NEW ERA.

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Commercial Hotel,
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THE best furnished and best kept Hotel in the Western part of the State. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Public patronage solicited.
At the beginning of the year the Commercial changed hands, and with the new management the house has been refitted and furnished anew. No effort will be spared to maintain its well-deserved reputation. Rooms newly carpeted and neatly furnished. Best servant attendance. Table fare first-class. [nov—1y

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(Lately known as Whitaker, S. C.,)
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IS ONE of the Neatest, Cleanest and Best kept hotels in the State.
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BLACK'S, S. C.
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NEWLY Furnished. Polite servants. Sample rooms convenient. Reasonable rates. Opposite Air Line Depot.
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THE RIVER OF REST.

A beautiful stream is the River of Rest;
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold,
A tall mast crosses a star in the west,
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand.
He knows you well, he will guide you true,
And far, so far from all ills upon land,
From hates, from fates that pursue and pursue;
Far over the lily-lined River of Rest.
Dear mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you east, or journey you west,
Unwilling or willing, sure-footed or sore,
You surely will come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.

—*Joaquin Miller, in The Century.*

MY GRANDFATHER.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The last remnants of the dinner had been removed from the table; the curtains were drawn across the windows; the fire roared up the chimney; we faced each other in two armchairs, my grandfather and I. It was the anniversary of his birthday, and I, his grandson, the only relative he had left in the world, had spent the day at his fireside more in pity for his loneliness than for any love of kindness. They said I should inherit the large fortune he had acquired, none knew how; but the life of this strange old man had ever been an enigma to the few who were intimate with him, and none could foresee from day to day in which direction the next seeming freak of his folly would lie.

So I was dining with him on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday; and when the repast was finished, we had drawn up the great armchairs, and in silence I watched the deep glow of the firelight play upon his haggard face, as he seemed to search the inmost depth of the blaze with his piercing and outstanding eyes. His life had been a mystery to those who had known him; for years he had lived in that little house with but one servant; and it was only on anniversaries of his birthday that I dined at his table. It was on such occasions as these that I had learned enough of the old man's life to know that some heavy secret lay on his mind, that some one act in his long span of existence had marred and seared the remaining years. The fevered mutterings, the staring eyes, the long fits of abstraction, followed by hoarse pleading, as if for pity, had told their tale. Occasional mention, too, of early days in Paris—of spectacles there that had dulled the courage of stoutest hearts, of women and men dying at the hands of fanatic Republicans, of little children falling in the widespread sacrifice—all these led me to believe that it was in Paris that my grandfather had spent his early years, with Paris and with the past that his secret lay More I knew not; more I dared not ask, for I was always ill at ease in the company of this strange old man, whose very eccentricities repelled the least advance.

Would he ever tell me more? was the question I asked myself that night; and as I watched the quivering lip and the trembling eyes, and heard from time to time the muttered prayer, I felt that his secret would perish with him. But I was mistaken, for suddenly he turned his chair from the fire, and clutching the arms of it as if with determined purpose, he began to speak in a low and solemn voice. In a minute I learned that the time had come; the mystery would be hidden no longer.

"Grandson," he said, "it comes to every man at a certain season to know that the end of his life is not far distant, that the day is approaching when he must face his Maker. When such a season is come to a man, it behooves him to think of those who will inherit his possessions when he is gone. I have thought over that difficult question, and I have made my decision. You are my only relative; you will inherit such property as I possess; but more than this, you will learn now from me that which no doubt has often troubled you, the secret of an old man's life. It has not escaped you, this weight that lies upon my soul, and threatens to crush it. Others have often questioned me; an idle curiosity prompted them to do so; you have shown your sense and held your peace. Your discretion has not escaped me; it shall be rewarded by a gratification of your suppressed curiosity, painful though it may be for me to give it. You have learned from the words that have escaped me that images of the past rise ever before me, images that never leave me day or night, that carry me back again to Paris and my crime."

