#### IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS!

- Is it anybody's business
  If a gentleman should choose
  To wait upon a lady,
  If the lady don't refuse? Or, to speak a little plainer, That the meaning all may know, Es it anybody's business If a lady has a beau?
- Is it anybod's business When that gentleman does call, Or when he leaves the lady, Or if he leaves at all? Or is it necessary
  That the cartain should be drawn, To save from further trouble To outside lookers on?
- Is it anybody's business
  But the lady's, if her beau
  Rides out with other ladies And doesn't let her know? Is it anybody's business But the gentleman's, if she Should accept another escort, Where he doesn't chance to be?
- Is a person on the sidewalk,
  Whether great or whether small,
  Is it anybody's business
  Where that person means to call? Or, if you see a person
  As he's calling any where,
  Is it anybody's business
- What his business may be there?
- The substance of our query, Simply stated would be this: Is it anybody's business What another's business is? If it is, or if it isn't,

  We would really like to know,
  For we're certain, if it isn't,
- There some who make it so. WHICH LOVED BEST!

### BY JOY ALLISON.

"I love you, mother," said little John, Then forgetting his work, his cap went on, And he was off to the garden swing, And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell, "I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom, And swept the floor and tidled the room, Busy and happy all day was she, Hopeful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said— Three little chrildren going to bed. How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

## "OLD PIZEN."

THE FIGHTING HORSE OF THE STANI-SLAUS.

A Reminiscence of the Early Mining Life of Senator Jones, of Nevada.

covered with scars, and whose front teeth were always visible, even when in the most friendly mood. This dog he was ready to back against any dog on the river for a fight. He also had two or three game-roosters of whose prowess he was boastful. But his especial glory and pride was his fighting horse, a large, powerfully-muscled and exceedingly vicious "broncho," which he called "Old Pizen." And "pizen" he was to all four-footed creatures in that region; indeed, was so "mean" that he was almost poison to himself. This fierce and unsocial beast had taken possession of a large grassy flat, about half a mile above the camp, and would allow no other animal to come upon what he viewed as his private domain; nor, for the matter of that, to come anywhere near the camp. At Cherokee Flat, the old broncho was monarch of all he surveyed. He had whipped and run off every animal that had ever been brought to the camp. The miners several times swore vengeance against "Old Pizen," and would have shot him, but that they liked Joggles, and the soul of Joggles delighted in Old Pizen, therefore they let him live. Not content with conquering intruders, the old broncho would chase them for miles, running them clear out of the country. The moment he saw a strange animal he laid back his ears and went for him, using both heels

About all this Joggles didn't care a cent. When told of one of the exploits of the animal he would laugh in spite of himself, and would swear that Old Pizen was the "biggest fightin' hoss on the Stanislaus," and that he would "back him agin any critter that ever wore har." He would tell how a big American horse, chased away by Old Pizen, was found forty miles distant with his tail gnawed off to a mere stump. When he thought of the comical appearance the maimed horse must have presented with his little stump of a tail, Joggles would laugh till tears ran down his cheeks.

The fame of the "fighting horse" extended for miles around the camp. Prospectors passing that way with pack animals were warned against him. "Beware of the fighting horse!" was the word through all that section of country. Sonora, the county seat of Tuolumne County, was the source whence the miners at Cherokee Flat drew their supplies of "grub" and other necessaries. The town was fifteen or twenty miles distant, and the miners would occasionally go up there, order what they wanted, and have it "packed" down to their cabins. One day J. P. Jones and one of his partners went up to Sonora to procure supplies for their company, known as the "Buckeye." They remained over night in town, intending to return the next day. In the morning, soon after they had arose, they heard a terrible commotion in a livery stable just across the street from their hotel. Running over to ascertain the cause, they found that a big Spanish jackass had found his way into the stable through a rear door, and was on the war path among the view of the open ground leading up to the horses. He had cleaned out several stalls al- ridge, beyond which lay the flat where roamed most at a dash, and then reached that occupied by a powerful black stallion. Here he found work to do. As Jones and partner entered a furious battle was raging, the horse using his heels and the jack his teeth. The horse being confined by a strong halter, the jack had rather the best of it. After tearing and mangling the flanks of the horse frightfully, the turious jack, unmindful of the blows the stablemen were raining upon his back, suddenly crowded himraining upon his back, suddenly crowded himself forward in the stall and seized the horse
by the under lip. Here he held on like a bull
dog, the poor horse quivering in every muscle, dog, the poor horse quivering in every muscle,

here was an animal that would make Old Pizen rolled on, and soon in the foremost the form of - "What are you doing there?" said a grosick at the stomach. A word of this thought an animal could be seen. A puff of wind cer to a fellow who was stealing his lard, to his partner, and they agreed, if possible, to showed this to be the broncho—Old Pizen. At am gettin' fat," was the reply.

