"SEMINOLE SAM."

An Incident of the Snake River Mines.

BY WYOMING KIT.

"Won't ye come in an' see Sam stranger?"

This question was addressed to me, as I slowly strolled through the Snake River Mining camp, in Wyoming Territory, one beautiful Sabbath evening in May last. The speaker stood in the door of a rough log cabin near the bank of the stream. He was one of those rough, "uncut diamonds," which can ever be found in mining camps, whose every expression denoted a soul teeming with genuine Western hospitality, and love for his fellow man. Dressed in buckskin from head to foot, he presented a truly picturesque appearance, smacking strongly of the romantic.

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"Why Seminole Sam—him as air curled up in bed in yar, a buckin' agin death, with all the keerds a runnin' agin him strong, too."

I had rode into the camp but an hour before, and had learned nothing of the man referred to. In answer to a question regarding him the man said:

"Sam cum over yar from the Seminole range about a year ago, an' squatted down in this yar house. He's a gambler, pard, but he does his work in a honest, Christian like manner, an' ye h'ar me a singin' a level an squar' song when I tell ye that a whiter man never showed up in the diggins! Sam never took advantage o' a greeny, or slung a crooked keerd in his life, an' a galoot never yit went broke on his game a squealin' "foul;" but the poor old boy's a settin' in a hard game now, stranger, an' if I war agoin' ter try an' call the turn, I'd say that Sam'll get worsted an' pass in his checks afore midnight.

"Has he been ill long!" I asked, feeling a strange interest in the man.

"No, pard; 'tain't any nat'ral allin." Ye see Sam sat down in a game with a poker sharp from over on the railroad, a few days ago, an' during the play a little misunderstandin' ariz atween 'em about three aces thet hed mysterious evacuated from the pack an' which Sam diskivered a locatin' 'emselves in the stranger's sleeve. Durin' the argyment Sam got an ugly dig from a knife that war engineered by the stranger, an' now he's stretched out in yar bevin' a cussed hard time, an' its 'bout all the boy can do to corral breath enough for actoual use. We've bin advisin' him to do a little chinnin' with a gospel sharp, so's ter fix matters up so that when he passes in his checks the Boss up above 'll allow him all fur them thet the natur' o' the game 'll allow. One of the boys has gone out now to rustle up a preacher, an'—thar' he comes now, pard; he's go in."

The minister was a venerable looking man with a kind, sincere face which was now overcast with an expression of genuine sympathy. As he entered the cabin we followed, and never shall I forget the scene within. Stretched upon a rough pallet lay a man of powerful frame, upon whom death had placed its seal the partially glazed eyes and ghastly, pale face betokening the near approach of the grim monster. Grouped about the bed, with heads bowed in reverential awe, stood a score of persons, representing every phase of life in a frontier sentiment, from the blue-shirted miner to the flashily dressed gambler. The look of pain and sympathy upon each face expressed in language plainer than words how great a favorite Sam was with all. The minister approached the bed and with feverent words of sympathy took the dying man by the hand. Sam looked into his face with an inquiring look for a moment, and then said:

"I hope you won't put it up as cheeky, parson, fur me a puttin' you to this trouble, but deth has grip on me that I can't shake loose, an' the boys thought mebbe I'd better send fur ye to kinder put in a word fur me above, seein' as how I ain't acquainted up-thar, an' dont feel like intrudin' by chippin' inter a strange game. I'll play ye honest talk now, parson, an' own up thet it's a layout I kinder never could see anything in tharfore I never cottoned to it; an' I feel thet if I'd set in the game now I'd lose my grip right on the fust deal, an' go clear through without winnin' a bet. If I'd a learned the religious game when I fust struck out on my own hook, I might stan' some chance now of quittin' purty near even; but wouldn't it look kinder cheeky an' unperfessional to throw off on a game fur years, an' then call for a stock of checks an' try ter get inter it when I hev nothin' to show up in the play?"

The minister had been for years an humble laborer in this rough portion of the Lord's vineyard, and was thoroughly familiar with all the slang terms so universally in vouge in the mountains. In kind, pleasant voice he replied:

"No, Sam, I am sure it would not.—This blessed book which I hold in my hand teaches us that truly repentant sinners can be saved even at the eleventh hour. The dying thief upon the cross found peace with God while the icy hand of death was fastened upon him. "He that believeth *shall* be saved."

