VEGENTIE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System. ITS MEDICINAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent and Diaretic.

worts, Veneri's has never failed to effect a personnent cure.

For Finine in the Mack, Midney Completian, Broppy, Fernale Weakness, Leucere's an arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Bebility, Venerine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the service organs, allays inflammation, cures alceration and regulates the bowels.

For Cutarrh, Byspepain, Elabitand Continents, Blendactac, Files, Nervenness and dieneral President of the Repart, Blendactac, Files, Nervenness and dieneral President of the Nervens system, no medicine has given such perfect satisfaction as the Venerine. It purificates the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and postems as a controlling power over the nervous system.

own families.

In fact, VECETINE is the best remedy yet discovered for the above diseases, and is the only reliable EE 400 PUBLETEE yet placed before the public.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

What is Vegetine? It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It ig ives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panaces for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purilier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It has relieved and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases originating from impure blood. Try the VEGETINE. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it; it has cured me."

VEGETINE for the complaints for which it is recommended, is having a larger sale throughout the United States than any other one medicine. Why? Vegetime will Cure these Complaints.

Grablestown, Mass., March 19, 1869.
Mr. H. R. Stryuns: Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that, for Scrotla or Cankerous Humors, or Rheumatic Affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used; and I have used almost even thing. I can chearfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine. Yours respectfully,
MES. A. A. DINSMORE,
19 Russell Street

Gives Beatth, Strength and Appetite.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine. Her deciling health was a source of great anxiety to all of her friends. A few bettles of the Vegetine restored her health, strength an's appetite.

N. H. T'LDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
No. 49 Seers Building, Buston, Mass. easily into a smile. There was a pleas-Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. T. C. GOWER & CO.,

Greenville, S. C.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS. MANTELS and SHINGLES,

STAIR WORK, NEWELS, HAND-RAILS and

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES.

T. C. GOWER & CO.,

UP WITH

Zend lists for estimates.

BALUSTERS, LIME,

GLASS, in any quantity.

TEMPLE'S IMPROVED Sewer and Drain PIPING.

The most complete establishment in the up-country from which to procure

Thankful for past favors from the people of Anderson, we respectfully request a continuance of the same.

tces, and mounting guard, so to speak, over a mould of jellied cranberry. And what besides? A golden brown circlet, with edge of flaky white. Who can mistake a pumpkin pie? Oh, kind Mrs. Meredith! THE TIMES!

THE undersigned hereby notifies the citilas moved his BOOT and SHOE SHOP from
his old stand in the Benson House to new
quarters on Main Street, near the Market.
I am prepared to manufacture fine and substantial Boots and Shoes for ladies and gentlemen, at shortest notice, and guarantee the
prompt delivery of work at the time appointed. I will call at residences to get measures
for ladies' orders when desirable.

The friends of

Mr. R. F. McKINNEY
will find him at work in my shop, where he
will be glad to see them, and continue to do
their work.

I have on hand a lot of substantial Klp
Boots, of my own manufacture, suitable for
winter wear, which I will sell cheap for cash.
Give me a call, and examine my stock and
prices. scarcely heard the second knock which fell on the door-a low, timid one, as

HAVE just opened a NEW TOBACCO seemed half inclined to run away.

"Oh, please, Miss Forde," she falter ed, "would you lend mother a lump of coal? She's got one of her bad head-aches—and the fire's went out—and followed week, mon it's so cold-and Alice and me don't

not know these neighbors of hers, and, was not in Jenny's nature to do any Once begin, you never know when it thing by halves. By her aid Mrs. crossed her mind, Another

changed her determination.
"Yes," she said; "come in, and I'll lend you a bit. Have you brought something to carry it in?"
"Oh, please, I'll rake it in my hand."

Andersin

Jenny spoke there was no reply, and the figure on the bed looked so white over the land, and all went happily when you take her away?" and motionless that her heart gave a with the little hive of workers. loud thump of fear.

water from her own kettle, and hurrywater from her own kettle, and hurry-ing back, began to bathe the head of the sick woman. To her great relief, and broke her right arm. Luckily Mrs. Denis presently opened her eyes, she was near home, and was carried and feebly muttered, "Oh, that feels there at once. The accident was disgood."

