

Wednesday Morning, July 16, 1873.

## The Fallacy of Concession.

If the impudence of the satirist who indignantly asked, "Who shall deliver us from the Greeks and the Romans?" was justifiable, in view of the eternal parade of these ancient worthies in literature and criticism, that of the statesman who finds the negro question never ending, but still beginning, and perpetually fronting him in new forms, may be held to be excusable. The American people, under the stimulus of the parliamentary crusade of Wilberforce and Clarkson, followed by emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies, took up the question of their liberation in the Southern States, and under the manipulation of the Abolitionists, it was agitated into a political issue, which only war could decide. They were not content with this. Wielding the powers of the Government after the war was closed, they constituted the black people the wards of the nation, and took them under its especial protection and patronage. Universal suffrage followed next, and the political power of the freedmen became a matter of immense consequence on the political chess-board. They have been moved here and there, to suit the demands of the Radical party leaders, the principle all the while being proclaimed that it was necessary to secure their full rights. This party and the colored people themselves, have acted as if with the purpose of disproving the fallacy incorrectly attributed to Chief Justice Taney, that the negro race had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. Intermittent questions concerning his status, endless efforts to bolster him up, so that he might securely stand when the props which supported him should be withdrawn, have marked the legislation of Congress and that of the Legislatures of the Southern reconstructed States for the last seven years. It was thought, that with the passage of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution and the civil rights bill, defining and securing the civil rights of the negro, we should be at the end of this agitation. The Southern people accepted and acquiesced in these amendments, for the sake of peace, and cheerfully accorded the rights they secured. They were anxious to have this race satisfied, and to be enabled to live harmoniously with it, under the same laws, and to have its co-operation in endeavors to secure a good, peaceful and happy government. In this State, in 1870, the effort was made to bring the races together in political action, and to lay broad and deep the foundations of the prosperity of both in a cordial concession of the colored people's rights. But failure was the consequence, and distrust and alienation defied the honest endeavors of Kershaw and others, his associates in that well-meant but mistaken canvass. It utterly failed.

Are the difficulties in the way of satisfying the negro and settling the questions which concern his status and his relations to the white race, insuperable, then? They may not be, but they are destined to furnish both the field and the food for agitation for many years to come. He is invaluable to the carpet-bagger and scalawag. While they keep him in leading strings, and scourge, through his ignorance and easy credulity, the advantages of political control, office, emoluments, personal consequence and splendid pickings and stealings for themselves, they masquerade before the world at the same time as philanthropists, patriots and devoted friends of the oppressed. True, Cuffee begins to open his eyes a little, and sometimes makes a show of displeasure at what is going on. But, upon the whole, he likes it, and there is an instinct which operates to bring these two classes together, notwithstanding the dead-sea fruits which the rank and file of the black men receive from the association. The leaders, black and white, are constantly getting up some new issue and tickling the fancy of their clientele with the hope of at last attaining perfect equality with the whites in all things, in spite of nature and nature's stars. In Virginia, where their rights are well secured and their condition prosperous, but where the Conservative whites have had political ascendancy for some years, the black and colored race is about to contend for mastery of the State. They are not content with sharing power with the white race. They are making strides to monopolize it. The demand there is for race rule, and in the approaching elections in that State, the momentous and ominous question is involved, which race shall govern? We know how it is here, and the patriot to-day is compelled to weep not alone over the hopeless prostration of good government, but to endure, without power to check it, the sway of organized robber bands over all

the great interests of the country. Gen. Beauregard has sought to propitiate this exacting influence, and to satisfy its posterous and overweening demands in Louisiana, by large and liberal concessions. In this, we honor his motives, while we distrust his judgment. It is a fallacy to suppose that any more satisfactory settlement is obtainable by yielding. Concession will only breed new demands. The scheme of Gen. Beauregard, which, if logically carried out, will bring a train of consequences forever to be deprecated and deplored, will, at the same time, fail to bring a finality. As one head of the hydra is lopped off, another appears.

