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CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

It was Christmas Eve all over the world. In a thousand homes loving hearts, happy or sad, were filled with thoughts of kindness, and sympathy, and love. Busy hands were weaving of-ferings for the morrow, and busy feet were has-tening homeward to cheerful, waiting firesides. tening homeward to cheerful, waiting hresides. In a pleasant homestead a young girl of sixteen was busily engaged in adding the finishing touches to some dainty bit of workmanship. She formed a pretty picture herself, as she sat curled up in the deep window sill, where the fire-light, brightning in the twilight flashed its warm color over her shining hair and delicate oback. How soft dork even shone with a subwarm color over her snining hair and deficate cheek. Her soft dark eyes shone with a sub-dued but earnest light, and the lithe figure managed the dainty material of her work with a graceful and deft manipulation attractive to the beholder. The beholder was a gray-haired man, who occupied the great arm-chair in the window corner of the fire-place, and who leaned upon his cane and watched the pretty maiden, fair young Rosamond, at her work, and smilled to think how like she was to another Rosamond he had known, and loved, and buried, in the

years so long gone by. "Keep good watch, Grandpa," said the fresh young voice. "Don't let anybody scud along your side unbeknownst," as Biddy says; "I'm afraid Papa will steal a march on me. I would'nt have him to see this for a pretty. Isn't it a beauty? Won't he be pleased with it? Come now, Grandie, dear, don't look so solemn and owlish. It's Christmas Eve. What are you

thinking of so deeply." The old man looked up and smiled. "I was thinking, Rosa, of how good and how pleasant it is to have Christmas come, and to have one day in all the year on which there is so much good will. I was thinking how all there is the the market to each other. these love gifts that we make to each other, and all the kind feelings we have towards one another, go to form a precious love-gift to the Lord of Christmas. Indeed, the "peace on earth and good will to man" that prevails on Christmas Day, is the "Glory to God in the

Highest." "That's beantiful, Grandpa, dear," exclaimed the girl. "Its a genuine Christmas Carol. I always did say that my Grandpa's fireside flectures were sermon and hymn all in one. Oh, dearie me, here comes Papa up the steps, with his arms full of bundles. Let me run." And gathering up her work Rosamond went from the room.

At the same hour that Rosamond's papa as-cended the steps of his beautiful home, another father entered the door of an humble cottage not far distant. He bore no Christmas bundles in his arms. His eyes were sad and his manner dejected. Before the cheerful fire, whose ruddy blaze lit up the small, low room, a young girl was kneeling while she toasted slices of bread for the evening meal.

"It's Christmas Eve, Papa," she said, with a lively nod of welcome. "Stoop down and give me a good, sweet kiss; this fire is toasting my cheeks as well as my slices. Mamma is putting Bud to bed. He went sound asleep on the rug and wouldn't wake up. Tea is all ready now. I wish Harry was here."

-I only know that the sad eyes brightened to while yet in darkness, and to whom the Lord of a fond smile as the father looked lovingly into the upturned face of his child. The room was of help in the time of trouble. "Glory be to the upturned face of his child. The room was cosy and comfortable, although the furniture God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-take. was plain and the adornments of the simplest kind: The table was spread for tea, and the cloth, and cups and saucers, and plates, were speckless and shining, and laid with a scrupu-lous nicety. The teapot simmered on the hearth, and within a smooth oval of hot ashes lay the mealy brown jackets that were to form the evening meal. The mother entered the room and greeted her husband with a smile. At the same moment a boyish voice was heard at the door, and a pair of stamping feet on the doorstep kept time to a sort of rude melody that the boy's voice sang to the words :

too near the close of the year. I need the "It's too bad. How sad they must be to-

'Oh, do help him then," said Rosamond.

out the Christmas present I intended to bestow."

