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wishing to advertise for three, six or twelve months. Advertising by contract must be con-fined to the immediate business of the firm or

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WRECKED.

She stood upon the balcony and looked out seaward. The wind blew in with freshness on its wings, and fluttered her pretty yellow hair about her face. It touched her cheeks; they grew rosy and her eyes sparkled. The crisp, bracing air was as good as a draught of wine. The ocean boomed against the beach. Its low,

deep music was like the sound of an organ's diapason heard afar off. Olive Gresham loved it. It spoke to her soul, and gave her higher,

better thoughts.
She looked little more than a girl; but she was Mrs. Gresham, and had been a wife nearly twelve months. She and her husband had come to this pretty seaside place—we will call it Seaview—for a month or two's bracing. They were staying at one of those pleasant houses, half hotel, half boarding house, that are now so common. Mrs. Gresham enjoyed it

immensely; the whole party assembled were sociable, nice people. It seemed but like a large private guest house, where all are friends.

"The sea is angry this afternoon," she murmared, turning her thoughtful face to the wide expanse lifting itself and roaring. "I hope there are no frail barks upon it to be wrecked."

Poor girl! There are wrecks on land as well

as sea, as she might one day find to her cost. Presently there arose a sound of carriage wheels, driving up to the entrance of the door, Mrs. Gresham turned her head to look. The carriage contained a man and woman, as she could see in the distance.

"It must be they. That must be John."
Yes, it was. The man in the carriage was her husband, John Gresham; the woman was Miss Dorne. Miss Dorne was expected at the hotel to join some friends; and Mr. Gresham, who had known her well in the years gone by, had offered to meet her at the station. Olive had spent the time in wondering whether she should like this Gertrude Dorne, of whom she heard them talk so much, and asking herself why there should be a silent instinct in her heart against her, and why she dreaded her

A face like Cleopatra's-dark, rich, and olivetinted. Eyes full of a deep and subtle fire. Hair of purplish blackness, coiled about her head in a queenly way that became her more than a crown would have done. A dress of some dark material fitted the dark form closely, and set off her rich beauty well. Olive watched it all; herself drawn back, that she might not

"No wonder half the men are crazy about her," Olive thought; "and some of them were anying last night that it is so. Such beauty as hers is enough to turn their heads, let alone

Mr. Gresham entered the hotel with the lady on his arm. Olive quitted the room to greet her. Outside the door she met Mrs. Davenalone of those women who see everything without appearing to have regard for anybody's business but their own. She would have made a splendid acquisition to the female detective police, had there been such a thing in existence at Seaview. She stopped Olive as they

"Be careful of that Miss Dorne," she whispered. "I believe her to be a dangerous woman-perfectly unscrupulous. Of course, this for your private ear, Mrs. Gresham; but I could not resist giving you a warning."
"Thank you all the same," was Olive's sur-

prised rejoinder. "But what harm can she do

"My dear, I was thinking of your husband. Report goes that Gertrade Dorne once made havoc with his heart. I don't know how that may have been; but I do know that she's not to be trusted—that she cares not what mischief she does in her jealous love of admiration .-You are young and innocent, my dear, with little experience of these shady sides of life; but I would say, don't let your husband get into her coils if you can help it."

"She—she is very beautiful, is she not!"
stammered Olive, struck with a sudden panic.

"She is very handsome. I don't call beautiful the word for her. Men get crazy over such 2 woman as Miss Dorne, sometimes. Some have for her. There is something about her that charms them or bewitches them—I hardly know Dorne. There lay the skeleton. Olive shudwhich. Hush! here she is."

Miss Dorne, with one or two of her friends, came along the corridor. Mr. Gresham followed. He halted when he saw his wife. Olive, this is Miss Dorne. Miss Dorne, al-

low me to present to you my wife."
Olive held out her hand and smiled a welcome, saying some pretty words. "She is not surely she saw her influence over her husband Olive, "at least to please me."

