## MAJ. JONES' COURTSHIP.

The Humor of the Late Win. T. Thomas son-A Pure and Spontaneous Sample-A Book all Georgians Have Read-The Christmas Present to HigSweet-Majoria heart.

was doubtless the publication of Tt It was doubtless the publication of Prof. Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," in 1840, which suggested a continuous story upon the same stage of action, and in 1842 "Major Jones Courtship" appeared. The author of this homely, natural and amusing fiction, Mr. W. T. Thompson, an editor in Savannah, is still alive. In 1848 he followed his first production with "Major Jones' Sketches of Travel," which possess a value as contemporaneous pic-tures beyond and above their humor, abundant as that is. The "Courtship," however, is a novel, originally meant as a travestie, to which time has lent a sort of pathos. It is a graphic portraiture of the interior life of the South. Rough and ready as the farce is, it is never vul-gar. Its characters are few, simple and virtuous. It deals with clean homespun. It carries the mind back to the old brick

church, the innocent pic nic, the rural Fourth of July Celebration, the Christmas frolic Joseph Jones, the only son of the Joseph Jones, the only son of the widow Jones, living near the village of Pineville, in Georgia, is a well-to-do young farmer. He is in love with Mary Stallins, daughter of the widow Stallins, a near neighbor. Joseph has grown up on the plantation, an honest, affectionate, moral young man; Mary has gone off to a boarding school and comes home a belle. The adventures are founded on the one side by the barpyard; on the

throughout the narrative a naturalness which, being nowhere strained for its fun, is really captivating. As an examheart, he can not muster courage enough to make a direct proposal; that every-body is in the scoret and approves the match. How the deed was finally done he shall tell himself:

match. How the deed was finally done he shall tell himself: "Christmas come, I put on my new suit, an' shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron an' skipped over to ole Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parlor, where they was sittin' around the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

the parlor, where they was sittin' around the fire, Miss Car'line and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out. "Thar, now,' siz they, 'I knowed it would be Joseph.' "What's I done, Miss Car'line,' says I. "You come under sister's chicken-bone,' says Miss Kesiah, 'an' for my part I b'leeve she knowed you was a comin' when she put it over the dore.' "'No, 'I didn't-I didn't do no sich thing, now,'' says Miss Mary, blushin' red like a Sumracr rose. "'No matter' says Miss Carline, 'you belong to Joseph now, or thar's no charm in chicken-bone,' "'I know'd it was a first-rate chance to say something. But the dear little critter looked so 'sorrowful an' 'zept blushin' zo, I couisin't say nothin' zackly to the pint, so I jeat reached up an' took down the chicken-bone and put it in my pocket.

poceset, "What are you a-gwine to do with that ole chicken bono, Major Jones?" says Miss Mary. "'I'm a-gwine to keep it as long as I live," says I, tas a Christmas present from the handsomest girl in Georgy.' "'Ob, Major,' says she, 'ain't yon ashamed of yourself?' "'An' then up speaks Mics Kesiah, an' "'An' then up speaks Mics Kesiah, an' says she : 'Joseb, you ought to give her

"Old Mrs. Stallins come out fust, an' as soon as she saw the bag, says she : ""What on earth has Joseph gone an' put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin' or some live animal, else Towser wouldn't bark so?

"She went in to call the girls, au' I cot there shiverin' so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin'.

if I tried to-but I didn't say nothin'. Bimeby they all came runnin' out. "'My Lord, what is it?' says Miss Mary. "'Oh, it alive,' says Miss Kesiah ; 'I seed it move.' "'Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' said Miss Carline, 'and let's see when it is for the say is this to be the set of the fooding of the country in the rear of the French possessions in Africa would render the incursions of the Mary. "'Oh, it e alive,' says Miss Kesiah ; 'I

"'Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,' said Miss Car'line, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, an'get this bag down.' "'Don't hurt it for the world,' said Miss Mary. "Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down casy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal from head to foot. "'Codnoess gracious " says Miss Mary

corn meal from head to loot. "Goodness gracious !' says Miss Mary, 'if it ain't the Major hissell.' ""Yes,' says 1, 'and you know you promised to keep my Christmas present as long as you lived.' "The girls laughed themselves almost to death, an' went to brushin' off the marshes South of Tunis and Algeria, which at present breed malignant fevers, would cease to be dangerous when once they were made part of the Mediterranean. The effect on the French tenure of their new acquisitions could hardly fail to be happy

