Practice What You Preach.

Tell me not of garbled sermons—
Eloquence of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits
Man from error to beguile.
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher,
With their praises long and loud;
But if God's appointed servants
Would their hearer's conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must practice what they preach.

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
That surround the path of youth,
Count as vain your time worn maxims,
And, to make your teaching sure,
Guide them not alone by precept,
But example, just and pure.
For, to shelter from the tempests
Sin's dark clouds would cast round each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must practice what you preach.

Teachers, if throughout your duties,
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by words, but by your actions,
Teach in all sincerity.
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive;
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe.
Then beware! lest by your actions,
Untrue principles you teach,
And forget not you must ever
Strive to practice what you preach.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

"Maurice! Maurice!"

She spoke the soft words twice before he heard her, with wistful eyes timidly turned to his face.

"What is it?"

"May I have the little gray ponies and ride out on the Templeton Road?"

"Ride out? No—yes—I wish you wouldn't tease me, Amy!"

He spoke harshly, shaking off her little hand as if its touch were unpleasant to him; and Amabel Tresley turned away, trying to repress the tears that sprang involuntarily to her eyes.

"He does not love me!" she thought. "Oh, if I knew but some spell to bring back the old fondness."

She went slowly out into the bright ante-room where the winter sunshine streamed through oleander boughs and swinging trails of passion-vine leaves (for the scene of our tale is in the United States;) and a great Newfoundland dog lay winking and blinking in the golden flood.

"Nero, you love me!" she murmured, throwing herself on the floor, with one arm around her canine favorite's neck.

She was only a child, this brown-eyed Amabel Tresley, not yet sixteen, and she looked more childlike than ever in her unconsciously picturesque attitude on the old rug, with the curls hanging loosely about her face, and the irrepressible quiver on her lips. But, all of a sudden, she glanced up with a scarlet blush as a shadow fell across the doorway.

A tall, fair-haired gentleman was standing there, with his hat in his hand, and an amused expression on his countenance.

"Pardon me for startling you, my dear little girl," he said, gently; "but I have called to see Mr. Tresley. Is he at home?"

Amabel stammered some incoherent sentence about the next room, and the stranger bowed and passed on.

Mrs. Tresley took her embroidery and sat down under the oleander boughs. As she threaded the hair-like needle, a loud, derisive laugh from the other room rang in her ears.

"Your wife? Nonsense, Tresley! That child?"

"I know I have been a fool!" returned her husband's voice, in a tone of annoyance and chagrin. "I was infatuated—mad—and now it is too late for repentance."

"Where did you meet with her?" asked the languid, softly-modulated voice.

"In New-Orleans—left an orphan at a great hotel by the death of her father, alone and unprovided for. One could not but pity her—"

"And pity is akin to love," laughed the stranger. "I understand your case completely, Tresley. But surely she's pretty enough to suit even your fastidious taste."

"A doll—a vapid, wearisome doll!" returned Tresley, impatiently. "And to think that I am tied to her for life!"

"Then why the deuce did you marry her?"

"I tell you, Rayner, I was infatuated with her brown eyes and golden hair; and now, when it is too late, I have discovered my mistake."

Amabel's dizzy senses comprehended the conversation no further. She had sat, silent and motionless, every word burning its imprint on her heart as if they had been live coals.

She sat there nearly an hour, with her head drooping on her breast, and her hands clasped idly on her knees. Finally she rose and went up stairs, with slow, languid steps. She had entered the room a child—she left it a hard, determined woman.

It was almost dark when Maurice Tresley came out of his library, to look for the little wife who delighted to trip on all his errands.

"Amabel! Amy!" But there was no response.

"Stephenson," he said to the smart maid who was replenishing the fire with coal, "go up to Mrs. Tresley's room and tell her that Mr. Rayner will stay to dinner."

Half a minute later Stephenson came back.

"She is not there, sir."

"Not there?"

"No, sir; and Mary Anne says she saw Mrs. Tresley go out, all wrapped up, two hours ago."

"Did she drive the gray ponies?"

"No, sir, she went on foot. And please, sir, here's a bit of paper I found on her dressing-case, with your name on the outside."

Tresley opened the note with a contracted brow. But there was something in the penciled lines that blanched his cheek.

"I know now that you are weary of me; had I known it before, you would sooner have been relieved of the burden of my presence. Forget me—and try to return to the old time before you ever saw

AMABEL."

That was all. Maurice Tresley smiled bitterly.

