

Another Act Lost.

The joint resolution authorizing and requiring the Attorney-General to institute immediately legal proceedings against Niles G. Parker, lately State Treasurer, for the illegal issue of bonds of the State of South Carolina, was duly passed by both branches of the General Assembly, duly engrossed and enrolled, and on Tuesday, the last day of the session, ratified by the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House. It is the duty of the Chairman of the Committee on Enrolled Acts to take them to the Governor for his signature and approval. Maxwell, Senator from Marlboro, is the Chairman. He held the same position when the other Act was lost a year ago. We do not know what account he gives of his conduct in the matter. In the Executive office, it is asserted that the bill was not received on Monday with the others. On yesterday morning, two days after adjournment, a copy of the bill, dated back the 17th, was received for by the Private Secretary of the Governor. It was copied on Wednesday, from the engrossed Act in the office of the Secretary of State, at the instance of Maxwell, as we understand.

Now, who is to blame for spiriting away this bill? We have heard that, immediately after ratification, it was taken, with others, by Maxwell, accompanied by the Assistant Clerk of the Senate, Barre, into the Judiciary Committee room, and that the titles of the Acts were copied as they were read out by the Assistant Clerk of the Senate. The next thing in order was for the Chairman of the Committee (Maxwell) to take them to the Governor. But, as we said, it is denied in the Executive office that any such bill was received until yesterday. We call upon Maxwell to inform the public what he did with this bill. When he took the batch of bills to the Governor, on Monday, and got a receipt for them, how did it happen that he did not miss this one? It had just been ratified, and was important in its character, and not likely to be overlooked or forgotten. It seems not to have been missed anywhere until Wednesday. Then steps were taken to have it again enrolled from the engrossed copy, to get the necessary signatures, and to send it to the Executive. The Governor takes the ground that he cannot sign it, because not received by him during the session of the General Assembly. But the General Assembly has not adjourned. It has only taken a recess. In the eye of the law, it is still in session. Altogether, it is a disreputable affair, evidently not the result of any accident, but designed to prevent the investigations, which would criminate more than Parker. But the attempt will not succeed. It will only have the effect of showing, in more glaring colors, the desperate shifts to which wicked and corrupt men will resort to hide the villainies of their accomplices and their own. Another ugly fact to be added to the record of the State Administration, to be pondered at Washington and throughout the whole country.

Whittemore's Appeal.

One of the grounds mentioned for the retention of the troops, in Whittemore's whining appeal to Congress, is, that through their presence, harmony and good order may prevail throughout the State during the next elections, and the rights of the elective franchise be thereby guaranteed to all citizens. Now, there are frauds in the assessment of taxes, in the collection of taxes, in their disbursement, and in everything else connected with the State Government. One—the greatest of frauds, the most infamous of rascalities—is the election laws. It is not materially mended by the amendments in the bill for that purpose. A registration of the voters is much needed. When it was proposed, the other day, in the House of Representatives, several of the flegmen circulated around, and spread the impression, that if adopted, the Democrats would carry the State. The amendment which proposed it was voted down.

It is stated that Bismark's opinion is that another war with France is inevitable; that she will be backed by Russia, and that all Europe will be involved in the contest. It has not been long since all the Emperors of Europe in Elysian after dinner speeches declared that the peace of Europe should be maintained. So if this be true, we can put no more faith in what Emperors say when drunk, and the proverb in *sinu veritas* falls into disrepute.

The guns taken from the Virginia Military Institute by Gen. Hunter during the war, will be restored to the institute; an order to that effect having been issued by the Secretary of War.

Forced Construction.

We had the pleasure, a few days ago, of publishing the pleasing correspondence between Judge Mackey and Colonel Black, concerning the exhumation of some buried Federal soldiers in Lancaster, by ex-Confederate soldiers, and of their escort by them, with the honors of war, to Columbia, where they were confided to the care of Colonel Black, and by him transmitted to the National Cemetery at Florence. It was generally hailed as an act which indicated that the smouldering fires of sectional strife were going out. The ex-Confederate soldiers were commended on all hands for their conquest over prejudice, for their ability to remove from their minds everything in connection with those who had invaded and fallen on their native soil; but the courage with which they had met death, and the duties of the brave who survived the unhappy conflict, to render all proper homage to the brave on both sides who fell in it. It was a beautiful evidence of the humanity which survives the memory of war, bloodshed, bitterness and alienation.