"I am so happy to meet your wife, John," She seemed to have fascinated him. Once—and only once—Olive spoke

never learned to say 'Mr. Gresham.' " of music, and vibrated on her ear pleasantly as Gertrude Dorne's face with an expression that the tinkle of silver bells. Keeping it under per- no man can well put on unless he loves. The fect control, she knew how to use it effectively. fear, the dread, she knew not of what, came

effect.

"John," whispered Olive, as the young lady enough to keep him at her side. Miss Dorne's swept up stairs to her chamber, "how is it that will drew him from her and kept him away. window. It was not a hearse, yet it was a

Anderson begged to know her. In conversation she was brilliant and witty, capable of holding her own on almost any subject under discussion. Consequently she was a favorite with all the gentlemen, as indeed she would her own on attractions but her face and her own she was prilliant and witty, capable of holding her own on almost any subject under discussion. Consequently she was a favorite with all the gentlemen, as indeed she would her face and her own details on the track, which the force of the vind set in motion, and gathering impetus as it went, ran over the unfortunate man, killing her own on attractions but her face and her own on attractions but his hat far down over his eyes. Some distance and the hall seemed full. "A railway acciit tortured her to see her husband so completely enthralled away, and the thought gave Miss on the track, which the force of the
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ly enthralled away, and the tortured her to see her husband so complete
ly enthraled away and the hall seemed full. "A railway acciit tortured he

her face and her exquisite voice.

After dinner the long drawing room windows were thrown open to the cool breeze from the

and Miss Dorne. He had loved her passion-drifted whitely over the landscape, and touched the sea with mellow splendor. The beat of the waves upon the shore came distinctly on the wind like a strain of deep and solemn music.

Overhead the stars shone like silver sparks in or adieu. Had she known where he had flown the like a strain of deep and solemn music.

Overhead the stars shone like silver sparks in or adieu. Had she known where he had flown the like a strain of deep and solemn music.

Overhead the stars shone like silver sparks in or adieu. Had she known where he had flown the place of the landscape, and touched the had provided her had been described by the white face, the place of fish in different rivers throughout the country—both North and South. The immediate pentleman's wife, Mrs. Gresham.

She took it in her hand mechanically, and passed into the room where they were placing her husband. Respecting her grief, they left her husband. Respecting her grief, they left her had she known where he had flown to make the stars shone like silver sparks in our start of the start a premium of Five Dollars to person making up the club.

The clubs of ten and twenty will be sent to any address. Clubs of fifty and upwards sent to a single address only.

Subscriptions will not be received for a less period than six months.

Payment in every case to be made in advance, and the names of subscribers will be stricken from the books when the time paid for has expired.

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"We must get Miss Dorne to sing for us," some one said in Olive's hearing. "She is a splendid singer."

"How do you know?" asked another.

"She used to be when I met her a year or two ago."

"She'll sing, I dare say, fast enough. These

ook how the men are around her!"

Olive came in from the balcony and stole a glance to where the speaker pointed. Nearly all the gentlemen had gathered about Miss Dorne, who was dealing her smiles and her words amid them. Not John Gresham. He sat by a distant table, looking at a newspaper.
"Mrs. Davenal must have been mistaken,"
thought Olive. "I wish she would not say such things."

A young lady came out, and she and Olive sat down together in the corner of the balcony, inhaling the sea breeze in the sultry night.— They had been at school together, these two; and they began talking of old days, and of the

"Olive, you have never told me about your

marriage. "About my marriage!" echoed Mrs. Gresham. 'What about it, Kate?"

"How did you become acquainted with Mr.

"He came to the place a stranger, and I met him at a party. I—I had never seen any one I liked so much—I don't mind saying so, Kate, now I am his wife—and he seemed to be at-tracted by me. Before we had met a half dozen times he went to papa and asked for me.

said he was so cold."
"Cold! Well, I think he is that." "And he seems to treat you as a child,

Olive blushed. The fact vexed her often.
"I'm a great deal younger than he is, Kate!"

being thrown up from that vessel at sea, Olive! What is it for, I wonder?"

