Boots Under the Bed.

—:o:—

Miss Lydia White had two lovers: Tom Green and Willie Jones.

Both were good-looking, well to do young mechanics, and both loved her devotedly, if their own vehement assertions could be credited. Lydia was in something of a dilemma concerning them.

She had no particular preference for either of them, but she wanted to be married sometime, and Mr. White was opposed to long courtships, and Aunt Jane kept assuring her that her bed and table linen would get yellow by being packed away in the bureau so long; and she always took frequent opportunities of saying "that none of her girls ever was single after they had reached the age of eighteen; no, not a minit!"

And as Lydia counted her years four more than 18, of course this latter insinuation of Aunt Jane's cut deeply.

Lydia turned the matter over seriously in her mind, argued it pro and con which she should take, Green or Jones.

She was in some degree romantic, and had indulged in gorgeous dreams of marrying a second Napoleon as to courage, in fact, if there was any quality that she admired in a man, it was bravery.

When she said anything about this in the hearing of Tom or Willie, they begged her to put them to the test—they would joyfully die for her if she stood in need of such a sacrifice, they assured her over and over again.

On Sunday evening, as indeed was frequently the case, Jones and Green both happened to call at Lydia's about the same time.

Lydia went out of the room about nine o'clock on pretence of bringing a book of engravings, but she shortly returned in great perturbation.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the two lovers in a chorus.

"Oh dear me!" sighed Lydia, "such a dreadful, dreadful thing! Who would have thought it in our peaceful community! Oh, Mr. Jones, Mr. Green! You cannot think how glad—how relieved I am that you are here. I should be frightened to death were it otherwise!" And she clung first to one and then to the other with a confidence perfectly infatuating.

"Tell us what it is?" cried Green.

"Enlighten us as to the cause of this emotion," said Jones, who had been to the Chicken Valley Academy two "quarters," and used some large words.

"Oh, you are both so brave!" cried Lydia, admiringly; "I feel as if I were protected by an army!"

Green drew himself up to his full height, which was just five feet, and it must be confessed that beside the Herculan Jones he looked like a Bantam rooster beside a Shanghai.

"Command me!" said Green, "only let me know your bidding?"

"Ask my assistance," said Jones, "and it shall be given as free as the streams give water to the sounding ocean!"

"Hush! for pity's sake," said Lydia; "he's up stairs in the spare room! Under the bed! Father had a hundred dollars paid him yesterday for a cow, and this is a plan to rob the house. I saw his boots stick out from under the counterpane."

"Good heavens! cried Green, getting behind Jones.

"And such big boots, too," said Lydia "twelves I am sure!"

"Jupiter! what a giant he must be?" said Tom.

"Tom! oh Willie! protect me!" cried Lydia, pathetically, and they both protested they would shield her with the last drop of their blood.

"Then go up stairs and seize the villain," said Lydia.

"You had better go first," said Jones, "I—don't know the way."

"I will show you the way," said Lydia.

"Nor I," said Green, "and you're the biggest: it belongs to you to lead on."

And the two gallant young men reluctantly followed her up stairs. She opened the door of the spare chamber softly, and they saw the boots very distinctly: a most extremely dirty pair of cowhides, which looked as though their owner had tramped through twenty miles of swamp, and made no acquaintance with rags or scrapers afterward.

"A—mighty big man he must be, with such a pair of feet," said Jones.

"Hadn't we better call your father and Mr. Barry, the hired man?"

"I think we had," said Green timidly.

"I don't," said Lydia, decidedly. "See! I believe the boots are moving. Oh, goodness me!"

And, as she screamed, Jones and Green simultaneously made a rush for the chamber door. Jones stumbled over a wash stand and went headlong to the foot of the stairs, wash stand and all. And Lydia, by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Green's coat, kept him from following his rival.

"What in the deuce is to pay here?" asked Jack Barry appearing on the scene in his shirt and trowsers and his light curly hair standing out all over his head, like the bristles of a lamp chimney brush.

Lydia points to the boots.

"Don't touch him," whined Green. He may have a pistol or something about him, and hurt somebody."

"You chicken livered whelp!" cried Barry, "you're afraid to see what's behind the boots, are ye? Well, I'll show you."

