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The Best Paying Farm Crops.
One of the most common of questions put to those supposed to know, is what is best to raise on one's farm? Here, perhaps, a tolerably successful farmer, or there may be an editor of a highly popular and successful magazine, and to them comes the question, perhaps a score of times a year, "What shall I grow to make money fast?" It does not seem to occur to these unhappy people that if those they ask knew how to coin money they would make it themselves instead of telling others how to do it; yet this question or the substance of it, is of continual occurrence.

Young men going to farming or old ones for that matter, starting on the same road, might as well understand at once that a successful farmer, a successful merchant, or a successful farmer, is never made to order. Rarely indeed, has any one made money in the exact way he expected to make it. There may be the general plan, and this may be carried out pretty nearly as mapped; but the filling in, the detail comes after. The one who succeeds, as a general thing, is the one who has the knack of seizing on circumstances quickly as they arise, and turning them to good advantage.

Look at our most successful farmers, who are they? We know of many men who began their farming career with five or ten thousand dollars, and in almost all cases they made disastrous failures. They knew of men who made money by raising grain or stock raising, or dairying, or trucking, or fruit culture, and they thought to do as the others did. We know of but very few who are farmers, and of those who are the majority lost heavily at first, but had sense enough to profit by their losses, and to make up at length in gain what they paid for in dear-bought experience. The most of those who are well off, and we know of hundreds of farmers who are such, began in a very small way at first; who could not spend money in following after other people, but who had to find out step by step what they could do, and to do to the best advantage. They thus learned what paid them best, and they had to turn their best experience to the best account.

The most of these successful farmers, too, are the ones who fixed themselves tolerably close to one place. They may not have acted with the best judgment in locating themselves; but instead of trying to mend this error, undertook to make the best of it. It is almost impossible for any man, let him be ever so experienced a farmer, to tell at once what his best field is best fitted for under an experience of two or three years; but when once that knowledge is gained he can push this more and more every year; and it is these special superior productions which tell.

Besides all this, what a farmer is going to get for his crops is of as much importance to him as the ability of the soil to bring them to perfection; and this market knowledge is also a thing of growth, which one can rarely tell to another.
In brief, the successful farmer is the one who knows how to feel his way. To such an one it is almost impossible to tell what he should grow. He must begin carefully and find out for himself. The best advice to all new beginners at farming is, not to spend all their money too soon. Let no tempting speculator induce them to go heavily in debt. Always, if possible, keep some cash in reserve, and never run close on the last dollar until considerable experience on that particular farm has been had.

Some will say, you can never get rich on a farm, if you have no capital of any account, unless you go in debt. This to a certain extent is true; but it makes all the difference whether you go in debt on a mere suspicion of success, as thousands of borrowers do, or whether you wait first until by a little hard experience you see clearly what you can do.

BREAKING UP SETTING HENS.—This is the season when every owner of hens is engaged in endeavoring to suppress the maternal instincts in one or more of them. The man comes home to supper and the wife observes: "That yellow pullet is on the nest again." Then the man goes out to the coop, and says: "What in the thunder is the matter with the beast any way?" and crawls in under the roost to the nest, and reaches in and brings out a handful of feathers. Then the hen screams and starts for the door, and the other hens set up a howl, and likewise depart for that aperture, and the man—nearly choked by feathers and blinded by dust—falls over the water-trough and skins his ankles on the boxes, and finally bursts out into the yard with a piece of a brick in each hand, and goes after that yellow pullet, with his face as red as a lobster and his back curiously wrought with mosaics from the floor of that coop. When he catches the hen, he cuffs it over the head a few times, to show it how he feels, then he jams it under a barrel and pours a pail of water through the cracks, and leaves it there till morning, when it is released, and the same operation goes over again in the evening.—*Danbury News.*

HERE'S RICHNESS.—When people talk about millionaires usually mention Rothschild first, but there is a man in England by the name of Ward, in comparison with whom any Rothschild is a pauper. This man Ward inherits a vast property, accumulated investments and estates, which give him an enormous income; he has the most magnificent house in London, the finest collection of art, and the finest country seats in the kingdom. His wife is celebrated for her beauty, and she displays diamonds as the recent festival given by the Emperor of Austria, in Vienna, made all the other ladies, the Empresses, Queen and Princesses look poor. What the income of this British Croesus is, we have never seen any statement of, but a Manchester paper gives an account of his annual profits derived from his coal mines, which amount to the enormous sum of £2,900,000. So the income from one source alone is not much short of \$25,000,000 a year.