Passing about the balcony to obtain a better view of the ship in question, they got to the other end of it. In a low chair against the open window there sat Miss Dorne. Olive glanced in and saw her husband bending over her. Keen Mrs. Davenal-keen in regard to observation—stood opposite glancing at them. There arose a sudden clamor at the piano for Miss Dorne. If Miss Dorne would but go and

"I suppose I shall have to gratify them," she said, looking up into Mr. Gresham's face with her dark, Eastern eyes. "Do you ever sing 'At the Orchard Stile' now? John?"

"No," he answered. "I have never sung it nor heard of it since—since that summer."

Olive fancied that there was something like regret in his voice. What summer did he mean? Had it held disappointment for him of the same and heard the song of the fishermen down in the bay. It all came to her afterward like a dream.

Poor Olive was mild gentle, refined. Other

pleasant dreams and hopes? And had Miss Dorne anything to do with it? The words of coming.

She was a tall and handsome woman. Olive
She was a tall and handsome woman. Olive
saw that, as her husband helped her to a clight.

Hars. Davenal rose up like a nightmare.

"John, I'll sing that song now, if you will in his life. But, beside her native gentleness, only on this side—the message on the other."
Beneath this, and to the left, is the word "To" it with me, you know, in that good old time." "I will try," he said, as he held out his arm

to take her to the piano. "But I cannot sing as I sang then, Gertrude." "He calls her 'Gertrude!" " thought the young wife. "They must have known each other very

well." Miss Dorne sat down and touched the keys softly. An exquisite touch had she-firm and correct, and capable of expressing her best feelings. She played a simple prelude—win-ning from its plaintive pathos—and began to

A silence fell upon the room. It was a song that had once been very popular-one of those little waifs that come from no one knows where, drift through the world for a while, and then disappear as suddenly as they came. Olive had never heard it—and never, she thought, had she heard anything so exquisite.

She watched them both-she could not help t-her husband and Miss Dorne. He stood at | from you.' the piano, his eyes fixed on her face-not staring at her, not seeing her, but in utter abstraction. He quite forgot that he had promised to sing. That he was buried in some dream of the past, Olive doubted not. Then he came out of the dream with a start and did look at her—looked like a man charmed, spell bound, fascinated.

A sudden fear smote Olive Gresham's heart. Had she cause to fear this woman's influence over her husband?

The song ended; and, amid the low murmur of applause, Miss Dorne plunged into Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique." An opal ring upon her finger glowed and glittered in the light like a fiery eye. Olive hated opals. This one seemed to be mocking her.

* * * * * * The parties at Seaview-ladies and gentlemen both-went in for much pleasure and revelry, so that nothing save gayety was apparent on the surface. But, for all that, a skele-

ton was there. A great friendship-a wonderful intimacy dered. Mrs. Davenal and one or two more keensighted women looked on with bitter disapproval. Others laughed openly at the passing flirtation, and supposed there was nothing in it save a little idle pastime. How should there be? Was not his wife there?

Olive knew better. She knew better. Too nice looking as regards expression," thought of Miss Dorne greater. Olive, "at least to please me."

He was almost always with Miss Dorne, now.

Once-and only once-Olive spoke with him look at me, my dear!—you are wondering to about it. He laughted at her, jested about her hear me call him 'John' so familiarly. But we jealously, and called her his "wild rose"—his used to be friends once, he and I, and I have wild rose, as he used to do; and he fondly sever learned to say 'Mr. Gresham.'" kissed her, and for the time she was appeased.
She had a soft and mellow voice. It was full But not an hour later she saw him smiling into Miss Dorne was evidently a woman who knew over her again, stronger than before. What her resources, and how to turn them to the best could she do? Nothing !—absolutely nothing. you never told me about Miss Dorne, and this She was a queen, and he was her slave-a