And Barry seized the frightful object and gave a pull so strong that he went over backwards on the floor with a boot in either hand.

"Jupiter!" he cried. "I never saw any boots come off so easy as that. Let's see the feet." And diving under the bed, he lifted the counterpane and displayed—nothing.

"But where is the owner of the boots?" cried he, scratching a bruise on his nose, and looking infinitely puzzled.

"Here!" said Pa White, appearing at the door, "I'm the owner, and here I've been hearing this terrible noise for the last ten minutes, and thinking there was a fire over on the corner. But not a sign of my boots could I find. Who put them there, Lydia?"

"But Lydia was bathing Barry's nose Green and Jones had sense enough to see that they were DE TROP,

And they took their departure without any elaborate farewells.

"By jinks," said Green to Jones, on their way home. "I've got an idea; it's my opinion that jade of a girl put them boots there herself, on purpose to try us."

"Of course she did," said Jones sulkily; women are as deceitful as the devil."

—A thoroughly honest man will not lie even to his dog, or in any way betray the brute's confidence.

Betsy and I are Out.

A FARM BALLAD.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make
'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and
Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as
man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of
our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan!
it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed
by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other
man,
Only we've lived together as long as we
ever can.

So I've talked with Betsey, and Betsey
has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't
never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any
terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a
little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had,
for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould
take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the
flesh and bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a
temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we
disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed,
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we
arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question,
the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when
we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, certain—the
question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we
both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started
in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither
of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because
she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and
hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer
to us got;
But it give us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all
the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin'
sharp to say,
And down on us come the neighbors, a
couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help
the thing along.

And there has been days together—and
many a weary week—
We was both of us as cross and spunky,
and both too proud to speak,
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin'
the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why,
then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and
Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we
can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what
is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and
take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very
first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she
shall have her half,
For she has helped to earn it, through
many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that
Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a
man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless
they have a home,
And I have always determined, and never
failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home,
if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin'
tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a
rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy
to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her
half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin'
her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no
stock in such,
True and fair I married her, when she
was blithe and young;
And Betsey was a'ays good to me, except
with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not
so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered and fairly
taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest
man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget
it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as
a loon—
Never an hour went by when she was out
of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck
to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a
kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I
ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey or any
of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled and
told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll
go home to night,
And read the agreement to her and see if
it's all right.
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a
tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us,
and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first
to me didn't occur—
That when I am dead at last she shall
bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted
years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we
quarrelled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would
be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we
will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't
think it queer,
If we loved each other the better because
we have quarrelled here.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—Many a wife might read the following paragraph from Emerson, and be wiser therefor:

"O excellent wife! encumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in the city, and for which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparing and sleep little, to behold. Let not emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love, and honor and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds."

A gentleman driving up to a country inn, accosted a youth thusly: "My lad, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate to him a sufficient supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your hospitality."

The boy becoming puzzled, and not comprehending the gentleman's high-sounding effusion, ran to the house and exclaimed:

"Daddy, there's a Dutchman out here who wants lager beer."

—A lad crawled into a sugar hogshead, and his first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!"

THE COTTON MANIA.—The Southern agricultural press, though sufficiently reactionary and opposed to the political reconstructive policy of Congress, still sees the necessity for a social reconstruction. A great effort is being made by these agricultural oracles to overthrow the reign of King Cotton. The Helena (Ark.) *Chronicle* has a slashing article on this question, in which it complains that the result of all their preaching against cotton is that every year a larger area is planted of this deceitful crop. Several years ago, at a Planters' Convention in Mississippi, it was resolved that they would only plant during that season seven acres to the hand. Each member of the convention went home with the full belief that his fellow member would adhere to the resolution, but resolved to disregard it himself. An enormous crop of cotton was raised, with little corn or other feed crops. The consequence was low priced cotton with high priced provisions. The farmers of the Northwest, of course, like such a policy, as it opens a profitable home market for their products. The mule raisers of Kentucky like it, as the stereotyped agricultural system of the South offers no competition to their own specialty. Since the close of the war the conservative, old, stiff habits of the Southern farmers and planters seem to be making a determined effort to keep out all ideas of progress as a badge of Yankee superiority. The result will be that these farmers will ultimately sell out or be sold out by the sheriff. This thing cannot go on forever.—Washington Chronicle.

