AS WE GROW OLD.

As we grow old our yesterdays
Seem very dim and distant;
We hope as those in darkened ways,
Through all that is existent;
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear
With suns that long have faded,
And faces dead seem strangely near
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few
For friends most lately taken,
But fall—as fall the summer dew
From rose lightly shaken—
When some chance word or idle strain,
The chords of memory sweeping,
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain
For those that taught us weeping.

As we grow old our smiles are rare,
To those who greet us daily,
Or, if some living faces wear
The looks that beamed so gaily
From eyes long closed, and [illegible] smile
In answer to their wooing,
'Tis but the past that shines the while
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old our dreams at night
Are never of the morrow;
They recall with vanished pleasure bright
Or dark with closed sorrow;
And when we wake the names we say
Are not of any mortals,
But those in some long dead day
Passed through life's sunset portals.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

(Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas, by W. C. Davidson.)

The tradition to which this bridge owes its name is, perhaps, one of the most curious and striking in all Switzland. The following account is confidently believed not to be wanting in authenticity:

The river Reuss, hemmed in between two perpendicular walls of granite and flowing over a rocky bed sixty feet below the brink of the precipice, cuts off all communication between the inhabitants of the valley of Cornera and those living in the vale of Goschenen; that is to say, between the Grisons and the canton of Uri. This temporary isolation was the cause of so much inconvenience to the two neighboring cantons that their most skillful architects were called into requisition, and at a mutual expense several bridges were thrown from bank to bank; but in no instance were they ever found durable enough to resist for more than a year the storms, freshets and the fall of avalanches. The last attempt of this kind had been made toward the close of the fourteenth century; and, as the wintry season had almost flown by, the hope gained ground that this bridge would remain intact and safely defy the fury of the elements, when one morning news was brought to the bailiff of Goshenen that the bridge had once more been swept into the stream.

"None other than the devil himself is able to build us another!" exclaimed the bailiff. Scarcely had these words passed his lips, when a servant announced, "Monsieur Satan!"

"Show him in," said the bailiff. The domestic retired, and made way for a gentleman of from thirty to thirty-six years of age, dressed after the fashion of Mephistopheles in the opera of "Faust." He wore a pair of tight-fitting trowsers of a bright red color, and a close jerkin of black velvet with sleeves slashed at the elbows, through the interstices of which might be seen glimpses of the flamed colored tunic beneath. His head was adorned with a jaunty cap, attached to which was a large red plume which, as it swayed to and fro with motion of his head, added a peculiar grace to the attractiveness of his coiffure. As to his shoes, they were, indeed, far in advance of the prevailing mode, and were rounded or turned up at the toes, as they were worn some hundred years later, toward the reign of Louis XII; and the large cockspur which ornamented the hinder part of his ankle, seem destined to serve the purpose of the ordinary rowel, whenever it was his Satanic pleasure to air himself on horseback. After an exchange of nods and the compliments of the hour, the bailiff seated himself in one fauteuil and the devil in another; the bailiff stretched his feet on the fire-dog, and the "prince of the powers of the air," being fire-proof, thrust his pedal extremities under the embers.

"Well, my good fellow," said Satan, I hear you have need of my services."

"I acknowledge, my dear sir," replied the bailiff, "that your good offices would not altogether be thrown away in our present predicament"

"You allude to that cursed bridge, I dare say?"

"Well, what then?"

"You can't get along without it?"

"Indeed, we must have it, cost what it will."

"Ho! Ho!" grinned Satan.

"Come, now, be a good devil," rejoined the bailiff, "do you build us another."

"Why, I came here to propose that very thing!"

"Well then, I close with your offer, and the only point now remains to come to an understanding—concerning the—" the bailiff hesitated.

"Concerning the price," continued the devil, filling up the blank, and regarding his interlocutor with an ill-concealed scowl.

"Yes," said the bailiff, feeling, like Hamlet, that there was "the rub."

