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THURSDAY, MAY 4.

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Every Piano fully warranted for  
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and the Vital Organs of the Human System.  
They are the only medicine of the kind  
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purely medicinal wine, made from the Native Roots and  
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to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has  
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De Bing's Via Fuga is the pure juices of  
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most generally terminate in Consumptive  
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the Biliary, Glandular and Secretive systems;  
corrects and Strengthens the nervous and  
Muscular forces; it acts like a charm on weak  
nervous and debilitated females, both young  
and old. None should be without it. Sold  
everywhere.

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**Cooking Extracts.**  
Macaroni, Cox's Gelatine, Sea Moss, Fine  
and Spices. For Sale by  
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**A FAMILY PICTURE.**

In a little time, after some contro-  
versy about places, which was arrested  
by the mother's eye, they were all  
seated; John happened in, in the  
meantime, taking his father's seat.

"Is s-p!" said William, "sassaiges,  
that's what I love."

"Hoo," said Isaac, "spare-ribs!  
that's what I love."

"Well, cease your gab, and eat  
what's set before you, without com-  
ments. Nobody cares what you love,  
or what you don't love."

"Souse!" said Abraham, "I don't  
love souse. I would'n't eat souse;  
'tain't fitten for a dog to eat."

"Get up, sir; and march out of the  
house until you learn better manners.  
I'll be bound if I say you shall eat  
souse, you'll eat it. Do you hear me,  
sir?"

Abraham raked himself lazily out of  
his seat, and moved slowly off, casting  
a longing look at the many good things  
on the table, which he evidently  
thought "fitten for a prince to eat."

"Ma," said he as he retired, "I  
wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at  
me."

"William, I've as great a mind as  
I ever had to do anything in my life,  
to send you from the table, and not  
let you eat a mouthful. I despise that  
abominable disposition you have of  
rejoicing at your brother's misfortunes.  
Remember, sir, what Solomon says;  
'He that is glad at calamities, shall  
not go unpunished.'"

"Ma," said Abraham, "mayn't I  
come to my breakfast?"

"Yes, if you think you can now be-  
have yourself with decency."  
Abraham returned, and they all  
broke forth at once:

"Ma, mayn't I have some sassaige?"  
"Ma, I want some spare rib."  
"Ma, if you please ma'm, let me have som'  
ham-gravy, and some fried hom'ny  
and some egg, and—"

"And some of everything on the table,  
I suppose. Put down your plate—  
every one of you—George, what will  
you have?"

"Some sassaige and some fried po-  
tater."

"John, help your brother George.  
What do you want, William?"  
"I want some spare rib and hom'ny."  
"Nancy, help William. What do  
you want Abraham?"

"I reckon," said John, smiling,  
'he'll take a little souse.'  
"Now, John, behave yourself. He  
has suffered the punishment of his  
fault, and there let it rest."

"I'll have," said Abraham 'some ham-  
gravy, and some egg, and some hom'ny,'  
'Help him Chaney. What'll you  
have, Isaac?"

"I'll have some ham-gravy, and some  
hom'ny, and some sassaige, and some  
spare rib, and some—"

"Well, you are not going to have  
everything on the table, I assure you.  
What do you want?"

"I want some ham-gravy and some  
hom'ny."  
"John, help I—"

"No! I don't want no gravy; I want  
some spare rib."  
"John, give him—"

"No! I don't want no spare rib; I  
want some sassaige."  
"Well, if you don't make up your  
mind pretty quick, you'll want your  
breakfast, I tell you. I'm not going  
to be tantalized all day long by your  
wants. Say what you want, and have  
done with it."

"I want some ham-gravy, and some  
sassaige, and some hom'ny."  
"Help him, John."

John helped him to about a tea-  
spoonful from each dish.

"Now, ma, just look at Bud John! He  
hain't gi' me just these three lit-  
bits o' bits."

