## SENT BY EXPRESS.

Marian Harlan was alone in the world-her

mother just buried. She was a beautiful, brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray, and rosy lips compressed to a firmness beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as she sat by the fire, spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

"But what are you goin' to do to earn your

bread and butter, child?"

"I don't know—I haven't thought. Mamma had an uncle in New York, who—"

"Yes, yes—I've heard about him—he was mad because your mother didn't marry just ex-

actly to suit him, wasn't it?" Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a a few minutes, hoping she would admit him into her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went away home, to tell his wife that "the Harlan gal was the very queerest creature he ever had come across."

In the meanwhile Marian was busy packing her few scanty things into a little carpet-bag, by the weird, flickering light of the dying wood

"I will go to New York," she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together. "My mother's uncle shall hear my cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh, I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Marian Harlan, I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands."

Lower Broadway, at 7 o'clock in the evening! What a Babel of crashing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerate noises it was! Marian Harlan sat in the corner of an express of-fice under the glare of gaslight, surrounded by boxes, and wondered whether people ever crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was very plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old-fashioned little straw bonnet tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet-bag, lay in her lap. She had sat there two hours, and was very, very

"Poor little thing!" thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circlet of gaslights. And then he took up his pen and plunged it into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

"Mr. Evans."

The dark-haired clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the

beckoning finger of his superior.

"I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?" "Expressed on sir, from Millington, Iowaarrived this afternoon.

As though poor Marian Harlan were a box or a paper parcel. "Who for?"

"Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq."
"And why hasn't she been called for?" "I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer

every moment."

"Very odd," said the gray-haired gentleman taking up his newspaper.

"Yes, sir, rather."

indiscribable pity in his bazel eyes. "Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harring-

Marian looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hands clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet-bag.

"And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock this day."

Andden blur came over Marian's eyes—she

A sudden blur came over Marian's eyes-she trembled like a leaf. In all her cale she had made no allowance for an exigency

"Can we do anything further for 'you?"
questioned the young clerk, politely.
"Nothing—no one can do anything now!"
Frank Evans had been turning away, but

something in the piteous tones of her voice ap-

"Shall I send to any other of your friends?"

quiet family hotel?" Marian opened her little leather purse and showed him two ten-cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

perplexity. or some such place I can go to until I could find something to do?"

smiling at poor Marian's simplicity. "They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office," said Marian, starting nervously to her feet.

"I must go-somewhere." "Miss Harlan," said Frank quietly, "my home is a very poor one-I am only a five hundred dollar clerk-but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two,

if you can trust me." be so thankful!"

your overcoat-it is all powdered with snow

But Frank interrupted his bustling cherry-

cheeked little mother, as she stood tip-toe to take off his wrappings.
"Hush, mother,; there is a young lady down

"A young lady, Frank?" Harrington, the rich merchant, he sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do."

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out: "Come up stairs, my dear-you're as welcome

The days and weeks passed on, and still Marian Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans'

"It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place," said the cozy little widow; "and she is so useful ubout the house. I
don't know how I ever managed without her."

keep them entirely to themselves. — Washing-"Now, Marian, you are not in earnest about | ton (Ga.) Gazette.

feaving us to-morrow?" "I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think-I have been here two months to-morrow, and the situation of governess is very advantageous." "Very well. I shall tell Frank how obstinate

you are." "Dearest Mrs. Evans, please don't. Please

keep my secret."
"What secret is that that is to be so religiously kept?" asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his dark hair tossed about by the wind and his curse this invention till language utterly fails hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.
"Secret!" repeated Mrs. Evans, energetically

wiping her dim spectacle glasses. "Why, Marian is determined to leave us to-morrow!" "Marian !"

"I must, Frank; I have no right further to trespass on your kindness." the old house has been a different house since comfited flies club together and take it out of

cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

"You'll stay, Marian?"

She shook her head determinedly. "Then you must be made to stay," said Frank. "I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft!" "Missed something?"

Marian rose, turned red and white.
"Oh, Frank, you can never suspect the !"
"But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession."

"My heart, Miss Marian. Now look here-I know I am very young and very poor, but I leve you Marian Harlan, and I will be a true husband to you. Stay and be my little wife!"
So Marian Harlan, instead of going out to be a governess, according to the programme, married the dark haired young clerk in Ellison's express office, New York.

They were quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Marian home to his mother and then want calmly about his busi-

mother, and then went calmly about his business in the wire cage, under the circlet of gas-

lights. "Evans!"

"Yes, sir." Frank, with his pen behind his ear as of yore, quietly obeyed the behests of the grayreaded official.

"Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two menths since?"

"Yes, sir; I remember." A tall, silver-haired gentleman here inter-

posed with eager quickness.
"Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, where the news of her arrival reached me. I want her-she is the only living relative left

"Ah! but, sir," said Frank, "you can't have "Can't have her! What do you mean? Has

anything happened?" "Yes, sir, something has happened. Miss Harlan was married to me this morning."

Walter Harrington started.
"Take me to her," he said, hoarsely; "I can't be parted from my only living relative

for a mere whim." I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding ring mere whims, thought honest Frank, but he obeyed in silence.

"Marian," said the old man, in faltering accents, "you will come to me and be the daughter of my old age? I am rich, Marian, and you are all I have in the world." But Marian stole her hand through her hus-

"Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, Uncle Walter; I love him !" "Then you must both of you come and be my children," said the old man, doggedly; and you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as a tomb."

Frank Evans is an express clerk no longer, and pretty Marian moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are quite as happy as they were in the old days, and that is saying enough.

Uncle Walter Harrington grows older and feebler every day, and his two children are the sunshine of his declining life.

Wonderful Wonders in Talbot County.

Some three quarters of an hour afterward, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with indiscribable pity in his hard area. Talbot County is certainly the most wondermuseum of natural or unnatural curiosities to the blush. The people of that part of the world surely never patronize a menagerie, or if they do, it is to see something which is not wonderful and to familiarize their eyes to common, ordinary looking creatures. Though we would suggest that if it is common for the citi-would suggest that if it is common for the citi-would be with a stick. He danced the most strongly be worth the stick between the common for the citi-would be with a stick. He danced the most strongly be worth the stick between the common for the citi-would be with a stick. He danced the most strongly be worth to be with a stick between the citi-worth and to laminarize their eyes to common for the citi-worth and to laminarize their eyes to common for the citi-worth and to laminarize their eyes to common for the citi-worth and to laminarize their eyes to common for the citi-worth and to laminarize their eyes to common for the citi-worth and the stick in the common for the citi-worth and the citi-worth and the common for the citi-worth and the citi-worth and the common for the citi-worth an mon, ordinary looking creatures. Though we would suggest that it is common for the citi-zens of Talbotton to see such sights as the around the pilot house, turned up his nose like said, "Anyhow God goes halves with us. He favor of no license, like Rome and Newnan. We will mention only a few of the sights seen by the Standard's local, beginning with a snake story as follows:

"A gentleman was riding the road between Talbotton and Redbone the other day, when peared to arouse every manly instinct within his eyes fell upon the largest rattlesnake that he ever saw in all his life. It was in the act The skipper had hard work to make the crazy of crossing the road. The gentleman halted, while the terrible looking thing exhibited its "Perhaps I can have your things sent to some fangs, which were fully two inches long, licked no attention to Sam's frantic yells, so the boat out its forked tongue, rattled away with all its might, and prepared for fight. When coiled up the snake looked like a huge pile of steamboat rope. The impulse of the man was to "This is all the money I have in the world, run, but he thought it would never do to leave so large a snake as that to roam the woods. So young, so beautiful and so desolate! He thought of his pistol and pulled it. Being Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his a splendid marksman, he soon had the pleasure life but he had never met an exactly parallel of seeing the horrible monster writhing in the case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire last throes of death. On measurement this snake was found to be exactly twenty-five feet | "But what are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir. Isn't there a work house, or some such place I can go to until I could largest one they ever heard of. It is a great line something to do?" pity that our friend did not procure his hide Hardly. Frank Evans could scarcely help and have it stuffed. He has the fangs and rat-

tles, however." The next sight which greeted the vision of "ye local" was in the shape of human monstrosities which are described as follows:

"A negro woman in Talbot county gave birth last week to four "what is its." One had two human heads and a body like a dog. Another was more singularly formed. Its body was shaped like that of a chicken, and was covered with literal pin feathers, while its head was "Trust you?" Marian looked at him through violet eyes obscured in tears. "Oh, sir, I should very remarkable features, save that both of ute, and then said: "You see there's a speak-marking, "I came mighty near forgettin' them had each four perfectly formed legs and arms. Of course they were lifeless. The physicians who attended the woman secured the played on me, and having worked him to a monstrosities and will send them to the New York Museum of Anatomy."

