Special and Local.

THURSDAY JUNE 26, 1884.

Tickets to the Commencement Ball can be had at Eduard Scholtz's Jewelry Store.

Religious.

Prof. Dysinger will preach in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. At night a union service of song will be held in that church.

After Many Years.

Dr's. Wedekind and Smeltzer were classmates in Pennsylvania College, at which institution they were graduated in 1848. They met last Saturday for the first time since they graduated—the first time in 36 years.

Another Attempt to Burn Law Range.

Last Tuesday night a dastardly attempt was made to burn law range. Early Wednesday morning when Mr. John Jones' law office was entered charred shaving and chips, and kerosene oil were found on the floor under the desk. The floor and desk were also charred. The building in which the fire was kindled adjoins the National Bank—the door was left unlocked at night. It will be remembered that a similar attempt was made a short time ago.

A Narrow Escape.

While Messrs. J. D. Smith and Capt. McFall were returning home from the barbecue at Chappells last Saturday a very hard rain came on. Before they reached Scotts creek, the stream had swollen very high, too high to cross, but they wanted to get home; Capt. McFall got out and walked a log. Mr. Smith hadn't gone half way through the creek when the buggy turned over on top of him, and the water was so swift that the horse could not swim with the buggy, and they were all three carried down stream. Mr. Smith managed to get out safely, and when he reached the bank he thought of his $300 horse that was still in the creek; the buggy caught in a willow some way and the horse broke loose, and managed to get out too. Mr. Smith had no idea that the water was as swift as it was or he would not have tried to cross.

Personal.

We are glad to see Prof. Rahn in town.

Mr. Barr H. Johnstone is now a graduate of the South Carolina College.

Mr. Wms. Welch has returned home from Washington.

Mr. Jno. Hobbs and wife are in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Ehrhardt are visiting at Mr. Cline's.

Miss Lillian Steck who has been teaching in the Walhalla Female College, is spending her vacation at home.

Prof. Welch declined the professorship offered him in Staunton Female Seminary.

Dr. Smeltzer and wife were among the visitors during our commencement. We were glad to see them in Newberry.

Our friends L. W. Simkins and H. H. Evans, of Laurens, were in town this week. Laurens seems to be using them well.

Mr. Bartow B. Ramage is one of the Harvard graduates this year. He won one of the Boylston prizes in elocution, there being fifteen contestants.

Misses Ella Motte and Gussie Hood have resigned their places in the Female Academy, and their resignations have been accepted. They will be missed. Miss Motte especially has been so identified with the school that her place will be difficult to fill.

We see among the Commencement visitors the following young ladies: Misses Ursula Abney, Lula Little, Jessie Richardson, Janie and Fannie Wardlaw, Clarkie Cothran, Sarah Perrin, Fannie Merriman, Izora and Ella Duncan, Sallie Boinest, Fannie Setzler, Amelia Welch, Minnie Herbert, Lizzie and Effie Griffin, Laurie Vance, Carrie Duncan and A. Chalmers.

Various and All About.

Mr. J. A. Cromer is a candidate for County Commissioner.

We have not attempted to mention separately the many visitors in town this week.

The Rev. E. Capers was a General in the Confederate army, and was a gallant soldier.

The Rev. E. Capers preached to a crowded house in the Episcopal church last Sunday afternoon.

The Democratic Executive committee will meet on saleday in July to appoint a day for the Primary Election.

The farmers will have little time to devote to politics in July. The grass will monopolize their attention.

At the Chappell's barbecue speeches were made by Jas. Callison, of Edgefield, A. C. Garlington, Thos. S. Moorman and J. C. Wilson.

The Court of General Sessions, criminal Court, will meet the second Monday in July. Judge Aldrich will preside.

The recent heavy rains have raised the streams and damaged the crops on the lowlands. The rains have also damaged the ungarnered wheat and oats in places.

Communion services were held in the Lutheran church Sunday afternoon. Twelve young persons were confirmed. A very touching address was delivered by Dr. Wedekind.

