THE ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1874. VOLUME XXII--NO. 25

CONGAREE IRON WORKS

Columbia, S. C.

JOHN ALEXANDER,

Proprietor.

Manufacturer of Steam Engines and Boilers.

Iron and Brass Castings of all Descriptions made to Order.

I was awarded the first premium on castings at the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society Fairs, held in Columbia, November, 1871, '72, '73.

MANUFACTURE

Cricular Saw Mills of all sizes.

ALSO

Took the First Premium at State Fairs held November, 1871, '72, '73

Manufacturer of

Grist Mills Irons of all sizes.

For Sale.

Gin Gearing of the following sizes.

9 feet wheel and pinion	$30 00
10 " " " "	32 50
11 " " " "	35 00
12 " " " "	45 00
14 " " " "	50 00

With Bolts $6.50 Extra for each set.

Anti-friction plates and Balls for Cotton Press $10.00 and $12.00 per set.

D. B. SMITH, Agent,
Abbeville S. C.

Dec. 10, 1873, 35-tf

New Store!

NEW GOODS!!

THE undersigned have just opnea an entire new stock of

GROCERIES,

Provision and Liquors,

As well as Other Goods in their Line.

At the Old Stand of A. M. HILL, recently TROWBRIDGE & CO., where we will be pleased to serve the public

CHEAP FOR CASH.

A. M. HILL.

Jan. 29, 1873, 42-tt

CHANGE OF SCEDULE.

On and after Friday, August 28, 1874, the Passenger trains on this Road will be run as follows, daily, Sundays excepted:

GOING WEST, OR UP.

Leave Columbia	7:20 a.m.
" Alston	9:05 a.m.
" Newberry	10:31 a.m.
" Cokesbury	2:05 p.m.
" Belton	3:50 p.m.
Arrive Greenville	5:25 p.m.

GOING EAST, OR DOWN.

Leave Greenville	6:30 a.m.
" Belton	8:30 a.m.
" Cokesbury	10:13 a.m.
" Abbeville	8:15 a.m.
" Newberry	1:30 p.m.
" Alston	3:13 p.m.
Arrive Columbia	4:45 p.m.

☞ Connect at Alston with trains on the Spartanqurg and Union Railroad connecting at Columbia, S. C., with Night Trains on the South Carolina Railroad, up and down; also with Trains going North and South on Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, and Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Train leaves Abbeville at 8.15 A. M., connecting with Down Train from Greenville. Leaves Cokesbury at 2.10 P. M., connecting with Up Train from Columbia. Accommodation Train, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leaves Cokesbury at 10.13 A. M., or on the arrival of the Down Train from Greenville. Leaves Abbeville at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with Up Train from Columbia.

ANDERSON BRANCH & BLUE RIDGE DIV'N

DOWN.

Leave Walhalla	4:45 a.m.
" Perryville	5:30 a.m.
" Pendleton	6:20 a.m.
" Anderson	7:20 a.m.
Arrive Belton	8:10 a.m.

UP.

Leave Belton	3:50 p.m.
" Anderson	4:50 p.m.
" Pendleton	5:50 p.m
" Perryville	6:35 p.m.
Arrive Walhalla	7:15 p.m.

Accommodation Train between Belton and Anderson on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leave Belton at 9.30 A. M., or on arrival of Down Train from Greenville. Leave Anderson at 2.00 P. M., connecting with Up Train from Columbia.

THOS. DODAMEAD,
Gen'l Superintendent

JABEZ NORTON, Gen'l Ticket Agen

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!!

Dr. H. D. WILSON

OFFERS his professional services to the people of Abbeville County and of upper South Carolina. Having just finished a course of study in the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, he feels fully competent to attend to all cases requiring the exercise of skilled Dental Surgery that may be brought to him. He asks the patronage of the people, and guarantees full and complete satisfaction. He has procured a full set of first-class Dental Instruments, and is prepared to do first-class work at most reasonable rates.

☞ OFFICE just over Post Office.

LAMP CHIMNEYS of good quality, at
PARKER & PERRIN'S.