THE RADICAL DIVISION OF LABOR.—An attentive observer cannot but have noted how much at variance the actions of the Radical party in South Carolina, are with the insincere utterances of the Radical press. It is not difficult, however, to solve the mystery. A solemn agreement exists between D. H. Chamberlain and the two Radical papers, of the one part, and Speaker Moses and others, of the other part, that they, the said D. H. Chamberlain and the said radical papers are to do the fair talking, the virtue, the morality, and the religion of the conspirators, while the rest of the party do the stealing. This is what they call "the division of labor." This is Radical "*political economy*."—Fairfield Herald.

No Home

No home. What a misfortune! How sad the thought! There are thousands who know nothing of the blessed influence of dear comfortable homes, merely because of a want of thrift, or from dissipated habits. Youth spent in frivolous amusements and demoralizing associations, leaving them at middle age when the physical and intellectual man should be in greatest vigor, enervated and without a laudable ambition. Friends long since lost, confidence gone, and nothing to look to in old age but a mere toleration in the community where they should be ornaments. No home to fly to when wearied with the struggles incident to life; no wife to cheer them in despondency; no children to amuse them, and no virtuous household to give zest to the joys of life. All is blank, and there is no hope or succor except that which is given out by the hands of private or public charities. When the family of the industrious and sober citizens gather around the cheerful fire of a wintry day, the homeless man in seeking shelter in the cells of a station house, or begging for a night's rest in the out building of one who started in life at the same time, with no greater advantages; but honesty and industry built up that home, while dissipation destroyed the other.

Practical Jokes.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks,

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncort, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funnily that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The duke of Fronsac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress, embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where everybody laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once on a matter of the most vital importance.

Monsieur de Fronsac was awakened.

"Monsieur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of police. Monsieur, the Lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands, that we may convict the offender by comparing it wtth the mutilated tails."

The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police; but it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

Woman

A woman in a neighborhood is only exceeded by another woman. She can love truer, or hate worse than the men of ordinary calibre.

She can make of home a little Heaven or a little Hell, on less capital that any other business can be carried on.

She is better than pine or stone coal for keeping a neighborhood boiling hot and home more unendurable than a burn on your first thumb joint, all the time making you think she is a package of refined innocence, a saint, a favorite angelic advertising agent for Gabriel.

She can kiss another woman sweeter and then talk about her worse than one of these Reform Republicans can talk about the President.

She can make a ten or a hundred dollar bill go up, oh, so quick!

She can be nicer to a woman she hates than a carpet-bag politician is to a negro before he has voted.

She can walk further to display a new dress than a loyal or disloyal contraband could travel for chickens in the night.

And she knows more by intuition of all the affairs of the neighborhood than Grant knows about his relations or the post office presents he receives, or is willing to!

And God love her, if she loves a man, she will stick to him longer than the Dent family will to the immortal speech maker, Ulysses!

Like dollars good women are hard to get, hard to keep, bothersome to look after, but here is a conundrum. How can we get along without them?—*Pomeroy's Paper.*

Brevities and Levities.

—A Troy man who recently was paid $1,500 insurance money on some property that was burned, visited a gambling den the same day, lost more than half the amount, and ever since has been wishing his house had not burned.

—The Ku-Klux clamor raised with so much din and noise throughout the country by the Radicals is intended to divert attention and scrutiny from their own party, just as the thief, pursued by the crowd, halloos thief the loudest of any to escape detection and arrest.

—Never say anything to a lady about her dress and appearance. Sensible girls despise flattery, and no girl is sensible enough to take criticism graciously.

—One o'clock in the afternoon and eight o'clock in the evening are the most fashionable hours for church weddings.

—An "Improved Nursing Apparatus" is advertised. We don't believe the old way can be improved much. There are some things that were about complete at the beginning.

—He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

—Three-year old, energetically, to a fly on the wall: "Soo, fy, don't bozzer *me*." Mother: "Dear, dear, where *did* you learn that?" Three-year old, singing: "Dat what my muzzar said."