In acknowledging the courtesy of this noble and magnanimous act, General Sherman has gone out of his way to put an improper and strained interpretation upon it. Its meaning was obvious. It was not the expression of opinion upon the cause which succeeded, any more than upon the one which was lost. Such thoughts were not in the minds of the soldiers. It is disingenuous in General Sherman to attribute to them the purpose of any avowal of the kind. Their act speaks for itself, and warrants no such conclusion as that it was "meant as an earnest of their respect for the great cause in which these two soldiers died." They were not at the confessional, and what they think on such subject is their own business, and not General Sherman's. It is an attempt to take advantage of the exhibition of a high and commendable spirit, and to extort out of it a confession, to which even General Sherman cannot descend, without receiving the rebuke which it merits.

Responsibility for the Frauds.

The Union makes a feeble attempt to hold the Conservative members of the Legislature responsible for the fraudulent jobs put through, or attempted to be put through, in the last hours of the session. Their blame, according to this journal, is that they did not anticipate the movement to rescind the resolution to adjourn on Saturday. That day having been fixed upon as the day of adjournment, several went home. The organized band took advantage of their absence to prolong the session and to revive their bogus claims. Now we know that some of these gentlemen have been desirous of leaving Columbia for the last six weeks. They became satisfied that the session was continued only in the interest of the members. They remained, therefore, not because there was anything to be done, but to prevent what evil they could. Supposing that when a day had been at last agreed upon by both houses to adjourn, that it would be done, they thought they might venture to go. They were deceived as to the time agreed upon for adjournment. It was only a blind. As soon as they left, the rings commenced to operate. The Union don't brand the rogues themselves; it only has censure for those who happened to be away, and so were unable to check their schemes. The business of the Conservatives, then, and their bounden duty, is to watch the legislative rogues, and head them off. A strange confession for a Radical.

EFFECTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A special despatch to the New York World, dated Washington, March 15, says: "The result of the New Hampshire election is confessed by all the public men from that State to have been an overwhelming defeat of the Republicans. The Democracy have obtained entire possession of the State, and prominent Republicans say that it will require a popular majority of from 3,000 to 5,000 votes to enable them to recover control of the Legislature and elect a United States Senator when Mr. Cragin's term expires. They confess it is very doubtful whether this can be achieved. The Republicans who have been at home trying to persuade the people to stick by the party, say that they found it of no use. The Republicans are dispirited. They begin to find out that the President cares nothing about the party and quarrels with all the most popular leaders. They say that if the President cares nothing about the party they cannot keep up courage. Senator Welch believes that the appointment of Simons, in opposition to the wishes of the Massachusetts Republicans, lost in New Hampshire 1,000 votes. In fact, the leaders are completely disheartened."

A Pittsburg blast furnace turned out 1,344,995 pounds of iron in seven days—which is considered a blasted good record.

A Sunday in New York City.

New York, March 16, 1874.

