

The University Question.

A communication, under the signature "Carolinian," which appeared in our columns Wednesday morning, deserves some notice at our hands, not from any merit, but from the unjustifiable innuendoes which it contained. The writer, in alluding to articles which we have put forth upon the condition and prosperity of the University, calls for reply to the question which we raised, whether "any thing can be done to revive" it? He may rest assured that we shall keep the implied promise in mind, and in due time present the remedy and give the reply which, he says, the friends of education expect at our hands. We think that we know what we are about. The subject interests us deeply, and we have hitherto forbore its frank discussion only from a sense of tenderness and delicacy to friends, who are connected with or interested in the institution, and whose merit and worth we know, and would not be understood as calling in question. A sense of duty has at last impelled us to the task, the difficulty of which lies mainly in making a just discrimination between good and scholarly men, on the one hand, and the unfortunate condition of things on the other, which largely impairs their usefulness, and which they are powerless to correct. But we have other matters to discuss as well as the University, and must be permitted to take our time and consult our space. It is our purpose, which we have only executed in part, to indicate certain defects in the existing system, as concurring with other blighting influences, in producing the melancholy marasmus of the University. These defects and influences it is necessary to expose plainly and fully, before asking their removal, or making any positive suggestions as to steps necessary to be taken to make the institution once more respectable and efficient as a school for gentlemen and scholars. The diagnosis must precede the prescription. If "Carolinian" be worthy of that name in intelligence and candor, he must know and feel that, whatever strictures we may be compelled to write, whatever exposures of the actual lifeless condition of the University we may make en passant, (and we have as yet but touched upon them,) are but the application of the knife or the cautery to the diseased parts to prevent further decay and mortification.

There are evils of organization, defects in system and practice, miserable bungling in nearly everything connected with the University, which we intend to lay bare. But in doing it, we shall spare vested interests and personal feelings, and take care not to run counter to those prepossessions which, like the failings described by a poet, "lean to virtue's side." In the corps of professors, there are enlightened educators and worthy gentlemen. Our business is not with them, except to commend the perseverance, faithfulness, ability and conscientiousness with which they discharge the duties of their several positions. They have long sustained the credit and name of the University, and given grace to its decline. Upon them and the noble library, which, however, is not up to the march of modern thought and discovery, we would rely to give strength to its revival on a proper basis. That basis is the object of our search. "Carolinian" speaks of "unpatriotic opposition to our home institution." Does he really suppose that citizens of the commonwealth, parents who wish their sons to take their places and sustain their names when they are gone, deliberately pass by the chief educational institution of the State from any such motive? Destitute as they are, can they be supposed to enjoy the additional expense of sending their sons to Virginia or to the North? Would not the facilities and advantages which the home institution offers, the associations which, we would suppose, it would gratify, added to considerations of economy, prevail upon them to sustain it by their countenance, their good word, and by trusting their sons to its care, if there were not certain inherent and insuperable difficulties which repel them? Certainly they would. It is because we wish to remove them, and make the way clear for the return of our young men to the University, that we have at last put pen to paper on the subject. It cannot be done by blinking the truth, by covering up glaring defects, or by pretending that in its present state the University presents the attractions of life, health, grace and beauty, or that it discharges the office for which it was instituted. It cannot be done by such writers as "Carolinian," who live in narrow confines of thought, and who are too ready, when free discussion approaches them, to resort to the terms of opprobrium and prejudice.

The first thing necessary to sustain the University, is the ability to hear and bear the truth about it. Patriotism is here, but the conditions under which only it can act are wanting. Supply them, and it will promptly come to the rescue.

HORRIBLE CONFESSION BY A MURDERER—FIDELITY OF A DOG.—On Thursday afternoon, Nelson Wade, who murdered Mrs. Isabella McBride, in Lycoming County, made a confession, which he preceded with the remark that he didn't "care a d—n what was done with it." He admitted that he committed the murder, but denied that he shot Mr. McBride, as the coroner's jury decided. The fatal injuries were inflicted with a club. While at a farm house near by, he learned where a trunk containing thousands of dollars was located, and about how much the couple were worth. On reaching the house on Tuesday evening, he asked McBride for milk, and was directed to the wife, who was about the cellar. She told him that he would have to pay if he wanted it. The murderer continued: I returned to the house and found the door bolted. The old man finally opened it, and I put my foot to the inside. He struck at me, and I knocked him down with my fist, as well as silenced the dog, who made an attack on me. I then struck McBride three times with the club, and he crying murder, I hit him again. I then went out and killed Mrs. McBride with the stick, and coming back to the house, found the old man up and the dog licking his sores. I gave him another beating, and broke open the trunk I was after. I had to make two trips to carry away the money in it. I got between \$60,000 and \$70,000. Will not tell where it is. When I die I will reveal it to a poor man, but no rich one shall have it. Two bags of the money are buried in Williamsport, two above and two below the city. I have killed several women before, and am willing to hang to-morrow.