jack was a good pack animal, and as quiet as a lamb when no horses were about. When he came where there were horses his whole nature that their jackass was thar / of a tiger. The jack being an unusual power-ful animal, the owner asked \$75 for him. broncho, snorting with fear at every jump, and occasionally half turning his head in order to trial, and gave the owner \$75, which he was to keep in case the jack was not returned within a certain time. Having secured the fighting and tail sticking straight out behind, Joggles jack, Jones and partner packed him and started was heard shouting wildly from the roof of his home in high feather. As soon as he was out house, "Whoa, Pizen, whoa, Pizen!" But just of town the jack became as docile and sleepy at that moment there was no "whoa" in Old as any other old "burro" that ever trotted a Pizen. Down through the little town he came trail. Before getting home the beast became making directly for the bar, as though in search absolutely lazy, and Jones & Co. began to fear of human assistance. that off his own dunghill their jack was of no account as a fighter.

Cherokee Flat and drove up to the door of the Buckeye Company's cabin." Their partners starting from their sockets took one long dehad quit work and come up from the bar. spairing look behind. There came the veno-They were getting supper, but, for a time, dis-mous and indomitable jackass, never breaking continued the work of frying bacon and baking continued the work of frying bacon and baking his steady, rolling gallop.

With outstretched neck, ears laid back, and with cook quainted with the character of the beast. his tail, took one more glance at his approach-When he had finished his account of the scene ing foe, gave a snort of terror, and leaped from at the livery stable, every man of the Buckeye the bank down into the river. Luckily for him Company was firmly convinced that the big jack could "walk the log" of Old Nick himself, but mum was the word. No hint of the fighting qualities of the animal was to go of the that side. Here he halted, evidently feeling cabin. Presently Joggles, whose boarding himself safe. The jack thundered on, and jackass, and came over to where he was being of its presence. But by bracing all aback till unpacked.

and eying him from stem to stern for a time, Joggles said:
"Purty good chunk of a jackass. Been buyin' him?"

be a trifle lazy." how many mouthfuls he would make for Old Pizen, at last said:

"Well, yes, he seems rather quiet."

Old Pizen is!"

they should get together," added Jones, laugh- all knew his feelings, no one said a word.

a boarding house, owned by a Mr. Joggles, a However, he looks as though there might be His ears were lopped forward, as though to Seth, unable to endure this last turn of agony,

Here, here, now—back up your opinion or take water. Here's \$200! I'm willin' to jest let from the brink of the precipice, gave his tail a the animals alone-let them find their way to flourish, and uttered a series of triumphal each other-and I bet this \$200 that when they "yee-haws." do meet, old Pizen whips—that he eats your Looking down into the chasm the men be-jackass up alive! Cone, now, Pixley, here, held lying at the bottom, motionless in death, shall hold the stakes. See me, see me! come Old Pizen, the fighting horse of the Stani-

ley's hand, and once it was done a better pleased man than Joggles was never seen on the Stanislaus. He thought he had the deadest party and said: "John P. Jones, you knowed thing in the world. The bet made, away ran Joggles to tell all the "boys" in the camp what a dead thing he had on Jones; always winding up with—"Old Pizen 'll chaw him up—chaw his head down, moping sleepily, and sent a him up alive !"

Pizen as he does, Jones must be goin' crazy. into its carcass. He then seized it by the ears, That jackass will be chawed up-chawed up alive?"

All the evening the jack remained browsing about the camp, and the next morning was still there—standing with head down and eyes closed dreamily, moving his ears, and lazily switching his scanty tail. Joggles smiled contemptuously every time he looked at the old jack. Standing on his porch, as the miners of the camp passed on their way down to their claims on the river, Joggles facetiously inquired whether any of them would like to back "that thar ferocious beast against Old Pizen for another \$200?"

