The Laurens Advertiser.

VOL. I. LAURENS C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1885. NO. 20.

A Memory.

Through the oriel window the soft'ned sunshine fell;
And away from the distance the music of pealing bell
Came with a soothing cadence—falling and rising high,
Changing with ev'ry whisper of the low wind's wail and sigh.

The quaint room, rich in story, murmured in tuneful lays
Of love and joy and sorrow, hallowing bygone days;
And solemn eyes of warriors and faces young and fair
Gleamed on the wall's dull background like spirits pinioned there.

Over an open volume, on its mystic words intent,
With bearing calm and thoughtful, a fair-haired woman bent,
And the tender sweetness of her fair, Madonna face,
Was heightened by the beauty of her garments' simple grace.

A bunch of waxen lilies upon the Bible lay,
Yielding their dainty incense to light of the dying day.
But she who leaned above them like some rare-dowered queen,
Was fairer than the flowers, so noble did she seem.

And I who silent watched her from out the window wide—
Dumb by the mighty power of passion and of pride,
Then, and forever after, had counted all pain sweet
Could I but bow repentant, low kneeling at her feet.

—Annah Bilinski in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

"Turn out, Fred, turn out! Joe says there is a herd of buffaloes in sight from the next rise of land. Biggest kind of a herd! Be lively now, or you'll lose your buffalo skin." I opened my eyes sleepily as Frank grasped my arm, but was on my feet before he had finished speaking. Joe, our guide and cook, a half-breed Sioux, was hurriedly boiling our coffee, and George was getting the guns in proper order. We were on our first buffalo hunt, and it was my highest ambition just then to secure a pair of horns to mount and a robe made from the skin of a buffalo killed by myself. It did not take us long to swallow a hasty breakfast. In fifteen minutes we were ready to start.

"Dere," said Joe, as we galloped over the rise of ground.

Not a mile away we saw the herd feeding contentedly near a small stream that passed us on the right. Joe suddenly swerved from the direct course and followed the bank of the stream, so we were partly hidden from view. I shall never forget it! Talk of "buck fever" on a moose hunt! That is not to be compared to what an amateur hunter feels when he sees a thousand or more buffaloes.

"Come now," Joe said, as we stopped opposite the herd, felt for our cartridges, and tightened our saddle girths. We gave the fiery little mustangs the rein and they sprang forward with a snort of excited joy. Perhaps they remembered when they too were as free and unfettered as the herd before us. The wind was right for us—and we approached quite near without being seen. Then one great bull, glaring from beneath his shaggy mane, gave the alarm, and soon they all were in motion. The reports of four rifles rang out sharply, and one buffalo fell to the earth. We had all missed our game but Joe! On we dashed close at the heels of the rear ones, whooping like madmen and firing into the bellowing mass as rapidly as possible, leaving the dead and dying behind us. I singled out a wounded bull that was painfully galloping after his wounded comrades. I was not sure I had wounded him; but his horns and hide took my fancy, and I determined to finish and claim him. More than once I was saved by the quickness of my watchful mustang as he charged at me desperately. Once his shaggy mane brushed my leg, but, as he turned again, a lucky shot laid him low, and the coveted prize was won. I had been so interested in my own game that I had not thought to watch the others. I saw them now, nearly a mile away, still pursuing the herd. And I saw something else too, something which I was at first unable to understand, but which sent a thrill of horror through my veins when I comprehended its meaning.

My horse sniffed the air excitedly, his eyes wild and uneasy and moving to and fro as he neighed nervously for his companions. Away in the distance where the prairie met the sky in a heated, quivering line arose a dark, wavering cloud, small at first, but rapidly spreading. *'Twas the prairie on fire!* The wind was blowing almost a gale directly toward us, and the long, dead grass was as dry as tinder. Joe saw it. Without a word to warn the others he wheeled his horse and galloped toward me, closely followed by George and Frank. The buffaloes saw it also. The black mass moved slower, and finally turned and followed my friends as they had been following them a few moments before. Our danger was now more in being trampled to death than in being burned. I leaped to the ground to start a "back fire," but found that I had left every match in camp.