The old man paused a moment here, for emotion was working strong within him; then recovering himself, he went on hurriedly:

"My father, himself a man of letters, decided to educate me for a literary profession. With sense and discrimination he planned for me a scheme of education which embodied a wide range of reading and of travel. I was to work my way at Eton, to study for a time at Cambridge, then to seek the great centres of learning upon the continent, and to finish in the richly stored libraries of the East It was a grand idea, worthy of a noble and generous man. Alas that his generosity was so thrown away!

"I went to Eton, and passed through the school, making friends here, gaining honors there, learning something of the classics, and of those difficulties and disappointments that face us all when we start on the battlefield of life. At Cambrige I was a scholar and took honors. I remember now the gladness of my poor father when the news came to him that I had mounted one round of the ladder before me. I hear again his hearty words of congratulation, feel again the warm pressure of his hand, undergo once more the welcome labor of writing to my mother. It was a happy time, for I was full of hope and confidence in my own powers, and around me were those whose every thought breathed a prayer for my welfare and happiness.

"Then it came that I should set out for Paris. It was with reluctance that they let me leave home, for at that date the first murmurs of the mighty torrent of revolution which swept over France were beginning to be heard.

The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau were commencing to bear their fruit. Agitators in the byways were decrying the King and demanding liberty; as the low moaning of the wind before the storm, so were these the warnings of what was to come. But I had no fears then; rather I hoped to learn much from seeing a country whose people had commenced to test the truths which the great philosophers of so many years had preached in their writings and in their teachings. You must remember, too, that none could then foresee that, under the cloak of freedom, men would lose their instincts of humanity, and would become as wild beasts, that rapine and vice would prevail where virtue and goodness had been; that women and children would be sacrificed to ambition and to fear; that the land would lie under the curse of misrule. My father could not foresee this, or I should never have left the comfortable home in the midlands and have faced the dangers that soon awaited me in Paris. When I arrived in that great capitol, it was hard to believe that beneath that gayety and brightness lay hidden a great stratum of discontent and poverty and crime. It was yet harder to believe, as one heard the frienzied cries of welcome that greeted King and Queen, that the cries were a mockery, that the voices were but empty sounds. That was the year 1788, and the Bastille had not yet fallen; Pitt himself scarce gave heed to the rumors. Why then should I, a student, foresee beneath this wealth of loyalism a rising power that would crush and kill both the lauders and the lauded?

"So I began my studies at the University. Making few friends, retiring to my lonely rooms at night with my books, I had little opportunity for noting the changes that spread so rapidly over the political and even the private life of the country. Yet the first comings of the approaching storm did not entirely escape me. One day a student, who had frequently made overtures of friendship, chanced to talk with me in the library of the University. I was handling some old folios of the Fathers and noting the opinions of the great French theological thinkers, when, pulling me by the arm, he said: 'My friend, why waste your time? Do you not know that Frenchmen no longer believe in such books as these?' I started at the speaker and the volume fell from my hand as he poured his insidious words into my ears. Then, for every shame, I quitted the building and retired to my own rooms. I pictured to myself the old home with the village church, where purity and belief went hand in hand, and I shuddered lest a rumor of that which I had heard should ever enter that quiet community. But, thank God, my own life was never tainted with their words; my ears refused to receive their mockery and their blasphemy.

"The student who had so advised me came to my rooms one evening with an invitation to his club to hear a great speaker. Though I was no friend of the boy, my curiosity led me to accompany him, that I might assure myself that the pretended agitation was but the work of a few fanatics. I entered the hall. It was crowded with some hundreds of students and workers and rascals, the last apparently drawn from the worst slums of Paris. A man upon the platform, with fervid oration, advised the extermination of King and nobles. His words were at times drowned by the storms of applause they occasioned. I learned afterwards that the man who spoke was Jean Paul Marat, and that there were many such clubs as the one I had that night attended. The fanatics then were many; in a short time we were able to say that they were a majority in the city.

"From that date the tide of revolution flowed fast. In the succeeding year the Bastille fell, and France, nay, Europe, rejoiced as, from that relic of despotism and darkness, the prisoners were restored to the light of day. I was before the gates as the mob of women and of men perpetrated that wonderful and surprising deed, and never did I witness a multitude that displayed such a vivid resolution and such united action. But a glance at the mass of ungraned and repulsive faces showed the danger of trifling with people who regarded no sacrifice of human life too great for the accomplishment of their purpose.

"It was shortly after such an event that, walking with a fellow-student near the place of Versailles, a carriage passed us on the road to Paris. The vehicle was occupied by an aged man and a girl, who must have been but twenty years old. It was in the springtime, and the woods were white with blossoms, and the cottages filled with the scent of the May flowers; and as the carriage came slowly along the hard road from a chateau that stood upon a neighboring hill, I felt that one occupant of it at least was worthy of the glorious picture that nature unfolded around us. Ah, Marie! how can I find words to speak of you? Grandson, it is enough to say that since that hour her face has been before me day and night, sleeping and waking, in prosperity or misfortune. Everywhere I look I see those eyes of hers speaking to me, those hands lifted in pleading, her lips moving as she bids me to her side, and I cannot stir!"

The voice of the old man sank low, the veins on his forehead swelled, he stretched out his arms, then for a moment or two he was silent, and his heavy breathing and stifled sobs alone were heard in the room. After a time, becoming somewhat more calm, he continued:

"My companion, in answer to my questions told me that the old man was the Baron Jendavi, and that the girl was Marie, his daughter. I followed the carriage with eyes until a cloud of dust alone marked its progress along the road; then, with little ceremony to my friend, I turned back and walked straight to Paris.

"It was only when I was alone in my rooms that I asked myself what prompted this strange action. I had seen but for a few moments a face by the roadside, yet I believed that not one atom of the beauty of it had escaped me. In that short walk I had created to myself an ideal in a world of fancy, which ere this my immagination had never penetrated. Before, I was the scholar; life was for me in the mass of volumes that lined the walls of my rooms and of the libraries, among the thoughts and the researches of those who had left to their fellowmen an imperishable record of the labor for the good and the elevation of mankind. If I had looked into the future, it was with the hope that I should then find myself striving to follow the example of these great men, perhaps winning some of the rewards that fall to the successful in a career of letters. But such matters as home life or wife or children had never caused me a moment's thought. The change in me, then, was sudden and startling. As the scene that delights us one moment is forgotten in the beauty of the one that replaces it, so did my ambition fall as the face of Marie rose up before me. A new realm of ideas was opened, but the new would not blend with the old, for the one was absorbed in the other.

"When common sense had in a measure returned to me, I began to remember that my hopes and dreams rested but on a name—'Marie Jendavi, the daughter of the Baron Jendavi, of an unknown chateau on the road to Versailles.' We were seemingly separated by as great a gulf as divides the Old World from the New. Whom did I know in Paris, then, that I could go to and say, 'I have a fancy to be introduced to the daughter of the Baron Jendavi—will you do that service for me?' Such a reflection disturbed me more than in those days I would have been willing to have confessed. Agitated with fear and hope, I paced the narrow room where I lodged, until I sank upon my bed from weariness. Who would unlock the gate that shut me from the presence of the woman I would have staked so much to have seen?

"In such a mood, I chanced to remember my letters of introduction. In my negligence and desire for solitude, I had made use of the one to the head of the University alone. The others—and there were many—lay as I had brought them from England. With some anxiety lest they should be missing, I opened my valise, and after a short search, found them intact. There was one to Monsieur Bailly, the talented and at that time popular Mayor of Paris; and another to Madame de Stael; also to Lafayette, at that time the Captain of the National Guard. The others were to citizens of less position, and I did not attach much importance to the possession of them for the purpose I had in view.

"I presented my letters at the earliest opportunity, was cordially received, and, by the instrumentality of Lafayette, introduced into the family of the Baron Jendavi. I say family; but I should add that the Baron and his daughter alone were numbered in it, he having lost his wife some ten years before I met him. He was a thorough representative of the French school of nobles as then existing; courteous to a degree, dressed with extreme care, yet without great display; of a reserved manner, and apparently devoid of affection or of sympathetic feeling. He received me for some time in his library, where he had collected many valuable treasures of literature and of art; and as he was very anxious to learn something about the men and manners of that productive set of scholars and writers who had lately adorned the clubs of London, I managed in a measure to interest him. But it was wearying work for me sitting there with that grave old man, dressed in his solemn black, the diamond buckles upon his shoes alone relieving the dullness of his attire, and knowing that Marie, so full of life and picturesqueness and color, was scampering across the great park with the dogs, or kneeling at her devotions in the chapel—a very type of girlhood and purity and love. Yet those hours of heavy explanations of the peculiarities of Johnson, the foibles of Boswell, the failings of Goldsmith, were alike forgotten when at dinner I faced her, and could for some minutes be entranced with the soft beauty of her face, with the sweet gentleness of her words.

"'Ah,' you ask, 'why has my life been a mystery?' The key to this mystery is buried in those days, when no world seemed so fair as France, no woman so beautiful as Marie. I loved her as I believe no man ever better loved a woman; and she, too, returned my affection—not with a careless word, not with a half-promise made but to be broken, but with the whole outpouring of her affectionate nature, with a love that was strong—because it was a love!

"It was but in scattered moments that I could speak to her, yet we found them all-sufficient to build for ourselves a future with every stone a wealth of happiness. But at the very foundation of our hopes we met rebuff. One night, as we returned from the little chapel, she confessed her fears to me. Her father, blind to everything around him but his own interests, had, after the fashion of his countrymen, entered into negotations for the barter of his daughter with an old and affluent member of one of the noble houses of France. I said nothing but loving her, went home to think. As I passed through the village, the peasants, many of them half-naked, all of them wanting bread, were gathered around a speaker who, in fiery terms, exhorted them to break the chains of despotism that bound them and to establish the new order. They banned me as I passed through their midst, for I was from the chateau. In the words addressed to Louis the King, 'it was no longer a revolt in France, it was a revolution.' That night, when I arrived at my lonely rooms and lay down to rest, Louis XVI. had left Paris and was on the road to St. Menehould. When he was brought back, and the citizens received him in silence, I foresaw that a crisis was rapidly approaching, and determined to make at least one effort to secure the hand of the woman I loved. I would go boldly to her father and state my wishes. He received me with his usual courtesy, treated my request with the most business-like air, refused me with a smile, regretted that other arrangements had been made.

"What could I do? Pleading with such a man would not have recompensed the loss of dignity entailed. I was dumb before him; but my brain reeled under the blow; and as I left the chateau and the great gates closed behind me, it seemed that my life had been left in that mass of stone and brick that stood over the village. Along the roadside, the ragged peasants gathered the harvest. I envied them their lot; they had their wives, perhaps the women they loved. The gay clothing of the fields, laden with the golden grain, irritated me. Why was all so fair, and I so sorrowful, so devoid of hope, by which alone man loves? Ah! the dream is ended, yet I would live my life again for a repetition of those hours.

"I returned to the city, now dark and overcast, as whispers of the terrible reality forced themselves from the slums and the low faubourgs into the great palace and the houses of the rich. Many fled; many hid themselves in fear; none knew when the reaping would come in all its hideous intensity. I rarely left my rooms, yet I hated their loneliness. I could not stir in the streets; the surface gayety, never stilled during the period of bloodshed and vice, galled me to despair as my heart went out to the chateau, or rather to the fair woman within its walls. I would have studied—her face was on every page, hey eyes looked into mine from every painting! Hope having gone, despair was followed by a deadly hatred of the man who had thus broken both our lives. In my rage I heaped obloquy upon his aged head. I have been punished; may my punishment atone!

"I waited my opportunity for revenge for nearly a year. It came. Visiting again the Jacobin Club, where nearly two years before I had heard Jean Paul Marat denounce the monarchy, I listened to violent and unrestrained demands for the immediate sacrifice of the leading nobility who had had the courage to remain in their native country. The scene was one I shall never forget; the clamor of the ruffian crew—their faces rendered more repulsive as the flickering oil-lamps shed their yellow rays upon them—resounded through the vaulted chamber like the roar of distant thunder. Had you pierced into the hearts of such men you would have found no trace of affection, of good, of right knowledge, of any instinct of humanity. They were like so many wolves howling for their prey, and the sight of them would have chilled the bravest heart! I watched the proceedings from a bench in the rear of the room. At length silence was somewhat restored, and a terrible process known as the 'naming' commenced. The President rose in his seat and addressed the turbulent crowd. 'It was the intention,' he said, 'of the Club to hasten the cause of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, by removing those who so prominently stood in the way of its advancement. Ah, *mes enfants*,' he went on, 'how great a lesson have we taught our oppressors in the past few years! The flag of progress is unfurled; the fire of those who would enslave us is enkindled; we shall soon sift the ashes and sweep them away; but we must be unceasing in our work; our courage must be unfailing, our selfdenial unbounding. If it is necessary for the safety of our country, wives and daughters, fathers and mothers must be handed to the care of unswerving justice. They must die!'

"The President finished, and produced a sheet of paper. A man rose among his hearers and denounced 'Bailly,' the scholarly and courteous Mayor. Another rose, another death-warrant was signed, aye, as if the victim then stood upon the scaffold. I shuddered as I saw the list growing, growing, and I knew that those whose names were written there, through at the moment surrounded perhaps by wife and children, would in forty-eight hours be numbered with the dead.

"Contrast the picture, grandson, a low, vaulted stifling room, 300 men like fiends asking for the life's blood of many, of those they had erstwhile applauded, cheered, honored. Away, perhaps not half a mile, a home, where the husband built, with his wife, loving plans for the little ones asleep above; children kissing their father as he returned from his labor, men kneeling at the feet of the women they hoped to spend their lives with, everywhere affection, home-life, brightness, godliness. And these men were to die ere the sun had twice set!

"But to resume. As man after man rose to denounce his victim, it happened that the namers approached myself, so much so that the very member at my side began to speak. What evil spirit spoke to me then, I know not; only this, that a great wave of irrepressible anger rushed across my mind, destroying every impulse of good, and left me for the moment as one of the wretches that sat by me. When my neighbor had finished speaking, I stood and in a loud voice denounced Monsieur le Baron Jendavi.

"'Who speaks?' said the President.

"'A bas!' shouted the crowd—'a stranger.'

"'I am a stranger, citizens,' I replied, 'but I speak in the name of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.'

"Grandson, I lied—lied in my heart, with my tongue. I spoke rather in the name of pride, of anger, of a thirst for revenge. In that hour I destroyed my happiness for ever.

"As I heard the cries of applause, saw the name of the Baron inscribed upon the sheet, the room swam before my eyes. Tottering, half-swooning, I reached the street; but the words I had spoken yet rang in my ears; the very sky seemdd red with the blood of the coming sacrifice. As I paced my own chamber a deadly spirit of exulation crept over me; the whispers of remorse I silenced, as I murmured: 'Marie is mine—mine for ever.' But as her face rose before me in my self-created vision, it seemed that a great gulf lay between us; on her side the crystal streams, and the green swards, and the golden valleys, where in unending bliss the good had gained their reward; while on mine, the black chasms where the cries of the wrong-doers echoed from rock, and where a spirit of evil descended upon all. I crushed the vision, and all the next day lay upon my bed awaiting the coming morn. The night seemed endless; I was afraid in the darkness. The low roar from the city ceased; Paris was sleeping. At every sound I started, and from a fitful doze awoke, and trembled as the white light from the moon fell upon my bed and cast heavy shadows upon the panelled walls. I could sleep no more, but watched the day breaking over the spires and domes. Cold and gray, the light struck the roofs; a workman passed on his way to his daily labor, a few carts rumbled on the pavement; the sun rose, a golden orb in a setting of mist. It was day.