Mr. Editor: Yesterday was a privileged day with me. At 9 A. M., I took the Fulton street cars, and on arrival at the ferry, immediately crossed over to Brooklyn. The stream of pedestrians through the streets of that city prevented the necessity of my inquiring the way to Plymouth Church, for thither were we all aiming, to hear the renowned preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. His church is a plain, massive edifice of brick, built in the olden time, and extending through a narrow block from one street to another. Arriving at the entrance, we found several hundred at the gate, in the street, denied admission until the pew-holders had entered. Presently the rush was general, and as if life and death depended upon our entering, this one pushed that way and that one this way, till the church was a perfect jam. The pews are arranged to lap over the aisles, so that the floor is a series of semi-circular seats from side to side of the church, twenty in number, and each seating fifty persons, for I counted. The gallery extends along two sides and one end of the church, and has eight tiers, each seating 125 persons comfortably. The second gallery covers the end of the church, and seats about 100. The short corner seats, the various jombs and lobbies, will accommodate 500 more persons. All these holes and corners, yesterday, were sandwiched with men and women. My seat was in a most remote corner of the gallery, and I could see nothing but the man who stood in front of me; and yet the acoustics of the building are so perfect, I heard every whisper made by the preacher. This friend and I agreed to exchange places every fifteen minutes, so that, standing, I saw the venerable divine, sitting as sanctimoniously as possible upon the staid stage, with an immense bouquet of flowers on either side of him, and looking the express image of Benjamin Franklin, as he used to appear in Poor Richard's almanac. His long, iron-grey hair, and full tailed black frock coat, made him look peculiarly Puritanical. His text was from Proverbs, x, 6-7, but more particularly the 7th verse: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." After promising that these proverbs were to-day as applicable as they were 3,000 years ago, and that the Christian might find himself refreshed by reading them daily, and practicing them in the street, the field, the warehouse, the office, and among his household, he immediately entered upon his subject, which was this: As the memory of the just shall be blessed, so does good action tend to perpetuate itself; and as the name of the wicked shall rot, so does wickedness tend to destroy itself. If this be true to-day, as it was in Solomon's time, is it not right that men should desire to be remembered for the good they do? In other words, does disinterestedness require a man to deny himself the right to feel a pride in doing an act to benefit others, because thereby he knows he benefits himself? Should not all men desire to have their memory perpetuated? And, in turn, should not every generation remember its benefactors? He was a benefactor who built this church, and another benefactor pointed it, and so on all through the list of artisans engaged; and people say, (said the preacher,) that it is a plain church; and perhaps its builders don't deserve remembering, &c. So it is plain, said he, but it looks right well when you are all here. [Laughter.] Speaking of the phrase "common level," he said there were men and things in life very much alike; they all looked alike, and were like so many batter cakes on a griddle; all of the same size and shape—all round and level. [Renewed laughter.] And of man's ambition—whatever has been done, can be done. When men took to training fast trotting horses, 4 minutes was thought to be good time; but good training effected the same result in 3 minutes; and finally, persistent efforts got it down to 2:20. "Yes, and some man will say, 'my nag shall beat that,' and he'll do it, too." True disinterestedness can be shown in no more laudable way than by defending one's country. And this was well shown in our late terrible conflict. "Yes," said he, "they met in the battle-field—both the slayer and the slain—each ready to die for his country. And it was their country, my brethren. The Southern soldier sacrificed himself upon the altar of his country; he believed it was his country, and should be remembered for his devotion to principle."

This sermon, of just one hour, was a most remarkable production. Its language was chaste, even when alluding to topics irrelevant to the pulpit; its logic and argument philosophical; its effect pleasing, and its delivery eloquent. Though the first time I ever heard him, it plainly revealed to me why this quaint genius should be popular. No common mind could assume the latitude he does. At 4 P. M., it was my pleasure to hear the Rev. Trug, Jr., D. D., who is a young man of about 140 pounds, five feet eight inches high, square, full forehead, sandy hair, long side whiskers, clean-shaven chin, and most ferocious mustaches. His full but small grey eyes and erect carriage give him a look quite a la *midnight*. His text, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," &c., was gracefully handled; Bunyan's allegory of Christian's walk being used to impress the congregation that there were many terrible valleys through which man had to travel before reaching the valley of death. But if, in their daily walk, Christians would carry with them the remainder of the text—"Thou wilt be with me"—the dread of death would be greatly assuaged, and the world made much happier. The sermon was very short, and contained nothing that would induce the conviction that the Doctor was a man of eminence; but his reputation justifies the conclusion that he is one of New York's

first pulpit orators. His declamation is graceful, and his pronunciation precise to a fault. All his words are monosyllables, for he says "per-fect-ness" for perfectness, and "com-fort" for comfort, and so throughout his delivery. This mannerism smacks considerably of affectation, for I was not impressed that he talked so, having heard him casually in conversation.