"Oh," continued Satan, balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair and sharpening his nails with the bailiff's penknife. "I will be easy with you on that score."

"Good; *'Sie nehmen mir einen Stein vom Herzen,'*" said the bailiff, in German; "the last bridge cost us sixty golden marks; we will pay you double that sum for the new one, but we can not afford a stiver more."

"Pshaw! what do I care for your filthy lucre," replied the devil, "I can manufacture all the gold I want in a jiffy. Look here!"

He bent over the fire-place and took a live coal from the midst of the flames, just as one would take a burnt almond from a bonbonniere.

"Hold out your hand," said he to the bailiff. The bailiff hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," continued Satan, and he dropped into his outstretched palm an ingot of glittering gold, as pure and as cold as if it had just been dug from the bowels of a mine. The astonished bailiff twirled it in his fingers, and then offered it to return it to his companion.

"No, no, keep the bauble yourself," said Satan, crossing one leg over his neighbor with an air of infinite condescension, "it's merely a little gift, that I make you."

"It seems clear to me," replied the bailiff, thrusting the ingot into his purse, "that if you discover gold mines with such rare facility, you would set as much store on any hard cash we might offer you, as I do on the coal in my bin; however, as this promises to be an unusual bargain and I am rather at a loss how to proceed, I must beg of you to fix your own terms."

Satan thought for a moment.

"I must have the soul of the first being who passes over the bridge, as my own," replied he.

"So be it," rejoined the bailiff.

"Draw up the bond," continued Satan.

"Dictate it yourself."

The bailiff took pen, ink and paper, and prepared to write from dictation.

The devil was never a poor lawyer, and few minutes afterward a deed, with full necessary, signed, sealed and delivered, was transferred to be in his individual capacity, and by the bailiff in his representative capacity, by power of attorney from his parishioners. His Satanic Majesty formally covenanted in this agreement to build in one night a bridge sufficiently strong to last for five hundred years; and for, magnanimous, on his part, generously agreed to surrender the soul of the first unfortunate wight whom chance or necessity should impel to cross the Reuss by the infernal bridge.

On the morrow, at break of day, the bridge was built. Shortly afterwards, the bailiff made his appearance on the Goschenen highway. He had come to obtain the testimony of his own eyes that the devil had fulfilled his agreement; and, sure enough, he saw the bridge, which would have satisfied the most exacting, and at the other end of the structure opposite that towards which he was advancing, he saw Satan seated on a milestone, impatiently awaiting the price of his nocturnal labor.

"You see that I am a man of my word," said Satan.

"And that I am, also," *replied the bailiff.*

"What, my dear *Curtius,*" rejoined his astonished auditor, *thinking* that the bailiff *intended* to cross the bridge; "are *you about to sacrifice* yourself for the *good of your constituents?*"

"Not precisely that," continued the bailiff, depositing at the entrance of the bridge a large bag which he had carried on his shoulders, and commencing to untie the string which closed it mouth.

"What have you there?" said the devil, trying to divine what was in the sack.

"S-s-s-c-c-a-t!" said the bailiff; and a dog, dragging a frying-pan tied to his tail, leaped hastily from the mouth of the sack and, running quickly over the bridge, slipped, howling and barking, between the extended legs of his expectant master.

"Egad," said the bailiff, laughing; "your soul has slipped through your fingers; why don't you run after it, monseigneur?"

Satan's gorge rose at this; he was simply furious; he had counted on the soul of a man, and was forced to content himself with that of a dog. He would have had something worthy of damnation if affairs had not shaped themselves as they did. Nevertheless, he put a good face on the matter, as he saw there was "the devil to pay," and shammed an air of finding the joke very droll, indeed. He would feign laugh as heartily as did the bailiff; but, scarcely had the latter turned his back, when the devil set to work with his hands and feet to demolish the bridge which he had built; but, as he had carried out his contract to the letter, in vain did he bend his nails to the quick and stub his toes against the solid masonry—he could not dislodge even the smallest pebble.

