So Goes the World.

Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away,
And things which seem the life of life,
Are taken from us day by day;
And yet through all the busy streets
The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng,
The puppets play, the showman calls,
And gossips chat the whole day long,
And so the world goes on!

Our little dramas come to naught;
Our lives may fall, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness,
Our firmest castle fall to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars, unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on!

The horse grows sad that once was gay;
The dear ones seek their blessed home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come;
And yet the sunlight flecks the floor,
And makes the Summer shadows throng;
The rosebuds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on!

And God goes on, and with our woe,
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace,
Guarding within his heart of hearts,
Our days of pain, our days of ease.
He marks them all—the sad, the glad, the leaves,
The dancer's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—His children all—
Through all the great eternal years,
And so, thank God, the world goes on!

Watching.

"My poor Annie!" said Dick Bowen, pityingly, looking down, from his station at the mantel, upon his cousin Annie, who was curled in a big armchair.

"Why am I poor Annie?" she asked, rather impatiently.

"Because you are 'building castles in the air,' forgetting that 'hearts are broken, heads are turned,' with such employment."

Annie tapped her foot in annoyance, bit her lip, settled herself comfortably, adjusted her bracelets, held her "solitaire" up to the light, and delivered herself of the following:

"Say no more, Dick. You could not shake my faith in *his* faith any more than—than——"

"Than I can get up faith in him myself. Put it that way, Annie, and I'll agree with you. Now, I'm going to tell you something unflattering. That man is on a grand speculation, and *you* are to be one of the joint stock company, depend on it. Frank Holst is a villain—a scamp!"

"You shan't say such words to *me*, Dick!" she cried, rising, her tiny figure stretched to its utmost limit, in wrath. Large tears stood in her pretty eyes, and her voice trembled. At this interesting juncture the door opened, and a servant announced, "Mr. Holst." They both started in confusion. Annie ran forward, and seized her lover's hand in a passion of tears.

Dick, his forces routed, flag trailing, and the foe triumphant, made a haughty bow and an ignominious retreat, and, going to his own apartment, he apostrophised Mr. Holst in a very naughty manner.

* * * *

Dick Bowen had long cherished a weakness for his cousin Annie, but was never quite able to make up his mind that a poor man can defy the world and marry an heiress. Annie had always consulted his wishes and tastes in everything, and he fancied she guessed his feelings; but now an intruder had appeared on the scene—the golden opportunity had slipped by—his royalty neared the final gasp. He was morally convinced that Holst was a scamp, and his cousin's property, in her own hands, made her an easy victim. "Women are *so* irrepressible!" he sighed.

* * * *

"Aunt Jessica says you want to marry me yourself," sobbed Annie, one day on the piazza, after being informed again that her fortune was the attraction. "I wonder if *he* is any more mercenary than *you?*"

"I never asked you to marry me," said Richard, dejectedly. "If I had, Annie, what would you have done?"

This was a poser. Annie "didn't know, was glad he hadn't, hoped he wouldn't," etc.; while Dick was calling himself bad-names for not having put himself in the position to sing baritone to her. Finding the pause disagreeable, Annie pulled a rose to pieces, and said:

"Aunt Jessica likes him ever so much!"

"Aunt Jessica be hanged!"

"Why, Dick! Your very *own* mother?" said Annie, in a shocked tone.

"Well, I only meant it in an expostulatory way, you know, dear," said Richard, remorsefully. "You see, you will go and make me commit all sorts of dreadful things. Suppose I should shoot that man——"

"I'd never forgive you, never! Cousin Dick, I am in real earnest; I jest no longer. If you interfere with my love affairs any more, I'll—"

"So be it, Miss Annie Morris; then, manage them yourself. I promise you I shan't interfere, if you want to marry a man in jail for sheep-stealing." And Dick walked off in a huff; while Annie meantally wished he'd "go to Canada," and physically fell to crying—that panacea for weak nerves and weak minds.