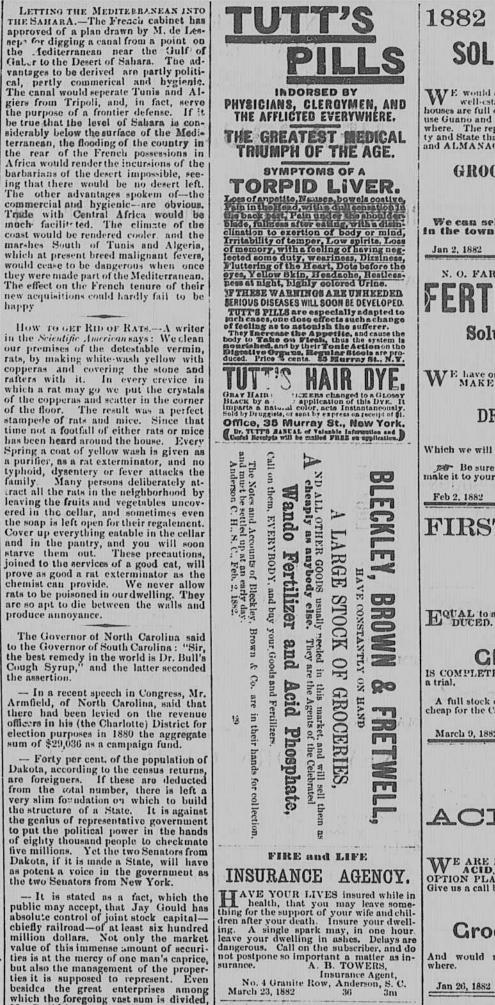
as long as you lived." "The girls laughed themselves aimed to deuth, an' went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was agwine to hang that bag out every Christmas till they got husbands, too." of course, Major Jones married his sweetheart, and, as we learn from his book of travels, published many years afterwards, the union was in every re-spect a happy one. How To GET RID Or in the Scientific American says: We course our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making white-wash yellow with book of travels, published many years afterwards, the union was in every re-spect a happy one. How To GET RID Or in the Scientific American says: We course our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making white-wash yellow with in the Scientific American says: We course our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making white-wash yellow with sopperas and covering the stone and of the copperas and scatter in the corner of the floor. Stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice theen heard around the house. Every wallow wash is given as and no belle. The adventures are founded on the one side by the barnyard; on the other side by the barnyard; on the since I have studied the character of all the great Southern agricultural staples, and the special relations of each of them a brook, withous effort or concealment. There is no villain in the piece—only a would-be wit, called Cousin Pete, who is introduced as a tense. The tribulations its adaptation to the varieties of soil and leaving the fruits and vegetables uncov-of the lovers are very slight; but there is general environment which it finds in ered in the cellar, and sometimes even different parts of the country in which it is grown, and also in its relation to some features in the character of the people and in the pantry, and you will soon which, being nowhere strained for its fun, is really captivating. As an exam-ple, I can not forbear quoting the culmi-nation of the courtship. You will un-derstand that our hero had had many struggles and trials bringing himself to the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweet-where the noise of his sweet-the the the trial to the service of the sweet-struggles and trials bringing himself to the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweet-the to the trial to the service of the sweet-the to the service of the sweet-the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweet-the to the state of the towns that the plant has very the total to produce annoyance.

> The Governor of North Carolina said the Governor of South Carolina : "Sir, to the Governor of South Carolina : "Sir, the best remedy in the world is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup," and the latter seconded the assertion - In a recent speech in Congress, Mr. Armfield, of North Carolina, said that there had been levied on the revenue officers in his (the Charlotte) District for