—When a Philadelphia husband comes home late, his wife makes him say "Clinton, Remsen & Hafflinger," which is a book-publishing firm in that city.

Bold and Successful Attack upon a Railroad Train.
A special dispatch from Des Moines gives the following account of an attack on a train of the Chicago, Iowa & Pacific Railroad, on the night of July 21st:
The train left Council Bluffs at 5 p. m., with four coaches and two sleepers in the rear, the sleepers being filled with a party of aristocratic Chinese, on their way to New England colleges. There were also two baggage and express cars, in which was the through California mail and express matter, consisting of nearly \$2,000 in an express safe and three tons of Bullion. When about sixty-five miles west of Des Moines, at about 8 o'clock, at a sharp curve in an isolated spot, with no house within thirty miles in any direction, the train going about twenty-five miles an hour, the engineer, John Hafferty, saw a rail suddenly removed from its place, about sixty feet in front, and instantly applied the air brake. When in the act of doing this, bullets came pelting into the engine like hail. The engine ran into the bank of a tunnel, overthrowing the engineer and the fireman, the former falling dead on the spot. It is supposed that Hafferty was killed by the concussion, as no bullet wound could be found on his body. The fireman escaped unhurt. The train being very heavy, it ran about 100 feet and stopped. The baggage cars doubled and were badly smashed. As soon as the train stopped several large, athletic men, masked in full Ku Klux style, appeared at the express car, in which was Conductor William Smith, Superintendent Royce, Express Messenger John Burgess, and three other persons. The robbers commenced fire rapidly into the car and to yell "get out of there, damn ye." Bullets passed through the clothes of the Conductor, and two grazed the Baggage Master on the side of his head. The inmates of the car jumped out to the rear under cover of half a dozen revolvers. Two of the robbers marched up and down the train, threatening to shoot any person who showed his head, and saying, "get down out of sight, damn ye, or we will shoot ye."

The robbers then took about \$2,000 of the express money, opened the mail sacks, but took no letters; then they mounted their horses and rode off across the prairie in a southerly direction, the whole being done in less than ten minutes.
Fortunately they did not cut the telegraph wires, and Superintendent Royce hastened to the nearest telegraph station and telegraphed in all directions. Engines and a posse were sent out from Council Bluffs on the Burlington and other roads to intercept the robbers. Their dress and voices indicated that they were regular bushwhackers. They evidently intended to get the usual valuable express matter by this route on Monday, but which went through on the express train on Sunday night.
The robbers during the day stole a spike bar and hammer from the hand car house at the station. They drew the spikes at one end of the rails and secreted themselves several rods away, and as the engine approached the rails were pulled out of place. The promptness of the engineer in reversing the engine and the use of the air brakes saved the passengers from harm, and not one was injured. The track was at once laid around the cars. The train at once resumed its trip, and arrived here at 7.30 this morning, bringing the dead body of the engineer, who resided here and who leaves a wife and three children.

Strong Drink.
The spread of intemperance is alarmingly on the increase, and the curse of strong drink is felt in nearly every household in the land. A terrible crisis has arrived, and something must be done to check the growing evil and protect society. The matter has resolved itself into a question of life or death, and it is the duty of every one to lend his aid to any movement calculated to benefit mankind and insure the peace and prosperity of the country.
In the past, all efforts to overcome the hydra-headed demon of our country's destruction have been without success, and still the stream rushes along bearing upon its bosom many of our dearest hopes and aspirations. The effects of strong drink are apparent on every hand. Society groans beneath the weight of casualty and crime occasioned by the use of ardent spirits. Dr. Holland, in *Scraper's Monthly*, draws the following true, but frightful, picture:
The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds—of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruise and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not infrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy to their sex."