"I opened my door and breathed the fresh morning air; but I walked as one that is guilty, and felt ashamed as I stood in this great purity of nature. By and by the streets filled; the citizens, laughing and wishing 'good-day,' were mostly walking to one spot. An irresistible impulse drew me thither. It was to the Champde-Mars, where the guillotine stood. I can see it all again, ay, so vividly, for the scene has never left me day or night. It is my retribution. A great crowd had assembled there—a sea of faces, diabolical, fierce, making merry with death. From their midst, on a platform, rose a tall, dark object, that chilled me as I saw it—it was the guillotine.

"Then, and not till then, did I realize my crime, and with returning reason I would willingly have given my life to have saved the man I had destroyed. But it was too late. Already from the distance the roar of the crowd was borne on the wind. Those around, as the shouts of 'A bas les aristocrates!' became more distinct, elbowed me to the front. There, surrounded by groaning and shouting men, whose horrid cries of execration rang in my ears, I could see, yet some way off, the wagon that bore the victims to their doom. As it drew nearer, so did the fury of the mob increase; had they been able, they would have torn the condemned limb from limb. In an agony of fear, I turned my head away, for remorse, terrible, overwhelming remorse, came upon me, as the horrible deed of revenge was about to be acted. But that strange fascination again prevailed, and I was compelled to take one look at the death-cart. It was full of men and women. Men, the lights of intellectual strength and culture, now rewarded for their labors by the courses of those for whom they had labored; women, the fairest and most innocent in France, who clung, trembling and weeping, to brothers, or fathers, or lovers, so powerless to help them. A spell held my eyes.

"I looked for the Baron. He stood with his back to me, his head bowed down, buried in his hands; but clinging to his arm was a girl, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, her hands upon the neck of the man at her side. For the moment I could not realize her presence; the cart passed close at my side; she turned, and her eyes met mine. Then she stretched out those arms to me; those lips moved as if in pleading. It was the tender, loving face of Marie that looked on me, her great eyes that spoke, her arms that invited me! May heaven forgive me—I had sacrificed the daughter with the father! She was to die. Realizing the terrible crime, with an awful cry I tried to force my way through the crowd, to join her in life or death; but the soldiers beat me back, the mob pressed upon me, the cart had stopped. The people and buildings around grew faint and confused before my eyes, yet, as the deadly faintness came over me, I saw that face of anguish still looking for me. Grandson, she believed that I could save her; she knows now that I had brought her to her doom. I had killed Marie, my love!"

The old man ceased speaking; he half rose from his chair, and the fire showed that he was deadly pale. His mind was again enacting that terrible scene. At length he stretched out his arms, moaning "Marie, Marie!" and fell back into his seat. His life's tale was told—my grandfather was dead.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Whims of Noted Men.

Great men have whims as well as small ones, and public personages are frequently very queer upon some particular thing. Probably Ex-Attorney General Brewster had the strangest conceit of any man who ever came to Washington. He liked an open-grate fire, but somehow he detested the color of coal. The contrast of the black coal and the red and blue flames was most distateful to him; so his servant always had orders to splash the fuel liberally with whitewash, which he kept on hand for the purpose. Ben Butler has a whim. Of late years he is seldom without a piece of slippery elm in his mouth, which he declares is an admirable specific for nervousness. Years ago Butler was a smoker. Then he took what is known as a dry smoke—that is, he went through the motions of smoking with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. From that he has graduated to slippery elm. There are several members of Congress who have what is known as the crack-walking craze. Not one of these men would step upon a crack in a day's walk unless obliged to do so by the presence of a brick sidewalk. There is a certain scientific man here whose name is known all over the civilized world. He says: "I have had this crack-walking habit for twenty years. In the first place I started just for fun, to see if I could avoid stepping on a crack in going a certain distance. I found that I could, and I made up my mind to keep it up for that day. As I had a certain amount of walking to do, at first this craze was a sort of pleasant diversion. Then it became a settled habit. I have tried to break it up time and again, but it has such a hold on me that I presume I will remain a crack-walker to the end of my days."—*Boston Traveller.*

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE PALMETTO STATE ARE DOING—A BUDGET OF NOTES ON MATTERS IN GENERAL.