"I have made a great fool of myself," said he. Then, having made this consoling reflection, he put his hands in his pockets, whistled a melancholy air, and commenced descending the banks of the Reuss, keeping a sharp lookout to the right and left, as if he were an admirer of landscape beauty. However, he had not entirely renounced his project of vengeance. His intention was to hunt up a huge boulder of a suitable size and weight, transport it to the summit of the mountain which overlooked the valley, and then, at a height of five hundred feet, to let it fall like an avalanche on the ill-starred bridge which the bailiff of Goschenen had inveigled him into building. He had not walked more than three leagues before he unexpectedly hit upon the very object of his search. It was an enormous rock, huge as one of the towers of Notre-Dame. Satan dislodged it from its bed with as much ease as a youngster would pull up a turnip, carried it to his shoulder, and commenced trudging along the footpath which led to the top of the mountain. He sauntered along rolling out his tongue the while in pure exhilaration of spirits, and gloating in anticipation over the despair of the bailiff, when he found on the morrow that the bridge was a melancholy pile of ruins. When he had gone on about a league, Satan thought he could distinguish a great concourse of people on the deck of the bridge. He immediately set his burden on the ground, hastily clambered up the side and was soon standing on the summit of the rock. He could then distinctly see a long procession of priests, headed by the elevated cross and richly embroidered banners fluttering in the breeze. It was, in fact, the clergy of Goschenen, who had come to sprinkle holy water over the infernal handiwork and to consecrate to God the bridge of the devil. The devil plainly saw the folly of proceeding further, and slowly descended the mountian in no very amiable mood. Falling in with a poor cow in his path, he determined to glut his ire on this guileless victim; so seizing the unfortunate creature by the tail, he hurled her over the precipice into the stream below.

As to the bailiff of Gosche, he was never afterwards heard to allude to his architect from the lower regions; only, the first time he thrust his finger in his purse, he burnt himself severely. It was the golden ingot, which had been transmuted back again into coal. As to the bridge, it lasted for the full period of five centuries, as the devil had pledged his word, and may still be seen by the curious traveler among the Alps.

LIGHT BRAHMA CHICKENS.—Light Brahmas are universally esteemed yet no more than their merits warrant. There is no other breed of fowls which is better known over a wider range of country than the light Brahmas, and they seem to do equally as well in every State of our widely diversified country. They seem to adapt themselves to circumstances and taken collectively stand unrivalled. There are no doubt better breeds for special purposes, the Leghorn, as a laying breed, no breed excelling them in that one particular, though these last named birds are small in body, and make scarcely one-half the weight, which is easily found in a well-fed light Brahma. As layers these Brahmas are by no means poor when properly housed and fed liberally on suitable food. Whole corn, as usually given to the exclusion of other, is not conducive of egg production, and is one of the causes for the scarcity of eggs from them, for it induces an undue secretion of fat on the ovaries, which stops the supply of eggs. Wheat, sound and good, is the best for laying fowls, though it is not well to confine the birds too long on one kind of food. There are several types of the light Brahmas, having been made to conform to individual ideas of the different prominent breeders. Some of the breeders to produce mammoth specimens, irrespective of fine form and economic points while others, striving for the same goal, produced tall, leggy and gawky specimens, with not a single claim to beauty; while other breeders, wanting heavy, compact weights, produced short legged (almost duck-legged) specimens, which, while heavy in the body, are anything but showy birds. Our idea of this breed is one of medium height and only moderately long in the legs, with stout, compact and heavy body, good long feathering, plenty of breast and back, and with regular markings, having no splotches of dark on the white feathers, and with a full and regularly marked hackel.—*American Breeder and Planter.*

Another Murder Near Spartanburg.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., June 26.

At Laudrum's Station, on the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, this afternoon, about six o'clock, two negroes were playing cards near the depot. Disagreeing as to the game they engaged in a scuffle. One of them, whose name is unknown, shot the other, Mack Wofford, in the leg. Wofford immediately drew his pistol and shot his antagonist through the head, killing him instantly. Mack made his escape.—*Reported to the Greenville News.*

As the character of a thief is written in his countenance, so likewise do worms portray their presence in the child's features. Hasten to give Shriner's Vermifuge to destroy and expel the pests.