At 8 P. M., I went to the Church of the Disciples—a huge pile of Venetian spires, surrounding a huge dome, that covered an immense amphitheatrical pit, that will seat, I am told, 3,000 people, all facing a small, semi-circular stage, upon which is seated the minister, by a table, with the organ behind him, and his choir and congregation before him. The ceiling is flat, horse-shoe shaped, and from it the gas lights throw their brilliancy upon the moving masses below. This immense pit was thoroughly packed from stage to door, and the distinguished orator on the occasion was the Rev. Dr. Hepworth, whose eloquence and popularity has built him this, one of the most capacious and extensive churches in the city. On this occasion, his theme was Charles Sumner, and his text Romans, xiv, 7—"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." He was not long in introducing to his audience his subject, for he set out by saying, when a strong oak falls in the forest it decays, others grow up around it, and it is not missed; but when the branching elm, that has grown where its shade often shelters the weary traveler, is uprooted by the storm, its loss is lamented on all sides. So with Mr. Sumner. He stood out in bold relief from amongst his peers, a giant in intellect, a model of integrity, a very paragon of perfection. He called him the Moses of our times; the defender of the "flag of liberty and the flag of righteousness." [When did "our" flag ever have a religious significance?] He next gave a laudatory narration of Mr. Sumner's life and services, and clearly proved him to have been a saint; especially as no one was called upon to prove him a sinner. But when the Rev. Doctor came to that period in his life where Brooks gave him the ungula-pectoris, or some other hard-named disease, he was theatrically eloquent. His imagination was vivid, for, "with its eye," he could see the learned scholar, with thoughtful brow, poring over his tomes at his desk in the Senate chamber; and the same vivid imagination depicted to its possessor one Brooks, an assassin, "fit representative of the land of barbarism, the duel, the ondogel," creeping upon the profound book-worm from behind, and with the blow of a coward, felling him to the floor, and for what? Simply because his country, with all its feudalism, aristocracy and ignorance, could not meet the unanswerable arguments of Charles Sumner. The Rev. Doctor asserted that from this blow Sumner never recovered—"Brooks killed Sumner, but thank God, that blow was the death knell to slavery, too." When the Doctor asserted this, he seemed to have given vent to gas that had been pent up since 1856.

There is probably no man in New England, and perhaps never was one, better known by the people of these United States, and by the South especially, than Charles Sumner. That he was learned, no one denied; that he was a man of political integrity, was generally conceded; that he was fanatical, everybody knew; that he was cranky in his latter years, most people thought; but that he was a man *integer vultu*, neither his own divorced wife nor Dr. Hepworth believed. To pronounce an eulogy upon Mr. Sumner was fit and right, for he was a statesman, and worthy the nation's admiration. But to prostitute the pulpit a Sabbath night by depicting, yes, vividly conjuring up, scenes that never transpired, to inflame the popular mind and kindle anew the fires of prejudice in the North against the South, is contemptible in the extreme, and unworthy the man who dared to utter them. Religion, in the hands of such men, can never exercise charity towards the rest of mankind, and will never advance a step towards healing the "chasm" that should ere this have been bridged over. If Dr. Hepworth is an index of Northern philanthropy, there is "righteousness" in the flag, but scarcely semi-civilization in the South; and yet this is a glorious Union.

"Thank God, man is not to be judged by man, or man by man, and the world, would damn itself."

FRIEND.

A POOR REWARD.—When Mr. Dawes, in his late speech in Congress, stated that a collector of customs who was honest enough to declare his office to be utterly unnecessary, had been removed as soon as the fact was known at Washington, and a less scrupulous person appointed to be his successor, the whole story was denied and ridiculed, because he refused to give the name. The facts have been discovered. Mr. A. L. Robinson is the name of the collector, and Evansville, Indiana, was his collection district. During last year, the customs receipts at that "port" were \$5,040.45, and the cost of collecting this amount was \$1,708.42 more than the total receipts, salaries being \$6,748.83 per year. The office which Mr. Robinson held paid him \$3,000, and from the customs collected, it may be judged whether he had much labor to perform.

THE WHITE HOUSE.—One marriage has taken place in the White House; two Presidents have died there; one has lived in state in the East room. Several children have passed away in the executive mansion, but only one baby, a grandson of Jefferson, has been born there.

POND'S EXTRACT.—"The Vegetable Pain Destroyer" never fails to afford relief from pain. Try it once, and nothing could induce you to be without it. Mar 13 1874

CITY MATTERS.—Subscribe for the PHOENIX.

