NEW TERMS.

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is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and hittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sud-den maturity of passion; she has been kissing, and purring, and fondling, and petting from her cradle, and she will pet, and fondle, and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for the while a little ture; but the colors are for the while a little boots and hot water, which make his life an animated target excursion. He boards around like a district school teacher, and it is mealgrays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whisper-ing in a lover's ear, will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman, may be colder, or later in development, or more self conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before," is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to knowledged the yaller dog to be too much for meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley
Montague, "would be the river Lethe, the
stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a
little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her
whose business is swapping dogs and evading stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cæsar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair, and wondered how she could have ever doted on a diagonal dog-tret, as in doubt as to which end of him is entitled to the precedence. He is always pervaded by a hang-dog sense of guilt, and wondered how she could have ever doted on a diagonal dog-tret, as in doubt as to which end of him is entitled to the precedence. He is always pervaded by a hang-dog sense of guilt, spring figure to its full height, leveled his wondered how she could have ever doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him a man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the play-ground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of school-fellows: there is no truer or genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. conceive a feature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the play-ground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. The boy's life has become muddle and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of the tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of the foot-ball hushes and trembles and falters in way, on engaging a new Irish gial and the word of the tiny finger. The voice that the coffee for breakfast made in a particular have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have seen how she would glarg on him to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glarg on him to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glarg on him to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glarg on him to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of the foot-ball hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursey has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot painful thing, when the

Saturday Review. WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES .- Intempemance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mournful age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds epidemics, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your alms-houses and demands your asylums. of the counterfeiter, the prop of the hangman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, resurrects the thief and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father band to massage. to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and aids the children to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its desolations of activities and estimated with honor prices of light. tions, and satiated with havoc, poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence and slays reputation, then curses the world and laughs at his ruin. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the curse of curses, the devil's best friend .- Rochester Chronicle.

be ignorant in old age.

MARK TWAIN'S HISTORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

"Yaller Dogs."

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers. He had just checked his fronting faces of two adjacent hills, the busilast item in the list-a Mr. and Mrs. Bedbugwhen the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gang plank with his tail be-tween his legs. "Drat it, if there ain't that entitled to a conspicuous place in almost tragic address. Subscriptions will not be received for a yaller dog!" says Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his brogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating "ki-yi," which is Syriac for "declined with thanks," or "not for Jo"—he disappeared, while thanks," or "not for Jo"—he disappeared, while thanks," or "not for Jo"—he disappeared, while the head his seed low on was weakle to the authority and auspices of the state of the s Noah, who had his sea-legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium, and sat down with emphasis on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and, in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs, he proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing scrupulously neat in his personal appearance, scrupulously neat in his personal appearance, a variegated anathema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unob-served on board, in the confusion of putting to "text-books" were carefully wrapped in sepa-Ris one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no first love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and served on board, in the confusion of putting to sea, and capsized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body, limb, bark, hide, hair, tail and wag, and all his generations, relations and kindred, by consanguinity or affinity, and his heirs and assigns. He cursed him general statement of the legal grounds relied with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perennial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas, and with his tail between his legs. He closed his stock of maledictions by a posite side of an important cause, first to be posite discovered by the closed his stock of maledictions by a posite side of an important cause, first to be

With the curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog cannot help being "cussed." He don't try to help it. He follows Noah's programme with sneaking fidelity. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive courtesies in the form of brickbars, to eat. He is too omniverous for an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's and he would hunger for desert from an Albany boarding-house. He can't be utilized. He is too tired. As a swillcart locomotive, a hunter, or a sentinel, he

a stragetic attempt to employ his waste energies, and butter had too much self-respect to "come" at his persuasion. So the dog churn was dropped. No sausage-maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog, lest his customers—no longer "soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust" -transfer their patronage to some less auda-cious dealer. The savages, who admire baked dog, and who can even attack tripe and explore

is an ignominious failure. The dog churn was

tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking master, whose business is swapping dogs and evading

The yaller dog is-well, to speak in italics, he is a slouch.

