

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD LIKE A MAN.

If the stormy winds should rustle, While you tread the world's highway, Still against them bravely tattle, And in labor day by day; Falter not, no matter whether, There is sunshine, storm or calm, And in every kind of weather, Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you, And should act a traitor's part, Never let his treason grieve you, For along with lightning bolts, Fortune seldom follows fawning, Boldness is the better plan, Hoping for a better day, Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though o'er so rich and mellow, Fields not for the wretched slave, But the bold and noble fellow, He can shift and stand alone, Spurn the knave of every nation, Always do the best you can, And no matter what the fate, Hold your head up like a man.

BUILDING ON THE SAND. 'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed, For so the world hath done, Since miles grew, and roses bloomed, And morning dews were on the ground, Before a care, you young and fair, Be sure you pledge with truth; Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of your youth, For you give not heart for heart, As well as hand for hand, You'll find you've played the unwise part And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have, A goodly store of gold, And hold enough of shining stuff, For charity is cold, But place not all your hope and trust In what the deep world brings; We cannot live on yellow dross, And waste our time in vain, And he who piles up wealth alone, Will often have to stand Beside his coffin chest and own, 'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe the feelings of the soul, Fair words should bind the human mind, And love link man to man, But stop not at the gentle words; Let deeds with language dwell, The one who plants the seed of truth, Should scatter crumbs as well, The mercy that is warm and true, Must lead a helping hand, For those that seek to do, But "build upon the sand."

DAVID MOSS, ATTORNEY.

I had, after severe struggle with poverty, caught at the skirts of the legal profession. A sign with gilt letters, "David Moss, Attorney at Law," was tacked on my office door in Louisiana avenue. Within a few dusty books, an empty desk and a dilapidated arm chair proclaimed my legal status. I had waited patiently for criminals and perjured debtors to rush in and seek my advice, but they did not rush well, and hope deferred had nearly made my heart sick. On the morning of December 21, 1872, I sat disconsolately in my office, with my overcoat buttoned up to my chin, said coat answering in lieu of a fire, and took a prospective glance at the clock. It was five o'clock to five—that is, a five-cent nickel to a two-cent copper. The five cents would buy a glass of beer and the two cents a pretzel. I smiled at my anticipated happiness, and took an inventory of my wardrobe. Like their owner, my coat and pants had evidently seen better days; for, although rusty and thread-bare, they showed traces of their original color and texture. I commenced to ruminate on my condition and achieve plans for the future. All that could bring to aid were the words of Horace Greeley, "Go West," and "You are a liar." I knew I was a liar, technically speaking, because my sign proclaimed me to be an attorney and solicitor at law, and yet I had not a single case to plead before the bar, although I was nominally a member. To go west was to my fancy a literal of all my "splendid possibilities." I knew I possessed (what young man is there that does not think so?) a goodly store of brains, and that, if it could only find an outlet or an inlet. Just as I arrived at this point in my reflection, the door of my office swung softly on its hinges and a man closely muffled in winter apparel stood by my side. "Are you a lawyer?" he said, with a questioning glance of his eyes. "Yes," I replied, "that is my business." I returned, coolly, straightening myself to the full height of my five feet six. He smiled at my manner, slipped a five dollar bill in my hand, and said, blandly: "I have come for advice."

"This was asking to the point. I hurriedly, and without a moment's delay, was seated. He was a middle-aged man, tall and sinewy, with black hair sparsely mixed with gray. His dress and manner proclaimed him to be a man of wealth. I noticed as he slowly seated himself. "Suppose," said he, "you had an only daughter, and she was obstinately determined on marrying a man that you despised—a man whom you know to be a villain, but had no means of proving it?"

"Is your daughter of age?" I asked. "I did not say she was my daughter, young man; you jump at conclusions; no lawyer accepts anything without proof." I felt that I had suddenly changed places with him—that he was the attorney and I was the client; but taking no notice of his words, I repeated the question with a variation. "Is she of age?" "Yes," he replied, "she is of age, and is obstinate as a mule."

"Disinherit her," I suggested. "Oh," said he with a shrug of his shoulder, "I have tried everything. I have told her she should not have a penny of my money; I have kept her on bread and water; I hired good attorneys to fight her—in fact, I have left no stone unturned."