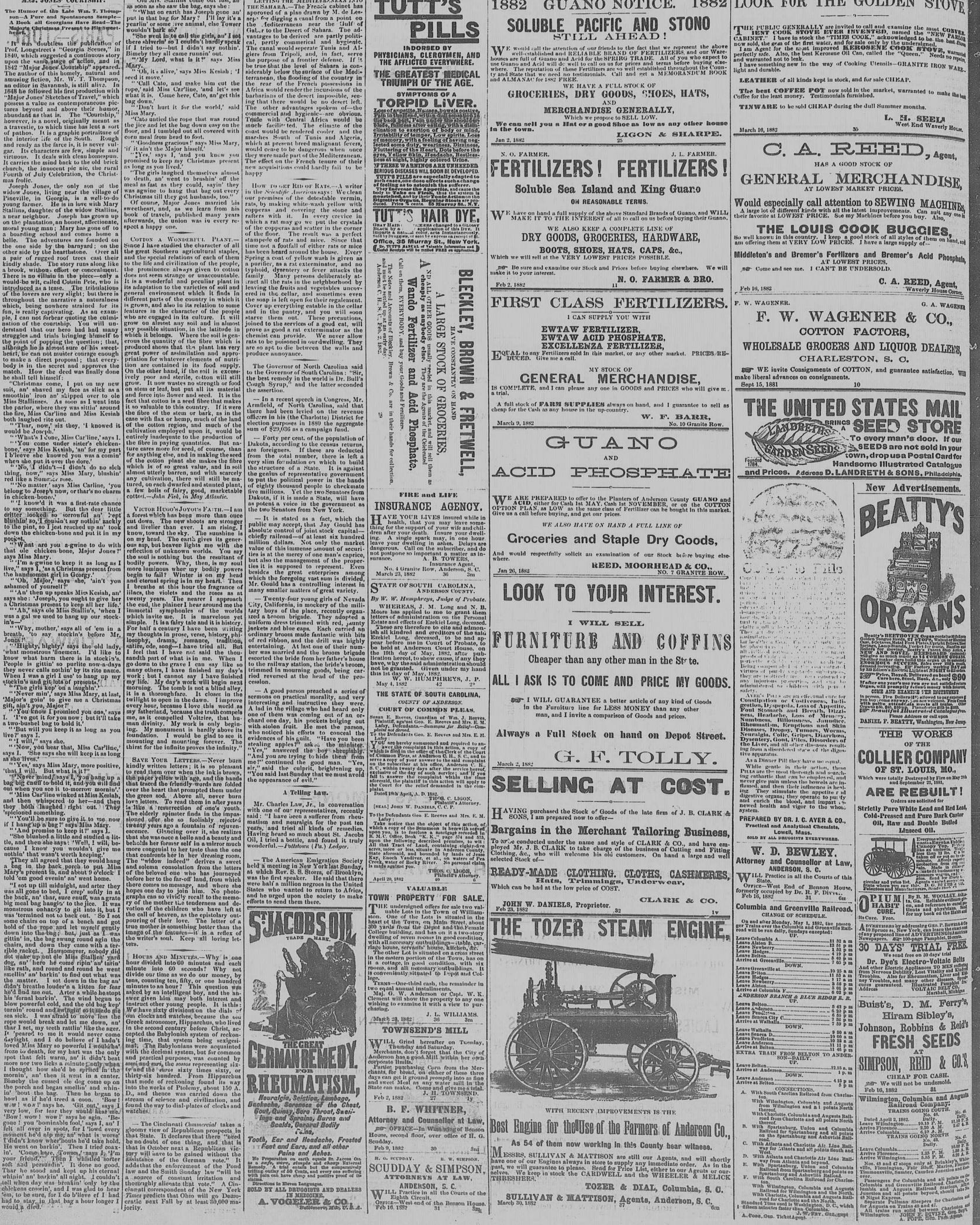
election purposes in 1880 the aggregate sum of \$29,036 as a campaign fund.

- Forty per cent, of the population of - Forty per cent, of the population of Dakota, according to the census returns, are foreigners. If these are deducted from the total number, there is left a very slim foundation on which to build for anything else, and in making the seed of the cotton plant she makes the fibre which is of so great value, and in soil almost utterly barren, and with scarcely any cultivation, there will still be ma-tured, on each dwarfed and stunted plant, a few bolls of fairy, good, marketable cottou.—John Fisk, in May Atlantic. Victors Hugo's Joyous FAITH.—I am a forest which has been more than ouce

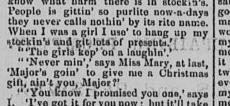
VICTOR HUGO'S JOYOUS FAITH.--I am a forest which has been more than ouce cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives its gener-ous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of - It is stated as a fact, which the public may accept, that Jay Gould has absolute control of joint stock capital-chiefly railroad-of at least six hundred million dollars. Not only the market value of this immense amount of securities is at the mercy of one man's caprice, ties is at the mercy of one man's caprice, but also the management of the proper-ties it is supposed to represent. Even besides the great enterprises among which the foregoing vast sum is divided, Mr. Gould has a controlling interest in many smaller matters of great variety.