"That's consolin', parson, an' I believe yer givin' me the square tip, an' readin' the heavenly law correct. I never thought I'd be barred entirely outen the game, but felt kinder sneakin' about losin' everything on other rackets, an' then beggin' fur a stake to set in this game. Parson, won't yer stan' in an' address a little string o' pious talk up thar, an' explain matters the best ye kin? Jist tell the Almighty that I'm a total stranger to Him, an' don't feel a bit level a axin' fur a favor at this stage o' the purceedin's. You've stood in with Him fur years, parson, an' mebbe now if ye'd jist say to Him that ye'd take it as a personal favor, He mout have matters fixed up so's I'd stand a little show when I slip my grip an' cut loose from the world. I don't believe He'd give ye the shake, parson, arter you've bin a cappin fur His game so long, do you?"

"The Lord is ever ready and willing to hear and answer prayer, Sam, but before He gives His blessings, He says we must ask for them, and must ask in faith, believing that He hears us and will answer us. My dear friend you must pray yourself. Can you not ask Him to administer to your spiritual wants, and open His arms to receive your soul when it is loosened from its casket? 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find,'"

A painful silence pervaded the room for a few moments, as Sam lay in deep reflection. It was evident that the words of the minister had taken root in his heart, for a bright tear—probably the first since his childhood—glistened upon his check. Another and another followed in quick succession, and soon subdued sobs could be heard bursting from the bosoms of those who stood around the bed. The silence was broken by "Shorty" Lewis, a faro dealer, who said, in a voice choked with emotion:

"Sam, old pardner, I b'lieve the parson's a keepin' these cases c'rect, an' a givin' you a show fur every turn o' the cards; you'd better play 'em jist as he calls 'em, an' I'll put up big wealth on it thet ye'll come out o' the racket with a hefty winnin'. Jist to an' crack ahead with yer chinnin' to the Almighty, an ye'll find it's no trick at all to call the turn on the last case."

The tears continued to flow from the dying gambler's eyes, and the convulsive heaving of his breast gave evidence of the terrible commotion within. Then his emotion subsided, and he closed his eyes and lay as if in a peaceful slumber. The minister's lips moved in silent prayer, and even one or two of the assembly, who had not for years given divine matters even a passing thought, essayed to offer up a petition in behalf of the sufferer. After a few moments bad thus passed Sam opened his eyes and said in a voice of almost heavenly calmness.

"Boys, a lovely pictur' has just bin a passin' before me. I could see away back to when I war a little kid, a-toddlin' around the house at hum, with that blessed old mother, who has bin an angel fur many years. I could remember how she used ter git me down on my knees beside her, an' then she'd say over sich sweet little prayers an' coax me to say 'em arter her. Then she'd kiss me an' tuck me up sung in bed, an' when she thought I was asleep I could hear her a cryin' an' prayin' in whispers, axin' God to keep track o' me, an' give me a lift an' help me up agin if I ever stumbled an' fell. When Sunday come she'd wash me up, an' dress me, oh, so nice, an' take me to Sunday school, allers keepin' me in the class she teached herself, an' somehow it seemed to me that every word she spoke was aimed right at me. And then the pictur' moved on, an' seed myself as a good chunk of a boy, up to all the pranks an' devilments that kids hung on to in them days. I got to be a tuff 'un, but I never done any real wicked rackets, an' I've allers thought that my good old mother's prayers stood atween me an' wrong. Then I could see myself as a young man, a gradually driftin' outen the path o' right, an' forgitten' w'at I knowed about piety. Then I tuk my fust drink an' begin to slide right down hill with the devil an' all his imps on earth a-nudgin' me on. But, boys, that old angel mother never shook me, nor never let up on her prayers. Oh, God? I kin see it as if it war only yisterday, the fust time I cum hum drunk. She pushed me down in a chair, an' clasped me in her arms as if she was afeared she war goin' ter lose me from her forever. An' then she coaxed an' pleaded with me, the tears jist floodin' down her old cheeks, an her darlin' voice a tremblin' so's I knowded her heart was jist a breakin' every minute. An' then she 'gin ter pray for me so earnest thet it sobered me up in a minute. I promised her to throw off on whisky, an' I kep' the promise fur a long time, but I broke my guard agin, and Satan got his work in once more. Then I fell in with gamblers an' sports, run away from home an' landed in this great West. I heard from hum now an' then, till one day I got a letter with block edges all around it, an' when I opened it I found thet mother war dead, an' that her last words war a prayer fur her lost Sam. I tell ye, boys, it broke me all up, but instead o' gettin' better I went down lower'n ever, an' have stuck to it to this day. Oh, mother! mother! if yer listenin' now, ax God to save yer boy!"