THE WRONG MAN POULTICED .- At a famous and fashionable watering place, a gentle-man one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which neither brandy, No. 6, or any other remedy could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bedside for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light which she saw Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful milk-sops, they cry and "tell mamma," they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a feature more utterly contemptible in shining in a chamber, and which she supposed stomach of her husband—which no sooner touched the body of the person than he, greatly alarmed, and writhing under the torture of the burning application, shouted, "Halloo! halloo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about there?" then, with one spring from his bed, he made for the door, and, rushing down stairs, declared, in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm, gave a frantic scream, which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and also so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains; but early next morning he, his wife and trunks left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentle-man still retains the handkerchief, a beautiful linen fabric, with the lady's name on it, which

every chit in the nursey has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing which he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.—Saturday Review.

water, and, after a few minutes' boiling, put in one-half of an egg—so," and the lady elucidated such demonstration by illustration. "You understand, don't you?" said the lady. "Indade I do, mum," was the response. "Bile the coffee, grind in the water and dhrop in the half of an egg. Isn't that it mum?" "All right," replied the lady. "Now, then, to-morrow morning we will see how well you can remember." To-morrow morning came, and the coffee. ber." To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and, to the astonishment of our friend and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening. Bridget was called and questioned as follows: "Bridget, did you first put the as follows: "Bridget, did you first put the as follows: "And then what do you reckon she did?" sickening. Bridget was called and questioned as follows: "Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?" "Indade I did, mum." "Did you then put in the hot water?" "Sure I did." "How long did you let it boil?" "Five minutes, mum." "What did you then?" "I put in the egg, mum." "Just as I showed you the other morning?" "Well, to tell the truth, mum," says Bridget, giving her garment a switch with her hand, "to tell the truth, I would not put in the half of the egg, as ye towld me, for the egg was a bad one and I towld me, for the egg was a bad one, and I thought ye wouldn't want to kape the half of she was a spirited wench!"-Galaxy.

all day been yelling, "Please assist the blind," carefully examining his collection of ten-cent stamps by the light of a friendly apple-woman's candle.

I used to put the greatest faith in lover's vows. Now, I do not believe a man means anything he says to a woman, unless it is something disagreeable. I used to believe in faithful servants. Since

then I have hired girls from intelligence offices,

Reminiscence of Andrew Jackson. A correspondent of the Chicago Republican

is responsible for the annexed story:

Jonesboro is thirty-two miles by rail from the Virginia line, on the East Tennessee, and the Virginia and Georgia railroad. It is a droll old ness streets and railroads being accommodated with a place in the intervening hollow. Of one the authority and auspices of the State of North Court, coming from Raleigh on horseback. Among the number were Andrew Jackson and a Mr. Avery. Avery was not only a good man, but a good lawyer, especially on text-book law
—"Lord Bacon" being his favorite. He was and he reduced to elaborate system whatever he bar was, in a careful extempore, first to make a general statement of the legal grounds relied grant of the legal grounds relied rare—that courage which will not follow a sparkling display of pyrotechnics, from the demoralizing effect of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With the content is stock of materialized by a posite side of an important cause, first the properties of a called; and believing that Avery's side had the larger show of merit, yielding, without difficult, to the content of the cause, first the content of the cause of th chief, watched when Avery was out of his room, took the volume of Bacon from its wrapper, and supplied its place with an inclosure corresponding in length, breadth and thickness, bearing the same name—"bacon"—but being a part of the well preserved remains of a hog. Soon after the court was open for business,

the special cause called, and its trial commenced. Avery, in his argument, was more than usually careful and exhaustive in his opening averment of the principles of law in-volved, and finally remarked: "But, gentlemen of the jury, and if the Court please, that you may know that I am not in error, I will read you what 'Lord Bacon' has to say on the subject." Deliberately releasing the tape from the restraint of the smooth double-bow knot, Mr. Avery exposed to the astonished view of the Bench, Box, and Bar about enough of "Lord Bacon" to satisfy the hunger of about six railroad hands. An irrepressible outburst of laughter and applause followed, not only to the mortification of Mr. Avery, but resulted in the defeat of his client, as Mr. A. was only able to make a lame conclusion.