"I'm glad it does. Here, I'll dip ner more tempting and savory. But the cloth in the hot water again for how about those who have no firesides you." "Is it you, Miss Forde? It's migh-

"Oh, it's nothing," in a business-like way. "Don't talk. Keep quite still, and your head 'll be better soon."

"It begins to be better already," whispered Mrs. Denis, after a few mingo off quick at the end. But you are standing all this while. Nanny, bring

a chair, Nanny."
"It don't hurt me a bit to stand," declared Jenny. "I'm used to it. Sometimes, when I'm cutting out work, I keep on my feet for half a day at a hair, straightened the room, and cheer

time, and never mind it."

"Ah, it must be good to have plenty
of work!" sighed Mrs. Denis. "I've seen the people going up stairs with their bundles, and I'd have envied you, perhaps, only it was something to be glad for that there was some one had all she could do, even if I hadn't."

the only one within her means, poor girl. There was no one to tempt to teen cents a pair; and what's that for a day's work? I'd take any thing, though, almost, that I could get, for I want it sore for the children's sake."

"Now you must not talk—you really mustn't," said Jenny, alarmed at the flush which had risen in the pale cheeks. "Do try and go to sleep. I'll look to the children's supper. Don't worry yourself about anything, and talk about work, and see what can be

All her warm little heart was alive

meditated, when, after making the children comfortable for the night, she went back to her own fire and work. no better than a Pharisee. You've chair on Thanksgiving-eve, idle now other side—looking out for the from necessity, not of chairs. 'I almost refused that poor baby the year. like; I say you're a pig." And her er of good tidings.
philanthrony broadening under this self-rebuke, a bright thought just then was anything like it! It's a turkey came to her.

It was like a fairy dream to the It was like a fairy dream to the Denis children when next day Jenny how very kind of you!" said Jenny, Denis children when next day Jenny came down stairs with her invitation. half crying.

And what a dinner it turned out to be! "Kind! Why, yourself did it, you know. It's you last year, and me this,"

us—the blessed boy that he is. It's his heart's blood he'd give me and the children if he could. And it's well off we'd be at this moment if it wasn't for that sorrow of a saving heart's his heart's blood he'd give me and the children if he could. And it's well off we'd be at this moment if it wasn't for that sorrow of a saving heart's his heart's blood he'd give me and the me, Aunt Jenny?"

"Now the wiss-bone i" cried little Alice. "Nanny pulled it last time, so it's my turn now. Will you wiss with me, Aunt Jenny?"

"Of course; and I shall wish just exactly what I did then" He doesn't suspect the straits we're in, Jim would. His ship is a China trader, Miss Forde. Second mate he sailed this time, and he's half promised the first mate's place if he goes again. His employers think the world of him. And why not? for there's no Crack! went

one like Jim." "How good turkey is I" said Nanny, who was drying the time-honored wish-bone before the fire. "It's quite done, Miss Forde, I think. May I wish it

I'll take the other. Now we must each joyful shriek. wish. I wish your Uncle Jim would "Jim!" "U come home quick, and safe and sound." "Why, that's my wish too!" scream-ed little Nanny, as the bone cracked

But neither wish was granted. Week followed week, month succeeded month, but no Uncle Jim appeared, neither know what to do." Another sob rounded the sentence like a period.

Hard-hearted as it sounds, Jenny's first i upulse was to refuse. She did her first i upulse was to refuse. She did Denis procured work enough to keep the wolf from the door, and innumerable were the kind offices which her helpfulness enabled her to do for the widow and her little ones. The children took her into their heart of hearts.
"Aunt Jenny" was their name for her,
"Implication of the children of the children took her into their heart of hearts.
"Aunt Jenny" was their name for her,
Jim," said his sister. "And I'm glad it is in her worm found as She's

on the bed under a huddled heap of clothes, and a still smaller child sitting, with tear-glazed cheeks, beside the almost extinguished fire. The room felt alarmingly chill, and when I so passed the winter, the spring; I belonged to them. Oh, you don't half know how good your sister is.

one afternoon in August a sad thing Hastily mending the fire, she ran happened. Jenny slipped on a bit of up stairs, filled a saucepan with hot banana skin—one of the many bits posed of in three lines in next day's paper, but not so easily by the party most concerned. A long illness was followed by a weary convalescence. Sewing was out of the question; Jenny's friendly patrons were out of town; there was no one to offer help; and what with weakness and discourage-ment, rent falling behind, and a doctor's bill looming portentously ahead, whispered Mrs. Denis, after a few min-utes' stillness. "My headaches always sink as never before in her life.