EDUCATION OF THE MASSES.—The subject of educating the masses in the South is one of the greatest importance. In this State, which has a large majority of citizens who have by circumstance been deprived of this advantage, the question comes home as near, if not nearer, than in any other State in the Union. Educated labor makes itself known instantly. Men who think for themselves are better citizens than those who follow like a flock of sheep a shepherd, be he good or bad. Enough of the fallacy of blind following is patent to every old resident to answer any argument that may be brought in opposition. Knowledge is power, and the more rapidly the masses have placed within their reach the means of gaining it, the better it is for South Carolina. All circumstances and obstacles considered, the progress that has been made in this State is a matter of congratulation.
That portion of our low citizens who contribute only the poll tax should remember that it is cast in bread upon the waters, to be returned to them in ten-fold proportion. The recent action of a considerable number of school districts in levying taxes for the support of schools is to be commended in the highest terms. In a word, money for educational purposes should of all be paid up to the dollar, and expended strictly, as we believe it will be, in accordance with the law making the appropriation for the same.—*Union and Herald.*

—A Danbury man, who bought a new pair of boots on Saturday, says a ship may stand on one tack all night if it wants to, but he finds an hour and a half to be an elegant sufficiency.
—The Shah wanted to see a hanging in England, and in the absence of a subject, he offered his grand chamberlain, whom he intends to decapitate anyhow when they reach home.

"Boys Will Be Boys."
Never lose heart or stop praying because your boys are a little wild. While you sadly call to mind the things they have forgotten, you are ignorant of the things they remember. It is the fashion for boys to appear indifferent to the counsels of parents. They have an idea that it is rather the handsome thing to take good advice in a clogged sort of way, just as they take medicine, and a very brave thing to dare your threat. All this is written in the code of boyhood. We can't quite say with Emerson, that it is the bad boy that makes the good man, and yet we have a great deal of sympathy with that overflowing spirit of youth which is sometimes a little reckless, and which very frequently leads into mischief. Just sit down, if you have such a son, and recall your own early days. It may be difficult for you, just now, when you are in middle life, to see the fun which the boy finds in what appears to you to be utterly foolish, or perhaps wantonly evil; but if you will turn to the early chapters of your own biography, you will find yourself stopping up the spouts of the old country house, just to see the rain pour over like a waterfall, and you will recall the fun of the old gentleman's embarrassment, as he rushes out into the rain, bareheaded, to find the cause of the trouble, and thereby got an attack of the rheumatism which laid him up for a couple of weeks. Well, your boy is going through the same experience, and by-and-by he will regard it as you do now, as an utterly foolish thing, and wonder where in the world the fun was. The truth is, these pranks are as necessary to boyhood as the measles. They are the result of nature's animal spirits, which can no more be repressed than can the waters that come bubbling up out of the sand.
We remember that when we were very young, a wild cat presented his heels to us in such a forcible manner, that before our surprise had vanished we found ourselves in a little, disgusted heap on the other side of a five-rail fence. At the time, we thought it an unheroic thing to do, and felt exceedingly like pelting the creature with stones. But he came up to the fence with such a demure and abashed look, and put his head between the rails and sniffed at us in such repentant mood, that we concluded it was part of the necessary experience of the animal, and cheerfully forgave him. Now, boys are colts. They never think of consequences. They only have the fun of the thing in view.
Don't stop praying, and praying hopefully for your children at such times. By keeping close to the boy's heart, and trying to appreciate his side of the matter as well as your own, you will keep control of him.—*Working Church.*

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEABOARD.
—When South Carolina was first settled by the Anglo-saxon race, the course of progress in colonizing and subduing the territory was from the seaboard to the mountains. Our ancestors settled along the coast, and gradually moved towards the mountains until the whole territory was inhabited by the whites. Every thing that tended towards the civilization of the State came upward from the seaboard. Churches and other benevolent societies were first formed on the seashores, and their influence moved upwards. Educational movements came from the seaboard. In fact, everything advanced from that direction. The Indians left the seaboard first and were pushed towards the mountains by the aggressive whites. They left the mountain regions of the State last. Some who are still living can recall the days when a few lingering red men still frequented their trails along the mountains. Indeed, there is now to be found the remnant of a small tribe in York County, occupying their own lands, known as the "Indian Nation." But in a few years, the place that knew them, will know them no more.