The prisoner laughs and discusses politics with a relish. [Harrisburg (Pa.) Journal.]

SINGULAR EFFECT OF CALIFORNIA WHISKEY.—Lately two mysterious fires occurred at Woodland, Yolo County, and no one could account for the origin. A day or two after the last fire, a man named Edward Nickerson delivered himself up to the police and voluntarily confessed himself the author of both. He said he had been drinking freely, and that whenever he did so, he was always seized with an uncontrollable impulse to burn buildings. He did not even know the owners, and had not the slightest motive for being incendiary. After commitment for examination he was interviewed by some of the officers and three medical gentlemen. It seems that some two weeks ago, Marshal Strong received through the post office a letter signed "Mary," requesting him to put the police on the watch for a man who would be certain to set buildings on fire if he got to drinking, and giving a detailed description of the individual. Nickerson was asked if he could surmise who had written that letter. His reply was that he had written it himself, giving as accurately as possible a description of his own person, in the hope that if he got to drinking, the police might arrest him before he could do any mischief. The case is a strange one, and perhaps furnishes a new type of insanity.—Yolo Mail.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.—According to our late English papers, the noted labor organizer, Jo. Arch, of England, is coming to this country this month to spy out the land and to satisfy himself whether "America was the true home for the workingman, where the son of the poor man could sit down by the children of the rich, write on the same slate and read out of the same book, and where they could have full electoral power." If he does find this to be true, he promises that he will stand on American shores "until he had drained the laboring serfs out of England, in order that they might settle in the fruitful field of America, with its 90,000,000 of acres yet untilled; and he would do this until the farmers of England were made to bite the dust, if they refused to treat their laborers like men." If he finds his expectations realized, and we have no doubt he will, if they are at all within reason, we may expect as the result of his visit a great increase of English emigration the next year, for his influence of the laboring and farming population of England is probably unequalled by that of any other man.

HANGING A PLAYMATE.—Three Oswego Falls boys were playing in a grove Monday, and two of them became angry at the third and determined to hang him. They selected a convenient limb and strung their unhappy victim mercilessly in mid-air, and then sat down to see him die. But the victim did not intend giving up the ghost so rapidly, for he clung to the rope tenaciously and struggled violently to free himself. At length one of the tormentors became impatient. The victim did not die quick enough to suit him; so instead of awaiting the gradual approach of the grim monster, he determined to expedite matters, and started to a house near by to borrow an axe with which to cut off the victim's head. The neighbor learning what the axe was wanted for alarmed the neighborhood, and among them the victim's mother, and they all rushed to the grove and cut down the yet struggling boy. [Fallon (N. Y.) Times.]

An Elmira editor met a well educated farmer of Chemung County, the other day, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen, whereupon the farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$9 75 for it.

CHEROKEE SPRINGS.—A correspondent of the Charleston News writes as follows: The time which I allowed myself for an excursion trip to this delightful place ends to-day. No one comes here and leaves without regret, so I am told. Such has been my own observation in the cases of persons leaving since I have been here, and I find myself no exception to the rule, for were it convenient, I would gladly linger in the pleasant, healthful and invigorating atmosphere of Cherokee throughout the entire summer. Really, I feel myself positively enraptured with the water, the climate, the accommodation, the company and everything appurtenant to Cherokee, and am conscious of an almost irresistible impulse to indulge in hyperbole in describing its attractive features.

