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**A RACE FOR A BRIDE.**  
BY THOMAS A. POPE.

It has been but a short time since Esquire Shelton, the man who has married more people than any other person in the United States, gave up the pleasant business of marrying people and watching trading, and retired from his sphere of usefulness on this planet forever.  
Notices of the man which I have seen since his death recall to mind a bit of history, in the consummation of which he played an important part. But let me tell the story from the first.  
Among the Federal officers stationed in Kentucky in 1864, was a brigadier general who, for the present, we will call Ripley. This officer's family consisted of his wife and one child, a beautiful girl of seventeen summers—and as many winters likewise, I presume—though from her joyous nature it did not seem as though she had ever seen anything but sunshine and flowers. I have said Alice Ripley was beautiful—she was more—she was attractive. You could not know her without loving her. The fortunes of war had made me an inmate of Gen. Ripley's mansion, and thus I had every opportunity of meeting and admiring Alice, and, I might add, of loving her, though fortunately for myself, I never had the audacity to declare my love. Albeit under the same roof, our stations were apart. I was simply a soldier and special detective—she the daughter of a General, who was a proud, haughty, wealthy man.  
Alice had many suitors, and, though she treated all very kindly, she seemed to give preference to none.  
But at last her hero came, and strange to say he came from the ranks of those who were at war, if not with her, those most nearly related to her. He came in this wise:  
In September, 1864, a company of cavalry, which I was guiding across the country, encountered a small body of Confederate soldiers, twelve in number, and captured the entire party. They proved to be a scouting party, commanded by Lieut. Scott. Capt. Burns, who commanded our detachment of cavalry, concluded to take the Confederate soldiers on with him to Camp Nicholas, and send Lieut. Scott back to Gen. Ripley. "Pope," said Burns to me, "I have no men to spare; I will take only his headquarters, and you know the way." I announced my willingness to take charge of the prisoner. In a few minutes I was ready to start. They brought Lieut. Scott to me. He was handcuffed and tied to his saddle. "As you are going by yourself, I thought it best to make your prisoner, who, I am told, is a desperate fellow, secure," said Capt. Burns, as he rode away to join his departing company. I was now alone with Lieut. Scott. He was a fine looking soldier, and I could see by his countenance that he felt keenly the indignity with which Capt. Burns had treated him by putting him in irons.  
"Well, Lieutenant," said I, "I am commissioned to take you to Gen. Ripley. I don't like to see a man in irons, and if you will promise not to try to get away, I will free you from our bonds."  
"I promise nothing, sir," said the soldier, with all a haughty Southern's pride.  
I looked for a moment at the man before me, and then determined to free him. He had refused the promise I asked, and I was glad. I was satisfied he was above treachery.  
"Then you," said Scott, "you are kinder than that brutal captain, who I hope to meet once more."  
This was said with a quiet menace that boded no good for Capt. Burns.  
It was about ten o'clock when we took the highway for Richmond, the headquarters of Gen. Ripley. Lieut. Scott soon lost his reserve, and we spent the long ride in pleasant converse. By the time we got to Richmond, 5 p. m., we were on good terms, considering our different positions.  
I reported to Gen. Ripley, who immediately ordered Lieut. Scott into close confinement.  
"He is a spy," said the General, "we will have to deal promptly with these guerrillas." I was sorry for the prisoner, but knew that anything said in his favor would do him no good; so I delivered him to the Provost Marshal. I visited him often in his prison, and did what I could to make his confinement endurable. Confinement to a spirit like his was very irksome. Two weeks after entering the prison he made a desperate effort to escape.  
He knocked down the sentinel who guarded the door, and rushing out seized an officer's horse, and, before a hand could be raised to check him, was in the saddle and gone. It was broad daylight, and a hundred soldiers witnessed the act of daring recklessness. A hundred shots were fired at the fugitive, one of which struck his horse, though at first it did not seem to check his speed. Half a company of cavalry were soon in pursuit, and, after losing three of their numbers, succeeded in shooting him down. It was the only way they could capture him, as every time they asked him to surrender he answered with the revolver he had taken with the horse. He was carried back to Richmond, and, while insensible, was again thrown into prison. I now went to Gen. Ripley and asked, and after some difficulty obtained, permission to take him from the prison to a building used as a hospital for the officers of the Federal army. The "Yankee" ladies in the town often visited this hospital, bringing delicacies to the sick. One day, while I was sitting by the bedside of Scott, Alice Ripley, in company with another lady, entered the room. Not having seen Lieut. Scott before, they of course must know all about him. I told them of his gallant defence when first surprised, and of his subsequent daring attempt to escape. Ladies always like brave men, and the sympathies of Alice and her young friend were quickly aroused in favor of the wounded man. They gave me liberally of the fruits and cakes they had with them. When Scott awoke I presented him what they had left, and told him who left them.  
"Many thanks to them," said he, "they have more generosity than I gave the Yankees credit for."  
"Alice Ripley is an angel," I replied.  
Two days afterward the same ladies made another visit to the hospital. The first call I made was in the ward where Lt. Scott lay. I happened to be with him again. I introduced the ladies to him. They conversed a few minutes with him, and then presented him a basket of wine and cakes. Their story was brief, and their conversation a mere nothing; but when the ladies were gone, I noticed that the Lieutenant seemed much better than he was before their visit.  
"That Miss Ripley is a beautiful girl," said he to me.  
"Yes, and as good as she is beautiful," I replied, and then I began to give him a catalogue of her many good qualities.  
The Lieutenant looked at me with a smile, and said:  
"Stop, Pope, or I shall think that these presents were for my nurse instead of me."