A correspondent in Egypt says that the Khedive "has announced his resolution to begin his new railroad at once, and to complete it in three years. No one doubts his power to stock it with laborers, his wealth and credit to push the work, nor his energy to force it to completion within his appointed period. He is the one-man power, that says 'let it be done,' and it is done. No squabbles about the right of way, no strikes, no injunctions, no snow storms, no Congressional jobbing for charters of land grants, for he owns all the land in fee as well as in sovereignty; no board of directors to interpose objections. He is a veritable railway king."

VIRGINIA POLITICS.—The approaching Republican State Convention of Virginia, which is to nominate State officers, is expected to nominate R. W. Hughes, Esq., for Governor. Mr. Hughes is at this time United States District Attorney for the Western District of Virginia. Though a lawyer by profession, most of his life has been spent in the editorial vocation. The *Lynchburg Virginian* states that he was at one time a Whig, and afterwards became a Democrat. In the ante-bellum times, he wrote occasionally for the *Richmond Dispatch*, and during the war, as well as before, was one of the writers for the *Richmond Examiner*, the great war paper of the State, of which John M. Daniel was editor. These two writers made the *Examiner* a famous journal, and it may well be doubted whether the vigor, information, closeness and point of the articles of Mr. Hughes did not contribute more than those of any other man to the solid value and usefulness of that journal. Upon the conclusion of the war, Mr. Hughes became chief editor of the *Richmond Republic*, a journal which advocated the acceptance of the situation, though it also sustained the administration of President Johnson, and when it was discontinued, was noticed by the *New York Tribune* as a rebel sheet, or words to that effect. Since that time, Mr. Hughes has been identified with the Republican party in Virginia, and has been lately alluded to by the leading Virginia organ of that party as a "retrograde Republican." The *Philadelphia Press*, in noticing the political relations of Mr. Hughes, expresses the belief, that if men like him "in other Southern States would come forward and prove themselves faithful Republicans, corrupt speculators from the North would have no opportunity to emigrate to the South, simply to deceive the colored men and to plunder the whites." This is a hard hit from a leading Republican journal at the carpet-bagger, but it seems rather exacting to require a whole population to perform the most difficult acrobatic political feat and kick themselves out of every people they have ever professed, on a penalty of being cheated and plundered.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A most melancholy and deplorable accident occurred about 7 o'clock, Saturday morning, a short distance below Alexandria, Va. Mr. Frank A. Posey, of Prince George's County, Maryland, accompanied by his young wife, his half brother, a little boy between six and seven years of age, named Benjamin Edelin, and a colored man, took a small boat to board the steamer *Fairy*, on her way up from Farmington, for the purpose of being landed at Fort Foote. Their boat, either by striking the steamer, which had stopped for them, or because those in it stood up and lost their balance, filled and was capsized, leaving its occupants floundering in the water. Mr. Posey swam to his wife, and having caught her by the waist, succeeded in holding her head above the water until the boat could be righted by the colored man, when by the latter's assistance she was placed therein. But this had hardly been accomplished, when, from some unaccountable reason, the colored man, in trying to get into the boat, caused it to upset again, and the sole occupant sank to rise no more. In the meantime, the little boy had been lost sight of, and had found a watery grave. Mr. Posey was rescued, though overcome by the sad event. The colored man was also saved, and no blame can be attached to him, as he did all in his power to render aid, and the unfortunate part he acted on the sad occasion so effected him as to secure him the sympathy rather than blame of the passengers on board the boat. Mr. Posey had been married but about six weeks, his wife being a Miss Jameson, of Charles County.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Thomas Burk, a white man employed at a saloon No. 104 Market street, was found dead in bed, yesterday, by a man who slept with him. Burk had been complaining the evening before he died, and went to bed for relief.—*Charleston News.*

James M. Foster, the first white man born in Kokomo, Ind., died on the 2d inst. His father, literally "the oldest inhabitant," survives him.

