

Would You be Young Again?

BY CHARLES ROGERS. Would you be young again? So would not I— One tear to a memory given, Onward I'd lie, Life's dark flood forced o'er me, All but at rest on shore, Say, would you plunge once more, With home so bright?

Little Graves. There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely bosom, Whose joy and light has fled, For thick in every graveyard The little hillocks lie— And every hillock represents An angel in the sky.

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!" This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die. He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him. The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensile eyes which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiring his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, and also whenever his education did not take them to London and elsewhere, they had resided near a town on the seacoast, in one of the prettiest parts of England.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely falls to be shown towards any person who is blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, being always subservient to, and fully shadowed by, the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many plying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidently, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save the warm heart of the widow and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better;—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her!

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward need to weave baskets and make garlands for her when she was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her play-mates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little gifts and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or station herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unkind of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid; her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings; but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despon-

deney seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wish she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all her spring time of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pined—our bright Mary pined—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother?"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry you blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes, would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain, your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust him for the future!"

Al, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark.

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expression of ineffable love and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yes, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience an endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in the death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, but composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognising the step. "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smiles alike passed from Mary's face, when she gazed into the room. "Oh! Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill!"

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream; but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful!"

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For her sake be calm—for my sake, too. My Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both! Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my comfort! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—no! answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and long sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles' distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their child dreading themselves unceasingly, to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who in his always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to by his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, tiring she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gaily: "Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have transgressed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet! The day would still come, dearest, delay it as it might, and is it manifold thus to shrink from what must and ought to be! I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything; Mr. Glen, our clergyman, has a cousin, an usher in school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cool and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The books she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends. Let me always be your pupil, your friend—your sister!"

"Sustainer, consoler, guide! Sister above all, oh yes, my sister! Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever yours to me."

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the Duke, Edward! Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But I, at least know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way! In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save of me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, must be beautiful, as the index of your soul; and I have pitied you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you. The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am! You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the ball to night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The ball to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind. The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them for purpose for us. Kind, good Edward! and they were found in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers!" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your talking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, it is not so difficult as you think," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently bestowed himself to his ask.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive

of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart,—how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footsteps! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son!—How strange those last words, I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while, before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing beside him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surrounding a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his little help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was usual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember my mother left her blessing there."

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

"There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with himself; when gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast."

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take me if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that was clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad!"

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, never returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, exaggerated picture; some, who pursue this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to deflect their father of a thought, or a smile, or the slightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath upon his knee; the roses so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then; rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven, he shall see her—again her, at last, no longer blind!

HUMAN NATURE.—A good story is told of two brothers, who lived a sort of cat and dog life to their neighbor's discomfort, for a good many years, but who had been at a camp-meeting, were slightly converted, and both of them concluded to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell what we'll do. You tell me all my faults, and I'll you of your'n, and so we will know how to go about mending of 'em."

"Good," says brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"No, you begin, brother Joe."

THE GIRL IN RED.—Cassius M. Clay tells the following: During the late political canvass, Burlingame and himself occupied adjoining rooms at the Bates House, Indianapolis. "At a late hour one evening," says he, "I was in B's room, and both of us were somewhat elated with the popular enthusiasm. We were, as old soldiers are wont to do; fighting our battles over again, when a fine band right opposite my room poured o'er the sea of night floods of soul-stirring music. 'Clay, you are honored,' said B; 'go and acknowledge the compliment.' With due diffidence I excused myself, when, as I had anticipated the band broke forth anew in strains of heroic melody in front of the room occupied by B. 'I have you now,' said I, 'now give 'em a sentiment.' 'No, you,' said B. 'Well,' said I, 'both together,' so locking arms, with an air of intense dignity, we walked out upon the balcony, and in a faltering voice I commenced: 'Indians, Massachusetts and Kentucky—triple sisters—may they ever be true to the family union!' The leader of the band, after a pause, with a thick tongue, inquired, 'Who are you?' 'Clay and Burlingame,' said I. 'The deuce you are!' said he in reply; and then, in an undertone, addressed to his followers, he concluded—'Boys it's not the girl in red.'—Cincinnati Commercial.

KEEN REJOINER.—A Mr. Buffum, of Lynn, Mass., was under cross examination by an attorney named Lord, who did his best to perplex and brow-beat him so as to overbet the testimony he had given against his client.

The question was something relating to machinery, and Mr. Buffum had used the word "philosophically" in his evidence. Mr. Lord continually harped upon this phrase, and endeavored to make the witness ridiculous in the eyes of the jury. At last he inquired:

"Pray, Mr. Witness, as you seem to be a great philosopher, can you tell me philosophically what the consequences would be if the air should be exhausted from a hog-head?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Buffum, "the head would fall in."