"John, if you can't keep from tan-  
talizing the children, tell me so, and  
I'll not trouble them to help you any  
more. I confess that I am at a loss to  
discover what pleasure one of your  
age can take in teasing your younger  
brothers. Rebecca, what do you want?"

"I want my pig-tail, ma'am."  
"Bless my soul and body! haven't  
you forgot that pig-tail yet? It's burnt  
up long ago, I hope. Look, Bob, and  
see; and if it isn't, give it to her. I  
wish in my heart there never was a  
pig-tail on the face of the earth."

Bob produced the half charred pig-  
tail, and laid it on Miss Rebecca's  
plate.

"There, continued her mother, 'I  
hope now your hearts at ease. A  
beautiful dish it is, truly, for any mor-  
tal to take fancy to."

"Ma, I don't want this pigtail."  
"Take it away. I knew you didn't  
want it, you little preserve brat. I  
knew you didn't want it; and I don't  
know what got into me to let you  
have it. But, really, I am so tor-  
mented out of my life, that I hardly  
know whether I am standing on my  
head or my heels."

"Missis," said Chaney, "Aunt Dorcas  
says please make Miss Louisa come out  
de kitchen. Say if you don't make  
her come out de fire, he'll git burnt up  
d'rekly. Say every time she tell her  
to come out de fire, she make a mouf  
at her."

"Why, sure enough! where is Louisa?  
Go tell her to come to breakfast  
this instant."

"I did tell her, ma'am, and she say  
she won't come till she gits done bak-  
in' her cake."  
Mrs. Butler left the room, and soon  
returned with Louisa sobbing and cry-  
ing.

Aunt Dorcas jerked me hard as ever  
she could jerk, 'fore I did anything at  
all to her."

"Hold your tongue. You're a pretty  
thing to be making mouths at a person  
old enough to be your grand-mother.  
If I'd thought when I gave you that  
lump of dough, that the whole planta-  
tion was to be turned upside down  
about it, I'd have let you done without  
it."

Miss Louisa, after a little sobbing  
and pouting, drew from her apron a  
small, dirty, ashy, black, wrinkled,  
biscuit warm from the kitchen shovel,  
which would have been just precisely  
the accompaniment to Miss Rebecca's  
dish; and upon this, in preference to  
everything on the table, she commene-  
d her repast.

"Well, Lou," said the mother with a  
laugh as she cast her eye upon the  
unsightly biscuit, 'you certainly have  
a strange taste."

Everybody knows that the mothers  
laugh is always responded to with  
compound interest by all her children.  
So was it in this instance, and good  
humor prevailed around the table.

"I'm sorry," said Abraham, 'for  
Louisa's b-i-s, bis, k-i-t, kit, biskit."  
"Well, really!" said Mrs. B, 'you  
are a handsome speller. Is that the  
way you spell biscuit?"

"I can spell it, ma," hawled out Isaac.  
"Well, spell it."  
'B-i-s, bis, c—' (Well, that's right,)  
—"

"Ah, well! that'll do. You needn't  
go any further; you've missed it worse  
than your brother. Spell it, William."  
William spelled it correctly.

"Ma, said George; what is biscuit  
derived from?"  
"John—From the French, bis twice,  
and cuit baked."

Butler—Rather, from two Latin  
words, which mean the same thing,  
one of which the French have changed  
as we have it, while they have pre-  
served the other unaltered."

William—Why, my, you don't bake  
biscuits twice over."

Abraham—Yes, ma does sometimes;  
don't you, ma, when company comes?"  
Mother—No; I sometimes warm  
over cold ones, when I haven't time  
to make fresh ones; but never bake  
them twice.

Butler—They were first made to  
sea; and they were then baked twice  
over, as I believe sea biscuits are still."

Isaac—Ma, what's breakfast 'rived  
from?"  
Mother—Spell it, and you will see."

Isaac—B-r-e-a-k, break, f-u-s-t,  
fast, break-fast."