Sobs burst forth from the occupants of the room. These men were rough and hardened, but away down in the depths of their hearts a little spring of feeling had lain hidden for years, until now it had been opened and bubbled up with tender rippling—opened by one magic word mother. The minister offered up an earnest petition to the Father in pleading tones which would accept of no refusal. Strangely blended with his words of prayer came petitions from the rough men around him, reeking with slang, but clothed in heartfelt earnestness and sincerity. Sam lay apparently calm until the petition ceased, and then a smile spread like a ray of light over his wan features. Outstretching his arms toward Heaven, he murmured, "I see her—I see her. Oh, peace, joy! Mother, I'm coming; I'm coming!" And with that smile of happiness still illuminating his face, he fell back upon his pillow dead.

I visited Snake River but a few weeks ago, and in the outskirts of the settlement came upon a grave marked by a beautiful marble slab. Upon it was engraved:

"SEMINOLE SAM.

Who shook the wicked earth,
And landed right in his old mothers arm's in Heaven."

The marble engraver in Denver had strictly followed his written copy.

All Sorts of Paragraphs

— A gun has no feet yet it can hick.

— Strong cheese is rank, but hatred is rancor.

— Buffalo mulattos are called Buff fellows.

— A Nightmare is the only animal that has a dreamy eye.

— A bride may not like fish, but she will not go back on her-ring.

— They say it is only the female bee that stings. Oh, pin! thy name is woman.

— Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, died at Bergen, Norway, on the 17th of August.

— A rocking chair is just as necessary to a woman's comfort as a mantlepiece or window still is to a man's.

— Bishop Elder of Cincinnati has declared that no banged or frizzed hair will be allowed among the women of his congregation.

— The three Bible types of character—Noah, Daniel and Job,—the learner, the worker and the sufferer;—submission, duty, patience.

— Teacher (to a stupid but fat boy)—"You are better fed than taught, or else I'm mistaken." Stupid boy—"Yes I be, 'cause I feeds myself, and you teach me."

— A young lady who didn't admire the custom in vogue among her sisters of writing a letter, and the crosswriting it to illegibility, said she would prefer her epistles "without an overskirt."

— Soap bubbles are raiy things, but they soon burst. Just so it is with men puffed up with vanity. They make a show for a season—sail on the current but soon burst, and nothing is left of them.

— Hon. James O. Seddon, one of the most prominent men of the South, died at his residence in Goochland County, Va., last week. He was Secretary of War under the Confederate States Government.

— A mother who had guided and moulded the lives of a family of children so that they come to an honest, virtuous Christian manhood and womanhood, has done a work that any woman may be proud of.

— A Missouri girl dressed up as a boy and went out as a farm hand, and they never found her out until she carelessly let them see that she could thread a needle without pricking every finger and swearing like a deputy sheriff.

— "Man," says Victor Hugo "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds: "We can't guess her, but will never give her up—no, never!"

— Mrs. Stevens was found in a field dead near her house in Horry County on last Friday. A woman had been living with her, but had been absent from the house for a week, and on her return found the lady dead in the field. It may have been a murder, but no light has yet been thrown on the mysterious matter.

— A Yankee who had never paid more than a shilling to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket seller charged him three shillings for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back he quietly remarked. "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

— A young man from Texas married a girl in North Carolina, and then proposed to leave her while he worked his way back to his Texas home, in the hope of there earning money enough to send for her. She said, however, that she would rather accompany him afoot. They therefore made the journey of 1,600 miles as tramps; but their good appearance gained for them considerable help along the way, and for the last fifty miles they rode triumphantly in a carriage, provided by an enthusiastic admirer of their pluck.