It soon became known that Jackson was the author of so great a change in the appearance of the leading English law commentator. The result was that the fun-loving members of the bar had but little difficulty in prevailing upon Mr. Avery to challenge Jackson to mortal combat. The challenge was accepted, and the adspiring figure to its full height, leveled his pistol, but reserved his fire. Again advancing, his countenance assuming still greater fierceness of expression, he exclaimed as he leveled his pistol, "D—n you, I'll shoot you." This was more than Avery's nerves could bear. He fled, and was followed by Jackson some distinctions of the property of the

A Murder Trial in Nevada.

ing advance of such a man as Jackson.

stood at long as Avery did before the threaten-

"I was sitting here," said the Judge, "in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big wicked-looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright, pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were ed it all down into hate, and stood here spit-ting it at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I smoking and whittling, and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there wasn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in and as anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict, 'Not Guilty,' and I told the prisoner he was acquitted, and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four gun ship, and

says she:
"Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to

Why, she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild-cat, and out with a 'navy' and shot

him dead in open court !"
"That was spirited, I am willing to admit." "Wasn't it, though?" said the Judge, admiringly. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah,

SABBATH PIETY.—Here is a bit of spicy suggestion from some anonymous source:
"There is a mystery about this effect of the

weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter; Sabbath cold colder, and Sabbath rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat or cold or rain on a week day will not keep him from his usual business. We need a Sabbath almanac, calculated for our churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of Sabbath schools to know whom they may depend on in church, Sabbath schools and prayer meeting.

- One of Dean Trench's sermons on the subject, "What we can and cannot carry away when we die," commences thus appositely: "Alexander the Great being upon his deaththen I have hired girls from intelligence of the sum of all villainies, the curse of curses, he devil's best friend.—Rochester Chronicle.

— It is less painful to learn in youth than to the correct of the sum of all sum of the curse of curses, he devil's best friend.—Rochester Chronicle.

— It is less painful to learn in youth than to the curse of curses, and lost all my handkerchiefs but one.

I used to believe in beauty. Since then I have hired girls from intelligence of the correct, and lost all my handkerchiefs but one.

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I used to believe in beauty. Since then I have hired girls from intelligence of the curse The Duello.

The following paragraph is extracted from a sermon by the late Bishop Elliott, delivered in Christ Church, Savannah, on the 27th of March, 1863:

. Before this war came upon us, the South almost worshipped personal bravery and physical courage. They were considered as the requisite qualities of every gentleman, and whosoever did not possess them, was pitied and despised even while he was tolerated. No proper distinction was made between the courage of mere temperament and the moral courage of high principle. The duel was set up as the test of a man's pretension to this quality. And this arose partly from the natural spirit of our race, but was, likewise, a remnant of feudal usages, which are certainly out of place in our days. But this war is teaching us what an universal quality personal courage is, and how few men there are who are afraid of death upon the battle field. How many tens of thousands of soldiers are there who, without any stimulus, save the sense of duty and the impulse of patriotism, march fearlessly up to the cannon's mouth, literally sport with wounds and death, and stand upon the outermost verge of peril, and their cheek never blanches, and their step never falters. And is this physical courage, which is so valuable, yet so common, to be esmultitude to do evil, which will breast the world in arms for principle, which will restrain the madness of the people at every sacrifice of place, of property and of life? What we have needed in our civil affairs in the past has been this moral courage, and now we are learning in this war how much more rare a quality it is than mere personal bravery-such courage as made our gallant Johnson-Sydney in name and Sydney in nature—bear and suffer more than martyrdom, and then lay down in quiet dignity his valued life, that his country's weakness might not be exposed-such courage as led our own heroic Tatnall to disappoint a na-tion's hopes, and burn his ship rather than sacrifice his brave and trustful men to a selfish and bubble reputation for daring—such courage as has qualified our peerless President to face all calumny, rather than deviate one hair's breadth from his own clear perception of his country's good. It requires brave men to do these things. No common man can do them. And the longer the war lasts, the more it will develope such characteristics, and moral courage will rise in value, and mere physical courage-that which resolves bravery into brawling and dueling and private rencontres-will sink their courage than in wasting it upon the field of private revenge. And if we learn this truth, we shall indeed gain another morsel of delicious sweetness from the grasp of the strong.