"There remain only two methods; incarcerate her in an insane asylum or put detectives on her track, and convict him of some ignominious act," I said. "Your last suggestion is the best. But even if I should convict him of murder she would imagine that it was a conspiracy on my part, and marry him at the gallows."

He remained in deep thought for several minutes, and then said: "Young man, I don't think your business is very lucrative. How would you like to change it for something more profitable?" Change or starvation was evidently a necessity for me, so of course I had no objections to offer. In fact, any escape from my present condition seemed like a God-send to me. I impatiently changed my mind, and agreed upon terms which seemed to me more than liberal, and together we concocted some plan to bring the young lady to submission. I had some compunction of conscience, for two against one, and that one of the weaker sex, seemed hardly fair, but the novelty of the romance, and the solid cash connected with it, reconciled me to the situation.

Just as the sun from the west was gilding the capitol dome with the last beams of departing day, the train from Baltimore came puffing in. It was Christmas eve, and the busy crowds were hurrying to their homes. A few days before, David Moss, attorney and solicitor, seditious and threadbare, had left Washington for Baltimore. This evening the train brought David Moss, elegantly attired, "gentleman."

It is astonishing how one's dress increases the respectability. No doubt the politeness thought of this when he said to his son, "Obey thy habit as thy purse can buy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."

What a change it has made in my feelings. A few days ago so despondent, now buoyed up by hope and my own success, I felt as happy as a king. My mirror had told me the same flattering tale which it tells many a belle. My ambrosial locks were curled in style, my blonde moustache was waxed to perfection, my blue eyes sparkled, and my many forms were immersed in an elegant cultivated and becoming tailor, for I was to enact the role of an invalid. A carriage was waiting. I was assisted into it by the obsequious footman, and sank languidly on the cushions. I was driven to an elegant mansion, met by my host, and almost carried to a luxurious chamber. I was too fatigued to go down stairs that evening, but the amount of supper which I had arrived to swallow, and wine it took to wash it down, would have astonished a restaurateur.

In the morning my head was so bad that I took my coffee in bed. At dinner time I managed, with some assistance, to get to the dining room, and for the first time met Kate Marston, the young lady whose dearest hopes I had come to overthrow. After the first glance I began to think that perhaps Mr. Marston had made a grave mistake in bringing me there. I never had an ideal. My busy life in college and my subsequent career had allowed no margin for dreams. But I am sure Kate Marston embodied all the elements which I would have composed my ideal if I had possessed one.

She was a small, perfect brunette, with glorious eyes, which might sparkle with love or rage, and her cheeks, rosy with life, white, shapely teeth, and, in fact, everything which is charming in woman. She treated me very kindly, very gently, because I, her father's friend, was an invalid. If I had been apparently strong and hearty, she would have suspected her father's mistake, and would have rebuked me. He had brought several eligible young men to his house, but Kate had sent them about their business in anything but a complimentary style. All the ladies who had been hired as companions she had won over to her cause. They all had seen her disobedience, and were discharged in disgrace. She had planned that while drawing on her sympathy and seeking kindly offices from her, I should watch over her, keep her as much as I could, and excite if possible, the jealousy of her lover, and tempt him to some desperate act.

It felt immediately that it would be a pleasant task, although had I been, as I appeared, a young man of landed estate, I would have entered into it with greater zeal. For a few days everything progressed smoothly. Kate was assiduous in her attentions to my comfort. I would lie on the sofa and she would read to me, and she would play the piano for me. She was really a good reader, and Tennyson or Byron from her lips was the sweetest music to me. When my head ached (and I often had severe spells with my head) how tenderly she bathed it with those deft fingers of hers. I would have been content to have lain in the sunshine of her presence forever, but observation showed me that there was a necessity for action. Sometimes Kate would shut herself up in her room for an hour or two. Meanwhile I, on whom time always hung heavily when she was absent, placed my chair by the window, to view passers-by. I would see a man passing in and out in front of the house. He was of medium size, light complexion, blue-gray eyes, long side-whiskers, a mixture between flaxen and brown; most people would have called him good looking, but a closer observer of characters would have noted the strangely shaded forehead and the gradual sinking of the features at the bridge of the nose. I was not long in finding out that this was Kate's lover, and I took delight in watching him. I caught him looking at me with a malignant scowl. With Kate's reappearance he always disappeared. I was certain that they were keeping up some correspondence, but I never saw him receive any letters. I now began to concoct plans to prevent that. I begged her, as a great favor, to help me in writing some letters which were a necessity for me to write, but which my weakness prevented my doing. I kept her for long hours writing letters about all sorts of things to imaginary people, which, of course, were never mailed. I have some of them yet carefully put away in my writing desk. Then we took long rides, and she, believing rare to be a stranger in the city, pointed out objects of interest, and answered the numerous questions which I chose to ask. I think at those times she must have thought me very stupid, and possessed of very little information, but she always answered me with the same unvarying kindness.