"Well, Grandpa, who would be so selfish as to care ?"

having it sent up in the morning-unless, indeed

"Oh, Grandpa! a present for me to cost four hundred dollars! It is—it is a new piano? Oh, you dear, beantiful Grandpa. Just what I had so longed for. My old, worn-out hurdy-gurdy is a real trial to me." She had quite forgotten everything and eve-

rybody save the much wished for piano and the generous and doating grandpa. Suddenly

she recollected. "Oh, Grandpa," she said, "I understand you now. Either I must give up the piano or the Minturns must give up their home."

She threw her arms around her grandfather's neck and hid her face, and the tears that would come upon his shoulder. It was a sharp struggle between self-love and Christ-love. The dear grandpa's words came to her mind-"a love-gift to the Lord of Christmas"-and she whispered, as she kissed the old man's silvery locks, "Dear Grandpa, we will not buy the piano. We will make a love-gift to the Lord instead."

sweet voice now, when it speaks in accents of unselfish love. It chimes in my heart a true

my home that was saved."

"We musn't be selfish on Christmas Eve. Get me my coat. I'll go down and speak a good word to Minturn," said the good old man. Tears were in his eyes now. When Grandpa returned Eosamond was sitting at the old piano, and the family were singing a Christmas Carol-

"Chime, bells, chime, Glory be to God above-Christ has come to live and love, Chime, bells, chime."

"The old hurdy gurdy sounds splendidly to-night, Grandie, dear," cried the young girl. "Rose of the world," said grandpa, softly, "it is because of the love-gift." And the Christmas Carols chimed lovingly

May be it was the cheerful firewarmth, or maybe the bright young face and cheery tones of the dwellers in the abode of plenty, but in

Christmas. I suppose there are many who would like to have a story for Christmas more than anything else, and without a doubt it does the heart good night. It quite spoils my Christmas." After tea Grandpa called Rosamond into the lese, and without a doubt it does the heart good to read stories of that old time which comes to "Come, Rosie," he said, "what am I to do? It's too hard for our neighbor Minturn to lose his home this way. I could help him by ma-king a little sacrifice." "Ohe has home the way if December of the sacrifice." us every year just as fresh and young again, as through the splendor of our gifts, and the "But if I do somebody must needs do with-ut the Christimas present I intended to be-ow." more the fullest beneficence of their love. Still, the hours of Christmas Eve gather us in heart once more around the blisses of gone experien-ces, even though the reality is not to be grasped. "I am afraid my little Rosie will," said Grandpa. "My one gift is intended for her, and it is to cost four hundred dollars. I have But though the reality is not to be grasped. But though there are advantages in giving you selected it, and intend buying it to-night, and all a Christmas story, I think a little quiet reall a Christmas story, I think a little quiet re-flection upon this lesson will not do any one harm. Everybody will soon be shouting "mer-ry Christmas," but not every one knows what it means. They do not know perhaps, or if they know it, they don't think about it as they ought, that Christmas is a holy-day, that its meaning is at the very origin of Christianity. Our festivities then and every joy that now Our festivities, then, and every joy that now gladdens us at this season, should be nestled at the feet of the Saviour, whose unutterable love has given us so great a privilege, thus to be able without profanity to mingle His name with our happiness. But very few, however, treat the day as it deserves. They remember not its sanctity, they forego its privileges, who use it merely as a time for family and friendly reunions, as an occasion for mirth and worldly display. We must not think of what is at the display. We must not think of what is at the core of all forgetfulness of God's days and seasons—a heartless turning away from duty, and a following after the relaxations of what is disorderly and without law. He who discards instead." "Rose of the world," murmured her grand-father fordly, "you make my heart sing for joy. No music that you could ever have drawn from the piano I had hoped to give you could have yielded me such delight as does your sweet voice now, when it speaks in accents of the festivals of the church, or any regularly one sense of the word, to wander where we will; sweet voice now, when it speaks in accents of unselfish love. It chimes in my heart a true Christmas Carol." "Then each has sung a carol to the other," said the young girl, her face beaming with smiles, "only mine would never have been sung at all had not yours been sung first. Aren't we herring. People generally are prone just now here the to be thinking a great deal more of display and to be thinking a great deal more of display and fleshy enjoyments than of devotional exercises He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace, He'll wither your youngest flower. happy, Grandie? I feel almost as if it were to be thinking a great deal more of display and and pursuits that tend heavenward. It is so very natural to be thinking of eating, drinking and dressing, that we can hardly take time to reflect that we may overdo ourselves even in this important particular. It is not hard for any sensible person to see that dressing is not of slight consequence. It is a nice mark of position, and it is intended thus to make the indelay a cloud I can laugh aloud, And care not how sulky he be! For his darling child is the madness wild That sports in fierce fever's train; And when love is too strong, it don't last long, As many have found to their pain.