—"Henpeck" is the name of a post office in Alexandria county, Illinois. It does a small business. The males avoid it.

—There is a colored man at Knoxville, Tenn., that earns five cents occasionally by standing barefooted on a hot stove. Every time he does it they telegraph to the *Tribune* about how the Ku Klux compel colored people to stand on hot stoves at the imminent risk of their lives.

"Centralized Despotism."

An article in favor of "Centralized Despotism," which appeared yesterday in the *Press* of this city, derives significance from the late relations happily and profitably established between its proprietor and the military President aspiring to renomination. There is an official stamp now to what it utters, and every day it is trying the public temper, and the temper of the Republican party, with suggestions more or less veiled, for the establishment of military despotism.—Against this the Democracy are a unit.—But it is also just to say that a very large portion of the Republican party have not utterly deserted the principles that the name implies. Radicalism and despotism are now synonymous terms, but daily we receive encouragement, from Republican sources, to fight with unabated courage the great battle for free, constitutional government. The whole of the Republican party have not yet been brought or bought to prefer the will of a Ulysses S. Grant to the recorded wisdom of all the great patriots and statesmen of Europe and America, who handed down to this generation the principles that are embodied in the Constitution and the laws of this free, Federal Republic.

The *Press* wakes up suddenly to the fact that States' rights, which it fondly thought defunct, are alive yet. It says:

"The dogma of States' rights, which we had happily thought defunct, is being revived, and the commonality dazzled with lucid expositions of the Constitution at the hands of learned lawyers and recondite editors."

Yes, the doctrine is "alive and kicking," and may yet kick out of office some who flatter themselves with hopes of a life tenure of it, under a consolidated despotism. It is cherished by those whom our aristocratic contemporary calls "the commonality." The fling at learned lawyers, who still sustain State rights, is no doubt intended for the Supreme Court of the United States. One of the recent decisions of that tribunal was in the important case brought up to it by a Judge in Massachusetts; and the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed, in this emphatic language, the judgment already given in the court below, that the tax was "unconstitutional."

Philadelphia Age.

Read! Read!

The place to find something PURE and GENUINE in the way of CHAMPAGNE WINES and BRANDIES, is at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

If you wish PURE COGNAC BRANDY for Medical purposes, go to MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

If you want a PURE ARTICLE of SHERRY or MADEIRA WINE, go to MARKERT & CLISBY'S.

If you desire a good article of OLD JAMAICA RUM or HOLLAND GIN call at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY.

We will also state that we have a few gallons of that GOOD OLD RYE and CORN still on hand. MARKERT & CLISBY.

If you wish a superior article of SHERRY for Cooking purposes, very cheap, call at the Drug Store of MARKERT & CLISBY,

To gentleman who indulge in the luxury of Chewing and Smoking, we respectfully announce, (and do so concientiously,) that we have, and are determined to keep on hand, the BEST brands of Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS. MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar 15 tf 12

NOTICE

ALL Persons indebted to WILLIAM HILL, deceased, are hereby notified to make payment to me as his Administrator. And all persons holding claims against him are notified to present the same for payment within the time prescribed by law.

WALLACE J. DELPH, Adm'or.

Mar 20 6t 12

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE Lot of VERY FINE HAIR BRUSHES and COMBS. MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar 29 tf 14

Croup Drops.

A SPEEDY and an effectual Remedy for that alarming and often fatal disease, and the best Remedy for Whooping Cough and Asthma. For sale by G. L. PENN, Druggist.

Apr 26 tf 18

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.

We earnestly solicit a liberal share of patronage, and guarantee full satisfaction to our customers.

JENNINGS, SMITH & CO.

☞ We have for Sale PURE PETTIT GULF COTTON SEED, at One Dollar per Bushel.

