"Gran'ma Al'as Does."

BY A. H. POE.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences,
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma al'as does.

My horse's name is Betsey:
She jumped and broke her head.
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We'd dn't make no mess.
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'as does.

I's goin' to the cornfield,
To ride on Charlie's plow;
I spect he'd like to have me;
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I get up awful,
And whoa like Charlie whoas?
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter:
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mustn't have none,
Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
I tell you what, I knows
It's *right* to put on sugar;
Gran'ma al'as does.

Miss Warren.

"My last hope rests in you, May."

"In me, father?"

May Warren made answer in tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes to her father's face.

As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glance wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, thin, gray hair, and was sitting in an arm-chair, by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter May sat beside him on an ottoman. She repeated her words:

"In me, father?"

"Yes," he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. "Do you remember Col. Leighton, my dear?"

"Col. Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few weeks ago. Yes I remember him father."

"Not so very old May,—not so old, as I am,—and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy,—very wealthy too."

He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully now, as if he had expected her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsation of her heart.

"What do you mean, father?" she asked, at length.

"I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if—

"If what, father?"

"If I would give you to him."

The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips, as if he feared that if he deliberated he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ear she started to her feet, pushing her hair back from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of a way, as if she were half-stunned.

"Marry me, father? Col. Leighton?" she cried in a low voice.

Mr. Warren took her hand, and drew her down to her seat again.

"May, Col. Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand perfectly well his character and principles. He loves you—will be kind to you, and strive in every way to make you happy. And more—and more, May, he will save me from beggary."

He paused, but his child, with her face bowed upon her hands, made no reply, nor stirred. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.

"I do not force you to this, May, remember; the matter is left to your own choice. But you know what my own wish is—what the alternative will be if you do not accept the offer."

She knew only too well. Fully she realized now how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had become accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her; but how could he, with his aged frame and burden of sixty years commence life anew? The hopeful thought that she could work for him and supply him with his accustomed comforts, afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him with his stubborn, aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all—his delicately reared petted child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. That was no alternative she saw at a glance. Then with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Col. Leighton. She remembered his bowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply-furrowed face, and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry azure eyes, and tossing, sunny hair, sprang up in strong contrast, stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out, "I cannot! oh, father, I cannot!"

The old man sank back with a groan.

"Lost—then I am lost!" he cried shuddering. There were no reproaches, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart was written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that her sacrifice was possible, occurred to her.

"Father, dear father!"

He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept into his arms as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.

"You know that I love you, father," she said. I can never remember you but as kind, tender, and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—I will die for you—oh, how willing, if need be. But that—oh, father, you do not know what it is that you ask!"

He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips, as he rested upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?

"Father," she whispered hurriedly, "let me go, now. I will see you again—answer you to-morrow." And she left him.

He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quivering of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.

"Heaven pity me!" The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in the chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the birds, came in through the open window with the damp evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with its soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but misery. The house was so quiet that the sound of a footstep crossing the hall below fell upon her ear, and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open,—the library door, and then a voice uttered a few words of common-place greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again, and she was calmer.

She crossed the room listlessly, and drew back the curtain of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The moonlight lay broadly on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees, and making the little lake beyond look like a great white pearl. Gazing earnestly downward she saw a tall, shadowy figure standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room, and, a moment after, stood beside her lover.

"Come, at last, my treasure," cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passively against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheeks, and lips.

"Why have you made me wait so long, darling?" he said softly, and, taking both her slender hands in one of his pressed them to his lips. "Why, how cold you are! How you tremble!" he continued, as she clung to him. "What is the matter, May?"

"I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark."

"Why? What do you mean?"

And, brokenly turough her tears and sobs, she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking; and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more.—he would not ask. She repeated the last words: "And to-morrow I must give him my answer." Still he did not speak.

She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonized face, white lips, and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck, and drew his forehead down to her lips.

"Speak to me Mark; say that you do not blame me."

He knew then that she had decided, and what the decision was.

"And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?"

"Heaven pity me, Mark, for I must. I will become his wife, and will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do, remember my words, Mark, that you have my heart."

"I will remember May. God bless us both, for I shall never forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart." And he drew a tress of soft brown hair from his bosom.

For a moment more—one little precious moment—he held her against his heart, and then kissed her, put her gently from him, and was gone.

For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently toward the house. A light from the library window streamed down on her, as she looked up, she saw the shadow of a bowed figure fall across the curtain.

"Father, you are saved!" she murmured.