Of this I am sure, that it well deserves writing up, and needs only to be known to be appreciated. The only drawback to the place is that it is a little too far, eight miles from the railroad, but the roads are good and the ride rather a recreation after being cooped up in hot and dusty cars all day. For persons from Columbia or below, the most direct route to the Springs is by the Greenville and Columbia Railroad to Alston, and thence by the Spartanburg and Union Road to Spartanburg. From the latter place to the Springs, the back fare is one dollar and fifty cents. But those who prefer it can come by way of Greenville or of Charlotte, and from either of those places by the Air Line Road to Spartanburg. The passenger train of the Spartanburg and Union Road reaches Spartanburg at 5 P. M., which leaves ample time for the ride to the Springs for those who do not care to spend the night in the village.

The charges here are remarkably reasonable, considering the quality of the fare and accommodations furnished. Board and lodging by the day is \$2 50, by the week \$15, and by the month \$40. Special arrangements at lower rates are made for families; dependent somewhat upon the number of rooms required, &c. Of the fare and the rooms, bedding, &c., I wrote you in my first letter. They are all that any reasonable person could expect, and far better than can be had in Charleston or Columbia for the price. All the guests speak in commendatory terms of the accommodations, and those who have come from other watering places in this State and in North Carolina unite in saying that Cherokee far outstrips them all. The proprietor, Mr. Black, is determined to make his place popular; has means, and expends them without stint, though judiciously, and is untiring in his efforts to render his guests in every way comfortable and satisfied.

The location of the springs, with the tall oaks, the grassy plats and the rippling little stream called Cherokee Brook, that winds its graceful way through the grove that extends from and around the house to the springs, is strikingly attractive by nature, and is being greatly improved by the proprietor, whose intention it is to make a park of the entire grounds, covering some thirty or forty acres. On the lawn near the spring, and just beyond the foot-bridge which spans the brook, a croquet ground has been prepared, where those who are fond of that game, which Beecher aptly describes as "billiards gone to grass," can amuse themselves. It is rather a pleasant game, but is trying to the temper. Those who have not very amiable dispositions would consult their peace of mind best by keeping out of it. People will "push," and it is very provoking to have your opponent practice the ignominious push, and strike you ball away, particularly when the game is close. I tried two or three games, but my temper was not equal to the occasion; the ladies dubbed me quarrelsome, because I wouldn't be "pushed" amiably. I thought vice versa, though I didn't dare to say so at the time, and finally stopped playing. I notice, however, that since it has come to be considered a test of temper, the dear creatures can smile as sweetly now when they are "pushed" as when they make a successful stroke themselves.

Besides croquet, the guests have open to them a couple of bowling alleys and a billiard table, of the latest and most improved pattern, at which to find amusement. There is also a handsome new piano, of Knabe & Co.'s make, upon which the fairy fingers of the gentle sex can exercise themselves, and there is a local Ethiopian violinist who supplies the music for dancing. Besides these sources of amusement, the proprietor keeps at the disposal of his guests several handsome and rapid teams for afternoon pleasure drives, &c. In short, I may say that the appointments of Cherokee are complete, and none but a hopeless hypochondriac could fail to enjoy him or herself here. Among the guests, I note from Charleston Mr. Charles Kerrison and family and Mr. J. A. Alston.

The Administration seem to be doing its very best to get up a war with Mexico. General Belknap, it is well known, would like to have it brought about. In the absence of news from official sources, the Administration organs try to "fire the American heart" by the publication of letters professing to give correct accounts of raids upon American territory by Mexican marauders, and of outrages upon American citizens, but when inquiry is made at the War Department the reports are seldom verified. Only occasionally is there a slight foundation for the stories. An Administration paper demands almost savagely that there is no further trifling with Mexico. The War Department is ready at any time to involve us in a war, but the Secretary desires first by these publications to endeavor to arouse a feeling that will sustain him.

Professor Wise's obituary is in type in all the well-regulated newspapers of the States.