DRUGS & MEDICINES

AT

DR. ANDREW YATES,

No. 190, Abbeville,

I KEEP on hand constantly a well selected Stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, PATENT MEDICINES, SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., &c.

Having increased my Stock of Drugs and Chemicals, I am now prepared to supply Physicians, at an exceedingly liberal discount, and request them to call on us before ordering elsewhere.

Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with care and accuracy.

If your hair is thin and inclined to drop, you can prevent it by using my HAIR TONIC. Thousands have tried it, and all have been pleased with it. Contains *no Dye*, and will answer the purpose of a perfect hair dressing. Price 50 cents per bottle.

A well selected Stock of VARNISHES just received, which can be had at greatly reduced prices.

Dr. ANDREW YATES.
No. 190.

August 5, 1874, 17-tf

Cotton Gins.

THE BROWN, THE TAYLOR and the GRISWOLD GIN furnished to order. Repairing promptly done. Also kept on hand a good stock of Bedsteads, Bureaus, Washstands, Tables, Chairs, Chamber suits and other furniture, together with Sewing Machines, White-Wire Clothes' Lines, warranted rust proof, Maps, Charts, Picture Frames, &c., &c. Orders solicited by

J. M. MATTHEWS,

Ninety Six, S. C.

May 6, 1874, 4-1y

CARPENTRY.

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that he is prepared to do all kinds of CARPENTER'S WORK and BUILDING. He also repairs

COTTON GINS, THRESHERS AND FANS.

A full supply of GIN MATERIAL always on hand. Farmers are requested to bring their Gins up early in the season, to allow time to have them properly prepared.

Also Agent for the Taylor Cotton Gin, the Brooks Cotton Press, and all kinds of rubber and leather belting.

D. B. SMITH,

Abbeville C. H., S. C.

July 15, 1874 14-6m

DISSOLUTION.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, is hereby dissolved, and the business will be hereafter conducted at the old stand by J. B. ROGERS, who will collect the accounts of the old firm.

J. B. ROGERS.
W. J. ROGERS.

Aug. 16, 1874.

CARD.

In retiring from the late firm of J. B. & W. J. Rogers, the subscriber returns his thanks to the public for their past liberal patronage and trust that the same will be continued to his successor.

W. J. ROGERS.

Aug. 16, 1874, 19-3t

SAW MILL.

Dr. J. W. Thomas

IS prepared to furnish all kinds of LUMBER at the shortest notice at the mill formerly known as Mabry's Mill. The Mill is in good repair, and with a good supply of logs on hand, customers need have no fear of delay in fillidg orders. Price $1.50 per hundred, CASH.

J. W. THOMAS.

April 10, 1874, 52-tf

VALUABLE PLANTATION For Sale.

THAT Valuable Plantation, known as CHERRY HILL, on Savannah River, near Willington, Abbeville County, is offered for sale. On the premises is a large Dwelling House with outbuildings. There is a considerable body of BOTTOM LAND and cleared land on the Tract, which contains

1,300 Acres,

more or less, bounded by lands of Dr. J. A. Gilbert, Wm. Tennant, and others. If desired, will be sub-divided.

For terms apply to

WM. H. PARKER,

Attorney at Law,

Abbeville C. H., S. C.

July 15, 1874 14-tf

MORNING STAR

CORN STARCH, a superior article for puddings, &c., at

DuPre, Gambrell & Co.'s

May 26, 1874.

Sactopeptine for Dyspepsia AND KINDRED DISEASES,

will be found SUPERIOR in such diseases, at

Parker & Perrin's.

BAD BLOOD!

"A corrupt tree," saith the Inspired volume, "bringeth forth not good fruit," nor can corrupt blood impart health, beauty and good flesh, or spirits. "The Blood is the Life," and health can only be enjoyed in its full perfection where the blood is kept in a pure and uncorrupted state, hence the necessity of pure blood, to give health, beauty, buoyant spirits, long life and happiness.

An impure condition of the blood, manifests itself in different forms of diseases, such as Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring Worms, Pimples, Boils Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulas Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores or Swellings, Syphilitic Affections of the Skin, Throat and Bones, Ulcers of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs and Uterus.