A planing mill is being erected at Port Royal by J. J. Cummings.

James McRae and John J. McKay have built a tobacco factory in Marion county.

The Stoney Landing Co., of Chalestón, will be reorganized, with a capital stock of $50,000.

The Governor has re-appointed A. E. Smith agent for the Catawba Indians at Rock Hill.

Judge Aldrich is suffering severely from injuries received in a fall which he had on Friday last.

All but twenty-five shares of the proposed national bank to be established at Aiken have been subscribed for.

Col. Stephen Elmore has discovered a gold mine on his plantation near the once famous Dorn Mine, in Abbeville county.

Col. A. Coward, of Yorkville, has received the appointment of postoffice inspector and will enter upon the discharge of his duties in a few days.

There are more applications to the Board of Directors of the penitentiary for convicts on lease than can be filled.—*Columbia Register.*

Mr. Milton McLaurin, of Bennettsville, bought a milk cow for $40 seven months ago, and he calculates that since then he has made a profit of $51.81.

The Governor has appointed W. D. Camp trial justice for Cherokee township. This appointment completes the number of trial justices provided for in York county.

Mr. James R. Kennedy has received his commission as probate judge for York county, and entered upon the duties of the office having filed his bond in the sum of $5,000.

The trustees of the Reidville Male Academy, which was recently destroyed by fire, are meeting with considerable success in their efforts to raise money to rebuild.

The shovel or plough brought out recently by the South Carolina Railway Company, is now at work on the Barnwell road filling in the trestling. As it is quite a novelty for that section, numbers of people go to see it.

There is talk in Greenvill of organizing a land and improvement company, with $1,000,000 capital. The promoters of the scheme have in view the erection of large cotton factories, perhaps a railroad freight car factory and the general development of the resources of the town.

President Moseley, of the C. N. & L. road, and President D. R. Duncan, of the Spartanburg and Glenn Springs road, have signed an agreement to consolidate the two roads, and the engineering corps will proceed at once to make a survey between Newberry and Spartanburg, *via* Glenn Springs.

The county commissioners of Chester county granted on Monday the petition of the majority of the landholders of Baton Rouge township, asking for an election to vote upon the question of subscribing to the stock of the Chester and Camden Railroad Company. The amount of the subscription asked of the township is $28,800.

The shuttle-block factory at Rock Hill is running daily and doing a good business. Mr. Westerlund, the proprietor, has made several shipments of blocks, spokes and handles to northern cities, and in every instance they have given entire satisfaction, and the wood of which they are made is pronounced as fine as there is in the United States.

The indications are that there will be much more sorghum planted this year than heretofore. Some people object to this crop because it is difficult to make up. With a good mill and an evaporator it is an easy job. Counting the cost of labor to make the crop and the pay for making up, the farmer can get his molases for less than 20 cents a gallon.—*Carolina Spartan.*

Messrs. Lookabill & Co. have started a new enterprise at Chester. It is a sassafras oil mill. The mill is located near the Columbia road on the small branch that runs through the town. The proprietors have six eliminants which consume daily 2,400 pounds of sassafras roots. The oil is obtained by means of evaporation. They have orders ahead for all the can manufacture this season.

Fire broke out Tuesday morning on the steamship Chenoque, of Clyde's New York line, just after floating for New York, with freight and passengers. The ship at once returned to the Union Docks, when the fire department was called out. The vessel is being flooded with water. The damage to the ship and cargo from fire is not serious and it is believed the spirits of turpentine among the cargo is uninsured.