Willis Ruff, a colored tenant of Mr. J. M. Johnstone made one hundred bushels of wheat on a one horse farm, the entire crop being his own. Mr. Johnstone's tenants averaged about fifty bushels each.

Spasmodic convulsions are frequently caused by worms gnawing at the vitals; therefore, at the first indications of worms, Shriner's Indian Vermifuge should be administered according to directions. For sale by Dr. S. F. Fant.

The State Convention meets to-day, in Columbia. The chairmen of the Executive Committees in this Congressional District will meet in Columbia to appoint a place and time for the meeting of the Congressional Convention.

The members of the Excelsior Fire Company who took part in the tournament in Columbia last week, won the prize ($50) in the reel races open to the State, outside Charleston and Columbia. Their time was 27½ seconds, four seconds ahead of the next best. When the victors reached home on Friday they were met at the depot by their fellow Excelsiors, escorted to the armory of the Newberry Rifles and treated to ice-cold lemonade and speeches of welcome.

Newberry is justly proud of her firemen.

"BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY."

This is the appropriate motto of the young ladies of the Newberry Female Academy, and the following is the rich programme which they rendered last Thursday evening before the largest audience we have ever seen in the Opera House.

PROGRAMME.

The Lord's Prayer, Misses Annie Chase, Lucy Boozer, Lizzie Motte, Annie Swygert, Lucy Bowers and Nannie Wilson. Jacob's Ladder. Calisthenics. Piano Solo—Les Dues Anges, Miss Mattie McCaughrin. Essay, "Cobwebs," Miss Mamie L. Whites. Instrumental Duet—A Ray of Sunshine, Miss Eoline Merchant and Teacher. Vocal Glee—The Birdies' Ball, Misses Ione Fant, Aileen Broaddus, Mary Chapman, Kittie Livingston and Mary Buler Pope. Essay—"Newberry, Then and Now," Miss Sallie Wright. Piano Solo—"Come Back to Erin," Miss Carrie Cline. Songs of Seven. Instrumental Duet—"Sweet Home, Miss Fannie Baxter and Teacher. Piano Solo—Feast of Roses, Miss Salena Foot. Essay, "Advantages of a Well Cultivated Mind," Miss Bessie Blease. Instrumental Duet—Cora Flower Waltzs—Miss Maude Boozer and Teacher. Essay, "The End not Yet"—Miss Alma Kibler. Piano Solo—The Witches' Dance, Miss Leah Foot. Distribution of prizes to Music Class. Calisthenics.

The Lord's Prayer, sung by the six young ladies above named, all dressed in pure white, was a fit opening of the exercises of the evening. The tableau, Jacob's Ladder, was entirely new to us and one of the most striking we have ever seen. Jacob surely didn't sleep very soundly with all those pretty little creatures hovering above him. In the next scene about thirty of the same little angels, in red, white and blue, but without their wings, did their parts in the Junior Calisthenics Class. Then followed music, vocal and instrumental, interspersed with the reading of essays &c. One of the longest, most difficult, and prettiest instrumental pieces was Blumenthal's, "Two Angels," rendered by Miss Mattie McCaughrin. The selections were all of the best kind and the execution of them was good.

The music showed marked improvement since last year, and Miss Griffin has every reason to be proud of her class.

The theses read by Misses Whites, Wright, Blease, and Kibler were bright and interesting. "Cobwebs" arrested our attention at once. Little things often become very important. "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is not a trifle." Miss Sallie Wright delighted us with her practical and pointed incidents of "Newberry, then and now." She traced the history of old Newberry from the building of the first log Court House on the two acres of land given by John Coate nearly a hundred years ago, to the Newberry of to-day with nearly 3,000 inhabitants, with her schools and colleges, her city government and public buildings, her Fire Department and Her Cotton Mills; and then took a look into the future, when Newberry will number 50,000 inhabitants, and boast of extensive water works, elevated railroads and all the appurtenances of a full grown city. The essays were all good and much might be said of each did space permit. These four young ladies have finished the course in the Academy and have received certificates of graduation. If the young lady essayists in the future will make themselves heard a little more distinctly, and will give us a little more of the concrete and a little less of the abstract—we will—well, we will be all praise for them. Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven" were very well rendered. The third and the sixth scenes were especially pretty and well done.