A hand was laid suddenly on her arm, and she started with a low cry.

"Good evening, Miss May," said Colonel Leighton. "I have been seeking you."

She bowed, and stood silently before him, with a calm, downcast face.

"I have been talking with your father," he continued, carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. "He tells me that you have promised to think of my proposal, and let us know what your decision is to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form that conclusion in my favor?"

"You cannot say anything which will influence me in the least, Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow."

He glanced at the young face, so sad in its calm dignity, and looked down at his fingers again, which were bruised in tearing to pieces the blossom he held, and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet, as if they were fragments of the heart he was breaking. In the long silence that followed she glanced up at him once with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence; but the stern expression of his face repelled her.

"Miss May," he said suddenly, "you are averse to this marriage."

His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly, "Do you think so?"

"I must be blind if I could think otherwise," he continued with sudden energy. "May Warren, you know that you hate me—that you would rather die than be my wife, were it not for your father's sake."

Before she realized what she was doing, the monosylable "Yes" slipped from her lips.

"And in doing this do you realize how you would wrong us both?"

She was silent.

"It shall never be. I will never make you my wife, knowing that you do not love me—that your heart is not in my keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that my last days would be my happiest ones—it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face."

He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bewildered by her position, she did not know what to say.

"I know that I have myself to reproach," he went on. "My motive in offering your father my assistance was purely a selfish one. The consequences are only what I deserve. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, I am properly punished."

There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed, dignified composure of manner. Half unconscious of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm, and said softly, "Forgive me."

"Forgive me, rather, my child," he said, gently, taking the little hand in one of his, "for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good-night, I will not detain you."

She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead, with his last word. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move."

"You are thinking of your father," he said. "Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to night, and sleep sweetly. It is all I ask."

He did not wait to hear her fervent "God bless you!" or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.

The morning sunshine streamed boldly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of physical and mental exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced when a servant roused him, informing him that Col. Leighton waited him in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to join his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Col. Leighton immediately requested that May might be sent for. They waited but a few minutes before the door swung noiselessly open, and, wearing a white morning robe, the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she sat down at a low seat at his feet and then glanced up with a confiding smile at Col. Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantel piece, with an expression of face half-sad half-admiring.

"We are waiting for your answer, May," said Mr. Warren quietly.

"I will leave the matter entirely in Col. Leighton's hands," she replied.

The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his old friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.

"My old friend, James Warren," he said "I met your daughter last night, and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will never marry her; she is free. And now I have to ask your pardon for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassment, and have come so near to destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, nay, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for the part I have acted. But I have one favor to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?"

"You have my full and free permission," replied Mr. Warren, smiling through his tears.

"But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been."

"Never fear," said the colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door that led to another apartment, he called, "Now, my boy!" and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.

"Behold your future son-in-law," said Col. Leighton: and ere the old man could comprehend, the young couple knelt for his blessing. At a motion from his friend he gave it willingly; and never was there a happier party.

Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin, and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution of the problem of Colonel Leighton's knowledge of Mark, he replied, "I did not wait in the garden to no purpose, little one." And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence Mark's talent as an artist became known to the world, and a few years afterward he became a popular painter and a wealthy man; and out of gratitude to his benefactor he christened his first born son Edwin Leighton Winchester.

The Josh Billings Papers.

THE FLY.

The fly iz not only a domestik, but a friendly insek, without branes, but happily without guile.

They make their appearance amung mankind, a good deal az the wind duz, "whare it listeth."

How they are exactly born I haven't been able yet tew investigate, but they are so universal at times, that I hav thought, they didn't wait tew be born, but took the fust good chance that offered, and cum just az they am.

They are sed tew be male and femail, but I dont think they konsider the marriage tie binding, for they look so mutch alike, that it would be a grate waste ov time, finding out wich waz who, and this would lead tew never ending flies, wich iz the rhubarb ov domestik life.

They make their annual visit about the first ov May, but dont git tew buzzing good till the center ov August.

They stay with uz until kold weather puts in an appearance, and then leave, a good deal az they cum, jist az they am.

Menny ov them are kut oph in the flower ov their yuth, and usefulness, but this dont interfere with their census, for their iz another steps right into their place, and heirs their property.

Sum looze their lives bi lighting too near the rim ov a toads noze, and fall in, when the toad gaps, and others git badly struck bi phooling with mollassis.

Sum visit the spiders, and are induced tew remain, and thousands find a watery grave, bi gitting drowned in milk cans.