From the day the first colony settled on the seaboard until the secession of South Carolina, in 1860, the current of events and influence was from the sea towards the mountains. Even slavery had the same line of march over the State; and the doctrine of secession and other influences which brought on the great war, moved along with slavery as its guard.
The close of the war, with its many results, will mark the era of change in almost every thing in the just history of our State. One of the most marked changes will be the reflex movements of influence and events from the mountains towards the seaboard. The new march of conquest will be toward the sea. The engines of a re-colonization of the State, will move from the mountains. All ready can the backward movement of the tide be seen.
Immigration will flow to the mountains, in the future and the State will be reoccupied from the mountains to the seaboard. There is something pleasing in this movement. It is big with promise and hope to thousands. It looks like dutiful children returning to the parental home to bless and protect their aged parents. Let the strong sons of the mountain regions remember from whence they derived their being and all the institutions that now exalt them. Let them look towards the seaboard and long to deliver and repossess the land of our ancestors.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—Dr. C. W. Brooks, of Mayfield, Ill., was in town on Saturday, and related to a gentleman here a sad case of a young lady who lost her life by a shock to her nerves, caused by fear produced by finding her self in dangerous proximity to a large rattlesnake, at his residence. A little more than a week ago, the Doctor and his wife had gone out to gather mulberries, leaving the young lady at home. During their absence she went into the lawn near the house, and sat under the shade of a tree, and after sitting awhile she was startled, she says, by feeling the hot breath of the snake on her cheek. She started to her feet, and screamed frantically, her cries reaching the ears of Mrs. Brooks, who came home ahead of her husband. Mrs. Brooks seized a gun, and, hurrying to her assistance, shot the snake, which, on being measured, proved to be nearly six feet long. The young lady's fright was so great that she was thrown in spasms, and it intervals she would rave about the hot breath of the snake. On Tuesday last she died in great agony, defying all the medical skill that could be exerted in her behalf.—*Evansville Journal, July 14.*

JEFF. DAVIS AND HIS COLORED FRIENDS.—The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* says: "During the late visit of the Hon. Jefferson Davis to this city, while he was being called on by crowds of respectable citizens, and receiving manifestations of respect from hundreds of the most prominent and worthy ladies and gentlemen of the city, there occurred a little episode of a very pleasing character. One night during his stay at the Planters' House he was serenaded by some colored people who were formerly his slaves. After their dulcet strains had ceased, Mr. Davis called them into his room, where, after cordial greetings on both sides and a little chat about old times, he made each of them present. At another time during his stay he was called on by an 'old aunt' who had been the nurse of his 'old daddy'. The affection that the ex-slave manifested for her former master and the interest which he manifested for them and their future welfare were really affecting."

—It is reported at Washington that Judge Thomas, Minister to Peru, is neglecting his duties, having left the legation in charge of an irresponsible person. Minister Thomas has as much right to leave his post for a little refreshment as Grant has to make Long Branch "the summer capital of the nation."
—An Irishman went for the first time to a play. Just as the drop curtain descended, after the first act, an engine in the basement exploded and the Colt was blown through the roof, lighting in the next square. His first remark after coming to his senses, was, "And what the devil do they play next?"

FETTER WORSHIP AMONG THE FREEDMEN.
—Rev. J. S. K. Legare, a native of South Carolina, a graduate of Yale College (1831), and always a resident of the South, now a missionary of the Sunday School Union, writes: "I have been working for a month past among the freedmen in a malarial region in Georgia, where there are great numbers in much ignorance and destitution of true religious instruction. They now carry on their religious worship by themselves, aloof from the white people, and the greatest part of their services consists in singing and sometimes in running round in a kind of dance, with clapping of hands and loud exclamations. They are exceedingly fond of singing, and all kinds of music, and they do indeed sing very feelingly, and sometimes very thrillingly. But they are really in need of plain and sensible teaching in the simple truths and principles of our blessed gospel.
"Let me tell you what I witnessed on Sunday afternoon, at a place where I had heard that great numbers of them were accustomed to collect for religious exercises, and where I called to arrange if practicable for organizing a Sunday School among them. Coming suddenly upon them I witnessed a scene that grieved me to my heart. A large crowd of them were dancing in a circle round a young woman dressed in the oddest and most glaring colors, in the most fantastic style, having on her head a red striped bandana handkerchief set up like a turban, only the four corners stood out like towers or horns. As they danced round her, one tower, who seemed to be the leader, and who, I afterward learned, claimed to be a conjurer, would step up behind and touch the stately maid and then start back with a mournful lament, when the crowd would clap their hands and cry 'round about.' During this excitement the woman would whoop and yell, jumping and running round, until exhausted and falling down in a state of torpor.
"I stopped them and told them that God was not honored by such worship. I learned that this fetter worship is quite common among some of them."