I stopped confused, for I thought he saw that I loved the lady that had pleased him so much. In the afternoon of that same day I received orders to start at once to New Orleans on some business of Gen. Ripley's. I hastily made my preparations to start, and, while the clerks were preparing papers for me, I visited Lieut. Scott and told him I was going to his home. He lived in New Orleans. He was highly elated that he could send home, and hear so directly from there. So he gave me a half a dozen commissions to execute among his friends.  
I was absent from Richmond four weeks. Upon my arrival, I reported at Gen. Ripley's office, and was informed that he was not in town, but would be in next day.  
I then went down to his residence, and entering the house went direct to the library, where all the letters that came for me during my absence were always placed. The door which I opened made no noise, and, without closing it, I started across the room, but halted in astonishment—for there before me, seated side by side, were Alice Ripley and Lieut. Harry Scott, C. S. A. They appeared so deeply engaged in conversation that they did not notice my entrance. In the name of wonders! I thought to myself, how is this? A rebel officer in this stern old puritanical General's library with his daughter?  
I turned to leave the room, when Miss Ripley noticed my presence, and sprang to her feet with a cry of surprise. She evidently did not expect any one to see her here, I thought. She was reassured when she saw who the intruder was. In a few minutes I went up town, accompanied by Scott.  
"How is it, Scott?" said I, "that you are free, and at Gen. Ripley's?"  
"Well, in answer to your first question, I am on parole; as to your second question, I may say I visit Gen. Ripley's because—well, because I like his daughter."  
"I need not ask if Miss Ripley reciprocates the 'like'; but about the General?"  
"I have not taken the trouble to ascertain Gen. Ripley's mind upon the subject," replied the Lieutenant.  
During the next two weeks the two lovers, Alice and Harry, had met often. I did all I could to bring them together. My reason was this: Capt. Burns was a suitor of Miss Alice, and the one which Gen. Ripley had decided she must marry, whether she wanted to or not. This Capt. Burns I cordially despised, and I determined that if I could prevent it he should never marry Alice.  
One day Miss Ripley was at the house of one of her friends, and Lieut. Scott happened to be there too. Thinking themselves secure from interruption, they indulged in sweet nonsense so interesting to lovers, so foolish to any one else. But, very unfortunately for their future peace, their loving glances were seen and their loving words overheard by one who from that moment became their bitter foe—that was Capt. Burns. He did not disturb the lovers, but reported to Gen. Ripley, and the result was that when Alice came home she was met by a torrent of reproaches from her father and a strict command—"Never to speak to that vile rebel again!" He was also kind enough to inform her that in one month she would become the wife of Capt. Burns, a wealthy officer, and Gen. Ripley's very dear friend.  
Time passed away rapidly. The preparations for Alice's wedding had been going on for some time, and now it only lacked three days of the time appointed. Meanwhile the lovers had not been idle, as on the 23d of December Lieut. Scott came to me with a request that astonished me.  
"I am going to run away with that old Puritan's girl, and I want you to help me."  
Assisting a rebel officer to elope with my commander's daughter was a serious piece of business, so I did not readily comply. But my hatred of Capt. Burns, and my desire to baffle his plans, and thereby save the beautiful Alice from a life of misery, decided me. I therefore told the anxious lover that I would do what I could to aid him in his plans of love and revenge. He loved Miss Ripley, and he owed Capt. Burns no good will.  
The programme of departure was quickly made. I was to secure a pass for a gentleman and his sister to leave Richmond and cross the Ohio river. Then I was to assist Miss Ripley out of her father's house, where she was almost a prisoner, and escort her to a carriage which Scott would have in readiness near by. The first part of my mission I easily executed. The time of departing was set for midnight, December 26th. On the morning of that day I received an order to go at once to a town twenty-five miles distant, and was not expected back before next morning. I was back in Richmond, however, by 10 p. m., 23d, as I told Scott I would be. I went at once to Gen. Ripley's house, and fortunately gained admission unobserved. I managed to notify Miss Ripley of my presence, and also that at midnight I would escort her from the house. I then secreted myself to await that time.  
Alice's room opened into the same hall which the library did. At the end of this hall was a door opening into the garden. At the appointed time Alice came into the hall, and we started to the door; just as we reached it, the library door opened and Gen. Ripley came directly towards us. There was no light in the hall except what came from the open door of the library. As the General approached us, we crouched in the corner behind some coats which hung there. Gen. Ripley paused a moment at the door within three feet of us—then opened the door and passed out, locking the door on the outside. Escape from that door was now impossible; neither could we go out at the front door, for a sentinel stood there. The only way left us was to go into my room, and thence into the street through a window. We passed back by the library door, and saw Capt. Burns there, smoking a cigar, and no doubt thinking of the happiness that awaited him on the morrow. We did not disturb his meditations, and in fifteen minutes Alice was beside her lover and leaving Richmond. We passed through the hall, as Miss Ripley dropped a letter which she had received from Scott. An hour after her departure, Gen. Ripley picked up this letter and read it. Enraged at its contents, he sought his daughter's room, to find that she was gone. Immediately the house was aroused. The General at once came to the conclusion that she had left with Lieut. Scott.  