The Basis of Prosperity.

The world has been slow in arriving at the conclusion that agriculture lies at the very basis of all prosperity. It has been ignored, kicked aside and despised. The men of wealth, the merchants, lawyers and educators have put a low estimate upon it. In their estimation, it was a low calling, fit only for stupid men and double-fisted laborers. The poison of their prejudice has been diffused into all the arteries of society. Thousands of young men, as a consequence, have been turned away from it, when both duty and interest required them to embark in it. Disgusted with the very idea of fled, and was followed by Jackson some distance, discharging his pistol as he went. It was estimated that but few men could have taste nor qualification. Some of them tried hard to make lawyers, doctors and merchants of themselves, but only to expose their folly and stupidity. Thus, unwittingly it may have been, that very class, who should have upheld the farming interest by giving it their sanction

and their encouragement, have done all they could to bring it into disfavor.

There is, however, a marked change in the views of mankind upon this subject. Such men as Clay, Webster, Jackson and others, tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous, uneasy, devil of a woman—because you know how they love and culture. They were farmers themselves, and how they hate, and this one had loved her hus-band with all her might, and now she had boil-their highest intelligence, and they, consequently, did what they could to honor it and to adorn it. Gradually its value and importance tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little have gained a hold upon the popular mind, unof her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and heels up, lolling and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think was good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers, they all had their coats off and were mylistic and the mitnesses the There is no use to speculate as to the consequences. Every candid and sensible man must see that such a policy will inaugurate a new era in the history of the country. There, it has already done it. The change for the betnot guilty, the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and although the of intelligence among the tillers of the soil, much for them some time; and although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him wealth of that particular section. It is visible, Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and paradise on earth as that within the charming paradise on earth as that within the charming the control of the convergence of the converge paradise on earth as that within the charming precincts of an educated and refined farmer's home.-Knoxville Whig.

HURRYING UP A BARGAIN .- An Irishman, Pat Mulrooney, had a kicking horse that he wanted to get rid of, but found it very diffiwanted to get rid of, but found it very diffi-good for anything. Hardship is the native cult. At last he entered at Herkness' Bazzan soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who and warranted him sound and kind, and free from the kicks. On the day of the sale, Mr. Herkness pointed out the good qualities of the animal, and he was sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Pat was afraid the horse would show his bad qualities before the money was paid, so he wanted to hurry up the bargain, and the way he did it was this:

He went to the purchaser and said—
"You can't have that horse, sur." "Why not? Didn't I buy him?" said the purchaser. "Yes, you bought him," said Pat, "but I've

been offered more money for him, and you can't have him. Besides, he bites."

"I don't care for that," said the buyer.

"But he kicks like the devil," said Pat,

"and he'll smash anything you'll hitch him

"Well, I'm going to pay for him now, and take the risk," said the buyer, "and if he kicks, I'll never call on you to take him back." The fellow took the horse home, and as soon as he attempted to put him to a wagon he smashed it all to pieces. It was too late now to complain. Pat told him the horse kicked, and Herkness had paid over the money, so the horse was turned out to do the best he could for himself.

TEMPERANCE.—The New York Journal of Commerce dwells on the importance of temperance, and appeals to moderate drinkers to abstain from "tippling" between business hours. The editor says: "We believe the habitual use of fiery liquids in any considerable quantity to be injurious to the physical system; but whether this is so or not, the person who cannot pursue his ordinary avocation without pausing ever and anon for a glass of grog is a slave of appetite, and liable to become a drunkard." This is a wise and wholesome hint to many, given in good spirit, by our cotempora-

To Relieve Asthma.—Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of saltpetre; dry it, take a piece about the size of your hand, and on going to bed, light it and lay it on a plate in your bed room. By so doing, per-sons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in

- No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—We hope that every lady who reads the following shockingly disgraceful occurrence will ascertain whether she is not partly in the same deplorable situa-tion as "A Wife in Distress," and liable to be fully so any time.

