THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Humorous Department.

A DOG ON THE WIRES.

A good story comes from Norwalk, Conn. One day last week, a gaunt, slab-sided chap, with particles of hay-seed on his coat and in his tow-colored hair, stepped up to the telegraph office at the railroad depot, and asked if the boss was in. The operator assured him that he was, and his rural friend went on to relate that he lived up in Danbury, had come down from there that morning, and had intended bringing his brother's dog, which a man in Norwalk wanted to buy, but had forgotten it, and wanted to know if the dog could be sent down from there by telegraph. The man of lightning seeing a good chance for a little fun, at once answered—

"Certainly, sir, that is a matter of common occurrence; all that is necessary for you to do is to give me a description of the dog, so that no mistake can be made; call again in about half an hour, and the dog will be here."

"It is a yellow dog with small ears, and is about so high," said the Granger, placing his hand about eighteen inches from the floor. He then took his departure with the remark that he would call again pretty soon.

The operator then sent his message boy to look for a dog as near the description as possible, which he soon succeeded in finding. It was at once brought to the office and secured to the operator's desk by means of a piece of telegraph wire. After a little coaxing the dog was made to lie quietly down and everything was in readiness for our rural friend. Punctual to the time appointed he made his appearance, and asked if the dog had come.

"I will see," said the operator; and stepping up to the instrument he tapped a few times on the key, at the same time inserting his leg under the desk, he managed to step on the dog's toes, which caused him to yelp.

"Ah! he's coming," said the operator, and tapping more furiously on the key, he, at the same time kicked the dog clean from under the table, who, not relishing this kind of treatment, barked furiously and ran around the office with the wire attached to his neck.

"Fifty cents, sir," said the operator, turning round to the countryman. "Uncommon nice dog; must be worth $50; but he is the hardest dog I ever received over the wires. He is so muscular, you see, that he broke the wire; in fact, a piece of it is now attached to his neck, which he broke off."

During the whole of this operation the countryman gazed on the operator with eyes wide open and full of surprise; but when the dog came from under the table and was seen by the countryman, that was the culminating point, and he was struck with amazement. After looking at the dog a moment or so, he said, "Say, mister, he ain't so big as he was, and he is darker; how is that?"

"Oh, that is easily explained," said the operator; "you see the chemicals employed in making electricity of course darkens his original color, and the velocity with which he passes over the wires causes him to contract in size; but after you expose him to the air for a short time he will soon assume his original size and color."

"Du tell," said the countryman; and after placing fifty cents on the counter, picked up the dog and walked out of the office, remarking that "the man who invented them telegraphs must be a very knowledgeable man."

A VETERAN.—"N. Nestos, Esq," writing to the Boston Yankee *Blade*, says: "Going out in the New Haven train the other evening, I chanced to sit in the seat with an American citizen of African descent. He was well dressed, though not dandified, and appeared to be a very intelligent and gentlemanly person.

We entered into conversation, and among other subjects, spoke of the aspect of political affairs, particularly in South Carolina. He seemed to be very well posted, and familiar with prominent men and localities in the State. I asked him if he had ever been there.

"Oh! yes, I was born there, but I have been at the North for some years."

"How do you think the matter will be settled?" I asked. "Do you think we shall have another war?"

"I hope not," was the reply. "I got enough of the last one. I was private servant to four different colonels during the war, every one of whom was killed, and I served in the army over four years, being in some twenty engagements in all."

"What do you think of those Southern fellows?" asked a republican in the seat back of us, who had been an attentive and interested listener to our conversation. "They are a rascally set, aren't they?"

"Well, no, I don't think so. I always found them to be very honorable men, and when they promised anything they kept their word, which I can't say for some gentlemen I have met at the North."

The questioner was a little taken back by this reply, but he asked further:

"What is your opinion of Wade Hampton?"

"I think he is a gentleman and a true friend of the colored man."

"Were you in Gen. Grant's division?" queried the gentleman, changing the subject.