At last all the men of the camp were down on the river at work. About 9 o'clock in the morning one of the men of the Buckeye Company happened to go from the bar up to the bank of the river for something. A moment after, grinning gleefully, he called out to those below: "The impatient Joggles is going to bring on the game. There'll be some fun before long; I see him startin' the old jack along up the valley toward the flat. He's on the sly, and is getting rather keen to see that fight!" Watching Joggles, he was in the edge of the timber throwing rocks to urge the jack to move up a streak of open ground that led to the flat between the two groves of pines. Presently It iz mighty onsartin what a lazy boy or a he came back and seated himself on his porch, getting up once in a while and stretching his neck to see if the jack was going in the right direction. He was dying to have the animals get together. At last a man who had climbed upon the bank reported that the jack was not to be seen, and that he had no doubt gone over

the ridge into the flat. All was now excitement among the men, and two or three of them were constantly on the river bank listening for sounds of the fray. Presently they cried out that the battle had begun. All hands hastened to the top of the high steep bank, whence was to be had a fair hearts, broken heads and even broken crockthe fighting horse. Although half a mile distant a terrible squealing and braying could be man than he who don't commit it. distinctly heard—cries of rage and pain from the contending animals. A great cloud of red dust could be seen rising from the ridge. This cloud, that told of the battle, moved to and bad luck, and treats them both alike, iz a fro; sometimes appearing to approach quite hero. near to the crest of the ridge, then again to I beleave all thoze who have made themselfs read it for her. She did not want him to recede. All this time there was heard the most fearful squealing and braying imaginable— common enemies ov mankind hav died a vio-hear it, so she took a wad of cotton out of her pocket and stuffed his ears with it. She and moaning in agony.

One of the proprietors of the stable drew his pistol and was about to shoot the savage ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wran- as the camp, Joggies was seen jumping up and down and running frantically about, evidently about, evidently about, evidently about the same sins.

Specialtys are what wins in this world. A jak ov all trades is like a man with fleas all finally one of them challenged the other to a ward the camp, Joggles was seen jumping up gle ensued. The owner of the fighting jack and thence to climb to the top of his house, over him; he iz too bizzy with the fleas to do square fight. The challenged party filibusvainly stretching his neck to obtain a view of ennything well. drew his revolver, and for a time it looked as though there was likely to be a "man for breakfast."

The finally, however, the owner of the jack succeeded in getting him away from the trembling and mangled horse, and drove him out of the stable. It now occurred to Mr. Jones that horse brays were heard. Swiftly the red clouds the form of the stable. It now occurred to Mr. Jones that the form of the stable and soon in the foremost the form of the stable. The succeeded in getting him away from the trembling over it. Then were seen the fight. Now the cloud of dust was seen to rapidly approach the crest of the ridge, and soon it came whirling over it. Then were seen to cate. This was reserved for the last; and when they came to cut it, they found it was only a cheese box covered with icing.

The Martin boys of Iowa loved their family.

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The Martin boys of the five were the form of the five were the form of the five were the form of the stable. The succeeded in getting him away from the trend around and endeavored to avoid committing himself on this issue, but finally, however, the owner of the fight. Now the cloud of dust was seen to rapidly approach the crest of the ridge, and in Allentown, Pa., the other night, was an immense cake. This was reserved for the last; and when they came to cut it, they found it was only a cheese box covered with icing.

The Martin boys of Iowa loved their family.

secure the fighting jackass. Following the owner of the jack, they soon came to an understanding with him. They were told that the sometimes seen two small whirlwinds in the lower of the fighting jackass. Following the distance of two or three hundred yards behind rolled a rapidly-following cloud, as we have sometimes seen two small whirlwinds in the Boston News gives the following as have

changed, and he went for them with the fury | Down into the camp charged the terrified Jones and partner agreed to run him a trip on see if the terrible jack was still in pursuit. As

Straight on he came till he reached the bank ccount as a fighter.

It was about sundown when the men reached dicular height. At the brink he halted, hesi-

panion how they came by the big donkey. In scant tail whipping up and down with each as few words as possible Jones made them ac- bound, on he came. The old broncho erected house was just across the street, espied the came near plunging into the river before aware his haunches almost touched the ground, he A smile struggled about the corners of his came to a halt. But it was only for a moment. mouth as he came. Walking up to the beast Seeing the old broncho on the other shore he stretched out his neck and giving a diabolical "yee-haw," unhesitatingly plunged into the river and diligently struck out for the horse. This reckless and energetic persistence of the "Well," said Jones, "I don't know. We have him on trial. We may buy him. He is big and strong, and seems nice and quiet—may have the fact of the bronches as he rose to the surface and began swimming as he rose to the surface and began swimming as he rose to the surface and began swimming as though thunder-struck at the fearful

-gazed as though thunder-struck at the fearful Joggles, who seemed to be calculating about energy displayed by the little beast—then tossow many mouthfuls he would make for Old ing his tail aloft and giving a tremendous snort, he dashed away down the river at the top of his speed. The jack was soon over the narrow Having unpacked the jack, one of the "boys" stream. On landing, he snuffed the ground a gave him a slap with a strap, as much as to say: "You are now at liberty, old fellow; go off and enjoy yourself as you please."

moment, then raising his head and catching a glimpse of the fleeing horse, away he plunged in keen pursuit. A bend in the river soon hid off and enjoy yourself as you please."