I was near the house, and seeing that Miss Ripley's departure had been discovered, I rode up to the house and delivered my dispatches to Gen. Ripley. Without looking at them he demanded if I had met his daughter. I greatly astonished, of course, told him I had not. He then told me what he suspected, and I informed him that I had met a close carriage going from Richmond. As I hoped, Capt. Burns declared that he would follow that carriage which I had seen leave Richmond an hour before, containing a couple of Federal officers, the gallant captain hurried away to find his missing bride. Meanwhile, Gen. Ripley sent messengers in all directions to find the fugitives. At three o'clock one reported that they had passed the pickets on the Marysville road about midnight. Ascertain that beyond a doubt that they had taken that direction, the General sprang into his buggy, and, calling me to join him, we were soon traveling at a rapid rate over the road which I knew the fugitive lovers had just passed over. By 10 o'clock we had traveled forty miles, and we learned from a soldier we met that we were near the objects of our pursuit. We stopped a few moments to give our horses some water and repair our carriage wheel.  
While the General was at the house near by, a darkey, riding a splendid horse, came along. I halted him and found out his destination; then I wrote on a piece of paper:  
"Scott, hurry up. Gen. Ripley and myself are in close pursuit."  
This I gave to the darkey, and told him to ride swiftly and deliver it, and I made my command important by adding a ten dollar greenback. The darkey came up to them in five miles, where they had stopped to get dinner, not imagining such a close pursuit. They immediately, of course, pressed forward. Scarcely had they gone when we came to where they had stopped. The road was quite level and straight, and not far ahead we saw the runaway carriage. Then commenced an exciting race. Both parties had splendid teams, but of five miles we were within a hundred yards of the lovers, and were rapidly filling up that space, when the General, in his eagerness to overtake the fugitives, commenced whipping the horses in a frightful manner, and the horses, becoming unmanageable, ran the buggy against a post near the road, and as they did so broke the tongue from the buggy and sped away, leaving Gen. Ripley and myself behind. The only resort was to walk to the village, two miles ahead, and there get other horses. Just before we reached the village, Capt. Burns overtook us. Hearing what had transpired he pressed on without waiting for us. We got fresh horses in the village, and mounting them pursued our way toward Marysville. Seven miles by the Ohio river we found Capt. Burns lying by the roadside, almost senseless. We soon revived him, and he told us that he had overtaken Scott while he was fixing something about his carriage, and fearing to shoot, had rushed up and grappled with him. The rebel officer proved himself the best man in the struggle, and had left the gallant Captain senseless by the wayside, and went on his way rejoicing. Assisting the Captain on his horse, which was near by, we continued the pursuit. We arrived on the banks of the Ohio in time to hear the splash of the oars of the boat which conveyed Harry and Alice across the river; I rushed down to the water's edge ahead of my companions, and found a boat there. I took the oars and dropped them into the water, and reported a boat without oars. After an hour's delay, we found some more oars and crossed the river. We soon found ourselves in "Gretna Green" of America, and inquiring of a late pedestrian, were directed to the residence of Esquire Shelton. Reaching the house designated, the General rapped furiously on the door and demanded admittance. He was answered by a lady who looked out of an upper window and inquired what was wanted.  
"I want my daughter, who has eloped with a villain and come here to be married."  
"Oh, you are at the wrong place. You will find Mr. Shelton's by going down this street three blocks, then turning one block to the right—a large white house," replied the lady.  
Without questioning the information, Gen. Ripley hurried away to the house designated, Burns and myself following. We reached the house and soon roused Mr. Shelton, who came to the door.  
"What is wanted, gentlemen," he inquired.  
Gen. Ripley repeated the demand he had made at the other house.  
"You are mistaken in the place, gentlemen," said Mr. Shelton. "My name is Shelton, but not Esquire James Shelton," and he proceeded to direct us back to the same house from which he had just returned. Enraged beyond measure, the father and his attendant rushed back to Esquire Shelton's. This time that gentleman answered the summons himself.  
"Where is my daughter and that rebel villain?" imperiously demanded the General.  
"I do not know who you mean," said Mr. Shelton.  
"Miss Ripley and Harry Scott," I suggested.  
"They are gone," replied Mr. Shelton.  
"Did you marry them?" demanded Gen. Ripley.  
"When the North and the South are as firmly united as the young couple you seek, there will be everlasting peace and union," replied Mr. Shelton.  
Burns drew a pistol, and would have shot the old man if I had not snatched it from his hand. With a glance of scorn at the would be assassin, Mr. Shelton bade us good night, and closed the door.  
We next went to the hotel, where we learned that Harry Scott and his wife, in company with a few others, had gone to the landing to meet the steamer passing down. It was useless to try to catch them before they got to Louisville. It was imperatively necessary that Gen. Ripley and Capt. Burns should return to Richmond. Three days afterwards, I found him in Louisville. His mother, just from New Orleans, was with him.  
I told him of my orders, and he said all right. His wife went with his mother to New Orleans to remain until the war was over. When I arrived in Richmond I found that Gen. Ripley had gone to Washington. He never met his son-in-law. Lieut. Scott was exchanged, and was with Gen. Lee in the closing campaign of the war. In one of the last battles, Gen. Ripley was killed.  
After the surrender, Lieut. Scott hurried to the Crescent City to meet his wife and the host of friends who welcomed him. Not long afterwards, Alice's mother came to live with her, and then, as now, Alice Scott was, and is, the happiest wife in New Orleans—by no means regretting the fact that the day she was to marry a Federal Captain saw her united forever with a brave Confederate.