In this condition of things something is needed at once to cleanse the blood, and neutralize the insiduous poison that BURNS LIKE A TERRIBLE FIRE as it courses through the veins, sowing seeds of death with every pulsation.

Dr. Pemberton's Compound Extract of Stillingia, (or Queen Delight) will positively effect this disideratum, expelling every trace of disease from the blood and system, and leaving the skin SOFT, FAIR AND BEAUTIFUL.

For all diseases of the blood, livers and kidneys, the Great Vegetable Alterative is without a rival. It will cure any chronic or long standing disease whose real or direct cause is bad blood. Rheumatism, pains in limbs or bones, constitutions broken down by Mercurial or other poisons, are all cured by it. For Syphilis, Syphilictic Taint, there is nothing equal to it. A trial will prove it. It is a most useful Spring and Fall Purifier of the Blood.

Its safety and innocence have been fully ted, so that it may be administered to the most tender infant.

☞ Beware of counterfeits and substitutes. Try the Genuine Extract QUEEN'S DELIGHT, prepared by Dr. J. S. PEMBERTON, Atlanta, Ga.

For Sale by W. T. PENNEY,
Druggist, Abbeville, S. C.

March 18, 1874 49-tf

Nearly all diseases originate from Indigestion and Torpidity of the Liver, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is regulated in its action, health is almost invariably secured. Want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Chills, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits, or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms, for which SIMMON'S LIVER REGULATOR is the best remedy that has ever been discovered. It acts mildly, effectually, and being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury in any quantities that it may be taken. It is harmless in every way; it has been used for 40 years, and hundreds of the good and great from all parts of the country will vouch for its being the purest and best.

Simmons' Liver Regulator or Medicine

Is harmless,
Is no drastic violent medicine,
Is sure to cure if taken regularly,
Is no intoxicating beverage,
Is a faultless family medicine,
Is the cheapest medicine in the world,
Is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant,
Does not interfere with business,
Does not disarrange the system,
Takes the place of Quinine and Bitters of every kind,
Contains the simplest and best remedies.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

March 25, 1874, 50-1y

Notice.

All those indebted to the late firm of WHITE, HILL & CUNNINGHAM, are earnestly called to come forward and settle their accounts as early as possible. The claims may be found in the hands of the new firm, to whom payment must be made.

Cunningham & Hill.

Fresh Arrrivals at Wier's Store.

The ladies are invited to call and see my fine stock of FRENCH CANDIES, PICKLES and JELLIES. The best assortment of PLAIN and SWEET CRACKERS in the market.

Company Commissaries will come up and get their Beef and Sausage Meat on Wednesdays and Fridays on the arrival of the 12 o'clock train.

JNO. A. WIER,
Agent.

April 8, 1874, 52-tf

Brown's Cantharadine Plaster,

OR

BLISTERING TISSUE,

AT

PARKER & PERRIN'S.

July 29 16-tf

SEGARS.

A NEW AND BETTER BRAND,

AT

PARKER & PERRIN'S.

AYER'S FEVER & AGUE CURE. $1.00 per bottle, at
PARKER & PERRIN'S.

July 1874, 14-4t

MY HUSBAND.

What man is this I must obey;
Who, when I'd go, oft bids me stay,
And to my Yes says ever Nay?
My Husband!

What one is this whose lordly soul
Is so impatient of control,
Lest his dear liberty be stole?
My Husband!

Who is it frowns when bills come in,
And swears it is a shameful sin—
Through me he'll soon be ruin's twin?
My Husband!

When I feel cold, who's ever warm,
And thinks a draught can do no harm—
Thus always causing me alarm?
My Husband!

And when my bones all ache with pain,
For which some nostrum I obtain,
Who calls me foolish, crazed, insane?
My Husband!

Who is it thinks his angry brow
Must find an answering smile somehow,
Temper in me he'll never allow?
My Husband!

And yet, who is it I love so,
That if he bid me stay, not go,
I change my Yes to suit his No!
My Husband!

What tho' he frown when bills appear,
Who buys the best for me to wear,
To please me well, his greatest care!
My Husband!

And when I'm sick, tho' he can't nurse.
Who's ever ready with his purse,
And trembles lest I should grow worse?
My Husband!