A Lawyer's Strange Dream.

On the night of the 2d of February, 1864, I was in a state of nervous excitement, called by physicians "watching," and in a half dream and half sensible state, when I had a kind of *vision*, in which I seemed to have an interview with the blessed Saviour, though it was all evidently the work of my own imagination. I expressed the deep anxiety I felt on account of the deficiency of may faith in the Holy Scriptures in general, but especially in certain much contested points on the subject of Miracles and of the Trinity. As it seemed to be lamenting my situation the blessed figure appeared to be attentive, and when I said that I was disheartened and nearly in despair, after *so long and anxious consideration and examination* of these subjects, without having arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. With a smile of inexpressible benignity and commiseration, He asked me how old I was. I answered 64.—"That is," said He, "768 months, or 3,072 weeks, or 18,432* days. To test how deep your anxiety may have been, and how intense your labors, I will ask how many of those 768 months you have employed in *carefully examining* the evidence of the truth of Revelation?" I could not state positively that I had employed one whole month in the examination. He then asked how many of the 3,062 weeks I had been so engaged? Again, I could not say that I had devoted one entire week to this object exclusely. Again, he asked how many of the 18,432 days of my life had been earnestly and exclusively dedicated to this all important subject? Here I felt my cheeks burning with shame, when I found myself compelled to answer that I had frequeutly read, examined and thought upon this subject parts of many days and nights, but dared not say I could remember any particular day when I had set myself down to the labor of scrutinizing the evidence as a matter of study and continue it without interruption one whole day. His next question was, "What is your occupation?" I answered that of Counsellor and Advocate in the Courts of Law." "There," said He, "you must have been very much engaged in examining *critically* the subject of evidence?" I admitted that I had been. "Were you required to undergo labor and severe training in the preparation for practicing your profession?" I answered in the affirmative. "How many years are you required to labor thus? and are you examined from time to time to test the progress made?" I answered, "three or four years, at least, and examinations are frequent and thorough to test the progress made." "How is it finally ascertained that one in your profession has made sufficient progress to qualify him for practicing the law of our country?" I answered, "after years of study, the applicant for license to practice is required to undergo a searching examination by the Judge of the highest Court, in solemn form, and if he exhibits sufficient knowledge he is admitted to practice in the Courts." "When cases involving life or property to large amounts are brought before your Courts, do such cases require severe mental labor? and is there much time devoted to preparation for trial?" I answered, "There is required much labor and time in such preparation." He then asked, "In cases involving *life*, what kind and quantum of proof are deemed necessary to establish the guilt or innocence of the party charged?" I replied, "That, by our law, the higher the crime charged, the more clear and conclusive the proof must be to convict the person charged." He followed up the last question with this: "Even where life itself is at stake, is the proof required to be conclusive as to exclude all hypothesis of possible innocence?" It was answered, "By no means; legal certainty, though held necessarily superior to moral certainty, is, nevertheless, but the preponderance of probabilities." He then spoke as follows: "It seems, then, that, although great care is taken in qualifying one of your profession to judge correctly the *weight of evidence;* and that in a trial where death is the penalty, very great labor and deep interest are bestowed in the examination of the evidence; and, indeed, that men of character do not think they have done their whole duty as counsel, unless they have thus anxiously labored to save life, yet you confess that you have not, as you first stated, 'considered and examined so anxiously and laboriously' the proofs relating to that life which, unlike the transitory state called life in this world, is eternal and unchangeable. So that, by your own confession, it appears you have spent years in preparing yourself, by study the most laborious, and anxiety the most intense, to defend from death the lives of your fellowmen, but have not spent one year out of 64, one month out of 768, one week out 3,072, nay, not even one day out of 18,432, to save yourself, not from temporal death, but from death enternal." Overwhelmed with the shame of such an exposure of myself, which was felt the more keenly from the fact there was not the least *severity* in the look or language of the speaker, my agitation was insupportable and I awoke. The next morning I wrote down this singular dream. H. W.

*I. e. week days—working days.

— English babies wear the most old-fashioned garments imaginable, and English girls look as much like babies as possible.

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— The young men cannot tell which costs the most this Summer, picnics, harbor excursions or ice-creams. The girls want all three.