With all her firmness, and, as her father termed it, obstinacy, there was always in her that gentleness and sweetness which characterizes the true lady. Only slighted and scorned, she had bestowed her love on some worthy object—myself, for instance. Luckily I met one who knew me as David Moss, attorney and solicitor, but nearly always passed some where in our rides her lover, who her father had told me was called Walter Revaux.

At such times Kate would bow and smile, while he returned a haughty nod, which brought frightened, griefed looks into Kate's fair face. Then an insane desire would seize me to jump out of the carriage and give him the thrashing he deserved; but discretion being the better part of valor, I was obliged to restrain myself, and by playful banter endeavor to coax back Kate's smiles.

I had been at Marston's house nearly a month, and had been treated as an honored guest by both master and mistress. The change in my life seemed almost as wonderful as the miracle wrought by the gasolene lamp. A candle came slowly down stairs on this morning, a little earlier than usual, and entered the dining room. I had expected to find no one there, and was astonished to see Kate kneeling before her pet canary, weeping.

"Good-by, sweetheart, for so she heard the bird chirp once more, and I slipped out again, closing the door softly after me, determined to closely watch affairs. I came down late to breakfast, and found Kate and her father already seated. There were no traces of agitation about her. All that I could see was a sad and sweet and gentleness in her manner to her father. I complained of having passed a bad night, and of feeling badly. I kept my room most of the day, but within its precincts I raged furiously. To let her escape with that scoundrel it seemed to me would be to let the devil get the gasolene lamp. I was determined to prevent it even at the cost of my life.

The day wore away in slow, interminable length. I did not tell her father what I suspected, but prepared to keep my vigil alone. By ten o'clock the house was still and silent. I knew that Kate had gone to her room, for I had heard light steps on the stairs some time before. I lowered the gas, and stole to my door, and listened to listen every sound. The low clock struck eleven, twelve, and one before my patience was rewarded; then the creaking of the stairs drew my attention. Looking out, I saw in the dim light a dark-robed figure stealing down, then a clicking of the locks. In a moment I followed out through the gate, down to the end of the square, where a closely covered carriage was waiting. I stepped in, and in a moment I heard Walter Revaux's voice saying:—

"Kate, darling, I knew you would come," when I took her by the arm and said:—"Kate—Miss Marston, you should not do this mad thing. Return with me to your father's house."

Then Revaux's voice, in a passion, cried:—"How dare you interfere! I will teach you better manners!"

But he could avoid it he raised a pistol and fired. I felt a dull pain in my side; then came a blank. When I returned to consciousness, I heard voices faintly whispering:—"He cannot last much longer, poor fellow!" I had a dim idea that the room was full of people, but I recognized no one; then came another blank. I had been badly wounded in the side, almost fatally, but careful nursing and a good constitution triumphed. After returning to consciousness the second time, I mended rapidly. I think what helped me most was Kate's sweet and loving care over me. I convalesced rapidly, and Kate and I soon resumed our rides. One morning Mr. Marston summoned me into the library, and told me I must appear as a witness to go for fear it might complicate things, but Mr. Marston insisted, and the trial resulted in Mr. Revaux being sent to the Albany penitentiary for three years.

Kate manifested no feeling. Her love seemed to have yielded to the force of circumstances. With Mr. Revaux's sentence my work was done. I had gained the end for which I had labored. I told Mr. Marston this, and thanked him for his kindness. "Do you really wish to leave us, my boy?" "No," I replied, "but I have completed my mission, and now there is nothing left for me to do. In leaving you I leave everything, and go forth into the world more desolate than I came."

"But why not stay?" "I have property which needs care. I can find plenty for you to do."

"Can you not see that it is madness for me to stay? I have only relieved you of one trouble to drag you into another. I came heart-whole; I shall go away leaving my heart behind me. I would not have been presumptuous enough to have said that I should see the only one to have to do with you. You have only escaped one danger to encounter another."