Gen. Y. J. Pope, on behalf of Miss Griffin presented prizes to three members of her music class, as follows: 1. Scholarship—Miss Fannie Baxter. 2. Deportment—Miss Annie Swygert, 3. Punctuality—Miss Maud Boozer. The last and most beautiful feature of the programme was the exhibition by the Senior Calisthenics Class, led by Misses Annie Chase, Maud Boozer, Mattie McCaughrin and Sallie Grenecker. The forty young ladies, dressed in costumes of white and red and blue, as they went through involutions, evolution, and movements, innumerable and indiscribable, with the regularity of machinery, made a bright and beautiful picture, and must at the same time give the young ladies plenty of physical exercise. The Calisthenics Classes have been under the special charge of Miss Gussie L. Hood, who we are sorry to hear will not return to Newberry as teacher.

As the hour of midnight began to draw near we were glad to hear Capt. Pifer say that another year he would divide his closing exercises into two nights, instead of one. This has been the most prosperous year the Female Academy has ever known, Capt. P. having enrolled 116 pupils and the average attendance having been about 95.

The thanks of our community are richly due to Capt. A. P. Pifer and his efficient corps of teachers for the good work they are doing in our midst. We congratulate them on their success. D.

The July Eclectic.

Contains a very fine steel engraving of Gen. Gordon, whose fate is now a matter of such interest to England, and, indeed, to the world. It also presents as usual many excellent points, and includes a number of seasonable and weighty articles. The place of honor is given to a paper on "Cardinal Newman" one of the most remarkable men of the age, by Richard H. Hutton. Prof. Edward H. Freeman is represented by a fascinating article entitled "Some Neglected Points of History," in which this brilliant historian is seen at his best.

"Fashionable Philosophy," a reprint from *Blackwood's*, is racy and satirical, and the story from the pen of the recently dead Turgenieff, "A Strange Story," will be found of great charm.

There are several entertaining short papers, and the whole make-up of the number shows excellent taste and knowledge of the public wants. As this number begins a new volume, it offers a favorable time for new subscriptions.

Published by E. R. PELTON, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1.

Newberry Paper the latest novelty in stationery at Cofield, Petty & Co's Book Store.

A beautiful Song or Instrumental piece of music will be given by Cofield Petty & Co., for each cash purchase amounting to $1.00 at their Book Store.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has cured me entirely of bad Blood Poison. I went 100 miles to get it, and it made me as sound as a new dollar.

J. W. WEVLES, Meadville, Pa.
June 1—1m.

JALAPA ITEMS.

The report that a white lady was killed at this place by lightning is incorrect.

Dr. L. B. Folk, of Summit, Fla., is now spending a few days with his cousin Dr. J. Wm. Folk.

Misses Norra Page and —— Moses, of Turin, Ga., are now on a visit to Misses Lilla and Tolu Clark.

A large oak tree was blown down in front of Mr. J. B. Campbell's last week, fortunately it did not fall upon his store.

Rain, Rain, in superabundance on Friday, Saturday and Tuesday, the lands are too wet to plough, and much corn is now prostrated on the ground.

Messrs. Wm., Albert and Edgar Sligh are threshing men, not satisfied with their own well-equipped Engine & Thrasher, they have leased Capt. W. W. Riser's Traction Engine and his mammoth thrasher; so they run two thrashers, and make quick time and do good work.

Well, the result of seaning in cold water, came nigh being the end of one of our Willies, only the promptness and perseverance of Dr. R. P. Clark relieved him of membranous croup. He is now up, and extends his gratitude to Mrs. Adaline Clark for her motherly care during his illness.