indolent or the poor struggle up to it. By the time they attain to their aim, perhaps they The they attain to their aim, perhaps they have overcome habits of idleness, and learned that they must work if they want the eye of the public to respect them. Again, just there lies a temptation also, but that lurks in every apple of gratification that presses our lips. Just then, of gratification that presses our lips. Just then, when they have learned to fear the world's scorn, they are apt to fear it too much; when they have learned to covet its respect, they are

SANTA CLAUS' VISIT.

Who is coming down the chimney With his pocket full of toys? Such a pretty lot of presents For my little girls and boys! Did you hear the chimney creaking Willie, Johnny, blue-eyed Nell? Who, think you, is slyly coming? Who's the stranger? quickly tell! Speak up promptly, little children, While I kindly listen—pause! Oh! I hear you all exclaiming: "It is darling Santa Claus!"

Will he fill our Nellie's stockings With a doll and candy sweet? Fut in bright-eyed little Willie's Navy-ship, full rigged, complete! And a soldier, brave and noble, For our Johnny to command, With a sword so brightly gleaming, Poised within his nerveless hand? You holl scatter presents freely Yes, he'll scatter presents freely On this Christmas Eve so dear ! For he loves the little children, And will bring them happy cheer !

From the frigid northern regions With his reindeer he doth come, And he visits all the country— Finds the children's sunny home Then he fills their stockings nimbly, And he quickly speeds away, Drawn by little arctic reindeers, In his rustic northern sleigh ! Over hill and over mountain-Over vale and over plain, Santa Claus is ever going— Christmas brings him once again!

Not a little mouse doth hear him-Not a child awakes from sleep, Not a child awakes from sleep, As old Santa Claus approaches— At the little ones doth peep! How he yearns to kiss the cherubs, And to tell them who is near; But he knows that morn will bring them All his offerings of cheer! So he leaves them, still and quiet, Jumps into his little sleigh, Gives a chuckle to his reindeers, And is quickly borne away !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I care not for Spring; on his fickle wing Let the blossoms and buds be borne; He woos them amain with his treacherous rain And he scatters them ere the morn. An inconstant elf, he knows not himself, Nor his own changing mind an hour,

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run, He shall never be sought by me; When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout, The hearty, the true, and the bold; A bumper I drain, and with might and main Give three cheers for this Christmas old. We'll usher him with a merry din That shall gladden his joyous heart,

with other countries is fast extinguishing the bigotry and hostile seclusion which has so long isolated the Moslems from the outer world.

It will be remembered that Jacob dwelt in the land of Bethel. This was not far from where Jerusalem was long afterwards built.-From this point it was that he sent his sons down to Egypt to purchase corn during the grievous famine. The reader will see from the map that Egypt lies some distance South of Palestine, and it was probably three or four hundred miles from Bethel to the granaries of Pharoah upon the banks of the Nile. The Northern extreme of the Red Sea lies between, and it was there that the children of Israel crossed upon dry land on their exodus from Pharoah's bondage. Mt. Sinai will be seen at this Northern point close between two arms of the sea, and in the borders of that country now known as Arabia Petra. This country and that of Egypt had long before the days of Moses been peopled by the descendants of Ham, or Canaan as he is sometimes called.— Fifteen generations from the days of Noah had now become a vast multitude and outside of the direct line through Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, there was more hostility than friendship existing between the many clans and tribes. The curses of disobedience and idolatry rested upon them and the weak were a prey to the strong. Twenty millions of turbulent unsetscattered over this and adjacent country, most of them living like the beasts of the forest and seeking whom they might devour.—Rome (Ga.) Commercial.