The fly iz no respekter ov pussons, he lights onto the pouting lips ov a sleeping darkey, jist az eazy as he duz onto a buzzum ov the queen of buty, and will buzz an alderman, or a hodcarrier, if they git in his way.

Flys, moraly konsidered, are like a large share ov the rest of human folks, they wont settle on a good healthy spot in a man, not if they kan find a spot that iz a leetle raw.

Their principle food iz every thing, they will pitch into a ded snaik, or a quarter ov beef, with the same anxiety, and will eat from sun rise till seven o'clock in the evening, without getting more than haff phull.

They will eat mora, and hold less, than enny bug we kno ov.

The fly haz a remarkable improverished memory, yu may drive him out ov yure ear; and he will land on yure forhed, hit him aginly, and he enters yure noze, the oftener you git rid ov him in one spot, the more he gets onto another; the only way tew inculcate him with yure meaning, iz tew smash him up fine.

Flys see a grate deal ov good sosiety, they are admitted into all circles, and if they remember one haff that they see, and hear, what a world ov phunny sekrets they could unfold; but flys are perfekly honorable, and never betray a konfidence.

What would some lovers giv, if they could only git a fly tew blab, but a fly iz a perfek gentleman, he eats oph from your plate, enjoys yure conversashun, sees sights, and haz more phun, and privilege, than a prime minister, or a dressing maid, but when yu cum tew pump him, he iz az dry in the mouth, az a salt codfish.

Thare iz sumthing a fly will blow, but he wont blow a sekret.

Flys, i think, must be born whole, for i never saw a haff born fly, they are all ov a size when you fust see them, like a paper ov pins, and never git enny smaller.

I dont kno ov a more happy, whole souled, honest critter, amung the bug dispensation, than a hansum, square bilt fly, taking a free ride in central park, with the Mayor, and his wife, or a free lunch at Delmonico's, with the minister from England, and then fishing up the bizzness ov the day, by sleeping upside down, on the ceiling ov my ladys bed chamber.

But thare iz plenty ov pholks who kant see enny phun, or religion in a fly, whoze whole aim iz tew set millasses traps for them, tew chase them out ov the house with a sled stake, and then clear across a ploughed lot onto the next farm, tew git up nights in their stocking feet, tew worry them, with the tongs, tew drive them tew the brink ov despair, and finally ruin them, with death.

I thank the Lord i ain't one ov thoze, i don't luv a fly enuff, tew leave mi vittles, and fall down flat on mi stummuk, and worship them, but a fly may cum and sit on mi noze, all day, and chaw hiz cud in silence, if he will only sit still.

Little by Little.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts,
Have been patiently achieved.

No Bait.

A superintendent once asked us to take charge of a Sunday school class. "You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you would talk to 'em a little."

I told him I would. They were rather a hard-looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as the lessons were over I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little Johnny here. You didn't go, did you, Johnny?"

"No, sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, "you will now learn from his own lips words of good counsel which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

"Now, Johnny, I want you to tell your teacher and these wicked boys, why you did not go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you had rather come to Sunday school, wasn't it?"

"No, sir; it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait!"

Somehow or other these boys always turn out humbugs.

A Court Incident.

One of the prominent ornaments of the bar, celebrated for his genial disposition, found himself, about the close of the war, washed ashore, high and dry, pecuniarily, in the city of Richmond, where he was forced to hang out his shingle and commence practice in the Hustings Court. One of his first clients was a youth who had been arrested at the instance of a respectable negro man of family for having "rocked" his house and severely injured his daughter with a stone thrown through the window.

At the examination old Pompey was put upon the stand, and proved the charge in such undeniable terms that it would have gone hard with our friend's client, had it not been for the following cross-examination:

Lawyer—You say one stone came into the room where you were sitting with your family and struck your daughter?

Pomp—Yes, boss.

Lawyer—Where did it strike her?

Pomp—(silent for a while)—I don't like to tell, boss.

Lawyer—But you must tell. I demand again, where did it strike her?

Pomp—Dat all foolishness, boss. I tell you it hit her. I don't like to tell where' fore dese ladies in court.

Lawyer—But you must answer. Where did it hit her?

Pomp—(slowly)—On the buzzum, boss.

Lawyer—Well, how severely did it injure her?

Pomp—Oh! quit dis foolishness. I ain't gwine to tell.

Lawyer—Again I must insist upon my question being answered. Did it injure her?

Pomp—(in despair)—No, sah! it did not injure her, but it broke three fingers of a gentleman what was paying 'tention to her.

The case was dismissed immediately for want of jurisdiction.