Before the Premium list of the Newberry Fair is completed, would it not add to its success, if the Ex. Committee would make 4 prizes, 1st and 2nd, each, for the prettiest baby male and female under 2 years of age. Interest the ladies gentlemen and our fair will be a success.

During Friday evening's rain, a cyclone brought terror in our midst We saw Mr. T. B. Grenecker, down in the field, making good time and looking for a ditch. We are pleased to say the cyclone was up above in the air and did not come to the ground, it was as loud and distinct as the sound of four trains combined.

It was our pleasure to take a journey from Jalapa passing Newberry, crossing Lindsey's bridge, noticing the fine crops and stopping at Mr. Burt Reagin's, viewing his fine cows, eating some delicious peaches. I was told by him, that his bees were on a big drunk, from distilling brandy from the peaches, and ate up all the honey, he has bad bees, eh? On we passed to Trinity, to attend a school pic-nic of that amiable lady, Miss Hennie Boozer. The first persons we saw were candidates, well, yes, they were there in full force, and a jolly set of men they are, so very friendly we like to meet them. Speeches were made by Messrs. G. G. Sale, Allen Nichols, G. S. Mower, O. L. Schumpert, J. Wm. Folk, J—. Kinard, of No. 10, and W. G. Peterson. A sumptuous dinner awaited us, of the many substantials and delicacies known to these good Trinity people. After dinner we left the candidates and joined the young people in the school house in their many merry plays. More anon. N. C.

MONSIEUR TOMSON STILL AT STRATFORD.

Four Weeks At Stratford—A Silent Town—Not a Sound But The Loco's Whistle—Went a Fishing—A Big Catch—Jersey Calves—A Big Price—Children's Entertainment—A Fine Church &c.

STRATFORD, CT., June 20, '84.

Four weeks at Stratford have put me en rapport with all the ins and outs of this interesting locality. It is one of the stillest, quietest places on top of the green earth, with the exception of the screech of the locomotive, and that sound is always on or in the air, no other is heard. Silence broods over the silent place, and if we should be asked "where can rest be found," we would emphatically reply here, at Stratford. Men and women traverse the streets, passing each other without a word, one would imagine that no one knows his fellow. The merry shout of a boy is never heard, neither are they seen loitering about the streets, they never get into trouble of any kind, never tear their pants, nor wear holes in their knees playing marbles, the game of mumble the-peg is unknown to them, "Peck" could not find a mate to his bad boy "here." We have heard but one dog bark in the four weeks, and the midnight meowing of Thomas cats would cause the Stratfordites to grow wild; the cats know better than to behave unruly. Even Sir, chanticleer is not as ambitious and bellicose as those at home, they seldom flap their wings or crow. We know not whether this remarkable state of things is brought about by the repeated and never ceasing schreech of locomotives or not. It may be so; and that people, animals, birds, and even small boys think that this noise is sufficient. It is only the streets we allude to that are so marked by silence, in doors here the people live, move and have their beings the same as other people, and we have found those with whom we have come in contact, very agreeable, and unusually intelligent. This cause arises from the fact that the Northern people are a reading people—unless when at work they have a paper or book always in hand, some even place a book in rest and read and work at the same time.