"No," was the startling answer, "*I was on the other side!*"

The smile that went around the car at this unexpected revelation showed that the passengers appreciated the humor of the situation, and when I got out, a democrat from further up on the road took my seat and began questioning the gentleman who was in twenty engagements, but, alas, "on the other side."

FASTIDIOUS.—He was very gentle in manner, he had a mild blue eye, a nasal twang, relieved by a lisp, charmingly beautiful not to hear. His pull on the bell was gentleness itself; and when Mrs. Spriggs decided to answer the ring, she felt certain it was some amiable friend. The "good mornings" were said with a heartiness only to be acquired by long self-denial and training.

"Have you an overcoat, missus? I'm a poor man—a widower with seven small children—five that I adopted out of pure charity, and I thought I'd drop in and see about a coat!"

Mrs. Spriggs' heart moved with pity. She felt that she could never stand to be a widower long, and she joyfully replied:

"Oh! yes, I have one of Mr. Spriggs' that he had made to order last March."

"Oh! then it is not of the late style?"

"Oh! no. I am very sorry to say one of those dreadful tramps stole his best."

The man's face flushed up a little as he asked: "Buckhorn buttons or gutta percha?"

"Gutta percha," said Mrs. Spriggs.

"Oh! they have a disagreeable odor."

"Oh! well," said Mrs. Spriggs, noticing his look of disappointment, "it's a very nice coat. I'll run up and get it out of the camphor."

"No, no, you need not. Camphor I detest, and gutta percha buttons! *au revoir, madame*, and he passed down the steps, the very picture of grand manhood.—*Washington Nation.*

A BIG DRINK.—An Indianian went into a Chicago saloon, and asked for "a gin cocktail with some strength into it." The barkeeper made a mixture of alcohol, pepper sauce, absinthe, limes, and pain-killer. "The Indianian drank it," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "and about a quart of tears came to his eyes, his mouth contracted to about the size of a safe key hole, and when he had sufficiently mastered his emotion to speak, he said: 'How much's that?' 'Fifteen cents,' responded the barkeeper. The customer put down a quarter and said, "Keep the change—have something yourself;" then, wringing the barkeeper's hand, he added, 'That's the first good gin I've tasted since I left home—something like liquor; it's sort of quick in taking hold and slow in letting go. Come and see me, and I'll give you some corn whiskey that's better still—whiskey that's like swallowing a circular saw whole and pulling it up again.' The barkeeper, an hour later, asked the patrolman if he had heard of an old man being found dead on the sidewalk, and when the officer said, no, he danced a few jig steps, and cried, 'Hurrah, he's gone somewhere else to die!'

Reading for the Sabbath.

CONDUCTED BY
REV. ROBERT LATHAN.

[Original.]

TEMPTATION.

"Simon, Simon," said our Saviour, "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat."

Although addressed to Simon, the Lord designed the words for all his people. There was nothing peculiar about Simon that made the language applicable to him alone, of all the human family. Because Satan is invisible, multitudes of our race, even of those who have the Bible, conclude that he has no existence. He is regarded as a mere imaginary being, the creation of morbid sensibilities and feeble intellects. The works of the devil are seen and felt by all men in every quarter of our world. If we take the Bible for our guide and give any heed to the utterances of our own experience, we can have no doubts respecting the existence of a being whose whole aim is to thwart the purposes of God and fill all creation with misery. The Bible teaches us that the devil has a personal existence. He is a being, not a notion. He is not, as some assert, our evil hearts, our corrupt natures, or anything connected with or derived from us, but a being separate and distinct from every other creature. His distinguishing characteristics are ceaseless activity and indomitable hatred toward God. Neither by day nor by night, does he cease to work for the overthrow of the Almighty and the utter ruin of the Messiah's Kingdom.