— The quantity of floral decorations at Summer balls is very great. Every place in which a wreath or a bouquet can be placed is utilized.

— Lace curtains last twice as long and look much prettier when lined with bright color. A finely plaited frill of the lining makes a good trimming.

— Persons who are troubled with ants in their houses may get rid of them by rubbing the shelves with gum-camphor. Two applications will be sufficient, with a week intervening.

— It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying with much pleasantry, "Go your way, poor children, I have done you mischief enough already without taking your money."

— If the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* is to be believed, General Toombs has written ten to a friend in Washington as follows: "I am as positive that Hancock will be elected as I am that there is a God in the Heavens. You say he is a Yankee; well, I know that, and I know, too, that his sword has pierced the breast of many a gallant man in gray. But what are we to do? We cannot put in one of our own men this time, and have to take a 'Yank.' That being the case, let us take one who is less 'blue-bellied' than the most of them. You may depend upon it, sir, that 'Yank' or no 'Yank,' if elected, the old boys of the South will see that Hancock does the fair thing by them. In other words, he will run the machine to suit them or they will run the thing themselves. They are not going to be played with any longer. If you hear any man say that Hancock cannot carry all of the South you may put him down as a d—— fool."

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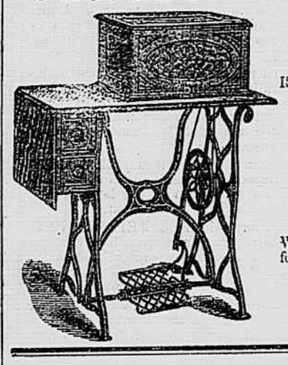

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A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure for the deplorable diseases resulting from intellectual practices or excesses in youth or at any time of life, by the only true way, viz: Direct Application acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Vesicles, Ducts, and Gland, that are unable to perform their natural functions while this disease pervades the human organism. The use of the Pastille is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life: it is quickly dissolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the nervous organizations wrecked from vicious habits or excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc., etc., and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring the vital forces, where they have been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in this trouble, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, of three sizes. No. 1, (enough to last a month,) $3; No. 2, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases,) $5; No. 3, (lasting over three months, will restore those in the worst condition,) $7. Sent by mail, in plain wrappers. Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.

Send for Sealed Descriptive Pamphlets giving Anatomical Illustrations and Testimony, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect health, and the vital forces thoroughly re-established same as if never affected. Sold ONLY by

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MF'G. CHEMISTS.
Market and 8th Sts. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Book of Life — Book of Marriage — The Book of Million

A new and complete GUIDE TO WEDLOCK, containing Chapters on A Competent Womanhood, Selection of wife, Evidences of Virginity, Temperaments, Sterility, Advice to Bridegrooms, Husband & Wife, Transitions, Jealousy, Coitus & Maternity compared, Impotent Diseases, Impediments, Confinements, Love and Constitution, Impediments to Marriage, Science of Reproduction, Single Life considered, Law of Marriage and Divorce, Legal Rights of Married Women, Diseases of Women, their causes and cure, etc. It is also a "Private Medical Adviser" on diseases resulting from impure sexual associations, and on self-abuse—the great bane of youth—and on after-life, causing Nightly Emissions, loss of Vigor, etc., and making marriage improper or unhappy, giving treatment and many valuable receipts. A book for private and considerate reading that all should be without, as ignorance on these subjects causes a great deal of misery. It contains 400 pages, is not in paper but neat cloth binding, and has 300 pages, with over 100 Plate Engravings on Wonderful, Great medical Work!

☞ Sent free to all persons suffering from SCROFULA to send him their names and address, and answer them that they will learn something to their advantage. It is not a Trade Affair. Address,

DR. CUTTS' DISPENSARY, No. 12 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAMSTON FEMALE COLLEGE, Williamston, South Carolina.
Rev. Samuel Lander, A.M., D.D., President.

Sessions open the First Monday in February and August. Each Session of 20 weeks is divided into four 5-wk. Sections; and followed by a 6-wk. vacation. Each section is devoted by each pupil to one special study, in which she recites 3 times a day. *This saves her from the Evil of Multiplicity of disjointed thought.*

☞ Every one whose STANDING AVERAGE is 65 or more has a Discount of 10 to 30 per cent. on next Session's Tuition!!

