

Anderson Intelligencer.

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The Fat Contributor becomes a Candidate for President.

The hour has arrived. I can hesitate no longer. The highest interests of the nation demand that I present myself as a candidate for President of the United States. I have waited for some one else to bring me out, but in the multitude of candidates no one seems to have thought of me. And I don't think very much of myself, but a man don't want to think much of himself to be a candidate for President now-a-days. If he had any self-regard at the outset he would think very little of himself by the time he got through with the campaign.

I am one of the people—I might say, one of the boys. I came up from obscurity, and I have brought up a good deal of obscurity with me. I never had any politics—or much else. I am a "Liberal" to a fault, and ready to receive votes from any quarter, although I am not ready to give quarters for any votes.

As for a platform, suit yourself, gentlemen. The lecture platform would probably suit me as well as any other. Having stood upon nearly every platform in the West, it would be hard for you to get up one I could not stand on. In the absence of a platform give me four acres, and I'll "stand" on that.

I am the special friend of the laboring man. No one likes to see a man work better than I do. In fact, I had rather see a man work than work myself. I am not only averse to working more than eight hours, but I am opposed to working a single hour! I shan't even work for my election, leaving that for the men who want the office.

I am in favor of paying the national debt. It is in fact the only debt I am in favor of paying. And rather than not see it paid during my administration I will pay it out of my own pocket.

In the matter of civil service reform I intend to do the civil thing by the nation if the nation does the civil thing by me. Being civil is so rare a condition now-a-days in the varied walks of life (to say nothing about the runs) that reform is urgently called for.

Retrenchment is my motto. If you can't put a retrenchment plank in the platform, put in a board. I am ready to work without any salary, but I shall insist upon my board.

I am rather inclined to Free Trade, preferring to feel free to trade wherever I please, but if a Tariff plank is necessary to my election, put it in. I shall not get on a Tar-if I ain't elected.

Pledge me as strong as you please to the Temperance men. The temperance pledge won't hurt me one bit.

No relative shall hold office, no matter whose relation he may be. I shall appoint none but old bachelors, childless widows, and orphans. Any man who has a relation in the world need not apply for an office under my administration. I have a few relatives of my own holding office now, but they shall be promptly kicked out as soon as I am elected. One brother-in-law has a little coal office. One nephew has a little coal office. One cousin on my neighbor's side drinks too much occasionally, and gets office too. I shall give him notice to quit. Another relation has a hankering after George Ellis' "Office." It won't do him any good. You see I am determined to reduce the "relative" expenses of the Government.

I engage not to accept any gift, unless it be the highest office in the gift of the people. If I am ever called "Our present Chief Magistrate," it won't be a chief magistrate of presents. Not being a man of commanding presence anyhow, there would probably be few presents that I could command. What few natural gifts I may have, however, I shall endeavor to retain. They are not worth making any fuss about.

I am not only in favor of woman's rights, but of woman's rights and lefts. I am in favor of women voting, provided they vote for me. I have no reason why a woman should not hold office, except, perhaps, the difficulty of getting hold of it. Nor should there be any bar to a woman's accumulating property and supporting the family if she wants to.

I may be asked how I would treat the Indians. I wouldn't "treat" them at all. They have been treated too much and too often. My private opinion, however, is that it will be a treat when there isn't an Injun left.

I stand by the old constitution that has been tried. Few men have tried their constitution more than I have tried mine. I accept the amendments, every one of them. When it comes to amend, I am ready to shout "amen" as loud as anybody.

I understand there is an ambitious man named George Francis Train, who aspires to be President on his promise to free Ireland. I engage not only to free Ireland but to make Irish whiskey free in the bargain. I shall at least be able to tie George Francis in the popular vote, unless one of the other of us is kept away from the polls. Hang it, I believe I could tie the Davenport brothers!

I shall inaugurate a wholesale emancipation business as soon as I am inaugurated. No goods retained at the White House when I am President. I engage to emancipate women from the thralldom of fashion, to give the "boys" their rights, and abolish the custom which excludes children in arms from the elevating and purifying influences of the theatre. I have pledged myself to free Ireland and to free postage; to free housekeepers from the tyranny of servant girls; to free pews, free passes, and freebooters. To free soil, to free tickets to shows, free drinks, free press, and "J. N." Free. I trust I am not making myself too free.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE GRAVE OF PRENTICE.—A writer in the Louisville Commercial, who has been wandering among the monuments of Cave Hill Cemetery, says:

"As we walk to the hillside we stop and look with feelings of sorrow at the humble spot where the Nestor of the press, the man of princely intellect, George D. Prentice, lies. The poet and journalist, whose pen evoked the admiration of the world, whose name was synonymous with everything brilliant and most unnoted grave, lies in an humble and almost unnoticed grave. A little Grecian canopy, resting on four columns, with an urn in the center and on top a lyre with a broken string—so sadly expressive of the music that has been lost to the world—is all that represents in material substance the illustrious dead. On the grass, which is springing up green and fresh over the lowly grave, is a broken goblet, in which, sometimes, was placed some flowery tribute by a grateful and loving hand. This is all that indicates the resting place of the man that Kentucky should be proud to honor. The remains of Courtland Prentice lie near by, and are more distinguished in their outward adornments than those of his father.

