Somebody's eyes are lookin' for me comin' up Plane an' chise! an' hammer! gay!y they flash in the sun?'

That's how I used to sing at my work; but that song's done.

Here 'n the loneir workshop I chisel an' hammer an' plane.

Not wi' the old good heart—I shall never ha'

that again.
There's nobody waiting at home for me: the cottage is all so lone.
At' the babes—God bless 'em—it breaks my heart to heer 'em moan.
There's nobody at the window lookin' out up the village street.

An' work do seem so hard now! she used to

An' work do seem so hard now! she used to make it sweet.

An' the neighbors, kind hearts! they come an stop at the workshep door.

And pitles an' talks an' talks—they moan all well for sure.

Csimer a bit maybe I'il grow; but there'll still be the place—

The cmp'ty place in my heart, 'spate o' the cheriest face. cheeriest face. Somethin' 'li fill it' What! * * Now that

she's gone away.
I don't want it filled by nothin'. Never! that's what I say.
Plane an' chisel an' hammer! gayly they flash
in the sun!
An' nobody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done.

An' when the ev'nin' comes, an' I wipe the sweat from my brow.

I stop wi' my cost on my arm, an' think how

longit all is now. I think of her place at the table un' fire, an' her empty coair.

An' the lonery supper a-waitin' me, an' she not there! The babes that crowed 'n ber arms, an' held to her dress's hem.
Comin' to meet me! How proud I was of her an' them!
I stop at the door as I mind it, an' I haven't the heart to go
Back to the empty cottage; it makes me miss

I see the shadows a-gatherin', an' the last o'

mer au' chisel au' plane!
'Tis work, work, work, as steadies oue's heart an' brain. Just the same for all on us, maiden an' man Life wi'out work, I rockon, ain't worthy the

name of life.

An' life wi'out hope to hold to:—why
better die a'most!

'The aship wi'out an anchor, I say; a gate wi'
ne'er a post.
Plane an' chisel an' hammer! gayly they flash in the sun! Thank God. I've hope and work; 'tis that as helps me on. That's what the passun 'ud say; but 'tis bard

to stick to 't though:
'Tis hard to be left alone! An' the babes! 21 An' to want her so. Piane an' chisel an' hammer gayly they flash in the sun!
An nobody's waiting for me at home when

my work is done.

There's the empty chair by the fire, an' the seat by the window-pane;

She'll never come back to them or sit an' work in them again.

But the empty place in my heart, there's somethin' as seems to say

She'll come to that for ever may be, in hearm come day ven, some day. -F. E. Weatherly.

A Plea For The Birds.

I have read a good deal about the damage done in late years by chinch bugs, army worms, curculio, boxers and other insects "too numerous to mention;" but few of the writers seem to think or be conscious of the real reason for the increasing number and harmfulness of these pests. But we do not have to go far to find the reason, and it is found in the widespread and outrageous destruction of our birds. Think of the enormous number of small birds required to deck ladies' hats nowadays: and of the ruined crops of hundreds of farmers and fruit growers in the United States, and ask if the latter is not the result of the former. Of course it is; no one will or can dispute it. What is to be done? Something; and no time should be lost in doing it. The American Humane Society is, I think, doing a good work in this direction, and would in time blot out the bird-killing business, especially as an adjunct to the millinery trade of the country; but it ork a reform soon enough to satisfy the pressing necessities of the agricultural interests. We must appeal to law to stop this indirect hatching and raising of myriads of insects to destroy the crops of the farmer, fruit grower

and market gardener. I do not think a law against catching birds would do much good, for it would not be enforced; but I think a law prohibiting milliners, both wholesale and retail. from handling these ghostly ornaments would have the desired effect, and with such a law we might, in time, have our birds as plentiful and useful as they were a few years ago, before this bloody war on them began.

But small birds are not the only in-

sect eaters that are being exterminated for frivolous purposes. The prairie chickens are falling by the thousand by the ruthless hand of the market shooter -that vile blot upon the human race; cruel as a fiend; grasping as a miser; lazy as a sloth; brainless as an idiot, and for harmfulness ranking next to the devil himself. Why allow this low-lived specimen of humanity to ply his dastardly and destructive work under the very nose of the farmer he is injuring? Why not send him to the poorhouse. asylum or penitentiary, where he could be kept with much less expense to the farmers, who are now supporting him? But here is a point that puzzles me.