## 1882 GUANO NOTICE. 1882 LOOK FOR THE GOLDEN STOVE



STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY.



I. 'I've got it for you now; but it'll take a two-bushel bag to hold it.' "'But will you keep it as long as you

ble will you keep it as long as you live?' says I. "'I will," says she. "'Now, you hear that, Miss Car'line,' says I. 'She says she will keep it as long as she lives.'

as she lives." "'Yes,' says Miss Mary, more positive, 'that I will. But what is it?" "Never mind,' says I, 'you hang up a bag big cauff to hold it, and you will find out when you see it to morrow mornin'." "'Miss Car'line winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her-and then they both laughed right out. They 'spicioned something. "'You'll be sure to give it to me now if I hang up a bag ?' says Miss Mary. "'And promise to keep it ?' says I. "She blushed a little and studied a litt-tle, and then she says: 'Well, I will, be-cause I know you wouldn't give me

cause I know you wouldn't give me nothin' that wasn't worth keeping.' "They all agreed that they would hang a bag in the back porch to put Miss Mary's present in, and about 9 o'clock' I told 'em good evenin' an' went home.

"I sot up till midnight, and arter they was all gone to bed, I crep' softly in at the back, an' thar, sure enuf, was a grate big meal bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous onhandy to git into it, but I was 'termined not to back out. So I sot was 'termined not to back out. - So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself gently down into the bag; but, just as I was gittin' in, the bag swung round agin the chairs, and down they came with a ter-rible racket. Howsomeyer, nobody did not wake up but ele Miss Stallina' yard dog, an' here he come ripin' an' tarin' like rath, and round and round he went smellin' an' barkin' to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag an' tors.

smellin' an' barkin' to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag an' didn't breathe louder'n a kitten for fear he'd find me out. Arter a while he stopt his 'fernal barkin'. The wind begun to blow powerful cold, and the old bag kep' turnin' round and swingin' so it made me sea sick. I was arraid to move less the see sick. I was arraid to move less the rope would break and let me down, an' thar I set, my teeth rattlin' like the ager. It 'peared' to me it would never come daylight, and I do believe ef I hadn't loved Miss Mary so powerful I would ha', froze to death, for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, an' it didn't beat more nor two licks a minute comb show more nor two licks a minute ; only when I thought how she'd be sprised in the

more nor two licks a minute only when I thought how she'd be eprized in the mornin', an' then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed ole dog come up on the porch and began smellin' and whin in' bout the bag. Then he began to how as if he'd treed a coo. 'Bowi www! wow! says he. 'Git out,' says I very low, for lear they whild keat me. 'Bow! wow! wow! says he agin. 'Be gone I you 'bominable fool,' says I, au'I felt all over in spots, for I 'lowd every moment he'd nip me; an' what is worsd' t'didn't know wher'bouts he'd take hold. He went on barkin'. Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, 'Towne's may I, 'Pin your friend.'' Then I tried coars in'. 'Come here, for I do he way to the German vote.'' It addisthat the enforcement of the Pond iaw and the Smith Sanday Iaw 'Will be a source of constant irritation and thoroughly alienate that vote.'' A Cin-tinati correspondent of the New York 'Imas heres, for I do b'lieve ef I hal had to stay, in that bay a hour longer would a died.''

sandt hart of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawo. Timprove every hour, because I love this world as my fatherlard, because the truth compels me, as it compelled Volteire, that hu-man divinity. My work is only begin-ing. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves the infinity." SAVE YOUR LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the beat that prompted them under

A Telling Law.

TEADE

THEGREAT

FOR

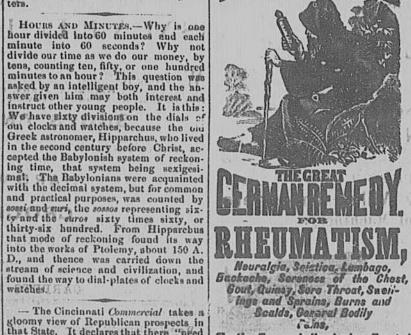
Feet and Ears; and all other

Pains and Aches.