"What!" cried Joggles, opening his eyes in amazement, "you ain't going to turn that jack loose here? The first thing you know he'll poke off up to the flat where Old Pizen is. Then he'll be a dead jack as sure as you live! Why, he wouldn't make a mouthful for Old What was referred to as "Devil's Gulch!" What was referred to as "Devil's Gulch!" was a narrow revine with rocky, perpendicular walls. Why, he wouldn't make a mouthful for Old Pizen."

"Well,I don't know," said Jones, "the jack is a very quiet old fellow, and I guess Old Pizen won't think him worth bothering with. Besides, the chances are that he will stay and pick about camp—won't fine his way up to the later to go down the other side and see what order to go down the other side and see what "Well, just as you please," said Joggles, pre-tending some concern; "but you know what descended from the roof of his house, now came puffing and blowing across lots, and joined "Yes, I know," said Jones, but Pizen is getting old. I guess he don't thirst for the fray as in his younger days. I shouldn't wonder, now, if the old jack were to whip him—in case gles said, as he came up with the crowd. As gles said, as he came up with the crowd. As the songs of Solomon does to the gles said, as he came up with the crowd. As burthen of Old Mary Petin-gill. 'Darn a jackass!" he several times muttered

Missourian. This Joggles was a man of sporting proclivities. He owned a vicious looking old bull-dog, with but one eye, whose nose was though the first think he'll make it warm for the bottom of approaching footsteps at length at sound of approaching footsteps at length at sound of approaching footsteps at length at the bottom of the gulch. The sound of approaching footsteps at length at length at sound of approaching footsteps at length at lengt sound of approaching footsteps at length at-"You do, eh?" said Joggles, "Well, I don't. tracted his attention. Turning his head and

> down! Two hundred goes that Pizen whips slaus. His head was doubled under him—his your jack!" Thus urged, J. P. covered the coin in Pix- the gulch after having ascertained this fact what that jackass was. Don't speak. Let not a man here speak a word." With this he bullet through his brain. The beast fell with-The last thing he said to his lodgers that out a moan, when Joggles advanced and denight, before he went to bed, was: "Knowin' liberately emptied the contents of his revolver dragged it to the brink of the precipice, and tumbled it down upon the body of the old

broncho, saying:

"As you are the only thing that ever whipped him, darn me, you shall lie and rot with Old Pizen—Old Pizen, the Fightin' Hoss of the Stanislaus."

# Josh Billings' Sayings.

Very great minds are seldom fully apprecia-

ted bi the age they live in. It iz easier to get a friend than to keep one.

Politeness makes all the other accomplishments eazy and agreeable. If yu don't respekt yourself, how can yu ex-

pekt others to do it for yu. It iz very hard to lose sight uv poor relashuns, but we often have to hunt up our rich ones. Sudden wealth seldom comes by honesty. He who kan whistle one tune need never be

entirely lonesome. The strongest friendships i have ever notised

It iz mighty onsartin what a lazy boy or a g snaik will amount to. erything else.

be willing to be abuzed. to roost; all evil things do.

here iz more happiness among the lowly than beats only a certain number of times. If this be so, running up and down stairs, intense ex-

he who repents ov sin iz a stronger and a safer otherwise would."

modesty never kan.

The slowest time on rekord iz skule time, and the fastest iz sparkin time.

He who forgifs another forgifs himself, for ted as a late actual occurrence.

the life of Seth Hawkins:

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose to do his weekly devours, as Mrs. Hornby the doubtful grammar of "Thou knoweth," would say, and his road to neighbor Jones's and "You knows." Soon his words were ut-(whose daughter Sally was the object of his tered as a kind of wailing chant, with a pro-

Seth knew every landmark, if he could see

love, his ardor somewhat dampened by feeling the cold night wind playing fantastic gusts around his body, denoting that the concussion had "breached" his "oh-fi-for-shameables," and that the seven-and-six-penny cassimeres were tah go to hell from de pew asleepin, or from no more to be the particular delight of his your cabin a swearin', dan from de mounah's eyes, in contemplation of their artistic excel-