Augusta, Mar. 29, 1871, tf 15

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20,000 Dry Salt SIDES,
20,000 Dry Salt SHOULDERS,
20,000 Smoked SHOULDERS,
20,000 Smoked C. R. SIDES,
200 Bbls. FLOUR,
100 Bags COFFEE,
25 Tierces LARD,
50 Bbls. MOLASSES,
1,000 Bush. CORN,
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Also, full Stock of SUGARS, SYRUPS and LIQUORS of all kinds, for sale ON TIME, payable 1st November, with Factor's Acceptance, by

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Aug 25 8m 35

GUANO! GUANO!

WE beg leave to inform our customers and friends that we are still Agents for G. OBER & SONS' CELEBRATED GUANOS, which we are now OFFERING AT REDUCED RATES, viz:—

Phoso. Peruvian or A. A.
Ammoniated Super Phosphate,
Georgia Cotton Compound,
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—ALSO—
Chappell's Ammoniated Super Phosphate,
Pure Land Plaster,
Pure Peruvian Guano, &c.

These GUANOS are well known in Edgefield, and we respectfully refer to all who have used them.

Orders solicited. Apply to Z. W. CARWILE or THOS. W. CARWILE, Edgefield C. H., W. EDWARD CARWILE, Ridge, or at our Warehouse in the City of Augusta, Ga.

WARREN, WALLACE & CO.

Augusta, Feb 22 3m 9

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has any thing won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of *Croup*, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

So generally are its virtues known, that we need not publish the certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully maintained.

Ayer's Ague Cure,

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

As its name implies, it does *Cure*, and does not fail. Containing neither Arsenic, Quinine, Bismuth, Zinc, nor any other mineral or poisonous substance whatever, it in nowise injures any patient. The number and importance of its cures in the ague districts, are literally beyond account, and we believe without a parallel in the history of Ague medicine. Our pride is gratified by the acknowledgments we receive of the radical cures effected in obstinate cases, and where other remedies had wholly failed.

Unacclimated persons, either resident in, or travelling through miasmatic localities, will be protected by taking the *AGUE CURE* daily.

For *Liver Complaints*, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity.

For Bilious Disorders and Liver Compaints, it is an excellent remedy, producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

PRICE, $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

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D. WYATT AIKEN,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

NOTICE

IF you want NICE CANDY, buy from MARKERT & CLISBY.

Mar 29 tf 14

V. Richards & Bros.

HAVE now in Store one of the most Superb Stocks of DRY GOODS they have ever had the pleasure of offering their Customers. And in regard to the prices, have only to say that they buy their Goods for Cash, thus getting all the advantages in purchasing that any house can get, and having had a successful experience in the business for over twenty years, they feel that their stock is well suited to the wants of consumers. And selling, as they do, upon a Cash basis, they can give all the advantages to their customers that any house can give, and much better than the houses that buy on time and sell on credit, as such houses cannot buy so cheap, and losing many debts for which they have to make out of those who buy of them for cash. They will not attempt to enumerate their Stock, but only mention a few leading articles and prices. They now have DRESS GOODS, of all descriptions, from 12½c to the finest.

CALICOES, from 5c. to 12½c.
PERCALES, at 16c., 20c. and 25c.
The best BLACK ALPACAS at 25c. ever offered in any market, and from that to the best.
PIQUES from 20c. to the finest.
MOURNING GOODS, of all descriptions.
A superb assortment of BLACK SILKS, all grades, and very cheap.
PLAIN, COLORED, STRIPED and CHECKED SILKS, in great variety.
WHITE GOODS, of all the leading kinds and makes.
BLACK LLAMA and WHITE LACE POINTS; also, many other new style wrappings.
BLACK SILK LACES, EMBROIDERED BANDS, FINE LACE COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c., &c.
A great variety of NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES, TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS, FANS, PARASOLS, CORSETS, HOOP SKIRTS, &c.
TABLE DAMASK, TOWELINGS, NAPKINS, MARSEILLES QUILTS, &c.
All the leading brands in BLEACHED GOODS, DOMESTICS, Linen and Cotton SHEETINGS, &c., &c.
Always on hand, a superior assortment of Goods suited to the wants of Gents and Boys.
To all of which they respectfully invite the attention of their friends and customers.
To those at a distance, they have to say that they pay special attention to Orders, and send samples by mail when requested.
They will also pay the express freight on Goods, when ordered from their Stock at retail, provided the amount ordered is $10 and over, for Cash.
This they can well afford, as they fill the order during leisure moments, which is time saved, and to them is worth the freight they pay, and which they are willing to allow the customer, thus placing the Goods at their Depot as Cheap as if they lived in the city. In sending Goods in this way, the money can be paid on delivery.
Persons sending Orders, and trusting to the judgment of the firm to make selections for them, may rest assured that their best efforts will be used in trying to please, and anything they may select which does not come up to the requirements of the order may be returned, and the money will be refunded. Give them a trial.