COMING TO THE POINT.—A gentleman once wrote to a lady whom he had offended by his dilatoriness, and who for a long time, had refused to forgive him. His letter was earnest in supplications for forgiveness. It concluded thus:

"One word from your lips will make me happy. When and where will you speak it?"

Her laconic answer was—

"Next Wednesday, at the altar."

To which he sent the following equally laconic reply:

"I will be there."

A Reformed gambler was about to die, and sent for a minister, when the following conversation occurred:

'Pastor, do you think I am near death?'

'I regret to say I believe you are.'

'Do you think, since I am converted, I will go to Heaven?'

'Yes, I believe you will.'

'Do you expect to go there too?'

'Yes, I believe I will.'

'Well, we'll be angels, won't we, and have wings to fly with?'

'Yes, I'm sure we'll be like angels.'

'Well, then,' said the dying man, 'I'll bet you five dollars I will beat you flying.'

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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Augusta, Feb 22 3m 9

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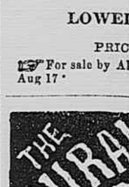

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HAIR DRESSING,

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TIN WARE of Every Description, by the Dozen or Piece. Mending reasonably and promptly done.

Stoves! Stoves!

Our Stock of STOVES is complete. **THE COTTON PLANT,** a Four Hole Square Top Stove is first class. The Oven is large and commodious, and that part of it under the Fire-Box is unusually high and roomy. Not being complicated in its arrangement, it is very easy to manage, and does not, like many of the other first class Stoves, require a course of instruction to know how to use it. Give the COTTON PLANT a trial and satisfy yourself. Every Stove Warranted.

THE GRAY JACKET is a New and Beautiful Step or Premium STOVE, gotten up expressly for the Southern market, and is adapted particularly to plantation use. The GRAY JACKET is an up-draft Stove with heavy plates, large oven and flues. It never fails to operate well. Every Stove Warranted.

Jan 18 3m 4

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, Card 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 & Wessen, 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 adequately proven means of cure. Those near and dear to family and friends are sleeping the dreamless slumber into which, had they only 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 disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbific action of the liver. Here then comes the culminating result, and the setting in, 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 mucous 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 acts responsively, and the patient begins to feel that he is getting, at last,

A SUPPLY OF GOOD BLOOD.

The Sea-weed Tonic, in conjunction with the Pills, permeates and assimilates with the food. Chylification is now progressing without its previous tortures. Digestion becomes painless, 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 yet given by an indulgent father to suffering man. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup comes in to perform its functions and to hasten and complete the cure. It enters at once upon its work. Nature can 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 throne that it occupied is renovated and made new, and the patient, in 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 moral certainty in all others, is sinful. Dr. Schenck's personal attendance 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. J. H. Schenck, Jr., still continue to see patients at their Office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, every Saturday from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Those who wish a thorough examination with the Respirometer will be charged $5. The Respirometer declares the exact condition of the lungs, and patients can readily learn whether they are curable or not.

The directions for taking the medicines are adapted to the intelligence even of a child. Follow these directions, and kind Nature will do the rest, excepting that in some cases the Mandrake Pills are to be taken in increased doses; the three medicines need no other accompaniments than the simple instructions that accompany them: First create appetite. Of returning health, hunger is the most welcome symptom. When it comes, as it will come, let the despairing at once be of good cheer. Good blood at once follows, the cough loosens, the night-sweat is abated. In a short time both of these morbid symptoms are gone forever.

Dr. Schenck's medicines are constantly kept in tens of thousands of families. As a laxative or purgative, the Mandrake Pills are a standard preparation; while the Pulmonic Syrup, as a cure of coughs and colds, may be regarded as a prophylacteric against consumption in any of its forms.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Sea-weed Tonic, $1.50 a bottle, or $7.50 a half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York, wholesale Agents

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY'S
(Capital $1,000,000.)

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.

THIS GUANO IS NOW SO WELL KNOWN in all the Southern States for its remarkable effects as an agency for increasing the products of labor, as not to require special recommendation from us. Its use for five years past has established its character for reliable excellence. The large fixed capital invested by the Company in this trade, affords the surest guarantee of the continued excellence of its Guano.

J. N. ROBSON,
Selling Agent, Charleston, S. C.

JNO. S. REESE & CO., General Agent, Balmore, Md.

Charleston, Jan 25 3m 5

COMPOUND ACID

PHOSPHATE of LIME,

FOR

COMPOSTING WITH COTTON SEED.

THIS ARTICLE IS MANUFACTURED by