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gained the house. His first glance was over his person to ascertain if decency would be violated by an unwonted display; but seeing nothing and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for conceal-

Whilst conversing with the farmer about the weather, and the dame upon the matter of cheese, he glanced at Sally and saw with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress, She advaged her eyes as she caught his glance; but again catching her eyes upon him, he was induced to turn his eyes in the same direction and saw—good heavens! Was it his shirt? oozing out of a six inch aperture in the inside of one of his inexpressibles! an' a-bloomin', what does de leaves an' de He instantly changed his position, and from that moment was on nettles. Was he making dat's so," from an old brother in the corner.] He instantly changed his position, and from that moment was on nettles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched the first opportunity to push the garmenf in a little. Could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrssment. Again he watched his chance, and againstowed away the linen. It seemed interminable, like the doctor's tape-worm, and the more he worked at it,

the more there seemed left. In the meantime, his conversation took the hue of agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked as the first line of thought in you heart. You'd bettah whispah the songs of Solomon does to the melancholy to de Lord dan to hollar at de debble. Talk

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole In the early days, many years ago, Senator
Jones was engaged in mining on the Stanislaus
River, California, at a place called Cherokee
Flat. It was a small camp, containing scarceflat. It was a small camp, containing scarcefly more than a dozen habitations, all told.

The most imposing structure in the camp was

The most imposing disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked about for a clean night-gown that she had out Seth had sat. She was positive that she had food, it does not make flesh or muscle. taken it out, but where upon earth it was she could not conceive. "Sally!" cried the old lady from the door,

"Yes'm," echoed her voice, as if in the last stage of suffocation-"yes'm, Seth Hawkins wore it home!"

It was unfortunately the case, and poor Seth had stored it in the crevasse of his pants. It was returned the next day, with an apology, many praise it to the skies." "No doubt, and he subsequently married Sally; but many madam," he replied, "for I'll warrant it sent years after, if any article of any description | many to the skies to praise it." was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed this country. In Europe he says he was treat-

often relates the story himself for the amusement of his young friends.

York, Dr. Lyman said:

"Heart disease, among both ladies and gentlemen, is the one most in vogue at present. Habits are often az ridikilous az they are strong; yu often see folks who kant pick up a pair of tongs without spitten on their hands form its functions. The heart is almost the last organ to become diseased, because it has a great work to do. Nature made it strong and supplied it with as few nerves as possible. Women who faint, as a rule, have too small cavities for heart and lungs. Fainting is a provision of nature for the reinstatement of and did anybody ever hear of one calling for the body by allowing the heart a brief respite. a whole one? When the stomach is undoubtedly distended by food, the heart is crowded and complains. Good straight shoulders are essential to woman. If she possesses an erect form, a woman's heart has better opportunity to beat evenly and

healthfully. Many mistake a palpitating sensation of the muscular wall of that portion of the stomach nearest the heart for an affection of the heart. Adipose or fatty accumulations around the He who iz afraid ov work iz a coward in ev- heart will often render its beating labored or heavy. The heart is not however, diseased; If yu are anxious to bekum famous you must it is only working under difficulties. Prostration also affects the beating of the heart, caus-Lies are not the only things that cum home | ing it to pulsate more rapidly. Strength will roost; all evil things do.

The experience of life has taught me that some physicians that in a natural life the heart Honesty once lost may be recovered, but citement, hurry, by increasing the number of heart-beats in a minute, diminish the length of one's life. It is a well known fact that a race horse is not long lived, because having such a demand upon the action of the heart, I have alwass sed, and I stick to it yet that the heart-muscles wear out sooner than they

> - The postmaster at Monticello, Georgia, recently performed the feat of reading a letter without hearing its contents. An old woman who had never been to school, got a letter one day, and asked the postmaster to

> tered around and endeavored to avoid com-

"I killed in the struggle to see which should have his old watch and chain to remember him by.

A Negro Revival.

We must give the reader a few specimens of a prayer and an exhortation we heard in a reviing occurred in one of the villages of the old | val meeting among the colored folks. A black Bay State, within the recollection of the writer. preacher, glossy as a varnished beaver, gave us We do not know when we have enjoyed so a characteristic article in this line. Beginhearty a laugh as on reading this incident in his prayer in a low and reverential voice, the life of Seth Hawkins:

ning his prayer in a low and reverential voice, he addressed the Deity as "Thou" and "You" indiscriminately, and sometimes indulging in for the third time.