Is it the shot, the blood, the broken bones, or the feathers, that makes prairie chicken meat such a delicacy? If tame fowl were brought on the table in the condition in which the prairie chicken is usually served, it would be considered entirely untit to eat; so I don't think the epicurean public would lose much if prairie chicken shooting should be prohibited by law the year round, for st least five years, and longer If the birds were not plentiful enough at the end of that time. I think there would be little or no objection to such a law. Every sportsman in the United States would like it, and of course every farmer would commend it; even the market shooter would endorse it if he had brains enough to comprehend its advantages, for now he can hardly earn fifty cents a day, owing to the scarcity of game, while live years of this law would be likely to leave a flock of the birds on every ten-acre lot. Don't say they would injure the crops then; surely no candid person can think that. From April 1st to July 15th there is no grain for them to get, so during that time they are waging a war of extermination upon a great many kinds of harmful insects, and when the grain does come they still prefer insects for the most of their food, and only pick a little grain to season the insects that, but for them, would do more damage on an acre than the birds would do on ten. Then the grain is harvested inside of two weeks after it becomes estable for

them, when they have to fall back on insects again. Now here is a chance for some law maker to cover himself all over with Who will come to the front and save the farmer's crops from the ravages of insects, and the birds from the merciless hunter? -J. K. McBroom, in Farm, Stock and Home.

Miss Youngblood of Columbus, Miss., has been elected to the Chair of Modern Languages at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va.

The Relie Craze.

Pottery reminds me of phase of the relie craze which presented itself to my attention the other day. A lady. who has passed the summer in Europe, and for an artist who has done some admirable and successful decorative work, and informed him that she wished to give him a commission. She then had a servant bring in what seemed to be about half a bushel of bits of rock. cement and similar rubbish, with two or three publics neatly wrapped in

These," she explained to the asonished artist, care the relies I gatherat abroad. They are all inhelied and enme from famous places. I worked so hard for some of them! That stone came from Salisbury Cathedral. It was inside an iron fence, and I had to attract the guide's attention to the tower by asking in the measurements of some of the emaments. Then I stood on the foundaon of the fence and leaned over-and give you my word I was lame for eks from those dreadful pickets!- and it it with my parasol till I could reach rough and get it. And this--And so she ran on, while the other

at silent in sheer amazement, until she "Now, I want all these worked into ome beautiful design; something sym-olical, you know. You do make such ovely things; and they can all be set in cement or something. These publies, the continued, unrolling one of the neckages, "all come from Abbotsford, and these I shall have set into stucco in e shape of a heart-for 'The Heart of Clothian,' you know-and hang it up in the library." The unlucky designer stammered he knew not what, but The unlucky designer I see the shadows n-gatherin, and the settin's sun.
An' I wish the day weren't over an' my day's work done:
The shadows over the church an' her grave an' the fields below.
An' there on the lonely cottagel an' I haven't the heart to go.

An' there on the lonely cottagel an' I haven't the heart to go.

An' there on the lonely cottagel an' I haven't while the lady, paying small head to while the lady, paying small head to bin. opened with an air of the utmost bin. opened with an air of the utmost could be also an air of the utmost could be also an air of the utmost could be an air of the utmost could be also an everence a small box and took out

something wrapped in tissue.
This," she said, "this should be the center, for this is the most precious of She unrolled the tissue paper and lisclosed a fragment of coarse, modern, brown pottery, at which she gazed with a reverential air. The artist bent award and regarded it also, endeavorny nain to guess why it was so choice

Want is that?" he managed to ask length divided between amusement and impatience at her folly. "That," she answered, "that is from

Single-peare's tomb." He stared at it and at her, more puzpled than ever.

"Simkspeare's tomb?" he repeated. "Yes." she explained with an air of restrained triumph. "When I was there a workman was doing something to the wall, and he had a big pitcher of water with him. Somehow or other it got knocked down, and this piece feli exactiv beneath the bust of Shekspeare. Quick as a thought I put my foot over it, and when he picked up the pieces he didn't see this, and I secured it. Did you ever know anything so lucky?"

Now, this is one of those things which axe more absurdly strange than fiction. and very likely nobody will believe it; but it happens to be a fact for all that.

One Kind of Reading.

And how few persons who can devote but an hour or half an hour a day to reading and study, take due thought as to how they can make the most of their little leisure. They read in a desultory way whatever comes to hand, and think that if they had more time for books they would soon become much better informed. But the half hour a day, if used in the wisest manuer, would make a vast difference in one's mental growth as the years glide by.