Bill Arp on Bill Tell.

Professor Koll has just found out that there never was such a man as William Tell. I don't know that krout-eatin Koll, but I'll bet he's mad with some feller by the name of Tell, and went to work to undermine his family. If there is a passel of folks upon the face of the earth who enjoy my contempt, it is them fellers who are always trying to pull down and never earth who enjoy my contempt, it is them fellers who are always trying to pull down and never build up. A man may do a heap of good things, but if he makes one little mistake they'll talk

but if he makes one in the mistake they if this about that and throw it up forever. They al-ways mention it with a *but*. "He's a very smart man, *but*. He would be a very great man, *but*. His intentions are very good, *but*." Regular sappers and miners they are. They suck all the sap out of a tree to kill it, and then undermine it to throw it down.

Now, here's a feller who can't make himself notorious in any other way; and he goes to sappin and minin' Bill Tell. Now, I don't believe one word of it. I was named for Bill, and if there want no such man, then I'm nobody but Arp-that's all. That feller is a fool, and he's got a big job on hand if he thinks he can rob history of its best story, and make a hundred millions of folks believe what he says. He's envious of Bill. Because he can't shoot an apple, or string a cross-boy, or make himself famous, he don't want anybody else to. Every few years some conceited fool attacks history. I understand they've got a society to bile it down and stew it. Well, it's sorter like wash-ing for gold-they lose more than they catch. Now it aint been very long since one feller denied that Bill Shakespeare ever lived. Well, they are sorter hard on the Bills, aint they i Another wrote several columns to prove that old Bonaparte died before he was born, and another man took up forty pages of a yankee magazine to prove that one of the Bourbons was livin in obscurity on the banks of Lake Michilimackinack. He hated old Bonaparte's Michilimackinack. He hated old Bonaparte's A fashion writer says that brides in good society now-a-days avoid most strictly the trahalf-bred Canady Indian onto the throne of ditional gray and brown traveling suits former-France. Now there was a Gesler, and he was a tyrant, and Bill Tell wouldent tip his hat to him, and he put him in jail, and Bill's son Henric was a noble little boy, and Henric was to die unless Bill shot an apple off his head, and little Hen-ric was blindfolded and stood firm as a rock and still as the grave, and there was a prayer and a shot and a shout, and the little boy was

All Sorts of Paragraphs. - When is a young lady very like a whale?

because it will corn you copiously. — A blacksmith cannot only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

- A punster challenged a sick man's vote at A purser charlenged a ster man store and the city election, on the ground that he was an *ill*-legal voter.
If this is a borrowed paper you are read-ing, "drop it." Your neighbor don't pay his

money to lend to you. — Men will never know us by our faith, for that is within us; they know us by our works, which are visible to them.

- A correspondent wants to know whether "civil service rules" mean that civil clerks are always to be employed in public offices. — A pupil in one of the public schools re-

cently revised an old saying found in his gram-mar, as follows: "It is better to give than to

receive—a good licking." — One of the ancient fathers said: "A man should be prepared for death the day before, but as he does not know when that day is to be,

he should always be prepared." — A French horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he, "he often passes many nights together by himself in the stable."

- Fashion reporters announce that satin dresses are to be worn no longer by brides. They couldn't well be worn any longer thau they have been without tripping up every one in the room.

- A conceited man, who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for

- "Who was the meekest man, my son ?" said the superintendent of a boys' Bible class. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was the meekest woman."

- A St. Louis parent, who happens to be blessed with a prodigal son, according to be Titusville Press, "rejoices more over one boy that run away than the whole family who sponge their living off him at home."

- The man who fell from a telegraph pole the other day while engaged in placing a wire, is now so far convalescent that he has recovered his spirits, and wittily says that he is only suf-fering a little from the effects of climb it.