coveted much, but it was watched over by a ing-tube, and the smell came out right under weird and aged female form which guarded the his nose. A little sugar in it, pard." gourd with a jealous eye, for it had held the soap of many generations. But we will quote from the Standard, and give, in his own graph-"Yes, mother; expressed on from Iowa to ic words, the editor's description of the vision

by which he was goaded almost to madness:
"There is an old lady, of eighty summers, in this county, who has a gourd sixty years old that holds twenty-five gallons, all told. It was a bridal present to her from her lamented husband, who died many years ago. She has housed fifty crops of lard in this remarkable vessel, and it is good to pass to the third and as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite fourth generations. She scarcely ever allows it to be out of her sight, but keeps it sitting in

one corner of her room where she can keep a constant eye on it." These are a few of the thirgs seen in one single week! All we have to say is, that when

A GREAT INVENTION .- Mark Twain, in a letter to the inventor c" a mosquito net, talks in this way about the only thing worth talking about, now that the third term is gone:

"There is nothing that a just and right-feeling man rejoices in more than to see a mosquito imposed on and put down and browbeaten and aggravated, and this ingenious contrivance will do it. And it is a rare thing to him. I have seen them do it hundreds of times. I like to dine in the air on the back porch in the summer, and so I would not be without this portable net for anything. When you get it hoisted the flies have to wait for the second table. We shall see the summer day it is by a word or simple act of kindness to it is by a word or simple act of kindness to come when we shall sit under our nets in "No right, eh? Marian, do you know that church and slumber peacefully, while the disyou came to it? Do you suppose we want to lose our little sunbeam." the minister. There are heaps of ways of getting priceless enjoyment out of these charmose our little sunbeam."

— White lead rubbed up with linsced oil to the consistency of paste is an excellent application of the common law itself."

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Dec 3, 1874

Mark Twain's Piloting. While sitting in front of the Southern hotel, talking to a future great citizen about the old steamboat days of St. Louis, when captains, clerks and pilots ran the town, and ran it under a full head of steam, an ancient mariner der a full head of steam, an ancient mariner let up on whittling the arm of the next chair, turned toward us, and remarked: "You was speaking of the old river days?" "We was," I replied. "Perhaps, now, you have been reading some of Sam Clemens' yarns?" I held up a copy of the Atiantic, open at Mark Twain's article, which had really brought about the conversation. "Yes, I thought so; well, he don't tell all he knows," said the social riverman, reaching over for a tobacco pouch a gentleman reaching over for a tobacco pouch a gentleman was passing to a friend. "There's one little affair he 'aint worked into print yet, and it 'aint likely he will."

cally), a handful of crackers and several chunks stay at home, read to each other, have visitors of cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, in- or go out a little while to visit a few friends

of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard from skipper down to the roosters (darky deck hands), but they were all taken in good part, only I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam got the run of the river enough to stand alone at the wheel, the Scott went into the lower river trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to New Orleans. Perhaps, now, you never see a boat in the cotton trade burn? Well, you may cover your cotton from stem to stern with tarpaner your cotton from stem to stern with tarpaulins, and keep your donkey-engine steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton, enough to fill a tooth, your boat's a corpse. It's quickto fill a tooth, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n gunpowder to burn, and no pilot can reach the lower deck from the texas in time to save himself, let alone his Saratoga. So, you see, everybody in that trade is on the watch, and an alarm of fire in a boat loaded with cotton will turn a man's hair gray quicker'n an alligator can swaller a nigger.

Sam being a young uilot and new to the cotton was, if they thought it would do them good. Sam, being a young pilot and new to the cotton trade, was told over and over again how the profession would lose a promising cub if ever a fire broke out on the Scott, and the boy got nervous. My striker and me always managed to be in the lunch room when Sam came off watch, and as he came in we would talk about the number of cotton heafs that hurnt in such groes that he had some splendid medicine. the number of cotton boats that burnt in such a year, and how such a cub would have made Next morning one came grunting around, saya year, and how such a cub would have made a lightning pilot if he hadn't got burnt up in the cotton trade, and we always noticed that Sam's appetite failed him after that, and instead of going to bed he would go prowling around the lower deck and peering about the hatchways, smelling at every opening like a pup that had its master. One day when we backed out of Mcmphis with a big cargo of cotton, I complained, in Sam's hearing, that the mate had loaded the boat too near the engines. The boy followed me into the engine

Next morning one came grunting around, saying: "Boss, I'se mighty ailing dis morning; ain't you got something for me? I'se got a pain in my misery." He was properly "dosed," and went on his way rejoicing. In less than twenty-four hours six of them had "destroyed" the entire bottle, and each of them had a different complaint.

CHI

MALVES WITH GOD."—One day a gentleman gave a little boy, his nephew, a gold coin.