Hancock's friend had no barrel. Dr. White states that their total expenses at Cincinnati were only $1,145. No effort was made to get up a "boom."

"THE UNTERRIFIED!"

The Rhinehart Democratic Club Refuse to Ratify the Action of the State Convention—Another Convention Called For.

The following preamble and resolutions were forwarded to us by a responsible party, for publication. It will be noticed that there is a conspicuous absence of names attached to the proceedings:

At a meeting of Rhinehart Democratic Club held at Tyre Eldredge's Store on the 19th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were offered and adopted:

Whereas this Democratic Club is in favor of straight-out Democracy, and believes in maintaining white supremacy and civilization, and a government of, for and by the people of South Carolina, as opposed to radicalism, fusionism, rings and cliques, inside or outside of the Democratic party; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That it is the sense of this club that the action of the State Democratic June Convention, in forcing the nomination of State officers, was *unwise, unfair* and *unprecedented,* and was done by a partisan Executive Committee at the dictation of *aristocratic leaders,* in the interest of particular parties, and selfish purposes, and against a large majority of the people, who compose the Democratic party.

Resolved, 2nd. That we refuse to ratify the action of the June Convention, as to the nomination of State officers, and demand of our County and State Executive Committees, that another convention be called to meet in August or September for the purpose of making nominations for State officers; and further, it is the sense of this club, that each county should be represented in said convention in proportion to its true Democratic voting strength, so as to secure a clear, fair and proper expression of the will of the majority of the party.

Resolved, 3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Advertiser* and *Monitor* for publication.

From the Edgefield Advertiser.

We deeply regret the action of our honored friends of Rhinehart Democratic Club No. 2, as set forth in another column. We know them well, and have profound respect for their high spirit and undoubted honesty. But in this matter they have been both hasty and unwise. The Edgefield delegation left the State Convention without repudiating its action, and there all murmuring should cease. All public murmuring at least. The only one of our delegation who spoke openly against making the vote unanimous considered his duty done, then and there, and immediately upon his arrival home introduced resolutions in his club pledging hearty support to the ticket. We allude to the Hon. W. S. Allen, and, we consider his action admirable.

And upon far broader grounds than this, it is now the part of wisdom and patriotism to earnestly support the present State Ticket. Our political situation is entirely too critical for us, by any means whatsoever, to engender dissension among ourselves. *He who runs may read!* We actually shrink from giving reasons and entering into details, for fear of putting ideas into the heads of our enemies. Like our Rhinehart friends, we think the action of the majority in the June Convention was unwise, high-handed, perhaps tyrannical. But it is too late now to take the measures of repudiation. And a Convention in August or September would simply reaffirm the work. Every man in the Convention gave in his adhesion to its work; and every paper in the State, no matter what its previous views, strongly advises united action and hearty support of the ticket already nominated. South Carolina, as regards its position between two great parties, is by no means so safe that the Democrats may quarrel among themselves. We earnestly exhort all our people to stand by the Convention and by the ticket.

And another word of warning to our people in connection with the Rhinehart resolutions. From time immemorial it has not been the habit of Edgefield people to imagine that other people thought themselves better than they. The whining and spaniel-like phrases that threaten to become common among us, hinting at our being under the foot and the lash of aristocratic leaders—men of blue blood, and hereditary nobility, and illustrious antecedents, are weak and pitiful—absolutely calculated to lower the high tone and spirit of our children. Edgefield men and women are as good, by birth, blood, breeding and natural qualities, as any men and women in South Carolina. And this being the case let us beware of these objectionable phrases and these too meek ideas. We are under no whip nor lash. And this sort of humble and whining talk is the fruit of seed sown by selfish demagogues. We appeal to the ancient pride of Edgefield to be done with such lowly and meaningless twaddle.