What could she have done without the Denises now? This was a question she asked herself a dozen times a day. Morning after morning Mrs. Denis brought her bright kind face to Jenny's bedside, made her tea, brushed her ed her with the hopeful words which mean so much to the desponding inva-lid. Hour after hour Nanny sat, pa-tient as an old woman, beside "Aunt Jenny," watching her eye, and ready to fly at a moment for whatever was needed. Even little Alice would The patient sweetness of this speech touched Jen: ". She could not speak quite steadily as she could not speak quite steadily as she asked, "Have you no work at all?"

"Next to none. I did a petticoat for Mrs. Mallory—that's in the basement, you know—and I tried some of those slop overalls from Riggs. But it's a hard man he is, and only four-

"Sure and it's a pleasure you would not deny me," Mrs. Denis would pro-test in answer to Jenny's tearful thanks. "It's always been you and you before, and I never thought I'd have the chance to so much as turn my hand over for you. It's clear pleasure, it is."
The "clear pleasure" lasted into Oc-

tober; then matters began to mond. Jenny could help herself a little at worry yourself about anything, and last. Her employers came back, and to-morrow, when you're better, we'll various little kindnesses followed their return. But the once nimble fingers were stiff and weak, and Thanksgiving found her still unable to sew for more than a few minutes at a time. Mrs. Meredith was in Europe; no one hap-pened to think of the little scamstress, and altogether things were in sorry contrast to the bright holiday of last

other side—looking out for number looked sad, but brightened when Mrs. one, and letting other people take care of themselves. You may call it minding your own business as loud as you burst in with the joyful face of a bear-

has come to me myself this time! "Why not?" she said. "Mrs. Mere- Mrs. Rend sent it, for the darling she dith's turkey is big enough, I'm sure.

It's a burning shame that I should have so much, and they nothing. I'll ask 'em all up to dinner, and give them one nice Thanksgiving, as sure as my name is Jenny Forde."

It was like for my room's but a cold one, and I daren't risk you to come down."

what a traditionally delicious turkey! know. It's you last year, and me this, what lovely cranberry! what a pie! Ah! no one can thoroughly enjoy such a meal, save those to whom dinners do not come every day. It is impossible.

During the long evening Jenny learned the history of her new friends.

Ly was the common steam of widow.

It was the common story of widow-hood and poverty, with one brighter feature—a sailor brother, who had been "so kind."

some red-cheeked applies to take the place of the missing pie; the room was warm and bright, the children alive with fun and frolic. Jenny, pale but cheerful, lay back in her chair, enjoy-"Poer Jim! if I only could know ing the jokes and contributing a soft where he is to-day!" sighed Mrs. Denis. "It's fifteen months since he sailed, was a pleasant scene. was a pleasant scene.
"Now the wiss-bone!" cried little

"Of course; and I shall wish just exactly what I did then," declared Jenny, holding her end of the bone for that sorrow of a savings-bank, Jenny, holding her end of the bone which went and broke with all in it. with the fingers of her left hand— "Uncle Jim, and may he get back safe and sound !"

"Uncle Jim," echoed Alice. A deep sigh followed. Jim's ship was overdue, and Mrs. Denis had fears in her mind which she did not like to

Crack! went the wish-bone, and, as though the sound were a signal, rap! rap! fell upon the door.
"Come in," cried the whole party,

startled, they hardly knew why.
"Is there— They told me below
Mrs. Denis was here—" began the new-"Yes. Take hold of one end, and comer, but his voice was drowned in a "Jim!" "Uncle Jim!" "Oh, Jim, here at last!" And Mrs. Denis and

the children flung themselves upon the "Avast there! I can't breathe for you all," cried he at last. "Whatever

will the lady think of such doings? I'd beg her pardon, only there's no speaking, you throttle me so." And shaking aside the children, Jim—a handsome, bronzed fellow, with merry blue every made a polite how to the blue eyes-made a polite bow to the

rocking-chair and its occupant.