"No match," cried Joe, as they neared the place where I stood. "Get on horse—run much fast—Devil's run—saved."

"Devil's run is ten miles away," I answered blankly, as I sprang into the saddle. "Haven't you any matches either, boys?"

"Not a match. I don't see what in the dickens we were all thinking about," said George.

"Of the buffaloes," said Frank. "All we can do is to run for it now."

The mustangs knew their danger as well as we, and needed no urging. I cast a regretful glance at my prize—my first buffalo—as we galloped away. We could plainly smell the burning grass, and the dark, rolling smoke overcast the sky above our heads.

On came the buffaloes, shaking the ground with the thunder of many feet. Joe muttered something in his lingo, and his face grew ashen as he looked back at the herd, which was now so near that we could see the flecks of foam that flew from their mouths. But it needed no words to tell us that our time had come! We felt that all was lost, when the herd suddenly divided to the right and left. A moment more and we were between the lumbering masses, which left a clear space as they thundered by us, closing in again as they swept on.

"Heap good!" ejaculated Joe, and then he turned to watch the fire which we had overlooked in the greater danger that menaced us. It was fast overhauling us, but it was not the inky cloud with its low line of yellow glare that caused him to start and listen so eagerly. There came a sound which we had noticed before—a confused squealing—mingled with the same rumble of many feet made by the buffaloes, and a dark moving mass was in advance of the fire. I looked to Joe to solve the mystery.

"Wild horse!" he cried, as he drove the spurs into his mustang. "Dey never turns out—Devil's run five time—mebbe six."

Shall I ever forget that ride? On we went, the fire momentarily drawing nearer, the billows of smoke each instant growing denser, and the heat more suffocating; while the frightened squeals of the coming wild horses mingled in a horrid chorus with the roar of the wind and fire.

One mile—two—and our ponies held their ground bravely, never halting, never stumbling, they kept their even strides neck to neck, but foam flecks covered their steaming sides, and they felt sorely the burden upon their backs. Like a promise of safety the stubby trees near Devil's run beckoned to us in the distance. "Can we make it, Joe?" I shouted as I thought I read hope in his swarthy face. "Me tink so," he answered with Indian laconicism, but he bowed low upon his horse's neck and drove the spurs into his reeking sides.

Three—four miles were passed. Could our gallant mustangs cover the fifth and last? There was now but a confused medley of sounds behind us, the roaring, squealing, neighing, and rumbling—all mingled in one horrid din. The smoke-wreaths whirled around us, and we could not see how near the wild horses were. My eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets from the smarting heat, and my horse's breath was quick and labored as he staggered bravely on. Joe rode straight for the fording-place. Frank, and George, and I gave a cheer as the cool water splashed in our faces, and if ever mortal man was thankful we were thankful then. But the danger was not over. Although the wild horses, mad with terror, did not know, perhaps, of the nearness of water, they were blindly rushing the right way.

"Come!" commanded the half-breed, as he turned up the stream. We were still in sight of the ford when the horses reached it. Even in that moment of peril I felt keen regret and covetousness, as I gazed upon their proud beauty.

We drew under the overhanging bank and waited in breathless anxiety to see whether they would choose to go up the stream or down, knowing that instinct would teach them to keep to the water. One magnificent fellow tossed his silken mane in the air as he espied us, and stood there a second or two, the perfect picture of equine beauty, then with a snort of surprise and alarm dashed down the stream, followed by his comrades. Joe uttered an exclamation of thankfulness as they disappeared. Then there came a roar and a rush like that of a tornado, the long, red flames overhung the bank, almost reaching us as they drew back foiled of their prey, little puffs of smoke started on the other side, and soon the banks of Devil's run were covered with blackened, smoking cinders, while the fire, springing up anew, swept on in its work of destruction. Saved! It was an hour or more before we retraced our steps to the ford, and climbed the bank to the open prairie. As far as the eye could see, the brown level was changed to black, and, away over a rise of ground, we could see the billows of smoke as the fire rushed on.