**DEATH OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.**—Admiral David Glasgow Farragut died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at precisely 12 o'clock Sunday. The most famous name in the modern annals of the American Navy has passed into history. He was born at Campbell's Station, Knox county, Tenn., his father procured him an appointment as midshipman, and his first cruise was in the frigate Essex, commanded by Commodore Porter. Midshipman Farragut, when twelve years of age, was wounded, the only wound he ever received during his sixty years of service. He served during the war of 1812, and was frequently mentioned honorably in the official reports of Commodore Porter.  
In 1823 he was engaged under Commodore Porter, in destroying the pirates of the West Indies. From that time until the breaking out of the rebellion, a period of nearly forty years, he was sailing about the world, or quietly serving at different naval stations, and, at long intervals, rising by seniority, from grade to grade.  
Admiral Farragut served with gallantry during the late civil war. In the summer of 1867 he was ordered to the command of the European squadron. During his cruise of over one year he was everywhere received with respect and courtesy. The crowned heads and nobility of Europe seemed to vie with humble subjects in doing honor to this noble specimen of the American naval officer.  
In the death of Farragut, and recently of Dahlgren, the American Navy has lost two of its brightest ornaments, and the nation two as brave sailors as ever carried its flag upon the ocean.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*  
"SCRAMBLED" HAIR.—The Lynchburg (Va.) News is merry over the "new thing" in hair: The latest fashionable kind for ladies is to scramble their hair. So says a fashion item. We have partaken of scrambled eggs, and do partake thereof with much frequency, and hen fruit, so prepared, invariably tickles our stomach into a broad grin of satisfaction. But regarding scrambled hair, we are free to say that we shall not curve to it lovingly. So far as our experiment goes, we believe hair to be a valuable ingredient for plaster, but for a steady diet we should prefer roasted babies done brown, or missionary spare-rib. We have no valid objection to sipping nectar from the lips of beauty, but when it comes to eating her back hair scrambled, please excuse us. We'll dine out on hair days.  
—A Boston paper has an article headed, "The Future of Boston." Any one who has ever attended Sunday school ought to know all about the future of every wicked place.  
—In the life of every woman there are two grand epochs at which she is willing to tell her age—when she is sixteen and when she is one hundred.