What a kind, benignant expression came into the old gentleman's eyes as he replied:—"If Kate loves you, you can marry her. I only wish to see you in-law sterling worth, and I believe you possess that. I care not for money, landed estates, or whether blue blood or plebeian flows in your veins."

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Trust her! No angel from heaven would have seemed purer—and so I told her. Anybody looking into my honest face would know that she had not children that trust. My sign, "David Moss, attorney and solicitor at law," hangs out once more in view of the capitol. It is not now merely an empty sign, but a reality, and my practice is not only growing, but increasing. I have a special penchant for unfeigned attorneys, and do all that I can to throw practice in their way, that they may show of what stuff they are made.

Fertilizers. Millions have been thrown away in the purchase of commercial fertilizers. This useless waste of money is one great cause of the poverty of our people. But the practical question with our farmers should be, is it the use or abuse of commercial fertilizers, which should be considered, rather than the quality of the fertilizer. The fertilizers have not been entirely revolutionary in agriculture. There are vast beds of upland cotton, which once produced no cotton, where it is now raised most successfully by the use of fertilizers. The average yield of one bale to two acres. A bale to the acre was almost unheard of before the war. But we now frequently read of 2 bales to the acre. In tobacco culture, the improvement has been even more marked. Gilman's Tobacco Fertilizer has doubled the crops. The yield of grain, grasses and vegetables has been brought up from 50 to 100 per cent. The old yield. These are indisputable facts known to everybody. Another fact also will not be questioned, viz: That the most successful agriculturists have been the largest consumers of fertilizers. Mechi, of England, Dickson, of Georgia, and Peter Henderson, of New York, are familiar examples. It is nations deal largely in commercial fertilizers. She exports more phosphates from Charleston than does all the rest of Europe. The finest farmers in the world are to be found in the British Isles, and there agriculture is carried to the highest point of perfection. Those shrewd British farmers ought to know whether they are losers or otherwise by the use of fertilizers.

We infer then from what has been accomplished by commercial fertilizers, that the good farmer should be a leader in the use of fertilizer, and that the ignorant farmer should be a follower. Some specimens analyzed in our own State had, we recollect, 90 per cent. of worthless matter. This fraud can be corrected by stringent legislative enactments, or through the influence of the Grange. We are glad to hear that the members of the Grange are found inferior and adulterated in any degree, the fact should be reported to every other Grange. Fraudulent dealers would soon be driven out of the market in this way, and that source of waste stopped. Ignorance is another cause of failure to derive benefit from the use of fertilizers. Many know nothing of the constituents of the soil, which they have been cultivating all their lives. Probably, too, they do not know what kind of food is needed for the kind of plant, and they are trying to raise. Hence, they are working up the soil, but the fertilizer is being used in a careless and improper way, without previous preparation of the soil, and without regard to the proper quality and quantity to be used, let him not rail out against all fertilizers, but rather let him blame his own folly.—Southern Home.

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For those who, through their ignorance and prejudices, were excited to the point of committing this great outrage, one can feel nothing but pity and contempt; but the intelligent and the virtuous should not be so easily misled and carried out this plot against all that is decent and honest in the State, and which will ultimately receive condign punishment at the hands of an outraged people.

There was not an intelligent man voting for Moses, Whipper or Wiggins. There was not a perfectly well-to-do citizen who was not in the ranks of the party to which they are aspired. It is safe to assume that neither Senators Whittemore, Nash, Swails or any other intelligent member of either house, would trust Moses to act for them in any private business, and yet they do so liberally placed him in a position where he is to pass upon the rights and property of a whole community, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the knowledge of his admitted reputation is not confined to their breasts, but is in the possession of the whole community.

Take any possible view of the situation, and it must be conceded that the men who have committed this crime against the people can no longer be tolerated in public life. If they elected these men, as many of them say, to save the Republican party from the charge that they do not care for the rights of the people, they are to be buried out of the sight and hearing of men for their blind folly and stupidity. If, on the other hand, as I fully believe with reference to many of them, they did this thing under the cry of danger to the party, while their real designs were power and plunder, they still more richly deserve the fate certainly to be meted out to them.