"Camp burned now—grass gone—buffalo gone," said Joe, and he turned his horse's head toward the settlement. We reached it before another day. I was hungry, tired, and sore, but still mourning the loss of my buffalo robe. Joe could not be induced to try again, but would answer, as he puffed away at his old black pipe, and lazily watched the smoke curling above his head, "No grass—no buffalo. Come next year."—*Fred Small, Jr., in Chicago Times.*

Books for the Guest Chamber.

At one time I was staying in a house where the guest chamber contained among the furniture a little shelf of books. I have often thought of them since, with a wonder that more careful hostesses did not provide the same. Nights when I could not sleep, and mornings when I waited in my room for the breakfast bell, I dipped into the contents—a volume or two of poems, some short stories, and interesting travels comprised the whole—and I found not the least pleasant part of my visit in those quiet moments by the window which overlooked the great, old-fashioned garden. Any housekeeper could spare six or eight books from her library, and almost any guest would bless her for the thought. A little work-basket fully stocked; pen, ink, and paper ready to hand—the visitor cares nearly as much for these as for fresh towels and extra coverings. The golden rule, which is a guide to all branches of good housekeeping, as to all branches of all business, comes to one's aid here, and what we care most for in another's home we should endeavor to give the comer to our own.—*Ruth Hall in Good Housekeeper.*

Ex-Boss Shepherd of Washington City, who has been digging gold nuggets out of the ancient mines of Mexico for the last seven years, is soon to visit his old home. He is to have a reception worthy of a conqueror. Grateful citizens who appreciate the ability with which he improved and beautified the town are preparing a grand banquet. The fact that the boss squandered something like $20,000,000 in polishing up the place—one-third of which went into the pockets of ringsters and jobbers—has been forgotten. The grateful citizens only realize now that they have a pretty city, and they think that they owe the great improver something. But many an old taxpayer will keep away from the feast and the triumphal procession.—*New York Herald*

An Evening with "Pirates."

General Lew Wallace, late Minister to Turkey, and author of several popular novels, was telling me recently of some experiences in London which beautifully illustrate the relations of publishers and authors of this country and England. What he relates is a strong argument in favor of international copyright. Soon after coming to London about ten months ago," said General Wallace, "one of my novels of 'Ben Hur' was advertised by Messrs. F. Warne & Co as from the presses. They also advertised themselves as agents of the *Century* Company of this city, and I find by looking at the magazine that they are so recognized by the publishers here. Of course I knew I had no legal rights in England, but I was naturally curious to know something of the style in which the book was reproduced in England, the character of the house printing it, and something about the success which it had met with abroad. So I called at their place and asked a clerk if he had a novel called "Ben Hur." He handed me a copy, price two shillings, and I paid him for it.

I asked several questions which led naturally to the inquiry as to what sale the English edition had met with. The clerk told me that they had sold 2,000 copies in the past fortnight—a thousand a week. That was flattering, and I told him I was glad to hear it, as I was the author. "Indeed!" he exclaimed; and at the same moment he reached out and took back the volume he had sold me. He then asked me if I would not remain where I was for a moment. He disappeared, and returned in a moment without my book, but with a request that I would see the principals of the house. I was very glad to do so, and going into the private office I met two gentlemen who were introduced to me as members of the firm. My bought copy of my stolen book lay on the table, and I took it up in the course of the conversation which followed and glanced at it as we talked.

At first the conversation was pleasant enough, but glancing at the title-page I found that the subtitle had been changed from "A Tale of the Christ" to "The Days of Christ." That was annoying, and I asked who had authorized the change. The reply was that the publishers had done it to avoid hurting the sensibilities of religious readers in England. In other words, they had appropriated my property and had changed it to suit their own views of what its language and tone should be. "Have you made any other of these unauthorized changes?" I asked. "Well, we have omitted two of the tales told by one of the characters," answered the speaker of the firm. You can imagine I was getting warmed up by this time, and I spoke rather strongly. But the next discovery enraged me beyond measure. They had actually written up and inserted a preface to the novel. No, not a publisher's preface. It was without signature of any sort, and to the ordinary reader must have read it as if by the author. I have written no preface whatever. I demanded to know of them what they proposed to do in the way of remunerating me for taking and for altering my book. They promised to give the matter due consideration. That was ten months ago, and I have never heard from them."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How Husted Used the Gavel.

