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I. L. STANSSELL, 746 BROAD STREET, UNDER GLOBE HOTEL, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Can get away with them all in the way of FINE CLOTHING, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS for this Fall and Winter in the very Latest Styles and at Prices that astonish everybody that looks at them.

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PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO ALL. WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING AND FULL LINE OF GOODS. JOHN H. FEARY, Dealer in Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, 729 Broad Street, Opposite Central Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

GRANDYS & ZORN, ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Lumber and Building Material. We are prepared to take contracts or give estimates on all kinds of buildings. Our Saw and Planing Mills are at Grandys' S. C., postoffice Windsor, S. C.

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DRY GOODS. Knowing full well that our people in general are economizing, yet desiring First Class Dry Goods, and seeing they know how to appreciate them, I have determined to give them the full benefit of my extraordinary purchases, and dispose of my Stock of Goods at the smallest profits.

GRAND DISPLAY OF FALL AND WINTER IMPORTATIONS OF DRESS GOODS!

Embracing the very Latest Novelties in Fabric Colors, and intermixtures of colorings of the most pronounced and RELIABLE STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES, In Plaids, Brocades, and Solid Colors, from 10 cents per yard up to the finest.

A handsome line of Velvets and Velveteens, comprising all the new and pretty shades from 50 cents to the finest Silk Velvet. An elegant line of Black and Colored Gros Grain Silks from 50 cents per yard up to the finest quality; also a complete stock of Black and Colored R. D. Cashmeres, a celebrated make.

Jackets, Ulstrettes, Pelisses, New Markets, Circulars, Jerseys. Handsome Jackets from \$2.25 up to \$15.00. Shoulder Shawls, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Large Shawls, 2 yards square, \$1 and \$1.50 each. Large Wool Shawls, black and colored, \$2, \$3, \$3.50.

Ladies' Cloth and Flannel Skirts, 50c, to \$2 each. White Blankets, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 to \$10.00 per pair. In our Woolen Department can be found one of the largest as well as the best assortments of Kentucky Jeans, Kerseys, Cashmeres, Repellants, Water Proofs, Diagonals, Broadcloths, &c., all at bottom prices.

Plain Red and White Flannels from 10c per yard up. An extra good quality in Red Twilled at 25c, 35c, 40c, and 60c. Opera Flannels in all shades; also Basket Flannels, in the new Fall colors. Dark, Gray and Blue Gray Skirt Flannels. Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannels from the lowest prices up to the very heaviest quality.

Thousands of dozens Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fancy Hose at 10c. up to the finest, and fresh stock. The South Carolina Seamless Hosiery, in Men's Half Hose, New Fall Mixtures, Ladies', Misses' and Children's, in Fall colors. A thorough inspection is desired. No trouble to show goods. JAMES W. TURLEY, 609 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

CLEVELAND IS AHEAD IN POLITICS, BUT WE LEAD IN FURNITURE!

OUR MOTTO, like his, is "Reform"—Old High Prices must get out of the way and give way to the New Low Prices. We buy for Cash, hence are able to get the Bottom, as our Prices will prove. Read and wonder.

SOLID WALNUT MARBLE TOP SUITES, WITH TOILET WASHSTAND, TEN PIECES, FOR FIFTY DOLLARS. This is what Cash does. We have Suites from this up to \$500. We are now fitting up two Hotels, who bought as cheap from us as they could buy from the factories, and a little cheaper. We defy all competition. Call and see us. All goods packed and shipped free of charge.

J. L. BOWLES & CO., 640 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

The Black Dawn.

There was a faint light, and the winds were low. Words were spoken in a low, hoarse voice. "The night winds moaned, and the hours were long."

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"It is all no use, I can see," said Bob Morgan, stepping back from the sketch he had just made of a pretty bit of scenery. "If I finish it, and take it to Stanton, he'll only laugh. I am not out for an artist; neither can I get even bread and cheese, let alone an income to marry on, out of literature."