Miss Dorne came down to dinner in a toilet sive about her, to Olive's mind-(and this as elaborate as any ever turned out by Madame would have been the case had there been no Elise. It was the custom of the place to dress John Gresham in existence)—something that —and very absurd of the place, too; but none had ever been dressed as she was. She took approach to friendship. Miss Dorne seemed her place at once as an acknowledged queen in wholly indifferent on the subject. Knowing how good the place at once as an acknowledged queen in wholly indifferent on the subject. Knowing how good the indifferent on the subject is the first three been not have kept the place at the case had there been no her false strength and gained the hall. The men were coming in with what they carried.

"It was also would have kept the place at the case had there been no her false strength and gained the hall. The men were coming in with what they carried.

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"It was also would have kept the place at the case had there been no her false strength and gained the hall. The men were coming in with what they carried. society. Some few of the visitors she knew; how great her influence was over John Gresham,

sea, and the company adjourned thither.

It was a beautiful night. The moonlight drifted whitely over the landscape, and touched the sea with mellow splendor. The beat of the waves upon the shore came distinctly on the wind like a strain of deep and sales mentages.

whispers around—Onve learned correctly what the past had been—the story of John Gresham and Miss Dorne. He had loved her passionately. She had jilted him—or, in the pride of her heart, had made believe to jilt him—and wind like a strain of deep and sales mentages. or action. These stars shone like silver sparks in the blue sky. Olive Gresham, standing at one of the windows, took in the quiet scene.

"We must get Miss Dorne to sing for us," some one said in Olive's hearing. "She is a splendid singer."

"How do you know?" asked another.

"How do you know?" asked another.

"She used to be when I met her a year or two ago."

These

These

Or action. Has sine Amount and the silver sparks in the blue sky. Olive Gresham, standing at one she would no doubt have recalled him. Giving she would no doubt have recalled him. Giv riage as a wrong against herself—a slight thrown upon her. No woman can stand this calmly. She hated the wife (whom she had never seen) with a great hatred; and, when she heard that they were at Seaview, she went, too. So she had laid herself and her charms out to attract him again. She had told him that she had only been trying his love that fatal time, and John Gresham was losing him-self amid her toils. The fools men can be!

as the carriages had deposited them at their destination her husband and Miss Dorne would disappear together. People were beginning to talk of it; and this, of all things, was intoler-able to Olive. For her husband's sake, as well as her own, she would not go to-day. If she were absent there would be less remark excited at his attentions to another. To her intense surprise—to her delight—Mr. Gresham volunteered to stay at home with her. She smiled and kissed him fondly, hoping he was coming back to his true allegiance.

There was no objection—he is very well off, you know—and we were married directly.—
Mamma grumbled. There was not time to get my wedding things ready, she said. But he would have his way."

"Are you happy, Olive?"

"Oh, yes! He indulges me in everything!"

"Some one, talking of him the other day, said he was so cold."

back to his true allegiance.

When they had all gone, and the house was still, she lay down and tried to sleep—for in truth her head ached terribly. John fanned her, and was quite like the husband he had been before Gertrude Dorne came to Seaview. In the calm induced by these new hopes she fell asleep.

When Olive awoke she was alone. She got up and combed out her hair and braided it.

fell asleep.

When Olive awoke she was alone. She got up and combed out her hair and braided it, feeling much better. Throwing off her wrap-per, she donned a cool, airy white muslin, with green ribbons at the waist and shoulders. She out a knot of white flowers in her hair, and some at her throat, and went down to find her husband, looking as beautiful as Undine.

his own."

"We shall be here a month longer, I think. My aunt says the air suits her better than any she has ever tried. Just look at that blue light being thrown up from that vessel at sea. Olive the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit there by the side of the woman who had not a suit the suit to suit the suit to suit the suit that the the s fuchsias in her purple black hair, while she looked up into his face with a subtle mesmerism in her dangerous eyes.