One all sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, in best "bib and tucker," and dickey, and all that, started upon his weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl by the way as strawberries and cream are sweet.

In peculiar intonation, the peculiar intensities and instructive manner. It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world. It will be full of entertaining and appropriate reading of every sort, but will print and instructive manner. It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the peculiar intonation, and instructive manner. It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the peculiar intonation, and instructive The preacher struck nails square on the head as.

Seth knew every landmark, if he could see it; but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning, and taking the light which gleamed from farmer Jones's cottage in the distance for a guide, he pushed boldly on regardless of intermediate difficulties, surging occasionally to the right or left, as some obstructions rose in his path, until he ran stern on, as sailors would say, to a huge stump, and rolled incontinently over to the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken and then restarted on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat dampened by feeling the cold night wind playing fantastic gusts

The preacher struck nails square on the head as he hammered away. For instance:

"Now, brethren and sisters, we want mourners head to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mouth for your sins, don't come foolin' roun' dis altah. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'hd to be convarted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes for'hd an' holds your head too high a comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no mounah. You're foolin' wid de Lord. You comes struttin' up to de altah; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fru you fingahs discontinently over to the cettino of the best men. It exposes the country and threatens he hammered away. For instance:

"Now, brethren and sisters, we want mourners head to one fool in' roun' disaltant. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'hd to be convarted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes for'hd an' holds your head too high a comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no mound. You're foolin' wid de Lord. You comes struttin' up to de altah; you flops down on you's knees, an' you peeps fru you fingahs discontinently over to the cettino. The method of knaves, and seeks no favorism of kneets of every kind and fashions are regularly reported.

The price of t bench a foolin'. Ef you's not in earnes', keep away from he'eh, don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ouhselves hoase an' weah out ouah lungs a-prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' wid de Lord? I tells you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you a comin's buildened by the weight ob you sins dat you can't hold up you heads. I want to see you so ment, he felt reassured, and took his seat in a heart-broke dat your knees knock togedder proffered chair by the fire. heart-broke dat your knees knock togedder when you walk. You mus' be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dus. De good book says, 'Low (Lo!) in de vollem of de book it is writ.' Now, min' dat and be low." Then addressing the members of the church

more particularly, he said:
"Brederen in de Lord, you mus' be airnest prayin' foh dese pore sinnahs. You mus' wake up. In dis Spring time ob year, when the leaves is comin', an' de flowahs is a-winklin' "It is mornin, de day is breakin'. Git up. Wake up in de mornin'." ["Amen! wake 'em up, Brudder Clinton," from the corner.] Too many ob you professahs ob 'ligion has been sleepin' on de wheels ob time. Git up an' put youah shouldah to de wheels. Den when you kneel roun' dis altah to comfoht de mounahs, don't doller." ["Amen, halleluyah," yelled a sister from the women's side.] ery time you hollers de debble he put another low. Let de mounahs pray for demselves. You bodder dem wid your hollerin'. Git down long 'side dem, an' 'struct dem when dey ax.

- Salt should be furnished to all animals people of interior Europe have a saying that a pound of salt makes ten pounds of flesh. for service on the back of the chair on which Of course, salt only assists in assimilating the

- A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, her husband who was very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "True," replied the fair one, "for even you are a little cracked." - A lady who was recommending a medi-

cine for consumption to a gentleman, said "I'm sure it will help you; I've heard a great - Pinchback complains of his treatment in

it away in his trowsers.

Seth Hawkins is now a prominent and influential merchant in the city of Boston, and often relates the story himself for the course. and stay there.

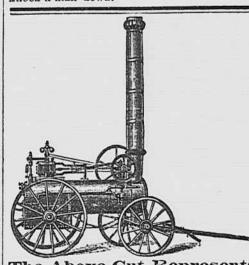
- Naughty young Indianopolitans are immersed in water barrels by their fond mammas THE FASHIONABLE COMPLAINT.—In the course of a lecture recently delivered in New Jones again. This is called moral suasion, and doesn't break a child's spirit like whipping. - An assessor asked a woman how many

chickens she had, and, doubting her word, pro-A synonym for pseudo heart disease is indiges-tion. False modes of dress, by crowding the hive, kicked it over, and invited him to count

- Josh Billings says: "There ain't anything that will completely cure laziness, though a second wife has been known to hurry it some." - A Milwaukee lady who paid \$50 to have a wart removed from her nose, now wants to know what's become of the nose. - Why do people call for a piece of string,

- Sidewalks are coquettish when they bring

you to your knees. - A rough estimate-Guessing you can knock a man down.



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