Agents for AVERILL'S CHE gines. The boy followed me into the engine room, and, without seeming to notice him, I told my striker I would do my level best to keep that cotton from catching fire, but that it was a glim chance with bales piled right up before the furnace doors. Sam got whiter'n a bulkhead, and went up to the texas, where he pecked his Saratoga ready for any busines that might come before the meeting. When he went on watch I posted the second clerk to keep an eye on him. He hid behind a smoke stack and saw Sam alone in the pilot house, his hair on end, his face like a corpse's, and yelled "fire!" like a Cherokee Indian on the war path. That yell brought everybody on deck. We had a big cargo of passengers, and the women screeched, the men rushed for cork pillows, and the crew yanked the doors of their hinges and rushed to the guards, ready to go overboard at the first moderation of weather. passengers believe that there wasn't any fire, but he brought them to reason finally. I paid didn't run her muzzle against the bank he aimed for. The captain and first pilot and a those who neglect their own business to attend lot of passengers, after hunting all over the to the affairs of their neighbors. boat, couldn't find a sign of fire anywhere outside the furnaces, and then they went for Sam. He swore up and down that he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and by thunder! he had smelt it. The first pilot said kind of soft and pityingly to Sam: "My boy, if you'd told me you was so near the jim-jams I'd stood

-as though he was trying to account for that smell of cotton smoke." "And what was the cause of the smell?" I nervous state about fire, I waited till he was alone in the pilot house, and then set fire to a Next the editor beheld a gourd which he little wod of cotton, stuffed it into the speak-

double watch for you. Now you go and soak

your head in a bucket of water and take a good sleep, and you'll be all right by to-morrow." Sam just biled over at this, and when a pretty

young woman passenger said to the skipper,

fellow so toned down as Sam was after that,

and though the boys never quit running him he

never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled

WHEN NOT TO LAUGH.—Unless we would be set down as vulgar, don't laugh at people's mistakes or misfortunes. There's a time to laugh; but when your schoolmate has slipped down on the ice, and is hurt, perhaps; or by accident the fruit stand at the corner is overturned, and the poor old man's oranges and apples are scattered in the mud; or some lover of a very low quality of fun has pinned a the street; or an absent-minded lady, thinking more of the poor she is going to visit than her- her eyesight. self, has gone out with one boot and one slipthrough extreme diffidence, commits in com- an' you'll make it as good as I do." pany the very error he was trying to avoid ; or to any person-that is not the time to laugh, if you do by others as you would be done by. If consider that, at least, you are a great deal betout in looks and dress and style, are not neces-Nothing more surely indicates good breeding and a large heart than not seeming to notice a show sympathy or render assistance, when this can spare the feelings or lighten a misfortune.

She was only a poor seamstress, that was industrious, honest, and frugal in habits, for she'd had a hard row to hoe, poor girl! Well, for her take I grew saving and careful, and soon had a little money in the bank. Finally we were married and after furnishing two rooms had just a hundred dollars left. It was not months back. Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floor of two rooms, nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy; no fear of the future, fault-finding or selfishness in it. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved, besides these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year till next The social quit off on his reminiscence at this point and talked generally about the bad outlook of the crops and the universal disadvantage of dryness. Seeing that nothing but gin and sugar would start him anew, he was persuaded into the convenient bar-room, and after hoisting in three fingers (held vertially) a headful of grackers and several chunks or cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, interrupting himself a number of times to remark to the bar-keeper, "the same, pard."
"I was first engineer of the Alexander Scott when Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) was cub in her pilot house. He was a chipper young chap with legs no bigger'n a casting line and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard from skipper down

ALL WANT MEDICINE.—The Griffin (Ga.)

man gave a little boy, his nephew, a gold coin. "Now you must keep that," said the gentle-

"Oh, no," said the boy, "I shall halve it first Maybe I shall keep my half."
"Your half," said his uncle; "why it's all

yours." "No," answered the child, with an earnest shake of the head; "no, it is not all mine. I always go halves with God. Half I shall keep and half I shall give to Him."

"God owns the world; He does not need it," said his nucle. "The gold and silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to Him."

editor of the Standard describes, they had beteditor of the Standard describes, they had betbell, turned the boat's nose for the bank, and
to rote on the liquor question, and decide in

That was the right feeling. That little boy felt grateful to God for all the good things He had given him, and it was the gratitude he felt that made him desire to "go halves with God."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

- Why is President Grant like a power of attorney? Because he "knows all men by these

presents!"

-The latest attempt to hurt the feelings editorial is in this current story: "Are you connected with a paper here?" asked a countryman of an inmate of the Indiana Insane Asylum. "O! no," was the reply; "I have been to the insane asylum and been cured; a man never runs a newspaper after he is cured."