From the Edgefield Monitor.

We publish elsewhere the somewhat remarkable resolution passed by the Rhinehart Democratic Club, on which we propose to offer a few words of comment by way of protest against the movement which this club, or a few members thereof—for we do not think any considerable number participated in the meeting—have thus attempted to inaugurate. We have no thought, however, that the movement will create even a ripple outside of Edgefield county, and we trust those here among us who sympathize with the spirit of the resolutions, will on a sober second thought, see the folly of attempting to carry them into execution, and at once abandon the project and come up to the support of the regular nominees of the party which alone is able to maintain "white supremacy." The entire Democratic party of South Carolina is in favor of white supremacy, but there is no use to ignore the fact that a large majority of the Democratic voters of the State are conservative in their political views and will not be led off by the cry of radicalism, fusionism, "rings" or "cliques," when those terms are applied to the party which has put in nomination such men as General Hagood, Gen. Kennedy, Col. Youmans and others whose Democracy cannot be questioned and whose characters are such as our people should delight to honor.

In regard to the charge that the action of the Convention was "unfair" we need only say the Convention was called to choose delegates to the Cincinnati Convention and to nominate a State ticket. It was so stated in the call of the Executive Committee. The question of making nominations or not making them was discussed by the press and people up to the time of holding the Convention, and delegates were chosen with the knowledge that they would be called upon to decide the matter, and that a majority, as a matter of course, would rule; and we do not see how the charge we are alluding to can be sustained unless the great majority principle, which is the very bulwark of Democracy, is in itself, unfair. The assertion that the action of our people who compose the Democratic party is unsupported by any evidence that we have seen, and we think unsupportable by any evidence that can be produced.

The refusal of this Club to ratify the action of the June Convention partakes very much of the "rule or ruin" policy. Every newspaper in the State has endorsed its action, and what can the author and supporters of these resolutions hope to accomplish other than to divide the Democratic party and make it possible for radicalism to again raise its hydra-head in our State and again fasten its poisonous fangs into the body politic. To accomplish anything more it would be through the aid of Radical votes, and a party which claims to be special champions of "white supremacy" would scarcely be expected to enter the field depending on on the colored vote to sustain it. As no good, therefore, can be accomplished by persisting in this attitude, we hope a full meeting of the Rhinehart Democratic Club will be held, this action reconsidered, and the Club placed in full accord with the great Democratic party of the State.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

Gleanings from our State Exchanges.

Abbeville: The total collections of taxes in Abbeville County for May for State and County purposes, amounted to $10,557.47. The special tax for the Savannah Railroad amounted to $697.94. .....Thirty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed to the National Bank. .....A wheat field on the Savannah side caught fire last week and 300 bushels of grain were destroyed.....The population of Abbeville, under the new census, is 1,500, and the population of the township outside of the town limits 1,700. The population of Long Cane township is 2,200.....The town council of Ninety-Six has passed an ordinance prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons, and the sale of liquor on Sunday.

Beaufort: The town council has authorized the Intendant to buy a park for the use of the town for a price not exceeding $2,509.....Ex-Congressman Smalls, who has been acting as a customhouse inspector at Beaufort, being ordered to report at Mobile, and declining, has been removed by Secretary Sherman.

Edgefield: The late Court in this County was an unprecedented term for Edgefield. Only one indictment was handed out—against a negro for aiding a prisoner in jail to escape. He was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for one year. Both juries were discharged on the first day of the term and on Tuesday the Court finally adjourned.

Pickens: A negro man was shot through the thigh, last week, by another negro man on account of an old grudge about revenue matters; still another was knocked in the head with a hoe, and so badly injured that he will die.....The Democrats are "dividing time" at the Radical meetings.

York: A colored woman has been found by the census enumerator in York County one hundred and fifteen years old, living with her son, who is eighty years old and the youngest of eighteen children.