"I make no secret of acknowledging just where I learned to use the gavel," Gen. Husted went on to say. "It was in the Masonic lodge. I divulge no unrevealed mystery of the order when I say that the gavel is nowhere so supreme as in the Grand lodge. It is supremacy itself. To it the delegates bend as quickly as privates in a great army, as the members of every parliamentary or deliberative body should. I remember an incident in my career at Albany which is timely here. It is customary when the exigencies of business—as in the case of the election of regents of the university of the state of New York or United States senators—call the senate and assembly into joint session, for the lower to receive the upper house in its chamber. The courtesies and customs of these sessions demand that on the entrance of the senate the assembly shall rise. On several occasions before I first became speaker of the assembly, I had witnessed those ceremonies. I recalled the fact that in each case the speaker, when the senate was at the door, requested the assembly to rise. To my notion this was exceedingly undignified and reflected on the deportment of the assembly, who ought to know its duty as well as its presiding officer. Think how a gentleman would feel walking into a drawing-room to be told that he must not spit on the floor. I resolved that if I ever became speaker, and I am free to confess I had no doubt of it, things would be differently done. During my first term a joint session became necessary. The looked-for opportunity was at hand. On the day fixed and at the hour the sergeant-at-arms announced the arrival of the senate in the usual form. During the pause which followed I raised my gavel, and looking calmly at the house brought it down three times in succession. The next moment seventy-five men were on their feet, and naturally those who did not respond at once arose by inspiration. A single blow later on, when the senate was received, brought the whole assembly to a sitting posture. After adjournment an ex-speaker came to me to find out how it happened that the assembly arose without the usual request. 'I asked the members to rise,' I said. 'No,' my inquisitive predecessor said, 'you didn't, for not a word was said.' 'But,' I added, 'I made the usual request with my gavel. You heard the three blows?' 'Is that a Masonic sign?' he asked curiously. 'I did not say so,' was my response. The gavel at any rate had done the talking."—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.*

The largest and probably the oldest fig tree in the world, standing in the garden of the Capucin Monastery at Boscoff, is about to be sold. It was planted in 1621. Its branches cover a space of 484 square meters—sufficient to shelter 200 persons.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Facts of Interest, Gathered from Various Quarters.

—Hawkins & Sons, cotton spinners, of Preston, England, have failed. Liabilities £78,000.

—President Cleveland's message to Congress, read on the 8th inst., is generally regarded as an unusually able paper.

—Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, has been nominated for Vice-President by an Indiana clergyman of the Northern Methodist church.

—Gen. Don Carlos Buell, well known as Commander of the Army of the Ohio, has been appointed Pension Agent at Louisville, Ky.

—Nelson Stewart and Anderson Davis, colored, convicted of burglary, were hanged within the jail enclosure in Charlotte last Wednesday.

—At Northampton, Mass., Allen J. Adams, for the murder of Moses B. Dickinson, of Amherst, ten years ago, was sentenced last week to be hanged on March 12, 1886.

—At Akron, Ohio, last week, a sewer being constructed caved in, burying seven laborers. Four were crushed to death and the other three were fatally injured.

—The buildings of the Southern Illinois penitentiary at Chester, Ill., were badly damaged and some of the inmates seriously injured by a cyclone on Tuesday night, Nobody killed.

—The ten-year old daughter of James Dunn, of Xenia, Ill., died last week from trichinosis. It is said that two weeks ago the girl ate raw pork and that her death resulted therefrom.

—The house of Wesley Greer, at Cannonsburg, Pa., was blown up by natural gas Tuesday morning and the occupants, Greer and his wife and two children, severely but not fatally injured.

—The faculty of Vanderbilt University on Tuesday adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of the patron of the University, William H. Vanderbilt, and suspended exercises in the institution for one day.