We went a fishing, and thereby hug the tale which will be related. This sport had been contemplated for several days, but the weather which cannot be controlled, proved day after day unfavorable. At length the clouds were all rolled back, and securely pinned, and the sun smiled serenely, the wind also blew favorably from the right quarter, and the tide was on the flood. Surely this was the day we had been waiting for, and Capt. Stagg, a veteran of 76, and yet as active as a cat being found in like agreeable condition, (he was the captain of the craft in which we sailed, and accomplished the remarkable feats of the day) we, Mr. Hurd, the Capt., and self, awlked to the boat landing, stepped in, stepped our mast, hoisted a jib sail, and under a moderate breeze glided out of the bay and in about two hours reached the "happy hunting grounds," or rather the fish banks of the sound. Old ocean was on her prettiest behavior She knew perhaps that a novice was aboard, and that anything like rough treatment might "go agin his stomick," all was serene, smooth and unruffled as a belle just from her toilet, while waiting the coming of her lover. A gentle swell agitated her bosom—ocean we mean, not the belle—but not a ripple broke the surface of what looked like a sea of molten lead; under these pleasant circumstances, (how much we were reminded by all this of some of our experiences on Bush River, or the Saluda.) Capt. Stagg having found the spot where fish "most do congregate," dropped anchor, and our boat swung round, and we baited our hooks, cast them into the water, and the sport commenced immediately, if not sooner. Mr. Hurd had the pleasure of taking the first fish out of the water, but in a manner different from the acceptable mode, this fish being hung by the belly; no matter though it was a fish caught. The Capt. took the next, and the writer the third, but though last we were not least in size, as ours was the "heftiest." Again, again, and again, we baited and caught, and caught and baited.

We sat with bated breath as we baited for the fish. Such sport we had never enjoyed before, the only trouble attending it was that of baiting the hooks, and to cast them in was to insure a fish. A strange feature, and one which called for many a laugh, was the fact that Mr Hurd caught two-thirds of his fish in the same place he hooked the first one—in the belly part. Not until this had been repeated over and over again was a solution of the mystery had. One of his hooks hung an inch or more under the other, and whenever he jerked at a bite, he would hook the other fish which was standing around waiting his chance to bite at the savory bait. It was a glorious day, and we, that is the writer, caught the largest fish everytime. The largest one caught weighed two pounds—and the most of them were Black fish. This state of things continued until two o'clock, when the sun seemed to shine with intense heat, and affected us so seriously that the jib had to be once more raised and set as a shield to protect us from Sol's ardent rays. For fifteen minutes or more we thought we would succumb—fortunately the shade afforded by the sail prevented anything serious. At four o'clock we were at home again, and counting out the catch, found it to be *eighty-three*. Pretty fair, and just eighty-three ahead of the number frequently caught in Bush or Saluda river, and at the expense of a long ride in a springless wagon, over a rocky road, a night in the woods, and scarcely anything to eat—and yet we will try it again no doubt.

The shipment of five head of Jersey calves, two bulls and three heifers, was made at this point a few days ago. The shipper told us that he had sold them about one month before for *eighteen hundred dollars*, and repeating of the sale had offered the buyer five hundred dollars to let him out. It was not accepted, hence the shipment. The calves were of registered stock, and the oldest had been calved in February. We ate the butter made by this gentleman, and it is delicious, and yellow as gold. We are told that he makes twenty seven lbs. of butter a week from one cow. He started ten years ago with a gift bull calf and a couple of heifers which he bought at fifty dollars each. He told us how he had been laughed and even sneered at by his neighbors and called a fool for paying such a price for calves when he could get any number for a tenth of that price. Let them laugh who win, and he has certainly won, and that handsomely. Last year he realized two thousand dollars as well as he did this year from the sale of calves. Stick a pin here reader, and think what a pleasant and profitable thing could be made of a "model farm," the idea we have mentioned time and again.

A few evenings ago we attended a children's entertainment at the Washington Park Methodist church, Bridgeport. This was as much like our festivals at home as it could be except as to the number in attendance, size of the room in which it was held, the conveniences at hand and some other points. It was a mixture of half-done dialogue and scared recitation, topped off with ice-cream, strawberries and cake. One of the misses excelled anything we had ever heard in a child so young—her song was "Over the Stars," and it was rendered in exquisite taste, and fine execution. She bids fair to hold a prominent place in the world of music and song. The church and the Sunday school room were the principal attractions to this openeyed and wondering visitor from the Sunny South. We have never seen a more completely furnished or a more convenient church edifice. Five doors of egress furnished means of escape in case of fire or other alarm. The seats were arranged in half circle, the pulpit in front, the organ over the pulpit. We judge that eight or ten hundred persons may be seated in it. The Sunday school is under the same roof, and is also a marvel in its arrangement—it will hold five or six hundred. It has a basement with refreshment hall and kitchen, in the latter of which are two fine cooking stoves, and a cupboard containing crockery enough to supply hundreds of the hungry faithful. Wash basins, closets and tanks help to make the whole thing complete. Up stairs in the school room we saw even a sewing machine, to sew up any rents which may accidentally occur, the leaving unmended of which would cause unhappiness. The Washington Park church is a model and was erected at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

This is all and enough for one time.

