From the New York Sunday.

A Case of Conscience.

BY ADA GEORGE.

I.

It was the hardest of hard times. Old, well-established houses were falling all around; no wonder then that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going on in the business-world. No wonder that Harry Tyndall sat in his office gazing with pale face and despairing eyes at the spectre Ruin, which stared at him from no great distance. He had weathered the storms of three brief years—he had soon hoped to weather this; but the loss of a thousand dollars held by a friend deprived him of the means of making a payment due in three days, and he felt that all was indeed lost, for his efforts to negotiate a loan in the present state of the money market had been worse than useless.

The prospect before him was not a cheering one. It is rather hard to begin life over again at thirty, especially when one has reached that age after years of poverty, toil and self-exertion. In his younger days, Harry Tyndall had known what it was to go supperless to bed, and rise in the morning with no prospect of breakfast save as he earned it in the streets. He had known want in the cruelest, most savage form—he had battled its grim legions, and risen to independence, and now, at the threshold of a higher life, he was hurled back with just a glimpse of the enchanted grounds within.

As he sat confronting the heap of papers on his desk, the office-door opened, and a lady entered. Mechanically Harry rose and placed a chair; but as the lady threw back her veil, he exclaimed, in surprise:

"Miss Berwick!"

"Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Tyndall," said the most musical of voices. "I have been on the upper floor looking for the office of Graves & Waldron, and was told that they were on this floor. I wish to give Mr. Waldron this package. May I ask you to deliver it? I will remain here. Of all things I dislike to lose myself in these dark halls hunting for offices."

Harry took the packages with alacrity—was gone but a moment, and on his return found Miss Berwick standing by the window idly looking down the street. She turned at his entrance, thanked him with a smile and a bow, and then took her bright presence out of the room, and Harry was left to his meditations.

"I may as well give it up. I have not a friend who could help me in this strait," he muttered, after a half-hour's deep thought. "I will make an assignment, go into bankruptcy, and then go to the far West where toil is better requited." And as he spoke, he rose to his feet, his eyes falling. He was vaguely conscious of some dark object at his feet, stooped carelessly to lift it, and saw that it was a pocket-book. Leather and rather the worse for wear; but very plethoric. He sat down again and opened it. There were various compartments, but all of them empty save one. That contained ten one-hundred dollar bills.

Just the sum that would save him from ruin. If it were his he could pay that note falling due, sell off his stock and seek a situation until the panic were past!

He looked the pocket-book again. There was no name, no clue to the owner, yet he felt that it must of course, belong to Clara Berwick. She was the only person who had been in his office that morning. It was a terrible temptation to Harry. Had his visitor been any other than Clara Berwick, it is hard to say whether conscience or inclination would have prevailed; as it was, conscience won the day, and he started out after Miss Berwick.

She was not to be found, however, and Harry concluded she had gone home. So thither he bent his steps. Clara was an heiress, and something of a belle too. She was not classically beautiful, but she was young and had a good figure, clear complexion, dark gray eyes, and very abundant hair, all of which good points she made the most of, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do. She came down in response to Harry's ring, having seen him coming up the walk, and looked quite surprised, though she endeavored to conceal it.

When Harry showed her the pocket-book, she looked at it, and laughed a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, Mr. Tyndall," she cried, "you must think I have poor taste to own such a purse as that. See, this is my pocket-book," and she drew out a dainty purple-velvet purse with a gold chain.

"But no one has been in my office to-day save you."

"Indeed! The pocket-book is certainly not mine," she responded, very earnestly.

"What shall I do with it?" said Harry in perplexity.

"Why, keep it, of course," responded Miss Berwick, with a bright smile; and she seated herself upon the sofa, and began to talk of something else. She and Harry had often met in society, but he had never called upon her before, and when he rose from his chair to go she said:

"Really, Mr. Tyndall, I ought to be grateful to the owner of that pocket-book, since it gained me the pleasure of a call. May I hope that you will repeat it some time when you have no stray articles to dispose of?"

Harry blushed, murmured something about the pleasure being on his side, and hurried away.

"O dear!" he said to himself, "she actually believes that I trumped up that story of the pocket-book for an excuse to call on her. Wealth privileges her to be impertinent. But, O, if I only dared to use it."

II.