DOES THE WORLD GROW BETTER?—The narratives of crimes, especially of violence, and some of them of peculiar atrocity, such as the killing of kindred by each other, has revived the question whether the world, as it advances in civilization, is not retrograding in virtue. Of course, if civilization be rightly understood, the very statement of such a question presents its own solution. Civilization is not, as some seek to consider, steam, gas, electricity, facility of locomotion, and material development. Unless it implies deliverance from the morals as well as the rudeness of barbarous nations, there seems no reason why we should expect civilized people to be any more virtuous than savages. If it may be understood to comprehend amelioration of the hearts as well as intellectual progress, then advance in civilization necessarily includes improvement in social relations and in morality generally. We ought to settle the question first whether civilization in this elevated sense has advanced, for that will determine at once whether the world is better or worse than it was formerly. No one having the most superficial acquaintance with history can be in doubt on this subject. Let us put entirely out of view the inventions and discoveries of modern times, which are really no indications of improvement in virtue, and inquire whether there has not been a great moral change for the better in the last few centuries. We think there has, and that it is capable of demonstration that all orders of society have derived benefit from the mollifying influences of a true civilization upon their character. Nothing is more remarkable than the amelioration which has taken place in war, which was conducted a few centuries ago upon principles akin to those of our Western savages, and even that was an improvement upon preceding centuries, when, in addition to other acts of cruelty and revenge, it was the custom to make slaves of captives, an abomination which only yielded at last to the advance of a true civilization. The slavery of the white race, at one time far more general than that of the negroes, and more absolute, inasmuch as the master possessed the power of life and death, a power not infrequently exercised, has only been entirely abolished within the present generation, when the Emperor of Russia, a few years ago, struck off the shackles from 40,000,000 of serfs, a number greater than the whole population of this country. Even in regard to official integrity, England, at least, exhibits a great improvement since the seventeenth century, when a statesman at the head of affairs, without giving scandal, might accumulate in a short period an estate ample to support a dukedom. In regard to humanity, no one can deny that we live in a more merciful age than that of our ancestors. In work-shops, in schools, in private families, brutality was, a few centuries ago, the recognized means of upholding discipline and imparting knowledge. A husband now-a-days who beats his wife is looked upon as a savage, but even Blackstone lays it down as a law that correction may be administered by a husband to his wife with a rod not thicker than the thumb. The implacability of political parties to each other, bitter as it is now, is mild compared to the days when English Whigs murmured because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face, and Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the tower to the scaffold. At the same period, when an offender was put into the pillory, his life was endangered by the brick-bats and paving stones thrown at him, and if he was to be whipped the crowd pressed around imploring the official to give it to him well and make him howl. Many now living can recollect when not only the whipping post, but the pillory, was in use in most of the States, and when imprisonment for debt, as savage and senseless a custom as ever existed, prevailed. Few of the present generation have any idea of the obstinate resistance made to the abolition of the custom, but which this journal, which labored so hard and successfully to bring it about in Maryland, is not likely soon to forget.

It has always been an illusion of mankind to overrate the morality and happiness of preceding generations. Even Homer, near 3,000 years ago, speaks of "these degenerate times." As to the progress of crime, we must recollect that we have positively no means of determining that it has increased, because there were formerly no such methods of announcing and proclaiming criminal acts among the mass of the population as now. Each town and neighborhood might know the offences committed within its own limits, but as to what took place outside their own limited horizon they were in perfect darkness. Now the press and the telegraph catch up and, as it were, photograph every abhorrent and repulsive act committed in the wide world, so that every inhabitant thereof hears of it. Men are certainly wicked enough now, just as wicked as formerly, but no worse. There was a time when the world was so wicked that a flood was sent to destroy it. There has been no flood since, but the clouds that have threatened us since have their rainbows, and it is better to dwell upon the bright side and to have hope in the future than to be constantly discontented with a condition in which we are constantly improving.—*Baltimore Sun.*

TUPPER LAW.—The Judges appear to be enforcing the Tupper liquor law all over the State, and, as a consequence, liquor-sellers generally are very much exercised upon the subject. Judge Maher, at Colleton, last week, charged the grand jury that a grog shop, with a few bundles of fodder and a mattress thrown in a corner, did not constitute a tavern, according to his construction of the law; that a quart license did not mean that they could sell one pint and a half; but that the letter and spirit of the law must be obeyed, or the offenders might expect to suffer its full penalties.