"A mere childish pet," he murmured. "She will be back, half-frightened out of her senses, as soon as it grows dark. It is unfortunate, however, that she should have overheard that unlucky conversation!"

* * * *

"It is of no use, sir," said the gray-haired emissary of the police, shaking the snow from his great-coat. "We have inquired everywhere, but the clue fails us at the boat-landing. But excuse me, sir, was Mrs. Tresley easy in her mind when she left your house?"

Maurice winced a little.

"No—I hardly think she was."

"Did you ever think there might be a remote possibility of suicide!"

Maurice Tresley started at the awful possibility so coolly touched upon by the matter-of-fact detective; and when the door had closed behind his horrible equanimity, Tresley sank on a chair, with his face buried in both hands.

"My wife—my little soft-eyed Amy! I have been cruel, harsh—I deserve no better than that Heaven should deal with me as I dealt with the lonely orphan. Oh, my lost wife! art thou safe in Heaven, or wandering homeless on the face of the cruel earth?

* * * *

When the child Amabel had left her husband's roof, she had directed her footsteps to the high road that led to the steamboat landing, but she was just too late; the boat had gone.

"Where shall I go to now?" she asked herself, trying in vain to command her whirling thoughts. "Perhaps I can walk to Burghford, and then take the train to New-York."

"Poor Amabel! She soon realized the wide difference there was between driving over the road with her pet gray ponies and plodding its weary length on foot. It was growing dark—her head ached violently, and finally she paused abruptly.

"Bless your dear heart, Mrs. Tresley, what are you doing here?"

An old woman, with a bundle of sticks on her arm, suddenly accosted her.

"I think I have lost my way, Mrs. Jessup," said the bewildered little creature. "Would you let me come in and rest for awhile?"

"And welcome, pretty," said the old woman, cordially; for Mrs. Tresley had done her many a kind deed. "That is, if you don't mind a little up-side-down-ishness, for Luke's folks are packed up to start for Australia to-morrow, and I was just getting together a little wood to boil the last tea-kettle."

Amabel sat down before the fire, mechanically warming her hands.

"Am I near Burghford, Mrs. Jessup?"

"Burghford, pretty? No, that you ain't! Chelmburgh is nearer by a good half mile."

"Yes, I know. Does the train stop there?"

"Yes, honey. Here, now—drink this cup o' tea, and eat a bit o' bread, just to put a color into your cheek."

"Mrs. Jessup," said Amabel, looking up with wild, wistful eyes, "what do people do when they want to earn their own living?"

"Well, to be sure!" ejaculated the old woman. "Why, honey, they go out to service sometimes."

"And what else?"

"Well, they work in a factory sometimes, and sometimes the book-learned ones teach school; and sometimes they take in sewing."

"Do you know what time the train stops at Chelmburgh, Mrs. Jessup?"

"Some time after six, dear; but—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Jessup; I must go now."

"Wait till Luke comes back, honey," coaxed the old woman, "and he'll go with you."

Amabel Tresley shook her head resolutely.

"No, I must go alone. You have been very kind to me, Mrs. Jessup; I have no money to give you, not even a ring, but this handkerchief is very valuable; please keep it for my sake!"

And before Goody Jessup could open her mouth to remonstrate, Mrs. Tresley was gone, leaving the India handkerchief lying like a snowy cobweb on the old woman's horny palm.

And so, months afterward, when news came that the stately Australian ship was wrecked off a cruel coast, and not a passenger saved alive, the cobweb handkerchief, floating to the shore, formed a ghastly link between the dead and the living.

Detective Barnum brought it to Maurice Tresley one night, silent and self-possessed as ever.

"From the wreck of Cytherea, sir!"

Maurice stared at the delicate embroidery, with Amabel Tresley's name in the wrought shield as if he had seen a ghost.

"The Cytherea! Good Heaven! and there was not a soul saved?"

"No, sir."

From that night Maurice wore crape on his hat, and genuine mourning in his heart, for the child-wife whom he had lost.

* * * *

Ten years have passed by ere we again take up the thread of our story.

The young moon was just beginning to glimmer through the purple blue sky of the mid-summer twilight, as Maurice Tresley and Sidney Wilford paced up and down the marble-paved terrace.

"So you like Mrs. Cameron?" said the latter.

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever looked upon!" returned Tresley, stopping short in his enthusiasm. "Wilford, you know the sad history of my first marriage; the second, I trust, will bring the happiness I so long sighed after in vain." "And you are determined to marry your aunt's nursery governess?"

"If she will trust the precious jewel of her life to my care."