Olive turned away with a shiver and went

down to the garden. She had supposed that Miss Dorne had gone to the pic nic. Now she saw why her husband had been so willing to stay at home. The thought stabbed her like a She wandered about the garden for a long time, unutterably wretched. It was late in the

afternoon. The sun sank lower and lower, and after a while the visitors came flocking home. She avoided them, she wandered off to the shore; she wanted to be alone. Up and down, up and down. Her walk was a weary one. She saw the white and ghostly

Poor Olive was mild, gentle, refined. Other

women, at least many of them, would have ranted at a husband and given him no peace the way to win John Gresham back.

It was night when she got back to the hotel. Avoiding the principal entrance, she stole in at a side door, and gained her room unseen. What had become of all the people, she wondered; what were they doing then. Taking linner? or tea? and would they miss her? Restless and unhappy, she went down into a small room that opened on the garden. She herself was in the shade; but the ground outside was steeped in light, for the moon was shining.
Suddersly two people came out of the shrubs

underneath, nearly close to her. Her heart gave a great throb; for she saw it was her husband with Gertrude Dorne. And she had been hoping to avoid them !

"I suppose you are right," he said, apparently in answer to some words of hersought not to have married. But, Gertrude, the fault lay with you. You drove me away

"I was but trying you, John. The fault lay with you. Why did you take my folly up so passionately?" "Recrimination will not serve either of us

now, my sweetest."

Holding out his arm to her, they passed out of view, and Olive fell back in a kind of syn-When she woke up again to the world she did not know whether the past was not all a wretched dream.

Mrs. Gresham dragged her weary limbs to bed, and the night passed. In the morning, just as she ought to have got up, she fell asleep; and what wonder? When her eyes opened again to the garish day the sun was high in the heavens. The first thing that met her eyes was a note from her husband, addressed to her and lying on the dressing table. He was going away with Miss Dorne, was all he said, and said it carelessly—going to escort her home. It concluded with some kind words:

'God bless you, Olive! and good-bye!" She read the letter through with dry eyes. Her sorrow was tearless, but all the more terri-

ble on that account. Gone away! The husband she had loved so well had deserted her for another; had left her to disgrace and loneliness, and a bitter shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends consciousness of loss. All the light had gone out of life for her in the utter blackness of desolation. Did he mean never to come back again? Well, she supposed he might some-time for appearance sake, but meanwhile they

Putting on as cheerful a face as she could, went down stairs. Nothing seemed to be so tender and so touching in the evening of thought of the matter there. Mr. Gresham, age. being an old friend of the Dorne family, had gone to escort Miss Dorne safely home, and might be away a day or two. Olive assented Yes" in an indifferent tone, and that was all. But the eyes of Mrs. Davenal were fixed on her in a curious manner, and that lady's lips were drawn in to conceal their mockery.

hotel. In the listlessness of wanting something to do, a few of them sauntered to the kind of conveyance not unlike one. It drew willing stave, Onve thought, something one of those instincts not to be accounted for—
were thought to tell you. There was nothing and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked out. A suddent not to be accounted for—
seized on Olive. The gentlemen were silently quitting the room. willing slave, Olive thought, sometimes, with a up to the door, and some kind of burden, covone of those instincts not to be accounted for-

"Don't go, Mrs. Gresham-don't you go !" It was Mrs. Davenal who would have kept

Little by little—a word here and a word there, gathered from the undercurrent of whispers around—Olive learned correctly what long enough to write a note, which he, the has made an appropriation to aid in the disporter, had brought. It was addressed to the

though you have not lately been thinking so. multiplied production of this wholesome and Heaven forgive me my sin and folly. The love, or, I would rather say, the fascination I within the reach of the masses of the people. felt for Gertrude Dorne is gone. Death is so near that I can look into my own heart and that a gentleman is now in Augusta, with the understand it. I did like her once—but never, olive, with the pure affection I learned to feel in the neighborhood, with a view to institute for you; and when we met again here she the operation of a process by which the annu-bewildered me, turning my head with its own ally decreasing natural product of this delicious folly. What would have been the final result I scarcely can hide from myself. Other men, self amid her toils. The fools men can be!