BILLIARDS AND BEER AT A CHURCH FAIR.—The profitable but uninteresting fair, private theatricals and brilliant concerts which are so often resorted to as a means of raising funds for impoverished churches and impecunious ministers were all cast into the shade by the performance given in aid of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Cecilia, at 105th street and Second avenue, last night. The edifice, which is in a half-finished state, has, for the last two weeks, been the scene of a fair, but the fancy articles and wax dolls not selling with their usual rapidity, and the lemonade-well and post office not meeting with their customary financial success, it was concluded to try the effect of an appeal to the more popular tastes of the masses. One corner of the room was tastefully arranged as a beer garden, and here the cooling lager and fragrant cigars were dispensed by young ladies in white. In the centre of the church a billiard table of the newest design was placed, and on the benches which surrounded it were seated, in full enjoyment of the performance, the members of the church, old ladies in black bonnets, and little children with no bonnets at all, all alike engrossed in watching the play. The first game was between Messrs. Kavanagh and Cyrille Dion, and Albert Garner and Joseph Dion. The interesting feature of this game was the evident embarrassment of the players, who had probably never before played a game of billiards under such peculiar circumstances or before such an audience. Cyrille Dion was evidently disconcerted, as he played the first dozen innings with no tip to his cue. The game was won by Joseph Dion and Garner by a score of 150 to 91. The second game was between Cyrille Dion and Maurice Daly, and was 300 points, 4 balls. The game was won by Dion by a score 300 to 202. Daly's largest run was 181, Dion making one of 147. At the conclusion of this match the company were entertained with numerous fancy shots by Garner and others. Father Flattery, the pastor of the church, was present throughout the evening, appearing pleased and happy at the success of the somewhat novel entertainment.

[*New York Tribune*, July 8.

THE MOTHER AS A HAIR CUTTER.—You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse; but you tell it by the way he steps on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to sit him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes, and leaves it there, while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt-band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his noses presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime, he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily joggles, and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this, he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear, to inspire confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through, she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disgraced head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Dumby News.*

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY BLOOD.—Every drop of blood that circulates through the veins eventually becomes a solid particle of the body. Flesh, bone and muscle are merely solidified blood, and upon the quality of the blood depends the condition of the whole physical system. Unless the liquid material by which the human substance is renewed and sustained is pure and nutritious, it is impossible that the body can be healthy and strong. One of the most important properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is that of improving the condition of the vital fluid when infected or impoverished. Acting directly and powerfully upon the stomach, in which the manufacture of the blood is commenced, and upon the liver, which secretes a fluid next in importance to the stream of life itself, this powerful vegetable tonic and depurant has an immense indirect influence upon the circulation. Hence the extraordinary cures wrought by the Bitters in cases of general debility, malarious fevers, rheumatism, biliousness, constipation, &c. July 11 1873.

NEW ENTERPRISE.—The centennial calendar, dated July 1, 1873, good for 100 years, and a monthly almanac, embracing eighteen months, from July 1, 1873, to December 31, 1874, containing much information relating to the centennial celebration of 1876, and the valuable properties of Simmons' Liver Regulator. 4,000,000 are printing and all are for gratuitous circulation. Send a one cent stamp for a copy to J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia. Druggists supplied upon application. J12431

They turn sheep into cotton fields in Georgia, with a view to getting cotton wool to fleece the country with.

It is said that "Turkey is arming." If the Czar once gets at her in earnest, it will not be long before she is "legging."

## Local Items.

CITY MATTERS.—The price of single copies of the *PHENIX* is five cents.

People who are under the weather now are under very hot weather.

Dr. J. T. Darby returned, yesterday morning, from a short trip to the North. Old newspapers for sale at *PHENIX* office, at fifty cents a hundred.

The gas at corner of Washington and Gates streets needs attention.

In place of the golden rule, we find the steel rule daily growing into favor.