—An explosion of natural gas occurred at the supply station of the Philadelphia Company, at Sandy Creek, Pa., last week. The explosion was followed by a fire which destroyed the building. No one was injured.

—Last Tuesday evening, at the crossing of the Texas Central Railway, at Bryan, Texas, the Rev. H. T. Wilson and two daughters were killed by an engine drawing a pay car. Their horses were killed and their wagon was demolished.

—A special to the Chattanooga *Times* says that W. D. Kellett, United States deputy marshal for the Northern district of Georgia, was waylaid on Lookout Mountain, thirty miles from Chattanooga, last week by moonshiners and murdered.

—Daniel McSweeney, the Irish "suspect," who loomed up in the last Presidential campaign, and has since haunted the Administration for reward, has at last received an inspectorship in the San Francisco Custom House, worth $1,800 a year. This place was created for him, but does not by any means come up to his ideas of what he ought to have had.

—The cases of the Louisville, Ky., Law and Order Club against the gamblers were on trial in the Circuit Court last week, and fifty indictments against eighteen local professional gamblers were indefinitely continued *in terrorem*, on the gamblers' confession of guilt and their promises never to engage in the gambling business again. Fines to the amount of $16,000 were assessed against the above gamblers.

—At Richmond, Va., last week, the caucus of the Democratic members of the General Assembly re-nominated the heads of State departments. The only change made was in the office of State treasurer, for which A. W. Harmon, of Ruckbridge county, was nominated in place of Isaac R. Barksdale, the present incumbent. The Hon. Jno. W. Daniel will succeed Riddleberger in the United States Senate.

THE annual address before the South Carolina Bar Association was delivered in the Hall of Representatives on Wednesday by the Hon. John Dillon, one of the most prominent and successful members of the New York bar. He delivered an address before the American Bar Association at Saratoga in 1881, which has been pronounced by competent judges all over the country as a masterpiece of learning. He is the author of work on municipal corporations, which is high authority both in England this country. The Association was fortunate in securing the services of so able a jurist.

THE grand jury have returned a true bill against the mayor of the city of New Orleans for extortion in office. In their report they say that the entire city government was found in a wretched condition, and that the police force, besides being insufficient for the service, are of very little protection to the inhabitants of the city. They advocate a general reform in the city affairs.

THE Virginia Senate has recently passed a joint resolution instructing their Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote for the Blair educational bill, or any other measure having for its purpose and object an appropriation for the benefit of the public schools of that and other States in common. They believe in a division of the surplus revenue of the Federal Government.

THE Democratic caucus of the Virginia Legislature has nominated the Hon. John W. Daniels for United States Senator over John S. Barbour by a vote of sixty-five to thirty-one. In him Virginia will find a true representative.

IT is rumored that neither Minister Pendleton nor his wife are satisfied with the German capital, and that he will soon forward his resignation to Washington and return to America.

Senator Evarts waxed facetious during his argument in the Hoyt will case. "Testimony has been introduced," said he, "showing that during his sickness Jesse Hoyt had suffered from a high-sounding disease which, in plain language, is the itch. We have been told that by reason of this itch Jesse Hoyt was incapable of making a will; that his mind was wrecked. If a man's mind is wrecked because he has the itch, what, I pray, will become of the great Scotch nation? Why, the thing goes by the board! John James Stephens once said of the Scotch: 'Every Scotchman is exiled from itch in the temple of fame!'"

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE R. R.

PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

On and after October 4th, 1885, Passenger Trains will run as herewith indicated upon this road and its branches:

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 53—Up Passenger.

Lv Columbia (C G D)	11 00 a m
Ar Alston	12 00 a m
Ar Newberry	1 03 p m
Ar Ninety-Six D	2 19 p m
Ar Hodges	3 21 p m
Ar Belton	4 27 p m
Ar Greenville	5 50 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Lv Greenville	10 00 a m
Ar Belton	11 21 a m
Ar Hodges	12 34 p m
Ar Ninety-Six	1 25 p m
Ar Newberry	3 12 p m
Ar Alston	4 12 p m
Ar Columbia	5 15 p m

SPARTANBURG, UNION AND COLUMBIA.