**Chances in Battle.**  
THE IMMENSE NUMBER OF SHOTS AND THE SMALL NUMBER OF VICTIMS.  
In the days of the old-fashioned musket, or "Brown Bess," as it was popularly nicknamed, the chances of a man's being hit by a bullet were slight. It has been estimated that in Wellington's campaigns in Spain it took eight hundred bullets to kill one man, but much of this waste of lead and powder was due to carelessness and ignorance on the part of the men; so fired so high that the balls went over the heads of the enemy, others so low that they went into the ground. Even in our own recent war, with greatly improved firearms, the number of killed and wounded was very small compared with the immense number of shots fired.  
Mr. Francis Galton, in his recent work on Hereditary Genius, presents some curious calculations as to a man's chance of being struck by bullets in a battle. One man differs from another in height and in width, therefore the chance of the one as compared with that of the other varies as the sectional area of his body; that is to say, as his height multiplied into his average breadth. But this is not the whole truth, and Mr. Galton admits it; for large men are more likely to be hit, not merely on account of the greater area of their bodies, but also on account of their being more conspicuous from their size and color, and therefore, being more likely to be singled out as a mark. The principle of "natural selection," on the part of the enemy's bullets, here comes into operation, and Mr. Galton endeavors to correct his estimate of chances by taking the weight of the man into account. It is not easy to perceive the force of this mode of reasoning, but the result of it is, that the chance of a man's being accidentally shot in battle is as the square root of the product of his height multiplied into his weight. Thus, supposing a man to be two hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, and six feet two and a half inches high, he will escape from chance shots for only two years, while a man of one hundred and twelve pounds weight, and five feet six inches high, would escape for three. The total relative chances against being shot in battle of two men of these respective heights and weights are as three to two in favor of the smaller man, in respect to accidental shots, and in a decidedly more favorable proportion in respect to direct aim, the latter chance being compounded of the two following: first, a better hope of not being aimed at, and, secondly, a hope, very little less than three to two, of not being hit when made the object of an aim.  
Had Nelson been a large man, instead of a mere feather weight, it is probable that he would not have survived so long the extraordinary dangers he encountered. In the course of five years he took part in a hundred and twenty actions at sea, including the battles of Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, and in them he lost an eye. He was ultimately killed at Trafalgar (after escaping death at Copenhagen) by one of many shots aimed directly at him by a rifleman in the maintop of the French ship with which his own was closely engaged; but it should at the same time be added that on this occasion he greatly increased the chances against him by pacing the quarter deck in full uniform, with all his medals and orders fastened on his breast. When the famous Marshal Soult visited England, a story appeared in the newspapers to the effect that some English veteran had declared the hero must bear a charmed life, for that he (the soldier) had covered him with his rifle upwards of thirty times, and yet never hit him. It is not at all surprising that the uneducated believe men to bear charmed lives, when we remember Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, and again at Arcola, where it is set down in history, the Austrian artillery swept off everybody but himself within a circle where he was standing, yet he led the way across the bridge unharmed—though the grape rattled in a perfect hail storm around him. The same may be said of Wellington, at Waterloo, where, it is reported, that every man could be brought up from the other end of the line, he escaping all the time untouched.—Many more instances of such exemptions from the havoc going on all around can be found in history, but these are two remarkable cases, familiar to most people. It will be found that the majority of officers of the higher grades survive not only one but many battles. Mr. Galton estimates this majority at sixty per cent., but his figures do not bear out his theory. He has selected a list of thirty-two of the most eminent commanders; but of these only seven died on the field of battle, which would make the proportion seventy-eight per cent. The most formidable enemies an army has are camp-fever, privation, over-fatigue, and too great exposure to heat, cold and damp, and the carelessness of the men. These kill three times as many men as the bullet does; and yet the bullet kills its thousands, notwithstanding the large chances in favor of the escape of each individual soldier.  
**INTERNAL REVENUE TAXES.**—By the Act of Congress, approved July 12, 1870, the taxes on sales imposed by the Internal Revenue Laws, except such as are by existing laws paid by stamps, are repealed.  
Section 3 repeals the special tax on boats, barges and flats; on legacies and successions; on passports, and on gross receipts.  
Section 4 repeals the Stamp Act imposed on promissory notes for less than \$100, and on receipts of any sum, or for payment of debt; also on canned or preserved fish.  
The Act also repeals the income tax on amounts less than \$2,000.  
—Alas, that there should be so many poor souls who, in this world and that which is to come, look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortable and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of Saint Martha, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo a few days since, downcast, wearying with many cares and cumbered with much serving, "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and everything else! No rest! never was, never will be, for me!"  
"Oh yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest."  
"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I do die, there will be certain to be resurrection the very next day! It would be just my luck!"  
—At a spiritual circle in Cincinnati a man burst into tears when a medium described a tall, blue-eyed spirit standing by him, with light side-whiskers and his hair parted in the middle.  
"Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper.  
"Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me. Oh, George, George!" he murmured, in a voice choked with emotion, "why did you peg out?"  
—The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "We are glad Gen. Lee has not tendered his services to either of the European belligerents. He can safely rest his military reputation where it now is. The Prussian Field Marshal Von Moltke, in the presence of several American gentlemen, once paid the great Confederate chieftain a compliment which, from such lips, was indeed worth having: 'I consider Gen. Lee,' said the old veteran, 'as a soldier not inferior to Wellington.' His auditors were all Northern men, but they relished the remark none the less as a deserved tribute to an American soldier."  
—Writers of experience in nature strongly recommend the use of mosquito-curtains in tropical regions as a precaution against malaria. They "sift" the air and besides tend surprisingly to keep the temperature within them uniform.