What though his anger sometimes rise—
Who keeps me for his loving eyes,
And shares with me both smiles and sighs?
My Husband!

Who such unsceptered power can wield,
To which I fond submission yield,
With his strong heart fore'er my shield?
My Husband!

Who is my sovereign here on earth—
Despite whose faults, is fully worth
The fondest love that e'er had birth?
My Husband!

Sam's Luck.

"Confound it!" shouted Sam, ferociously, "My luck again!"

Sam was angry. He had lost the game, and had to pay for the coffee.

Sam and I were sitting at one of the windows of the cosy little restaurant where we both usually dined, myself in that delightful *dolce far niente* state which generally accompanies post prandial digestion, he chewing his scrubby mustache fiercely, and glaring around for some object to vent his wrath upon.

Samuel is generally delivery clerk in the post office of our town. He is a single gentleman, aged about thirty, as honest and good a soul as ever breathed; has a dry way about him that is quite amusing, and is very fond of grumbling—a habit which the vexatious duties of his position have quite naturally made him fall into. His particular forte in this line is his chronic ill luck, which, by the by, I do consider wholly imaginary.

Glancing casually out of the window, I beheld our mutual friend, Jack O'Bandel, sauntering leisurely by, with his charming intended, Miss May Moonshine, hanging tenderly to his arm.

"Sam!" said I, meditatively.

"What is it, George?" inquired the epistolary apostle.

"Just see who is passing by."

Sam jerked himself forward and looked. He started. A scowl black as midnight gathered upon his intellectual brow, and in a tone of unmistakeable sincerity he ejaculated,—

"Confound it!"

"Sam!" I exclaimed, in a tone of mild reproof, "methinks I have heard you make that remark before."

"Just to think," Sam rambled on in a savage soliloquy, "that the insignificant secretary of an insurance company, with nothing to recommend him but his impudence, a pair of bristly red side-whiskers and fifteen hundred a year, should swoop up the only daughter of a gouty old fool worth a quarter of million—and all my fault, too!"

"Your fault? What do you mean? What the deuce have you got to do with Jack's love affair?"

"The scoundrel owes his good fortune solely and entirely to me, and now he walks by without even poigning to bestow a glance upon his benefactor. This ingratitude truly is black—diabolical!'

"Look here, Sam, you have the nightmare—you haven't got over the effects of yur dinner. Or, if such is not the case, then explain."

"My usual luck!" groaned Sam.

"Sam," said I, with great awakening ire, "I command thee, elucidate! Whence this mystery?"

"Listen, George," said Sam, heaving a deep sigh. "'Tis now but three months since, when O'Bandel and I, after having dined and played a game of dominoes at this very table, which I, of course, lost, strolled over into the post-office, I to resume my duties, and he to purchase a quantity of stamped envelopes. I stepped around into my office, Jack waiting at the delivery window. I was just on the point of handing him his envelopes, when up stepped a rather pretty young lady, of seventeen or eighteen summers, and Jack, with the most unblushiug politeness, stood aside and made way for her.

"The little bread-and-butter miss inquired for a registered letter, with fifty dollars enclosed, for Miss May Moonshine. I found the letter at once and she made an eager grab for it.

"Not so fast,' said I, keeping the letter safe beyond her reach. 'You must first prove identity.'

"Identity!' she repeated, pretending not to understand, and assuming an air of consternation.

"Of course!' I exclaimed, with the sharp accent of the official on duty. 'You must prove that you are in reality the person for whom the letter is intended.'

"Indeed, sir, I really didn't know that, she protested, in a plaintive tone. 'I am in the city on a visit, and don't know anyone but the McFlimseys, with whom I am stopping, and they have all gone into the country to-day. I have just received word that my father is dangerously ill, and this money is to defray my expenses home. Do please let me have it, sir!'

"Can't do it!' I said, emphatically, locking the letter up again. 'It's against the rules, which I must stick to.'

"Now she began to whimper, but I remained inflexible, for I was convinced that she was a sly little swindler.

'Now what do I behold to my horror! O'Bandel is endeavoring to console her, and while he gives me a venomous look, he hauls out his pocket-book, and offers her his cash.