CHINESE FISHERMEN.—An English missionary to China, the Rev. George Smith, says that, on one of his aquatic excursions, he saw some Chinese fishermen at their vocation in a way to astonish him. They had a model of a fish made of bright tin, which was slowly dragged along at the end of a line fastened to the boat. The fish in all directions swam toward the decoy. It seemed to possess a peculiar fascination. Far back in the rear was another boat, carrying a net. When it was judged there were fish enough congregated about the object of their attraction, the oarsmen slackened a little, while the net men approached and dropped the seine, widely extended; they then gradually brought the extremities together, and generally made a successful haul.
These same people have, with long practice, another adroit method of fishing, which might be practiced here with equal advantage. They hang a highly bright varnished strip of board along the outside of the gunwale of a boat, at an angle about that of the roof of a house. When ready on the fishing-ground, torches are lighted. The varnished board intensifies the light and throws it at an angle far off in the water. Curiosity, or some other sentiment, prompts the fish to follow up the rays. They rush on with such rapid speed that when they see the boat, which seems to be an obstruction, they leap over the rowlocks inside, just where they are wanted.
Another method practiced, which the observant missionary often saw, was by trained cormorants. They dive down from the boat and rarely fail to bring up fishes in their bills. To prevent them from swallowing the prey, each had a metallic ring on its neck, through which nothing could pass. Occasionally it was removed, that the bird might be encouraged with a few morsels of food.
Both science and art are recognized in these bland and child-like piscatory processes.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.—In his "Jail Journal," John Mitchell writes of bellum days, 1862, in Richmond. Speaking of the organization of the Confederate Army, let us here mention a very surprising part of his history: "The officers being elected, and the time appointed for the new election falling last summer, just when the enemy, in overwhelming force, was pressing upon Yorktown on their way to the peninsula towards Richmond, the election was held there and then, on the line, in the trenches, in actual presence of the enemy. Was there ever before an instance of an army changing, by election, the whole body of its regimental officers on the very eve of battle? Yet here it was done, quietly, regularly, without a moment's excitement or confusion. This, as well as several other examples I could mention, has brought me to the conclusion that of all races of men of the world, these Southerners have the largest amount of sang froid—of genuine impassive coolness and steadiness. Yet the very contrary is the current and received idea of their character. Southern impetuosity, Southern passion, and wild, blind fury—this is the cant. The direct opposite is the fact."

—New reading of an old proverb—Man proposes and woman seldom refuses.
—A little boy being asked "What is the chief end of man?" replied: "The end what's got the head on."
—If it is true that the world owes every man a living, there are a great many who are too lazy to collect it.
—The more a man knows, the less he is apt to talk; discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate what and where to speak.
—The whole duty of man is embraced in the two principles of abstinence and patience. Temperance in prosperity, and courage in adversity.
—Except the vice of intemperance, there is no other which a man can so easily acquire, and which is so wholly unnecessary, as the use of profane language.
—The lunatics of the State Asylum in Alabama, says an exchange, "publish a paper." There are some lunatics outside of the State Asylum who do the same thing.
—A gentleman who has been attacked occasionally for twenty years with the cramp colic, says two pills of gum camphor swallowed will give relief in twenty minutes.
—What are you doing there, you rascal? "Merely taking cold, sir." "It looks to me as if you were stealing ice." "Well—yes—perhaps it will bear that construction."
—The largest canal in the world is the one in China, which passes through two thousand miles of country, and alongside forty-two cities. It was commenced in the tenth century.
—An Iowa woman declares that she has had an average of two offers of marriage every week for the last two years. The postal card system must be a great convenience to her admirers.
—Did you ever? It is now said that the stove-pipe head-dresses worn by women are going to be made taller still next fall, the painters broaden the boot-heels higher, and evening dresses lower.
—The pale, sad-looking young men whom one occasionally meets in the streets are not consumptive, are not mourning the loss of a friend, and are not divinity students. They are breaking in tight boots.
—A Methodist minister who lived on a small salary was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He called a number of times, but each time he had been put off with some excuse. At last he went to his steward and told him he must have his money, for his family must have the necessities of life. "Money?" replied the steward, "you preach for money; I thought you preached for the good of souls." "Souls?" replied the minister, "I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand souls like yours to make a decent meal."