Let the Republicans of the State who have the intelligence to see and the heart to feel the enormity of this crime committed by those who, under the guise of Republicanism, are simply organized public robbers, or the aiders and abettors of such, *repudiate the crime*, and let Governor Chamberlain, both as Governor and as the representative of the Republican party, have his part, and it is now the duty of those who elected him to office to come to his help against the men who are carrying both State and party to ruin. Of one thing we may be sure, if the Republicans of the State do not have the State, some traitors and scoundrels will have it, and they will have the State, and there is talk of returning the money contributed.

A writer in the Cleveland Sunday Voice has an article headed "How shall We Rise?" Did he ever try sitting down on a can of nitro-glycerine?—An old Grecian philosopher advises all men to be good many to form very low and disreputable acquaintances.—"Will this pipe smoke free?" asked a gentleman who was purchasing a pipe. "Of course it will, if you can get your tobacco for nothing," was the reply. It is stated that the Philadelphia confederator who advertised "Centennial Kisses" can't sell any. They are too old. The 16-16s are preferred by men of taste.

A woman is very much like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away pleasantly—then she stops, and when you least expect it, she boils over. The Louisville Ledger man, with singular research, has discovered that the same coloring matter which poisons striped stockings is used to color bad whiskeys. In both cases it goes to the legs, he says, and spoils the understanding. "Wall," remarked Mrs. Spilkins, the other evening, "throwing down the paper with a sigh, 'I don't think so very much of the President's message, Leander. He don't say a single word about Tweed's escape or the Beecher scandal.'"

The question whether a gentleman may kiss a lady at the depot is being vigorously debated in the principal cities of the country, and you think you can swing on to the rear platform and are going away to it, it looks tolerably safe to try it. A Brighton lady, riding on the cars the other day, was amused by the conversation of a little girl, who, being a conductor, was in the habit of kissing the mother's face and innocently asked:—"Say, mamma, do we get out at the next halter?"

A Danbury man, wishing to engage several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," replied the neighbor, "I don't know very much about him, but I should think he would make a tip top stranger."

If a man is found drunk in Vermont he is committed to jail and kept there until he reveals who supplied the liquor. Several are now lying in jail at Rutland because they refuse to tell. It is thought that they prefer to remain until after the cold snap.

A Strong and Earnest Protest.

CHARLESTON, S. C., December 20. To the Editor of the Union Herald: Sir—As a citizen and as a member of the Republican party, I wish to place myself on record as denouncing with my whole soul the outrage upon decency and civilization perpetrated by the Republican majority in the Legislature in the elections of Moses, Whipper and Wiggins as judges of the circuit court of this State. A majority of those who did this thing will not live to repent of it, even if not penitent already, but as politicians they must never be forgiven by the people.

A man who says that he votes for F. J. Moses, Jr., as judge because he is a Republican, or political bandit, and such, in the future, if not in the present, will be the verdict of the people with me, and Mr. Marston insisted, and the trial resulted in Mr. Revaux being sent to the Albany penitentiary for three years.

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A woman is very much like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away pleasantly—then she stops, and when you least expect it, she boils over. The Louisville Ledger man, with singular research, has discovered that the same coloring matter which poisons striped stockings is used to color bad whiskeys. In both cases it goes to the legs, he says, and spoils the understanding. "Wall," remarked Mrs. Spilkins, the other evening, "throwing down the paper with a sigh, 'I don't think so very much of the President's message, Leander. He don't say a single word about Tweed's escape or the Beecher scandal.'"

J. N. ROBSON, 68 EAST BAY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND DEALER IN FERTILIZERS.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 1, 1873. HAVING been engaged for twenty years in the Guano Trade with eminent success, I deemed it advisable to introduce Fertilizers under my own name and guarantee. I have made arrangements to have prepared a Guano under my inspection and control, called ROBSON'S COTTON AND CORN FERTILIZER. This Guano is of the highest quality, contains among other valuable ingredients, three per cent. of Ammonia, one and a half per cent. of Potash, and fourteen per cent. of Available Phosphate. I also have prepared for me a COMPOUND ACID PHOSPHATE of the highest standard. These Fertilizers are compounded of the purest materials, and are manipulated and tested under the supervision of Dr. St. J. Ravenel, of this city whose name gives a warrant for their high character and adaptation for our soil. I offer these Fertilizers to Planters on the following favorable terms:

Robson's Cotton and Corn Fertilizer, Cash \$44 per ton; on time, \$50. Robson's Compound Acid Phosphate, Cash, \$28 per ton; on time, \$33. Planters ordering immediately will be allowed the first of April to decide which they prefer, cash or time. An order for a car load of eight tons will be sent free of drayage; but for a less amount \$1 per ton will be charged. On orders for large lots from shippers or dealers, a liberal discount will be allowed.