"Why, Tresley, I think the brown-eyed widow has fairly bewitched you. You, the passionless statue of ice—you, finally, to succumb to the pale face and solemn eyes of a nursery governess!"

"I tell you, Wilford," said Tresley, in low, vehement accents, "that woman has stolen my heart away—my whole being!—and if she rejects my suit, life's sunshine will be gone for ever, as far as I am concerned."

He turned away and went into the house, leaving Sidney Wilford to marvel at his leisure.

Mrs. Cameron was sitting by the shaded light of a softly burning lamp, with a volume open on the table before her, but she was not reading. Very tall, but perfectly molded, with superb dark eyes, and hair whose natural wave caught ripples of light at every motion of the beautiful head.

She looked up as Mr. Tresley entered, and in spite of her resolute self-control, a scarlet tide suffused her pale, lovely face. The moment had come, to which she had looked forward for so many years! She read it in his face as plainly as though he had spoken the words, "I love you!"

Well, it was over. Maurice Tresley had asked her to be his wife, and she had said "Yes." And still she shrank away from the fond clasp of his hand—the deep words of tenderness that welled spontaneously from his inmost being.

"My love! the light has dawned at last upon my heart. I am happy now!"

The wedding was over, with its glimmer of orange flowers and soft rustle of sunny silk. Mr. Tresley was standing in the centre of a group of congratulatory friends, while his wife had gone up stairs to change her bridal dress for a more suitable travelling costume, when his valet brought him a folded note. Excusing himself in a few brief words, he stepped into the deserted library to read the missive whose superscription sent a strange thrill to his heart. It contained but a few lines, in the peculiar cramped chirography of the woman he had once called "wife."

"Maurice—I have come back to you. I am waiting in the little room by the south gable, for you to welcome me once more to your heart. AMABEL."

As if a thunderbolt had descended on his unconscious head, Maurice Tresley sank white and aghast on a sofa, with both hands clasped over his eyes.

Then he arose, and went, with the staggering, uncertain motion of a blind man, into the room indicated by the note.

It was empty, as yet—and he leaned against the mantel, sick and dizzy. Amabel alive—Amabel come back to part him from the idolized wife he had just acquired the privilege to call his own! Oh, better death and oblivion—better the blessed rest of the grave!

"Maurice!"

He started. Alice Cameron was standing before him, with her pitying eyes full upon his face.

"Maurice—my husband!"

"No: your husband, Alice! Oh, my beautiful, my beloved, must I give you up now?"

"Maurice!" She had nestled close to him, with almost passionate earnestness. "Oh, Maurice, am I so changed? Have you forgotten Amabel! Oh, pardon the stratagem by which I have at last gained your love!"

"But—Amabel is dead!"

"The Amabel of years ago *is* dead—but the Amabel of the present stands before you! Maurice, do you love me *now?*"

Yes, he loved her now—she saw it in every glance of his eye, every motion of his lip!

Twice wooed—twice married—a widow, yet a wife—a bride, yet no bride, Amabel Tresley knew that a new life was opening before her whose sunshine should never know cloud nor shadow more!

Husband and Wife.

In his chapter on the relations of husbands and wives, Mr. Alger has a passage so admirable, and introduces also a quotation from Chateaubriand, which has always seemed to us so unrivaled for truthfulness, that we quote a few passages:

Let a husband be the true and pure guardian of his family, laboring always to adorn himself with the god-like gems of wisdom, virtue, and honor; let him bear himself in relation to his wife with gracious kindness towards her faults, with grateful recognition of her merits, with steady sympathy for her trials, with hearty aid for her better aspirations, and she must be of a vile stock if she does not revere him and minister unto him with all the graces and sweetness of her nature.

Let a wife in her whole intercourse with her husband try the efficacy of gentleness, purity, sincerity, scrupulous truth, meek and patient forbearance, an invariable tone and manner of deference, and if he is not a brute he can not help respecting her and treating her kindly, and in nearly all instances he will end by loving her and living happily with her.

But if he is vulgar and vicious, despotic, reckless, so as to have no devotion for the august prizes and incorruptible pleasures of existence; if she is an unappeasable termagent, or a petty warrior, so taken up with trifling annoyances that, wherever she looks "the blue rotunda of the universe sinks into a housewifery room;" if the presence of each acts as a morbid irritant on the nerves of the other, to the destruction of comfort and the lowering of self-respect, and the draining away of peace and strength, their companionship must infallibly be a companionship in wretchedness and loss.

The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.