"Why, my darling little May," Bob was saying. "What is the matter? The sight of your bright face clouded makes me feel as if all the world were wrapped in gloom, this fair summer evening."

"Oh, dear Bob, I am so unhappy. You remember me telling you that Mr. Falkland, an old friend of papa's, had come to stay with us on a visit? Well, it is too dreadful. Bob; mamma says he wants to marry me, and that if I do not say yes when he asks me, we shall all be ruined."

"Well, mortgage or ruin, or whatever else happens, Mabel, don't let them frighten you into marrying your grandfather. We will run away, and live on my poor fifty-pounds a year, first," said Bob stoutly; and then followed much loving talk, and many castles in the air, for Bob's presence seemed to bring back all Mabel's light-heartedness.

"I know what you are capable of, my good Mrs. Walton," he soliloquized, apostrophizing his mother-in-law elect. "It is quite possible that the mortgage story is all made up, to try and frighten my poor little girl into the idea that she is making a noble sacrifice of herself, for the benefit of the others. And I suppose that horrible old fellow follows her about, and grins at her, and forces his odious presence on her, when he ought to be thinking of the grave, the old brute, for all his money was made in trade."

"My dear young fellow, you never were more mistaken, I do assure you. Now you mention this, I can see it may possibly be the old lady's idea, but believe me, nothing is farther from my thoughts than marrying any one, still less that sweet child. But come, accept my apologies for not undeciphering the joke at your expense. Will you walk back with me, to prove your sincerity?"

Bob readily assented, only too glad of any excuse to go near Mabel's home. Then the old gentleman, drew from him an account of his unsuccessful attempts to get a livelihood, and, in return for his confidence, made a proposal which gaddened his heart, and caused his hopes of marrying Mabel to rise again.

"I have a great business as a merchant; my ships are on every sea, and I have no son to help me. My only daughter's husband is an independent gentleman, with an ample fortune of his own. There is absolutely no one to take to my business when I am gone. If you find all the fine arts positively closed to you in getting a living, what say you to making a trial of merchandising? Will you come into my office for a month, and if you like it, and show the aptitude necessary, I would do a great deal for the daughter of my old friend, who is as sweet an English rose herself as ever gladdened the eyes of a lonely old man."

Six months after, Bob was plunging heart and soul into the mysteries of the craft he had once despised, and Mrs. Walton smiled as sweetly as ever on the protégé of the great merchant. Bob soon became the happy husband of pretty Mabel, and was wont to think with a shudder of his past hopeless days and nights of unsuccessful toil at arts for which he had no capacity, while now he is continually adding large amounts to the balance at his banker's.

Mr. Falkland often visits them, and always enjoys a hearty laugh at the recollection of Bob's attack on him at the mill-stream. "You may enjoy your joke as much

his doubts set at rest. He was Mr. Falkland, the man who had come to marry Mabel, and rob him of his love, who had been his since they both wore pinafores.

Rut though he made many attempts to broach the subject, and though he had made a disgraced canvas with a worse fate than he put on that morning, the hours slipped by, and the old gentleman rose to return, without his having said one word so let him know that Mabel was not free to be wooed by him.

"Yes, certainly, I came on purpose," stammered Bob, growing more and more nervous; "I want to tell you—that is, you must please understand that I—you—well—in fact, you can't marry Mabel Walton, and what's more, you sha'n't!"

"Sir," said Mr. Falkland, looking at him with displeasure mixed with slight alarm as if he had been an escaped lunatic. "Will you kindly explain yourself?"

"There is nothing to explain, sir; I only wish you to accept the fact," said Bob, now thoroughly exasperated by the other's coolness. "I was engaged to Mabel Walton, with the full consent of both parents, when I was heir to my uncle's fortune. But he died, because I would not marry his adopted daughter, left her his fortune and me only fifty pounds per annum. Then Mrs. Walton told me Mabel should not marry a pauper, and so broke off our engagement, though it was for Mabel's sake that I lost my fortune."