"Here, my dear young lady,' he says, 'I am happy to be able to offer you succor. Go to your sick father at once. Here is my card, so that you may know my address.'

"She took cash and card without hesitation, and exclaimed, overjoyed—

"A thousand thanks, my kind dear sir! You shall hear from me soon, depend upon it, sir!'

"With this she vanished.

"Well, I'll be hanged, O'Bandel, if I thought you were such a fool!' I said, with commiseration. 'You have been neatly done out of fifty dollars.'

"You are mistaken, Sam,' he calmly rejoined. 'This certainly was a lady!'

"Bah! I have such characters to deal with every day of my life. I tell you, Jack, I know 'em. That was something too thin, about the McFlimseys having gone into the country to-day.'

"Shut up, Sam, and give me my envelopes.'

"All right, here they are!' And, as he hurried off, I yelled after him, 'When the genuine Miss Moonshine comes for her money-letter, I will notify you instanter.'

"Several days passed, but the genuine Miss Moonshine did not appear, and the registered letter remained in the post-office. My teasing O'Bandel whenever we met here at dinner, consequently grew rather weak.

On the fifth day a letter arrived containing fifty dollars, addressed to O'Bandel, and simultaneously the registered letter for Miss Moonshine was recalled. My usual luck, by Jupiter! Jack entered soon after, demanding his letter, and saying, sarcastically.—

"Do you require my identification, Mr. Delivery Clerk?'

"Never mind,' I answered, coolly, 'your ugly insurance mug is sufficiently well-known all over town.'

"O'Bandel opened the letter right before my nose, and, beside the inclosure of the fifty dollars, he received a note from Judge Moonshine, thanking him in the warmest terms for the great service rendered his daughter, stating that he had happily recovered, wishing that he could express his gratitude in person to the chivalrous gentlemen who, etc., etc.

"The matter was now apparently ended forever. Still I could not help feeling that, while I had strictly fulfilled my duty, I had nevertheless played a rather unenviable role."

"You cannot reproach yourself, however," said I to Sam, "for you merely enforced the law on which you have made oath."

"Precisely what I said to myself," continued Sam.

"And, although I feel dissatisfied with this piece of business, yet, in a similar case, I should act again exactly as I did then. But, George, let me tell you the conclusion of the whole story. By jingo! here's Jack.

Sure enough; O'Bandel entered saloon at this moment, and greeted us cordially.

"We were just speaking of you, Jack," said I. "We just saw you pass with your lady-love."

"Yes," rejoined Jack, laughing; "left her down the street, shopping."

"But finish your story, Sam," I suddenly insisted.

"What story?" queried Jack.

"The history of your love affair," snorted Sam. "Pray finish it yourself, as you know the details best. I had just reached the point where you got the letter from old Moonshine."

"Why not?" said Jack; stroking his auburn side-boards in a self-satisfied sort of a way. "The happy always like to speak of their happiness."

"All of which you owe to me, you villain!" affirmed Sam.

"True, Sam," said Jack; "but you knew not what you did. But listen: I had just received my money back from the lovely unknown—"

"Lovely unknown!" I exclaimed. "How differently that sounds from little bread-and-butter-miss' and 'little swindler.'

'Did Sam say that?" asked O'Bandel.

"Remember, I spoke only in the past tense!" cried Sam, hastily.

"Well, let it pass. At any rate, several weeks went by, and I had nearly forgotten the little episode. Receiving a couple of weeks' vacation, I improved the time by taking a trip to the springs. The day after my arrival, as I was trudging up a deep declivity beneath which was a dark, rocky gulley, I heard voices and laughter in close proximity, and looking up saw a party of ladies and gentlemen about one hundred yards above me. They were evidently having lots of fun, and one of them, a young lady in a fleecy, snowy-white dress, ran from the rest to avoid capture, and came flying down the hill toward me. A shriek of terror from her lips suddenly made me aware that she would not be able to check her progress, and was in danger of being precipitated into the gulley. Quick as thought I leaped forward and caught her trembling form plump in my arms.