* * * *

"Aunt Jessica, do you think it would be very dreadful in me to go yachting with Mr. Holst?" Annie was in a very pleading position by old Mrs. Bowen's knees, making believe to pick up the old lady's ball of yarn; really getting up courage to propose what had lain heavy at her heart for days.

"Why, no, dear," said prudent Mrs. Bowen. "If Dick goes along with you, I see no objection."

"But if Dick doesn't?"

"Then, I think, little Annie, I'd stay at home. People might talk, you know," patting her cheek.

"I don't care for that, if *you* don't said Annie, stoutly.

Mrs. Bowen put down her knitting, and looked in her niece's face.

"Are you in earnest? Do I understand by 'yachting' the cruising you did last summer with the Paxtons?"

"Precisely," said Annie, preparing her forces.

"And you mean me to understand that Mr. Holst has proposed to take you on a cruise alone?"

"Aunt Jessica, do take off your spectacles! I hate that kind of a look! I never heard of such an old Mrs. Noah! Don't I mean to marry Mr. Holst?"

Mrs. Bowen sighed, and took off her spectacles.

"My dear child," she said, knowing her subject, and treading lightly on the dangerous ground — "my dear, it seems to me that for that very fact he ought to propose nothing the world might misconstrue. *Some* men——"

"Richard, for example. Yes, I know what you want to say, but you just mustn't say 'my Frank is not like every nice man that ever lived. Old auntie, I love you over so much. I'll run away and think about it!"

And, with her usual impulsiveness, she did run away, down to the foot of the garden, determined to "think about it," but before very long Mr. Holst appeared, for his afternoon visit, and, when supper time came, Annie announced to the assembled family that she had "made up her mind." Mr. Holst did not come in to tea, and the wilful lassie had her own battle to fight.

Going to the piano, after the meal was over, she gratified all of Aunt Jessica's tastes for old-fashioned music, and made herself so generally useful and amiable, that Richard took heart. When his mother had nodded herself to sleep over the everlasting knitting, he approached his cousin, and felt it necessary to bend over her in a gravely dignified manner that only aggravated Miss Annie's temper.

"You horrid old thing!" she cried, angrily. "I wish you'd go away and marry some old maid who would lead you a dance!"

"Anything else?" asked Richard, quietly.

"I mean to deafen you with 'Tam o' Shanter,' that's all."

When the clatter was over, he caught her hands.

"You said you had 'made up your mind'—to what?"

"Why to go, of course," tossing her head.

"To go 'yachting' for three days with a man you have known just six weeks—alone?"

"You are very severe. I mean to go yachting for three days with several gentlemen friends of Mr. Holst, his married sister, and the man I expect to marry."

"Married sister!" sneered Richard. "I don't believe he ever had one. Those men always have convenient relations——"

"I wish *I* had," interrupted Annie, fiercely; "but I think I am blessed with the cruelest, most worrying, tormenting relations I ever heard of!"

"Keep your temper, Miss Morris," said Dick, at white heat. "Are you in earnest? You mean to go?"

"Most-undoubt-ed-ly-yes!" very emphatically.

"Then I will go off, and try to forget that I ever believed in you at all. Have you a heart, Annie Morris?"

"Yes, a big gold one upstairs. Would you like to see it?"

Dick Bowen gave her one look, and turned on his heel, slamming the door after him so noisily that Mrs. Bowen awoke with a start, and scolded Annie for playing that "hateful, noisy trash."

Annie walked up to bed in a grand style, but she was ill at ease. Dick's utter ignoring of the married sister clouded her "blue sky." "It *was* rather singular that dear Frank had never brought them together, never mentioned her before." Then she looked rather complacently at the rosebud mouth he had called "so bewitching" a few hours ago, and ended by thinking it didn't much matter what Dick thought.

"There are none so blind as those who *will* not see."