"Lady!—why, that's Aunt Jenny,
explained little Alice. "It was she
fetched you back, Uncle Jim—she and me, with the wiss-bone, you know. She wissed, and I was just wissing myself,

"Oh, please, I'll take it in my hand."
Such a mite of 2 nand!

"That won't do at all," cried Jenny, "My coal is all fine; there are no large throw some on your fire. You're Mrs. Denis' girl, I think?"

"Yes'm."

"Aunt Jenny" was their name for her, and they loved her next to their mother. And I'm glad it is in her room you found us. She's been the comfort of life to us all this sober before he arrives.

"Aunt Jenny" was their name for her, and they loved her next to their mothers. A page of this flees the comfort of life to us all this sober before he arrives.

"Aunt Jenny" was their name for her, and they loved her next to their mothers. The ties is in her room you found us. She's been the comfort of life to us all this year back, Jim. I was clean heat with discouragement and trouble, when she than usual. "Everything turned out well" for her that year. Little bits of good fortune came her way, a new lightness of heart and satisfaction pessence. "Its that watereth shall be watered." Jenny did not know it, out you? "Protested Jeguy. "They vereally her and they loved her next to their mothers the is in her room you found us. She's been the comfort of life to us all this year back, Jim. I was clean heat with discouragement and trouble, when she davertised in our city papers. We shall never insult our manhood my well" for her that year. Little bits of good fortune came her way, a new lightness of heart and satisfaction pessent her. "Its that watereth shall be watered." Jenny did not know it, out you? "Protested Jeguy. "They vere the comfort of life to us all this year back, Jim. I was clean heat with discouragement and trouble, when she advertised in our city papers. We shall never insult our manhood my well" for her that year. Little bits of year back, Jim. I was clean heat with discouragement and trouble, when she advertised in our city papers. We when the comfort of life to us all this soler before he arrives.

"Yes 'm." The year little comfort of life to us all this soler throw of very same that the comfort of

months back, ever since I broke my arm, Ifr.—Jim; caring for me just as if I belonged to them. Oh, you don't

"We won't go away; we'll never thing leave you, Aunt Jenny, began Alice.
Jim had seated himself with a niece
on each knee, and his eyes full on
fell, Jenny, who was prettier and youngerlooking than ever since her illness. Sailors are proverbially inflammable. He stated afterward that that first ten minutes did his business; but all he said was, in a deep chest tone, "I hope I'll not do anything to displease you,

Why make my tale longer? Hap piness can be summed up in few words.
Jim went to sea again after a while,
but he staid long enough to win and
wed his wife. Jenny and Mrs. Denis, a little home together, and are entirely happy, except for a tendency to wake up and listen anxiously on windy nights. Jim, first mate now, on the high-road to be captain, is due at home about this time, and, if not before, will contain a second of the captain of will certainly appear on Thanksgiving-day, because, as little Alice says, "The wiss-bone will bring him. He came the minute it broke, you know, Aunt Jenuy-the very exact minute. We'll pull hard this time, and make it go crack! and then, just as it breaks in two, Uncle Jim will open the doorknow he will."

In these money-loving times the American nation is in danger of in-juring their race by over-working their wives. Let the farmers especially pause and consider whether they are not committing this sin. Many a good man has killed his wife in this way. He is so taken up with his own work on the farm, that he never thinks what his wife is doing, so his meals are ready and the household affairs are ready and the household analys run smoothly. When his day's work is done, he sleeps soundly and is rested for another, little dreaming that his faithful wife is laying awake because her back aches, and her limbs ache and jerk from the over-strain of the day's work; when morning comes, she has it all to do over again, whether rested or tired.

I have seen some families, and they were good people too, in which I have thought it would be a blessing if the husband could break his leg, and be obliged to sit still in the house, when he could count the five hundred and one times his wife walked from her kitchen to her dining-room, and then with pencil and paper, calculate the number of miles of walking he could save her by putting them closer to-gether. He might not be able to pick up the spring and put it at the kitchen door, but if he were studying the subject very hard, it would occur to him, that he, or one of his men, could bring her a few buckets of water before he started to his work, thereby saving her the walking and the hard strain of carrying water. (It would not take many weeks under this ar-rangement to make a well at the kitchen door appear a necessity; yet his the General poor wife has been carrying it for the pistol. Years, whether tired or not.) Nor do I believe that there are any of our farmers so stupid that they could not study out many ways to help their wives, with very little trouble to themselves and at small cost.