—A country fellow went courting his girl, and wishing to be conversational, observed: "The thermometer is twenty degrees below zero this evening."  
"Yes," replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."  
—One of the popular beliefs every summer is, that no preceding summer ever furnished so many flies. People aver, in our hearing every day, that these pests were never before so numerous and troublesome. They are plentiful, active and annoying enough, but we have known them to be quite as much of a nuisance in preceding seasons. They bring a comfort to the credulous who will rest assured that so long as there is no scarcity of flies, there will be no epidemic like the cholera.  
—One of the curious effects of the intense heat which humanity has endured for the past two weeks has been to give to a gentleman residing in South Baltimore the singular faculty of smelling the sun. The gentleman alluded to was sunstruck a few days ago, and since his recovery he positively asserts that he can smell the sun when it shines upon him. He describes the smell as being very offensive, and the only way he can find relief is to hurry into the shade, once there, his smelling faculties cease to nauseate him, but the moment old Sol smiles upon him he becomes intensely sick. So says the physician in charge of the case.—*Baltimore American.*  
—The New York Star says that Horace Greeley also has been refused a position in the French army. "Objection was taken on the ground of his white coat and hat and awkward gait, all of which are declared by Napoleon to be not only unutilitary but certain to draw the fire of the enemy at long range. Something was said also about his 'On to Richmond' frenzy, but as he was not with the army when he wanted it to advance, the charge of recklessness of self was withdrawn."