Harry Tyndall did not advertise the lost pocket-book, and when, three days later, his note fell due, he paid it, and was a free man.

It is not necessary to recount the successive steps in temptation which finally led to the first dishonest act of a hitherto spotless life. How the pocket-book came there he could not even guess; but it was there, it just supplied his needs, he appropriated it, and was henceforth branded a thief in his own eyes.

The process was a gradual one. Ages it seemed to him from the time the gentleman who held his note entered his office, until he drew it from his safe and handed it over to him. He had already decided to use it, yet he asked for time. It could not be granted. Minutes crowded with the sharpest and bitterest agony of his life passed. He thought of a bright, mocking face, and a voice sweeter than a siren's; great beads of perspiration fell from his brow, and in another moment the canceled note lay upon the table before him; his visitor was gone, and he was saved.

Those months of financial distress which followed were safely tided over, and then he devoted himself to his business with a melancholy desperation born of conscious guilt. He went little into society, and especially did he avoid Clara Berwick, who, with a perversity of mocking mischief, tortured him with allusions to the lost pocket-book whenever she chanced to meet him. She was so thoroughly good-natured about it, so utterly careless and trifling, that he could not accuse her of malice; yet, his own conscience being his sharpest accuser, he imagined knowledge of his guilt when there was none.

He did not conceal from himself, that the desire to remain in Miss Berwick's sphere was the principal cause of his rash act; yet, now that he was still where he could meet her, he shrunk from making an avowal of his feelings, he dared not approach her with his love. So he argued to himself, thinking that he was strong enough to withstand the temptation, although he knew he had yielded to a lesser one.

But, disguise the fact as we may, we are creatures of circumstance. We say "I will not do so and so," and, lo! in a month or year we have done those very things; and it has become a matter-of-course that we should have done so. We loudly condemn the thief, the murderer, the suicide; but human nature is the same the world over. Under the same combination of circumstances, we would have done precisely as they did; for how could we prevent it? By the will? How many of us will that such and such things shall not be! Yet, when did human will rise triumphant over the grinding and inexorable laws of creation—over those stern, unyielding ambitions of law which we call circumstance?

Even as, in spite of his will, Harry Tyndall had appropriated what was not his; so, also, in spite of that same will, he was at last thrown into just such circumstances as forced from his lips a declaration of love to Clara, though he trembled as he made it.

Clara arched her brows a moment in pretended surprise (as if she had not known his struggles all along), then her old merry, mocking smile flashed over her face, and some bantering words rose to her lips, but they were unspoken; for there was earnestness enough and enough of passion and pain in his face to subdue even her. He scarcely knew what she said, but he went away feeling as if his head would strike the stars, because Clara loved him and would marry; but as he walked along, he thought of the pocket-book, and his ecstasy died away. Why should he, a common thief, rejoice because under false colors, he had won a good woman's heart? But he must play the accepted lover; and he did so, forgetting, when with her, his own unworthiness. Sometimes he thought to tell her all; again he shrunk from her scorn and the loss of her respect.

But one day, when they were together, after a short silence between the, Clara said, suddenly:

"Harry, did you ever find out whose purse that was that you found in your office?"

He turned pale as death. Was his sin about to find him out at last?

"No," he said, huskily.

"Was there no clue to the owner?"

"None at all."

"Have you it yet, Harry? Well, I should like to see it. Will you go and get it?"

"I have it here," he said.

Like many criminals, he had never parted with the witness of his crime.

Clara took it in her hands.

"Now, Harry," said she, "I have a confession to make. I don't mind telling you that I fell in love with you at first sight, and that when I learned from my lawyer that you were on the verge of ruin, and that so small a sum would save you, I was grieved for your sufferings, but rejoiced to think I might help you." Here she opened the purse, slipped the penknife between two compartments, and drew out a folded paper, which she handed to Harry, who read it:

"Use this money to take up that outstanding debt. A FRIEND."

He looked at her smiling face, and a light broke in upon him.

So, it was your purse, after all?"

"No, Harry, it was not my purse, I found the old thing in the garret; but it was my money. Tell me, did it save you?"

"Yes, O yes! And all these years I have borne about a needless burden, and morning, noon, and night called myself a thief, and dared not tell you of my love because of it. Ah! what have I not suffered?"

