more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he, "I can educate her; it will be worth trying."

"Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the worth to be." there just now and hear her story, and therefore you know all about the silver mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is. Well the way the deposits the practice to such an extent as to arouse of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the wiched in between castings of granite,

"Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example-or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred—say you go down on it with a shaft—straight down, you know, or with what you call an 'inclines'-may be you go down five hundred feet, or may very pretty incident the other day, which | be you don't go down but two hundredanyway you go down-and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the cas-

with such an undying affection. Young on that, say a thousand feet, or may be others along the ledge, and others along Woman's Laugh.—A woman has no natural grace more brilliant than a sweet why they should, considering that, so far

I said sorrowfully, "I feel ashamed of mysolf, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to un-How much we owe to that sweet laugh derstand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot under-

"Oh, don't mind it, don't mind it; the

"Now don't you be afraid. I'll put it

so plain this time that you can't help but wrought upon his every feature, and finmetal, whereby it constitutes the medium

several degrees of similarity to which—" I said, "O blame my wooden head, it

ain't any use !- it ain't any use to try-I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it, the more I can't get the hang I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper and quacking with a gentle ecstacy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his lread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausible worded

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but with the above experience in my mind, I differ. MARK TWAIN.

sentences that didn't mean anything under

Georgia Scenes.

Old Stanwix tells the following Georgia story, and vouches for its truthful About thirty-three and a third years ago, there dwelt in one of the rural dis-

tricts of Georgia an old codger by the name of Butt Cutt Kayler, who had formerly enjoyed the honors and emoluments pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace, the duties of which office he discharged with acknowledged ability and dignity; and so far as his neighbors were capable of judging, he appeared to be a very honest man. He had, however, acquired the habit of "trumping up" accounts against the estates of those of his neighbors who were so unfortunate as to "shuffle off their mortal coils" within the bounds of his bailwick. He had carried a suspicion in the minds of some of his meddlesome neighbors that there might be "something dead" somewhere in "the seat of his —" financial operations. Bob Crogan, who lived in the neighborhood, and "run" the post-office at the crossroads, being something of a wag, and having an idea that the 'Squire's honesty should be quoted below par, concluded with the connivance and assistance of a few comrades, to "unearth the sly old fox," and expose his rascalities. Accordingly Bob pretended to die, was regularly shrouded and laid out on the cooling board in the most approved fashion, and sorrowing friends proceeded to spread the news of his demise, which soon reached the ears of old Butt Cutt. He lost no time in repairing to the house of mourning, carrying with him a "full and complete assortment" of first class condolence and sympathy, for gratuitous distribution among the members of the bereaved family, and the many sorrowing friends of the supposed deceased, who were present when he arrived. After he had relieved his heart of its burden of healing words and had succeeded in a tolerable effort at erying, and was about to leave the scene, he tenderly spoke as follows:

"Ah, poor Bob; I'm sorry he died-he was a good feller, and I allus liked him. When me and him went to the races at Augusta-now nigh unto two years ago-I loaned him a hundred dollars to bet on a bay mare, and he lost, and has never paid me a cent of that money from that

clamation, "goddlemity," he shot through the door, hurried to his home, "packed his traps," and not only left the neighborhood, but the State of Georgia, forever.

- The following inscription was found on the head board at a grave in the Sparta Diggins, California:

In the memory of John Smith, who met wiclent death neer this spot 18 hundred and 40 too. He was shot by his own pistill. It was not one of the new kind, but an old fasherned brass barrel, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

- 'Aunty,' said a three year old one day, 'I don't like my aprons starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness.'

- Generally Observed-Tilting skirts, waterfalls, balmorals and other people's

F. HORSEY,

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J. S. JONES, G. T. MASON.

Oct 8, 1866

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AND HOWE'S PLATFORM SCALES. No. 206 EAST BAY STREET

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GEO. W. WARREN. ALBEE & WARREN. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c.

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