When the husband has done his part faithfully, and the work is made made easy enough not to weary his wife, she must have some recreation along with the work, to rest her mind.

As you, Mr. Editor, pleasantly remarked on this subject: "One who is occupied is never dreary, but that occupation, like a well-set table, must have variety. Beans eighteen times a week, and three times on Sunday, will, in time, induce us to wish that beans were somewhere else except in this world." So, the man who wishes his wife to be his counsellor and friend, as well as his cook, must see that she has time to rest her mind as well as her body, and indulge her taste for the beautiful, which is one of woman's instincts, and cannot be denied her

without dwarfing her capacities.

Let the wife remember, it is the good her work does, rather than the amount of it, that measures her use-fulness in this world. The woman who takes time to say a pleasant, en-couraging word to the little child she meets, and sends it on its way happy; who will listen to and sympathize with the sorrow that is weighing down her neighbor's heart, and by praying with her for help from God to enable her to bear her trials, sends her home to her husband and little ones with a happy heart, sirengthened and encour-aged to take up her daily ourdens, which before seemed too much for her; who is always happy and brid when her husband comes in and . _eisure to wait upon him when he meeds it or to sympathize with and support him if any trouble weighs him down. This woman is doing more good in the world than if all had all her house in perfect order, the last button sewed on, and plenty of clothes made ahead to last for years-I do not say she must not at all; but let these be laid aside whenever she can find an opportunity to do a good deed, which will be a blessing to her here, and a treasure in Heaven, where thieves do not break through norstes! .- A Lady who Loves a Country Life, in the Southern Plan-

A Louisians Granger is op-posed to railroads. He says when he goes to town they always bring him goes to town they always bring him can be perfect. A page of this field of vellum will ther contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as much—the whole 15,000 verses of the "Illiad."

GEN. FOREST'S PECULIARITIES.

SMEUMENCER.

Hent Points of his Character.

Forrest's funeral was an impressive one, and, at rigely enough, there was only one Confederate uniform in the procession, and that was worn by the ccupant of the hearse. "While," says a correspondent, "the

Memphis fairly worshipped him, he was unpopular with a large portion of the community, who feared and dis-liked him about evenly for his ferocity and rackless temper."

The correspondent adds that he came of a terrible family, his six brothers all being fighting men, and one of them, Bill, a desperado, the only man of whom the General ever was afraid. Forrest was one of the greatest slave dealers of the South, and it is said that he was kind to his negroes, that he never senarated memers of a family, and that he always told his slaves to go out in the city and choose their own masters. There is no instance of any slave taking advantage of the permission to run away. There were some planters in the vicinity of Memphis to whom he would not sell slaves at all, because they had the reputation of being cruel masters. As a soldier his arbitrary ways and impatience of control were always inriors. He ruled his men so that they feared him more than they did the enemy, and yet confided in him as though he were incapable of an error or a fault. The war ruined him, and he set to work rebuilding his fortunes. He bought an island plantation on the Mississippi, below Memphis, and con-tracted with the city for the labor of all her petty criminals at ten cents per day per prisoner. He put up buildings and made the island a reformatory, and managing the plantation with his demoniac energy, was on the way to make another fortune when the

struck him down. Age did not make his temper say milder than it had been, for the correspondent tells how he ordered a suit of clothes from a Memphis tailor, and after letting them lie in the shop till they were moth-eaten, cursed the tailor most vehemently for a swindler, and pulled out a pistol, roaring out his intention of shooting the dealer like a rat. But he did not shoot, and next day, in cooler mood, went round to the tailor and made him an apology so thorough and humble that it was al-

malaria of the island atmosphere

most painful to listen to. Forrest was in many desperate encounters, one of the most desperate being his fight with Gould, a lieutenant whom he had charged with cowardice. As the General was sitting unarmed and twirling a small pen-knife in his hand, Gould approached him with a lorded pistol in his pocket, and giving him the lie, pulled the trigger. The hammer caught in the lining of Gould's pocket, when For-rest graphed him with are head and lining of Gould's pocket, when For-rest grabbed him with one hand and, that marked him ever as one of the opening the knife with his teeth, lite-bravest men in his regiment. These rally disembowelled his autagonist ere words are written by one who rode by the General with another discharge of