"And I am the cause of it all," cried Clara, throwing her arms around his neck, with a burst of tears. "Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" said Harry, fondly. "I would go through twice as much to save you a single pang! And, at last, I can hold up my head among men with a clear conscience."

"Of course you can! Don't you remember, I told you at the time to use it? You might have known it was all right."

"Yes, I might; but I did not. It would have saved me much sorrow if I had. However, I do not regret it now."

Something about Hogs.

Here is something seasonable—a hot weather cooler in the shape of a readable article from the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

I beg your readers not to be alarmed. I am not going to write a polished letter, although the heading may indicate that much. The hog is considered, for example, a filthy beast; when, as the fact is, he is the neatest creature, naturally, in animated nature. Poor hoggy is troubled with fleas. He understands fleas, and has a way of getting rid of them that gave rise to the slander respecting his proclivities for dirt. Hoggy rolls in the mud. The flea finds himself plastered up. Soon as the mud is dry hoggy rubs off mud and flea together. Give your hog a clean pen, with plenty of fresh water to wash in, and he will put to shame the neatest housekeeper.

Again, he is charged with being a voracious feeder, and not nice as to his food. But we must remember, like Cardinal Wolsey, he is a beast of "unbounded stomach," and not always a square meal to fill it with. Consult hoggy's nature, and feed him well, and you will find him as nice as the most finished epicure that frequents the St. Nicholas. Every one, a naturalist I mean, who has eyes looking out of his heart as well as brain, who has watched a pig in an orchard, realizes this. At first the animal gorges himself with fruit; after a time he gets choicy, listens to the newly dropped fruit, and has his favorite tree.

The strangest fact connected with my subject is his taste for snakes. Hoggy regards snakes as a delicacy, and makes no difference between the harmless and the poisonous sort. When I first came to Mack-a-check the valley abounded in copper-heads and rattlesnakes. The hogs have cleared them out. It is amusing to watch Mr. Hog at this sort of a meal. When he first sees the snake he makes after it in a lively trot. His expressive countenance says plainly, "Here is the first delicacy of the season." He takes the indignant snake about the middle, and with his fore hoof placed artistically on the back of the snake, he commences eating in the most deliberate and business-like manner. The snake remonstrates; he strikes wickedly at the gourmand. Hoggy winks, and grunts, and continues his meal until Mrs. Eve's first lover and last domestic trouble has disappeared.

I insist upon it, although frequently laughed at for my opinion, that the hog has a very expressive countenance,—at least, it is equal to all the emotions and mental processes to which piggy is subjected. If one will study it, he will find an intense seriousness, and an eye to witness it, as it were. He looks up from under his ears with an expression that says, "Come, now, no nonsense." I doubt whether a hog is capable of a joke. It is the hog trait, shared with some of our neighbors, to be capable of fun. A drunken hog, however, is very entertaining. I once saw a pen full in this condition. The distiller had, through mistake, turned out a quantity of whiskey. The hogs drank, as all hogs do, to excess, and acted very like their dignified and pretentious superiors. They were frisky and senseless. They would lean against each other and squeal. Then they would run and striking a root or stone, would turn somersaults, in the most comical manner. I observed one fellow leaning, in silence, against the fence. He had an intensely solemn expression. "Look at that old chap," cried the distiller, "a lettin' on he ain't drunk."

This same distiller was troubled by a poor wretch who, hanging about the distillery, would steal enough whiskey to get drunk on. One day the distiller found him in this condition, and exasperated beyond endurance, rolled the poor creature out and, pouring a bucket of slop over him, called up the hogs. The hungry swine went to work eating the slop off the clothes. The poor fellow, unable to help himself, but aware that "the hogs were in the garden," would feebly wave his hand and mutter, "shoo, shoo, thick 'em, Towser, thick 'em." The hogs unmindful of the remonstrance, would insert their snouts under the helpless inebriate, and turn him with a "flop" really comical. They eat off his clothes, and were proceeding to take bites out of his lady, when the distiller interfered and rescued the victim.

Ever after those hogs would take after the drunken fellow the moment he appeared in sight. The strangest part of it, however, is the fact, that other swine took it up and also chased the drunken man. It seemed as if the distiller's hogs had narrated the circumstance to the other hogs, and they had talked the thing over.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Peter Mark Roget, the author, died in London on the 17th, aged 90 years.

