BELLE ALDEN'S TRAVELING-BAG.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the ard Marcy—her only darling brother—who was lepot of Belletontaine, when a gentleman endepot of Belletontzine, when a gentleman entered the smoking car and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling-companion-a

tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musing-ly blowing rings of smoke into the air.

"Marcy," said the new comer, "if you want to see at once the sweetest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one on the train. There's an emigrent German wo-man, with four little children, and during the afternoon the youngest-a baby-has died .-The mother and the other children are incon-

"I can understand," interrupted the smoker,
"the sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I'm coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge of by a young lady. Such a beauty! She's dried the mother's tears, and wiped the children's noses. She's divinity! She only needs a few feathers on her shoulder-blades to make a full-fledged angel of her. If I was not a married man, I'd never leave her till I'd made Mrs. Angelica Townsend out of say when she hears of your having met in this

"That's a speech which I shall faithfully report to Mrs. Agnes Townsend," said the gentleman addressed as Marcy, rising. "I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful Sister of Charity; and," he added, taking his traveling satchel and shawl from the rack, "as we stop at the next station, which is due in ten minutes, I may as well take my traps through

with me, and join you on the platform."

Thus saying, Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered leisurely through the long train—rushing blindly and-calmly to his fate. For, as he entered the last car but one he became a witness and an actor in a scene that influenced his whole future life. The poor, grief-stricken German, of whom

ing over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children, grouped in childish sorrow about their little dead brother, was indeed a touching spectacle. But, standing beside them, was the divinity of Dr. Townsend's admiration, and she who was most cer-tainly to "share the ends" of the unhappy Richard.

the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weep-

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. As he entered the car she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small, rosy mouth, disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned bewitchingly towards

less, speaking no English, with four little chil-dren, was expecting to find work in St. Louis, to support them. If everything had gone well with her it would have been hard for her; but with her little dead baby and sorrowful heart she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing, contribute their mite toward a little purse for her immediate wants and the burial of her poor "Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't baby. And," she added, with a bewitching smile, "if any gentleman will lend me a hat I will go round and take up a collection."

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled his traveling cap from his blonde curls and offered it to the Angel of Mercy, who accepted it with a smile, this time all his own, and commenced

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gathering the money, and looking at the plaid cap in the white jeweled fingers, he bethought him of his own donation, and stepping to the seat the beauty had just occupied, he laid his satchel and shawl upon a family of its kind, belonging to the angel in gray, and took from his pocket a ten dollar bill, which he placed in the little hand that returned him his cap .-Further damage the poor fellow received, when a second smile and warmly-worded thanks for his liberal contribution were dealt him from the beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate reply, when the cars stopped. He lingered yet another moment, seized his satchel and shawl, with his eyes still on the face of his charmer, and then even as the cars were again in motion, he bethought himself of the doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friend on the

"Well," ejaculated that worthy, "I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a stunner?" "Townsend," returned his friend, "don't use

slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance. "I wish to heaven," he continued. "I'd remained aboard. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now-" "Now, in all probability," broke in the doc-

tor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in heaven, if you behave they've commenced to sprout on earth.' And thus rallying his thoroughly captivated

friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom they were to remain that night, and go on the next day to their destination -- St. Louis. After the first salutation our hero went to

his room to remove some of the evidences of his long ride from New York. He had removed his coat, vest and collar; he had splashed, and soaped, and washed, till his damp curls hung close to his shapely head, when he made a startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless, he burst into the

next room upon his friend.
"Townsend," cried he, "what upon earth do

you suppose? I've got the wrong bag. I've changed baggage with the Angel of Mercy.—Look at that slipper—see that thimble—contemplate that glove." "It's evident you've got the lady's satchel.

And what was there in yours?" .

"Don't bring up that dreadful idea," said Dick. "Cigars and a hair-brush, a pack of cards and a comb, pocket-flask and a tooth- found that St. Louis contained more attractions brush-everything disreputable If I am

judged by that bag, I'm a lost man,
"And this I took for a clean shirt;" and Dick held up a frilled and fluted sack, such as do duty for more extensive night-dresses with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see Angelica when she opens my satchel."