In the language which is quoted above, we have a statement of Satan's work. He desires to sift us as wheat. In the two words, "desired" and "sift," used by the Saviour, a multitude of profitable suggestions are made to our minds. Incidentally, as it were, the startling circumstances by which we are surrounded and the jeopardy in which we are situated, are revealed to us. During all our past existence, Satan desired to sift us. That desire is still unsatisfied, and he continues to cherish his past desires. His malicious desires are insatiable. He delights in the misery and ruin of his fellow creatures. He studies nothing else. He has no desire except to sift the works of God, especially those of the human family, who believe in Jesus Christ.

The phrase "sift as wheat," is very suggestive. In every possible way Satan is planning to keep the soul of the Christian in the midst of turmoil and confusion. In his body, in his family, in his social relations, in his property and in his soul, the child of God is set upon in various ways and at all times, by the arch enemy of all good. He is tumbled and tossed to and fro, from side to side, up and down, like wheat in the sieve.

Strong as may be the language of the Saviour, it is not too strong. It is corroborated by the personal experience of every child of God on earth. The sun does not shine upon a single spot of this globe where there is no tempting devil. The ubiquity of Satan is clearly taught in the Scriptures. He is in every place where there is a being once created in the image of his maker. Dreading lest man may, in some way, be rescued from the ruin in which he has involved him, he never fails to go wherever any of Adam's race go.

In ten thousand ways—yes, in ten thousand thousand ways—Satan tempts, and men are, by him, led into sin. Here is the fountain from which all miseries flow. In this fountain is produced the ingredient which poisons all our happiness. Were it not for the devil and our own wicked hearts, this world would be free from groans and sighs.

Evidently, Satan is shrewd in his work. He promises those things that are pleasing to the carnal nature. The forbidden fruit was pleasing to the eye and it was pleasant to the taste of Eve. So it is yet. Satan never tempts us to do things that are not, in some respect, or on account of some circumstance, congenial to our carnal natures. He never sets the snare in the sight of the bird. The barbed hook is concealed by a luscious bait.

The wonder is not that there is so much misery in the world, but that there is anything else except misery. Sin and misery are linked together in the relation of cause and effect. Satan is constantly and skillfully tempting all to sin against God. His success is only exceeded by his insatiable desires. He has made an attempt upon every individual of Adam's long line of descendants and in no single case has he totally failed. No human can say, "I have never followed Satan." His successes, it is true, in a countless multitude of cases, have been but temporary, his triumphs have often been short lived; still all have yielded a listening ear to Satan's promises. The wonder then is that our cup is only mingled with good and evil and not wholly evil. Such it would be, were it not for the redeeming love of God. All the real good that is in the lot of any of us, is a blessing purchased by the son of God with his own blood.

WHAT O'CLOCK.

When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger, and hour hand, and described the figures on the dial plate until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner had I gained this additional knowledge than I set off to join my companions, but my father called me back again. "Stop," said he, "I have something else to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had to learn, for it seemed to me that I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day; I must now teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was Dutch to me; so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted so badly to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, "describes the years of man to be threescore and ten, or four score years. If we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a man is seven years old, then it is one o'clock in his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen it will be two o'clock with you; and at twenty-one it will be three o'clock, should it please God to thus spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of life; and your looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock—my grandmother at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

Never since then have I heard the inquiry; "What o'clock is it?" without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not what o'clock it may be with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock which, perhaps, it never would have possessed in my esteem if those words had not been spoken. "What o'clock is it with you?"

The Farm and Fireside.

APPLE TREE ADVICE.

The following is going around on its merits, and is worthy to travel, but the writer is not known to us or the paper in which it was found:

Whether to prune apple orchards in winter or summer, is a matter of doubt to many. Numerous theories or reasons are advanced by the supporters of each season, and many of them are deserving of careful attention. After weighing carefully much that has been said on each side, and after frequent experiments, I must say that I am strongly in favor of winter pruning. The impression is too general that apple trees need cutting down when some of the larger limbs are decayed, and that young trees should be put in their places. A little careful pruning and attention is usually all that is required, and will nearly always be amply repaid; besides, more fruit will frequently be obtained from one full-grown tree in one season, when practically treated, than a young one would bear after waiting ten—perhaps fifteen—years. This may seem like queer advice for a nurseryman to give, but some of them have for their motto "pro bono publico," as well as other members of the community. The proper way to do in case it is thought best to renew the orchard, is to plant out young trees between the old ones, if there is sufficient space; or, still better, to plant them in a new location, if a suitable spot can be found. Then give the old trees good attention until the others come into bearing, or until the space occupied by the old trees is needed for the development of the new ones.