Forsest never acknowledged himself to have been placed "in a bad fix," except once. General Chalmers and a merchant in Memphis, named J. C. Davis, had some small disagreement, which inspired Chalmers with a strong desire to "go and see him." On the way Calmers met Gen. Forrest and asked the General to go there along with him. Forrest went, ignorant of the real state of affairs. Scarcely had the two Generals arrived at the head of the stairs leading to Davis business office, when the door was suddenly flung open and Davis knocked Chalmers from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The next instant he presented a heavy revolver at Forrest's

head, explaining:
"And this is what I've got for youtwo Confederate Generals coming to whip one man!"

"Hold on! hold on, Mr. Davis!" cried Forrest, "there's some mistake here! I didn't know there was any trouble between you." He was glad to get away, and began

to inquire what sort of a man that J. C. Davis was. Folks told him Da-vis was one of the most quiet, peaceable men in town. "Well, he may be peaceable," re-turned Forrest, "but he put me in the

tightest place I was ever in in my

Yet he never showed any ill-will to Davis afterwards, evidently admiring his pluck.

lish walnut shell no larger than a hen's was seen by hundreds of thousands."
Huet proved that the "Iliad" in a A SOLDIER'S FATE.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

On last Sunday, says the Chronicle and Constitutionalist, a citizen of Augusta, a modest, unassuming character, but a brave man and a good mem-ber of the community, died in this city and was buried on the following day. We allude to Mr. Cicero Harris, at one time driver of one of the street cars, and at the time of his death in the employ of Mr. G. H. Kerraghan. We find the following in reference to him in the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Evening News, of October 1, 1877:

"Fifteen years ago, when the eyes of the young men of Kentucky were turned toward the South in its day of need, there left this county, in company with many others, two brothers who cast their lot with the South as members of the First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, under command of Colonel Ben Hardin Helm, who afterward died at Chickamauga leading the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, the grandest brigade that ever ght a battle. These brothers were model soldiers, brave almost to rash ness, and always at their posts. The younger had a hard fate. In 1863, when the army began its retreat through Tennessee, he was shot in the foot while the regiment was being charged by the enemy, but never murmured, fighting on, until, almost faint-ing from loss of blood, the comrade by is side first learned that he had been struck.

"After weary days of suffering he ecovered, rejoined his command, and, vhen Stoneman was making one of his raids, was again cruelly wounded, only to again recover and rejoin his regi-ment. Sherman swept down to the sea, the two brothers still fighting with their command all through that terrible and hopeless campaign. At last, in 1865, Bentonville, N. C., was reached, and here they fought their last fight side by side again. The elder brother had never been touched in battle. At the picket stand a few days after the battle, he drew his gun toward him by the toward him by the muzzle; it exploded, the ball entering the knee-cap, necessitating amputation. Delirious, in two days he died, and was laid to rest by his comrades. "Exactly one week afterward the

younger brother, dismounting from his horse, careleasly set down his gun; it exploded, and made a ghastly wound in the side and chest. Sherman was pressing forward, the Southern army was receding, and all that could be done was to leave the poor fellow to die as all were sure he must de room. die, as all were sure he must do very soon, in the hands of the enemy. That was in April, 1865. Two weeks ago the maimed and crippled hero of more than a hundred fights walked into the law office of an old comrade in this city. After having been reported to all his friends and relatives as among the dead, he had still curvived, and, though his body is marked all over with the terrible scars of battle, he is wound, and no member of Company B" of the First Kentucky Cavalry of the C. S. A. but will recognize in the dead brother rash, brave and impetuous John Harris; in the living one, the no less brave Cicero Harris. His life has been a modest one, but is filled with incidents more startling than are told in fiction. Every old comrade will hope that he may live long in the midst of the circle he has made happy by his return."