Columbia is very dull just now. The penitentiary is the only establishment which retains its full complement of men.

Persons in arrears to the *PHENIX* for subscriptions are notified that prompt payment must be made. It is either money or no paper.

A quantity of type metal—equal to Babbitt, for many purposes—for sale at *PHENIX* office, at twenty cents per pound for small quantities—large lots less price.

If you want a good Water-melon, go to E. E. Davies & Co.'s. They have just received 400 Augusta and 500 Charleston Melons; also, 200 Canteloupes.

We are indebted to the committee for a card of invitation to a barbecue, to be given at Meetze's Mill, on Thursday, July 24, and shall endeavor to be on hand.

Auditor Solomon will commence making a circuit of the County in a few days, for the purpose of receiving tax returns. Tax-payers are warned—the books will positively be closed on the 20th August; therefore, delay not.

A number of the railroad magnates, including Messrs. Bridgers and Johnston, held a conference in Columbia, yesterday, relative to the Statesville matter, but no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at.

Mrs. G. W. Wright has presented us with a vegetable curiosity—seventeen tomatoes in one bunch. They are nearly all red and ripe, and resemble a bunch of grapes. They can be seen at the *PHENIX* office.

Mayor Alexander has received a letter, which sounds like business, from a Connecticut manufacturer of cotton duck, asking information as to the water power in and about Columbia, and expressing a desire to locate here.

The papers contain numerous sensation stores relative to the ticket which drew the \$100,000 prize in the Louisiana lottery. Mr. Gambrell, of this city, sold several prizes—one each of \$1,000, \$500, \$150 and \$100.

The place known as "Richmond Hall" was the scene of lively times Monday night. The citizens who reside in that vicinity have our sympathy. All we can say, with no more light than we have on the subject, is, we are glad we don't live near by.

There is no doubt that the filter has improved the color of the river (yolept Pearce's) water; but the smell is the same. Our poet says: You may filter the water as much as you will, The scent of the river will hang round it still.

Advertisers, who bring funeral, marriage and other small notices to this office, must come prepared to pay for them. It is unreasonable to ask us to charge these petty amounts, and our experience teaches us that we ultimately get paid for one out of three. Our terms are published.

While Mr. Parker is on his tour through Europe, in all probability, some one is in charge of "Parker's Block." If so, they should see to it that well-known respectable women do not make the corner of his building, on Main street, a nuisance by lingering around it. Knights of men and women have been seen squatting and lounging around the spot referred to for several nights past. First one, and now half a dozen. The matter should receive the immediate attention of parties interested.

The publishers of the *Southern Musical Journal* are now their own printers, and in the July number, just at hand, give us a fine specimen of typography. Its publishers are indefatigable in their efforts to give the South a first class musical magazine, and have achieved a real success. As a means of extending its circulation, the publishers now offer all new subscribers a premium of sheet music, (of their own selection,) valued at fifty cents. Subscription price, \$1 per year. Specimen copies, containing \$1 worth of music, free to any address. Ludden & Bates, publishers, Savannah, Georgia.

PATRONS OF GRANGES.—To show this order is gaining strength, we append the numbers of Granges in the following States:

Alabama, 13; Arkansas, 28; California, 24; Georgia, 30; Illinois, 526; Indiana, 222; Iowa, 1,693; Kansas, 267; Louisiana, 77; Michigan, 34; Minnesota, 282; Mississippi, 149; Missouri, 351; Nebraska, 262; North Carolina, 17; New York, 5; Ohio, 67; South Carolina, 128; Tennessee, 42; Virginia, 23; Wisconsin, 160; Dakota, 7; Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New Jersey, Massachusetts, etc., are also represented.

PHENIXIANA.—A distasteful ration—Botheration.

A standing drink—Whiskey straight. A word to the wise—Never be otherwise.

A drink which sick people crave—Champagne.

What age is the most deceiving? The sausage.

What is the opposite of "too thin"? Tooth out.

The proposition to run General Grant for a third term is of a term-oily character.

A man was arrested recently for being intoxicated with delight.