We fear that some of them are not aware of their fearful accountability to the Press:

A WIFE IN DISTRESS. "Pray, tell me, my dear, what is the cause of

those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!" "What is it, my dear, don't keep me in sus-

"Oh, I have opened one of your letters, sup posing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looks more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? what harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself, butt he contents are such a disgrace!" "Who has dared to write me a letter unfit to

be read by my wife?" "Oh, no, it was couched in the most chaste and beautiful language. But the contents! the

contents!" Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly took the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had nearly broken his wife's heart. It was a bill from the

printer for three years subscription. A KKOTTY TEXT .- There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who, pos sessing considerable natural eloquence, gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary Biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty to unravel, to speak it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text; but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity to show his learning, when a chap back by the door announced he had a Bible matter of great "con-cern," which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation

was in great excitement.
"What I want to know," said the outsider,
"is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gob-

The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, in a loud voice:
"I fotched him down on the fust question!" From that time forward, the practice of asking for difficult passages was discontinued.

- No matter how much you desire to fight, never begin on a mule or a cross-eyed man Their looks don't advertise clearly enough where they are going to hit.

— A little boy having broken his rocking-

horse the same day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "what's the good of a horse till it is broke?"

— A boy of twelve dining at his uncle's made such a good dinner that his aunt observed: "Johnny, you appear to eat well." "Yes, aunt," replied the urchin, "I've been practicing eating all my life."

—A debating society down East has been engaged for a long time in a discussion of the question:—"If you had to have a bile, where would you have it?" It has finally been decided, "on another fellow."

— Mark Twain thinks that soda water is not

reliable for a steady drink. It is too gassy. The next morning, after drinking thirty-eight bottles, he found himself full of gas and as tight as a balloon. He hadn't an article of clothing he could wear, except an umbrella.

- A youth asked Count Montrond-the memoir writer-to teach him the art of succeeding in society. "Oh, it is simple enough, said the Count. "Talk to the middle aged and young "Oh, it is simple enough," said the ladies, and listen when the old ones talk to you.'

— A young man in Lafayette, Indiana, is humility personified. The other day he asked a young lady if he "might be allowed the privilege of going home with her," and was indig-nantly refused; whereupon he inquired very

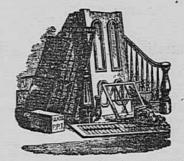
- A man in Milwaukie, Wis., who was last week arrested for cruelly beating his wife, said that it was the first time he was ever locked up, and he thanked God it was not for any mean, contemptible crime like getting

- An old merchant once instructed his clerk as follows: "When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar.

— Josh Billings says: "Menny people spend their time in trying to find the hole whar sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they fell

in." A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants and must have, to be cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside to be overlooked or for-

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ON and after WEDNESDAY, January 19, the following Schedule will be run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Night Train on South Carolina Road, up and down, and with Nigh Train on Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Road going North: L've Columbia 7.00 a m | L've Greenville 5.45 a m

" Anderson 6.25 a m
" Abbeville 8.00 a m " Alston 8.40 a m " Newb'ry 10.10 a m " Newb'ry 12.85 p.m Arr. Abbeville 3.00 p m " Alston 2.10 p m " Anderson 4.20 p m " Gr'nville 5.00 p m Arr. Columbia 3.45 p m The Train will return from Belton to Anderson

on Monday and Friday mornings.

JAMES O. MEREDITH, Gen. Sup't. Jan 20, 1870

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Schedule Blue Ridge Railroad. ON and after this date the following schedule will be observed by the Passenger Trains over

UP. L've Anderson, 4.20 p m "Pendleton, 5.20 " "Perryville, 6.10 " Perryville, 4.10 " "Pendleton, 5.10 " Arr. Walhalla, 7.00 " Arr. Anderson, 6.10 " In cases of detention on the G. and C. R. R. the train on this Road will wait one hour for the train from Belton, except on Saturdays, when it will wait until the arrival of the Belton train.
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