"Indeed, sir," pursued the counsel, "can you tell me, philosophically, why the head should fall in first?"

"Yes, sir," returned Buffum, "it is because hog-heads are like some lawyers—because their heads are the weakest part."

The roar of the court room acknowledged the victory of the witness over the counsel.

RHYMSTER IN LIMBO.—A poetical genius was hauled up before one of the police magistrates for kissing a handsome young girl and kicking up a dust—and the following examination took place:

Mag.—Is your name John Ray?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, so the people say.

Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm.

Mag.—You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris.—No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.

Mag.—Be off, you scamp, get out of my sight.

Pris.—Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

ONE OF THE RICH MEN.—It is estimated that one of the rich men of New York has now a "regular income" of \$3,000 a day—about \$1,100,000 a year. Out of this he can probably manage, with economy, to "lay aside against a rainy day" the respectable sum of a million a year. Add to this another million by the rapid appreciation of her real estate, and we have an unusual increase of wealth for this individual amounting to two millions of dollars. Wm. B. Astor is that gentleman.

CONSEQUENCES OF PROGRESS.—When railways and electric telegraphs shall have abolished time and space, what will become of watches and aldermen?

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Citation to have estate settled. A. C. Bomar, Adm'r, Appt. vs. W. P. Chapman, and others, defendants.

IT having been shown to my satisfaction that W. P. Chapman, O. G. Chapman, M. N. Chapman, and Virgil R. J. Chapman, heirs and distributees at law of the estate of B. R. Chapman, dec'd., reside in and without the limits of this State: It is therefore hereby ordered, that they and each of them be and appear at the Court of Ordinary, to be held at Spartanburg Court House on the 20th day of February next, to show cause why the estate of the said B. R. Chapman, dec'd., should not be settled, and the administrators discharged from further liability, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 1st day of December, 1856. R. BOWDEN, C. O. S. D.

LINCH'S Anti-Rheumatic Powders. A SAFE, SPEEDY AND RADICAL CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT AND SCIATICA. WE, the undersigned citizens of Putnam County, Georgia, cheerfully bear testimony to the efficacy of Linch's Anti-Rheumatic Powders in the treatment of acute or chronic Rheumatism, many cases having been successfully treated by Dr. J. G. GIBSON, within our personal knowledge, in which these Powders were principally used.

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This great alternative Medicine and Purifier of the Blood is now used by thousands of grateful patients from all parts of the United States, who testify that to the remarkable cure it performs by the greatest of all medicines, "CARTER'S SPANISH MIXTURE," Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eruptions on the Skin, Liver Disease, Fevers, Ulcers, Old Sores, Affection of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Throat, Female Complaints, Pimples on the Face, Bores and Ulcers, are speedily put to flight by using this inestimable remedy.

For all diseases of the Blood, nothing has yet been found to compare with it. It cleanses the system of all impurities, acts gently and efficiently on the Liver and Kidneys, strengthens the Digestion, gives tone to the stomach, makes the Skin clear and healthy, and restores the Constitution, enfeebled by disease or broken down by the excess of youthful vigor, to its pristine vigor and strength.

For the treatment of the most peculiarly applicable, and whenever it has been known in regularity prescribed with the happiest effects. It invigorates the weak and debilitated, and imparts elasticity to the worn out frame, clears the skin, and leaves the patient fresh and healthy; a single bottle of this inestimable remedy is worth all the so-called Sarsaparilla in existence.

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This preparation is getting into use all over our country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected in the most stubborn cases, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best Cough Medicine now before the public. It cures the most intractable coughs, and is not unfrequently cured the very worst cases. When all other Cough preparations fail, this will relieve the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. It has been selling for any length of time he will tell you.

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYANT. Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: I have been using your Liverwort and Tar very extensively in my practice for three years past, and it is with pleasure I state my belief in its superiority OVER ALL OTHER ARTICLES with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended.

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Wayneville, N. C., say: The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think justly so. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is the best medicine in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended.

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. B. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great success in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with severe cough, who was relieved by the Liverwort and Tar.

See the good reports we hear of this Medicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope!

TRY THE MEDICINE!! BE WARNED IN SEASON. Beware of Counterfeits and Base Imitations!

The genuine article is signed ANDREW ROGERS the engraved wrapper on each bottle. Price, \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sold wholesale and retail by SCOTT & MEAD, 101 N. O. SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES, to whom all orders and applications for Agencies must be addressed.

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