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Office Bank Building, Abbeville C. H.

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards Received.

Interest allowed at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum, compounded every Six Months.

PRINCIPAL and Interest, or any part thereof, may be withdrawn at any time—the Bank reserving the right (though it will be rarely exercised) to demand fourteen days' notice if the amount is under $1,000; twenty days if over $1,000 and under $5,000, or thirty days if over $5,000.

OFFICERS.

WADE HAMPTON, President.
JOHN B. PALMER, Vice-President.
THOMAS E. GREGG, Cashier.
D. L. WARDLAW, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

WADE HAMPTON, Columbia.
WILLIAM MARTIN, Columbia.
F. W. McMASTER, Columbia.
A. C. HASKELL, Columbia.
J. P. THOMAS, Columbia.
E. H. HEINITSH, Columbia.
JOHN B. PALMER, Columbia.
THOMAS E. GREGG, Columbia.
J. ELI GREGG, Marion.
G. T. SCOTT, Newberry.
W. G. MAYES, Newberry.
B. H. RUTLEDGE, Charleston.
DANIEL RAVENEL, JR., Charleston

Mechanics, Laborers, Clerks, Widows, Orphans and others may here deposit their savings and draw a liberal rate of interest thereon. Planters, Professional Men and Trustees wishing to draw interest on their funds until they require them for business or other purposes. Parents desiring to set apart small sums for their children, and Married Women and Minors (whose deposits can only be withdrawn by themselves, or, in case of death, by their legal representatives,) wishing to lay aside funds for future use, are here afforded an opportunity of depositing their means where they will rapidly accumulate, and at the same time, be subject to withdrawal when needed.

Sept. 10, 1869, 20—1y

Charlotte & South Carolina and Columbia & Augusta R. R. Co.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
COLUMBIA, April 10, 1869.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Graniteville, S. C., at.....9.45 a m
" Columbia, S. C., at.....3.00 p m
Arrive at Charlotte, N. C.,.....8.15 p m

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Charlotte, N. C.,.....5.45 a m
" Columbia, S. C.,.....12.10 a m
Arrive at Graniteville, S. C.,.....4.10 p m

Through Tickets on sale for the principal points North and South. Baggage checked through. Close continuous connections made North and South. Passengers reach Augusta 4.45 p m. CALEB BOUKNIGHT.

June 4, 1869, 6—tf Superintendent.

WANTED.

1,000 YARDS

Country W l Homespun.

AT the Emporium Fashion.
FOWLER & McDONALD.

August 13, 1869, 16—tf

PETER BRENNER,

PIANO MAKER,

AND Agent for the sale of The Celebrated Pianos Manufactured by Chickering & Sons, Geo. Steck & Co., Wm. Knabe & Co., and others. Also, Parlor and Church Organs, and dealer in all kinds of Musical Instruments, Strings, &c. 322 Broad Street, opposite Planters' Hotel, AUGUSTA, GA.

May 28, 1869, 5—tf

FREE TICKET To The Show!

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber will "do well" to call and settle, or they will receive a free ticket to the show which will be opened by the "E—Squire" of the village.

J. J. CUNNINGHAM.

April 30, 1869, 1, tf

FISH.

BLLS Mackerel, 1-2 Bls Blue Fish,
1-2 " " 1-2 " White "
1-4 " " 1-2 " Pickled Herring,
Kits, " Boxes smoked "
" Cod,
" Halibut,

On hand and for sale by
J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Collars and Saddle Bags.

FOR sale by
J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Lard, Cheese Pepper, Spice, Indigo.

FOR sale by
J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

CORN, PEAS, BACON and FLOUR.

850 bushels prime white corn.
50 bushels planting peas.
5000 lbs prime clean rib bacon sides.
10 barrels extra Family and sup. Flour.
Fresh meal and grits rec'd every week.
ust received and for sale by
McDONALD NORWOOD & CO.

June 25 1869 9—tf

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE HARDWARE and POCKET CUTLERY

FOR sale by
J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

OLD BOURBON.

WE have for sale at Ninety-Six, S. C., a superior article of pure Bourbon Whiskey, made at Ashland Distillery, Lexington, Ky.

JAMES ROGERS, JR. & BROS.

May 21, 4—tf.

BACON.

CR. SIDES, SHOULDERS, CANVASSED HAMS, VENISON, &c.,
Just received by
J KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

LEATHER.

HEMLOCK UPPER,
OAK TAN FRENCH, CALF SKINS.
HARNESS LINING SKINS, &c.,
Just received by
J KNOX &Co.,

May 7, 8 6—tf, 1 26

COMFORT AND ECONOMY

COMBINED, by stopping at the *CENTRAL HOTEL*, (Shiver House,) Plain Street, Columbia, S. C., where the Fare is as at any house in the city, at $2.50 for the first day, and $2.00 for every day after the first.

Believe no lying report that my house is closed for such is not the case.

D. B. CLAYTON,
Proprietor.

July 2, 1869, 10, 3m

NICKERSON HOUSE

COLUMBIA, S. C.

FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

$3.00 PER DAY.

WM. A. WRIGHT

Having assumed the management of this House, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. FREE OMNIBUS to and from the Hotel.

Nov. 6, 1868, 28—3m

DENTISTRY

WM. C. WARDLAW, M. D., D. D. S.

Office over Dr. Parker's Drug Store.

Abbeville C. H., S. C.

February 26, 1869, 44, tf

NOTICE!

CERTAIN Notes and Accounts, belonging to the Estate of Dr. E. E. Pressly, dec'd, are in the hands of the undersigned for collection. Parties concerned would do well to heed this notice.

THOMSON & FAIR.

Nov 30, 1868, 30—tf

NOTICE.

J. F. TOWNSEND,

DRUGGIST.

COKESBURY, S. C.,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has just received a full assortment of the very best

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Soaps,

Extracts, Perfumries,

PAPER, ENVELOPES,

HAIR DIES AND RESTORATIVES OF THE BEST QUALITY.

And all articles usually kept by Druggists, which he offers on the most reasonable terms, his whole stock being just selected by DR. W. C. NORWOOD, in Baltimore and New York.

In addition to his very complete stock of Drugs and Chemicals, he keeps constantly a supply of the very best qualities of

BRANDY,

WINE AND WHISKEY,

For the sick, and family use, being recommended and tested by the physicians generally. Physicians' prescriptions and all orders filled with exactness, and any article called for not on hand promptly ordered.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the past year he hopes by the most strict attention, to merit a continuance of the same, promising to keep constantly a supply of all articles needed by the public generally.

Respectfully,

J. F. TOWNSEND.

Feb 12, 1869, 42—tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the late John H. Wilson deceased, will present copies of their demands properly probated to the undersigned, as soon as convenient.

R. E. BOWIE,
L. C. WILSON,
Administrators.

May 7, 1868, 2—tf

CARRIAGE AND WAGON SHOP.

CHARLES COX

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he is prepared to build to order, BUGGIES and LIGHT ROCKAWAYS, and to do all kinds of CARRIAGE and WAGON WORK at short notice; and on reasonable terms. All new work warranted for twelve months.

February 25, 1869, 44, tf

JOHN A. TALMADGE, MAGISTRATE.

ABBEVILLE C. H.

OFFICE formerly occupied by Thomson & Fair, next to W. A. Lee Esq.

April 23d 1869, 52—tf

J. C. NOLAND, AGT,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,

SADDLES,

Harness and Trunks Repaired.

ALSO,

FURNITURE repaired and recovered. Cane Seats put in Chairs. All work done neatly, and on reasonable terms. [June 4, 1869, 6, tf.

Shoes, Hats, Calico's, Pant Stuff, Osnaburgs, Shirtings and Factory Yarn.

FOR sale by
J. KNOX & Co.,

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

WOOL! WOOL!! WOOL!!

The Highest Market Prices

PAID FOR

WOOL,

IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS

THE wool must be free from burs and foreign matter. Will be taken either washed or unwashed.

MILLER & ROBERTSON.

June 5, 1868, 6, tf

CANS, OYSTERS, TOMATOES and CORN, SARDINES, PICKLES, PEPPER-SAUCE and MUSTARD.

FOR sale by
J. KNOX & Co.

May 7, 1869, 2—tf

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!

THAT

W. C. HEWITT & CO.,

At the Big Sign No. 282,

BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

IS THE PLACE TO BUY CHEAP, PURE AND UNADULTERATED LIQUORS, SUCH

BRANDIES, WHISKIES, RUMS, GINS, WINES

Ales, Porters, Bitters, &c.

IN CONNECTION WITH THIS HOUSE IS A

LARGE RECTIFYING AND REFINING ESTABLISHMENT,

THE only Establishment of that kind, in the Southern States, where they make nothing but Pure and Unadulterated Liquors. They are also

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

To which they would call the attention of the trade. They defy competition, assuring all who will favor them with their patronage, that they will sell cheaper than any house in the South.

W. C. HEWITT & CO.,
HEWITT'S GLOBE HOTEL, Fare Reduced to $3 Per Day,
One of the Best Hotels in the South.

May 28, 1869, 8—3m

CHEAP! CHEAP!

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

QUARLES, PERRIN & CO.,

Will sell the following articles at low prices.

TRY US

SPRING POPLINS, LENOS,

MOSAMBIQUES,

WHITE ALPACCA, LAWNS, MUSLINS,

LINEN SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS, ETC.,

WHITE DUCK PANTS AND VEST, WHITE LINEN SUITS WHITE ALPACCA SACKS.

LARGE STOCK OF HATS,

General Prim, Velocipedes, Alpine, Felt, White and Black, Straw Hats, at 25 Cents,

LEGHORN, VENTILATED.

CUTLERY.

Rodgers and Wostenholmes Pocket Knives and

Fans! Fans! Fans Parasols! Parasols! Parasols! for sale.

QUARLES, PERRIN & CO.

May 7, 1769, 2t

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY.

THOS. EAKIN

Is now receiving supplies of the following articles, which are offered at low prices:

Sugar, Coffee and Molasses.
Bacon, Sides, Shoulders and Hams,
Lard, best kettle,
Bakers, Spiders, Ovens and Pots,
A large lot of extra Covers,
Brooms, Buckets and Tubs,
Cast and Plow Steel,
Horse and Mule Shoes,
Horse Shoe Nails,
Iron, all sizes,
100 sacks Liverpool Salt,
25 bbls. Flour,
20 bbls. Planting Potatoes.
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Hook and But Hinges,
Hand Saws, Drawing Knives,
Screws, of all sizes,
Silters, Brass Kettles &c.,
Fine Smoking and Chewing Tobacco,
Tupentine and Toilet Soaps,
Starch, Soda, Powder, Lead and shot,
Canned Goods of all kinds,
Cheese and Maccaroni,
Mackerel, in kits, 1-4 and 1-2 bbls.

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

Best selection, from the lowest to the highest price.

Collins' Axes, Long Handle Shovels, Forks and Spades, Wash Boards and Scrubs, Shot Guns, Leather and Shoe Findings, Coil, Trace, Breast and Dogs Chains, &c., with many other articles useles to mention, all of which will be sold low for Cash.

☞ Persons indebted are required to pay up. Indulgence will not be granted. Its costs should be added to their accounts, they can only blame themselves. The law WILL be resorted to, if settlement is not made immediately.

Feb 19, 1869, 43—tf **THOS. EAKIN.**

THE ABBEVILLE CARRIAGE SHOP.

SEAL, SIGN & ROBERTSON,

PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform the public that they are prepared with skillful workmen, and all the necessarry materials for the manufacturing of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND WAGONS, and all other work pertaining to their business.

All new work warrented for twelve months, and sold at the lowest figures possible, for CASH, which we make to the purchaser's interest.

PAINTING AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.

Particular attention will be given to the Painting and Trimming of Crriages and Buggies, and all contracts faithfully carried out.

SMITH DEPARTMENT.

We have in our employ an efficient workman in all the branches of this business. We have a **Patent Tire-Shrinker** with which we can shrink tires with perfect accuracy without cutting, making the weakest places stronger than before, and without damaging the wheel in the least. Persons who have tires that need shrinking would do well to remember that one-half the wheels are ruined or materially injured by cutting and shrinking in the usual way. Satisfaction is guaranteed in every job where this machine is used.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

NEW BUGGIES of the best material. Also, Metallic Cases, Imitation Rosewood, Walnut and Drop Black Coffins. The hearse will attend funerals punctually at the appointed time, and personal attention given when desired.

May 28, 1869, 5—tf.