No affection, save friendship, has any sure eternity in it. Friendship ought, therefore, always to be cultivated in love itself, as its only certain guard and preservative, not less than as the only sufficing substitute in its absence. A couple joined by love without friendship walk on gunpowder with torches in their hands. Shall I venture to depict the sad decay which love naturally suffers, and the redemptive transformation which it sometimes undergoes? I will do it by translating a truthful and eloquent passage from Chateaubriand:

"At first our letters are long, vivid, frequent. The day is not capacious enough for them. We write at sunset; at moonrise we trace a few more lines, charging its chaste and silent light to hide our thousand desires. We watch for the first peep of dawn to write what we believe we had forgotten to say in delicious hours of our meeting. A thousand vows cover the paper, where all the roses of Aurora are reflected; a thousand kisses are planted on the words, which seem born from the first glance of the sun. Not an idea, an image, a reverie, an accident, a disquietude, which has not its letter. Lo! one morning, something almost imperceptible steals on the beauty of this passion. Like the first wrinkle on the front of an adored woman. "The breath and perfume of love expire in these pages of youth as an evening breeze dies upon the flowers. We feel it, but are unwilling to confess it. Our letters become fewer and shorter, are filled with news, with descriptions, with foreign matters; and, if any thing happens to delay them, we are less disturbed. On the subject of loving and being loved, we have grown reasonable. We submit to absence without complaint. Our former vows prolong themselves; here are still the same words, but they are dead. Soul is wanting in them. I love you, is merely an expression of habit, a necessary form, the I have the honor to be of the love letter. Little by little the style freezes where it inflamed. The post day no longer eagerly anticipated—is rather dreaded; writing has become a fatigue.

"We blush to think of the madness we have trusted to paper, and wish we could recall our letters and burn them. What has happened? Is it a new attachment which begins where the old ends? No; it is love dying in advance of the object loved. We are forced to own that the sentiments of man are subject to a hidden process; the fever of time, which produces lassitude, also dissipates illusion, undermines our passions, withers our loves, and changes our hearts, even as it changes our looks and our years. There is but one exception to this human infirmity. There sometimes occurs in a strong soul a love firm enough to transfer itself into impassioned friendships, so as to become a duty, and appropriate the qualities of virtue. Then neutralizing the weakness of nature, it acquires the immortality of a principle."

HEAVEN.—A living divine says: "When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great, shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white, tenuous angels, who were strangers to me. By-and-by my little brother died; I thought of a great city made with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in that time.

"Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his Grandparent—God—that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

THE BENEFITS OF USING TEA.—The Boston Journal of Chemistry publishes a lengthy article on the properties of tea, in the course of which the writer says that it is no matter of wonder with him that the brain workers, in all the years since tea was introduced, have regarded it with the highest favor. It has a power to subdue irritability, refresh the spirits, and renew the energies, such as is possessed by no other agent. When the system of man is exhausted by labor or study, a cup of tea reinvigorates and restores as no other form of food or beverage can. He thinks it promotive of longevity, and adds:

"Tea saves food by lessening the waste of the body, soothes the vascular system, and affords stimulus to the brain. The young do not need it, and it is worthy of note that they do not crave or like it. Children will frequently ask for coffee, but seldom for tea. To aged people, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have to fall together, it is almost a necessity.

A Clergyman in this city, catechizing the youth of his church, put a question from a catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and death?" The girl smiled but did not answer. The clergyman insisted.

"Well," said she, "since I must tell you, it is a young man that lives down on South-Broad street."

A "Farmer," writing for the Cultivator, gives it as the result of fifteen years experience, on the part of himself and others, that salting wheat is a better prevention of weevil that sunning. He uses half a pound of salt to each bushel, mixing it in as he stores it in boxes. He also says that this method will preserve the weight and full size of wheat for years.

10,000 Yards

WHITE

GOODS,

REDUCED

25 Per Cent.

THIS WEEK!

Consisting of

PLAID SWISS,
PLAIN JACONET
SATIN STRIPE SWISS,
PLAID JACONET,
PLAIN SWISS
STRIPE JACONET,
5-4 SOFT FINISH CAMBRIC,
NAINSOOKS
PLAID NAINSOOK,
INDIA MULLS,
STRIPE NAINSOOK,
TAPE CHECKS,
VICTORIA LAWN,
TAPE STRIPES,
BISHOP LAWN,
INDIA TWILLED LONG CLOTH,
40 INCH PILLOW CASE LINEN,
HUCKABACK TOWELS,
DAMASK TOWELS,
COTTON DIAPER,
BIRD'S EYE DIAPER
BRILLIANTS,
PIQUE CLOTH,
NOTTINGHAM LACE, for Curtains.