And Dick fell to musing, with the slipper perched on two fingers and the rilled white sack spread out tenderly upon his nees.

In an upper apartment of a handsome mansion in St. Louis, on the evening of the day our heroine first made the reader's acquaintance, beautiful Belle Alden, the petted and only below Wall Street; a man would appear more daughter of the house, sat contemplating the various articles her confidential maid was dis- ordinary length from a lady's head would three hundred years, and printed on paper the posing upon the table—articles taken from no less a receptacle than Dick Marcy's traveling-

The cards and cigar-case lay side by side, and

"Brandy, ma'am," replied the maid.

the fair mistress.

I suppose," returned Belle. "It's my belief," said Rosa, who was a shrewd girl, "that the gentleman was a mighty nice at once. In reality the point of a cambricone, else you'd not so readily excuse the cards needle is larger than the circle upon which

and the bottle." "For shame, Rosa, All gentlemen play ele appears like a dessert-plate covered with euchre travelling, and every clergyman take a lady apples. little brandy in case of sickness," answered Belle. "And this man was a gentleman, and a

For at that moment Rosa held between her

fingers a letter.
Whether it was wrong to read a stranger's letter vexed Belle for a moment, as her eyes glanced at the superscription and hand-writing. "Why, of all things!" exclaimed the delighted girl, soizing the letter. "Why, Rosa, this is Jenny Marcy's writing, and addressed to Rich-

Ritter's, in Brooklyn." Belle read rapidly till she had reached the middle of the letter, when she burst into a

merry laugh. "Hear this Rosa," she said, and she read from

the letter:
"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail while in St. Louis to see my best friend and schoolmate, Belle Alden. I know you will fall in love with her, for besides being the best girl in the world, she's a beauty and an heiress, and father's choice above all others for his son's wife. He used to think it over home, and hope, and hope. Belle would not marry before you came home from Europe. She is full as anxious to know you, and wears your hair and mine in a locket father gave her last year .-Give her lots of love, and beg of her to over-

romantic way ?"

"I don't intend to tell her of it till I go to New York this fall," said Belle. "Perhaps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong. The month passed, and she saw no more of the golden-headed Richard.

And she carefully separated the yellow lock in the little keepsake from the dark tress of Jenny's and put it back into its place alone, while another locket held the bit of Jenny's. And, somehow, Belle looked very often at the wee golden curl, and she never did so but the rest of the handsome head sprang up beside the lock; and she would sit and contemplate the picture her fancy wrought for her, little dreaming the interest she was allowing to grow

his companion, Dr. Townseud, had spoken, with in her bosom for Jenny's brother. the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weep-York, and the first day after her arrival found her sitting with her old friend, who, after the first effusive meeting was past, sat down to

empty her soul. "I am so glad you are here this month,"
Jenny said, "because I'm to be married in October, and I have always been crazy to have you for a bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's

best man." Belle blushed. "But Dick has fallen hopelessly, madly in

love!" Belie turned pale.

"Yes, I was so dreadfully provoked when he passed through St. Louis and never went near you. But he went wild over some lady he met the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," spoke the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless and pennion of his Angelica. And when I have spoken of you he has been positively rude, and asked me to have done bothering him about my freckled school friends—you know your picture shows freckles; but, bless me, you haven't any now! And your picture don't look any more like you

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't know her name. He just found some of her old clothes somewhere. He's got her old slip-per under a glass case; he's got her night gown done up in lavender; he's got her gold thimble hung on his watch chain; and I do believe he's got a hair-brush and some hair-pins next to his heart. Oh, it's folly to interfere ! He's beyond gathering the readily forthcoming dollars her generous, graceful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

all hope! I did think the excitement of my wedding would wean him from it; but not a bit. He looks at my new things as calmly as

an oyster, and only said—it's not kind of me to repeat it, though," broke off Jenny.

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle, laughing now heartily. "Don't fear for my "Why, he said, 'I'll stand up with your friend.

Belle, and see you safely married; and then I'm off to winter in Paris. I'm done with love on my own account.' It's positively awful." old slipper and glove lying beneath a globe on hearse, croaking voice from above intered the either side the faithful Richard's mantle.

"And," said Belle, "since he desires only to meet me on the morning of the wedding, so it shall be. I will be introduced only as we are leaving the house, and he can do as he pleases about continuing the acquaintance afterward.' Belle was radiant with happiness when she returned to her father, and delighted his fond heart by the change, for Belle had been very uiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped, and talked and visited together, for the next few days, and when the morning arrived, and amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone like a queen, the bride was eclipsed, and delightfully acknowl-

"O. Belle !" she said, "I long to have old stoical Dick see you. Hark! there's his step. ome into the next room now, and be intro duced. Don't wait till the carriages come-it's

an hour yet."
And Belle, with a beating heart, swept through the door and stood even as Dick first saw her, only in place of the gray traveling yourself well enough to get there, by her wings; dress, a magnificent white satin fell in rich she'll have the biggest of any of them, seeing folds about her, and about her lovely white they've commenced to sprout on earth." throat lay the turquois locket that held Dick's golden curl. Upon the beautiful head, crowned by its chestnut hair, a coronal of pearls added to the grace and beauty of an image that, shrined in Dick's heart, was already an angel. Belle did not look up, but she felt the pres-

ence, as Richard Marcy came up and was in-troduced to little Jenny's old school-mate. Then, as he held out his hand, she raised her eyes, and laid her tiny palm in his, and said : 'I think we had better rectify that mistake

about the traveling-bag, Mr. Marcy!"

besides, you didn't want to meet the freckled to the Lone Star State. school girl till it was positively necessary," re-

turned Jenny, mischievously.

It would be hard to say which of the four that made Jenny's bridal party was the happi- the variation, "Carry me back!"

est that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that winter. He

than any foreign city.

But the next fall will see Dick and Belle on their wedding tour, and he vows he will have the two old romantic traveling-bags brushed up for the occasion. Dr. Townsend, who is to go along, says he knew the minute he saw that girl she would one day be Angelica Marcy, as he "felt it in the air."

A WONDERFUL MICROSCOPE .-- A microscope has recently been invented and constructed, which magnifies objects 9,000,000,000 times. At this rate of enlargement an ordinary fly would cover a space equal to New York City reach half-way from New York to New Haven. Yet, under this enormous magnifying power, it three hundred years, isn't satisfied with it the creations of nature only display new beauties. A microscopic shell called an angulatum, shighly-scented party they were.

What's in the little silver flask, Rosa?" said

of which about one hundred and forty placed whoes load of hay was found to contain half a dezen paving stones when weighed for sale, when examined under ordinarily powerful microscopes, is simply marked with lines of the he remembered that in turning out for a team "He can't be very dissipated, to travel with most exquisite delicacy, exhibits under the on the road he "druv putty cluss to a stone such a little bottle. That's in case of sickness, new instrument half globes of white silex, wall." whose diameters appear to be an inch and three-

quarters, and of which only fifteen can be seen these fifteen half globes exist, and vet that cirties over the statement of 1869. - A milkman accounted for the thinness of

- George Harper, of rural Now York, fail-

Patriotism Appreciated. A CAMPAIGN STORY.

Jeff Davis and Henry S. Foote were once

stumping the State of Mississippi together, both being candidates for Governor. At one of the meetings the following incident occurred:

"Fellow-citizens," said Davis, "I gave my boyhood to the study of arms and the art of war (which always create patriotic desires) at the United States Military Academy at West Point."

"Good!" shouted an old backwoodsman under a slouched hat, and who sported butternut

breeches, held up by one suspender. "Yes, gentlemen, when a young man, I was sent upon the Western frontier, where I spent several years, as a lieutenant, guarding the people of Arkansas against the fierce Seminoles, Greeks and Cherokees, who had been driven from Florida, Alabama and Georgia at the point of the bayonet, and left upon the Western prairies."

"Hooray !" yelled old Butternut. "I made several trips among the Comanches and Lipans, to guard the people of Texas against the tomahawk and scalping knife." "Bully boy !" from old Butternut.

"Believing that I could be more useful in civil life, I resigned my commission in the army and came to Mississippi, and you elected me to Congress. In that body I served you faithfully, always looking to the rights of Mississippi and guarding you against every Federal aggression.'

"Tiger-r-r!" roared old Butternut. "Upon the first news that American blood had been spilled upon American soil, I flew to Mississippi upon the wings of the wind, raised a regiment, marched to Mexico, and at the battle of Buena Vista saved Taylor's army from ignominious defeat, and won for the American eagle a glorious victory over the Mexican buz-

"Glory!" shouted Butternut. "Since that time you have honored me with a seat in the United States Senate, where I have served you day and night through evil and good report, agreeing to no infamous compromises, and zealously maintaining Southern rights against abolition aggression."
"Three cheers for Davis! Hip! hip! hooray!"

yelled old Butternut.

When Davis left the stand he made a bee

line for his enthusiastic admirer and grasped his hand. "God bless you, Gineral?" said old Butternut; and did you really do all the good things for the country you jist told us about?" "Yes; and more, too, my friend."
"Well, Gineral," said the old man, as the big

tears, welled up in his eyes, "d-d ef you hain't done enough for the country, and we oughtn't to impose on you any more; so I'm a-going to vote for Foote myself."

The Blasphemous Crow.

At a certain cross-road in the State of Alabama stood a small grocery or whiskey shop, where "bust head" and "chain lightning" were dealt out to the thirsty unwashed at five cents a drink, or twenty-five cents a quart. The pre-siding genius of this delectable institution was one Bill Sikes, who, among various pets, had a domesticated crow, black as the ace of spades. This crow had learned, among other things, to repeat quite plainly the words "damn you!" which he, of course, heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock-down-and-drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from home, and flew off to the woods, never to return,

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting-house—an old tumble-down affair, only used on certain occasions when a circuit rider came that way. Into this building went the crow, taking peaceable possession; and two days thereafter the church was thrown open for preaching, and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady, who was compelled to use crutches in walking, who took her seat in the front pew, and was soon absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarce got under n my own account.' It's positively awful."

And so Belle thought, as she looked at her anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a ominous words:

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered into his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet being at length restored, however, the sermon proceeded; but ere ten minutes elapsed the ominous "damn you!" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upward to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and lighting upon the pulpit, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd and gave another doleful croak:

"Damn you!" The effect was electrical. Giving one startling and electrified glance at the intruder, the preacher sprang from the window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a break-neck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror-stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building pell-mell

after hima In the general scramble the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay, unable to rise; and observing her, the crow, who was after something to eat, flew down beside her, and looking up at her very knowingly, croaked out:

"Damn you! "Yes, and damn you, too! I had nothing to do with getting up this meetin'-and you know

The poor old woman had mistaken the crow for the devil, and concluded if possible to propitiate his Satanic majesty by denying com-plicity in that affair. The world is full of just such people.

"Good Heaven, Jenny," said Dick Marcy, - Why will next year be like last? Because why didn't you tell me that your friend Belle last year was 1870, and next will be 1872 (too). - Why will next year be like last? Because was my 'Angel of Mercy'?"

— A Texas paper reports that since SeptemBecause I didn't know till last night, and ber last 119,000 people, with 1,664, wagons, then Belle made me promise not to tell. And have emigrated from Tennessee and Georgia in-

- The favorite refrain of the Texas emigrants about six months after their arrival—"Home, sweet home : there is no place like home"- with

- A little Boston girl joyfully assured her mother, the other day, that she had found out where they made horses-"she had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot,"

- Those radicals who preach so much about Lonesty are beaten by a Chicago saloon keeper, who keeps a temperance pledge behind his bar, and does his best to induce his bad paying customers to sign it. - That man out West who is always doing

Chicago for a piano, and soon after wrote the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go. -- A man in Connecticut has invented and published a most ingenious calender, good for size of a visiting card. If any man, after using

surprising things, recently sent an order to

- A countryman from Danbury, Conn. said he could not quite account for them, but

- By the statement published by the New York Mercantile agency there have been twenty-one failures, with liabilities to the amount of \$315,000, in South Carolina during the year 1870, showing an increase of two in the number of illures and \$106,000 in the amount of liabili-

liberal one, too, for he gave the poor emigrant his milk by saying that the cow got caught in in seven suicidal attempts, yielded to fate timore. Jan 5.

Is RELIGION BEAUTIFUL ?-Always! in the child, in the maiden, the mother. Religion shines with a benignant beauty of its own, which nothing on earth can mar. Never yet was female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pitfalls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless Religion throws its soft beam around them to purify and exalt, making twice glorions that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful-in health and sickness, in wealth or in poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the

good but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of the song is, "Lo! peace is Could we look into thousands of families to-

day, where discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of Religion in woman.

And in felons' cells, where crime, misery, destruction and ignorance is, we behold in all its deformity the fruit of irreligion in woman. Oh, Religion! benignant mystery, high on thy throne thou sittest glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth clouds come never between the and truly pious souls; not beneath the clouds, for above these is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding

REMEDY FOR HOG LICE.—I herewith send you a remedy for hog lice, that will prove on trial, infallible: Procure some leaf tobacco, boil to a strong amber, in water enough to float it; mix while hot, enough lard or refuse grease to make a thin salve; rub on the pigs or hogs troubled, and in less than twenty-four hours they will not have a louse on them, if well rubbed. Also put leaf tobacco in their beds to make them smell strong, and the hogs will never be troubled with lice again while they sleep in the beds. The tobacco will not hurt pigs in any respect, even but a day old.—A

AGAIN A GRASS WIDOWER .- A report is current in Charleston, and generally credited, that Bowen's last wife-Mrs. Petigru King-has abandoned him with indignation and disgust, owing to his ill-treatment of her, commencing soon after their marriage.

- "Teeth extracted with great pains," is the advertisement of a Washington dentist.

 John Hanckel, Esq., has been elected President of the People's Bank of Charleston. - At a recent Connecticut funeral the carriages lost the way, not being able to keep up with the hearse.

- The latest mode in Lexington, Ky., of managing a husband disposed to stay out late of nights is for the wife to have "kicking hysterics" after he does come in. This species of husband-management proves so efficacious that the offence is rarely repeated.

J. C. C. FEATHERSTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Jan 5, 1871

A CARD.

HAVE this day transferred my Agency for the Bath Paper Mills, Bath, S. C., to McGRATH & BYRUM, and recommend my old customers to W. S. KEESB. RAGS! RAGS!! RAGS!!!

WANTED,

100.000 POUNDS OF COTTON RAGS, for which the highest cash price will be paid. McGRATH & BYRUM, Depot Street. Agent for Bath Paper Mills.

In Equity, Anderson County.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Ross, Executrix, vs. John B. Sitton, Francis E. Harrison and others .- Complaint to Marshal Assets, &c.

DURSUANT to the order of the Court of Common Pleas, sitting in Equity, the creditors of Anthony W. Ross, deceased, are required to present and establish their respective claims before me on or before the 15th day of March, 1871. or be barred from the benefits of the aforesaid Complaint.

JOHN W. DANIELS, c.c. Clerk's Office, Anderson C. H., S. C.,) December 20, 1870.
Dec 22, 1870 26

Marion Crescent copy until 15th of March next, and forward bill to this office.

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Jan 5, 1871

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Dec 8, 1870



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"Perryville, 6.10 "Pendleton, 5.30 " Arr. Walhalls, 7.00 " Arr. Anderson, 6.16 " 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 illton train. W. H. D. GAILLARD, Sup't. Dec 8, 1870

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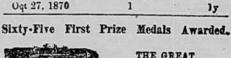
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Overstrung Scale and the AGRAFFE TREBLE.

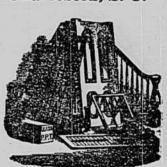
BY We would call special attention to our late improvements in GRAND PIANOS-AND SQUARE GRANDS,

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