"While I was trying to recover my breath and self-possession, I distinctly noticed her take a good look at me through her vail, which she had quickly pushed aside, exclaimed joyfully,—

"Mr. O'Bandel!"

"Who should it be but the fair stranger of post-office memory! You can imagine the questions and answers which followed each other in quick succession.

"Finally grasping my hand unreservedly in hers, she hurried me up to the company, and, before we had fairly reached them, she cried,—

"'Papa! papa! here is Mr. O'Bandel, the man who gave me the money in the post-office, because the rude clerk wouldn't give up my letter!"

"Rude clerk! did she say that?" ejeculated Sam.

"I am adhering strictly to fact," Jack assured him, and continued: "Papa instantly approaching me, his face beaming with pleasure, and shook me warmly by the hand, at the same time introducing me to his his friends, and relating to them my philanthropic action."

"Pray, don't mention the trifle!" begged Sam.

"Trifle? Thunder! how many others do you suppose would have done the same? 'You must assuredly possess a good and noble heart,' said her papa to me, 'for only such have confidence in their fellow creatures.' Well, to make a long story short, I had to remove to their hotel that very day, and through that splendid moonlight evening I strolled about in the gardens with angelic little Maysie hanging to my arm. I went to my room at eleven, but did not sleep; on the contrary, I again sought the open air, and strolled about alone. By sunrise, I had come to a certain unutterable determination.

"Before breakfast I met the judge, who was glowing with kindness to me, and I inquired about the state of his health.

"'Excellent!' he said, laughing. 'But Maysie slept very little last night; I really can't imagine what is the matter with the child.'

"My heart beat violently. I told him that I too had slept but poor and had therefore come to him.

"'To me!' he exclaimed, astonished. 'I am no physician.'

"'But for me you may be, dear judge, for your daughter's picture drove all sleep from my eyelids last night.'

"The murder was out. He did not look unfriendly, consequently I gathered boldness, and began to tell him about my antecedents, my present position, prospects, etc., when suddenly he cut me short, saying:—"Oh bother! don't speak of that. Old Judge Moonshine has enough for his daughter and his daughter's husband both. You have proven yourself a true-hearted man, and that is the chief thing. I shall never stand in the way of my daughter's happiness. You suit me first rate, and if May will have you, all that I shall have to say then, is, bless you my children.'

"I don't remember now where I found Maysie, and how it all happened; but I do know that I escorted a little angel to breakfast that morning, who had promised to be my wife. The wedding takes place two weeks hence, and both of you are invited."

"The rude post-office clerk?" asked Sam, incredulously.

"No, that judgment has been corrected—the faithful and trustworthy official, whose traditional sternness became the bridge to happiness for your humble servant and his beloved bride."

Sam and I both were at the wedding, and no one, excepting the happy groom, danced oftener with the blooming little bride than did my morose friend of the post-office. Sam still grumbles about his luck; but if he couldn't, he would be happy.

AN INDIAN BELLE. — A correspondent has this to say about a Kiowa belle, the beloved daughter of Kicking Bird:—

She is a lively, piquant little thing, with arch, soulful eyes. Her name is "Topin," meaning a woman. She is but twelve years old. Shall I describe her wardrobe? First and most rare, her buckskin cloak fringed and spotted all over with elk's teeth, said to be only now and then in the elk—this kind of teeth—and the elks being gone, too, they are very rare and costly. Two of them are valued at a mule. There were five hundred on her cloak. Think of wearing two hundred and fifty mules on one's back. Paris and New York are outdone here. A skirt, sometimes of buckskin, sometimes it is a plain shawl bought from the traders, completes her toilet. Topin is not all frivolity. Some horses had been stolen from the Texans, and were traced to Kicking Bird's band. The agent demanded their return; the horses were gone, the affair was likely to cause some trouble, when Topin, of her own accord, came forward first and offered ten horses out of her own herd to help repair the damage.

"MA."—If there is one word in the English language dearer than all others, it is that of Ma. There is a sweet tenderness about the name of Ma that the pen fails to describe. Wherever we may go, however exalted or depressed the circumstances of life may make us, the influence of that blessed name still remains. It is our Ma who directs the tiny feet in their first struggles; it is our Ma who teaches the prattling tongue to express the childish thought, and it is our Ma who, as we advance in mature life, through all the stages of youth, implants within us the purer thoughts and stronger principles of an honest life. No line of poety ever written is dearer to the heart of man than that which asks with powerful significance,—"What is home without a Ma?"