The apple tree in most sections of the country, is much longer lived than is generally supposed. By intelligent pruning and treatment, it will live for sixty or seventy years, and frequently much longer. In pruning old apple orchards, remove any dead branches by cutting them off a little behind the decayed portion, or close to one of the main limbs. If the branches are large, then first cut a little on the under side with a hatchet or saw, so as to meet the first incision. This will prevent that unsightly appearance so often seen, where a limb, in breaking off, carries with it a portion of the bark, or splits off a portion of the sound limb that should have been left. If the limb is to be severed near the trunk, or its juncture with another branch, cut it off from one half to three inches from its base, according to the size of the limb to be cut off. At this distance the diameter of the limb was not so great as close to the tree, and when cut in this manner, the wood will heal over more quickly. Then, again, less sawing is required, which, to some, will probably be a powerful reason for performing the work in a right manner. The trees will not, perhaps, look quite so well when trimmed in this way, but we should try and educate our taste up to this condition of affairs, as long as it is the proper method.

In pruning all trees, young shoots should be carefully guarded and saved, reserving, of course, only so many of them as will be required to keep the tree in good shape. Trim out also some of the inner branches, so as to let in the sun. Severe pruning should not be performed at one time, but, when necessary, the pruning should be extended over two or three seasons, so as not to give the tree too much of a check. In young and growing orchards less pruning is required; only sufficient to keep up the appearance of the tree, and to cut out any interlacing boughs.

PREPARATION FOR THE RAINY DAYS.—Successful farming depends largely upon the character of the preparation made for the rainy days. If this preparation is not of a character suitable for the protection of crops, stock, implements, &c., in rainy weather, the farmer suffers a loss just as certainly as effect follows cause. Nothing is a plainer index of the bad manager than the absence of adequate shelters and other provisions for the rainy days. As it is smooth sailing in fair weather, so it is comparatively easy work farming when the sun shines. It is those rainy days that do the mischief, and against which the farmer must forecast and provide for in time. Like the skillful pilot, the farmer must keep a watchful eye ahead, and be quick to move when he sees the skies lowering and finds the air growing damp. In the harvesting of crops especially, he must be watchful. Observation will soon teach an intelligent eye when to expect rain. As a general rule, we may depend on the skies giving us at least twelve hours' notice of the approach of rain, and that much labor would often put a crop under shelter in fine condition, provided the shelter existed.

Every farm ought to be provided with plenty of house and shelter room for all its crops, stock, &c. All implements, when not in use, should be put away; and every kind of stock is better off for having comfortable shelter in rainy weather. It need not be expensive, but should be such as will keep out the rain and snow. It is the want of this one item that keeps so many men poor all their lives. The way to obviate this poverty-blast is to build adequate shelter before you need it.

HANDY HELPS.—There are some things which a farmer wants but once a year, and there are others which he always should have ready. No tool comes oftener into play than a hammer, for example. Every new or old wooden tool should be oiled. Have a barrel or keg or can of crude petroleum always ready in your shop. Keep everything well annointed. The crude oil goes right into the pores and makes any wood durable as cedar. Keep it constantly on hand. Again, save every piece of rope, and leather strap. They will be useful for repairing. The next time you go to a hardware store, get fifty cents or a dollar's worth of copper wire and straps. Copper is a great deal better than iron wire, because it is much more flexible, like cord, and copper straps are capital for repairing any fracture in woodwork, it may be so easily wrapped around, or nailed on with small nails. Then again always have a pound or two of wrought or annealed nails of different sizes, that will clinch readily when you use them. You will remember that in driving these or any other nails into hard wood, they will go more easily by first touching the points with a little grease, but do not let the grease get on the face of the hammer.