I take this occasion to return my thanks to those who have so largely patronized the Fertilizers hitherto offered by me, and in soliciting their favorable attention to another, I pledge my best efforts to meet a continuance of confidence by keeping the highest standard of Fertilizers adapted to cotton and corn.

Nov 18, 1875 18 10

EVERY ARTICLE PERFECTLY PURE.

500 POUNDS BLUE STONE. Just Received and for sale low for cash. Also, a large lot of LAMPS, LANTERNS, AND LAMP FIXTURES, At the lowest figures. Call and see for yourselves. SIMPSON, HILL & CO. Sept 30, 1875

TO all who have occasion to use Liquors for medicinal or other purposes, we would heartily recommend that sold by T. J. LEAK, who has at all times a large and well-selected stock. Brandy, Wine, Gin, Rum, Whiskey, &c., Which he offers on such terms as will please all. His terms are easy and fair, and his Goods are warranted to give satisfaction. T. J. LEAK, No. 1, Brick Range.

J. S. ASHLEY.

Having anticipated a Heavy Trade in the CONFECTIONERY LINE, Has bought more than double his usual stock, and he will give his customers and the public generally the advantage of it in

LOW PRICES.

As he has not store-room enough for storing them away. Call and be convinced of this fact. SOMETHING NEW! FANCY CAKE TRIMMING, Just arrived. HE WILL KEEP DAILY FRESH OYSTERS During the season. J. S. ASHLEY, Oct 21, 1875

P. P. TOALE, MANUFACTURER OF DOORS, SASHES, Blinds, Flooring, &c.

DEALER IN BUILDERS' HARDWARE, Paints, Oils, &c. The National Mixed Paint Co. Great American Fire Extinguisher Co. Paper Machine Belting Co. Send for Prices. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE, Nos. 20 & 22 Hayne & 33 & 35 Fitzsimons St. FACTORY AND YARD, Ashley River, West End Broad Street, CHARLESTON, S. C. Sept 23, 1875 10 1y

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Greenview Street, Anderson, S. C. Mrs. J. V. MOORE, Miss S. Y. ROBINSON, Principals. FIRST SESSION commencing on 4th of January, 1876. TERMS—PER SESSION FIVE MONTHS. For all higher branches including French, Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Intermediate Classes. 12 00 Primary. 8 00 Drawing and Painting. 20 00 Boarding per month, exclusive of lights and washing. 12 50 Pupils boarding with the Principals will receive board and tuition on session. For further information, address Mrs. J. V. MOORE, Anderson, S. C. Nov 11, 1875 17 5c

Dr. W. G. BROWNE, DENTIST.

Anderson, S. C. A reliable TOOTH POWDER for sale at 25 cents a Box. OFFICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrators of Mrs. Elizabeth Geer, deceased, will apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County on the 11th of January next, for a final settlement and discharge from said Estate. E. T. COOLEY, S. A. DOWD, Dec 9, 1875 21 5c

ATTENTION FARMERS!

500 POUNDS BLUE STONE. Just Received and for sale low for cash. Also, a large lot of LAMPS, LANTERNS, AND LAMP FIXTURES, At the lowest figures. Call and see for yourselves. SIMPSON, HILL & CO. Sept 30, 1875

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ENGINES, PORTABLE AND STATIONARY. Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Boilers, Castings of Brass & Iron, Forgings, &c. ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORK, IN all its branches, done by experienced hands. We call special attention to our Improved Portable Engines for agricultural and other purposes. A number of special hand ENGINES and BOILERS of various patterns, in first-rate order, on hand. Repair work solicited and promptly done. WM. E. TANNER & CO. Aug 5, 1875 3 1y

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The standard remedy for SCROFULA And all diseases arising from IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Such as Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Ulcers or Sores, Abscesses, White Swellings, Ring-bald Disease, &c., and all affections of the Eyes, Ears, Throat, Lung, occurring in Scrofulous constitutions. For pamphlets, illustrating cases, send to SWAIM'S LABORATORY, 113 S. Seventh St., below Chestnut, Philadelphia Dec 30, 1875

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