No. 53—Up Passenger.

Lv Alston	12 05 p m
Ar Union	2 47 p m
Ar Spart'g, S U & C depot	4 45 p m
Ar Spart'g, R & D Dep B	5 00 p m

No. 52—Down Passenger.

Lv Spart'g R & D Dep H	11 05 a m
Lv Spart'g S U & C Dep G	11 15 a m
Ar Union	1 12 p m
Ar Alston	4 05 p m

LAURENS RAILROAD.

Lv Helena	3 32 p m
Ar Laurens	6 30 a m
Lv Laurens	8 00 p m
Ar Helena	11 00 a m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Lv Hodges	3 45 p m
Ar Abbeville	4 45 p m
Lv Abbeville	11 00 a m
Ar Hodges	12 00 m

BLUE RIDGE AND ANDERSON BRANCH.

Lv Belton	4 32 p m
Ar Anderson	5 04 p m
Ar Seneca City	6 17 p m
Ar Walhalla	6 45 p m
Lv Walhalla	8 30 a m
Ar Seneca City	8 50 a m
Ar Anderson	10 27 a m
Ar Belton	11 02 p m

CONNECTIONS.

A. With South Carolina Railroad to and from Charleston; with Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad from Wilmington and all points north thereof; with Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad from Charlotte and all points north thereof.

B. With Asheville and Spartanburg from and for points in Western North Carolina.

C. Atlanta and Charlotte Division R. & D. R. R. for Atlanta and points South and West.

G. R. TALCOTT,
Superintendent.
M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agt.
D. CARDWELL, A. G. Pass. Agt.

MAGNOLIA PASSENGER ROUTE.

G. L. and S., A. and K., and P. R. and A. Railways.

In Effect September 27, 1885.

TIME 90th MERIDIAN—ONE HOUR SLOWER THAN C. & G. R. R. TIME.

GOING SOUTH—DAILY.

Lv Spartanburg	3 00 p m	7 10 a m
Lv Moore	3 27 p m	7 50 a m
Lv Woodruff	3 48 p m	8 25 a m
Lv Enoree	4 04 p m	8 51 a m
Lv Ora	4 20 p m	9 15 a m
Lv Laurens	4 38 p m	9 45 a m
Lv High Point	4 59 p m	10 19 a m
Lv Waterloo	5 10 p m	10 35 a m
Lv Coronaca	5 30 p m	11 50 a m
Ar Greenwood	5 50 p m	11 40 a m
Lv Greenwood	5 50 a m	2 00 p m
Ar Augusta	9 05 p m	6 52 p m
Ar Atlanta	7 00 a m	

GOING NORTH—DAILY.

Lv Atlanta	8 15 p m	
Lv Augusta	7 45 a m	8 10 a m
Ar Greenwood	11 00 a m	1 25 p m
Lv Greenwood	11 00 a m	2 05 p m
Ar Coronaica	11 20 a m	2 25 p m
Ar Waterloo	11 41 a m	2 55 p m
Ar High Point	11 53 a m	3 11 p m
Ar Laurens	12 14 p m	3 40 p m
Ar Ora	12 36 p m	4 10 p m
Ar Enoree	12 52 p m	4 44 p m
Ar Woodruff	1 09 p m	5 10 p m
Ar Moore	1 32 p m	5 45 p m
Ar Spartanburg	2 00 p m	6 25 p m

PORT ROYAL AND AUGUSTA RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH—DAILY.

Lv Augusta	11 30 a m	6 00 a m
Ar Beaufort	6 05 p m	5 25 p m
Ar Port Royal	6 20 p m	5 45 p m
Ar Charleston	6 00 p m	
Ar Savannah	7 00 p m	
Ar Jacksonville	8 55 a m	

GOING NORTH—DAILY.