☞ GRADUATIONS PRIVATE, and may occur at the end of any "Section." This prevents mortifying failures, and money lost by delayed studies.

☞ The above, with several other VALUABLE PECULIAR FEATURES, are fully explained in our new Catalogue. Send for one, and examine it.

In answering this advertisement, please state in what paper you see it. More next week.

NEW SHOE SHOP.

I DESIRE to inform my old customers, and the public generally, that I have returned to Anderson and opened a SHOE SHOP, and will be pleased to receive orders either for

Making or Reparing Boots or Shoes.

I will superintend all work done in my Shop, and guarantee that it will be done in the best of style. I will use only good material, and employ none but the best of workmen. All work delivered according to promise. Shop in the room over Barr & Co.'s Store, Granite Row.

R. Y. H. NANCE.
June 3, 1880 47 3m

DUE WEST FEMALE COLLEGE

MORE prosperous last year than usual; nually growing in popular favor; twenty-one years under the same administration; employs only the best teachers; depends upon merit for success; and offers the best advantages for the least money.

$162.00 pays board and tuition for one year.

The next College year will open Monday, the 4th October.

Send for Circular to
REV. J. I. BONNER, President,
Due West, Abbeville Co., S. C.
August 5, 1880 4 6

NEW CROP OF

BUIST'S TURNIP SEED

AT

SIMPSON, REID & CO.'S

Sold Cheap for Cash,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

July 8, 1880 15

FOUND!

A REMEDY THAT IS A SURE and EFFECTUAL cure for all diseases of the Blood, Skin, Scrofula, Cancer in its worst form, White Swelling, Catarrh of the Womb and all Chronic Sores, no matter how long standing, we guarantee a cure if our remedies are used according to directions.

Smith's Scrofula Syrup

—AND—

STAR CURINE.

With these two Medicines combined, we have cured hundreds of cases of the different diseases mentioned above.

Smith's Scrofula Syrup

Is an internal remedy, one of the best blood purifiers now known to the American people.

STAR CURINE

Is an external remedy; by applying it on the outside and taking Smith's Scrofula Syrup, your case will be easy to cure. If you will call on or address us we will take pleasure in showing you hundreds of certificates from parties living in this State that you are well acquainted with, that have been cured sound and well by using Star Curine and Smith's Scrofula Syrup. If you are afflicted with any of the above mentioned diseases do not think your case will get well without treatment. Do not delay. The sooner you get to using our two remedies, the sooner you will be restored to health and happiness.

Call on Daniel & Marsh at once, before it is too late, and get a bottle of Smith's Scrofula Syrup and Star Curine.

Read the following certificate:

Messrs. Daniel & Marsh, 13 Kimball House, Atlanta:
Gentlemen—This is to certify that we have tried Smith's Scrofula Syrup in several old chronic cases of catarrh, cancer, sore legs, etc., and we cheerfully recommend it to the public as the best, safest and most reliable Blood Purifier that can be used for all diseases for which it is recommended.

Respectfully,
R. HARTMAN & Co.

All communications should be addressed to
DANIEL & MARSH,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers,
13 Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by Dr. T. A. Hudgens, Honea Path, S.C., and Rogers & Clinkscales, Williamston, S. C., and J. R. Williams, Central, S. C.
Aug 19, 1880 6 6m

THE

NEW YORK SUN

For the Campaign.

THE WEEKLY SUN will be found a useful auxiliary by all who are earnestly working for the reform of the National Government. Believing that the evils which have so long beset the country can be cured only by a change of the party in power, THE SUN earnestly supports for President and Vice President, HANCOCK and ENGLISH.

In order that all those who sympathize with our purpose may most efficiently co-operate with us, we will send THE WEEKLY SUN to clubs, or single subscribers, post paid, for twenty-five cents for the next three months. Address

THE SUN, New York City.
Aug 19, 1880 6 4

Fresh Turnip Seed.

AN assortment of Fresh Turnip Seed, from David Landreth & Son and D. M. Ferry & Co. They are reliable. For sale by A. B. TOWERS & CO.
July 22, 1880 2

FOR SALE.

