

BELLE ALDEN'S TRAVELING-BAG.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the depot of Bellefontaine, 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 musingly 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 emigrant German woman, with four little children, and during the afternoon the youngest—a baby—has died.—The mother and the other children are inconsolable."

"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 her."

"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 his companion, Dr. Townsend, had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping 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 certainly to "share the ends" of the unhappy Richard.

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 the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," spoke the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless and penniless, speaking no English, with four little children, 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 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 gathering the readily forthcoming dollars her generous, grateful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gathering the money, and looking at the plaid cap in the white jeweled fingers, he beheld 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 his 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 beheld himself of the doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friend on the platform.

"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. I've 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—'

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, seizing the letter. "Why, Rosa, this is Jenny Marcy's writing, and addressed to Richard Marcy—her only darling brother—who was in Europe when we two graduated at Madame 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 school-mate, 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 still 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 overlook your many imperfections, for the sake of her old school-fellow, Jenny."

"Then this gentleman is, of course, Miss Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what will she say when she hears of your having met in this 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 mouth 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 in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the fall Belle and her father went to New 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!" Belle 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 on that trip. He will talk to me by the hours 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 than it does like me, not a bit."

"But tell me," said Belle, "is your brother engaged?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't know her name. He just found some of her old clothes somewhere. He's got her old slipper under a glass case; he's got her night gown done up in lavender; he's got her gold tumbler hung on his watch chain; and I do believe he's got a hair-brush and some hair-pins next to his hat. Oh, it's folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope! I did think the excitement of my wedding would wear 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, I broke off Jenny."

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle, laughing now heartily. "Don't fear for my feelings."

"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."

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-rr!" 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 buzzard."

"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 compromise, 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, General!" said old Butternut; and did you really do all the good things for the country you just told us about?"

"Yes; and more, too, my friend."

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 glorious 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 here."

Could we look into thousands of families today, 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 beauty.

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 FARMER.

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 comes in. This species of husband-management proves so efficacious that the offence is rarely repeated.

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 presiding 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 full headway, and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words:

"Damn you!"

GREAT ATTRACTION AT SHARPE & TOWERS'

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING

AN ADDITION

To our former large Stock of Goods!

The Ladies

OF Anderson and vicinity are respectfully invited to call at Sharpe & Towers' and supply themselves with SHAWLS, FURS, DELAINES, POP-LINS, GLOVES, &c.

SHARPE & TOWERS

Have just received a large and beautiful lot of CALICO.

ALSO,

A large lot of Family Groceries—Rice and Java COFFEE, SUGAR, SYRUP, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, SALT, &c.

Boots and Shoes.

In fact our stock is large and full, at

LOW PRICES.

A large lot of BAGGING and TIES, for sale by

SHARPE & TOWERS, Anderson, S. C.

Dec 8, 1870 24

WILCOX GIBBS & CO'S MANUFACTURED GUANO AND PLASTER. PHENIX GUANO ISLANDS SO PACIFIC OCEAN.

For sale by WILCOX, GIBBS & Co., importers and dealers in Guanos. 148 Bay street, Savannah, 241 Broad street, Augusta, Ga., 151 East Bay, Charleston, S. C., and by SHARPE & TOWERS, Anderson; A. J. SPRINGER, Belton; Dr. T. A. HUGHES, Hines Path.

For further information apply at address as above for pamphlet.

Dec 15, 1870 25 4m

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONSUMERS OF DRY GOODS.

DR. TUTT'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.

For the Speedy Relief AND PERMANENT CURE OF Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Colds, And all Diseases of the Lungs, Chest, or Throat.

THE EXPECTORANT is composed exclusively of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which PERMEATE THE VERY SUBSTANCE OF THE LUNGS, causing them to throw off the acid matter which collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and at the same time forms a soothing coating, relieving the irritation which produces the cough.

The object to be obtained is to cleanse the organ of all impurities; to nourish and strengthen it when it has become impaired and enfeebled by disease; to renew and invigorate the circulation of the blood, and strengthen the nervous organization. The EXPECTORANT does this to an astonishing degree. It is active but mild and congenial, imparting functional energy and natural strength. It affords Oxygen to vitalize the blood, and Nitrogen to assimilate the matter—it EQUALIZES the "NERVOUS INFLUENCE," producing quiet and composure.

TO CONSUMPTIVES It is invaluable, as it immediately relieves the difficult breathing and harassing cough which attend this disease.

FOR ASTHMA It is a specific—one dose often relieving the distressing choking, and producing calm and pleasant repose.

FOR CROUP No mother should ever be without a bottle of the EXPECTORANT in the house. We have numerous certificates of its having relieved, almost instantly, the little sufferer, when death appeared almost inevitable.

Mothers be Advised! Keep it on Hand!

This dread disease requires prompt action; as soon as the hoarse, hollow cough is heard, apply the remedy, and it is easily subdued.

BUT DELAY IS DANGEROUS. The properties of the EXPECTORANT are demulcent, nutritive, balsamic, soothing, and healing. It braces the nervous system and produces pleasant and refreshing sleep. It exhilarates and Relieves Gloominess and Depression.

Containing all these qualities in a convenient and concentrated form, it has proven to be the

Most Valuable Lung Balm Ever offered to sufferers from Pulmonary diseases. PREPARED BY WM. H. TUTT & LAND, Augusta, Ga., Sold by Druggists every where. Oct 27, 1870 1 1y

Sixty-Five First Prize Medals Awarded. THE GREAT SOUTHERN PIANO MANUFACTORY. WM. KNABE & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANO FORTES, BALTIMORE, MD.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty Years, and upon their excellence alone attained an unparalleled pre-eminence, which pronounces them unequalled. Their TONE combines great power, sweetness and fine ringing quality, as well as great purity of intonation, and Sweetness throughout the entire scale. Their TOUCH is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos. IN WORKMANSHIP they are unequalled, using none but the very best seasoned MATERIAL, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

All our SQUARE Pianos have our New Improved Overstrung Scale and the AGRAPPE TREBLE. We would call special attention to our late improvements in GRAND PIANOS AND SQUARE GRANDS, PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano fully Warranted for 5 Years. We have made arrangements for the Sole Wholesale Agency for the most celebrated PARLORE ORGANS and MELODEONS, which we offer, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices. WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore, Md. Sept 15, 1870 12' 6m

P. P. TOALE, Charleston, S. C. THE UNRIVALED AMERICAN TURBINE WATER WHEEL, Mill Gearing, Shafting & Pulleys. STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS. POOLE & HUNT, BALTIMORE. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

SEND FOR ONE. Sent free on application. May 6, 1870 45 1y

FRED. B. HODGES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE, HARTWELL, GA. WILL practice in Elbert, Hart, Franklin and Madison Counties. Oct 6, 1870 15 6m

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

UP. L'Ve Anderson, 4.20 p.m. Pendleton, 5.20 " Perryville, 6.10 " Arr. Wallhalla, 7.00 " DOWN. L'Ve Wallhalla, 4.00 a.m. " Perryville, 4.45 " " Pendleton, 5.30 " 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. GATTLARD, Sup't. Dec 8, 1870 24

DR. A. P. CATER HAS removed to the house lately occupied by Mr. W. S. Keese, where he can be found at all times, unless professionally engaged. Jan 12, 1871 23 4