JAMES A. GRAY & CO.,
228 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
June 9 tf 24

State of South Carolina,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT.
IN EQUITY.

Z. W. Carwile, Ex'or., vs Wm. B. Moragne.

BY virtue of an Order of the Court in this cause, all and singular the Creditors of WILLIAM C. MORAGNE, dec'd., are required to present and prove their demands before me on or before the 20th day of August next.

Parties who purchased property at the sale of the Estate of said deceased, have leave to introduce testimony before me to show the true value of the same at the time of the purchase.

A. J. NOKRIS,
Special Referee.
June 23, 1868. 9t 26

State of South Carolina,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT,
IN EQUITY.

Peleriah Williams, William Holston, Adlors., vs Elizabeth Holston, J. M. Lott and wife and others. } Marshal Assets.

BY virtue of an Order of the Court in this cause, all and singular the Creditors of HIRAM HOLSTON, dec'd., are required to prove their Claims before the Commissioner of this Court on or before the first Monday in August next.

Parties who purchased property at the sale of the said Deceased, have leave to introduce testimony before the Commissioner of this Court to show the true value of the same at the time of the purchase, and to settle their indebtedness on the basis so established.

Z. W. CARWILE, C.E.E.D.
June 23, 1868. 6t 26

GRAY & TURLEY,

Augusta, Ga.

One Dollar and a Half
Will buy a dozen fine Tape Bordered Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS, this week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

One Dollar and Three Quarters
Will buy a dozen Superfine Tape Bordered Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS, this week at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

Two Dollars and a Half
Will buy a dozen superior quality of Irish Linen Cambric Tape Bordered HANDKERCHIEFS, this week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

Two Dollars and Three Quarters
Will buy a dozen fine Linen Cambric Hemstitched HANDKERCHIEFS, this week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

Three Dollars and a Half
Will buy a dozen very fine Hemstitched Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS, this week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

Four Dollars and a Half
Will buy a dozen extra super. Hemstitched Linen Cambric HANDKERCHIEFS, this week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

Handkerchiefs for the Million,
This week, at GRAY & TURLEY'S; prices ranging from One Dollar and Fifty Cents to the very finest Auction Jobs, at great sacrifice.

Great Bargains from Auction,
Black Silks, Colored GRENADINE, MUSQUITOENET LACE, Embroidered White MUSLINS, EMBROIDERED EDGING, INSERTION BANDS, &c., at GRAY & TURLEY'S.

SWISS EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS. Job lot from auction at prices unheard of before. GRAY & TURLEY.

JACONETS, EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS. Job lots from auction. GRAY & TURLEY.

SATIN NAIL HEADS AND BUTTONS. All new styles for trimming dresses. GRAY & TURLEY.

CORSETS, HOOPSKIRTS. New styles, at low prices. GRAY & TURLEY.

FANS IN VARIETY. Magic, Willow, Chip, Paper, Linen and Silk. Very extensive assortment. Wholesale and retail. GRAY & TURLEY.

LADIES' PAPER COLLARS AND CUFFS. In great variety. Cheap. GRAY & TURLEY.

DRESS GOODS—NOVELTIES. We are constantly receiving novelties in dress goods. We have now unusual attractions in this department. GRAY & TURLEY.

RIBBONS, BUTTONS AND BRAIDS. All new styles, for trimming ladies' dresses. GRAY & TURLEY.

HERNANI FOR SHAWLS. Double width, fine quality, both white and black. GRAY & TURLEY.

LIGHT SPRING CASSIMERES. For Men and Boys, in variety. GRAY & TURLEY.

REAL NOTTINGHAM LACES. For Window Curtains. Unheard of Bargains. GRAY & TURLEY.

MARSEILLES AND ALHAMBRA QUILTS. In great variety, and very low. GRAY & TURLEY.

TOILET SOAPS. Of celebrated Makers. New stock. GRAY & TURLEY.

DONAMARIA AND BAREGE FOR VEILS. Blue, Green, Brown, Purple, Black. New Shades. GRAY & TURLEY.

GENTLEMEN'S VESTS AND DRAWERS. All sizes. GRAY & TURLEY.

GENTLEMEN'S PAPER COLLARS. Wholesale and Retail. GRAY & TURLEY.

TABLE DAMASKS. Another full Supply of Bleached and Brown. GRAY & TURLEY.

NAPKINS AND DOYLIES. 5-8, 3-4, 7-8. From cheap to very fine. GRAY & TURLEY.