- Titusville girls, with an eye to matrimonial matters, stain their fingers with shoe brouze, and, when their gentlemen acquaintances ask the cause of the same, softly whisper, "I have been helping mother put up canned fruit."

- The Galveston News remarks that when a prominent American dies the first thing we resolve to do is to build him a monument, and the next thing-we don't. How is that memo-rial relic of the past, the Washington Monument, getting along?

— A gentleman said to an old lady who had brought up a family of children near the Mer-rimac River: "I should think you would have lived in constant fear that some of them would have got drowned." "Oh, no," responded the old lady, "we only lost three or four that way."

"Now it is winter, and I am discontent, My coat is somewhat like an ugly rent, And all the snow from off the top of the house Came down into my bosom—squash-ker-souse."

"Harry Minturn, you noisy youngster," exclaimed the girl, gayly, as she sprang to open the door, "why, where have you been ? You're covered with snow !"

"I should say so," said the boy, shaking himself.

"Dame Hickley's old slant roof avalanched just as I popped under the eaves-hence my costchume. I don't care. It's Christmas Eve, and I've earned fifty cents carrying bundles, and have got two jobs for to-morrow. We'll have a Christmas supper if we don't have plum-

pudding and turkey dinner." "S-sh," interrupted his sister. "Get off your coat and come to tea. We've elegant roast potatoes and toast."

Somehow the brave cheery boy, and the equally bright and brave sister, made the home-ly room seem almost radiant, and the sad eyed father and patient mother sat down to the frugal meal with a Christmas carol of thankfulness in their hearts for the peace that was theirs in the gift of their noble-hearted children. True, they were poor and in sore trouble, but the trouble came not nigh them in the same manner that it had come to some of their neighbors. They had not ungrateful, rebellious children to wring their hearts with anguish. And they chose to praise God for the blessings He had given them, rather than to repine for

what He had denied them. "We must lose the cottage, Mildred," Mr. Minturn said to his wife when alone with her, but we must not lose our trust in God. Let us sing a hymn of praise. Our home will be cold next week, but we can celebrate our last Christmas in the dear old place with a pleasant sound of carols, can't we?'

When Rosamond went from her grand-father she sought her own room to put by her little treasure.

"A love-gift to the Lord of Christmas," she repeated to herself. "That is beautiful-but I have no such gift. None of mine are meant for Him. I never think such good and holy thoughts of myself."

she glanced over the army of presents she had with such interest prepared. "Something for every one who will be likely to give me something," she said aloud. "And I'd never a thought of any one else. Christ's birthday, and no gift for Christ." At the table Rosamond's father said: "I

heard to-day that the Minturn cottage is to be sold next week under a mortgage. Minturn's been unfortunate lately—out of employment so long. It will go hard with him to lose his home. It won't bring over eight hundred dollars at auction, and the mortgage calls for three hundred more. The interest and costs will consume another hundred. He won't have much left."

"What a pity," said Mrs. Gale ; "such a good man, and such a nice family. Can't something

will toward men."

Christmas and the Dying Year.

"A merry, merry Christmas, To crown the closing year; Peace and good-will to mortals, And words of hely cheer! What though the dreary landscape Be robed in drifted snow,

If on the social hearth-stone The Christmas fire may glow ?"

The year is almost finished ; December, formerly the tenth month, but now the twelfth and last month, has come; winter has spread his snowy mantle over the face of nature, and the short days are carrying us rapidly onward to the end. But although these are the days

"When icicles hang by the wall, And Dick the shepherd blows his nail, And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail,'

December is generally a happy month, and it is crowned with the Christmas holidays, now almost universally observed. Like many other festivities and ceremonies, Christmas has a double origin. As a day set apart in commem-oration of the birth of Christ, its first observance known to history was not far from the close of the second century. There has been much controversy as to the true date of Christ's birth, and although the 25th of December was at last decided upon as the day of celebration, it is generally conceded that it does not correspond with the actual date of the Saviour's nativity. But it is in the spirit, more than a mere date, that is of importance. The heathen nations, far back in antiquity, held various festivals at this time of the year, and the Church, in the early days of Christianity, tried to give a sacred character to them, and thus, while to a certain extent retaining the old customs, ad-

vance the interests of true religion. Christmas, and the old and new year, have been favorite themes with the poets, and these lines of Tennyson are well adapted for this place:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hund; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be,"