* * * *

The next day Dick was nowhere to be seen. He left a line to explain his absence on the score of "business;" but Annie was too much engrossed with her own affairs to care about his movements. Mr. Holst had called soon after breakfast, and obtained her promise to be one of the yachting party from the beach next day; and, after some hesitating questions about the gentlemen and Mrs. Niblo, Annie slowly convinced herself that her aunt and cousin were "old fogies," and Mr. Holst the tenderest and wisest of men.

* * * *

The day for the excursion dawned clear and bright, and Mrs. Bowen, having urged, begged, and entreated in vain, was forced to yield. The house was Annie's, and so were horses, carriage—everything. What could she do? Only advise; and and advice, since the world was made, has it not been nauseous swallowing? Quinine is no circumstance to good advice; in the matter of taking, I mean."

Arrived at the beach, sitting up in her grand carriage at Mr. Holst's side, Annie felt her importance. She was received with flattering attention by three whiskered dandies, and a bewitching little brunette in a becoming costume; and, before she had time to reflect, Mr. Holst took the liberty of ordering off the carriage, and taking possession of his *fiancee*. A merry party stepped on board the natty little yacht, with her colors flying and sails spread for the breeze. Annie was charmed with the novelty. Mr. Holst was tender watchfulness itself, Mrs. Niblo the most enchanting woman she had ever seen, and the whiskered friends of her lord discreetly monosyllable. The only uncongenial element were too big, ugly-looking men wandering about the boat, and a third who sat in the stern.

"Who is he?" whispered Annie to Mrs. Niblo, nodding toward the latter. "I don't like his looks."

"Only the coxswain, dear. We couldn't manage the boat ourselves, you know. Don't mind him."

"When will we get to New Haven?" she asked, beginning to get a little sea-sick, for now they were going along swiftly, and the new motion produced its effect.

"We won't go that way, at all, at all, dear. Frank says Bridgeport is much prettier, and will not take so long, you know."

"I told aunt——"

Here Annie's attention was called from the subject in hand by a sudden observation from one of the party, and she forgot to refer to it again, thinking it "didn't much matter."

By night Annie was so sick that she thought yatching altogether stupid and horrid, especially as she was shut up in the hot little hole, called by courtesy "the cabin," while the others were up on deck enjoying themselves in the breeze. The next morning did not find her much better, and she did not enjoy being laughed at. Eating was out of the question. The very mention of sardines and pickles made her angry. Hadn't she suffered tortures, torments, agonies all night from the above-mentioned edibles? Besides, Annie did not find Mrs. Niolo half as charming when she laughed at her miseries, and called her sickness "childish stuff."

"I wish you could be sea-cick for a whole week!" cried our bad-tempered Annie, wishing she had never come, and longing for Dick and Aunt Jessica. Mr. Holst's tender speeches did not sound half so sweet wafted down the hot skylight, as they did whispered under the trees at home. So Annie, even when her ailments grew a shade better, pouted, and wouldn't come up on deck. Mrs. Niblo's report to her brother was as follows:

"Your darling has the sulks."

But Mr. Holst paid no attention. He was looking at a yacht which had kept in their wake ever since they left Long Beach—a yacht that came so near sometimes, that he fancied he recognised a New York face he was not particularly anxious to see; so, forgetting his *fiancee* below, he cried, aloud:

"Ha! I believe that is the fellow who has dogged me for ten months! Has the little wretch peached?"

These tones of her beloved's voice were borne down to Annie, and the effect was electric. Springing up on the couch, she listened to what followed. For a few minutes there was silence, and she fancied she had dreamed; then the baritone was heard again:

"I'll stake my head they are after us; but we'll be even with them yet! Dog the girl, I wish I had let her alone!"

"A cool twenty thousand dollars is not to be sneezed at," came down to the cabin; "besides, I don't mean to play 'sister' for nothing. I tell you what, Holst, I think I am very accommodating! If you had the little sea-sick fool on your hands to humor, you'd have given up the thing before this. But that's always the way with you men! We have all the trouble, and none of the thanks!"