TOWELS AND TOWELING. Red and Blue Bordered, Fringed and Unfringed. GRAY & TURLEY.

PARIS EMBROIDERED ROBES, entirely new styles, exclusively our own, and not to be had in any other house in the city. GRAY & TURLEY.

BLACK AND WHITE HERMANIE,—extra quality of White and Black Hermanie, full two yards wide for Shawls. GRAY & TURLEY.

FRENCH PRINTED BRILLIANTS, rich and beautiful in design and perfectly fast colors, just opened. GRAY & TURLEY.

BLEACHED AND BROWN DAMASK—Irish, German, and Barnsby Damask, in great variety, at very low prices. GRAY & TURLEY.

BISHOP AND VICTORIA LAWNS, in great variety to-day. GRAY & TURLEY.

Augusta, Mar 24

JACONET AND CAMBRIC MUSLINS, very cheap. GRAY & TURLEY.

NAINSOOK AND INDIA MULL, Plain, Striped and Checked. Just received. GRAY & TURLEY.

SWISS AND SWISS MULL, just opened. GRAY & TURLEY.

PARASOLS IN GREAT VARIETY—Gold Shower, Silver Shower, Medallion Beaded, Gro Grain Crape, Foulard, &c. GRAY & TURLEY.

LADIES' GAUZE UNDERVESTS. All sizes GRAY & TURLEY.

SPRING COLORS KID GLOVES. Fresh stock. GRAY & TURLEY.

LENGES AND CAMELOTS, a beautiful goods in new colors, for ladies' dresses. GRAY & TURLEY.

GRANITE LUSTRES, CHECKED POPLINS, FANCY CHALLIES, MELANGES, JASPER CLOTHS, all new styles. GRAY & TURLEY.

WHITE AND BLACK CRAPE MARETZ,—two yards wide for Shawls. GRAY & TURLEY.

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, LONG CLOTH, PILLOW CASING, COUNTERPANES. GRAY & TURLEY.

BLACK CHALLIES, of the following classification: Extra, Super, Extra Super and Sublime. Just received. GRAY & TURLEY.

Pink, Buff, Blue and Purple CHALLIES, Super, Extra Super and Sublime qualities. Just received. GRAY & TURLEY.

Plaid and Checked Patent POPLINS, in beautiful colors. Just received. GRAY & TURLEY.

Plain French LAWNS, in Bluff, Pink, Blue and Green. Just opened. GRAY & TURLEY.

Printed ORGANDIES and MUSLINS, in great variety. GRAY & TURLEY.

CRAPE MARETZ and GRENADINES, in plain colors. Great variety. GRAY & TURLEY.

White ALAPACA and LUSTRE, from cheap to very fine. Just opened. GRAY & TURLEY.

TRIMMING RIBBONS, in great variety. Just received. GRAY & TURLEY.
Augusta, Mar 24 tf 18

Blue, Bluff, Pink and Green CHAMBREYS, and French CAMBRICS. Just opened. GRAY & TURLEY.

Toilet Soaps and Perfumeries!

JUST received a LARGE and COMPLETE assortment TOILET SOAPS from the celebrated Factory of Colgate & Co. Also,
LUBIN'S EXTRACTS for the Handkerchief,
" POWDER for the Toilet,
FRENCH RICE FLOUR for the Toilet.
For sale very low by
THOS. W. CARWILE,
At Sign Golden Mortar.
Apr 27 tf 18

Bread! Bread! Bread!

I have just received DREW'S YEAST or BAKING POWDERS—the Best ever made. For sale very low by
THOS. W. CARWILE,
At Sign Golden Mortar.
April 1 tf 14

New Drug Store!

THE Undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends that he has just received an ENTIRE NEW AND FRESH STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.,

At the Old Stand under Masonic Hall, where he will constantly on hand full Stocks of everything in the Drug line.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call at the Old Stand.

Terms reasonable.

T. J. TEAGUE, Agt.
May 12 tf 20

ICE! ICE!

JUST received at the SALUDA HOUSE, one of the best assortments of

Pure Old Liquors, Wines, &c.,

Ever introduced into this market.

ICE ALWAYS ON HAND. Families supplied at reasonable rates.
May 13 1m 20

O'DOWD & MULHERIN,

Grocers

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCH'TS,

No. 283 Broad Street,

Augusta, Georgia.

A FULL STOCK OF CHOICE GROCERIES ALWAYS ON HAND.