With the return of September, we can speculate upon oysters, with the prospect of a few raw.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Meet a fellow man when the thermometer is up among the nineties, and you see him mopping the sweat from his face, digging the dust from his eyes, his paper collar wilted, his linen coat streaked with sweat, and he exclaims: "Hot! Why, I never saw such weather!" He tells you how the rubber in his suspenders has melted and run together; how he could wring pints of water from his clothing; how he has lost five pounds of flesh in ten days; how the sun has crisped his boots and ruined his eye-sight, and he starts off with the remark: "Never saw anything like it."

Now meet a lady, and what do you see? Clean white dress, dainty collar, jaunty tie, hair nicely combed, eyes bright and smiling, no dust—everything as tidy and orderly as if the weather was October. She doesn't hurry a bit, stops now and then right in the sun, cuts the air with her parasol as if she had no use for it, and always manages to escape the furious cloud of dust coming up or down the street. There are no inquiries about the state of the thermometer, no longing looks at soda water signs and ice wagons, and no application of the handkerchief. She does not hurry, does not dash for the shade of a six-foot awning and hang to the spot waiting for a cloud to pass over the sun, and when she takes a car it seems to matter little whether all the windows are up or whether they are down. How on earth do they manage it?

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.  
Seibels & Ezell—Private Sale.  
Columbia Wood and Lumber Co.  
W. W. Pegram—Excursion Tickets.  
J. S. McIntosh—To Rent.  
W. P. Geiger—Grist Mill to Rent.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, July 15.—*Wheeler House*—H. E. Oler, Charleston; Chas. B. Hinton, H. H. Adams, U. S. A.; E. F. Morrison, N. C.; T. S. Clarkson, Charlotte; F. A. Tunbulake, Augusta; Robt. Slessier, Atlanta; R. H. Hand, Augusta; S. W. Hess, Baltimore; Col. Seabrook, Sumter; J. S. Browning, Charleston; Phil. Dannenberg, Winnsboro; F. H. Summers, Brooklyn; R. B. Bridgers, N. C.; J. T. Low, city; Miss C. B. Townsend, B. O. Townsend, Carey B. Townsend, Society Hill.

*Columbia Hotel*—D. J. Townsend, Fort Motte; J. F. Newman, A. Ramm, Charleston; J. A. Chambers, Jr., and wife, Savannah; J. S. W. R. Friend, Savannah; N. C.; J. T. Darby, city; Col. W. Johnson, N. C.; W. D. Kennedy, Augusta; Jas. McClelland, Bowon, Baltimore; H. F. Turnkey, Togood; E. H. Brooks, Orangeburg; II. C. Mazyck, Charleston; Dr. J. T. Goodwyn, Dr. A. T. Darby, Fort Motte; W. J. Sprinkle, Charlotte; James W. Williams, wife and servant, Newberry.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A DEPRESSED, IRRITABLE STATE OF MIND; WEAK, NERVOUS, EXHAUSTED FEELING; NO ENERGY OR ANIMATION; CONFUSED HEAD, WEAK MEMORY, OFFEN WITH DEBILITATING, INVOLUNTARY DISCHARGES. The consequence of excesses, mental overwork or indiscretions. THIS NERVOUS DEBILITY FINDS A SOVEREIGN CURE IN HUMPHREYS' HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFIC, No. 28. It tones up the system, arrests discharges, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system; it is perfectly harmless and always efficient. Price \$5 for a package of five boxes and a large \$2 vial of powder, which is important in old serious cases; or \$1 per single box. Sold by ALL Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 562 Broadway, N. Y. For sale by GEIGER & MCGREGOR, Columbia, S. C. Ap14 1171y

We earnestly recommend our readers to give up the use of poisonous hair preparations, as they too frequently produce, first, headache and afterwards more serious complaints. Use a restorer entirely harmless, and such a one Natlans' Crystal Discovery certainly is. For sale by C. H. Misk. J1113

A New York lager beer saloon-keeper offers buttermilk and sacred music for Sunday entertainments.

A young husband calls his wife "Birdie," because, he says, she is always associated in his mind with a bill.