AN ACOUSTIC TRIAL.—A vagrant ass, says the San Antonio (Texas) *Herald,* stood beside the track of the Sunset railway at the depot this morning; an engine moved slowly up; it stopped within a few feet of the ass, and the engine blew one of those terrible screams, prolonged and ear-piercing; such a blast as makes a sleeping Millerite dream of the day of judgment. Did the ass scare? Not worth a cent! Did he shake the sloth from his limbs, erect his tail and speed away like the asses of Bassorah, faster than the Bedouin couriers run back to the chaparral? No, he didn't. He turned one ear toward the engine just as a deaf man uses his tin ear-trumpet and caught every particle of the sound. And when the steam-blown whistle ceased its notes and all the echoes died away, the animal straightened out his neck, opened his mouth, and in a voice that deafened all the railroad men and caused the freight clerk to drop his pen, roared: "I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! be beat! be beat! be beat! be beat! I-c-a-n-'-t be-be-be-be beat."

— One some sometimes receives consolation from a source wholly unexpected. Two men were in a boat and trying to cross the rapids. The traveler was timid in presence of the turbulent waters, and, clinging to both sides of the little cockle shell, said to the boatman in trembling tones, "Arn't people sometimes lost here? It seems to me to be very dangerous." The sturdy ferryman gave an extra tug at the oars, and then replied cheerily, "Lor' bless you, sir, I never knew a man to be lost here, though I've been on this river off and on for nigh forty years. Why, only last month my brother John was drowned right on this very spot that we are going over now, but he wasn't lost for we found his body two days afterward, in the creek below there."

— According to Dr. Abercrombie, a gentleman who had been a soldier dreamed he heard a signal-gun, saw the proceedings for displaying the signals, heard the bustle of the streets, the assembling of troops, etc. Just then he was roused by his wife, who had dreamed precisely the same dream with this addition, that she saw the enemy land and a friend of her husband's killed; and she awoke in a fright. This occurred at Edinburgh, at the time when a French invasion was feared, and it had been decided to fire a signal-gun at the first approach of the foe. The dream was caused, it appears, by the fall of a pair of tongs in the room above; and the excited state of the public mind was quite sufficient to account for both dreams turning on the same subject.

— Prince William, eldest son of the Prussian Crown Prince, has just been solemnly betrothed to Princess Augusta Victoria. The aged Emperor brought in the bride, and beamed with gratification as he presented Bismarck and other guests to her. She has great personal attractions, and is in her twenty-second year, nearly the same age as Prince William. She wore a white silk dress and a hat trimmed with May flowers, with white veil. A bouquet of ten roses rested on the breast, and in her hand the Princess held one of white roses and May flowers. A six-fold string of pearls, with a golden medalion, was round her neck. The match is said to be one of mutual affection rather than of state arrangement.

— The other evening, while the fast express train on the Pennsylvania railroad was near Birdsborough, Berks county, the thick glass of the headlight attached to the engine was suddenly broken. The train was stopped, and among the fallen glass on the cow-catcher was found a dead robin, which is supposed to have flown with great force against the glass in an opposite direction to that which the train was moving, and the violent collision broke it. The bird does not weigh over four ounces.

— There is a great deal of interesting conversation going over the telephone wires if you have the machine open and listen. The message of a fond mother, whose cherub had eaten a watermelon or so too much, and a gentleman who had sent home a large red fish for dinner, got mixed yesterday. First voice—"What shall I do about the baby?" Second voice—"Scrape all the scales off him, cut him open and have him dressed nicely for dinner with caper sauce. Ain't he a whopper?"

— The Liverpool inspectors of explosives report that a quantity of heavy recently came into that port with a label well calculated to secure proper handling for the package. In well displayed and large letters, the caution to porters and others ran thus: "Handle gently as dynamite. A drop of one inch will cause certain destruction to the contents." The words "handle gently," "dynamite," and "certain destruction," were, of course, painted in more prominent type than the rest, and one can well understand that little damage was done to the contents of that package.