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For sale by Walters & Baker and W. H. Nardie & Co., Anderson, S. C. Dowie & Moise, Wholesale Agents, Charleston, S. C. Oct 21, 1869 17

**A. B. MULLIGAN, COTTON FACTOR AND General Comission Merchant, ACCOMMODATION WHARE, CHARLESTON, S. C.**  
Liberal Advances made on Cotton.  
I will, when placed in funds, purchase and forward all kinds of Merchandise, Machinery, Agricultural Implements, Manures, Seeds, &c. Sept 23, 1869 13 1y

**H. BISCHOFF, C. WULFERN, J. H. PIERRE, JOHN McFALL, WITH HENRY BISCHOFF & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, AND DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., NO. 197 EAST BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C. A.**  
Nov 25, 1869 22

**Schedule Blue Ridge Railroad.**  
ON and after this date the following schedule will be observed by the Passenger Trains over this Road:  
UP TRAIN.  
L've Anderson, 4.20 p.m. L've Waltham, 8.20 a.m.  
" Pendleton, 5.20 " " Perryville, 4.10 "  
" Perryville, 6.10 " " Pendleton, 5.10 "  
Arr. Waltham, 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.  
W. H. D. GAILLARD, Sup't. March 10, 1870 87

**J. HAYNSWORTH EARLE, Attorney at Law, OFFICE IN THE BENSON HOUSE.**  
May 26, 1870 48 3m

**JAMES H. THORNWELL, Attorney at Law, ANDERSON C. H., S. C.**  
Office in the residence immediately opposite Dr. Cater's, on Main street. Feb. 3, 1870 82 3m

**Leather! Leather!**  
If you want the best Upper or Harness Leather, go to C. A. REED'S, Corner Anderson Hotel. June 9, 1870 50

**W. S. KEESE, AGENT FOR BATH PAPER MILLS, WILL pay the highest cash price for RA6S Depot street. May 26, 1870 48 3m**

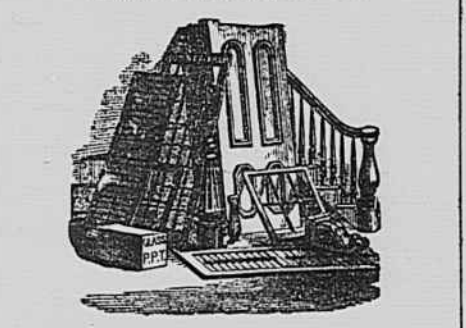
**Flour, Bacon, Corn, &c.**  
A FINE lot of Flour, Bacon, Corn, &c., on hand, and for sale cheap by M. LESSER, Agent. March 24, 1870 39

**You had better Believe It.**  
ALL persons owing me money had better come forward and pay up, or they will certainly be sued. M. LESSER, Agent. March 24, 1870 39

**Groceries.**  
SUGAR, Coffee, Tea, Syrups, and all kinds Groceries can be had, at reduced prices for cash, by going to M. LESSER, Agent. March 24, 1870 39

**The Spontulix!**  
HAVING purchased my Goods for cash, I want it strictly understood that I must have cash for them. M. LESSER, Agent. March 24, 1870 39

**At Private Sale!**  
THAT VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, on Eighteen Mile Creek and Seneca River, containing 1770 acres, formerly owned by James Steele The Tract will be divided to suit purchasers. Apply to W. H. D. GAILLARD, Pendleton, S. C. Jan 6, 1870 28



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Manufacture of Doors, Sashes,  
Blinds, Mouldings, &c., in the  
Southern States.  
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SEND FOR ONE. Sent free on application. May 5, 1870 45 1y

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G. E. ELFORD, Editor and Prop'r. G. G. WELLS, Associate Editor. Aug 4, 1870 6

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THOSE wishing to profit by the above advice, would do well to call and settle what they owe SULLIVAN, MATTISON & CO., otherwise they will have to pay cost, as we are determined to collect those debts without distinctions.  
N. K. & J. P. SULLIVAN. June 23, 1870 52