"Hush, Emily, do you want that girl to hear you?" interrupted a severe voice. "Your miserable temper will get us in trouble yet. Leave Holst alone, and come over here to me."

Mrs. Niblo did not obey her husband's bidding, but she contented herself with muttering wrath which did not reach the attentive listener in the cabin: but poor Annie had heard enough. When Mrs. Niblo came down, she saw at a glance that further disguise was unnecessary, and the fact was communicated to the others.

All through the weary day Annie lay powerless on the couch, listening to the thumping of the boat, giving way to mental and physical prostration, and bemoaning her folly in a hopeless, despairing way. Completely in the power of the wretches who had so deceived her, she was not spared in words or threats, and was too cowed and frightened to make resistance.

The yacht, after a desperate race with her pursuer, shot at nightfall on to the Bridgeport beach, not daring to seek the dock. Annie was walked through the streets to a hotel, where, utterly dejected and miserable, she sat in her room and cried, watched over by the bewitching brunette.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked the woman. "He cannot force me to marry him now. I'd never say the words if you killed me."

"Oh, we won't kill you, my dear; we don't do so much dirty work as that. But you won't get off under a cool fifty thousand dollars, if that. Frank Holst has had a long experience——"

"I'll rouse the house first!" cried Annie, passionately. "I won't sign a paper if I die for it."

"Tut, tut," sneered Mrs. Niblo, "you know nothing of life. The world is full of as big fools as you are, and I've never known Holst at a loss what to do. Besides, my young heroine, have you reflected upon that curious composition—your reputation? People can be made to believe anything, and I reckon I won't mind a few lies——"

"Do spare me!" cried Annie, covering her face. "Oh, is there *anything* womanly in you?"

"Not much," said the brunette, composedly. "I've had a hard life of it, on the whole."

The next morning, as Annie sat with Mrs. Niblo, a stir outside the door roused her attention, and in less time than it takes to relate, the room was filled with officers of the law. Approaching the brunette, the chief laid a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"I arrest you, Emily Gay, as complicity in the Parker burglary case——"

A shriek from Annie interrupted the speech. A tall, familiar form met her gaze, and rushing forward, she fell in Dick's outstretched arms.

"Oh, Dick, is it, can it be you? Thank God!" Here Miss Annie distinguished herself by fainting.

Dick's story was told in the hotel parlor.

The ugly coxswain, whom Annie had noticed, was a paid detective to whom Dick had given the clue to a noted burglar, while engaging him to be of the yatching party. Holst was of course an assumed name, and poor Annie almost fainted again when the notorious appellation of her fascinating lover was announced. Dick had learned, through the coxswain, of their destination, and had thus been enabled to take a train at the nearest station for Bridgeport, in company with the officers who went to make the arrest.

The whole party, who had so long defied the law, was captured, of course, giving vent to such expressions as it behooveth me not to record. Annie Morris went home to Aunt Jessica, a subdued, chastened woman. The very mention of yaching has a terrible effect upon her, and Sing Sing is a forbidden subject.

Even Dick, who after a year's elapse, is master of the house at Long Beach, and its pretty mistress, does not dare to mention beautiful Bridgeport. But Dick finds that yachting has improved Annie's temper, and he is quite willing to take her affections "in the rebound."

WHISKERS.—The editress of the Lancaster *Literary Gazette* says she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swinkle tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her, to which the New Orleans *Bee* somewhat *ungalantly* responds:

"We don't believe a word of it! The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth. The ladies—God bless them! adopt our fashion as fast as they can. Look at the depredations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching neck in our standing collars and cravats—driving us *man* to flatties and turn-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally intended. They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwhisperable—unthinkabouttables in short, as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear, gentlemen? we say boots."

Help Yourself.

There are people who never seem to feel that they amount to anything or can do anything, unless they have somebody or something *to help them*. It is barely possible that they estimate their own value at exactly the right figure; but nevertheless, their example is most pernicious to the weaker portion of their fellow creatures, unless it can be counteracted by a little wholesome reasoning.