White labor is the question now being discussed by the farmers.

Green things are just stepping out boldly now.

The weather was variable, yesterday—clear, cloudy, rainy and windy at times. CASH will be the rule at the PHOENIX office hereafter.

Strawberries will be very early this season.

Rev. F. J. Murdoch will officiate in Trinity Church, this morning, at 11 o'clock.

A handsome log-cabin quilt will be raffled at Rawls' Music Store as soon as the chances are all taken.

Mr. Edward Egg, an old resident of Columbia, has returned and resumed his old business—watch-repairing.

Many of our merchants are Northward bound, in search of goods for the spring and summer trade.

What punishment is severe enough for the man who is flooding our streets with those noisy little air bags? Answer.

Old type—superior to Rabbit metal for many purposes and much cheaper—can be obtained in any quantity at the PHOENIX Office.

St Singleton, the noted thief, finished a five months' imprisonment on Tuesday night, but was arrested again on Wednesday, for another theft.

Col. E. J. Cane, of the 9th Regiment National Guards, has been removed by the Governor, and Senator T. C. Andrews appointed.

The PHOENIX is in receipt of a lot of wedding envelopes, paper, etc., of the latest Paris and New York styles, which will be printed at reasonable rates.

The PHOENIX job office is complete in every respect, and cards, posters, programmes, bill-heads, etc., are turned out with alacrity.

The fourth grand gift concert for the benefit of the public library of Kentucky comes off on 31st March. Tickets can be had through Mr. D. Gambrill, up to the 20th instant, after which date all unsold will be returned.

The bill to grant the franchise and charter to the Congaree Manufacturing Company, passed by a large majority of both branches of the General Assembly, became a law by the signature of the Governor, which was affixed yesterday.

Persons indebted to the PHOENIX office are earnestly requested to call and settle at once. There is a large amount due—the greater portion in small sums. The indebtedness must be liquidated, or we shall resort to extreme measures.

We are informed that all the whole tickets in the great gift concert at Louisville, Ky., which were sent to this city, have been disposed of. A few halves, fifths and tenths remain, but they are going off rapidly. The time is very short.

Transfer printing inks are invaluable to railroad companies, banks, merchants, manufacturers and others. They are enduring and changeless, and will copy sharp and clear for an indefinite period of time. Having just received a fresh supply of inks, we are prepared to execute orders at moderate prices.

Every head of a family should possess a policy in a good life insurance company, like the Brooklyn, of New York, which is as sound as a silver dollar. Dr. J. W. Parker, at the Carolina National Bank, is the General Agent for South Carolina. In view of the uncertainty of life, call on him and secure protection against so terrible an evil as that of leaving a family unprotected for.

The excitement on Main street, yesterday, was the attempt—successful, after a time—to carry the somewhat notorious drinkist, Foster Satton, to the guard house. He resisted, and it required the united exertions of eight or ten men to get him into a wagon. After he was seated, he struck out and sent Policeman Stowers overboard—much to the delight of the shouting crowd in attendance.

The following House committees were appointed on the last day of the session: To investigate certain bonds—Messrs. Hurley, P. Simpkins and N. B. Myers; to disburse certain funds in Charleston—Messrs. Mackey, Artson and Ford; to assist the Attorney-General in the prosecution of Niles G. Parker, late State Treasurer, for illegal issue of State bonds—Messrs. J. D. Boston, Bowley, Robertson, W. A. Grant and Hamilton.

Fire.—The alarm of fire, about half-past 11 o'clock, last night, was caused by the burning of the kitchen on the premises of a colored man, named Henry Jones, (commonly called Sheriff,) on the corner of Blossom and Assembly streets. Owing to the scarcity of water and the great distance, the engines could afford no assistance, and the building was entirely consumed. We could not learn the origin of the fire.

THE SOIREE DANSANTE.—Prof. Bristenden's *soiree dansante*, last night, in Parker's Hall, was a remarkably pleasant affair. There were present about eighty persons—the scholars and their parents and friends. A number of fancy dances were gone through with, the scholars in their accurate movements exhibiting the skill and attention of the Professor. At 12 o'clock, the frolic closed.