What We See, and What We Would Like To See.

"By the Old One."

What a mistaken idea it is for children to think that they know more than their parents, and unfortunately they don't discover the error until it is too late. When they too become parents, and are blessed with children who are wiser than they are, the scales fall from their eyes and they see that they are as ignorant as their unfortunate progenitors were—that is in the eyes of their children. We never see one of these smart young people but our heart bleeds for them—for they are in errors dark and clouded way, and moreover they sin, in that they forget the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Children, your fathers and mothers may not be as accomplished as you are, so far as the polite accomplishments of the day go, but they are infinitely wiser in experience, and know better what is good for you than you yourselves. We love to see obedient, tractable, gentle children who value the opinions of father and mother as pearls beyond value, but when we see one of the other stripe then we think they are in the road to ruin. Children obey your parents.

The following paragraph gives valuable information, and we advise its careful perusal, and its observance:

In Bravado a young man placed the muzzle of a gun under the water and fired the charge. The result was the bursting of the barrel near the breech and the mutilation of the hand. Another placed and held the muzzle of his piece square against a piece of plate window glass, and fired the charge—powder and a bullet. The glass was shattered, so was the gun barrel. Another instance was that of an experimenter who had heard that a candle could be fired from the barrel of a gun through an inch board. He drove a candle into the muzzle of his gun, fired, and the explosion split the barrel almost its entire length, and did not even drive the candle from the muzzle. Still another burst of a gun barrel was caused by the use of wet grass for a wad, well rammed over a charge of shot.—*Scientific American.*

We would like to have Mr. Z. L. White's opinion as to shooting a candle through a plank from a gun.

We believe that he says it can be done.

The following experience of a man's first knowledge of what a Methodist is will be found interesting, and will fill a place in this column: He says, we were born in a town where there never has been a Methodist church, and in which during our childhood and youth there was not, so far as we know, a single Methodist professor—a town where the Congregationalists and the Baptists fed the sheep and fought for the lambs. We heard and read about the Methodists, but never saw one until we went away from home to teach school. Then we fell into a nest of them, there was no mistake about it. We never doubted it. We can never forget the first prayer-meeting. It was not large, for it was in a country town, but the room was full. There we first came under Methodist fire. We were curious to learn how they did it, and we found out. It was a hard place for a luke-warm Christian and a most uncomfortable place for a sinner. We then got our first idea of Methodism, and it has never left us. We saw the real thing and felt the heat, and we have loved them ever since.

A much tired man was Mr. B., and he deserves a place in this column:

Mr. B.—"I am fearfully tired of the same routine day after day. I do wish I could have a change."

Mrs. B—"What kind of a change?"

"Oh, anything at all, just by way of variety, something novel, you know, a strange experience of some sort."

"I think I can suggest a novelty which will be a change for both of us."

"That's a dear girl. What is it?"

"Try coming home sober."

The American Midgets, General Mite and Miss Millie Edwards of whose marriage in Manchester, England, the London *News* of May 29, says: General Mite, whose real name is Francis Joseph Flynn, is 19 years old, and was born at Greene, Chenango Co., N. Y. He is but 22 inches in height, and weighs only 9 pounds. The bride, Miss Millie, is 17 years of age, and stands 19½ inches high, and weighs only 7 pounds. She was born in the State of Michigan. They have been traveling together about two years. They were dressed in traveling costume. When all things were ready, they were lifted upon a low table. It is said the little people were quite self-possessed, and showed no embarrassment. They will spend their honeymoon on the continent.