One day there was a pic nic projected some miles inland. Clive pleaded a headache, and begged to be left at home. It was growing intolerably painful to her to watch her husband's attentions to another, and to be herself negatentions to another, and to be herself negatented. She knew how it would be. As soon lected. She knew how it would be a soon lected. She knew how it would be a soon lected and stopped me and her—yes, and her, for she is dead—in our reckless career. I am dying, and stopped me and her—yes, and her, for she is dead—in our reckless career. I am dying, and I do not say I am sorry that it is so. Betater be away from temptation. And—if a lected. She knew how it would be. As soon lected. She knew how it would be a soon lected to she in the passion of the details of the proposed process we are not familiar, but understand that the leading feature be away from temptation. And—if a lected. She knew how it would be away from temptation. And—if a lected. She knew how it would be away from temptation. And—if a lected we have a preliminary examination. Of the details of the proposed process we are not familiar, but understand that the leading feature be away from temptation. And—if a lected we have a preliminary examination or details of the proposed process we are not familiar, but understand that the leading feature be away from temptation. And—if a lected we have a preliminary examination or details of the proposed process we are not familiar, but understand that the leading feature be away from temptation. And—if a lected we have a preliminary examination or details of the proposed process we are not familiar, but understand that the leading feature be away from temptation. strong as I, have succumbed to false passion as the Saviour knows, is sincere and bitter enough. If I could live, you might never fully trust me again. But now at the last I can tell you, and tell you truly, that I love you. fully trust me again. But now at the last I can tell you, and tell you truly, that I love you. I long to see your face again, and hear you forgive me. But that cannot be. If we could but realize in life what it must be when this comes! Perhaps when I see dead you will see oomes! Perhaps, when I am dead, you will say what I would be glad to hear before I say goodnight to life. If you do I shall hear you, Olive, my dear, wronged, faithful wife! I shall hear and investigations of the gentleman now visityou. I can hardly hold the pen. I am growing blind—but I love you—I love you at the last-and-in-Heaven-'

And then there was a great blot where the pen fell from John Gresham's nerveless fingers, as the blot of death fell on his life. She lifted the cloth that covered the dead

face, knelt beside her husband, and called him sweet and tender names.
"I forgive you, John," she said softly. "You hear me, don't you? You are mine, now—all

mine! I love you, John!" Was it fancy, or did the dead face take on a more peaceful look than it had worn before? She thought it did.

And then Olive Gresham kissed his white lips, and put away the soft hair from his brow, and held his hands in hers. In death their spirits had come together as they might never again have been united in life. And it was better so.

POSTAL CARDS .- As stated a few days since, 5,000,000 of the new postal cards authorized by Congress will be delivered to the postmaster general for issue, by the Morgan Envelope Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, on the 1st proximo. It has been stated that there will be two kinds of cards—one ruled, and the other without lines—but such is not the case. There will be but one kind of card, and that will be of a cream color, five and one-eighth inches in length and three inches in width. One side of the card (the one intended for the message) is entirely plain, and the other bears an ornamental scroll-work border, one-eighth of an inch in width. In the right hand upper corner is a picture of the Goddess of Liberty, surrounded with a scroll-work border, in which are the words: "U. S. postage—one cent." In the left upper corner, and extending two-thirds across the card, are the words, in velvet-brown letters: "United States Postal Card," and below, in smaller letters: "Write the address in scrip, followed by a line across the card, for the name of the party addressed. Below this are two other lines—one being for the name of the postoffice, and the other for the county and State. Although it is not expected that any one will put more than the address on one side there is no prohibition against filling both sides with writing, provided the address remains leg-ible; nor is it contrary to law to place printing on the card instead of writing. The cards will be distributed to postmasters throughout the country on requisition, the same as other sup-plies, and will be sold at one cent each. The question has frequently been asked whether plain card, bearing a one cent stamp, will not be allowed to pass through the mails the same is the government cards; but the law prevents the use or the transmission of any but official