IEUMATISM

SAVE YOUR LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the heart that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impas-sioned offer she so foolishly rejected twenty years ago a fountain of rejuven-escence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one

beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photo-graphs can so vividly recall to the memo-ry of the mother the tenderness and de-votion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary out-- The American Emigration Society held a meeting in New York last Sunday, at which Rev. S. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was the first speaker. He said that there were half a million negroes in the United States who wanted to return to Africa, and he used to meet the termination of the said that there were half a million negroes in the United States who wanted to return to Africa, and he urged upon the society to make efforts to send them there. the call of heaven, as the epistolary out-pouring of their love. The letter of a true mother is comething better than the image of the features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving let-



THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. Susan E. Reeves, Guardian of Win. J. Reeves, Plaintiff, against Geo. E. Reeves and Mrs. E. M. Lafoy, Defendants.-Summons for Relief-Com-plaint not Served. To the Defendants Geo. E. Reeves and Mrs. E. M. Lafor.

To the Defendants Geo. E. Reeves and Mrs. E. M. Lafoy: Y GU are hereby summoned and required to an-W are 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 subscriber at his office, Anderson C. H., S. C. within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of auch service, and If you fall to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-plaint. Dated 18th April, A. D. 1882. THOS. C. LIGON. Flaintiff's Attorney. [SEAL] JOHN W. DANIELS, C. C.F. To the Defendants Geo. E. Reeves and Mrs. E. M.

To the Defendants Geo. E. Reeves and Mrs. E. M

Mr. Charles Law, Jr., in conversation with one of our representatives, recently said: "I have been a sufferer from rheu-matism and neuralgia for the past ten years, and tried all kinds of remedies. Having heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil United a built and for direction To the Defendants (ice, E. Reeves and Mrs. F. M. Lafoy: Take notice that the object of this action, of which a copy of the Summons is herewith served upon you, is to forclose a morigage recorded in R. M. C. Office, Book "K. K.," page 574 and 575, npon the following described premises, to wit : All that Tract of Land, containing eighty-five acres, more or less, situate in Anderson County, State aforesaid, and bounded by lands of Jesse Kay, Enoch Vandiver, et al., on waters of Pea Creek, water of Rocky River. No personal claim is made against you. THOS. C. LIGON, Oil, I tried a bottle, and found it truly wonderful.-Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger.

THOS. C. LIGON, Pfsintiars Attorney. April 20, 1882

## VALUABLE

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE

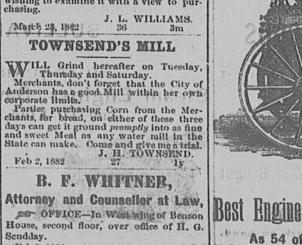
TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE. THE undersigned offers for sale two val-uable Lots in the Town of William-ston. One of the Lots is situated in the heart of the Town, on Main Street, about 300 yards from the Depot and the Female College building, and has on it a two-story dwelling of seven rooms in good condition, with all necessary outbuildings-ttable, car-riage house, servants' house, kitchen, &c. The other Lot is situated on a cross street in the eastern portion of the Town, has on it a cottage, in good condition, with six rooms, and all necessary outbuildings. It is conveniently situated to Lopot and Col-lege.

TERMS-One-third cash, the remainder in Maj. G. W. Anderson or Capi. W. K. Clement will show the property to any one wishing to examine it with a view to pur-chasing.

House, second floor, over office of H. G. Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted

Feb 9, 1882 30 Sni H. O. SCUDDAY. We Preparation on earth equals fr. Jacons Ott. as a says, suire, simple and change External Ramady. 'A trial entails but the comparatively triffing outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with paint have chang and positive proof of its outer. R. W. SIMPSON. SCUDDAY & SIMPSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS ANDERSON, S. C. WILL Practice in all the Courts of the Eighth Circuit. Orvicz-West end of the Benson House. Feb 16, 1532 31 Sm A. VOGELER & CO Inores Man, U.B.A.



SULLIVAN & MATTISON, Agents, Anderson, S. C.

THEFT PARTY