

WHITE HANDS.

"A fine hand is one of the first points of beauty." Thus read Kate Palmer, as she sat at the parlor window on a bright winter morning. Letting fall the magazine in which she had been reading, she looked complacently at the delicate, taper fingers that lay among the crimson folds of her dress. Her other hand, adorned with snowy cuff and simple bracelet of jet, crumbed the brown curls that fell over her brow. It was a pretty scene for those who passed over the frozen street on that clear, cold morning—a radiant, lovely picture. The lace curtains drawn aside, the arm chair of blue plush, and the graceful form that filled it, the merino dress looking warm and fleecy in the sunshine, the young head pensively bowed, the downcast eyes and delicate profile, the shining curls and the lovely hand carelessly pressing them. It looked beautiful, and Kate knew it. So she sat still, and gazing reflectively at the snowy hand on her knee. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I wish I had a ring! I'd give all the world for a solitary like Madge Madden's! How artfully she put up her little, fat hand, and pretending to be biting her fingernails, so that I might see her diamond! Engaged to be married—the idea! She is as plain as a pipe stem, and not much longer engaged! And I—well, everybody knows that I am pretty, and where's the harm of knowing it myself—to face the truth, I've never had an offer! Of course, Madge is a fool. I wouldn't have Dick Jay if he was burg with jewels from his nose to his toes—not I! But there is one I would have, and oh! wouldn't I have diamonds, too? Well, it takes two rings to get married, and I haven't either of them. To be sure, there's time enough yet. I'm just eighteen, and prettier than any girl I know, if I do say it. Shan't I feel old when I get to be twenty though?" Kate was interrupted by the entrance of her mother, a faded woman of fifty, whose whole appearance indicated a life of labor. "Kate," said Mrs. Palmer, with some severity, "you must do something. I'm so tired that I can hardly stand, and here you sit, hour after hour, idling away your time. You must do differently. You must change your course. I cannot do all the work any longer. The weather is too cold, and I am not well. Change your dress immediately, and come down stairs." Her daughter neither moved nor spoke, and Mrs. Palmer sank dejectedly into the nearest chair. "There, mother," cried Kate, "you'll spoil that pluck! The idea of sitting down in the parlor with such a looking dress!" Those words, "the idea," conveyed Kate's strongest contempt. Mrs. Palmer's face wore an expression of despair. "My daughter," she said quietly, but in a voice that shook with feeling, "I am growing old. I have labored hard to bring you up according to my theory of right. Too late I see that I was wrong. I have denied myself a thousand things, that you might be denied nothing. From your infancy, I have dressed you elegantly, and always at the expense of my comfort. Year in, and year out, I have toiled like a slave, that you might enjoy the best advantages. What reward have I? I was content to live in four pleasant rooms, but you wanted more style; and since I had never learned to deny you, I came here. I was content with three-parcel carpets, and furniture of mahogany and haircloth. You must needs have brussels, and plush, with rosewood and marble. You were gratified, but at a terrible sacrifice! Then I never kept a servant; now I certainly cannot. Yet the work is four times what it was, and I naturally thought that you would assist me, but I mistook. You must be dressed in elegance at times—anything is good enough for me. I cannot even go to church for want of proper apparel. Your white hands must not be soiled—look at mine! They are bruised, and chapped, and swollen; but no matter! It is 'no one but mother, and she is old!' Yes my child, I am old, and scarcely able to toil on as I have done. I cannot long. I fear that you will live to remember this with many a vain regret." The daughter was silent, and the weary, disappointed mother rose and left the room. "I don't care," said Kate, petulantly, as soon as the door was closed. "I can't help it, if she does work. I don't think I ought to spoil my hands. 'A fine hand is one of the first points of beauty.' So it is, and as long as I can keep mine 'fine,' I shall. Mother's so inconsiderate! She might know that I wouldn't be fit for society, and would never be married in the world if my hands were disfigured with house-work." A firm footstep sounded on the sidewalk, and Kate looked eagerly out. With a blush of pleasure she returned the bow of a fine looking young man who passed the house, and then, as if from a sudden impulse, turned back, ran up the steps, and rang the bell. Mrs. Palmer, as usual, attended the door. When he entered the parlor, Horace Magna found Kate with one exquisite hand still supporting her head, and the other carelessly holding a magazine of fashion. She was just as beautiful—nay, more beautiful than when he had seen her from the street. Her cheeks glowed with emotion; her soft eyes beamed him welcome from their clear, blue depths; her lily hand trembled in his, and the magazine fell beside her daintily slipped foot that rested on a velvet cushion. But the light had quite faded from the young man's face. He had suddenly grown cold and distant. She was as graceful, as affable, as entertaining as ever, but Horace said little, and departed soon. He never called again. Kate's white hands had waited, and her blue eyes beamed in vain.

"How is this?" said he, playfully—"what ails my Kitty? Ain't her dear little paws clean? or has she some long, sharp nails that I ought not to see?" Kitty laughed till she cried, and then told him that her hands were so homely that she couldn't bear to have him look at them. "If they were only beautiful, like Kate Palmer's," said she wiping away her tears. "Kitty, sit down here—I've something to tell you," said he, clasping her two hands in one of his, and throwing his arm around her. "Once thought Kate Palmer the loveliest girl I had ever seen. A great many other fellows thought the same, and I guess they all came to the conclusion that I did, eventually. Every expression of her face, every word of her lips carried the conviction to my mind that she was as lovely as she looked. But lips like—so do faces! I didn't know it then, and while I admired her form and features, and voice and manner I admired her character, equally. I have never seen anything, in art or nature, to compare with her hands; and Kitty—you don't care now, do you?—I wanted to put two rings on her beautiful fingers. Going down town one winter morning, I considered what sort of ring the first should be, and concluded that a diamond—a solitaire, like your engagement ring, Kitty—would best suit her style, and probably her taste. Thus reflecting, I passed the house, and saw her sitting at the window, one beautiful hand up, so; as if waiting for my gift. "Why not now?" said I, to myself, and turning, I went up, and rang the bell. "The door was opened by a pale, toil-worn, grey haired woman, who had always attended the door when I had been there. She said: "My daughter, sir? she is in the parlor." "I looked at the mother. Poor soul! Her calico dress was old and faded; her apron soiled; her sleeves were rolled up and she wore no collar; her hair was disarranged, and her hands!—I don't know what they were like—worse than any servant's. She opened the parlor door and said: "Daughter, a gentleman to see you, and went away. "I mentally contrasted mother and child. Kate's snowy cuffs and collar, and dainty handkerchief, and bright dress; her slipped feet and beautiful hands! They were all a contemptible sham, and stamped her as a vain, proud, wicked woman. I would sooner have drowned than married that girl! I despised her. I despised myself for having fancied her. It was with difficulty that I could treat her respectfully, and I could hardly stay as long as civility required. After that, when I met a pretty, engaging girl, my first thought was: 'How does she treat her mother?' "I found in you, my Kitty, one who was the sunshine of home; the helper of the needy; the kind companion of brother and sister; the self-sacrificing, devoted daughter. I know what it was, my darling, that darkened and hardened these dear hands: works of love; every home service; the faithful care that would not let a mother bear the burden and heat of the day. Bless you for hands like these, Kitty! If you don't admire them, remember that they are mine. I will not have you depreciate my property, and 'run down' my treasures! "Meanwhile, wear this, and let it prove that I love these dear hands, and the gentle heart that prompts them to works of love." So saying, Horace slipped on her finger an exquisite ring adorned with a pearl, encircled with diamonds. A LUDICROUS SCENE—Two young ladies in a fix.—A ludicrous scene occurred within a thousand miles of Indianapolis, not a great while ago, at least not long enough to be forgotten. Two young ladies were visiting another young lady, their cousin. The three were fond of jokes, and continually playing them off on each other. On the night in question, two of them attended a party, from which they returned at half-past 12 o'clock. The third one remained at home, and to avoid disturbing her—for the three slept in the same bed—and others in the house, they entered through the window. Here a difficulty occurred, caused by the fact that, after they had left home, a young minister arrived on a visit. He was given the room occupied by the young ladies, and the one who remained at home sat up to inform the others that different apartments had been assigned to them. She waited in the parlor for that purpose, but unluckily fell asleep and as the two young ladies did not come in by the door, but stepped into their own room by the window, she slept on. When the two others entered they saw Fanny's figure, as they supposed, in bed, but were puzzled, also, to see by the bedside a pair of boots. The truth flashed upon them both at once. They saw it all. Fanny had set the boots in the room to give them a good scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently they disrobed, and as stealthily as cats took their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into the bed, one on each side of the unconscious person, laughing, "O, what a man! O, what a man!" they gave the poor bewildered minister such a hugging and treading as few persons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime. The noise of this proceeding awoke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room she opened the door and exclaimed: "My Lord, gals, it is a man; it is a man, sure enough!" There was one prolonged, consolidated scream, a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over. The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apologies the old lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but solemnly folded his clerical robes around him and took his departure. —New Albany Commercial.

Conciliation. We have all, doubtless, read much, and heard much, upon the subject of conciliation—how it is the duty of the Southern people to conciliate the North, to bow the neck and bend the knee, as it were, to that great Baal of Despotism which has enthroned itself in the Capitol of the Nation, and lords its tyranny over the unhappy people of ten Southern States. What have we done to conciliate them for?—What have we done so heinous, that demands so much humiliation? What have we done so generous, that demands so much gratitude? Did we make war upon their principles, upon their rights, or upon their liberties? Did we desolate their land, pillage their farms, and murder their wives and children? Were we guilty of all these atrocities, and so merited for ourselves the terrible punishment which has been meted out to us? And to lessen the rigors of this deserved punishment, must we now submit, uncomplainingly, to all the indignities they choose to put upon us, and tell them, with bowed heads and bended knees, your yoke is sweet, your burden light? Have they been so generous as to spare our lives, which our wickedness had forfeited, and thus have won our gratitude and humility? Did their generosity show itself in murdering our people, in insulting our women and children, in plundering our farms, in desolating our cities and lands by fire and sword, in incarcerating innocent men in loathsome dungeons and prison houses, in placing irresponsible Military Dictators over us, in foisting illegal Conventions, and still more illegal Constitutions and State Governments, upon this people, in restricting the liberty of the Press, and the thousand other petty acts of tyranny and oppression which we have to suffer and to endure? Surely, it ought to be sufficient that we are compelled to endure them all, without requiring of us that further humiliation and shame of conciliating such a people guilty of such a tyranny. We are conquered, we are powerless to resist; but our people have not yet lost the spirit of manhood with which God endowed them, and when they are asked to conciliate their foes and their tyrants, they have no answer to give but the bitter mockery of scorn and contempt which they naturally feel for foes without aid and foes within. We sought to vindicate a right which they hypocritically acknowledged we had—the right of self-government. Their superior numbers, and our limited resources, defeated our efforts. Our soldiers laid down their arms, the "the conquered Banner" was slowly and sadly furled away, all with the vain belief that the conqueror was magnanimous and just; that he would respect bravery and devotion to a cause at least believed to be just. Yes, vain belief! No sooner were the arms removed from the hands of the South than the heavy heel of the tyrant came down upon her neck, and grinds there to this day! Three years have come and gone since Gen. Lee and Johnston, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, their little armies reduced and starving, gave up their swords, and with them the cause for which they had so long and so nobly struggled, and placed the South in the hands of those against whom they had striven and contended. Three years of peace—three years of submission to every demand upon us—and yet the heel of Tyranny grinds out the life blood, the energy, and the hope of the South; and yet the flag of the Nation floats over a country half free and half oppressed; and yet the weak-spirited and craven-hearted sign peans of praise to the generosity of that Government, to the glories of that "dishonored banner," to the forbearance of that exacting North, and urge upon us the duty of conciliation! What are we to conciliate for? Whom are we to conciliate? How are we to conciliate? Alas! we have conciliated enough—too much. We can now submit and bear—trusting in the goodness and justice of God to lead us out of the house of bondage, as he led the hosts of Israel, to a land freed from the tyranny of the oppressor, and blessed with that sunshine of freedom which our forefathers shed, when the day of American Independence first dawned upon this land. When the heel of Tyranny is removed, and Justice and Right are once more awarded to us, then it will be time to talk of conciliation. Until then, we have our self respect, our manhood, and our sense of justice to maintain, and our political rights to contend for. As for the rest, we must leave that to God.—Banner of the South. —A cobbler from away down East, visited one of the large shoe manufactories of Lynn the other day, and for the first time in his life saw shoes made by machinery. "What do you think of that?" asked the foreman, as the astonished "Down Easter" stood breathless, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing at the wonder working machine before him. "It beats aw!" was the laconic and significant reply. —"Grandpa, where do the people get their fashions from?" "From Philadelphia." "From Philadelphia?" "Well, where do the Philadelphia people get them?" "From England." "And where do the English get them?" "From France." "But where do the French get them?" "Why, right straight from the devil—now stop your noise." —A bachelor once remarked to a young lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." —Prentiss says the elephant is a great beast, but not so great as Beast Butler.—Both sound their own trumpets. One of them is satisfied with his own trunk—the other sucks other people's. —An orator, who had raised an audience to a great height by his lofty sayings, exclaimed, "I will now close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet, I forget his name, and—I forget what he said too." —Sitting beside my destined bride, on sentimental day; "I long," said I, "to make you cry, then I'd kiss the tears away." Fair Cecily blushed, her voice grew hushed, I thought she would cry to be sure; but she lisped to me putting prettily—"prevention is better than cure."

AN EDITOR'S CERTIFICATE.—A quack having produced a wonderful hair invigorating fluid, applied to an editor for a testimonial. He gave it in these terms, calculated, we think, to convince the most skeptical: "A little applied to the inkstand has given it a splendid coat of bristles, making a splendid pen wiper at a little cost. We applied the lather to the head of a ten-penny nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather brush you ever saw, with beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Applied to the door stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a barn makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles, sprinkle on the roadside, or anywhere luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes." —Why is a fashionable young lady's brains like a speckled trout? Because they love to sport under a water-fall. —What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other has shavers to raise. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, In Equity—Anderson. Ann Haynie vs. S. R. Haynie, James Little and wife, et al.—Bill to Confirm Nonprosecutive Will, Partition, &c. IT appearing to my satisfaction that the children of Elizabeth, wife of Wm. B. Fowler, Wm. Haynie, Robert C. Haynie, George W. Haynie, and the other children of George Haynie, deceased, John Haynie, the heirs of Reuben Haynie, deceased, Gideon Haynie, the children of Nancy McDaniel, the wife of John McDaniel, Briton C. Haynie, Stephen Haynie, the heirs of Martin Haynie, E. B. Fowler and wife, Dolly Fowler, the heirs of Elijah Haynie, dec'd, and James Haynie, Defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State. On motion of KeGowan & Moore, comp. sols. Ordered, That they do appear and plead, answer or demur to this bill within forty days from the first publication hereof, or a decree pro confesso will be entered of record against them. W. W. HUMPHREYS, C.E.A.D. Commissioner's Office, June 9, 1868. 