—Dolly Varden night caps and corsets are becoming popular. Those who have seen them say they are "perfectly sweet."

The Deacon's Experience with Soda Water.

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able-bodied male adults of this city the very common summer beverage known as "soda water," and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered to use their own language, a "thin drink." But while the ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskeys, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink; and so the imbiber who must moisten his flues with some liquid refreshment seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilarates yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweeners to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "slush," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

Saturday a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respected church deacon, a justice of the peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to the city to trade a little in dry goods, and purchase such articles as were needed as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never takes upon the wine when it is red, any more than he does when it is any other color. Unfortunately, our old friend had suffered from ophthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity, which caused his left upper eye-lid to drop every few seconds, and which, to those not familiar with his infirmity, gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The "Deac" is passionately fond of soda water, and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babes into agony, and require prompt doses of peppermint; so Saturday, after he had bought a few shovels, plows, hoes, rakes and threshing machines, also a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on towards home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" inquired the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow.

"Oh, give me sassa-parilla," that is about as healthy as anything, I guess." (Here the deacon's eyelid went back on him and dropped quickly.)

"All right," replied the fountain-tender, as he disappeared below the counter, and came up a moment later with the drinking-glass containing about three fingers of "sassa-parilla," to which he added the other ingredients and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to the dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips, and said, "That syrup is a leetle stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" at the same time his eye-lid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda water bibber left the store. About half an hour after he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Waters on Draught." It was noticed the Deacon walked as if he had the string half as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress Water" at this place, saying he "did not feel quite right," and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning, filled up a glass with plain "Congress" and gave it to our now "tightly strait" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the Deacon stored away before he left the city we are unable to say, but he was found late in the day asleep in his wagon, with a plow point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person as a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water, developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eye-lid dropped, took the hint. The Deacon escaped the "Jim-jams," but says hereafter he will wear a handkerchief over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate.—*Cleveland Leader.*

STRENGTH OF WILL AND STRENGTH OF MIND.—A very clear illustration of the distinction between strength of will and strength of mind was once given by a gay young fellow who probably had never read a page of metaphysics in his life. This young gentleman, whose friends called him Bob for shortness, was of an exceedingly nervous temperament, and an unusual indulgence in wine was sure to leave him in a shaky and unhappy condition. Bob had a consequential acquaintance named Waffles, who was gifted with the absorbing qualities of a sponge, and who, although in the habit of drinking much more freely than Bob, was never known to exhibit any signs of inebriety.

One morning Waffles called upon his friend, whom he found seated on the stool of repentance, with a wet towel bound round his head, and several empty soda bottles by his side; and shook at the sight, he began to moralize.

"So you're tight again last night, eh?" said Waffles. "Now, why don't you do as I do? When I have drunk enough I stop. You should have more strength of mind, and imitate me."

"Strength of mind!" snarled Bob, who, nervous and irritable, had very little disposition to submit to a temperance lecture from such a source; "what the deuce has strength of mind to do with it? Strength of will, you mean."

"Well," quoth Waffles, "what is the difference?"

"I'll tell you the difference," retorted Bob vindictively; "brutes have no mind at all, but a jackass has more strength of will than any being that breathes."

—A man in Syracuse, says an exchange, finds himself under the necessity of writing a long letter to a newspaper in favor of kissing at church sociables. We have never taken sides in this discussion of this interesting and important subject, but we are inclined to think that if it became clearly apparent that the cause of public morality would be materially advanced and the efficiency of the ecclesiastical system largely increased by the introduction of this invigorating exercise at sociables, we would readily sacrifice whatever personal feelings we have in the matter and favor it, provided this office is permitted to have a representative present to form an opinion of the material operation of the system.