LOOK TO YOUR AXLES.—How many horses suffer by the want of attention to the axles of carts and wagons. We often see the wheels running at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees "out of true," the teamster seeming not to realize how much this increases the burden. If the wheel will only revolve, it seems all that is needed by the thoughtless driver. Then, again, want of care in greasing the wheels is another source of unnecessary labor for the horses. It is only fair, that while we require reasonable labor from our animals, we shall grant them reasonable facilities for doing it.

WORMS IN A DOG.—A dog troubled with a dry hacking cough, causing him to strain his whole body while coughing, generally has worms, and an almost certain cure is to give the animal ten drops of turpentine every morning for a week, mixed with a little broth or new milk, then give a dose of castor oil regulated by the size of the dog.

INGROWING NAILS.—Pare the nail close in the middle, then with a pin put as much cotton under the corners as you can. Do this a few times and the difficulty will be remedied. Never pare the corners of the toe nails. This only makes the matter worse.

☞ An eminent physician says he cures 99 out of every 100 cases of scarlet fever by giving the patients warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth should be rung out in hot water and laid on the stomach.

☞ A roasted onion made into a poultice and bound around the neck or upon the chest usually affords immediately relief from bad colds or sore throats.

Miscellaneous Reading.

TREATMENT OF MADMEN IN FRANCE.

Madmen in France are vastly more ferocious than elsewhere, or there are graver faults in the treatment and cure of them. It is not long since a ghastly tale was told of a maniac standing siege in his house against a whole company of gendarmes and a regiment of the line, several of whom he killed. They set fire to the thatch and burned him to death. A pendant to this story comes from Saint Omer, in the Pas de Calais. A dangerous lunatic, named Lepreter, was being taken to the asylum by the police; he escaped and plunged into the river. They caught him and entered into a house near by to dry his clothes. Thence he escaped again, climbed a tree, and thus reached the Lavoir Sainte Marie, which has a tower forty or fifty feet high. To this point Lepretre made his way. When they tried to follow him he tore to pieces a chimney, and threatened the gendarmerie with bricks. They sent for the firemen, who poured the heaviest streams of their hose upon the tower, to no effect. Night came on, and Lepetre was left in peace, under guard. Next day his fury was as wild as ever, and at the least movement of those below a shower of bricks whizzed about. It was resolved to leave him, in the hope that cold and hunger would produce their result. All the country side had gathered to witness this extraordinary blockade. Three days passed without any change. They offered him food in which a strong narcotic had been mixed. He took it without effect. A gallant trumpeter of the Eighth Regiment tried to storm the tower. He fixed a ladder inside and mounted. As fast as they could be thrown, the bricks came showering on him. He was knocked senseless from the ladder and carried off. The sub-prefect remonstrated, and the general gave his word that no harm should be done to him if he would give way. In vain. Then, with a cruel impatience one fails to understand—seeing the poor fellow could do no harm up there, and sooner or later must yield—a squad of soldiers were ordered up to fire. One ball struck him on the shoulder and one on the head—those from the chassepot; on the hand and the knee he was wounded by revolver bullets. Simultaneously an attack went on by escalade. Lepretre lost none of his courage or his passion. Though thus badly hurt, he smashed up the balustrades to find new weapons. But at length his footing gave way in the chimney, and he fell headlong to the ground floor. They seized him ultimately, and carried him to the asylum.

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD.—A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited a stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen pence.

"Done!" said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and, producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note."

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money, too;" and, giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and a happy heart.