Human Nature Among Auts.

much the same causes as among men. It is a piece of territory that is coveted, and the stronger tribe goes out in force, vanquishes and ejects the weaker; or it is the possession of its flecks and herds, which one colony wishes to wrest from another; or in the slavemaking species, a colony requires a new relay of servants to relieve it of all care. In this case a number of Formica rufa or Formica sanguinea muster and advance against a nest of Formigra nigra, after a desperate bat-tle-for the red ants are very brave, and the black ones thrush cowardly are fighting for their oung—the ag-gressors, who are almost always victo-rious, bear off the eggs of the black ants to their own nests. When they hatch out into perfect insects the slaves take upon themselves the whole care of the colony; they tend the young, take charge of the nest, and even feed and carry about their lazy masters, who will often die of starvation rather than help themselves, even when food is close at hand. The slaves, however, REMARKABLE MINUTE WRITING. -Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Lite-ature," records the following, among They detain their masters when they rature," records the following, among other instances of wonderfully minute writing: Peter Bales, a celebrated caligraper in the reign of Elizabeth, exhibited the whole Bible in an Eng-nies shall have taken flight, so that the records about 100 per shall have taken flight, so that the records about 100 per shall have taken flight, so that the records about 100 per shall have taken flight, so that the egg. The frarician M.SS., 530, give the following account of it: "The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible." This "unreadable volume to work for their masters so long as species shall not be exterminated.

they can hold them in respect.
In these combats the ants often mannutshell, which Pliny states Cicero to ifest a singular resemblance to human have seen, was by no means an im- beings in the effect which battle pro possibility; in fact, he demonstrated duces in the case of raw recruits. An that it could be done. A piece of ant which at first somet fearful and vellum, about ten inches in length and hesitating, after a time becomes excited and shows a frenzy of courage, folded up and inclosed in the shell of recklessly throwing away its life with-a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line which can contain an ant which has reached this condibreadth one line which can contain thirty verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill, the writing crn be perfect. A page of this riece of vellum will ther contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as much—the whole 15,000 verses of the "Illiad." able to "listen to reason."-Serioner's Magazine.

A very plain girl has one con solation—though not a very pretty young lady, she will, if she lives long enough, be a pretty old our.

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Balcwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left his house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spet an Ill wind lifted Jake's hat from his head, and mali-

ciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediate ly set about recording the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought with him for the purpose of capturing the cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by coing into the well binnels. time by going into the well himself.
To accomplish this he made fast one
end of the rope to a stump hard by,
and was quickly on his way down to a

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a slort distance The devil himself, or some other

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's head to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse and unbuckled the bell-strap, approaching with slow, measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang that old blind horse!" said

"Dang that eld blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a comin' this way, sure! and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball."
But the continued approach of the

"ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that "Ball" wouldn't whon,-Besides, Jake was at the bottom rest-ing, before trying to "shin" it up the

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa!

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dist into it. "Ch, Lord !" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom.
"I'm gene now—whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now. Oh, Lord, have merey upon me."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoe who raises "garden sass and sich."
Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Schneider has a friend in the con Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his

story in 1:15 own language:
"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters vot yos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself cutside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a lid-d'e abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls Wars among the and have very off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' of dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty goot bite out of dot, und vas chewing goot bite out of dot, and was chewing it oup pooty quick, ven—by chiminy!

I dort I had a peese ov red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree hapers of needles; und I velt so pad, already, dot mine eyes was vool of tears, und I mate ver an "olt oken bucket" vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und aak me vet mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vaui-

veel so pad, und if any of mine varui-ly vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot van pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust been biting; unt, mine cracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas red nemers dot he van dot dose vas red peppers dot he vas raising vor bepper sauce. You pet my life I was mat. I radder you give me feefly tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermarte. a."

NELLIE'S IDEA OF PRAYER.-Little Nellie, who was only four yearsold, no sooner saw work laid aside, than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lan and went on husily thinking of her duties and cares.

For awhile Nellie amused very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but pres-ently she began talking to herself in

When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, sugels, while I hear a little Her mother asked her what that

noise was:

"A little girl's voice. Then the armouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment," "till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wender if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wenderful it is that God always hears their prayers? He hears the softest prayer of the little child kneeling by the bedside. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's "noise."

Ladies would make good milread conductors, as they know how to manage trains well,

STORE in the East End of Masonie Building, Where I offer to the public all grades of Chewing and Smoking Te-baceo, at prices to suit the times. Experience teaches that a regular tobacco house is the place to get the best Tobacco at the lowest price. Thankful to the public for past favors, I solicit their trade in the future. Give me a call before buying.