Mother—Well, Ike, you are another  
grand speller. Break-fast and not  
break-fast."

Abraham—I know what it comes  
from."

Mother—What?"  
Abraham—You know, when you  
call us children to break, we all break  
off and run as fast as we can split."

Mother—Well, that is a brilliant  
derivation, truly. Do you suppose  
there wasn't breakfast before your chil-  
dren were born?"

Abraham—But, ma, everybody has  
children."

Mrs. Butler explained the term.  
Isaac—Ma, I know what sassaige  
comes from."

Mother—What?"  
Isaac—Cause its got sass in it."

Mother—Well; there, there! I've  
got enough of derivations, unless  
they are better. You'll learn all these  
things as you grow older."

Just here, Miss Sarah, who had been  
breakfasting at a side table, was seized  
with a curiosity to see what was on the  
breakfast table. Accordingly, she un-  
dertook to draw herself up to the con-  
venient elevation, by the table-cloth.  
Her mother arrested her just in time to  
save a cup, and pushed her aside with  
a gentle admonition. This did not  
abate Miss Sarah's curiosity in the least,  
and she recommenced her experiment.  
Her mother removed her a little more  
empirically this time. These little  
interruptions only fired Miss Sarah's  
zeal, and she was returning with a re-  
doubled energy, when she ran her  
head against the palm of her mother's  
check with a rubicund force. Away  
she went to her grandmother, crying,  
'Gram'ma, ma whipped your pretious,  
darlin' angel babe.'

"Did she, my darling? Then Gram-  
ma's precious, darling angel must be a  
good child, and mother won't whip it  
any more."

"Well, I will be a dood child."  
"Well, then, mother won't whip it  
any more." And this conference was  
kept up without the variation of a let-  
ter on either side, until the grand-  
mother deemed it expedient to remove  
Miss Sarah to an adjoining room, lest  
the mother should insist upon the ful-  
filment of her promises.

"Ma, just look at Abe, cried out  
William; 'he saw me going to take a  
biscuit, and he snatched up the very  
one I was going to take.'"

"Abe," said the mother, "I do wish I  
could make you quit nick-naming each  
other; and I wish more that I had never  
set the example. Put down that bis-  
cuit, sir, and take another."

Abraham returned the biscuit, and  
William took it up with a sly but tri-  
umphant giggle at Abraham.

"Ma, said Abraham, 'Bill said God  
durn!'"

"Law, what a story! Ma, I declare I  
never said no such thing."  
Yes you did, and, and Chaney heard  
you."

William's countenance immediately  
glowed that his memory had been re-  
freshed; and he drawled out, 'I never  
none, now, with a tone and counte-  
nance that plainly imparted guilt to  
some extent. His mother suspected  
that he was hinging upon technicals, and  
she put the probing question, 'well,  
what did you say?'  
'I said I'd be tottly 'od 'er n."

"And that's just as bad. Mr Butler,  
you positively will have to take this  
boy in hand. He evinces a strong pro-  
pensity to profane swearing, which if  
not corrected, will become ungovernable.  
'Whenever you can't manage him  
said Butler, as before, 'just turn him  
over to me, and I reckon I can cure  
him.'"

It is due to Butler here to state, that  
it was mutually understood between  
him and his wife, that her credit was  
not staked upon these general drafts,  
and that he did not feel himself bound  
to honor them; but whenever she val-  
ued on him (as the merchants say) for  
a specific amount, or a special purpose,  
her bills were never dishonored.