Prompt Attention given to CONSIGNMENTS and ORDERS.
Augusta, Feb 24 3m 9

At The FREDERICKSBURG STORE,

THE Subscriber begs leave to remind his friends throughout Edgefield District, that he is still at the famous FREDERICKSBURG STORE Augusta, Ga., on the Corner below the Planters Hotel, where he is ever ready to welcome them, and exhibit to them ALL KINDS AND QUALITIES of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, and to offer them the MOST ADVANTAGEOUS BARGAINS.

He will consider it a privilege at all times to see and serve his Edgefield friends at the Fredericksburg Store.

GEORGE TONEY.
Augusta, Apr 13 3m 16

Hail!

Ye Old Customers!

I TAKE THIS METHOD of announcing to you that I am still at my old stand, where I am conducting the same old line of business, which comprises the usual assortment of

SHELF AND HEAVY

HARDWARE & CUTLERY.

ALSO,

Tin Ware,

Which I manufacture in all its Styles and Patterns.

WOOD WARE,

A large assortment, such as Buckets, Tubs and Pails.

COOKING AND HEATING Stoves.

Among which are the justly famous Cook Stoves "DIXIE," "SUMTER," "GOOD SAMARITAN," "SOUTHERN STATES" and "FIRE SIDE." These Stoves are adapted to Southern Housekeepers, and there should be one in every family in order to facilitate and make Cooking easy.

Call and make a close inspection of the Goods and Prices before you go further.

I am not paying $2000 a year for rent of Store as many others are. Bear this in mind, as these expenses are not to be added to prices paid by you.

WM. HILL,
HAMBURG, S. C.
Oct 6 tf 41

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

OF

ALL DESCRIPTIONS

AT

PLATT BROTHERS,

(FORMERLY C. A. PLATT & CO.,)

214 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

WE HAVE and are constantly receiving the best assortment of FURNITURE that has ever been in this market.

ROSEWOOD PARLOR SUITS,
MAHOGANY PARLOR SUITS,
CHAMBER AND COTTAGE SUITS,
BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS,
CHAIRS, SOFAS, TETE-A-TETE,
CENTRE TABLES,
SIDEBOADS,
EXTENSION TABLES, of all lengths.

We particularly call the attention of purchasers to our SOLID WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS for Beauty, Durability and Cheapness.

Our Manufacturing Department

Is still in operation. Special Orders will be promptly attended to. REPAIRS DONE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Upholstering Department.

HAIR CLOTH, ENAMELLED CLOTH, REPS, TERRY and SPRINGS, and all articles suitable for Manufacturers, which we offer at Low Prices.

Window Shades.

A large Stock of WINDOW SHADES, of every style and pattern, from the Cheapest to the Finest, with all the New Style Fixtures.

Undertaker's Department,

Superintended by a competent man. COFFINS, of all Descriptions and Quality. METALIC CASES and CASKETS, of the most improved styles, furnished at all hours during the Day or Night.

UNDERTAKERS can be supplied with TRIMMINGS.
Augusta, Oct 23 6m 43

State of South Carolina,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT,
IN ORDINARY.

Pleasant D. King and Sarah, his wife, et al, Applicant, vs. Artemus Holson and wife et al, Defendants. } Petition for Partition of Real Estate.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Joseph B. that Joseph B. Talley, Alvin McDaniel and Permelia his wife, John Bussey, Thomas J. Bussey, Dempsey Bussey and Augustus Cofer, Defendants in the above case, are absent from and reside beyond the limits of this State, It is ordered that they do appear in my Office and object to the sale of the Real Estate of Nancy Talley, dec'd., within three months from the date hereof, or their consent will be entered of record.

W. F. DURISOE, O. E. D.
Mar 28, 1868 3m 15

Meal! Meal!

JUST Received TWENTY BUSHELS GOOD FRESH MEAL.

From this date, I will keep constantly on hand a good supply of MEAL.

S. H. MANGET
Mar tf13 24

DON'T FAIL TO TRY THE CELEBRATED SOUTHERN TONIC, PANKNIN'S HEPATIC BITTERS, an unfailing remedy for all Diseases of the Digestive Organs and the Liver. For sale by all Druggists.

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BREAD! BREAD! BREAD!

Bread the Staff of Life!

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL—OLD AND YOUNG

NO MORE BAD BREAD.

NO EXCUSE FOR ANYBODY.

EVERYBODY can now have Nice, Light, Sweet, Nutritious Bread. Housekeepers and Heads of Families are informed, that they can now obtain what they have long needed; viz: a YEAST OR BAKING POWDER, that will always give satisfaction and NEVER FAIL. You can get this by asking your Grocer for

Drew's Infallible Baking Powder.