Lv Jacksonville	7 20 p m	
Lv Savannah	7 30 a m	
Lv Charleston	7 35 a m	
Lv Port Royal	8 10 a m	5 15 a m
Lv Beaufort	8 22 a m	5 31 a m
Ar Augusta	2 00 p m	5 20 p m

Connections at Greenwood to and from points on Columbia and Greenville Railroad. At Spartanburg with Asheville & Spartanburg R. R., A. & C. Air-Line for points North. At Augusta with Georgia, South Carolina and Central Roads.

Tickets on sale at Laurens to all points at through rates. Baggage checked to destination.

E. T. CHARLTON, G. P. A.
J. N. BASS, Supt., Augusta, Ga.

AT GOODYEAR'S CARRIAGE REPOSITORY,

Can always be found a full line of Medium and Cheaper Grades of

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,

At lower prices than at any other house this side of Cincinnati. This work is all made to order, is lighter running and better finished than the class of work generally sold as standard Vehicles. But I have just received a full line of Fine Family

Carriages, Phætons and Cabriolets!

Just received, another shipment of those Fine Open and Top Buggies, made upon special orders by the best manufacturers North and East. Nothing being used in the construction of these Vehicles but the best materials, and in quality, style and finish, are unequaled by any others now in the market. In stock a full line of

SADDLES AND HARNESS,

All grades, which I will offer at lower prices than have ever before been known in the history of the business. Milburn, Studebaker and Standard Plantation Wagons, all sizes. Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather, Calf Skins, Shoe Findings, Carriage and Wagon Materials, Harness Leather, Belt Lacing of superior quality, Rubber and Leather Belting. Also, a full line of

HARDWARE,

Guns, Shells, Powder, Shot, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Plow Points for all makes, Nails, Axes, Hoes, Picks and Mattocks. Pitchforks, Shovels, Spades, Steelyards and Scale Beams, Grindstones, Rakes, Padlocks, Carpenters' Tools, Files, Hinges, Window Sash, Doors and Blinds, Farm and Church Bells, which I am offering at lowest cash prices.

A. R. GOODYEAR, AGENT,
(Successor to R. H. May & Co.,) at the Old Stand, opposite Georgia Railroad Bank, 704 Broad street.

BEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

AUGUST DORR,
TAILOR, HATTER
AND
FURNISHER,

Offer to the public at large, the largest and handsomest stock of Cloths, Cassimers, Montaignacs, Beavers, Worsteds, Meltons, etc., ever brought South. These will be made up into Suits, Overcoats, Trousers and Vests, at Prices Unprecedented in this or any other market. Perfection in fit, and handsomest trimmings, as well as Lowest of Prices shall be our motto.

Sole Agent for Dunlap, Knox, Youman's and other celebrated Hats.

Also, a thoroughly complete line of Underwear, Neckwear, Suspenders, Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, and undoubtedly the cheapest and best stock of Shirts in the city. The best $1.00 Shirt in the market.

The choicest stock of Overcoats in the market—our own make.

Wedding outfits a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed.

All of the above are offered to the public, and the prices guaranteed.

AUGUST DORR,
Tailor, Hatter and Furnisher, 718 Broad Street.

THEO. MARKWALTER,

Steam, Marble & Granite Works,

Manufacture all kinds of

Home & Eastern Granite Monuments,

529 Broad St., Near Lower Market,

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

THE CHEAPEST CARPETS IN GEORGIA.

Stock Larger, Prices Lower than Ever Before.

Carpets and House Furnishing Goods, the largest Stock South. Moquette, Brussels, 3-Ply and Ingrain Carpets, Rugs, Matting and Cloth Goods, Window Shades, Wall Papers, Borders, Lace Curtains, Cornices and Poles, Oil and Cloth Mattings, Upholstery, Chromos. ☞Write for samples and prices.

JAMES G. BAILEE & SONS Agts.,
Mar. 17, 1885.—15 714 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

THE LAURENS BAR.

JOHN C. HASKELL, Columbia, S. C. N. B. DIAL, Laurens, S. C.
HASKELL & DIAL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LAURENS C. H., S. C.

J. T. JOHNSON,
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