We would like very much to follow the dear little couple awhile in their travels, say just while the period of their honeymoon lasted, so as to tell our readers more about them. How true it is that every Jack must have his Jill.

Last year we lamented the absence of fruit and during the long winter the mourning continued, because our closets and our cupboards groaned not in a plenitude of cans and jaws of delicious peach, pear, plum and grape preserves. The good housewife could not set before her guests the fruits of her handiwork, and the children cried in vain for the goodies which used to be spread on their bread. Nature in her prodigality has smiled on us this summer, fruit of all kinds is plentiful, and it will be wise for the good wife to lay in a large store out of the great abundance. Cans and jars are cheap, and in the absence of these gather up all the wide-mouthed bottles to be found and preserve all the fruit you can. Do this and your winter will be passed in *sweet* peace.

Do you mind that this is the season when the sweet girl graduate bedecks herself in gaudy array and receiving her diploma throws aside her girlhood and enters upon the realities of life, endowed with all the accomplishments of French, music, embroidery, and the know ledge of tattin? Does she know how to make a loaf of light bread, broil a steak or prepare a cup of good coffee? Alas, her education stopped with Lattin and French.

Moses, it is said, was the greatest sinner of olden times, for he broke the entire ten commandments at one time. What a great reprobate he was.

Novels are written to gratify the taste of the public, and it is perfectly astounding how many of these there are which should never have seen the light of day. They are pernicious and evil in their influence and do vast harm. We believe that it is the opinion of all good men and women that it were better such books had never been written. Some of these books will do for any one to read; the influence they exert is good, we like to read them. We advise against the evil of letting the mind be taken up entirely with the book which is being read, there is no question of doubt as to the injuriousness of such a course. A little light reading of an interesting book relieves the mind after labor; it is soothing and helpful. We have just had the pleasure of reading one of Geo. Macdonald's works—'Donal Grant' It is a book which will benefit the reader instead of doing him harm, and will interest him from beginning to a chapter or two before the end, which we confess is anything but satisfying. We never could see the taste or the necessity of precipitating a violent fever, or a galloping consumption on a charming and intelligent heroine, or breaking the neck of a noble fellow, whom you have followed with admiration through two hundred pages of letter press, and who you would infinitely prefer seeing marry and transmit a noble progeny. But every writer does not see with our eyes—unfortunately, or many a beautiful girl, or fine specimen of a man, would today be alive—in books—instead of lying enveloped in the mouldy earth. We find this fault with Donal Grant.

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.—*Wordsworth.*

Peas, beans and cabbage, all in rows, how they grow. The beneficent seasons have worked wonders in gardens. Everyone who has a plot of ground large enough to plant vegetables in is now happy, the "winter of their discontent" is gone, and now the table is spread with wholesome, sunburt garden fruit. Long may peas, beans, cabbage, etc., grow and flourish, and the heart warm with gratitude to the all-wise Giver.

You are cordially invited to call at Cofield Pettty & Co's. Book Store.

Music! Music!! at the New Book Store.

25 Hunting and Racing pictures for sale at Cofield Petty & Co's Book Store.

Father:

Loss of sleep sustained in the anxiety spent in nursing the little darling so slowly and pitifully wasting away by the drainage upon its system from the effects of teething, nearly unfits you for business. We suggest that if you will try a bottle of Dr. Biggers' Southern Remedy you will have a panacea for all bowel troubles, and loss of sleep and sickness will be unknown in your house. This, with a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, combining the stimulating expectorant principle of the sweet gum with the healing one of the mullein, for the cure of croup, whooping cough, colds and consumption, presents a little MEDICINE CHEST no household should be without for the speedy relief of sudden and dangerous attacks of the lungs and bowels. Ask your druggist for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, proprietor Taylor's Premium Cologne, Atlanta, Ga.

FLYNN

Needing MONEY!

Some plain talk to the Public!

$5,000

WANTED!