50-6 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, In Equity—Anderson. Wm. R. Amick and wife Mary vs. Nathan Keasler and wife Elizabeth Keasler, Adm'x, et al. Petition for Account, Relief, &c. IT appearing to my satisfaction that Elizabeth Keasler, one of the Defendants in the above stated case, resides beyond the limits of this State. On motion of Reed & Brown, Sols. Pro. Pet. Ordered, That said defendant do appear and plead, answer or demur to said petition within forty days from the publication hereof, or the same will be taken pro confesso against her. W. W. HUMPHREYS, C.E.A.D. Commissioner's Office, May 13, 1868. 47-6 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, In Equity—Anderson. Mrs. Jane M. Berry, et al. vs. Edwin M. Cobb, et al.—Richardson, et al. Bill to set aside Conveyances, Injunction, Relief, &c. IT appearing to my satisfaction that Edwin M. Cobb, one of the Defendants in the above stated case, resides beyond the limits of this State. On motion of Whitner & Whitner, Comp. Sols. Ordered, That said defendant do appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainant's said bill of complaint, within forty days from the publication hereof, or the same will be taken as confessed as to him. W. W. HUMPHREYS, C.E.A.D. Commissioner's Office, May 5, 1868. 46-6 STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, In Equity—Anderson. Luke Haynie, Adm'r, vs. Sarah N. Haynie, Melinda Posey, et al.—Petition for Proceeds of Land to pay Debt, Relief, &c. IT appearing to my satisfaction that David Haynie, and heirs at law of Whitner Haynie, names and number unknown, Defendants in the above stated case, reside beyond the limits of this State. On motion of Whitner & Whitner, Sols. Pro. Pet. Ordered, That said Defendants appear and plead, answer or demur to said Petition within forty days from the publication hereof, or the same will be taken pro confesso against them. W. W. HUMPHREYS, C.E.A.D. Commissioner's Office, Anderson, May 19, 1868. 48-6 NOTICE. THE undersigned have constantly on hand at their Kiln, in Laurens District, a good supply of unstacked LIME, which will be sold as cheaply as it can be bought elsewhere. The Quarry is four miles east of Free Bridge on Saluda River, and about ten miles southeast of Erwin's bridge. FEATHERS FOR MASTERS, Brewerton, S. C. March 11, 1868 88 1y Greenville & Columbia Railroad Co THIS company has now for sale, in lieu of "Season Tickets," a Ticket which entitles a person to travel over the road 1,000 Miles for \$40, Within one year from date of purchase. The Tickets can be purchased from the Agents at Columbia, Newberry, Abbeville, Anderson and Greenville. W. ALSTON GIBBES, General Ticket Agent G. & C. R. R. May 20, 1868 48 PURIFY YOUR BLOOD! HURLEY'S SARSAPARILLA! OF all the remedies that have been discovered during the present age, for the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to," none equal this wonderful preparation. Only ten years have elapsed since the discoverer, who spent a decade in studying experiments and perfecting it, first introduced it to the public; and it is already recognized by the most eminent physicians in all parts of the country to be the most surprising and effective remedy, for certain diseases, of which they have knowledge. This is the pure and genuine extract of the root; and will on trial, be found to effect a certain and perfect cure of the following complaints and diseases: Affections of the Bowels, Habitual Constipation, Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fistula, all Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Piles, Pulmonary Diseases, Syphilis, Scrofula or King's Evil. For sale by CATER & WALTERS. June 10, 1868 51 HURLEY'S STOMACH BITTERS! FOR Debility, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Want of Action of the Liver, or disordered Stomach. There are no Bitters that can compare with these in removing these distressing complaints. Try them and judge for yourself. For sale by CATER & WALTERS. June 10, 1868 51