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT .-- A lecture was delivered in Boston a few years since by Rev. Wm. B. Wright, and during his remarks he gerous than the withdrawal of sympathy and beautifully said :

"Most of us remember the days which are set time become effulgent days; rising like suns; fushing the household sky with genial tones, Though the drops fall back again and are lost mas is gone Christmas is coming. Though the peated maxim is "Love one another."

ing, and drinking, and rational amusements. The labor necessary for the purchase of com-forts and luxuries, elevates and lifts us to in-dependence. Why did the poet say "labor is worship ?" He must have had some elevated reasoning in view to make such a declaration

reasonable I have not digressed from my subject. I have kept in my mind all the time how these To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night, As the King of the Seasons all ! arguments may be applied usefully to this present occasion, when too many, in a round of dissipation, will not have a Saviour to remember, or that this blessed, sacred season is the first born of His redeeming love. It is a day to cheer the sinner's heart-who is not a sinner? Point me out the mortal who is not a sinner, and at the same moment I will show you one who may give to his passions or appe-tites free, uncontrolled vent, because it is Christmas.

The greatest misery of poverty is, that it is so apt to forget everything but itself. It has so many unsatisfied desires, and so many hard pinches has it to bear, that it often looks no upon the reader by a glance at the map, where further than itself for an object of charity .--Should this be the case with the prosperous or the wealthy? One of wealth's richest gifts, is the leisure it affords to look into the wants of daries lies the wonderful country that saw the the needy; and the anxiety for them, which in birth and fall of man. As nearly all Bible hisgenerous bosoms must grow, inspired by what it discovers of distress. discovers of distress. There is a burden upon our hours of idle-

ness, then, a beggar upon every day's income, a wail of sorrow from the hungry and the naked to temper our feelings of excess, and anxiety to sober our superabundant joys as we gather round our happy firesides and our wellfilled boards.

As the old cry of "merry Christmas" greets us, will any of us remember how many there are to whom it will bring no merriness? Will pography, Turkey, in Asia, is very similar to for the poor prisoners, one for the sick, one for the wretched upon whom that day will shed no river, and south of the Ohio. It abounds in we have one thought to send forth or one prayer ray of light? Will we remember the hungry eyes that are strained in vain (?) hoping that some good angel may send them a little morsel of bread upon that great day when everything seems to teem with plenty? Are they praying for bread? Why may not some of us answer that call?

I have told you all a Christmas story which is no romance. Would you test its reality, go in search and see, and you will find that "truth is stranger than fiction."

May the shout of "merry Christmas" ascend from many a heart, won to the love of God through the love of its fellow man. O! believe me when I say it-I know it from experiencethere is nothing can win the wayward soul of his successor, took his first and final look at man quicker to its God than the love of its the promised land and died. Samuel and Dagerous than the withdrawal of sympathy and

Christian fellowship. The steadiest Christians have been known to in the year of childhood as gems are set in falter for want of fellowship. The hand that rings. In later life these starting points of has been "put to the plow" for years, has been known to grow weak, all because of not receiving encouragement. Go, then, "into the high-ways and the hedges," and bid them to share fushing the household sky with genial tones, warming its gray with color. To unnumbered millions Christmas has been such a day. To sad hearts it has brought gladness. It has stood like a rock by the sea. The dark waves come moaning against it, to be caught and tossed into silver spray and dash of rainbows. let us fly, and on the silent plains of Bethlein the joyous ocean, though Christmas laughter soon settles into the moan of care, the next tide portion with the "wise men"—a Saviour who shall repeat the benediction. For, when Christ- will ever teach us to be pure, and whose oft re-

"Shout the glad tidings," while a world shall yule log blazes but once a year, sparks of its sacred flame shall linger on the hearth and listen! It will indeed be a "merry Christmas" "I don't see what," said Mr. Gale. "He lain. The benign effect of a merry Christmas of "redeeming love;" and when the angels' hamedon religion is the same as that of his "ma didu't allow her to wear bustles." The less distant when the pounds of commercial asked me to lend him four hundred dollars and does not cease when the tapers are extin-take a mortgage, but I couldn't just now. It's 'guished."