FAT COPY.—The annual supper furnished by the Republican Printing Company to their employees, came off, last night, at the Pollock House. A few outsiders only were present—one of them very local. All eat, drank and smoked to such an extent, that when the time for speech-making arrived, they declared themselves "too full for utterance"—in technical lingo, there had been so many fat takes, that they did not care to bother with solid matter.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 A. M., 3 P. M.; closes 11 A. M., 6 P. M. Charleston opens 6 A. M., 5.30 P. M.; closes 8 A. M., 6 P. M. Western opens 6 A. M., 12.30 P. M.; closes 6, 1.30 P. M. Greenville opens 3.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Wilmington opens 4 P. M.; closes 10.30 A. M. On Sunday open from 2.30 to 3.30 P. M.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND ADVERTISERS.—Orders for advertisements, job work, etc., must be accompanied with the CASH. No exceptions can be made. Ordinary advertisements \$1 per square of nine printed lines for first insertion; fifty cents each subsequent insertion; weekly, monthly and yearly rates furnished on application. Advertisements inserted once a week, \$1 each insertion. Marriages and funeral invitations, \$1. Notices in local column fifteen cents a line, each insertion.

PHOENIXIANA.—Nothing tells on a man so much as a gossiping wife. Druggists are the true pillars of society.

Of all trees the elder is said to be the oldest.

Sunbeams should be the proper timber for castles in the air.

Cheerfulness has been called the bright wreath of the heart.

Hay-seed parties are sprouting out West.

The times are marching along at a lively, springing gait.

How many lawyers find out that where there's a will there's a way with the money.

The domestic drama of Toodles was played last evening, in Irwin's Hall, to a thin audience. The parts were very well conceived and some rendered with fair effect. The song and tableau, "Come Home, Father," was quite well done, and the scenes of desolation and death in the home of the inebriate well presented. We hope that a better house will cheer the performers this evening. The object of the exhibition is one which all must approve. Admission, 75 cents—not 25, as stated yesterday.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. California Segar Store. Wm. Wallace—To Rent. Wm. Clothier—Painting.

HOTEL ARRIVALS, March 19, 1874.—Columbia Hotel—W. L. DeTreville, S. C.; J. Devoreux and wife, N. Y.; J. V. Nethers and wife, N. C.; J. W. O'Brien, John E. Thomas, O. R. Levy, J. P. Browne, W. H. Evans, Charleston; Jude Robinson, Orangeburg; C. A. Seike, N. Y.; W. Johnston, N. C.; O. S. Sweetser and wife, A. Walker, wife and grandson, M. S.; E. H. Brooks, G. E. Reab, G.; G. W. Thames, N. C.; W. D. Stoney, S. C.; J. M. Seigler, J. S. Land, G. & C. R.; W. J. Sprinkle, N. C.; W. F. Barton, Orangeburg; W. Hood, Erskine College.

Hendrix House—C. A. Hamner, N. C.; A. J. Chentham, Baltimore; J. J. Taylor, Charleston; R. H. Jennings, Fairfield; J. O. Lindsey, Due West; P. O. Alston, Miss F. R. Alston, Fairfield.

Wheeler House—H. Tolman and wife, Miss L. H. Tolman, Mrs. L. P. S. Shotz, M. S.; G. B. Wilson, J. E. Lander, Jos. S. Keen, Pa.; S. C. McMillen, Ga.; David Hemphill, Chester; Rev. F. J. Murdoch, N. C.; P. P. Lenour, Mo.; E. S. J. Hayes, Lexington; W. Williams, J. J. Little, city; J. S. Guignard, Orangeburg; F. H. Lummin, N. Y.; G. A. Seymour, Charleston; T. N. Tolbert, Abbeville; E. U. Goebrough, Pine House.

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 over-work or indiscretions. THIS NERVOUS DEBILITY finds a SOVEREIGN CURE IN HUMPHREYS' HOMOPATHIC 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 HOMOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 562 Broadway, N. Y. For sale by GEIGER & MCGREGOR, Columbia, S. C. Dec 17 11m