Valuable Property in Town of Belton.

I WILL offer for sale on SALEDAY IN SEPTEMBER next, at Anderson, S. C., the following described property in the Town of Belton:

STOREHOUSE AND LOT.

Lot one-quarter acre, more or less. House 24 by 81 feet, three stories, including basement; basement 24 by 60 feet, shelving and counters painted; storeroom 24 by 75 feet, shelving and counters painted. Room adjoining Store—room 16 by 20 feet; third story 24 by 75 feet, not ceiled. Fire places in each story. Good shingle roof.

DWELLING AND LOT.

Lot three acres, more or less. House 18 by 44 feet front; two front rooms 18 by 18 feet; hall-way 8 feet; extension to rear, and built with main body of house, 18 by 35 feet, containing bed-room, dining-room, pantry and kitchen. Piazza in front 10 by 24 feet; rear 10 by 35 feet, both with balusters, &c. Two chimneys, three fire-places. House finished, and painted inside and out. Good well of water, garden, stable, &c.

Property can be bought at private sale before Saleday in September.

TERMS—Cash, or satisfactory paper.
J. N. SUTHERLAND,
Belton, S. C.
June 17, 1880 49 12

MARBLE YARD.

SAMUEL MURPHY,

Anderson, S. C.,

DEALER and Manufacturer of **Monuments, Monumental Headstones, Tombs, Vases, Etc.** As I am a practical workman, and do work myself, I can afford to furnish anything in my line cheaper than any one else. Working only the best grades of marble, I am able to give better satisfaction to my customers, and guarantee all work that leaves my shop. I work only new designs. Call and see me at my shop on Depot Street, and be convinced of these facts, before purchasing elsewhere.
June 17, 1880 49 1y

MARBLE YARD.

ALL persons wanting TOMBSTONES will do well to call on me, as I have on hand all grades of Marble, and work all the new designs. I warrant my work to give satisfaction. Prices to suit the times.

I am prepared to take care of the County travel and regular boarding at reasonable rates at the Benson House. Meals 25 cents. Lodging 25 cents.

THOS. M. WHITE.
Feb 26, 1880 33

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Baylis McConnell, Plaintiff, against Margaret Harris, Sarah McConnell, Newton McConnell, et al., Defendants.—*Summons for Relief—Complaint not Served.*

To the Defendants, Charles McConnell, Martha Ann McConnell, Mary C. Gentry, John H. Jones, Margaret Harris, Sarah McConnell, Newton McConnell, and heirs of Daniel McConnell, deceased, to wit, Sarah McConnell, William McConnell, Richmond McConnell, Thompson McConnell, Hester McConnell, Pinckney McConnell and Margaret McConnell, heirs of Allen McConnell, to wit, Manilla McConnell, Jane McConnell, James McConnell, Sam. McConnell, Lewis McConnell and other heirs unknown, heirs of John McConnell, Rachel McConnell, Elizabeth McConnell and other heirs unknown, Polly McConnell, Mary J. McConnell, Elizabeth Elrod, Rachel Dunn, Mary A. Cape and Mrs. C. A. Crow:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, a copy of which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Anderson C. H., S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson C. H., S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated August 4, A. D. 1880.

ORR, WELLS & ALLEN,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C.
[L. S.]—JOHN W. DANIELS, C. C. P.

To the Defendants above named:

Take notice that the above stated action is commenced for the purpose of perfecting the titles to the lands of the Estate of William McConnell, deceased, containing three hundred and forty-eight acres, more or less, situate in the County and State aforesaid, bounded by lands of Dr. A. E. Thompson and others, which was sold by order of the Ordinary, and bought by John J. Jones. No personal claim is made against you.

ORR, WELLS & ALLEN, Plaintiff's Att'ys.
August 12, 1880 5 6

FLAGG'S
IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!
NEVER GETS HARD.
CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED.—LAST TWICE AS LONG.
Diseases Cured without Dragging the System.

CURES
Chills and Fever,
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Rheumatism,
Costiveness,
Female Weakness,
Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the Great Nerve Centres, also the Liver and Stomach. A gentle Vegetable Tonic is absorbed into the circulation of the Blood and Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PADS $1 AND $2 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail or Express.

Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST