MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1886.

The Well of Saint John.

[The old well of Saint John in the parish of Newton-Nottage, Glamorganshire, has a tide of its own, which is generally believed to run counter to that of the sea, some half-mile away.]

"There is plenty of room for two in here, Within the steep tunnel of old gray-stone. And the well is so dark, and the spring so It is quite unsafe to go down alone."

"It is perfectly safe, depend upon it.

For a girl who can count the steps, like mo;

And if ever I saw dear mother's bonnet,

It is there on the hill by the old ash-tree."

"There is nobody but Recs Morgan's cow Watching the dusk on the milk-white sea. Is the time and the place for a life-long vo Such as I owe you, and you owe me."

"Oh, Willie, how can I, in this dark well? I shall drop the brown pitcher, if you let go; The long roof is murmuring like a sea-shell, And the shadows are shuddering to and fro."

"Tis the sound of the ebb in Newton bay, Quickens the spring as the tide grows less, Even as true love flows away Counter the flood of the world's success."

"There is no other way for love to flow; Whenever it springs in a woman's breast, To the home of its own heart it must go, And run contrary to all the rest." Then fill the sweet cup of your hand, my And padge me your maiden faith thereon, By the souch of the lettered stone above, And the holy water of Saint John."

"Oh, what shall I say? My heart drops low;
My Magers are cold, and my hand too flat,
Is love to be measured by handfuls so?
And you know that I love you—without
what."

They stooped in the gleam of the faint light, over
The print of themselves on the limpid gloom;
And she lifted her full palm toward her lover,
With her lips prepared for the words of
doom.

But the warm heart rose, and the cold hand And the pledge of her faith sprang, sweet and clear,
From a holier source than the old saint's well,
From the never-ebbing tide of love—a tear.
—R. D. Blackmore, in December Harper's.

### ELSIE'S LOVER.

"I suppose it isn't right to say such a thing," said winsome Elsie, with a plaintive sigh, to her friend and confidant, old Nurse Barnes; "but I often wish I'd never been born. Nobody knows what to do with me, and I cer-tainly don't know what to do with my-

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what are they going to do with you?"
"I don't know," said Elsie sadly. "Uncle Joseph wants me to go and work in the factory. He thinks I might earn twelve shillings a week, after I had had a few weeks' practice."
"It's not hard work," said Mrs.

Barnes. "You'll soon get used to it, my dear. One can get used to any-thing."

"And Aunt Betsey wants to send me up to the Manor House to help Mrs. Perkins, the housekeeper," went on flighty and too young.'
Elsie. "I was there a week in the "Elsie, you misunder hall where they hang nothing but picher after-dinner nap. I used to sit down I was a great heiress, with lots of ser- in his. vants to order about." "Oh, Elsie! that was making very

bold," said Mrs. Barnes, with an awestricken shudder.

"Yes, I know," confessed Elsie; "but it was only making believe, after all, and nobody knew. But I saw Mr. Joseph does. And he told me the names of some of the rarest flowers, and offered to lend me books out of the grand li-But Mrs. Perkins told Aunt for service. So now I don't know whether I am to be bound to Miss Miggs, the dressmaker, or sent to learn the artificial flower trade.

"It's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mrs. Barnes, looking sympathizingly at Elsie. And just then, as she surveyed the large dark eyes, the cheeks glowing scarlet under their stain of gypsy sunburn, the lithe graceful figure in its outgrown

gown, the fancy suddenly crossed her mind that, under some circumstances, Elsie Linn might be almost handsome. "You see, I have no one really belonging to me," said Elsie, sighing.
"Even Uncle Joseph was only my
mother's half-brother. And they don't

know what to do with me." 'What would vou like best to do?" said Mrs. Barnes, who was paring potatoes for the one o'clock dinner.

"I should like to be an authoress, and write books," said Elsie, with kindling

"Bless me, child!" said Mrs. Barnes, "what do you know about authoresses?" "Nothing," confessed Elsie; "that's the trouble. Or I should like to paint pictures, and to be famous; or be queen of a country that was at war, and lead the soldiers to victory, mounted on a coal-black horse; or do something very great and grand, so that people might

never forget my memory. Mrs. Barnes first started and then sighed. Pour soul, there was perhaps a time when she, too, had her wild dreams and impossible imaginings.

"Such things don't happen nowadays, Elsie," said she. "Women have to scrub, and wash and sew in this country, not ride to battle or paint grand pictures. Better leave off thinking of such a fate.

"Yes," cried Elsie, with a start, as the clock struck twelve. "And Aunt Betsey will be wanting me to set the table. must hurry home. How she will scold to be sure.

But to Elsie's infinite relief, when she reached home, Aunt Betsey met her with no frown.

"Come in quick, child," said she, "and change your frock. Mr. Raven is here."

"Oh!" cried Elsie, with a skip over the door-step, "am I to be Mrs. Perkin's maid? "We don't know," said Aunt Betsey

mysteriously. "Time will show. Don't jump about, my child. Try to take short steps, and be a lady. And, oh, what a dreadful tear that is in your dress. Never mind now. Run quick and change it as soon as ever you can, and then come down to the best parlor."

But long before Elsie Linn's simple toilet was made, an awful fear took possession of her that Squire Raven had come to tell Uncle Joseph of the big bunch of hot-house grapes which she

picked, sub rosa, last spring and gave to little Billy Sniffen, in the road, the last day she was at the Manor House.

"There were such lots of them," she argued with herself, "hanging there in the sunshine, all purple and fragrant, and Billy had just got over the scarlet fever—poor little mite!—and did long them so. I knew it was wicked, but the temptation came over me so suddenly that I couldn't help it. And now if Mr. Raven has told Uncle Joseph, and Incle Joseph is going to scold me-

Elsie drew a deep inspiration of hor-ror at this idea, but she must face her fate, and endure it as best she might. And in her best frock, which was scant and faded enough in all conscience, she descended with a heavy heart to the best room."

"Bring her in! Bring her in!" said Uncle Joseph with a chuckle. "I never yet sold even a yearling calf without giving the purchaser a chance to look at his bargain-ha, ha, ha! And if you really want the child, Squire-

Mr. Raven rose courteously and put a chair for Elsie as she entered, with drooping head and cheeks aflame. "We are old friends," he said; "are

we not? At the sound of his gentle, measured accents, the prickings of Elsie Linn's conscience became intolerable. She lifted her large startled eyes to Mr. Raven's face.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said she.
"Please, I'll never do it any more." "Do what?" said Uncle Joseph, star-

mg.
"I am quite at a loss to understand "Tain differ at a loss to industrials you," said Mr. Raven courteously.

"The grapes, please," faltered Elsie, getting redder and more confused than ever. "I didn't pick 'em for myself; it

was for little Billy Sniffen, and —"
"Never mind the grapes, Elsie." said Mr. Raven. "Let me sec-how old are von?

"Seventeen, sir," said Elsie in a low

"And I am seven-and-thirty!" said Mr. Raven slowly. "Do I seem like a very old man in your eyes, Elsie?"
She shook her head, and then, emboldened by the fact that Uncle Joseph had disappeared, and Aunt Betsey was drawing water at the well, she

"When I write my novel, I shall make the hero just like you. I won't call him the woods. There ain't any renew in Raven, lest people should find out; but it to speak of, but some fun, I should Ravenburn, or Belraven, or some such name. You won't mind, sir, will you?" Mr. Raven smiled a strange, serious

"Elsie," said he, "would you like to come and live at the Manor House?" Elsie's dusk face brightened.

"Oh, so much!" she cried. "But Mrs. Perkins don't want me; she says I'm too

spring. Oh,"—with a long breath,—
spring. Oh,"—with a long breath,—
it is the prettiest place! One room all mean as Mrs. Perkin's assistant—I mean they bring much more money that in they bring much more money that in the prettiest place.

horseback, and Mrs. Perkins was taking the world stood before her in its true course, as to a pecuniary return, there has after-dinner nan. I used to sit down colors. She was a maiden out of the is not much to attract a young man or in the silk chairs, and fan myself with pages of romance. Robert Raven was boy in this small trapping, but in it he the big scented fans, and make believe her lover. He took her hand tenderly will learn much about the mysteries of

yourself to love me? For I love you ing. The cost of axes, boots and traps with all my heart."

And she cried, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" and laid her flushed face across on his shoulder, and wept and smiled in turns. She had entered the room a child; she Raven twice, and he talked to me just went out a woman, leaning on her as kind—oh! a deal kinder that Uncle lover's arm. Even Uncle Joseph noticed the change, and Aunt Betsey vaguely wondered what had come to "our Elsie."

Betsey that I am too idle and awkward went to be lady at the Manor House, to for service. So now I don't know gladden the heart of this modern King Cophetua who had fallen in love with the nineteenth century Beggar Maid. are to be attached. They must be driven And as her dark beauty bloomed out in tight, too, or the animal will pull into perfect leveliness, people wondered them out and away he will go. trap and that they had been so blind.

But Mr. Raven said quietly: saw her picking daisies in the park, I will do to commence with, and then the knew that she was the most beautiful trapper may put in box traps and decreature in all the country. I fell in love with her then, and I have been in love with her ever since.

But to Elsie the whole thing seems like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

## Raising Pears in the South.

Gen. George Sheridan has often been mistaken for the other egeneral of the same name. He was at the white house once during the Hayes administration when a delegation was announced. It was a horticultural convention which had called to pay its respects. President Hayes asked Gen. Sheridan to accompany him to the reception room. most of them thinking it was P. H. Sheridan to whom they were talking. Gen. Sheridan finally became reticent, and the president sought to engage him in further talk. The conversation between them ran about like this: Hayes-General, have you much fruit

in Louisiana? Sheridan-O yes. We have oranges and apricots and grapes in profusion. Hayes-Do you have any of the hardy

northern fruits-apples and pears? Sheridan-There are a few apples raised along the northern boundary of the state.

Haves-Do you ever raise pears? Sheridan-Always, if we have three

of a kind. There was a moment's icy stillness, and then a big, fat fruit-grower, with a roguish eye, unable to hold in, began to snicker, and in less than a twinkle of an eye they were all guffawing. The president himself laughed with the rest. -New York Tribune.

Lieut. Greely's theories respecting the North Pole naturally meet with much opposition in England. It was his fortune during his imprisonment in the Arctic to upset the conclusions reached which in trapping parlance are called by Sir George Nares and his compan-Having controverted what the English over with light material, dried leaves. explorers assumed to be facts, he cannot and grass. The unsuspecting rat, as he expect to have his own theories pass unchallenged. Lieut Greely believes that It is always better, if possible, to catch there is an ocean 1.600 miles in diamethe lively little animal in the water, ter, round about the Pole, that never where he will drown. If on dry ground freezes; and conjectures that the Pole itself is the centre of an ice-capped land the leg pretty well down toward the toe, eovered with ice from 1,000 to 4,000 feet the rat, not being able to pull away, thick. These conclusions are rejected will graw off his leg just above where by prominent Arctic authorities in Eng. the trap holds it. This is often done, and it shows the whole are the shows the whole are the shows the whole and it shows the whole are the shows the shows the whole are the shows the

A MUSERATS PERILS. Trapping the Little Animal Mong the New Jersey Marshes.

"It is not necessary to go to the northern latitude to larra to trap successful-So speke an old lind grasus New Jer-

sey fisherman as he sat on a sugar hogshead which rested on a South street pier and tapped its head merrily with his big split-l ather boots. H's scraggy whiskers and weather bronzed, pleasant countenance, says the New York Times showed that he was one of those happy persons who had passed the period of life when youthful ambitions and aspirations never to be obtained had passed away, and peace and confeatment were now accompaniments of a frugal life. On his head was perched a cap of black fur, and gloves of similar material peeped from deep pockets of the old tar-

stained coat. What started the old man was the presence of a pile of steel traps, which glistened in the sunlight of a warm fall day. He eyed them furtively and heaved a sigh. The traps did not look at all formidable as they lay in a tangled heap, with the four-foot chains spread out in every direction. They were of the latest pattern, light, but of strong, stiff springs, though not differing in any essential particular from the ordinary rat-trap that many a mind-beclouded tenant at a late hour has put his foot into while groping in the coal-cellar. At the end of the chains were little round rings, which would be used to fasten them to stakes.

"I suppose," continued the young man, "those fellows will be sent north to be used in mink trappin'. Ef I only had 'em in the memlows near my place I would make the muskrats howl. They're thick down there, and I mean to make it hot for a few of 'em myself this winter."

"Tell me something about trapping." asked a listener.

"Waal," replied the old fisherman, you looks as though you needed a little of it to spread them shoulders of yourn and harden them muscles," and he pinched the thin, soft biceps of the young weakling's arm. "There is nothing better to strengthen young fellows and build 'em up than trappin' and trampin' over the mendows and through

say."

Take the salt marshes on the Jersey coast and they are full of muskrats, while the streams further inland contain but a few. The muskrat is a respectable animal to trap. He is wary and on his guard in the more populous districts. In value his pelt is not worth much. The prices paid for them vary from 15 to 30 cents apiece, according to "Elsie, you misunderstood me," said the condition of the fur, and also the Mr. Raven, with another smile. "I don't condition of the market. Some years others. The pelts are used in making full of books, don't you know, and a as my wife.

A sudden crimson flooded Elsie's hats. Sometimes they are done up into tures. I used to creep all over the place, when the squire was gone out on the scales seemed to fall from her eyes; sold under the name of river mink. Of the brooks and the secrets of animal "Elsie," he said, "could you teach life, while the exercise he gets is bracwill amount to as much as he gets for

the skins. "Waal," continued the old man, "there ain't much play in trappin', and its mostly work-hard work, too. You want to be well prepared for it. In the first place you must have warm cloth-ing, for you will be out in most all kinds of weather, and nights, too. And our Elsie."

So Elsie's problem was solved. She to go look at your traps, it's cold and trent to be lady at the Manor House, to raw. You must carry an ax or big hatchet with you to drive in the stakes to which the chains of the steel traps all. Then you want a big bag to fetch 'em home in when you get any. These "I knew it all along. When first I things, with a good set of steel traps, vise means of alluring the beasts. Some

people use a little bait in the shape of a piece of turnip or apple to allure 'em. A piece of sweet apple is awfully good bait for a muskrat and he will try hard to get it. A drop or so of anise-seed on the pan of the trap is also quite an attraction for 'em. As a rule, however, these allurements are not necessary, and care to cover up the trap will be sufficient. The muskrat is a wary animal. and won't step square into a trap when he sees it. He's knowin', and if it ain't there's other things to catch besides muskrats. Ye see that cap?" and the old man took his headgear off. "Ye see that cap? That's made out of catskin. There was a time when catskins was worth 10 cents apiece, but they ain't worth nothin' now. In a season's work you will probably run against one or two mink, too. Real mink, too. Yes. and in New Jersey I've caught quite a

lot of 'em first and last.' Catching muskrats is a common winter pursuit for fishermen and others in New Jersey, and large quantities of them are caught. The money got for them helps keep the poor coastmen in to-

The muskrat does not come out of his lair in the daytime, except on rare occasions. Sometimes, on very dark, cloudy days, he may be seen swimming across the pond or down the river, with his head just above the water. He is an ugly-looking animal, of brown fur, black, webbed feet, with white claws, and long, white teeth. He is a fast swimmer, and his powers for staying under the water are enduring. At night they come out to feed, and wander miles over the fields in search of food. They travel over the same roads on these occasions and make little paths. these runs, and are carefully covered

the animal as well as its endurance. Many is the time the trapper will be disappointed to find only a stump of a leg in his trap or one or two toes.

The muskrat's home, if the stream or

pond has a high bank, is a little hollow place under ground five or six feet from the water's edge. The entrance is un-der water. The hallway, after it has penetrated the bank, will turn up above the level of the water, and there, in the little dry subterranean chamber, he spends the day in sleeping or is busy storing away food for winter. The trapper is happy when he finds the entrance to these houses. He will spend time in poking with a long stick under the bank for these places. When found he places the trap under water just in the entrance. If the rat is caught he will probably drown, as the weight of will probably drown, as the weight of the trap and his efforts to get away will tire him, and finally, exhausted, he sinks below water. In the small ponds with low banks the muskrats often build houses of cornstalks or grasses. Whole families live in these edifices, which are sometimes built several feet above the level of the water. The entrances, and there are usually several, are under water. Inside they are fitted up into chambers-cozy little places lined with soft grasses. A favorite mode of catching the rat in his own house is to cut off the top of his domicile and place the trap in one of the little rooms, carefully covering it over with a part of his soft bed. The rat when found alive caught in a steel trap will fight furiously, and many a blow on the head will he receive before he will give up. He is courageous, and on his own part will make the attack, as young and old trappers will testify. When there is no way of escape he immediately gets ready to resist. A dash is made at the trapper's leg, and if he once strikes a howl of pain will escape the poor trapper, while the long sharp teeth will hold on with a grip that would shame a bulldog. Too venturesome amateurs sometime come home with fingers hanging

by shreds and big holes in their hands.

the result of too much freedom with

their prey.

The box-trap is the favorite for streams, as it is easily made, and often several rats are taken in one in a single night. It consists of a long, straight box, rectangular in shape, made with entrances at both ends large enough to admit the rat comfortably. In the ends are placed gates made of stiff wire, slanting toward the inside of the box, so that it can be lifted up easily by the rat going in, but cannot be opened outward. Spaces are left between the wires so that the water can run through easily. The box is sunk in the middle of a stream and securely anchored with big rocks. Then a row of stakes is driven from the box to the shore, firmly imbedded in the bed of the stream. They are usually run a little up the stream so as to form a sort of fence down to the trap. The rat coming down the stream finds himself between two walls of stakes and can not get through. He follows along to the trap; then he dives under in his efforts to get through the blockade. His nose comes in contact with the wire gate and it lifts easily; he passes in and on through. At the lower end he meets the lower gate, which slants in, and cannot open it. If he turns back the same difficulty meets him at the other end. In a short time he drowns from lack of air. Sometimes, in a stream thickly inhabited by rats, the trapper will find his box full in the morning when he makes his rounds, and the next night he will probably find more. In the spring, when the rats are running and swim ming long distances, the box traps will yield a large return for the capital expended. It is a job to keep them in repair, however, and when big storms come the stakes will likely be washed

go floating down the stream. Here is where the hard work comes in. Another manner of getting the rats is to flood then; out. A small box trap is placed at the entrance to a house, and just below the stream dammed up so that the water will rise to such a height as to drown them out. As they attempt to pass out the main entrance they get in the trap, or if the trapper is a good shot he will kill the animals as they swim away. Moonlight nights there is sport in shooting the muskrats as they are swimming in the ponds.