THE COTTON CATERPILLAR EFFECTUALLY FLANKED—THE RESULTS NO LONGER DOUBTFUL.—The Tallahassee Floridian contains the details of some experiments recently made in that vicinity with a mixture of Paris green and flour to destroy the cotton caterpillar, and which proved entirely successful. The information is contained in a letter from Messrs. Earle & Perkins, of that city, who, one day last week, visited the Lake plantation of Mr. Henry Winthrop, of Leon County, and witnessed the application of the mixture to a cut of five acres. The compound was one pound of Paris green to twenty-four pounds of flour, and the result is stated as follows: At the time of the experiment, the entire cut had caterpillar in all stages. The application was made on the centre rows, by dusting the poison over the top of the plant with a common sifter. In twenty-four hours not a live caterpillar was to be seen. We examined the cut carefully; the top leaves were crisped; the stock and remaining leaves looking as fresh and vigorous as if the preparation had not been applied. On a portion of the leaves we found quite a number of dead worms, but none living, although the bottom leaves showed no signs of poison. Two feet from this stalk, and where the poison had not been applied, we found a stalk containing about fifteen caterpillars, green and black, busy eating the cotton; so numerous were they, that we counted five worms on one leaf. We were told by the manager that where the poison had been applied, a number of the worms had died, falling to the ground, and were eaten by the chickens, yet the chickens still live on. We examined the cut where the poison had been applied, and could find no worms, which demonstrates to our satisfaction that even if they do not eat the poison, the preparation being distasteful, the worms desert the plant and seek more healthy quarters.

A preparation of one pound of Paris green and twenty-four pounds of flour was made and dusted in our presence over the cotton containing the worms. In fifteen seconds, one caterpillar leaped from the stock and was eaten by the chickens, others crawled to the main body of the plant, working their way to the ground, while others remained in a sluggish condition, a sample of which we brought to our office, and in a short time this pest was dead as Hector. We have since been told by parties who visited this cotton in the afternoon that no sign of caterpillar could be seen, yet the application had only been made that morning. We visited this cut the next afternoon, in company with Dr. A. B. Hawkins, W. B. Wilson, Geo. Lewis, Chas. C. Pearce, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Page and a colored man from Mr. Pearce's place, and examined the cut, and after a diligent search, not a worm could be found. Mr. Pearce noticed live worms on a stalk that had not received the application, and dead ones on the next row where it had been applied. All of the parties left fully convinced that it was a complete success. Wednesday the first application was made, and on Friday night this cut was visited with a very heavy rain, and still the poison remained on the plant, the flour making a paste which is difficult to wash off. Mr. Pope, one of Mr. F. R. Cotten's managers, who has been experimenting, reports that after the poison had been applied, the worms in the next twenty-four hours deserted this cut, and none could be found. Mr. Isler, his other manager, visited this cotton, and reports about as Mr. Pope. He also stated that this cotton had put on a new growth, showing the poison did not effect the plant. Mr. Rufus Tucker, a practical planter, also tried the poison, and says it is a complete success. He had worms in a cut, made the application, and next day could find no live worms, dead ones appearing on the ground and stalk.

"WASH SALES" IN THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE.—The New York Herald of Thursday says: "Yesterday another meeting was held at the Cotton Exchange to determine what penalty should be inflicted upon members who might be discovered in making 'wash sales' and reporting them as bona fide transactions. Not that any such bogus sales have been made to any great extent, if at all, for the Cotton Exchange, as a body, is possessed of the highest business honor. Insinuations, however, have been thrown out from time to time that, in order to influence the market, 'wash sales' have been made and reported. It was proposed at the meeting yesterday to offer such inducements for the detection of false transactions, that their extermination would be as good as guaranteed. The method suggested for accomplishing this, however, was, by a majority of the members present, regarded as not becoming the dignity of the body, and the old law, which simply provides for the expulsion of any member convicted of making false sales and reports, remains in force, and will be vigorously applied in any detected case of such disobedience to the laws of the Exchange and of common business integrity."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Mr. W. C. Parker, of Newberry, while sprinkling rosin between the belt and wheel of the engine at the tannery, was caught by the band and carried over, but fortunately before the wheel made a revolution his hand was freed and his body thrown from the machinery. He had two ribs broken. This was a narrow escape from a dreadful death.

A board of physicians has pronounced John A. Sharpe, of Laurens County, a lunatic, and the Probate Judge has ordered said lunatic to be carried to the asylum.

Mrs. Lizzie M. Mellwain, wife of Mr. Henry C. Mellwain, of Lancaster County, died recently. The deceased had been a bride but a few months.