"Well, sir, said Mr. Falkland, as Bob paused for breath, "in that case the young lady is free to accept another offer."

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" Bob almost roared. "I said her mother broke it off; but Mabel still loves me, and will wait until I can provide her a home. But Mrs. Walton has made up her mind she shall marry you, and though Mabel will be firm, it will cause her endless discomfort and vexation if she is persecuted about it."

"You wicked old hypocrite! I wish you were my own age, you would soon have my fist in your face! However, as you have no honor, I can't appeal to it; only, if you dare worry my poor girl, I'll make you repent it!"

"Stop, stop, young man! One moment; I cannot let you go like that," cried Mr. Falkland; and Bob did stop, and as he glared at the old gentleman with savage eyes, the latter suddenly burst into a loud peal of hearty laughter.

"It's very amusing, no doubt," sneered Bob, longing to hit him on the head with his own fishing-cane. "It is amusing, sir. It is the best joke I have heard for many a long day. So Mrs. Walton had been watching over her mind when she invited me down here for a quiet fish. She really thought I was likely to marry that pretty little blue-eyed girl, did she? A girl several years younger than my own daughter. Ha, ha, ha! Excuse me, young man. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, sir, if I have been mistaken—" began Bob, feeling foolish, yet delighted. "My dear young fellow, you never were more mistaken, I do assure you. Now you mention this, I can see it may possibly be the old lady's idea, but believe me, nothing is farther from my thoughts than marrying any one, still less that sweet child. But come, accept my apologies for not undeciphering the joke at your expense. Will you walk back with me, to prove your sincerity?"

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as you please, my dear sir," says Bob. "I only know that for me it proved a lucky mistake."

"The Voodoo Doctor."

With the advance of education among the colored people, the business of the voodoo doctors became less lucrative. They find enough dupes, however, to make their nefarious practice yield them a pretty good living. The voodoo doctor is generally an old white-haired dandy, who walks with a crooked cane and carries something resembling an old army haversack slung across his shoulders.

It was during slave time the voodoo doctor flourished. He did a thriving business among runaway negroes, who were promised immunity from punishment in case of recapture for a small sum.

One of the voodoo doctor's methods of operating is to secure a black chicken and two pieces of silver from a dupe. He then procures a skillet, which he half fills with water, placing the pieces of silver in the skillet opposite each other. He then requests his dupe to mentally name one of the pieces after the enemy whom he desires to circumvent.

Another voodoo trick is to pretend to sew a \$1 or \$5 bill in the upper band of the pants to insure good luck, but actually secreting the money and sewing a piece of folded paper in the pants instead.

Still another voodoo trick is to bury a small package wrapped in red flannel and get a dupe to dig it up. When the package is found it is said by the voodoo doctor to be a good omen, for which he charges the dupe a handsome fee.

An old voodoo doctor in West Washington recently acquired quite a reputation by his alleged cure of a colored girl afflicted with rheumatism, the recipe being a decoction of saffron, red pepper, fine and coarse salt, and soap. For a small trial of this he charged \$1.50 and for a personal visit \$5.

The more mysterious the voodoo doctor is, the more patients he obtains. They are seldom arrested, as they generally observe their treatment, the cure is attributed to the voodooist, and if he dies his friends are ashamed to confess that they have been victimized.—Washington Post.

The Model Wife.

Scripture and history and poetry vie with one another sounding the praises of the model wife. The man who is blessed with a companion worthy the name of a model wife can snap his fingers in the faces of all the old bachelors that ever breathed, and give them points each day in every exalted pleasure that makes life worth living. There is no danger of his applying for a divorce.

Unfortunately for the married men of this generation the model wives are most all dead. The struggle for existence was so much for them. The ceaseless, silent, self-sacrifice needed to build up a model domestic character could only be met and borne as long as there was a living appreciation of the personal laws of duty that underlie all sorts of ideal existence. The men who appreciated model wives and were in return willing to be model husbands were so few that the good wives—that is, the model wives—grew discouraged and took to their graves or some more congenial occupation.