out by the floods and perhaps the trap

## "The Mighty Dollar."

"The Mighty Dollar" is probably the most successful play, financially speak-ing, in which the Florences have appeared. It came to be written in the following manner: Mrs. Florence, while well hid he will step around it. But abroad, was constantly amused at the French phrases which good natured and oftentimes wealthy but uneducated American women made use of with such an amount of misapplication and mispronunciation as to create the highest amusement at their expense. thought that it would be a first rate idea to transfer one of these persons from the stage of life to the mimic stage. She spoke to her husband about it and he agreed with her views. He also had had a character in his mind for a long time-that of a good humored but not overscrupulous lawmaker of the great west. They went to Ben Woolf, a clever journalist, and had him write a play to order with these two characters as the prominent features. Woolf did as directed, and the "Mighty Dollar" was the result. At first it was named the "Almighty Dollar," but the American public which can tamely submit to Ingersoll's blasphemies, could not submit to the use of the word "Almighty," though Washington Irving, one of the chastest of American writers, had given this very name to the dollar. Thus it was the play was changed from the "Almighty to the "Mighty Dollar." In the characters of Bardwell Slote and Mrs. Gen. Gilflory. Florence and Mrs. Florence have uppeared over 2,500 times. -Brooklyn Eagle.

A man living at Red Wing, Minn. has a pair of golden candlesticks which he says he dug out of an Indian mound at Waukesha, Wis., and which he thinks MARBLE WORK. are the golden candlesticks which formed part of the decorations of Solomon's

Gen. Robert Toombs recently defined a fanatic as "a man with big notions tion. and very small points."

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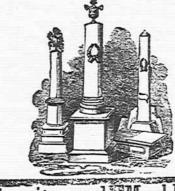
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A full new line of Gents' Fall Undershirts and Unlaundried Shirts will be sold at a great

saving to the purchaser.

Another lot of Gent's Unlaundried Shirts at 47c., 59c. and 69c. Cannot be duplicated in any house for less than 75c. and \$1.

A new line of Tweeds and Cassimeres, very cheap, direct from Saxony.

200 pieces of Yac Laces from 10c. to 50c. per
yard. We have them in every color, plain and

A new line of Beaded and Steel Laces; also Black and White Beaded Fronts. A new line of White Laces, very cheap, in all A new line of Antique Tidies at 11c., worth

A new line of Black Goods.

Something remarkable in Handkerchiefs.
50 dozen 3-4 Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs at \$1 per dozen, worth \$3. Other Handkerchiefs in proportion.

100 dozen Ladies' regular Balbriggan Hose,
Silk Clocked, at 23c.: also Ladies' Brown and
Fancy Balbriggan Hose at the low price of 23c. per pair.
500 dozen Children's Imported Hose, fall
1°c) 28 styles, at 17c., 19c., 23c. and 33c.

The following goods, which were slightly damaged by the late cyclone, will be sold re-gardless of cost: A lot of White Blankets at \$1.90, \$3.90, \$4.85 and \$5.90. The Blankets are worth double the One lot of Red Twill Flannels at 25c., worth

# CARPET DEPARTMENT.

One lot of fine Bleaching at 5%c.

1,000 SMYRNA RUGS, in all sizes, at less than the cost of the raw material. We bought these goods from a manufacturer for net cash, who has been pushed for money.
One lot of full size Smyrna Rugs at \$3, worth

New Carpets received and continually are riving in all ctyles.

Fine Ingrains at 25c. and upwards. Extra Supers at 65c. and upwards. Fine Brussels at 65c. and upwards. Four and five frame Body Brussels at \$1.10

A new line of Velvet Carpets at 37%, last year's price \$2.
500 pair of fine Dado Shades, new patterns with Spring Rollers, at 89c. each. One lot of Hassocks at 25c. Country Merchants will do well to examine

All retail orders promptly astended to, and Parties ordering goods or samples will please state in what paper they have seen our adver-

our Stock before purchasing their Fall bills.

Kohn, Furchgott & Benedict

samples sent on application.

and \$1.25.