Not like the ordinary Hop Yeast, which has to be put in the Flour, and takes all night to Raise it, but with DREWS INFALLIBLE BAKING POWDER, you can put it right in your Flour, and FIFTEEN MINUTE'S time is all that is required to make delicious Tea, Batter and Buckwheat Cakes, Corn-bread, Biscuit and every description of Pastry. While this Baking Powder not only is the cheapest, it is also the BEST and HEALTHIEST preparation of the kind ever made for Culinary purposes, and cannot be excelled in quality by any other Manufacturers, in this country or elsewhere.

The Eating of Hot Bread or Biscuits made with this preparation, causes no flatulence, or other injurious effects, and is particularly recommended to Dyspeptics. It is made from a vegetable preparation of perfect purity, and of Snowy Whiteness.

More Bread of the finest quality can be made from a Barrel of Flour, by using this Baking Powder than by any other process yet known.

Full directions accompany each Box.

For Sale by Grocers everywhere. The Trade supplied by the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, the

DREW MANUFACTURING CO.,
218 Fulton Street, New York.

Don't forget the Name, but ask for DREW'S INFALLIBLE BAKING POWDER.

For sale at Edgefield, S. C., by THOS. W. CARWILE.
Feb 12 3m(M. A. M.) 7

Toothache Instantly Cured!

BY USING

DR. HALL'S LONDON ANODYNE.

THIS GREAT TOOTHACHE CURE has the endorsement of the London Medical Faculty, and will NEVER FAIL TO CURE THE MOST DESPERATE CASE OF TOOTHACHE. While it acts instantaneously upon the nerves affected and gives immediate relief, there is nothing in its composition in the slighest degree to injure the finest set of teeth.

Do not throw your money away, and have your teeth extracted by dentists because they ache you, but CURE YOURSELF by using Hall's Anodyne for the Cure of Toothache. For sale by all first-class Druggists, or by

DR: EDWARD HALL,
36 John St., New York.

Messrs. J. WINCHESTER & CO., 36 John street, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale at Edgefield, S. C., by THOS. W. CARWILE.
Price 25 Cents.
Feb 12 6m(M. A. A.) 7

DENNIS' SARSAPARILLA!

THE PUREST AND THE BEST!

FOR DISEASES OF THE LIVER, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, OR PURIFYING THE BLOOD!

For sale by the Druggists.
Aug 28 tf 35

NOTICE TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS!

SUNDAY SCHOOLS can be supplied with the following Books, AT COST, by applying at the Store of B. C. BRYAN, Edgefield C. H.

S. S. Celebration Hymns,
New Sunday-School Primer,
Infant Class Question Book,
Little Lessons for Little People,—Part I.
Little Lessons for Little People,—Part II.
Brief Catechism of Bible Doctrine.
Child's Question Book on the Four Gospels,—Part I.
Child's Question Book on the Four Gospels,—Part II.
Questions on the Four Gospels,—with Harmony,—for Bible Classes.
The Psalmist.
The Psalmody.
Notes on the Gospels.
Malcom's Bible Dictionary.
Child's Scripture Question Book.
Bibles and Testaments.
"Kind Words,"—S. S. Paper, monthly, at $1 for 10 Copies.

Any Books needed by Teachers, or religious Books desired by any persons, will be procured at short notice, and supplied at Cost by the undersigned.

Testaments and Catechisms given to those who are not able to buy, when application is made through any S. S. Teacher known to B. C. Bryan, Agent of the Depository.

For any information, address
L. R. GWALTNEY, Chair.
Ex. Board of Edgefield Association.
Nov 20 tf 47

Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.

JUST received a lot of FISK'S CELEBRATED METALLIC BURIAL CASES—of the latest styles.

Also, on hand, of my own manufacture and finish, a beautiful assortment of MAHOGANY, WALNUT, POPLAR and PINE COFFINS.

All of which I am selling at LOW FIGURES, and STRICTLY FOR CASH.

M. A. MARKERT,
Next door to Advertiser Office.
Jan 16 tf 2

State of South Carolina,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT,
IN EQUITY.

James A. Devore, Ad'or., vs Susan Lanham, et al. } Bill to Marshal Assetts, &c.

BY Virtue of an Order of the Court in this case, the Creditors of JAMES M. LANHAM, dec'd., are required to present and prove their claims before the Commissioner on or before the 15th day of July next, or in default thereof be barred the benefit of the decree to be pronounced herein.

Z.