MARRIED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A story comes from Milford, Mass., about a couple who drove up to one of the hotels on a recent stormy evening, and inquired for a clergyman. Following the directions, they tramped nearly a mile, only to find the reverend gentleman too ill to marry them; another minister who was sought was out of town; and a third was away from home. At this juncture the hotel clerk happened to remember that a church festival was appointed for that night, and suggested that perhaps a gentleman of the cloth could be found there, but, alas! the now foot sore couple arrived just in season to see the sexton lock up for the night. Still undaunted, they hurried to the clergyman's residence, just in time to see the lights extinguished. But the expectant groom was not to be thus baffled, and soon had the clergyman to the door, and explained his errand and his troubles. The kind-hearted parson invited them in, roused up his wife, who, after a hasty toilet, acted as witness, and the twain were made one flesh. After a supper at the hotel, the man and his bride departed for home just at midnight.—*Springfield Union.*

THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH.—One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goat-skin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up in the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

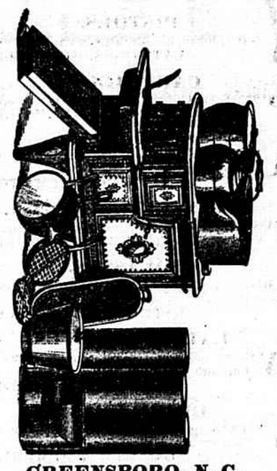
HOSPITALITY IN TEXAS.—In no city in the United States is the travel-stained, weary traveler taken as good care of as he is in a San Antonio hotel. The manners and customs of the guest are carefully studied. A young man from the frontier, stopping at one of our hotels, told the clerk the other evening that he was going to be out late. "Just wait a minute," replied the accommodating clerk, and he rushed off, reappeared with a large envelope, which he placed in the guest's breast-pocket, with the remark: "That is a bond for your appearance before the Recorder, properly signed. As soon as you are arrested for being drunk and disorderly, just give the bond to the policeman, mention my name to him, and he will bring you home in a hack. Good night! God bless you!"—*San Antonio Herald.*

☞ The New York *Sun* says one of the results of the Centennial Exposition is that country merchants find great difficulty in collecting the debts due them. The money that should have gone to pay store accounts has been spent in railroad fares and hotel bills, and now the ingenious rustics who have seen the great show have nothing left. Some even mortgaged their farms and furniture to raise money for the trip, and must wait for future crops and extrication. At least this is the story told in commercial circles in New York.

☞ A merchant seeking to badger a one-legged son of Erin, said to him, "I say, Pat, with all your talk about the Virgin Mother, I do not believe she was any better than my mother?" "That may be," was the prompt reply, "but I tell ye there is a mighty difference in the character of their sons."

THE TROPIC STOVE,

SERGEANT & M'CAULEY,



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No. 8, with 10 pieces ware and 8 feet pipe, $30 00
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ANNOUCEMENT.

ON the 16th day of November, 1876, and in the city of Raleigh, the undersigned commenced the publication of

THE OBSERVER,

a DAILY and WEEKLY Democratic newspaper.

Of long experience in their profession as editors respectively of the Fayetteville *Observer* and the Wilmington *Journal*, they do not affect to doubt the soundness of the general judgment which assigns them ability to furnish a newspaper suited to the needs and adapted to the tastes of the people of North Carolina. Differing in politics in the olden time, there was never a difference between the *Observer* and the *Journal* in zeal for the interests and honor of North Carolina. To promote the one, and to uphold and add to the other, will be the object of THE OBSERVER now.

Of very decided opinions on questions of public interest, and apt to give those opinions plain expression, they deem it the first duty of a newspaper to furnish its readers with the information necessary to the formation of their opinions—to publish all "the news;" and their purpose is to make THE OBSERVER, now as of old, a truthful, accurate, condensed history of the times in which we live. It was thus that "the old Observer" won its hold upon the people of North Carolina, enjoying the affection of its party friends, receiving the respect and confidence of its bitterest political foes, and commanding in its comparatively isolated location a circulation larger than has ever been attained by any other North Carolina newspaper; and it is thus, by like dignity and fairness, that the editors of THE OBSERVER, transferred to the State capital, hope it will deserve, and soon equal, and then surpass, its former circulation and prosperity.

It will be their high aim to deserve the public confidence by earnest efforts to promote the public welfare, first and foremost of North Carolina, next of all the Southern States, and finally, and through these, of the whole Union. They think that this can only be effected by the prevalence of Democratic principles, and the dismissal of the Radical party from the places and power which they have so greatly abused, and under whose baleful rule the South has been outraged and the whole country has been impoverished and disgraced.