cards. A LIFE FOR A LIFE.-It is certainly an axiom that, until the millennium is reached and there is no guilt at all in the world, crime can only be prevented by the fear of punishment, and just in the degree that retribution follows swift and impartially upon the heels of crime does the world more nearly approximate to that blissful state. It may be regarded as another axiom that the punishment must be commensurate with the crime, and upon this basis are all the criminal laws of the civilized world founded. And, as willful and deliberate murder is the highest crime of which the law takes cognizance, so must the severest penalties of the law be visited upon that most grievous offense. Death is the severest penalty which the law may enforce, and death has, and we think properly, been adjudged as the proper punishment for calculated and malicious mur-

summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past year grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to who have been gathering around our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful were together, and had gone away together. Happy indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their and dressing herself well, and hoping nobody holier feeling, or broken those musical chords would suspect what she suspected, Mrs. Gresham of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious,

EARTH AS A DISINFECTANT .- The value of earth as a disinfectant and deodorizer is well known; and the treatment of ulcerated sores and gangrenous wounds with it is becoming very general. A new application of this system has lately been described, namely, the use Suddenly was heard a strange roll, as of of clay as a dressing for the face in two cases slow, heavy wheels in the approach to the of confluent small pox-dusting it, in fine powder, over the faces of the patients as the Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c. pustules become fairly developed. This, it is stated, formed a clear, dry, wholesome scalp, absorbing the infectious material, scaling off during convalescense, and leaving the underlying skin in its natural and normal state. The painful and persistent itching which is well known as one of the worst characteristics of the disease was by this means entirely abated. The earth used was fine pipe clay.

- A singular accident occurred at Chicago recently. A man was walking on a railroad near the city, and as he was facing the wind, which In the confusion no one heeded her. People was blowing a gale at the time, he had pulled

CULTIVATION OF SHAD IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—It will be remembered that Congress semination and propagation of various species of fish in different rivers throughout the coun-

In promotion of this object, we understand artificial means. He yesterday visited the brief space of time, millions may be hatched, which are annually lost to the natural product,

ing us .- Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.

BENSON & SHARPE,

DRUGGISTS

APOTHECARIES, No. 6 Granite Row, Anderson C. H., S. C., K EEP constantly on hand a well assorted stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY, SOAPS, PATENT

Prescriptions compounded by Dr. M. L. Sharpe. BUIST'S GARDEN SEED, a large variety, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

PERKINS & House's SAFETY LAMPS, and a variety of common Lamps, for sale BENSON & SHARPE. ENAMEL PAINT, mixed ready for use, by the gallon, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

TRUSSES, Abdominal Supporters and Shoulder Braces, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

PANCREATED, Iodo Ferated and Tasteless Cod Liver Oil, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

SEGARS, Smoking and Chewing Tobacc for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

FINE BRANDY, Wines and Whiskey, for medicinal use for sale by medicinal use, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE.

SIMPSON, HILL & CO., DRUGGISTS.

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N addition to their large stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES. &c., &c., have just received

COMMERCIAL SALTPETRE,

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ALSO, The latest and most improved patterns of Lamps and Lamp Goods.

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March 6, 1873

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MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, of all sizes: Horse Powers, Circular and Muley Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist and Sugar Cane Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Cast Iron Railings of every sort, including graveyards, residences, &c. Agricultural Implements, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. May 18, 1871

The Great Southern Weekly The Working Man,

THE best and cheapest newspaper in the THE best and cheapest newspaper in the South. Devoted to Immigration, Education of the Masses, Agricultural and Mechanical Pursuits, to the Household and Fireside. Contains eight pages, finely printed on excellent paper. Price, \$2 a year. Specimen copies sent free. Address

TILMAN R. GAINES,

Editor and Proprietor, Columbia, S. C. Feb 27, 1873



THE CELEBRATED

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE,

One of the Best, and much the Cheapest ever offered to the Public!