—Good potatoes and corn have their eyes and ears about them.
The editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, after stating that he has "no desire to engage in a personal controversy," proceeds to characterize the editor of a rival newspaper as "a drunken and cowardly idiot, who disgraces journalism."
—The *Alabama Commonwealth* says: "To judge by the rule that he is a successful agriculturist who knows how to make 'two blades of grass grow where one grew before,' the negroes are the finest farmers in the world, for under their skillful culture it is no uncommon thing to see a dozen blades grow where one grew before."
—People should read more, and then they would not need to ask so many useless questions as to matters and things to be read in their county papers. A good many people do not read at all. Some of them fail to do so because they cannot; others because they are too sordid to take a newspaper, but just sit down to read, and they are the best of listeners, and ask questions enough to fence a ten acre patch. Some do not read because they are fearful they will read some things that are not true, and they cannot tell the truth from the false. Others, again, do not read because they do not have time. This is a specious plea, and often used; but that sort are pretty good for any heavy "sitting around chewing tobacco." Some people are very poor readers, and therefore never deem it best for them to improve themselves in such useless pastimes. Every one who has read to anything should at least read his county papers, and know what is going on at home, or hand in his checks and pass off at the other end of the platform.

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MEDICAL CARD.
DR. R. FURMAN DIVVER
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Anderson and surrounding country. He may be found, when not professionally engaged, at his rooms over the Drug Store of Simpson, Hill & Co., on the north side of the public square.
Anderson, S. C., Feb. 4, 1873. 31

STEAM ENGINES!
ALL persons wishing Steam Engines, will find it to their interest to call on the undersigned, who are now the recognized agents for the best Steam Engines built in the United States—Engines that are unequalled for strength, durability and beauty of finish.
OSBORNE & McCULLY,
April 10, 1873 49 6m



DOORS, SASH and BLINDS,
Mouldings, Brackets, Stair Fixtures, Builders' Furnishing Hardware, Drain Pipe, Floor Tiles, Wire Guards, Terra Cotta Ware, Marble and Slate Mantle Pieces.
WINDOW GLASS A SPECIALTY.
Circulars and Price List sent free on application by
White Pine Lumber for Sale.
P. P. TOALE,
20 Hayne and 33 Pinckney Sts.,
Charleston, S. C.
Oct 3, 1872 13 1y



GEO. S. HACKER
Door, Sash and Blind Factory,
Charleston, S. C.
THIS IS a LARGE and COMPLETE a 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,
Post Office Box 170, Charleston, S. C.
Factory and Warerooms on King street, opposite Cannon street, on the line of City Railway.
Nov 7, 1872 18 1y

CAROLINA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.
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.
Among its Directors are some of the first business men of the country. We guarantee honesty of management—i. e., speedy settlement of losses.
Sept 12, 1872

NEW FIRM.
NEW BUSINESS!
For ANDERSON, though she has long since merited it—yea, more.
THE undersigned have this day entered into partnership in the name of WATSON & SON, for the express purpose of conducting a General Commission Business.
We tender our sincere thanks to our friends and a generous public for liberal patronage the past seventeen years, and we do hope to act in such a way, in this our new business, as to merit a continuance of the same.
Liberal advancements made on everything consigned us on sale.
Office with Lewis & Co., No. 9 Granite Row, Anderson, S. C.
JOHN B. WATSON,
L. REED WATSON.
March 4, 1873 35

M. GOLDSMITH. P. KIND
GOLDSMITH & KIND,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,
(PHENIX IRON WORKS.)
COLUMBIA, S. C.
MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, of all sizes: Horse Powers, Circular and Mule 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. Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c.
May 18, 1871 46 1y

J. B. HARRISON, of South Carolina,
WITH
T. J. MAGRUDER & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers and Manufacturers of
Boots, Shoes and Brogans,
NO. 1 HANOVER STREET,
FIRST HOUSE FROM BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE.
April 13, 1873 39 6m

DR. W. G. BROWNE,
Surgeon Dentist,
ANDERSON C. H., S. C.
YOUR ARTIFICIAL TEETH, will be made without delay.
The price of Gold Plates reduced; also, Rubber work. Attention given to restoring the contour of the features. Satisfaction guaranteed, and the cash required when the work is completed.
All you who wear—or try to wear—had fitting Plates, come and get one that will fit.
229—A reliable Tooth Powder for sale.
Nov 28, 1872 21
THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.
SARAH CAMPBELL, widow of Jesse Campbell, having applied to me for the benefit of the Homestead in the Real and Personal Estate of the late Jesse Campbell, deceased, all creditors, or other persons interested, will take notice, that her application will be heard in my office at Anderson Court House, on FRIDAY, the 8th day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m.
W. W. HUMPHREYS,
Judge of Probate.
July 3, 1873 52 5