THE CHARLESTON HOUSE, 287 KING STREET, 289 STOLL, WEBB & CO., DRY GOODS DEALERS. DOMESTIC STORE. We will always keep on hand a large and well-assorted stock of PLANTER'S GOODS, Such as Kerseys, Longcloths, Plains, Family Linens, Woollens, Brown Shirtings, Satines, Calicoes, Cassimeres, Gingham, Black Cloths, Osnaburghs, Sheetings, Blankets of all qualities. Terms cash or city acceptance. Our entire Stock has been marked down, and we are daily receiving new Goods by every steamer, at reduced prices. Wholesale Department, Up Stairs, 287 and 289 King Street. Calicoes, 7 1/2-8-9-10-11-12-13 cents; Brown Shirtings, 7 1/2-8-9-10-11-12-13-14 cents; Bleached Long Cloths, 8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18 to 20 cents. All other Goods at the lowest market rates. DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c., &c. THE WOOL CARDS AT this place are now in complete running order. All the Wool offered will be carded into Rolls of the best quality at short notice, at the following rates for cash: All Wool, Plain and Mixed Rolls, 12c. per lb. Mixed cotton and Wool Rolls, 10c. per lb. Bacon, Lard, Corn and Cotton will be taken at market rates in exchange for carding. Wool may be sent to the Factory from any points on the Railroads, through the agents, and the Rolls delivered by them as soon as the Wool can be carded and returned. AN ASSORTMENT OF COTTON YARN, OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY, Will be kept on hand at the Factory, and orders supplied promptly, at as low figures as the market will justify. Dealers will find it to their interest to give us a trial before buying elsewhere. Respectfully, WILLIAM PERRY & CO. Proprietors. Oct. 9, 1867 17-1f Change of Schedule on the G. & C. Railroad. ON and after FRIDAY, the 6th instant, Passenger Trains will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows: Leave Columbia at 7.00 a. m. " Alston at 8.55 " " Newberry at 10.35 " Arrive at Abbeville at 2.30 p. m. " at Anderson at 5.15 " " at Greenville at 6.00 " Leave Greenville at 6.00 & 6.45 " " Anderson at 8.45 " " Abbeville at 1.25 p. m. " Newberry at 8.00 " Arrive at Alston at 5.00 " " at Columbia at 5.20 p. m. Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will also run daily, Sundays excepted, connected with the up and down trains on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, as follows: Leave Anderson at 5.20 p. m. " Pendleton at 6.20 " Arrive at Walthalla at 8.00 " Leave Walthalla at 4.00 a. m. " Pendleton at 5.40 " Arrive at Anderson at 6.40 " The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings. JAMES O. MEREDITH, Gen. Supt. Dec 3, 1867 Charleston Hotel, CHARLESTON, S. C. THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the travelling public, he has taken charge of the above well known FIRST CLASS HOTEL, and re-arranged and refitted it, in all its departments. The celebrated ARDENIAN WATER BATHS, HOT, COLD and SHOWER, at all hours. Coaches run to and from all Railroads and Steamers, with attentive Porters. The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited. J. P. HORBACH, Agent, Proprietor. Jan 20, 1868 32 TO PLANTERS, MERCHANTS, AND SPECULATORS. ON and after this day we will be prepared to make advances on cotton and all other produce shipped to Geo. W. WELLS & Co., Charleston, or Wm. G. TAYLOR & Co., New York. Parties wishing advances, will furnish us the railroad receipts for the produce shipped. SHARPE & FANT. July 31, 1867 7 J. B. MCGEE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, ANDERSON S. C. OFFERS his services to the public generally in this and surrounding Districts, and will charge moderate commissions. Jan. 15, 1868 30 GREGG & CO., Importers and Dealers in CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c. Corner Richardson and Taylor Streets COLUMBIA, S. C. Oct 9, 1867 17 PAVILION HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C. BOARD, PER DAY, - - - \$3.00. Mrs. H. L. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietress. A. BUTTERFIELD, Superintendent. March 11, 1868 89 NICKERSON'S HOTEL, COLUMBIA, S. C. Passengers conveyed to and from the Depot, free of charge. T. S. NICKERSON, Proprietor. Oct 16, 1867 18 Coffee and Sugar. FOR sale at the lowest market price for cash, or for exchange for country produce, by CATER & WALTERS. March 25, 1868 49