The few model wives that are left are cherished by their husbands beyond even their cigars or their hosiery. The model wife of the workman, clerk or business man has some appreciation of the 10,000 little labors, petty cares and annoyances that her husband has to go through each day in his workshop or office. She considers that such worrying cares are a part of the duties by which her husband makes a living.

The model wife does not see how many poor and silly and exacting things she can say to her tired husband. If she has anything to ask she waits until he is rested and fed. She invites pleasant people to her home, not to show how many rich things she has, but to make her husband's home hours pass cheerfully. She knows that if she is half a woman no other can displace her in her husband's affections. She is always more attractive in her manners to her husband than to other men. She is the genius of the household. But, unfortunately, most of them are dead.—Philadelphia Times.

The German soldiers are the proudest in Europe. The army is considered a school for its 500,000 young men. They are never compelled to do menial work. A Prussian officer who would compel a soldier to do the work of a servant would be cashiered. Some of the rich German private soldiers keep servants of their own.

HER BUSY LIFE. A Pen Portrait of the Late Frank Leslie's Attractive Widow.

A handsome woman sat before a big desk in a cozy office in Frank Leslie's publishing house, busily engaged over-looking bills, writing letters, and attending to the details of the immense business. It was Mrs. Frank Leslie. She arose gracefully and greeted the reporter cordially. Mrs. Leslie was plainly attired in a black dress with white trimmings. The only jewelry she wore consisted of a pair of neat pearl ear-drops. Her dark hair was tastefully arranged over her white forehead, and her large gray eyes sparkled with animation as she conversed.

"The public has been treated to so much of my private affairs," said Mrs. Leslie, "that I think it time to set people right. A few days ago a letter was published in a Chicago paper, and was extensively copied, giving what purported to be an account of my extravagant life at Long Branch. It stated that I had sixty-five different toilets while at the resort; that I drove five blooded horses upon the Concord, and that my diamonds would fill a peck measure. The fact is that I was only at Long Branch for four days, and that was the only time that I had been away from my business this season. I only wore three different toilets while there, and those were very plain, being either black or white. The fact is I have not worn any colors since Mr. Leslie's death. I drove a team occasionally, but it was not a blooded one, and I never owned five horses. My diamonds were only worn at a proper time and place, and are not conspicuous gems. Then the papers stated that my hotel bill for the four days was \$450, while in fact it was but \$39.50. I would not notice such gross exaggerations as these were it not for the fact that my business may be injured by such reports. I attend strictly to business and superintend the whole work of this great establishment. I am at my desk from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, and I do not know any lady that works harder than I."

"I noticed in a paper the other day that I kept a French maid to constantly wait upon me. This is false also, as I never had a maid of any kind, having a firm faith in the proverb that 'God helps those that help themselves.' I have always been treated with great consideration by the press of the United States, with few exceptions, and I am heartily grateful for it. But I suppose these attacks originate in the malice of some persons, although I never knowingly wronged any one."

Mrs. Leslie sighed, and the New York Journal reporter remarked: "The Marquis de Neuville has not always been treated with consideration by the press."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Leslie. "The fact is, there is an antipathy to foreigners among the majority of Americans. The Marquis cannot help it because he was born with it. He was even said when my engagement to him was first announced that his title was not genuine, but I believe every one acknowledges now that it is. For my part, I would prefer that he had no title, but it cannot be helped. The Marquis is a thorough gentleman, and the newspaper slings at his manner and personal appearance are fabrications. I never saw him wear a colored neck-tie in the four years that I have known him, and he always dresses in the most simple manner. It has never been claimed that he does not pay his debts, and he is one of the most charitable of men. No man ever applied to the Marquis to relieve his distress and was refused."

"When does your marriage take place?" "When that event takes place it will be as publicly announced as my engagement was," said Mrs. Leslie. "It is always painful to have one's private affairs brought before the public, but I believe they will appreciate the reasons which impel me to correct the false statements which have been put in circulation."