It is very true that when we first enter the period of our probation on earth, we are not exactly qualified to take hold of the grave responsibilities of existence. Infant man is undoubtedly the most helpless of all juvenile creatures. He requires more cuddling, wrapping, and excitement generally, on the part of mothers, nurses, and admiring and sympathising relations, than any other compound of flesh and blood. But after he has begun to stand erect and walk about upon his own unaided legs, he is of all created things the best able *to help himself*—always, of course, excepting the cases of the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the mentally imbecile. He is, in abstract terms, the perfection and glory of the universe, faculties suited to all his wants, and with a supreme intelligence to guide them. The first lesson that should be taught him, then particularly under a free government, is that all these endowments were given to him for independent development; that the mind of man is not like a quart-pot or a bushel-measure, that it may be filled and then will hold no more; and that his efforts, positively failing in one direction, he should at once seek to make them successful in another.

Were the spirit of honest sturdy independence that we admire universally cherished, we should have far fewer corrupt sinecurists; fewer genteel and ungenteel "loafers;" fewer poor-houses and prisons less social debasement; a higher love of country; a safer government, and a happier people. The highest capacity would be sought out and rewarded, yet the lesser grades would also have employment. Æsop's old fable still holds true in our day, as when the classic satirist so quaintly told it. Hercules will descend to help us lift our cart-wheels out of the rut only when we ourselves have done the utmost with our own shoulders, be they broad or narrow. Horace, too, has left a merry lesson in his gaping rustic, who stands waiting for the river to flow by, and leave him a dry passage over.

The *apropos* of these remarks we leave the thousands of young men who will read them in different parts of the country to ponder. In every city and town, the complaint is too often heard of "nothing to do," and "no one to help me." Both of these pleas are utterly fallacious in the United States. There is always something to do for the willing hands that are not palsied by false pride, and God, with all his angels, is ever there to help the upright intent, the pure mind, and the honest heart.—N. Y. Mercantile Journal.

HOME THE PLACE FOR DYING INVALIDS.—A lady, who has recently been boarding at a Southern hotel, among sick and dying consumptives from the North, writes a pathetic letter to the Baltimore *Sun* on the practical cruelty of sending hopeless invalids away from the conveniences and comforts of home, to die among strangers, without any of the familiar alleviations of a sick bed. A patient in the first stages of the disease may be able to take care of himself and bear without much inconvenience a life among strangers—and to this class of sufferers a change to a Southern climate may be advisable; but among those in advanced stages of consumption, the instances are very few where the experiment can be safely made.

He Couldn't Tell a Lie.

Alf Burnett, in one of his letters to *The People*, of Indianapolis, relates the following anecdote:

By the by, a good story is told of Ben Butler and his notorious honesty. A short time since, Ben Butler and Wendell Phillips had business with the President, and, arm in arm, proceeded to call upon him. The President was busy, and sent word that he would see them presently. Phillips and Butler strolled out into the conservatory, in the rear of the White House, thence to the garden. Butler and Philips were engaged in an animated conversation upon some topic. Butler became slightly excited.

A large hatchet belonging to the gardener was beside a tree; Butler casually picked it up, and while talking he made several deep gashes with it into one of General Grant's favorite trees. Just at this juncture, the President appearing, Butler hastily secreted it under his coat tails.

After the compliments of the day, the President spied for the first time his mutilated tree, and, with tones of vehemence, inquired who had been cutting and gashing that tree. After a few moments pause Butler stepped bravely up to the President and took him by the hand, saying, "Mr. President, I cannot tell a lie; I cannot tell a lie; Wendell Philips did it."

Notice.

THE undersigned, COTTON FACTORS, and GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, of Augusta, Georgia, take pleasure in announcing to the public generally, and particularly to the citizens of Edgefield and adjoining Counties of South Carolina, that they have associated with their firm, Capt. LEWIS JONES, of Edgefield County, S. C., who is duly authorized to receive and extend orders, or transact any matter of business connected with our House.