TOBACCO STORE.

R. Y. H. NANCE.

T. J. LEAK, Agent. WILHITE & WILLIAMS. Anderson, S. C. BUISTS' NEW CROP TURNIP SEED,

MASONS' FRUIT JARS,

CHEMICALS, &c. PAINTS, OHS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS PERFUMERY. LAMPS, WINDOW GLASS, And DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

Cheap for Cash. July 19, /877 1 Flour. Flour. WADE HAMPTON, and other celebra-

Tale of Two Thanksgivings.

It was Thanksgiving eve. The dusk was falling fast, and something else beside the dusk, namely a fine cold steet, which coated the side-walks with a slippery crust, and smote the face of each wayfarer with little stinging slaps, as who should say, "Take these, with Winter's compliments; he is just behind, and sends his card on thus by

Thanksgiving-eves not infrequently are of this uncomfortable pattern. It may be nature's happy de-vice for enhancing by contrast the cheer and comfort of the season, making the fireside seem brighter, the dinor dinners?

Jeany Fords belonged only in part o this destitute class. She had a fireside, so far as a stove with an open grate about eight inches across deserves to rank under that cozy name. "The Blue-bell of Scotland," the stove call-ed itself. "Adopted into use an ong our best Fifth Avenue families," its advertisement stated, "and deservedly a favorite in the very highest circles." Jenny was proud of her stove. She was quite sure that no one not an expert would suspect its useful qualities, or detect the handy little oven hidden away behind among the ornamental twirls and scrolls, or the place for potatoes and pudding dishes beneath the iron cage on top. To-night she had popped on an extra lump of coal in honor of the season, and the little room fairly glowed. fairly glowed with warmth and that redolence of scorched blacking which is the property of little stoves all the world over. The shade was pulled down over the window, the lamp set unlit upon the table, and Jenny, in her Connecticut rocking-chair, was seated for the unwonted luxury of an idle half hour. Later she must sew. This lazy interval was her holiday treat,

the extravagance of a Thanksgiving feast or to share it, and to spend time and money in feasting herself alone was an idea which would never have entered into her frugal and modest Yet it was not an unhappy face which the fire glow caressed as the big rocker swung to and fro, each move-ment marked by a soft thud, thud, on the uncarpeted floor. Jenny's characteristic was a round softness of form and feature, which would make her look girlish to the end of her life. Her shrewd blue eyes beamed with a kindly-gleam; her mouth, though its orers showed care-worn lines, trembled

ant attraction in the plump little fig-ure, always so trimly clad and neat, in the childish fingers, with their deep needle pricks. Every body felt it, from babies who cried to come to her, to the ladies who supplied her with ewing. Jeany was a favorite, and this evening nay, this hour was to bring proof of the fact. For, as she sat, there came a knock at the door-a loud, important knock-

and a tall form entered, impressive in capes and buttons, whom Jenny rezed as the resplendent coachman of Mrs. Meredith, a gentle little wid-ow, and one of her best patrons. "Person here named Forde-Miss

Forde?" inquired the dazzling vision. "Yes; that is me," said Jenny.
"Then here's for you. Compliments of Mrs. Meredith, and she hopes you'll have a pleasant Thanksgiving."
"Oh, thank you, Sir; and please thank Mrs. Meredith."
With a well have the content of the conten

With a nod he of the capes and buttons departed, leaving Jenny face to face with a big basket which be had set upon her table. From under its cover an unmistakable drumstick pro-

"I do wonder if it can be a turkey," thought Jenny, as she lifted the cover. Sure enough it was a turkey, pillowed on celery stalks and sweet pota-

The room seemed to have suddenly grown brighter and warmer, as Jenny, after putting away these treasures, returned to her chair and the fire. How pleasant it is to be remembered! What a happy little woman-yes, for all that had come and gone-what a happy little woman she was! So deep were her pleasant thoughts that she

from the hand of a child.

"Come in," she said, dreamily. The
door opened a little way, a cold wind
swept in from the staircase, but no one

"Well, why don't you come in?" she called out. No one answering, she jumped up and went to the door A little thinly dressed girl stood in the hall. She was strangling a sob in her apron, and at the sight of Jenny

look at the sweet wan face of the child-

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1878.