When did he say it? inquired the  
mother, returning to Abraham.  
'You know that time you sent all us  
children to the new ground to pick  
peas?'  
'Why, that's been three months ago,  
at least, and you have just thought now  
of telling it. Oh, you malicious toad,  
you; where do you learn to bear malice  
so long? I abhor that trait of charac-  
ter in a child.'  
'Ma, said Bill, 'Abe haint said pray-  
ers in three nights.'  
Abe and Bill now exactly swap  
places and countenances.  
'Yes, said the mother, 'and I sup-  
pose I should never heard that, if Abe  
had not told of your profanity.'  
'I know better, dragged out Abra-  
ham, in reply to William.  
'Abraham, said the mother, solemnly,  
did you kneel down when you said your  
prayers last night?'  
'Yes ma, said Abraham, brightening  
a little.  
'Yes, ma, continued Bill, 'he kneels  
down, and 'fore I can say 'Now I lay  
me down to sleep, he jumps up every  
night and hops in bed and says he is  
done his prayers, and he haint had time  
to say a half a prayer.'  
During this narrative my namesake  
kept covering under the steadfast  
frown of his mother, until he transforme-  
d himself into the perfect personification  
of idiocy.  
'How many prayers did you say last  
night, Abraham?' pursued the mother,  
in an awfully potent tone.  
'I said one, and—' (here Abraham  
paused).  
'One, and what?'  
'One, and a piece of another.'  
'Why, ma, he could not have said it  
to save his life, for he did not have the  
time.'  
'Hush, sir, I dont ask for your as-  
sistance.  
'I did, muttered Abraham, 'I said  
the other piece after I got in bed.'  
'Abraham, said his mother 'I de-  
clare I do not know what to say to you, I  
am so mortified, so shocked at this con-  
duct, that I am completely at a loss  
how to express myself about it. Sup-  
pose you had died last night after tri-  
fing with your prayers as you did, who  
can say what would have become of  
you? Is it possible that you cannot  
spend a few minutes in prayer to your  
Heavenly Father, who feeds you, who  
clothes you, and who gives you every  
good thing you have in the world? You  
poor sinful child, I could weep over  
you.'  
Poor Abraham evinced such deep  
contrition under this lecture (for he  
sobbed as if his heart would break) that  
his mother deemed it prudent to con-  
clude with sassaives, which she did in  
the happiest manner.  
Having thus restored Abraham's  
equanimity in a measure, with a gently  
encouraging smile she continued:  
'And now, Abraham, tell your moth-  
er how you came to say a part of the  
second prayer.'  
'I could'n't go to sleep until I said it,  
ma'am.'  
'Well, that is a good sign, at least.  
And what part was it?'  
'God bless my father and my mother.'  
Mrs. Butler felt quickly for her hand-  
kerchief. It had fallen from her lap,  
and she was glad of it. She depressed  
her head below the table in search of  
it, dismissed the children before she  
raised it, and then rose with a counte-  
nance suffused with smiles and tears.  
'Poor babes,' said she, 'what a com-  
pound of good and bad they are.'  
The grandmother returned just at  
this time, discovering some uneasiness  
at Mrs. Butler's tears, the latter ex-  
plained. As she concluded—'The Lord  
bless the poor dear boy,' exclaimed the  
venerable matron, raising her apron  
to her eyes, 'that shows he's got a good  
heart. No danger of the child that  
can't sleep till he prays for his father  
and mother.'