Sitka Jack's Potlatch. Sitka Jack's house is a large square one fronting directly on the beach, and being the highest in Pyramid Harbor the square heartiness in the middle is kept warm by the relatives he has left behind him. When this house was built, in 1877, it was warmed by a grand potlatch or feast and gift distribution that attracted all previous efforts of any rival. An Alaska chief is considered rich in proportion as he gives away his possessions, and Sitka Jack rose an hundred-fold in Sitka's esteem when he gave his grand potlatch. All his relatives assisted in building the house, and this same community idea entitles them to live in it. Over 500 blankets were given away at his grand potlatch, and the dance was followed by a great feast, in which much whisky and native hochinoosin figured. Ben Holladay, Sr., with a large yachting party, was in the harbor at the time, and lent interest to the occasion by offering prizes for canoe races and adding a water carnival to the other festivities. Sitka Jack nearly bogged himself by his great spread, but his fame was settled on a missionarial basis, and he has since had time to partly recuperate. He has aged rapidly of late years, and now he delights to crouch by his fireside in winter evenings and relate the story of his great potlatch of seven years ago.

During the recent unprecedented rainy spell in Austin, Mrs. Jones sent her servant to a neighbor, Mrs. Smith, with the following message: "Would you be kind enough to send back that umbrella you borrowed about a month ago from Mrs. Jones." "Certainly, here it is. Tell Mrs. Jones that I would have sent it back sooner, but it has been raining ever since I borrowed it."—Texas Siftings.

"Has he gone, dear?" "Yes, grandma." "And what was that sound in the hall, Jessie?" "Why, it must have been the door shutting, grandma." "Your grandma may be old and deaf, Jessie, but doors did not shut with a sound like that when she was a girl." "Did the men wear mustaches then, grandma?" "No, my dear." "Well, that makes the difference probably."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

At rare intervals, and something of the peculiar character of them last week, there was no reasonable doubt, this was (and is) due to the coming from the burning of molten metal thrown out. Samples of this examined microscopically students, and there seems the fitness of divinity, the power of the lens, the number of particles, the of the explosion is due to have filled the air with great altitude. It was there would be heard an extreme distance but by state.—New York News.

A Mexican priest claimed to have covered a key to the Aztec. He will publish a book about

There are those who Brighton than any world, says an English are so common that hard of taste in the good-looking women mired in other penny notice. Where all the as you do not see a red plump, not to say fat, of youth and bloom of They do not suffer from anemic, that even in London physicians greatly called upon the cheeks are white have to be rubbed with arsenic. They carry the carriage of the form, they are of life and Bernhard will not as if she can help it, the high art of supporting dresses seem always to people somehow seem. It is pleasant to see because the limbs do not are lifted gaily and with exercise adds a deeper face; they ride upon it out of pure cunning, it tain to impart a fresh tussle, like dew on a return and walk their feet on the King's road, reason. However often played, they are all These philanthropists reform women's dress, the world to observe I style contracts the chief the organs of the head (what a queer expression gasp!), have not a chance.

Girls lace tight and tip of fashion, yet flourish as green bay and their skirts any of or tennis. The he goes on is a thing to they are always on how may depend upon it the for them than all the g comes ever invented. strain, and even interna is incurred in gymn ought to induce sensible extremely careful how their daughters to sport this scientific alla good health and joy good health and tion. Nothing like how found the professors to B the girls on horseback. Whether Brighton girls or whether they instinct, or become lost there, is an inquiry to be made. There are no every group, and you in the Spanish may, with your shoulder, count back at those who have only antidote known is before you visit the place have been expressed as in the south coast of B nothing done but heart is so common it is life hints for road mending; if your heart is in pieces hearts on horseback, shopping, playing tennis, and stopping, not to ment every thing. No one knows danger will be on the very next corner, to some garments have an leg in the sea breeze; I beckoning motion. No together good in Brighton the great charm of it of the eye is cultivated a degree; as we say of talk with their eyes.