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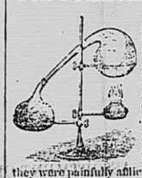

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Invigorating the whole system, it seems to secreted saturated with corruptions have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often this unseen and unfelt tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or other organs formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcerations on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this *Sarsaparilla* is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this SARSAPARILLA: *St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears*, and other eruptions or visible forms of *Scrofulous* disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as *Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Neuralgia*, and the various *Uterous* affections of the muscular and nervous systems.

Syphilis or *Venereal* and *Mercurial Diseases* are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long-continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. *Leucorrhœa or Whites, Uterine Ulcerations*, and *Female Diseases* are commonly soon relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. *Rheumatism* and *Gout*, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also *Liver Complaints, Torpidity, Congestion* or *Inflammation* of the *Liver*, and *Jaundice*, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This SARSAPARILLA is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who are *Languid* and *Listless, Despondent, Sleepless*, and troubled with *Nervous Apprehensions* or *Fears*, or any of the affections symptomatic of *Weakness*, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial.

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FROM the Subscriber's Stable, last Saturday night, a blood bay MARE with black legs, black main and tail, and pretty long, left hind foot a little white, pare-footed, and eleven years of age next fall.

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

NOTICE

If you want NICE CANDY, buy from
MARKERT & CLISBY.
Mar 29 tf 14

READ AND BELIEVE!

CALL at SANDERS' DRUG STORE, No. 3, Park Row, and behold the largest Stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, SPONGES, TOILET ARTICLES, &c., &c., ever offered in the Edgefield market;—all Fresh and warranted Genuine. Prices nearly at Cost.

Do You Want or Need Anything

In the way of TRUSSES, BANDAGES, TROCARS, LANCETS, &c., call at SANDERS' Drug Store, where you will find them of the latest improvement.

Are You Really Fond of Something Good?

Call at SANDERS' Drug Store, and get of him

A Bottle of CHAMPAGNE, the best known to Importers.
" PALE SHERRY, not to be surpassed.
" MADEIRA, a feast to the palate.
" MALAGA, PORT and PURE GRAPE WINE unequalled. The Grape Wine made by one of our own citizens of reputed fame for Wine making.

A Word to House-Keepers and Young Ladies.

Are you in search of fine TOILET, Choice PERFUMERY, Superior EXTRACTS, Lubin's COSMETICS, POMADES, HAIR OIL, BRUSHES, COMBS, Extra TOILET SOAPS, &c., call at SANDERS' Drug Store, and examine for yourself, and you will find his prices at a very slight margin above first Cost.

Just Received,

Five Barrels PURE OLD RYE WHISKEY,—Such Liquor as is seldom ever offered for sale.

Also, just received 1 Barrel OLD HORSEY WHISKEY, too well known in this community to need commendation.

☞ All I ask is a call, and I know you will purchase.

W. A SANDERS,
DRUGGIST & GROCER.
Edgefield, Mar 22 tf 13

More New Dry Goods For Spring 1871!

Goods As Low as Before the War!!

More Specials Bargains!!!

Only One Price!