— *Nature* quotes from the Bombay *Gazette* an account of a remarkable thunder storm that occurred at Dharwar, in March last, during which "hailstones fell measuring no less than nine or ten inches in circumference." The thunder and lightning were terrific, and after the fall of hail, there was a heavy down-pour of rain. The "bulletin" of the Iowa Weather Service, for April, 1880, received since the above was written, tells of thunder storms during the month, in that State, where hailstones fell measuring twelve inches in circumference.

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They give unfailing satisfaction. All their work is warranted. They have received testimonials from all parts of the country of purport similar to the following, hundreds of which are on file subject to inspection:

GALVA, ILLINOIS, July 16, 1879.

Messrs. Emerson, Fisher & Co.: I have used one of your Top Buggies three years in my livery stable, and they have given me perfect satisfaction and are in constant use.

OSCAR SMALLEY.

NEWBERRY, S. C., July 17, 1879.

Messrs. Coppock & Johnson—Dear Sirs: I have been using the Emerson & Fisher Buggy I bought from you as roughly I suppose as any one could. I had a fast horse, drove him at full speed sometimes with two grown ladies and myself in the buggy, and it is to-day worth all the money I paid for it. I say the Emerson & Fisher Buggies will do.

A. M. TEAGUE, Farmer.

The favorable reputation the Carriages have made in localities where they have been used for several years by Liverymen, Physicians, Farmers and others requiring hard and constant use, has led to an increased demand from those localities, to meet which the manufacturing facilities of their mammoth establishment have been extended, enabling them now to turn out in good style,

800 CARRIAGES A WEEK.

Emerson, Fisher & Co.'s Carriages are the Best.

Nov 27, 1879 20 10m

MARBLE YARD.

ALL persons wanting TOMBSTONES will do well to call on me, as I have on hand all grades of Marble, and work all the new designs. I warrant my work to give satisfaction. Prices to suit the times.

I am prepared to take care of the County travelling and regular boarding at reasonable rates at the Benson House. Meals 25 cents. Lodging 25 cents.

Feb 23, 1880 THOS. M. WHITE. 33

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons holding claims against the Estate of William Moorhead, deceased, are notified to present them to the undersigned within the time allowed by law, properly proven, or they will be barred; and persons indebted to the Estate are notified to make prompt payment to the undersigned.

ROBERT MOORHEAD, Adm'r.

May 27, 1880 46 3

WANTED!

FIFTY dozen EGGS, and seventy-five frying Chickens and grown Hens.

A. B. TOWNES & CO.

MARBLE YARD.

SAMUEL MURPHY,

Anderson, S. C.,

DEALER and Manufacturer of Monuments, Monumental Headstones, Tombs, Vases, Etc. As I am a practical workman, and do work myself, I can afford to furnish anything in my line cheaper than any one else. Working only the best grades of marble, I am able to give better satisfaction to my customers, and guarantee all work that leaves my shop. I work only new designs. Call and see me at my shop on Depot Street, and be convinced of these facts, before purchasing elsewhere.

June 17, 1880 49 1y

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application for a Charter for Long Branch Church will be made, according to law, before the Clerk of the Court at Anderson, S. C., on the 6th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m.

J. MATT. COOLEY, C. C.

June 10, 1880 48 5*

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

A. Y. Shirley and Wm. R. Cartee, Plaintiffs, against Rachel E. Harris, Emaline Jones, R. A. Shirley, Sallie Wilson, Helen McDaniel, B. F. Shirley, John N Shirley, Leitie Shirley, Thomas Shirley, Newton Shirley, Richard Shirley, Rebecca J. Jack, Fanny L. Shirley, Elnora Vickory, Emma Goolsby, and Franklin Shirley, Defendants.—*Summons for Relief—Complaint not Served.*

To the Defendants above named:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, a copy of which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at Anderson C. H., S. C., and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, Anderson C. H., S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated May 25, A. D. 1880.