And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup And in fellowship good, we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide, One jot of his hard-weather scars; They're no disgrace, for there's much the same

trace On the checks of our bravest tars.

Then again I'll sing 'till the roof doth ring, And it echoes from wall to wall-

Scripture Readings.

As the mind is greatly comforted when reading about people and events, to have a definite idea of their geographical location, we will de-vote a brief chapter to this purpose.

The garden of Eden is the first place named in the sacred scriptures. Its precise locality is not known, but it was certainly somewhere in the high lands of Armenia near to the head waters of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Armenia is a part of Turkey, in Asia. This last named country will be forcibly impressed will be seen the notable surroundings of the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Mediteranean Sea. Within their bounplaced in the mind and memory. As to its longitude and latitude it is interesting for us to know that this country lies within the same parallels with the United States, and is directly opposite to us on the face of the globe. That part of Turkey known as Palestine, or the holy land, is upon the same latitude with Carolina and Georgia; and Jerusalem lines with these United States, and embraces about as names familiar to Bible readers. Here we find Mt. Ararat, and Nebo, and Carmel, and Olivet. Here is the Dead Sea, and Lake Genesaret, and the river Jordan. Here are the cities of Jerusalem, and Damascus, and Gaza, and Jop-pa, and Hebron. Here is where the Lord planted his garden, where Adam and Eve lived, and loved, and lamented their fall-where Enoch walked with God, and Noah preached righteousness, and for more than a year was affoat upon the flood. Here is where Abraham lived, and Isaac and Jacob, and where the twelve tribes, after years of wandering, found a final resting place. Here Moses, the most wonderful of men, ended his career, appointed vid, and Solomon and the Kings and Prophets lived here; and here, too, our Saviour was born, and lived, and preached, and died.

All of this is sacred ground. For centuries it drank the blood of the martyrs and crusaders and was the scene of caruage and death most terrible. Millions of treasure have here been spent in the struggles of Kings and Emperors ever, yielded to the far reaching, all pervading influence of Christian civilization. As the Jews are no longer forbidden the rights of citizens in Christian countries, so neither are the Christians forbidden a foothold in the holy land. The one seems to have followed apace with the other, and Christian antiquaries are seen working to- palpitation of the heart."

gether amid the ruins of the temple searching for the lost records and historic chronicles of

saved, and the apple was hit in the center. All that's so, and Tell waylaid old Gesler afterwards and killed him and set Switzerland free. Its all so. Its been in the books ever since I was born. I've read it a hundred times, and told it to Bull Run and Chickahominy and Bob Lee, and all the little Arps, and I'm not going to take it back, and if I had found it wasent true, I wouldent have told it for a thousand

dollars, and I don't like the man who did tell it, nor the man, woman or child who believes it, for its like robbin a dead preacher of his tombstone to rob history of William Tell.

My opinion is that the peace and happiness of the country is in danger from these sappers and miners. We'll all have to have a creed