Queer people, those Kansans. They get rid of a man who borrows a horse in an hour's time, and yet it takes them over a year to make up their minds how to dispose of a man who has up the legislature.

Carrying Deadly Weapons.

The frequent occurrence of homicides and murders in various parts of the country is becoming very alarming. At public meetings, at election, on the street, wherever a quarrel is commenced, some insane-tempered man produces a revolver or knife, and attempts to murder or maim his opponet. The fruitful source of these unfortunate results of private quarrels and broils is the indiscriminate carrying of deadly weapons by private citizens. In most all of the States there are strict laws enacted prohibiting any person from carrying concealed a deadly weapon upon or about their person. The law is a very just one, and founded on reason, and upon the experience of the world.

A man under the excitement of great anger will use a deadly weapon, and commit a crime that he would not think of doing in his sober moments; and the law has very wisely and justly provided that no man shall expose himself to the temptation. There is neither necessity nor apology in this country for carrying weapons. No man's life is in danger, and if he so wills, a man has it in his power to avoid the personal broils which result in such disgraceful consequences. It is neither the part of manhood nor true courage to attempt to vindicate a supposed or real insult by the commission of a monstrous crime.

No man has either license or authority to take the life of a fellow-man unless to preserve his own, and the law well provides that the danger must be imminent to authorize the resort to deadly weapons. If our law officers will see to the prompt arrest and punishment of all persons, rich or poor, high or low, that are found having concealed in their possession deadly weapons, they will do more to prevent the occurrence of these sad encounters, which result in bringing such misery on society, than in any other way.

So long as it is popular for a person to boast of his having about his person a pistol or bowie-knife, or other murderous weapon, so long will their use be noticed in the constant recurrence of the commission of crime.

SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION.—The laws of the United States provide for the appointment of two supervisors of election, at each polling precinct, at every Congressional election.—These officers are to be selected from different political parties, so that each of the great parties into which our people are divided, may have, at each precinct, a man of their own selection in whom they have confidence, whose duty it is to see that the election is properly conducted. It is required that the supervisors shall be voters, and shall be able to read and write the English language. Ten citizens will make application, in writing, to the chief supervisor of the State, asking for the appointment of men whose names they present. Samuel T. Poinier, Esq., Chief Supervisor for South Carolina, will be at the United States Court House, in Charleston, for three weeks previous to the election, to make appointments, and all applications should be addressed to him. The supervisors are not entitled to any compensation for their services, except in cities having 20,000 inhabitants.

NOMINATING CONVENTION OF THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT. — At a meeting of the delegates to the nominating Convention of the Conservative voters of the Third Congressional District, held at Belton in Anderson County, on Tuesday the 22d day of September inst., it was resolved that said Convention do adjourn to meet at Newberry Court House, South Carolina, on Thursday the 8th day of October next, at 5 o'clock p. m., and that the Counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Oconee and Richland be requested to send delegates to said Convention on the basis of their representation in the House of Representatives of this State, and said Counties are hereby requested to be so represented.

J. N. LIPSCOMB, President.
R. A. CHILD, Secretary.

TRAP FOR MICE.—To make a simple and efficient mouse-trap, procure a tolerably tight barrel—a salt barrel with one head will answer—bore a hole near the bottom for a place of entrance, set it in the place where the mice "most congregate," throw into it an armful of ears of corn and a handful of rags or waste paper to make a nest, cover it so that the mice may "keep dark," and let it stand quietly a few days to give the mice time to colonize, then plug up the entrance. As mice are lively little animals, dash in a few gallons of water to moderate their friskiness, then take the game at your leisure, set your trap again, and go on your way rejoicing.

A young lady in a neighboring town has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm about the neck of the patient, and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her. Consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled every blessed one of them, and made him two new sets and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's jaw.