THE SIMPLICITY, EASE AND CERTAINTY with which it operates, as well as the UNIFORM EXCELLENCE of its work, throughout the entire range of Sewing, including all kinds of work done by any other Machine, with the addition of the beautiful BUTTON-HOLE and OVERSEAMING, places it unquestionably FAR in advance of any sim-

it unquestionably FAR in advance of any similar invention.

The splendid mechanism of this Machine, and the superior workmanship and material employed in its construction, guarantee the Company and its Agents in warranting every Machine they sell to give entire satisfaction.

The undersigned is agent for Anderson, Oconee and Pickens Counties, and begs that those wishing to buy a Sewing Machine, will call and examine the "American" before purchasing elsewhere. Terms easy.

sing elsewhere. Terms easy. C. A. REED.



HOME SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINES. ONLY \$25.00.

THIS is a SHUTTLE MACHINE, has the UNDER FEED, and makes the "LOCK STITCH," alike on both sides. It is a Standard, First Class Machine, and the only low-priced "Lock Stitch" Machine in the United States, This Machine received the Diploma at the "Fair of the two Carolinas," in the city of Charlotte, N. C., in 1871 and 1872. 22 THE ABOVE MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

A MACHINE FOR NOTHING.

Any person making up a club for 5 machines will be presented the sixth cross of the sixth vill be presented the sixth one as a commission. AGENTS WANTED—Superior inducements given. Liberal deductions made to Ministers of the Gospel. Send stamp for circulars and samples of sewing. Address,
REV. C. H. BERNHEIM,
General Agent, Concord, N. C.
Dec 5, 1872 22 1y

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TURPENTINE, Varnishes and Linseed Oil, for sale by BENSON & SHARPE. ASSETS, - - - \$1,100,000. HON, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

> President. GEN. WADE HAMPTON, Vice President, and Superintendent of Atlantic Department.

> > J. D. KENNEDY, State Agent.

WM. S. BROWN, Agent for Anderson County.

DR. P. A. WILHITE,

Medical Examiner.

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Factory as there is in the South. All work
manufactured at the Factory in this city. The
only House owned and managed by a Carolinian in this city. Send for price list. Address
GEO. S. HACKER,
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Factory and Warerooms on King street, opposite Cannon street, on the line of City Railway.

Nov 7, 1872 18

THE BROWN COTTON GIN.

PLANTERS should examine the above-named old and reliable Gin before buying any other. It combines the required qualities of SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH and DURABILITY. It GINS FAST and CLEAN, makes EXCELLENT LINT, (often bringing to to to per to above market,) and is universally admitted to be the market,) and is universally admitted to be the Lightest burning gin made. We have had thirty years' experience in the business, and warrant every gin perfect. Gins constantly in the hands of our agents, to which we invite inspection. CIRCULARS, with TESTIMONIALS and full particulars, may be had by addressing,

ISRAEL F. BROWN, President, Brown Cotton Gin Co. New London, Conn.

Bank of Charleston.

NATIONAL BANKING ASSOCIATION, ? CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 20, 1873. O^N and after the first day of March next, this Bank will be prepared to Consolidate the Stock of the Bank of Charleston into that

of the present organization.

One share of the latter, par value (\$100) one hundred dollars, will be issued for five (5) whole or ten (10) half of the former. Future dividends will be paid upon the Con-solidated Stock only; those accruing upon the unconsolidated will be reserved until consoli-dation of the same shall be effected.

The Books of Transfer will be closed from March 1st to April 1st. WM. B. BURDEN, Cashier.

Feb 27, 1873