—An exchange truly says: "Good roads benefit every one residing along their course.—Good roads save horse flesh, they facilitate the transportation of the produce to market, they save your temper, they increase the value of lands, they lend attractiveness to the eye of a stranger, they increase the traffic and business of a town by its vitality in all branches of traffic. Show us a town which receives a large country trade by means of the fine roads leading to it, and we will show you a place that is lively, progressive and thrifty, with money circulating in plenty, and men in all branches of industry busy as beavers."

Self-Love and Selfishness.

It is generally supposed that selfishness is only self-love running to seed. It is thought that the natural affections which each man bears to himself, and which all admit to be necessary and right, if not controlled and kept within strict limits, will swell, till finally become

A monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

Most of the crusades against selfishness are attempts to set the limits of self-love—to affix the bounds beyond which it may not pass, and to find the point where, as is said, it begins to degenerate into selfishness. This point will, however, never be found, simply because the two things do not run into one another, but are distinct and really antagonistic in their nature. All admit that at least some amount of self-love is both inevitable and necessary. Our very existence depends upon it, and consequently all our actions are for good in any direction. But what is self? Who can define it? Who can limit it? It is body and soul, matter and mind, substance and spirit. It includes sensations, passions, desires, faculties, thoughts, powers, ideas, will, affections, emotions, conscience. Our conceptions of its possibilities and our knowledge of its varieties are ever increasing, and will continue to do so with very fresh insight into its mysteries. There is, however, an aristocracy among these various portions.—They must all be recognized and provided for, but some are higher and some lower, and the lower can only fulfill their true mission or attain their own perfection by ministering to the higher. Thus the appetites are to be respected in proportion as they subserve health of body and clearness of mind; if they are made an end and not a means, they sink into vice and produce degradation. So with all the rest. Self-culture is the due apportioning and regulating of these various parts, and true self-love is the spirit that induces such culture.

The mistake that is made in regarding self-love as including only the lower nature, the appetites, passions, and desires for pleasure, or riches, or fame, or power. These, it is true, taken alone, come often into conflict with the happiness of others, but to love them is not to love self, but only a small part of it, and that part the least worthy of honor. Mackintosh says "the weakness of the social affections, and the strength of the private desires constitute selfishness," and a true self-love will tend to strengthen the affections and regulate the desires, thus becoming itself a powerful foe to selfishness. There is no antagonism between an enlightened self-love and a pure benevolence. If their motives are distinct, their effects are similar. The command to love our neighbor as ourselves imposes no limit on our self-love. On the contrary, the increase of the one necessitates the increase of the other. All history shows that the permanent good of the individual is also that of the community, and that of one nation is also that of the world. This truth is becoming recognized and acted upon. Peaceful negotiations or arbitrations are superseding the horrors of wars, and the most profitable commercial dealings are now known to be those which recognize the common interest of both parties. The modern system of insurance well illustrates this law. The heavy burdens which will be fire, shipwreck and death inflict, are now shared by the many instead of descending with crushing weight upon the few—yet each man, both the insurer and insured, enters into it for his own benefit, and his enlightened self-love makes him a public benefactor.

We are indissolubly bound to one another, and no man is by himself complete or independent. Directly he regards himself so, he sacrifices his own highest interests. We lean and depend on each other, we prune away each other's redundancies, and supply each other's deficiencies. Our affections are as truly ourselves as our appetites, our social nature as our physical, our moral sense as our desires. Indeed, our higher natures are most truly ourselves, and he who sacrifices them to anything less worthy can not be said to have, in his full meaning, an enlightened self-love. In this large and true sense, self-love will lead us to be just and honorable in all our dealings, kind and faithful in all our intercourse, merciful and compassionate to the unfortunate, beneficent and kind to our friends, and true to our kindred and to the world. If a man love not his neighbor, he can not truly love himself, for he ignores his best and highest self, and only indulges in inferior nature at the expense, not only of his neighbor's good, but also of his own.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

LOOK TO THE MULES.—The farm-stock are doing severe work at this season, and should be carefully looked after. The maxims of the war, "Infantry, look to your feet," "Cavalry, look to your horses," are suggestive to planters while they are conducting active operations against grass and weeds. Plow stock is all the dependence, and without sufficient animals there is little hope of success.

After the toilsome round of each day is over negroes are too apt to seek their own rest before they have provided for the comfort of their animals. The mule or horse that has drawn the sixteen or twenty miles in the day, and is expected to do the same to-morrow needs to be abundantly fed, and deserves to have comfortable accommodation. The feeding troughs should be so arranged that no waste may occur, and the stables locked so that no conscienceless thief may rob the poor brutes of their rations. Bedding of good quality should be provided, so that they may really rest and sleep. It is too often the case that this requisite is overlooked, and animals have not even a smooth surface on which to stand or lie, but take only what rest they can in uncomfortable positions. This is necessarily hurtful to them, and the loss to the planter in the inefficiency of their work, is considerable, not to speak of the loss of manure which is made from the bedding.