J. L. TRIBBLE,
Plaintiffs Attorney, Anderson, S. C.

[L. S.]—JOHN W. DANIELS, C. C. P.

To the Defendants above named:

Take notice that the object of this action, in which a summons is herewith served upon you, is to remove cloud from Titles to Real Estate assigned to Plaintiffs by the Probate Court, and to confirm proceedings in Probate Court to partition the Real Estate of James Shirley, deceased. The premises in question are described as follows: Tract No. 1, containing one hundred and sixty-three acres, more or less, and Tract No. 2, containing one hundred and twenty-three acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Mrs. Sophia Millwee, Hugh Rush and James Erskine. No personal claim is made against you.

J. L. TRIBBLE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

To the Defendants:

Take notice that the complaint and summons in this action were filed in the office of John W. Daniels, C. C. P., Anderson County, on the 28th day of May, 1880.

J. L. TRIBBLE, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

June 3, 1880 47 6

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Henry B. Smith, Plaintiff, against S. A. Smith, Defendant.—*Copy Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.*

To the Defendant S. A. Smith:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the City of Greenville, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated 12th May, 1880.

WHITNER SYMMES,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

ATTEST: JOHN W. DANIELS, C. C. P.

To the Defendant S. A. Smith:

YOU will take notice that the summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas at Anderson Court House, the 14th day of May, 1880.

WHITNER SYMMES, Plaintiff's Attorney.

June 10, 1880 48 6

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

A. S. Armstrong, Adm'r.,
vs.
Sarah J. Armstrong, et al.

In the Common Pleas—Complaint for Partition, Payment of Debts, &c.

PURSUANT to an order of Court in the above stated case, all creditors of the Estate of A. M. Armstrong, deceased, are hereby notified to establish their claims before me on or by the 1st day of July next, or be barred.

W. W. HUMPHREYS, Master.

May 27, 188 46 6

FLAGG'S IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!

NEVER GETS HARD.
CAN BE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIRED. LAST TWICE AS LONG.

Diseases Cured without Drugging the System.

CURES

Chills and Fever, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Costiveness, Female Weakness, Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Nauseous Pills, Oils, or Poisonous Medicines are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pit of the Stomach, covering the great Nerves and Organs, the Liver and Stomach. A gentle Vegetable Tonic is absorbed into the circulation, curing Dyspepsia, Liver, purifying the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and strengthening the Stomach to digest food. PRICE OF PAD $1 AND $1 EACH. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail or Express.

Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

WILHITE & WILHITE Agents, Anderson, S. C. 37—1y

Hernia or Rupture Cured!

Genuine Stamped "I. S. SEELEY, WARRANTED."

Seely's Hard Rubber Trusses, made in every desirable pattern, shape or strength. Springs coated with hard rubber. Light, cool, cleanly. Free from all sour, rusty or padding unpleasantness. Suspensory Bandages, Shoulder Braces, Adominal Supporters, &c.

Complete assortment, for sale by

WILHITE & WILHITE.

☞ Correct adjustment a speciality.

May 20, 1880 45

D. I. C.

Is an absolute and irresistible cure for

DRUNK-

enness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics and Stimulants, removing all desire, without the knowledge of the party taking the tasteless and odorless powder, any of them perfectly delicate and disgusting. Giving sober and perfect and healthy control of the appetite of themselves and their friends.

It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration and death, the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.

Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $3, or at your druggists, $1.75 per bottle.

Anyone addicted should recommend it. It is perfectly harmless and never failing.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. Sole Agents

Hop Cough Cure destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves, produces rest, and never fails.

The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is unequaled for Fevers. Cures by absorption. It is perfect—and delightful.

The Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., of Rochester, N. Y., only, prepare this remedy, also the Hop Bitters, which are a purely a beverage medicine, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made, making pure cures that all other remedies fail to cure.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

Will cure or prevent Disease.

No Horse will die of Colic, Boys or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hog Cholera.

Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes in Fowls.

Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream to any per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.

Foutz's Powders will