Many suffer rather than take nauseous medicines. All who suffer from coughs, colds, irritation of the bronchial tubes or tendency to constipation, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effectual in removing disease. The Balsam is a pleasant remedy; it is a safe remedy; it is a powerful remedy; it is a speedy remedy; it is a remedy that cures.

My Heart Is With Thee.

When the breeze with a whisper
Steals soft through the grove,
A sweet earnest lisper
Of music and love,
When its gentle caressings
Away charm each sigh,
And the still dews, like blessings,
Descend from the sky,
When a deep spell is lying
On hill, vale, and lea,
My warm heart is flying,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When stars like sky-blossoms
Above seem to blow,
And waves like young blossoms
Are swelling below,
When the voice of the river
Floats mournfully past,
And the forests low shiver
Is borne on the blast,
When wild tones are swelling
From earth, air and sea,
My warm heart is dwelling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the night-clouds are riding,
Like ghosts, on the gale,
And the young moon is gliding,
Sweet, lonely and pale,
When the ocean is sobbing
In ceaseless unrest,
And its great heart is throbbing
All wild in its breast,
When the strong wind is wrestling
With billow and tree,
My warm heart is nestling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When in slumber thy fancies
In loveliness gleam,
And a thousand romances
Are bright in thy dream,
When visions of brightness
Like young angels start
In beautiful lightness
All wide from thy heart,
When thy calm sleep is giving
Thy dream-wings to thee,
Oh say, art thou living,
Sweet spirit, with me?

SCRAPS.

The less men think, the more they talk.

A highly intellectual dog—The type-setter.

A man who has no mind will not change it.

Job boiled over when his patience gave way.

Horse thieves in Texas are serenaded by string bands.

A Polite way of putting it: Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

Eight Connecticut young ladies have taken the veil. They were hopelessly freckled.

When a Maryland doctor spells it "accufortus" is it any wonder that a patient dies on his hands?

A small boy forgot and asked his father for a "chaw av tubaccer," the other day, and is now very reticent on the subject.

Brooklyn is a pious place. Even the saloon keepers quote scripture. One of them has for a sign "Why halt ye between two opinions."

A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read about "Nigger Domus wanting to be born again."

An actress in California, a Miss Kinlin, lately married a professional named Wood, and her stage name is now hyphenated into Mme. Kinlin-Wood.

"Is the candidate for sheriff here?" asked a stranger as he looked into an Illinois bar-room. "Yes, why?" answered eighteen men, as they rose.

An Omaha paper advises the people "not to make such a fuss about the shooting of one constable, as there are over forty candidates for the office."

Two Rochester men rowed a boat around in a circle for three hours, under the impression that they were going down the bay, and yet Rochester is a temperance town.

Now is the time when the irresponsible urchin glueth the house fly's wings together and walketh him against time around the nose of his sleeping grandfather.

An Alabama paper states that the hogs in Walker county, in that State, are dying of disease of the brain. They ought to keep their hogs from studying so hard then.

Indiana threshing machines are lashing off legs and arms with promptness and dispatch, and occasionally leaving a handsome widow for posterity to take to candy pulls next winter.

It is not an uncommon observation that a man who is continually talking about his "ceaseless yearnings after righteousness," can't get trusted at a grocery store as quick as a man who swears.

Last year he was worth $200,000. Then he began to drink whiskey and seltzer, and now he's a pauper. Where these ravages of seltzer are going to cease the most prescient of us cannot tell.

The Detroit Free Press man has just returned from Saratoga. He says: "The Saratoga belles merely taste food at the table, but fee the waiters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

There is a parrot on State street that cries "Stop thief!" It takes four policemen to keep the side-walk clear, as every native feels he has a personal invitation to tarry.

E. H. Weston, the funny man of the Lancaster Republican, submits pronunciation of "Erastus Richardson" as being a test whether a man is drunk or not. "Rassus Risson" he says won't do.

It's awful lonesome in Mexico just now, and tears trickle down the father's cheeks as he takes his son on his knee, and tells him how the country used to be blessed with a revolution about every two weeks.

When a well-known Omaha thief meets a policeman and hands him five dollars, it is the duty of the officer to go and sit down in an alley and see nothing for the next hour—nothing but the five dollars.