Self-interest and common humanity demand attention to the details of all stable arrangements, and never are they more important than now, when the work of every plow animal is needed to its fullest extent.—*Banner of the South and Planter's Journal.*

AN INNOCENT MAN VINDICATED.—The Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal relates the following singular occurrence, showing how sometimes innocent parties suffer from unjust accusations:

Fifteen years ago one Sam Steele worked on a farm for Mr. George Barbour, who lived a mile and a half north of this place. One day Mr. Barbour came to town, bringing his wife. Before starting he called in Steele, and in his presence put \$250 in a bureau drawer, locked it up, and delivered to him the key of the drawer, as well as the key to the house, telling him to take care of both for the day. Returning home at night, and recounting the money, Mr. Barbour found that a \$50 bill was missing, whereabout of the money beside Mr. B., denied all knowledge of the missing bill, declaring that he had not entered the room since he had so with Barbour. The latter maintained that Steele must know something about it, and finally discharged him from his service. Steele left and has not been heard of since. A few days since Mr. Barbour found the missing \$50 in the back part of his bureau, caught in the frame. One half of the bill was worn away by rubbing of the drawer as it had been pulled back and forward. When he found it he burst into tears, conscience-stricken from having unjustly accused and censured Steele.

—The New York Mail says that the authoritative mandate has at last been promulgated by Victoria, and trailing dresses on the street are declared positively vulgar, while those that just touch are not the thing at all. All the spring costumes that come from across the water are made short enough to clear the ground. For once fashion returns to comfort and common sense. Take a reef in your skirts, demoiselles.

—An Iowa man is devoting all his energies to the production of a book on the history, pedigree, family connections, personal peculiarities, virtues and achievements of the potato bug.

—Memphis has one clergyman, four doctors, and thirteen gamblers to every thousands souls of its population.

A Clever Swindler.

As a certain learned judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business; and, feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow."

He took his seat on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought him of his time-piece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send for it to their chamber.

"But, my dear judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!"

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not!"

"Unquestionably," replied the lady; "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge. "Presumably, my dear, the very person you sent for it? You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought this one at a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, picked and put to cook, as you intended to invite your brother judges to take dinner with you to-morrow. 'And, oh! by the way, senator,' said he, 'his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber, and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me, and of course, me, querido, I did so.'"

"You did?" said the judge.

"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madam; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever."

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, and the restoration of the judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel. Accordingly after the adjournment of court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations on his honor upon the recovery of his stolen watch.

"How happy am I," she exclaimed, "that the villain was apprehended!"

"Apprehended?" said the judge, with surprise. "You are always talking riddles; explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of thief, watch or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock to-day, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a sea suit of black, came to the house in a great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested, that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he has been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did! Who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?"

"Watch and turkey both gone! Pray, madam, what are we to do for dinner?"

But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and viands.

—This is a bilious country, especially is the people who live here are especially liable to bilious diseases. There is, perhaps, no better preventive of bilious diseases than the constant use of fruit as a diet. It corrects the acids and juices of the stomach and assists digestion. It keeps the bowels properly active and prevents that sluggishness and torpidity, which promotes bilious derangements. Fruit to do its best office in the diet should be cooked and eaten as a part of the regular meal. Thus used how delicious it is! How it adds to the pleasure of a meal to have it enriched with so delicate and agreeable an article of diet! How chaste and elevating is the tendency of such a diet compared with one of solid meat and bread. So it is; the best diet is really the pleasantest—therefore, let fruit grow on our farms, and adorn and make pleasant all our tables.

—Diarrhea is a very common disease in summer-time. Cholera is nothing more than exaggerated diarrhoea. When a man has died of diarrhoea, he has died of cholera, in reality. It may be well for travelers to know, that the first, the most important and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of loose stools, is to eat nothing but rice, and to abstain from all other food. The next thing to do is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice to be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhoea, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravates the disease.

—The Washington Patriot thus records an instance of petty malignity on the part of Grants' friends in Congress: "Mr. E. V. Smalley, the able and well-known correspondent of the New York Tribune, who has for a series of years occupied the position as clerk to the House Committee on Military Affairs, was notified a day or two since, that he must resign, or be resigned to dismissal, because it was not deemed proper that an employee of the enemy (the Tribune) should hold any position under or receive any emolument from the Administration." Mr. S. consequently yesterday wrote a valedictory to the Committee, and gracefully retired to his seat in the reporters gallery."