An incident occurs to me that well lilustrates this. A pretty mattlen-hair fern, growing in a flower-pot, was given severe shaking, and it often happened past 8. It's these long hours that tell?" young girl, hopelessly 111 77 111 spinal disease. It proved thing of rousing of whole camps, and some beauty and of inexhaustible interest, even to a reckless discharge of thearmas the delicate, graceful fronds came up, In some cases friendly natives, or ever one by one, and slowly uncurled. There comrades, were taken by the excited was a little pot beside the fern and imagination of a sentry for enemies; in under its spreading fronds, in which others, unoffending cattle, even a business grew an aloe. By-and-by the sick girl or a shrub, became the innocent cause noticed in the little pot some tiny ferns, of a fusilade sufficient to have dealt scarce an inch high, quite unlike the widespread destruction to a host of guaiden-hair. Whence came they? Her Zulus. An odd incident illustrative of interest was aroused. She was no the slightness of the cause-or even. botsnist, but she wanted to learn some- perhaps, of the absence of any cause at thing about ferns. She could use her all-that gives rise to a panie, occurred eyes for reading but five minutes at a on the night of Tel-el-Kebir, amid a time, and not more than twice a day. small corner of the force that was A book on ferns came to her, and an-bivouacking on the battlefield. The other, and another. Friends, knowing narrator had erawled into a marquee in her interest in ferns, brought them to which, with other commissariat stores, her fresh and green from the woods, or were the rum casks from which the sent her pressed specimens of rare varieties gathered in distant lands, after the fatigues and excitement of the Sometimes a visitor would read to her from one of her precious books, but only for four or five minutes. "I cannot remember more at a time," she would say, "and you have read enough

for me to think about for a long time. It is now some years since the maiden-hair fern was given to her, and she has become an authority as to the species and culture of ferns, and is an enthusiast in regard to them. It is true that she has become educated in one direction only, and is not particularly weil-informed in other respects. But is it not a great gain that she should talk about her ferns and their wonderful The Arabs are in the camp - they are method of reproduction, awakening her upon us!" Then he disappeared as men, things worth remembering, rather that to deed chiefly on her pains and privations? It is many years since she sensation that is caused by a vague was able to step out of doors, but when

teresting is she. The growth of cryptogamous plants would not be a matter of absorbing in terest to all persons, but the habit of reading thoughtfully and carefully what we read, and of retaining it in memory, is a great factor of mental growth .- Beston Transcript.

A Question of Speed.

Jabe Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day, when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg. Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside. and exclaimed with much vehemence: "I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And And Jabe was the picture of despair. "Git up, man!" exclaimed his captain, "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They'ligit you, sure!" "Can't help it," said Jabe, "I'm done for; I'll not walk another step!" The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe. In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jube appeared on the crest of the hill moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain that officer yelled: 'Hello, Jabe; thought you wasn't going to walk any more?' 'Thunder,' going to walk any more?" "Thunder," nearest depot. Fitteen days test trial replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with and freight both ways if not satisfactory. renewed vigor; "you don't call this walking, do you?" - Savanoth News,

WOMEN PAPER - HANGERS. | Advantages of the Scientific Meth-An Illustrative Example and Its Marsh.

processional paper-mangers, and carege at the same rate as men working in that picturesque but profractal canada that picturesque but profractal canada make it entirely appropriate to these women step-sisters, but the feat temains that their kinship is of the interpretation of a mot be thought from this inchient transport to the sum of the mind which has never sourced with Mil-knewledge, and in gaining power over ton or floated along the innocuous sur-face of Tupper's verse or climbed the ent sort of stanzas may yet readily imagine the methods of hiring the woman paper-hanger and her methods of doing the WOLK. It is well known that the man hanger is never to be seen at his place of business. Only his slate is there, and that

ells that he is elsewhere. In fact, there are persons willing to make affadavit that the ordinary paper hanger is entirely a slate formation. How different would be the case if a woman were to be engaged to make the walls attractive. Repairing to her shop, she is found knitting her brows ever a fine piece of needlework, or smiling over a novel which is ending well. A canaly bird sings in a cage made out of a disused paste-pot. Vines run over a treils work of miniature step-ladders. On the table lie carclessly the proof-sheets of "How Not to Paper a Room." You make known your errand and a hasty consulting of the appointment book follows. "Yes," says the paper-hanger, at last; "I can come as well as not. The author's breakfast will be over at 9 a. m., and the Society to Prevent Cruelty at the Polls does not meet till 7:20 p m." Having engaged your paper-hang er in this charming and unconventional way, you may well be prepared for a novel style of paste and seissors work. There will be no going out at 11 to "sharpen seissors," nor repeated absences to "get tools." The remotest which paper-hangers are bound to respeet. If a graduate, the employe will cheer your heart by asides, like "Tennyson has just such a paper in the room where he writes," or "Private