V. RICHARDS & BROS.,
FREDERICKSBURG STORE,
Corner by the Planters' Hotel.
AUGUSTA, GA.

Augusta, April 12, tf 16

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 Deringer 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 Establisment.

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

Merchants and Planters,

TAKE NOTICE.

Now on Hand and for Sale Low

1000 Sks. Fancy XXXX FLOUR,
800 " Family XXX "
500 " Extra XX "
500 " Superfine X "
200 Bbls Extra Family "
3000 Bush. CORN,
50 " Planting GROUND PEAS,
100 Boxes SOAP,
25 Bbls. WHISKEY.

Also a Choice Stock of GROCERIES, Consisting of SUGARS, COFFEES, and EVERYTHING ELSE to be had in our Line.

It will be greatly to the interest of all to give us a call, at **299** Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

F. E. STEVENS & CO.

Augusta, Apr 19 1m 17

ESTABLISHED 1828.

W. H. BARRET. R. H. LAND. S. H. SHEPPARD.

BARRETT, LAND & CO.

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints,

OILS,
GLASS AND DRUGGISTS' GLASSWARE,
291 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.,

OFFER the following at lower figures than the same class of Goods can be bought elsewhere:—

GUM OPIUM,	CLOVES,
SULPH. MORPHINE,	W. B. POTASH,
" QUININE,	Concentrated LYE,
Bromide POTASH,	LINSEED OIL,
Iodide POTASH,	SPERM OIL,
ALUM,	LARD OIL,
Gum CAMPHOR,	TRAIN OIL,
COPPERAS,	SPINDLE OIL,
BLUE STONE,	MACHINE OIL,
Refined BORAX,	CASTOR OIL,
S. & C. WOOD MATCHES,	SWEET OIL,
MACCABOY SNUFF,	OLIVE OIL,
BITTERS of all kinds,	KEROSENE OIL,
PEPPER, Sifted,	ASTRAL OIL,
GINGER,	WHITE LEAD, COLORS, &c.
SPICE,	

Augusta, Feb 7 3m 7

Planters' Grocery House.

BAKER, MILLER & CO.,

Grocers

AND

Dealers in Produce,

267 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.,

KEEPING as usual a large and well assorted Stock of **Choice Groceries** and **Provisions,** solicit a continuation of their Carolina friends kind patronage.

☞ During the Summer, those of their Planting Customers requiring time purchases, will be accommodated for Cotton Factor's acceptances, payable First November next.

May 2 2m 19

More New Goods.

I have this day received, in addition to my first purchases,—
50 Pieces BEST PRINTS,
1 Case Yard wide BLEACHING,
1 Case 7-8 Brown SHIRTING,
10 Pieces Bed TICKING,
10 Pieces PAPER CAMBRIC, all colors,
10 Dozen Ladies and Misses HOSE, a choice article,
50 " Coats' COTTON,
Also, another supply Buff and White PIQUETS, fresh from New York, and very beautiful.

J. H. CHEATHAM.

Apr 26 tf 18

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having Claims against the Estate of D. M. GLOVER, deceased, are requested to give me notification of their respective claims prior to the 1st July next, as the heirs of the Estate desire to know the indebtedness of the Estate.

C. B. GLOVER.

Apr 26 3t* 18

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of JAMES HATCHER, dec'd., will make payment at an early date; and those having claims against said Estate will render them in properly attested, without delay.

ELIZA HATCHER, Ad'ix.

May 2 3t 19

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 near 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 disordered liver. With this condition the bronchial tubes "sympathize" with the stomach. They respond to the morbid action of the liver. Hence the cough, 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 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 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 rip