and swear to it. I believe in Geo. Washington and his hatchet, and Isaac Newton and his apple tree. I believe in Bonaparte and Shakespeare, and Andy Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. I believe in Santa Claus and Pocahontas and John Smith and Ben Franklin and Jefferson Davis and Dixie, and the 4th of July, 1876. I be-lieve that an old man onst found a rude boy up one of his apple trees a stealin apples. I be-lieve the milk maid spilt her milk when she tossed her head and said, "Green it shall be." I believe in Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and the island of Juan Fernandes. I believe in old mother Goose and Cinderilla and John Robinson's Circus. I believe in Greeley and Bennett and Prentice, and other dead editors, except Sam Bard, late of the Chattanooga Herald, deceased. I believe most solemnly that Ben Butler stole spoons. I believe in the big battle of Waterloo and Bull Run and Thermopylee and Dorking and Leather's Ford. That last battle was immortalised in verse by Jack Jones when he wrote, "Big fitin John Sanford, he fit a mity battle. He fout it at the ford, where Leather's stole the cattle." I believe that Gen. Grant told the truth when he said they had two millions six hundred and eightyeight thousand of soldiers in the field in the late war. I believe that old Sherman marched through Georgia about half a mile behind me and my folks, and that Big John was saved by tieing a knot in his steer's tail. He needent the vital fact that in them alone hes her living deny it for I saw the knot. BILL ARP.

of the Practical Farmer says : "I have known ral resources. She must stop the waste that many men, and women too, who, for various flows out at her every port and through every causes, had become so much affected with ner-vousness that when they stretched out their own area pay at home at least a part of those hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy profits that make them the arbiters of the days; and by a daily moderate use of the blanched foot stalks of the celery leaves as a dividuality most zealously in order to reap limbs as other people. I have known others eyes in hide-bound prejudice to the progress, so very nervous that the least annovance put the improvements, and the labor-aids of the them in a state of agitation, who were in al- North. Far less must she ignore the mutual most constant perplexity and fear, and who were effectually cured by a daily moderate use ever bind the two sections in bonds too strong of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I for any mere political subjugation to sever, or and now in this blessed time learned Rabbins have known others cured by using celery for even to loosen for many days.

the Kings of Judea. Turkey in Asia is still nal offered to send his girl the paper regularly, carefully collect the practical pence of thrift, under the dominion of the Sultan. The Mo- but she replied, with sweet innocence, that her progress and industry, the day will be only the

ly in vogue, and dress as unconspicuously as possible so that "all creation need'nt know

we've just been married." - The father of the boy whose veracity is not so marked as his back, asked the teacher why it was his son didn't have a better acquaintance with figures, and was considerably electrified when the teacher observed : "I really don't know, unless it is because figures won't

- Some drummers on a train to Portland recently wished to open a whiskey bottle they had with them, but had no corkscrew. "I'll get one," said one of the number; and rising, he called out, "Is there a gentleman from Portland on the train ?" A gentleman responded. "Will you lend me your corkscrew ?" said the drummer. The corkscrew was forthcoming.

- A young drug clerk committed suicide in Bristol a few days ago. At the inquest the coroner asked a fellow-clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide. "No," was the reply : "he was getting along nicely, and was going to be married next month. "Going to be married, was he?" exclaimed the coroner. "That will do. We've got at the bottom of the business."

- A Western editor, receiving an invitation to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at the table the lady observed that he had no spoon for his cup. "Is it possible," said she, "that I forgot to give you a spoon? I could not have made such a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, rising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it, you may search me."

- It is said of the late Dr. Duncan, that one day, when visiting at a house some distance from his residence, he had no sooner entered than the inmates began, with hearty hospitality, to set forth refreshments for the minister. Mr. Duncan looked on as the various articles were placed on the table; at last he said, "Oh, ness; but it grieves me to the heart to think you can be so kind to the servant, and keep the Master so long at the door." The impres sion made by this speech was never forgotten by one of the members of the family.

SOUTHERN DUTY .- The sole course of the South to-day is to turn her back resolutely upon the past; to live in the present as best she may; and to keep her eyes steadily fixed upon her material future. She must open her eyes to her practical resources and awaken to to-day, her greatness in the future. She must foster and diversify her industries, and must CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS .- A correspondent look keenly into the utilizing of her vast natu-

These are the practical points for the South to ponder to-day. These are the points where-The city editor of the Jacksonville Jour- on will turn her future; and if she will but

and Sultans over its possession. What force blanched foot stalks of the celery leaves as a dividuality most zealously in order to reap and violence could not accomplish has, how-