Thus the day will go pleasantly. The paste will be a jewel, so well made. The brush, with an embroidered handle, will glide over the happy walls. The elippings will tall like apple-parings in romantie-shapes. There will be nothing mand: done in worsted work. The most en- | band's bank!" couraging fact in the Des Moines case is that no men have yet sawed the sisters dozen ways tried to discourage their venture in a calling where the good is, and then arose pulled himself to-seem to die first. These sisters may gether, and called out with a magnifi-soon lecture on "What I Knew About Paper-Hanging," and in this way Eastern women may early learn of the best man's peaunt stand!" way to enter and work in the business. The glad day may yet dawn when Massachusetts women will put a dado on the State-House dome, and a bord r in patriotic bues on Bunker Hill monu-

Dalzel composes under a similar bor-

Soldiers' Panies. In South Africa, the disaster of Isthat false alarms at night led to the troops had received their liquor ration day's fight and previous night march Besides one or two commissariat issuers in charge of the stores, several "odd and ends" of other corps had found their way into the marquee, preferring to rest under its shelter amid the casks and biscuit boxes than under the open sky with the sand for a bed. Suddenly in the middle of the night when a! were sleeping, a noise and commotion began in a bivouse outside. Before the inhabitants of the tent were sufficiently awake to understand its cause the curtains were thrust aside Lg a red-coated soldier, who shouled to us to get up: listeners' interest and teaching them rapidly as he had come. Every one sprang to his arms, and probably experienced that especially uncomfortable feeling of an unseen though imminent was able to step out of doors, but when you are with her you do not think of larger against which one is ignorant her as an invalid, so interested and iner as an invalid, so interested and inaround was aroused and up, eagerly striving to discover from what quarte attack was to be expected. Not however, more unpleasant occurred that the advent of a staff officer asking the cause of the confusion. Probably the truth never did reach headquarters. Afterward, however, a report gained ground-no other or better reason was ever forthcoming-that the alarm arose from the screams of a steeping soldier, who, overwrought perhaps by the horrors of the day, had been fighting his battle over again in his dreams!-Chambers's Journal.

"t Don't Want Relief, Ent Core.

Is the exchanation of thousands suffering from entarth. To all such we say: Caterrican be cared by Dr. Segos Catarric Ren dy. It has been done in thousands of asses, why not in yourst. Your disports in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Disin delay. Enclose estamp to worms to pensary Medical Association, buffalo, X. Y., for pamplet on this disease.

Planes and Organs.

All of the best makes. \$25 cash and balance November I, at suot cash prices on a Piano. 810 cash and balance November 1, at spot cash prices on ar Organ. Delivered, freight free, at your

Write for circulars.
N. W. TRUMP, Columbia, S. C.

Give me a fulcrum," eried the an-Two sisters in Des Moines, Ia, are professional paper-nangers, and diviging at the same rate as men working in the postulates," says the modern reason postulates." says the modern reason postulates.

rocky heights of Walt Whitman's wood- from its use, is convincing evidence that sound, and that it should always be dopted wherever possible. But it is ot always possible to apply the method. The nearer we approach the region of ubjective phenomena, the more diffiit becomes to test particular interpretations by an appeal to experiment. The galvanometer may reveal agitation in a sensory surface, but it tells nothing about sensation. The convolutions of a log's brain may be tampered with, but e will not describe to us his feelings. Consciourness alone can discriminate he facts of consciousness; and the charnoter, or succession, or relation of these an only be described in terms of metaphysic. Theories of physical relationin here must at first be tentative, and at the best they will require to be stated in very general terms. The argument must consist in the application of general principles; and, in choosing these, analogy balanced by common sense must be our guide. In drawing our conclusions, we may be satisfied if these can be held with some moderate degree of probability .- James Cappie, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

The Haughty Wife.