THE INFLUENCE OF KISSES.—The kiss has been a powerful agent in the annals of the human race. There have been kisses like those of Antony and Cleopatra, of Henry VIII, and Anne Boleyn, which have shaken an empire or destroyed a religion. If we knew the secret history of courts, we should probably learn that nations have been created or erased by the magic touches of a woman's lips. A great problem, therefore, lies before us. Has this discovery proved an affliction or a blessing to mankind? Probably the latter; for it has certainly increased the influence of women, and the influence of women is employed more for good than for ill. Beloved, tender-hearted woman, companions and consolers of our youth! With a kiss you welcome the infant to the world; with a kiss you bestow on soft-beaked youths the raptures of first love; with a kiss you alleviate the agony of death. And what, alas! are the kisses which men too often give you in return? Judas-kisses, treacherous and fatal, which poison innocent hearts, and turn to curses on painted and despairing lips. Happy are they who can remember without remorse the kisses of their youth.—New York Home Journal.

A man was indicted the other day at San Francisco, for murder with a weapon of a peculiarly dangerous, and for a long time mysterious, nature. This is a sand club, formed by filling an eel skin with sand. When this instrument was first brought into use, the authorities were greatly puzzled by deaths, apparently from violence, yet no marks could be found on the outside of the body. A burglar was finally captured with a sand club in his possession, made out of an eel skin stuffed with sand. Being closely questioned, he explained its use. When the victim is struck, for instance, on the head, he drops insensible, and soon dies from congestion of the brain. Often the skull suffers no injury from the stroke; and if the person struck recovers sensibility, he gradually relapses into a condition of idiocy. Sometimes a man struck in the body will be knocked down by the peculiar force of the blow, and feel no immediate results from it. In a few weeks, however, the flesh will begin to mortify under the line of the blow, and rot down to the bone. Heller, the celebrated pianist, is supposed to have met his death in Mexico from a stroke of this diabolical weapon.

Many of the great cattle raisers in Texas have become discouraged, and are turning their attention to other pursuits. Within the last three years the falling off in the number of cattle owned in those Counties from which statistics have been gathered is found to have been one-third. The usual custom with cattle-growers has been to turn out their stock to graze through the year without feeding. The cost of herding was trifling, and this, with taxes and interest on the money invested, made up the entire expense incurred in the business. The average price for stock is six dollars a head, from yearlings up. The cattle are generally sold to traders, who drive them to adjoining or remote States for a market. Public opinion, however, is becoming opposed to the buffalo system of grazing, which consists in permitting cattle to range over whole Counties without regard to the rights of settlers, and there is a prospect of the passage of a fence law which will put an end to the present system. This is not to be regretted. Texas will always be a rich grazing country.

CONFESSION.—A somewhat quaint story is told in the Church Herald, published in London, of a Baptist grocer who called upon Monsignor Capel to complain that his daughter, having surreptitiously attended a service at the Cathedral, had renounced her disbelief. Monsignor Capel listened with demure urbanity, and ended by inquiring in what way he could assist his visitor. "Well, the fact is," exclaimed the grocer, "my daughter used to help me in the shop, and I want to know whether she will be obliged to inform her confessor, who has long been a customer of mine, of the little tricks we are obliged to use in our trade?" The Monsignor replied that, if the Baptist's daughter was a good girl, she would be bound to disclose all that lay on her conscience. "Ah, well, if that's the case," cried the grocer, "I'll just join your church, too; for I should like to give him my own account of the matter."

The squabbles for the guardianship of the holy place at Jerusalem break out afresh at short intervals. On the 25th of April, a warfare commenced, which resulted in the provisional closing of the church of St. Helena to the Latins, Greeks and Albanians. The Latins were restricted to the use of their cloister, while the Greeks were allowed processions and rites. The Grotto of the Nativity has to be guarded by Turkish soldiers, and mass is celebrated in their presence, six sentinels being placed at the entrance and in the interior. A hundred soldiers have been quartered in the church of St. Helena, and the floor is covered with mattresses, while sabres and muskets are hung upon the walls. The riot and pillage of April 25 have been attributed to the machinations of the French, Russians and Germans, as the ostensible chief protectors of the holy places; but no redress has as yet been obtained.

SMOKE HIM OUT.—Who is Lloyd? What is, where is and what is he doing? That Mr. Lloyd, who drew the \$5,000 check, bearing the sign manual of Gov. Moses, or somebody else, for Ku Klux rewards? What did Lloyd do? Or is Lloyd a bogus detective—a myth, like unto some of Gov. Scott's State armed neutrality forces?—Union Times.

A Troy man tried moral suasion to keep the boys from stealing his cherries; but while he was tenderly talking to one, the other four stole his dog.