- "I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty," says President Grant in his amusing "third term" utterance. "I swear," said loud enough for Sam to hear, "so young and nice looking, too-how sad it would make his izing misery which follows a debauch, "I swear poor mother feel to hear how he drinks," he I never'll tech another drop of liquor-unless fairly frothed at the mouth. You never see a I'm sick or want some."

- A countryman purchased a new hat at a Burlington store, last week, leaving his old one with the merchant, who kicked it under the counter. The next day the countryman returned, and after a search among the rubbish found the old tile, and turning down the where I put that money."

- An exchange lets off the following on delinquent subscribers: "Looking over an old ledger, we see a long array of names of former subscribers who are indebted to us. Some of them have moved away and are lost to sight, although to memory dear. Others are carrying the contribution boxes in our most respectable churches, and others again are angels in Heaven; but they owe us just the same."

- A young lady in Indianapolis sought to impart the hue of health to her cheeks the oth- \$2 per annum, in advance. er evening when dressing for a party, and found the requisite bloom in the coloring matter of some cinnamon candy. During the evening her cheeks became very much swollen, and the poison soon after communicated itself ticket for sale on a person's back as he walks to her eyes. She is now quite blind, and there seems to be little hope that she will ever regain

- It is well known that nobody makes more per on; or a nearsighted person, whom you delicious corn bread than the negro women never saw before, addresses you as Jane or John, and cordially inquires after your grand- young lady how she does it, and for the benefit ma, when you haven't any; or the new board-er next door, in a block of a dozen houses all ceipt. Says Dinah: "Why, darlin, sometimes precisely alike, walks familiary into your hall | gen'ally I takes a little meal, and sometimes and comes to a dead stop on the stairs; or the gen'ally I takes a little flou, an' I kine o' bashful student comes awkwardly upon the mixed em up with some hot water, and I puts platform, and breaks down in an attempt to in eggs enuff an a little salt, an' then I bakes declaim; or the same sort of sensitive youth, it jist bout enull. An you do so, jess so, honey,

- The Mobile, Alabama, Register resents whenever anything trying or humble happens an imputation cast upon a legitimate Southern word, saying: "The other day a Georgia paper said that Mr. A. H. Stephens could not have you are the person laughed at in any such case, made a certain remark because he understood the English language too well to make use of girl or boy always turns out better than the too bold. The people who are always right side on tin looks and draws a Charta. It reminds us of our descent from a sarily by any means the best or brightest. liberty-loving people, and preserves the memory of justice. The writ by which a peasant aggrieved in the Baron's Court was enabled to earry (tollere) his case up to the County Court was known as the writ of tolt, pronounced commonly tote. This privilege which the humble farmer had of toting his case up from his own landlord to a less prejudiced court was

# HIS EXPERIENCE.—"No, sir, I never regretted marrying Mollie here. She's been the making of me. I was an idle dog when I met her and thought of nothing but spending my money at saloons, just as fast as I earned it.

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ARE GIVING

much, but it was our own. That was fourteen The Worth of the Money in any Goods they Sell.

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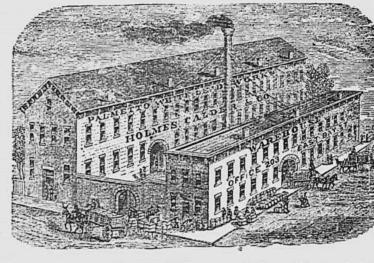
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## INDEED! IT IS STRANGE HOW PEOPLE DO.

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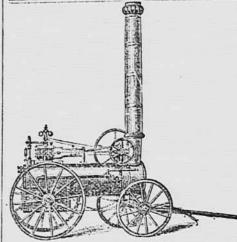
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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. W. W. Orr, Adm'r. of James Orr, dec'd, Plaintiff, against Georgiana Orr, J. M. Orr, and others.—Complaint to sell Land, Marshal Assets, Relief, &c.

THE Creditors of James Orr, deceased, are hereby notified to present and prove their demands before me on or before the 15th day of July next, on pain of losing all interest or advantage under any decree made in the above stated case.

JOHN W. DANIELS, Clerk Court Common Pleas. May 13, 1875

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.

John L. Hammond, Executor, against George W. Hammond, Adelia C. Todd, et al.—Com-plaint to sell lands, marshal assets, relief, &c. THE Creditors of the late Herbert Hammond, deceased, are hereby netited to present and prove their demands before me on or by the 10th day of September next. all interest and benefit under the decree made or to be made in the above stated case.

W. W. HUMPHREYS,

Judge of Probate. June 9, 1875