In one of the cities that lie over against Boston there lives a family whose musculine head is a man who has won considerable wealth from humble beginnings not unlike those of Comcorner will at last feel that it has rights | boolore Vanderbilt, with the difference that while he, like Vanderbilt, began as a beat man, he has expanded into the patking business instead of into the railroad business. Ever since he became a banker his excellent wife has seen smitten with the great importance of her husband's new occupation, and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The horse-car conductors on the line which runs into her city all know her, and smile when she enters the car and grandly utters her com-

prosaic, and the bill will be sent in | . Conductor, let me off at my hus-One day lately a trampish-looking old fellow with a red nose got on the car sten-ladders, or tipped over the paste, or just as the banker's wife delivered her sent them to the wrong house, or in a usual order to the conductor. The old man watched her performance curious-

> A roar went through the car, and "noy husband's bank" has been alluded

to more than ever since that time. With the London Busmen.

"Secenteen hours a day! One hundred and nineteen hours a week! That's my time. I left the yard last night at live-and-twenty minutes to 2, and I was additional gave the soldiers' nerves a on my bus again this mornin' at 'alf-

> we are off duty we don't get paid. Whoa, there." And the speaker, a smart "whip' among the London omnibus-drivers, ceases his conversation concerning his

"If we like to pay for it. Whenever

long hours of labor to pull up his horses and sing out loudly the destination of his omnibus. They are quaint and curious men.

some of these London busmen, with a rich fund of drollery all their own. "You see, sir," said one, "I don't much care for a holiday; I've been so ong on this 'ere bus that things look

quite different like when I'm in the ireet below. I shouldn't know own children in the street." "Oh, come. that's too strong." "Fact, I tell ye, sir; I'm always away in the mornin' afore they're up, and not home till they're in bed at night,

and I shouldn't know my little gal if I

was to meet her out, especially if I was to see her off my bus.' Truly a significant remark for a man to make in this latter half of the wonderful nineteenth century-a remark not without a touch of satire and of pathos, too; and we find ourselves askng if it is a necessity of our advanced civilization that men must work so le and so continuously, day after day,

they never see their children asleep? No sweet, simple the father wknee to little in, arms around the father's neck, none of the loving, softening influences which little people know so well how to exert over even the most stony-hearted of men! Surely, O Christian civilization, these things are not necessities of thy development!

But yet the bus-driver rarely com-plains or grumbles. He does not strike or congregate is mass-meetings, or commit acts of riot, but he works leftly op, day by day, steering his horses marvelously well through the erowded London street, and surveying life with a philosophic calm from the aititude of his box, except when a child strays in the way of his horses, and then his language is, perhaps, rougher han are his real feelings .- The Quiver.

The Desperate Deed of a Bissolute Dog.

Thoy, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Today S. S. Casadell, formerly a lawyer and real estate inster in Troy, shot his wife, his mothers. Mrs. S. S. Stone, his stepdaughter, animal? "My dear, chill blaikely, and binself, at their home talk while they are eating." Balston See. All are dead. The parhad a compoversy over money matters. whie was the divorced wife of Cranl'a former leg d'associate. Crandell was attaverent in his habits. His wife had ey and the quarrel was over its control.

West iners, spitting of blood, conthose physician. Address for treatise, any Merical Association, 663 Main street, Cantala, N. Y.

J. E. Parsace's Merchant Tailor Esblishment, Columbia, S. C., is in full last. Only a look will convince any All that want a first-class fitting suit try him. A full line of the best goods on band.

Meany an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece.

THE FEARFUL BLIZZARD

On the Kansas Frontier Men. Women and Children Frozen to Beath-Scarcity of Fuel-Horses Freeze to Death While in Harness.

A special from Topeka, Kausas, gives a heartrending account of the terrible suffer-ings of the inhabitants on the Kansas fron tier, on account of the extreme cold and the scarcity of fuei.

On Monday last a farmer named Clark left his family to go to the nearest railroad point for the purpose of getting coal. He obtained the coal and started back, and on Tuesday morning he was found on the road six miles from his home lying by the side of his horses frozen. The animals were also frezen to death. Clark's wife and three children had in the meantime scarly perished and had only saved their lives leaving their shell of a house and taking refuge in a cage.