PETER M. HALE,
WILLIAM M. SAUNDERS.

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Daily Observer, six months, ... 4 00
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THE OBSERVER,
Raleigh, N. C.

November 30 48 tf

COTTON GINS AND PRESSES.

I AM prepared to furnish, at short notice, the following reliable machinery:

THE WINSHIP SAW GIN,

Manufactured at Atlanta, Georgia, at $3.50 per saw, delivered at any point desired, without charge for freight. These Gins never break the roll, operate very rapidly, and cleans the seed perfectly. I refer to the following parties, now using them, with entire satisfaction: F. H. Brown, J. B. Whitesides, T. W. Clawson, John O. Crawford, J. Wilson Marshall, J. C. Kirkpatrick and J. Ran Wallace.

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having a self-feeding attachment, by which the Gin can be operated with one hand in the Gin House. It also protects the Saws from damage by rocks and other substances, that are often carried into the Gin by hand-feeding, and often causing the destruction of the Gin House by fire.

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THE AMERICAN NEEDLE GIN,

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SHERRER RAILROAD COTTON PRESS,

which surpassess any other Press now in use. It can be operated with steam, water, horse or hand power. I will furnish the Presses complete, or sell the right to manufacture, furnishing all the Irons. All of these Gins and Presses in operation in this section are giving entire satisfaction. Call and get Circulars.

T. S. JEFFERYS, Agent.

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THE undersigned is still conducting the Marble Business in Yorkville, and would respectfully inform the public that he can supply those in want of MONUMENTS or HEADSTONES with anything in his line, and at the lowest cash prices.

Monuments designed and finished in the most elaborate style, and in point of workmanship and material warranted equal to the work of any establishment in the country.

Head and Footstones, in various styles, from plain to highly-carved work, furnished at short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Specimens usually on hand, to an inspection of which, those in want of marble work are respectfully invited.

Estimates and any other desired information cheerfully given at any time.

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Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed upon my establishment, my determination is to merit a continuance of the same.

F. HAPPERFIELD.

January 4 1 1y

CHRONICLE AND SENTINEL

IS PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY & WEEKLY,
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FULL Telegraphic Dispatches from all Points. Latest and most accurate Market Reports. Interesting and Reliable Correspondence from all parts of Georgia, South Carolina and Washington City. Georgia and Carolina News a Specialty.

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December 7 49 tf

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THE readers of the "Yorkville Enquirer" and the public generally, are invited to inspect my large and elegant

STOCK OF FURNITURE.

In consequence of my buying directly from the Manufacturers, I am safe in saying that I can sell Furniture

AS CHEAP AS ANY ESTABLISHMENT

South of Baltimore. My stock of Furniture is of such a character as will please all classes and individuals. It is both

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to suit the wishes and wants of the buyer. It is complete. Whatever is wanted

IN THE FURNITURE LINE

I am confident of my ability to supply. Furniture is delivered at different points along the railroad,

FREE FROM FREIGHT CHARGES.

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June 29 5 1y

$250 REWARD.

THE National Board of Fire Underwriters hereby offers a reward of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, for the detection, conviction and punishment of the party or parties, charged with the crime of Arson, in firing the premises situate near Yorkville, S. C., being the DWELLING OF J. T. LOWRY, on April 22d, 1876. Said reward will be paid only on due proof being furnished the Executive Committee of the conviction and actual punishment of said criminals.

By order of Executive Committee.

GEO. T. HOPE, Chairman.

New York, May 8, 1876. 20 tf

HAMPTON AND REFORM!

FURNITURE AND LOW PRICES
AT THE
NEW FURNITURE STORE,
Opposite the Cotton Hotel,
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LONG experience, and having to buy for the house of MARKS & REID, of Rock Hill, in connection with my own, enables me to buy to superior advantage; and owing to the low price of cotton, I am

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Come and see for yourselves.

Goods DELIVERED FREE to all points between Gastonia and Winnsboro.

S. K. MARKS.

December 7 49 tf

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HAVING completed a thorough course in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, offers his professional services to the public. My address is Zeno, York county, S. C., to which all letters requesting my professional services may be addressed. Prompt attention given to all calls, and Dental work will be done at the residence of those requiring it, upon giving me notification. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Terms moderate.

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I can also, sell you a SEWING MACHINE.

J. A. G.

August 10 32 tf

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THOMAS BENNETT,
Chester, S. C.

July 6 8 1y

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER FOR 1877.

ORIGINAL SERIAL STORIES.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

COMPETITION OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST MONDAY OF MARCH, 1877.

IN issuing our prospectus for the year 1877, we would announce that we shall spare no pains and relax no efforts to render the ENQUIRER as attractive and interesting a journal as it has been in the past.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT,

We have already in hand a number of original SERIAL STORIES, which will form an attractive feature of the new volume. These stories are by writers of acknowledged merit, and we can safely promise that in this department, the ENQUIRER will prove an entertaining companion to the lover of fiction.

CHESTER CORRESPONDENCE.

To meet the demands of our numerous readers in Chester county, we have continued our engagement of BRAINERD MCLURE, Esq., who will contribute a letter of correspondence from Chester regularly each week. These letters are devoted entirely to Chester affairs—to the interests of the town and county—and written in the racy and graphic style peculiar to Mr. MCLURE, they cannot fail to be of interest to our readers in Chester, as well as elsewhere in the State.

AUTHENTIC NEWS.

Particular attention is given to collating and condensing the news of the day, and this department of the ENQUIRER, whether treating of matters at home or abroad—political or otherwise—will be conducted with the utmost care, and only facts as they seem to exist, will be presented, free from sectional or party bias.

The Other Departments.

In addition to the above features, Rev. Mr. LATHAN will continue his regular contributions to the "Sabbath Reading," and the "Children's Department," which, under his management for the past seven years, have been an important attraction. Mr. Lathan will also continue his contributions of Historical Sketches, which, with the usual melange of Miscellaneous Reading adapted to all tastes; the Agricultural Department, containing practical and useful information for the farmer and house-wife; a column of Humorous Reading every week; "Scraps and Facts," embracing light current topics; a compend of the News Abroad and at Home; Correspondence; Commercial and Market Reports; Editorial Articles upon appropriate subjects, intended to promote the prosperity and welfare of our people, we hope to make the ENQUIRER replete as an entertaining and instructive Family Journal.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—FREE OF POSTAGE.—Single copy one year, $3.00. In clubs, each subscriber, per year, $2.50. Money may be forwarded at our risk by draft, post-office order or registered letter—otherwise we will assume no risk. Write names plainly, giving post-office, county and State. Address all letters to

L. M. GRIST, Publisher, Yorkville, S. C.

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By a favorable arrangement with the different manufacturers, we are enabled to make the following liberal and unprecedented offers of Premiums for Clubs. These Premiums have been adopted by us with special reference to securing only articles of value, and which will prove serviceable to those procuring them. The regular retail price is given with each, and they are just as good as so much cash to those who receive them. All the articles are put down in our schedule at manufacturers' regular retail prices, and cannot be bought with cash any lower than the prices here given. Premiums Nos. 1, 2 and 3 will be delivered through the mails, to persons entitled to receive them, free of cost. The other Premiums will be delivered at the expense for freight charges, of those receiving them. In cases where Premiums can be delivered at our publication office, arrangements may be perfected for reducing the freight charges on small articles to a nominal amount. The charges for freight on the Silver Ware and Cutlery Premiums will be from New York; on the Cooking Stoves from Greensboro, N. C.; and on the Sewing Machines from Baltimore, Md.

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No. 3.—For a club of 10 subscribers, at $2.50, each, we will give a copy of the ENQUIRER one year, or a set of six treble silver-plated TEA SPOONS, worth $3.00.

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