H. L. A. BALK,

172 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.,

Has Received

30,000 Yds. NEW PRINTS for Dresses and Shirts, embracing all the best makes, the latest styles, fast colors, at only 12½ cts. per yard.
5,000 Yds. Very Good PRINTS for Quilting, only 6 cts.
2,000 Yds. MOZAMBIQUES, LENOS and other Foreign New Dress Goods, only 20 cts per yard.
2,000 Yds. JAPANESE CLOTHS and other Imported New Styles Dress Goods, at 25 cts., 30 cts., 35 cts. and 40 cts. per yard.
1,000 Yds. Pure MOHAIR for Dresses, a New Speciality, at only 50 cts.
2,000 Yds. BLACK ALPACAS, of the very best makes, very low.
A New Assortment JEANS and CASSIMERES at convincing low prices.
20,000 Yds. Factory PLAID GINGHAMS, new and very desirable, only 15 cts.
2 Cases BLEACHED HOMESPUN, very fine 4-4 only 12½ cts.
500 HONEY COMB QUILTS, 11-4 only $2,00, very cheap.
50 Doz. Ladies' HOOPSKIRTS, 35 Springs only 50 cts.
50 Doz. Glove-Fitting, Hip-Gore CORSETS, only $1,00!!!
50 Doz. Enchantress CORSETS, 75 cts., cheap.
50 Doz. Ladies' LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, at $1,50 per Dozen.
6 Cases Ladies' GAITERS,—10 Cases Ladies' Walking SHOES,—8 Cases Men's BOOTS,—2 Cases Men's GAITERS,—1 Case JERSEY TIES,—10 Cases Men's BROGANS,—10 Cases Boys' BOOTS,—5 Cases Boys' SHOES—3 Cases Misses' GAITERS,—2 Cases Misses BALMORALS,—1 Case Child's SHOES,—10 Cases BOOTS.
60,000 Men's PAPER COLLARS, best quality, only 12½ cts per Box.
50 Doz. Ladies' White STOCKINGS, only $1,20 per Dozen.

—ALSO—

SHIRTFRONTS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, GLOVES, BELT RIBBONS, SASH RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, and many other Goods, all of which are offered at very popular prices.

H. L. A. BALK,
172 *Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.*
☞ Cut out this Advertisement, and be sure to give me a call.
Mar 29 4t 14

Watches & Jewelry.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

THE Subscribers would respectfully inform the Citizens of Edgefield and surrounding country, that they have just received a Large Assortment of WATCHES, of the Best Manufacture, which they will offer at lower rates than any House in the City.

In addition, will be found a large Stock of FINE GOLD JEWELRY, set with Diamonds, Rubies, Garnets, Coral,—BRIDAL SETS OF PEARL,—NUPTIAL RINGS—WATCH CHAINS, CHARMS, &c.

A Fine Assortment SOLID SILVER WARE, embracing FULL TEA SETS, WAITERS, Ice and Water PITCHERS, CASTORS, Berry and Butter DISHES, Card RECEIVERS, Cream and Cake BASKETS, Cordial STANDS, GOBLETS, CUPS, FORKS and SPOONS, and everything in the Silver Ware line.

Always on hand a superb stock of GUNS AND PISTOLS, consisting of Fine Single and Double Barrel GUNS, and Colt, Smith & Wesson, Remington, Cooper, Sharp and Derringer PISTOLS, and many others of the latest invention.

Also, FINE CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, WALKING CANES, PORTEMONNIES, and FANCY GOODS of every variety to be found in a first class Jewelry Establishment.

We would also remind the public that we keep a Special Establishment for the REPAIR of fine WATCHES and JEWELRY. All work entrusted to our care will be executed promptly, neatly, and warranted for one year.

A. PRONTAUT & SON,
163 BROAD ST., one Door below Augusta Hotel, AUGUSTA, GA.
Augusta, Dec 10 1y 51

JAMES E. COOK,

SUCCESSORS TO COOK & BERRY,
GRANITEVILLE, S. C.,

BEGS to inform the Citizens of Edgefield and the adjacent Districts, that he has just returned from New York and Baltimore with *A CHOICE, WELL SELECTED AND COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS*, embracing every article usually kept in a First Class Country or Village Store, consisting in part of—

CHOICE DRY GOODS,
Ready-Made Clothing
BUNCH YARN, KNITTING COTTON,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, BUGGY HARNESS,
SOLE AND UPPER LEATHER, NOTIONS,
PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

I also keep constantly on hand

Bagging, Cotton Ties, Iron, Nails,
Corn, Corn Meal, Flour,
SUGAR, COFFEE,
TOBACCO,
Bacon, Lard,
MACKERAL IN KITS, BBLS, AND HALF BBLS.,
&c., &c.