Two deaths are reported from Greely county, on the Colorado line. A brother and sister, who lived in an unsettled portion of the county, found themselves without fuel Sunday evening. The brother went to a town seven miles distant and succeeded in getting 200 pounds of coal. Being obliged to travel against the futious wind then blowing, he not did reach home until nearly midnight. He found his sister in bed insensible and almost stiff. She had been without fire all day. Although very nearly frezen himself, the young man tried to revive his sister, but to no avail. The other death was that of an old man, who was not only without fuel, but without A widow and her two children perished in the storm Monday night in Lane county. They were without ruel and the storm

came so suddenly upon them they were unable to get it. The woman's oldest son started out in the storm to get coal, but was overcome by the intense cold wind. Fortunately he wandered to the house neighbor who had fire. He was unable to speak, and his arms, feet and ears were frozen. By strenuous efforts his legs were saved, although he will probably tose his Great suffering is reported in Clark

County, on the Indian Territory line. A family of four were traveling overland, and being only ten miles from home when the blizzard struck them, they determined to reach there that night in spite of the terrible storm. The horses were evercome and the family was obliged to abandon the wagon and walk some distance to the pearest house. A two-year-old child froze to death in its father's arms before shelter was reached. The others were badly frozen

Old Southern Homes.

The Savannah (Ga.) Morning News of accepted him." last Sunday has this to say editorially: A great many of the plantations in different parts of the South, which were once well known for their size, the magnificence of the residences upon them, the hospitality of their owners, or on account of the prominence of the families | Christmas and three to recover from it; but which possessed them, are now falling into ruins. The reason of this is, permenths in the year which are arranged for haps, that the land has been worked so solid comfort. long without being fertilized that it has become poor, or it may be that those into whose possessions they have passed lack the energy and skill which are required to make them pay under the present system of labor.

"One of these famous old places in Liberty county, in this State was lately sold to a colored man for \$2,500, only a part of the purchase price being required at once. It is known as Laurel View, and is within two miles of the historic town of Sunbury. It was the home of the gifted John Elliott, and a very beautiful home it was. John Eiliott represented Georgia in the United States Sen- I at last succeeded in breaking the fever, ate from 1820 to 1826.

his heirs.

"The district in which the plantation is situated was noted, from the first settlement of the State until the emancipation strengthened me. All sores of my "But you get a holiday sometimes?" tion of the slaves, for th intelligence and mouth are healed and my tongue entirewealth of its citizens. It is now, however, almost abandoned to the colored people. Its great plantations have been divided into small farms, and the superb mansions, once the homes of men noted for wealth and culture, and of women famous for beauty and refinement, are falling into decay, and are being replaced by cabins and huts, whose chimneys of sticks and mud tell more plainly than words of the marvelous change for the worse which has taken place in the and he has been in this condition three once rich and prosperous district."

Commenting upon the above, the Augnsta Gazette says:

This is sadly, deplorably true. only in Georgia and South Carolina, but in other Southern States may be seen any number of deserted homes, which Three weeks ago he became perfectly were once the proud inheritance of rich representive mer where dwelt every comfort that ald purchase; was dispensed where lordly Fear. Ruin and from end to with sem now. The decay a ansion is tumbling to the once ale ground meal, and a wilderness beautiful gardens and rick grows w ton, sice and corn annually fields of Now and then gray heads flourishs with the palsy of age move the grand old oaks, and eyes med with water from full hearts behold what there is, and reflect past, for pomps and pleasures e not. Alas, this is one of the ne r healing wounds of the war-this eless ruin that dwells in the homes r fathers.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

READ, NOTE AND DIGEST. The day of feast T ing draweth nigh, And secres of T urkeys soon must die, Get one that's yo U ing and sweet and fat. In of this and that, With frunts and be R ries sauces make, And add press R ves and pies and cake, Ask friends and K indred all to come And meet Kriss K indred all to come the car E is of life distress. But fill each gu T so of Youthful days, And for the Year Season and the season of the s Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves;

words and deeds are noble companions. 4 How we printers lie, as our devil said when he got up too late for breakfast. A man always ceases to be a "good fel-

ow" when he refuses to do as others wish. "Father, is a parrot that talks a dumb "My dear, children should not The proof of a weather prediction is in

the patient that waits long enough for it to become true. The poor are oftener prayed for than he'ped. The reason is, we believe, that air

is cheaper than bullion. The following is a transcript of a sign on eigar store: "This store is klosed on aca cigar store: "This store i

In the Volapuk language the word for dollar is "doab." But it is just as hard as ever to borrow one.

When you eat turkey and it does not set well on your stomach, you will know it is a gobbler. A hen turkey always sets well. An oculist doesn't want an eye for an eve, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want \$-----A Western man named Pettis swallowed his false teeth last week, and can't lie down

without biting himself internally.