A NODDY LITTLE FELLOW.—A  
crippled beggar was striving to pick up  
some old clothes, that had been thrown  
from a window, when a crowd of rude  
boys gathered about him, mimicking  
his awkward movements, and hooting  
at his helplessness and rage. Present-  
ly a noble little fellow came up, and  
pushing through the crowd, helped the  
poor crippled man to pick up his gifts,  
and place them in a bundle. Then,  
slipping a piece of silver into his hand,  
he was running away, when a voice far  
above him said, 'Little boy with a straw  
hat, look up.' A lady leaning from an  
upper window, said earnestly, 'God  
bless you, my little fellow; God will  
bless you for that.' As he walked  
along, he thought of the poor beggar's  
grateful look; of the lady's smile, and  
approval; and last, and better than all,  
he could almost hear his heavenly  
Father whispering, 'Blessed are the  
merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'  
Little reader when you have an oppor-  
tunity of doing good, and feel tempt-  
ed to neglect it, remember the little  
boy with the straw hat.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.—A vio-  
lent storm of wind and rain passed  
over the Eastern side of this County  
on Thursday morning last, a little af-  
ter sunrise. In the neighborhood of  
Breazeale Mill the work of destruc-  
tion being, and the greatest fury  
seemed concentrated a mile or two be-  
yond, in the direction of Belton. The  
residence and out-buildings of Mr.  
Robert C. Keys were blown down  
and the family barely escaped with  
their lives, one or two members of his  
household being seriously injured.  
Everything was torn literally to pieces,  
even to the clothes upon their persons.  
Other houses on the path of the torna-  
do were violently hurled to the ground,  
and an immense amount of timber and  
fencing was blown down. The track  
of the hurricane was only a few hun-  
dred yards wide, and it was most de-  
structive in the locality mentioned,  
which is seven or eight miles East of  
this town. It appears miraculous  
that no lives were lost, and that so  
few casualties to persons occurred.

Anderson Intelligence.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONTESTED ELEC-  
TION.—In the House of Representa-  
tives of the Forty second Congress  
from the second district of South  
Carolina, the Washington Star says  
that the contest for a seat will, it is  
believed, be decided in favor of C. C.  
Bowen, as the commissioners of elec-  
tion of Beaufort County, in that dis-  
trict, were tried in the United States  
Circuit Court in Charleston, last week,  
upon an indictment charging them with  
having stuffed the ballot-boxes, falsified  
the election record, made false returns  
of the number of votes cast, and com-  
mitted divers other acts in violation of  
the United States enforcement law at  
the last election. The jury found the  
prisoners guilty, and Judge Bond  
sentenced them each to two years im-  
prisonment in the penitentiary, thus  
sustaining Mr. Bowen's charge of fraud  
in that district, and proportionally in-  
creasing the chances for the contested  
seat.

UTILIZE THE CARCASS.—When a  
farmer loses a horse, or ox, or any other  
animal, instead of leaving the carcass to  
be devoured by dogs or crows, he should  
cover it with six or eight times its bulk  
of earth, and thus arrest the fertilizing  
gasses which will be thrown off in the  
process of decomposition. By so doing  
he would secure a quantity of manure  
which would pay him five times over  
the trouble it would cost him; for there  
is very little land in the older portions  
of the State, which might not be great-  
ly improved by the application of fer-  
tilizers.

A London journal relates that Eliza  
Wragge, a matron lady, was very an-  
xious to be remembered after death, and  
she therefore left in her will a small  
sum of money to a certain parish on  
condition that the vault should be  
opened, and her coffin dusted, every  
year. In the event of failure, the be-  
quest is to be transferred to another  
parish. She made sure of the wardens,  
who are to open the vault, by leaving  
them enough to buy a good dinner on  
each return of the cheerful occasion.

Wilhelm, who composed the famous  
German patriotic war song, "Watch on  
the Rhine," was recently found dead in  
his bed, having died of apoplexy dur-  
ing the night. It is said in reference to  
this stirring song, that Bismarck es-  
teemed it of more service in the late  
war than a well equipped army of 10,  
000 men.

Advice to young ladies—the least  
conspicuous, easiest and safest way of  
darkening the eye-brows is by means of  
the bent end of a hair pin smoked in  
the gas-flame.

The degree of Doctor of Medicine  
was conferred upon Miss Susan J. Fa-  
ber, of High Point, N. C., at the  
nineteenth annual commencement of  
Women's Medical College of Pennsyl-  
vania, at Philadelphia, on the 15th ult.

Gen. Sherman is now traveling  
through the South without escort.  
The Mobile Register warns him against  
the Radical Ku Klux, who would not  
hesitate to kill him, or any other man,  
in the dark, to make a little capital for  
their party.

Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late  
General R.