CITY MATTERS.—Turtle soup for lunch this day, at the Pollock House. Gov. Moses expects to occupy his new purchase—the Preston mansion—to-day. It has been completely overhauled. Gen. M. C. Butler is not, as has been currently reported, editorially connected with any paper. Mr. E. Ehrlich was so unfortunate as to have his watch stolen, yesterday morning; and then was so fortunate, afterwards, as to secure the thief and the watch. A small boy was the robber. The following is the range of the thermometer at the Wheeler House, yesterday: 5 A. M., 75; 7 A. M., 75; 10 A. M., 79; 12 M., 83; 2 P. M., 84; 5 P. M., 81; 7 P. M., 79.

The Messrs. Agnew are about presenting an iron front. Their establishment is an extensive one, and embraces everything in the way of groceries, hardware, fire extinguishers, etc. The change of front is being rapidly carried out. Four large boxes, said to contain magnificent mirror frames, were landed from the steamship Charleston, yesterday, and shipped to Governor Moses. Two of the boxes measured eight by ten feet, and the others about six by fifteen feet.

We occasionally see loads of cotton passing through our streets, but suppose it is merely in transitu, as we are unable to obtain a report of the state of the market—prices, etc. The Board of Trade should look into the matter. It is to be hoped that Columbia has not completely "played out" as a cotton market.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 and 10.30 A. M.; closes 8 A. M. and 6.30 P. M. Charleston opens 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.; closes 6.15 and 8.30 P. M. Western opens 6.30 and 9.30 A. M.; closes 9 and 6.30 P. M. Wilmington opens 4.30 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. On Sunday the office is open from 3 to 4 P. M.

PHOENIXIANA.—Whispered advice to young ladies who would conquer during this weather—Keep your powder dry. Before all others, one-legged soldiers should be re-membered.

The prevalence of bank defaultations is quite ad-money-tory. Legs have they, yet walk not—Tables. Teeth have they, yet chew not—Combs. Arms have they, yet toil not—Chairs.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. John Agnew & Son—Hams, Beef, &c. Oliver Ditson & Co.—Bound Music.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, August 8.—Columbia Hotel—W J Crosswell, S C; T W Butler, J W O'Brien, G W McManus, Charleston; S Alexander, Chester; E H Locke, C A Speiseger, E F McManus, H C Mazyck, Charleston; S W Pond, Mass; A P Gilbert, Sumter; H W Hancock, Ga; S A Regonsberger, N J; F McSwegan, H Mariger, Pa; W B Spence, S W Dobbins, N Klein, N Y; R Barbour, S C; J Butterfield, R I; G A Place, N J; J M Seigler, Greenville; T S Clarkson, N C.

Wheeler House.—T A Jeffers, Grove-wood; D A DuPro, Spartanburg; J H Sampson, Jr, Georgetown; J M Rogers, La; L W Duvall, Winnsboro; Miss E D Green, Virginia; J H Rose, St Louis; L M Moore, Maine; T J Clarkson, N O; J W Matthews, Ala; LeRoy F Youmans, city.

Hendrix House.—R E Ellison, Murry Ellison, John L Black, H L Crumpton, Fairfield; H Livingston, Florida; T S Bates and wife, Mrs Mary A Coleman, Batesville; I Sulzbacher, wife, child and servant, Sumter; Samuel F Cooper, R D Boulware, Ridgeway.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A DEPRESSED, IRRITABLE STATE OF MIND; WEAK, NERVOUS, EXHAUSTED FEELING; NO ENERGY OR ANIMATION; CONFUSED HEAD, WEAK MEMORY, OFTEN 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. April 17/73

This is no apology for whiskey drinking; it is a medicine that cannot be used to intoxication; it produces a tonic effect, as well as acts as a cathartic. In fact Simmons' Liver Regulator is pronounced an unexceptionable medicine. A9371

DROWNED.—On Sunday, the 27th of July, two colored boys named Griffin, went out in a boat, upon Clark's mill pond, on the West side of Wateree River, and becoming alarmed, jumped overboard and were drowned. E. P. Whipple is credited with the observation that he never read a newspaper in summer without a suspicion that it is made of fried brains. A Charleston Western Union telegraph operator put 848 words very legibly on a postal card Tuesday, and says he can make it 200 words better.