Kentucky has a rooster with three throats, and every time a Kentuckian takes his Bourbon he wishes he was that reester.

A show spoken of as "a rare entertain ment" proved to be a performance not well

As between the dude and his cane at this writing the caue seems to have a trifle the best of it in the shape of head. "Cristmas will soon slipper round again

as the unmarried clergyman mournfully aid, while looking over his assortment of lippers.

An exchange states that a clerk in a government office at Washington was injured by an accidental discharge of his duties. li will not occur again.

The latest craze among the girls is a hair abum, made up of strands from the heads of their gentlemen friends. This is another hrust at bald-headed men.

"Clawence, what does the expwession without whyme or weason' mean? ou knaw, deah, boy?" "I don't, weally. Why, it wefers to blank verse.

He who marries a pretty face only is like buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eve will not endure the fireside blaze.

Ruskin says: "Man should resemble a Some men do, in one respect at river." least. The biggest part of them is their mouth.

An exchange thinks a girl can be safely judged by her mind. Then we suppose when a girl's mind is made up it is safe to bet that the girl is the same as her mind.

The popular song just now is: "The

Letter that He Longed for Never Came."

The person who sent it probable put an immediate delivery stamp on it. "Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, medame; I have heard the Dead March in

Saul. Gold-handled umbrellas are coming into

on the old style when the umbrella was taken off. A young candidate for the legal profession was esked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account" was the prompt reply. He passed.

Mrs. Jones-What shall I buy you for a present. Charley, this Christmas? Mr. Jones-I should like an ulster or a diamond ring, but I suppose you will overwhelm me as usual with a necktie or a pair of wristers. After All .- "I cannot say yes, Walter. I shall be a sis-" "Sister to me? No, you wont." "Yes, Walter; your brother

Jones (meeting Smith, with whom he was out the night before)-Ha, the boy got home all right? Smith (gloomily)-Yes, but my wife wouldn't speak to me. Jones (envicusly)-Lucky fellow! Mine did.

It takes two months to prepare for we must remember that there are seven A certain amount of money is going to

be spent on Christmas presents and holiday goods, and those who plant the most attractive advertisement will reap the harvest. It pays to advertise judiciously. every day in the year, but advertising is of especial value to the merchant during the Christmas holidays.

A TONGUE IN KNOTS.

I contracted malaria in the swamps of Louisiana while working for the telegraph company, and used every kind of nominations.

The house has been thoroughly remedicine I could hear of without relief. but it cost me over \$100.00, and then my "The plantation contains \$2,800 acres. system was prostrated and saturated with It was purchased during the war of Semaiarial poison and I became almost cession by Hon. Linton Stephen. a helpless. I finally came here, my mouth brother of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, | so filled with sores that I could scarcely and was sold to the present owner by eat, and my tongue raw and filed with is heirs.

'The district in which the plantation sorted to without effect. I bought two ly clear of knots and soreness, and I fee like a new man.

Jackson, Tenn., April 20, 1886. A. F. BRITTON. STIFF JOINTS.

AND RHEUMATISM.

whose knees have been drawn almost LIVER, have, by their double and his joints are perfectly stiff, years, unable to walk. During that time the medical board of London county examined him and pronounced the disease scrofula and prescribed, but no benefit ever derived. I then used a much advertised preparation without benefit.

helpless and suffered dreadfully.

A friend who had use b. B. B. advised its use. He has used one bottle and all pain has ceased and he can now walk. This has been a most wonderful action, as his complaint had baffled everything. I shall continue to use it on Mrs. Emma Griffiths. bim.

Unitia, Tenn., March 2, 1886. WEBB CITY, ARK., BLOOD.

Having tested B. B. B. and found it to be all that is claimed for it, I commend it to any and every one suffering from blood poison. It has done me more what there was. Dimmed for past, for pomps and pleasures space of time than any blood purifier I ever used. I owe the comfort of my life to its use, for I have been troubled with a severe form of blood poison for 5 or 6 years and found no relief equal to Pupils are charged only from date of that given by the use of B. B. B. W. C. McGAUHEY.

Webb City, Ark., May 3, 1886.

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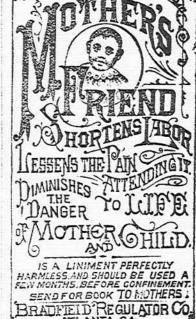
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