☞ All of which will be Sold at the Lowest Market Price for Cash.

☞ I still Continue to Sell Cotton in this Market Free of Commissions.

Oct 26 tf 44

Special Notices.

CONSUMPTION.
ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE.

By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

Many a human being has passed away for whose death there was no other reason than the neglect of known and indisputably proven means of cure. Those to hear, and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they calmly adopted

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT,

and availed themselves of his wonderfully efficacious medicines, they would not have fallen.

Dr. Schenck has in his own case proved that wherever sufficient vitality remains, that vitality, by his medicines and his directions for their use, is quickened into healthful vigor.

In this statement there is nothing presumptuous. To the faith of the invalid is made no representation that is not a thousand times substantiated by living and visible works. The theory of the cure by Dr. Schenck's medicines is as simple as it is unfailing. Its philosophy requires no argument. It is self-assuring, self-convincing.

The Sea-weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are the first two weapons with which the citadel of the malady is assailed. Two-thirds of the cases of consumption originate in dyspepsia and a functionally diseased liver. With the condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbid action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating point, and the battle is fought with all its distressing symptoms of

CONSUMPTION.

The Mandrake Pills are composed of one of Nature's noblest gifts—the Podophillum Peltatum. They possess all the blood-searching, alterative properties of calomel, but, unlike calomel, they

"LEAVE NO STING BEHIND."

The work of cure is now beginning. The vitiated and noxious deposits in the bowels and in the alimentary canal are ejected. The liver, like a clock, is wound up. It arouses from its torpidity. The stomach acid is responding, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

The Sea-weed Tonic, in connection with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Digestion is now progressing without its previous torture. Digestion supplies pabulum, and the cure is seen to be at hand. There is no more flatulence, no exacerbation of the stomach. An appetite sets in.

Now comes the greatest Blood Purifier ever given by an indulgent father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions of searching and completing the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Shall it not be cheated. It collects and ripens the impaired and diseased portions of the lungs. In the form of gatherings, it prepares them for expectoration, and, lo! in a very short time the malady is vanquished, the rotten larone that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, at all the dignity of regained vigor, steps forth to enjoy the manhood or womanhood that was

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

The second thing is, the patients must stay in a warm room until they get well; it is almost impossible to prevent taking cold when the lungs are diseased, but it must be prevented or a cure can not be effected. Fresh air and riding out, especially in this section of the country, in the fall and winter season, are all wrong. Physicians who recommend that course lose their patients, if their lungs are badly diseased; and, yet, because they are in the house they must not sit down quiet; they must walk about the room as much and as fast as the strength will bear, to get up a good circulation of blood. The patients must keep in good spirits—be determined to get well. This has a great deal to do with the appetite, and is the great point to gain.

To despair of cure after such evidence of its possibility in the worst cases, and under all circumstances, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal statement to the Faculty of his own cure was in these modest words:

"Many years ago I was in the last stages of consumption; confined to my bed, and at one time my physicians thought that I could not live a week; then, like a drowning man catching at straws, I heard of, and obtained the preparations which I now offer to the public, and they made a perfect cure of me. It seemed to me that I could feel them penetrate my whole system. They soon ripened the matter in my lungs, and I would spit up more than a pint of offensive yellow matter every morning for a long time.

"As soon as that began to subside, my cough, fever, pains, and night-sweats all began to leave me, and my appetite became so great that it was with difficulty that I could keep from eating too much. I soon gained my strength, and have grown in flesh ever since."

"I was weighed shortly after my recovery," added the Doctor, "then looking like a mere skeleton; my weight was only ninety-seven pounds; my present weight is two hundred and twenty-five (225) pounds, and for years I have enjoyed unInterrupted health."

Dr. Schenck has discontinued his professional visits to New York and Boston. He or his son, Dr