And must be had by the **30th** day of June if goods at half price can be any inducement. We are willing to lose $1,500 on the actual New York cost of the goods and still make money. On the first day of July we can buy a bankrupt stock of $11,027 67-100 for $5,000 in cash down and in that way we make our money. If this plain statement does not convince the reader a careful perusal of the following prices will enlighten him and get him to thinking that a cyclone has struck Flynn's and torn it all to pieces, and now comes the thunder of our prices that is bound to carry terror to our competitors:

2 doz buttons for 1c. 12 doz for 5c.
2 doz good buttons for 3c. 2 doz buttons 5 worth 10 per doz.
1000 doz buttons 5c. worth 15c. 1000 doz 10 worth 25c.
" " " 8c. " 20c. " " 15 " 40c.
Hairpins 1c. per paper. 500 fine Palmetto fans 1c. each
Jersey Gloves, extra long, at a terrible sacrifice.
2 papers Pins for 5c. 3 balls Sewing Thread for 5c.
Calico 3 3-4, 4 1-2, 5, 6 1-4, reduced from 5, 6 1-4, 7, 8c.

A Sweeping Reduction in Dress Goods!

Fancy Dress Muslins 4c. reduced from 6 1-4.c
" " " 5c. " " 8c.
" " " 6 1-4c. " " 10c.
Fine Cambric Muslin, fancy colors, 10c. reduced from 15c.
Imported Organdies latest styles 12 1-2c. " " 18c.
Solid colored Worsted all the new shades at 10c. former price 15c. Fancy Broch's all the latest designs 15, 17 1-2, and 20c. cost 17, 20, 23 1-2c. Summer Mohair in fancy mixed Shades reduced from 45c. to 25c. Lace Bunting reduced from 25 to 15c. Lama Wool plaids reduced from 65 to 38c. Nuns Veiling in the newest tints at 17 1-2, 20, 22 1-2c. reduced from 25, 30, 35c. Silk Pongee at 40c. reduced from 65c.

In black and mourning goods the slaughter is immense, black Cashmere marked down from 60, 70, 75, 90, 1.00, 1.25 to 35, 40, 45, 50, 60 and 75c.

Black Henruttal reduced from 65 and 90c. to 40 and 55c. Linings and trimmings to match all the Dress Goods.

Read on, for we have made a clean sweep in Laces, Hamburg edging, Inserting, Lace Collars, Fichues ties, Corsets and Hosiery, these goods are condemned to go if 50c. on the dollar of the former prices will sell them.

Laces and Crochet edging at 1c per yd. 12 yds. for 10c. Laces at 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6¼, 8, 10, 12½, and 15c. reduced from 3, 4, 6¼, 8, 10, 12½, 16⅔, 20, 25, and 30. Hamburg edging 2, 3, 4, 5, 6¼, 8, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60 and 70c. reduced from 4, 6, 8⅓, 10, 12½, 16⅔, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75, 85, 90, 1.00, 1.25 and 1.50. Lace collars, ties and fichues in stock at half their former prices. Corsets are bound to go if 45c. on the dollar will clear them; it is strange how this can be done but we are determined to do it and clear the decks to gain our point. White lawn 48 inches wide marked down from 15c. to 8⅓, fine white lawns at 10, 12½, 15, 18, 20, 22½, reduced from 18, 25, 30, 35, 40 and 50. Ladies Undervests 35, 40 and 50, from 50, 75 and 1.00. Hosiery in plain and fancy colors, full and regular made at a forced sale reduction this means business.

In Clothing we make competitors stand from under, but as our space is limited we cannot quote the prices. Cassimeres, Bleaching, Towels, Table Linen, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Ties, and in fact every thing that completes the stock of a first class store to be found on our counters, at the same proportion of slaughter prices as the above mentioned goods. If customers will see to their interest they will call at once where they can buy as many goods for a ten dollar note as can be had elsewhere for $18.00.

Respectfully,

D. C. FLYNN

Chas. J. Purcell,

MANAGER.