—The Wilmington Journal corrects the statement that Horace Greeley married a North Carolina lady. He was married in 1836 to a Miss Mary Cheney, who was teaching at a school in Warren, N. C., but she was probably a native of New York. The wedding took place in the Episcopal Church at Warren, and Mr. Greeley presented a ludicrous appearance and manifested eccentric deportment on the occasion, according to an eye-witness of the ceremony.

—Mr. Livingstone, an Indiana convict, having a desire to regain his liberty, fastened himself in a box, and was carried out of jail. Unluckily, however, the box was laid on the ground head downward, and the convict's feet, instead of his head, pointed toward the zenith. Being unable to extricate himself, he began to howl for assistance, and was soon escorted to his former apartment.

—There is a female patient in the Stockton (Cal.) Asylum, whose insanity was caused by tight lacing. A brute of an editor in giving this says: "All women who lace tightly are insane—the only difference is that this one was found out. The others will be in good time."

—An Iowa man is devoting all his energies to the production of a book on the history, pedigree, family connections, personal peculiarities, virtues and achievements of the potato bug.

—Memphis has one clergyman, four doctors, and thirteen gamblers to every thousands souls of its population.

FRESH STOCK of GOODS

AT THE

BAZAAR!

North Side of the Public Square.

BEAUTIFUL CALICOES, Nice Dress Goods, Elegant Shoes, ladies and gents, Pretty Neck Ties, Hats, all kinds, for ladies and gentlemen, Perfumery and Soaps, Sugar, Coffee and Molasses, Bacon, Lard, Hams, Flour, Crockery and Glassware, Confectioneries, of all kinds, fresh & good, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas,

And EVERYTHING NICE, can be bought very low at that little man HUBBARD'S Store.

ICE COLD SODA WATER always on hand and for sale, at 10 cents a glass, or 13 tickets for one dollar.

A good Soda Fountain can be bought for about half New York price—all in good order, and with full instructions how to charge and run the machine. Parties will do well to apply at once, as the season for Soda Water is now at hand.

A. P. HUBBARD, At the Bazaar.

April 25, 1872

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

The Best Machine in the World.

This assertion is made by all agents selling Sewing Machines—that is, their's is the best; but what I wish to say is this:

For every person who wants a Machine at this time, or think they may get one at some future time, to call and see for themselves some time while in Anderson. I will take great pleasure in exhibiting this unrivalled Sewing Machine to you.

The Ladies are especially invited to call. It is needless for me to enumerate the long list of different kinds of work, but suffice it to say that it will do everything ever done on a Sewing Machine. It runs very light, makes very little noise, and the best of all, it has by far the least machinery; therefore less liable to get out of order. Besides, I will keep the Machine in good order for ten years.

My office is in the Masonic Hall, where I always keep from twenty to thirty Machines on hand. It is worth your trouble for coming simply to see so many labor-saving machines together.

ELIAS CLARKE is carrying the Machines through the country, and will visit any one's house wishing to see the Machine. So now is the time to get something to help the weary wife, mother, sister or friend out in their work.

Respectfully,
JOHN H. CLARKE, Agent, Anderson, S. C.

April 11, 1872

GENTS' FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the public that they are now receiving from New York a fine assortment of Goods in their line, such as—

French and English Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, SHIRTS, HATS,

And other articles usually kept in a Gentleman's Furnishing Store.

We are also prepared to CUT and make up to order in the LATEST and MOST APPROVED STYLES, and guarantee satisfaction in every instance.

Give us a call that we may prove to you what we say.

J. B. CLARK & SON, East End Masonic Building.

April 4, 1872

REMARKABLE!

Notwithstanding The HIGH TAXES!

SIMPSON, HILL & CO.

ARE still on hand with an unusually large stock of almost everything kept in our line. We would call special attention to a very large and varied assortment of

GARDEN SEED, Suits to our climate, including Onion Buttons, Sets and Irish Potatoes, fresh from the Seed Garden. Also,

PAINTS, LIMESEED, TRAIN, VESTAL and MACHINE, KEROSENE OILS,

Of the best brands. It is needless to speak of MEDICINES, PERFUMERY and other articles, of which the public are aware. Call and see us at the Golden Mortar.

SIMPSON, HILL & CO. Feb 8, 1872

\$10.00.

FROM this time until further notice, I will insert a full Upper or Lower Set of Artificial Teeth for the sum of TEN DOLLARS, that cannot be excelled for beauty and excellence to be benefited by this liberal reduction of prices should call early. These are my office prices.

DR. J. W. GURLEY, Anderson, C. H.

March 14, 1872

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