

Edgefield Advertiser

EDGEFIELD, S. C., SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.

VOLUME XXXV.—No. 38.

By D. R. DURISOE.

OTTON STATES Life Insurance Company,

Principal Office, Macon, Ga. The business of this STRICTLY SOUTHERN and HOME COMPANY is confined by law to legitimate Life Insurance alone.

Officers at Macon, Ga: WM. B. JOHNSTON, President. WM. S. HOLT, Vice-President. GEO. S. ORRILL, Secretary.

LAVALLE & ABNEY, General Agents for North and South Carolina.

New Spring Dry Goods! James W. Turley, Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS. HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, and is now fully prepared to offer to the public a completely assorted stock of SEASONABLE FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS.

THE CASH SYSTEM WILL BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO. The best judges of Dry Goods, and the closest buyers, are particularly requested to examine my present schedule of prices.

PETER KEENAN. Again salutes the Good People of Edgefield, and the many readers of the Advertiser, and invites them, when they are in want of Boots and Shoes,

Boots and Shoes, To call at his Reliable House, next door to James A. Gray & Co., where they will find NOTHING BUT THE BEST WORK!

The Best Goods Ever Brought to this Market! And every style of Gentlemen's Hand-Sewn Shoes, at \$5 per pair!

And Every Other style Known to the Trade! Nothing will be left undone to merit the confidence of my Fellow-Citizens. I would just as soon force a paper, as beguile the public with anything other than Facts.

PETER KEENAN, 230 Broad Street, Under Central Hotel, AUGUSTA, GA.

Quick Sales and Small Profits. Cotton Gin MANUFACTORY.

GEORGE WEBER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, Hats, BOOTS, SHOES.

TURNIP SEED! JUST RECEIVED a LARGE SUPPLY OF IMPROVED TURNIP SEED, warranted Fresh and Genuine.

MADE TO ORDER OR REPAIRED! All work well done at reasonable prices, out of the best Leather, and by competent workmen.

Saluda House. Mrs. R. B. BOWLING respectfully announces to the Edgefield public that she has opened the SALUDA HOUSE, and will use every exertion to please all who may favor her with their patronage.

Superior Seed Oats. 100 POUNDS RED OATS, Rust Proof, on hand and for sale by W. A. SANDERS.

Last Words.

She said: "Why should we start and shrink? Why fall your tears in showers, Heaven's land lies nearer than we think."

Mrs. Pettiman's Skeleton.

"EVERY family has a skeleton in the closet," is a society aphorism which nobody denies, for, even as we admit it, we hear the skeleton in our own closet faintly rattling its bones.

But she was the mistress of a charming villa standing on the outskirts of the city, a "thing of beauty" for every beholder.

It is well to be duded sometimes—a happier state of affairs in some instances, at all events—but I am one of those who hold that the plain, unvarnished truth is best.

And yet these words might apply to many another abode beside the one in question. "Come and stay with us awhile," requests some friend.

Well, well, we are used to its aspect, at all events, and its familiar grin strikes us with far less horror than the one concealed in the closet of our neighbor.

Without further prelude, however, I will inform you what was the skeleton that dampened the joys, chilled the heart, weighed down the spirits of one little woman, who was by nature one of the brightest, sweetest, most cheery of mortals.

"Oh that's all?" you exclaim; "I was prepared for something horrible, such as an iron grating, or the mummies of 'Oldrho,' or the other Raddiforomanes!"

"I must wear my old boots, mamma. Papa sent those you brought back again." A red flush dyed Mrs. Pettiman's cheeks at the light of quick decision.

Why, do without, of course; the same as he does. Regarding this argument as a clincher, Mrs. Pettiman returned to his newspaper, Mrs. Pettiman cried quietly a bit; then, wiping her eyes resolutely, kissed the children, and declares in an undertone, "I will have the decencies of life, at all events."

And, with himself, no one ever yet found a grumbler who was not the victim of his own wrongs. "The world is all against us, we cry. Nonsense! Men or women, be brave; girl up your loins, and do your duty."

a sunshiny little lady, whose dimpled cheeks showed that nature had meant her for smiles rather than tears. But as she emerged from bridehood into widowhood, from thence glided into motherhood, the dimples did not show themselves as often, and the round cheeks faded and paled on the round cheeks, until they bid fair to leave it altogether.

Let us see him at home and find out. Mrs. Pettiman comes down to breakfast with rather a troubled brow; the spring campaign is before her. The house was cleaned and put in order, the children and herself need numerous additions to their wardrobes.

"If one could only do without clothing; or if things wouldn't wear out so, how delightful it would be," she soliloquizes.

"Oh! he needn't read at all. Guess if you had such a family to support as I have, you'd find out how necessary it is to read the newspaper the first thing. Must know what's going on in the business world."

Mr. Pettiman, who always revels in being late at meals as possible, finally lays down his paper and takes his place.

"Of course, they've eaten everything up by this time!" is his first comment. The appearance of the table, graciously adds, "They have left something for a wonder," and then proceeds to find fault in every conceivable direction.

"The sugar all gone! Impossible—there must be a mistake! It must have been stolen or given away." He would be brought to "beggary and ruin," if things went on at this rate.

"Of course, he couldn't be at home to look after things." If he only had "somebody that would go into the kitchen once in a while!"

"Oh! this is very pleasant to a wife's ears, certainly; especially one who tries to do her duty, and who is conscientiously careful of everything committed to her charge."

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The consequence is, that Mr. Pettiman's credit being good—he always paying his bills after a terrible grumble—Mrs. Pettiman obtains the needful supplies, as is apt to be the case, at disadvantage; and until the bills are presented, has the Democles feeling of a sword suspended over her head—so she knows the result.

How the world would perside, in believing that everybody was in league against him to perpetually dispose of his property; and in the most ferocious manner would demand where such and such an article had been "hidden away." How he would insist upon hoarding up his treasures, newspapers, as well as bills that had been duly paid, but for which Mr. Pettiman held himself liable—so great was the depravity of trades-

men—to be called upon to settle over again at any moment. Again he would take a fancy to certain articles of apparel which had seen their best days, and which his wife protested against as not fit to be seen.

Little May's birthday was close at hand. She was a summer child, and had come into the world when it was in the full moon of June.

"Mamma smiles, and sighs, 'Yes.' May must have her face; but then the ordeal to go through with before then."

"I have been your wife, sir," she went on, "for eight years I have striven faithfully for the welfare of yourself and your children; faultily I have been often, but still faithful to the best interests of those committed to my charge."

"Mr. Pettiman, as you know, I am not given to speeches; throughout our married life I am not aware that I have made one. I had, however, that you mistake forbearance for weakness, and that you had never had a word to say to me in regard to making a speech for the first, last, and only time."

"I have been your wife, sir," she went on, "for eight years I have striven faithfully for the welfare of yourself and your children; faultily I have been often, but still faithful to the best interests of those committed to my charge."

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ed her lead. This was to an unfrequent part of the house. Mrs. Pettiman entered a small octagonal room, heretofore unused.

It was scrupulously clean, the floor nicely sanded. Upon the mantle was an array of pipes, pipes that Mrs. Pettiman was forever mislaying in all parts of the house; for he was a prodigious smoker, and was forever accusing his family of "hiding" from him with a prepense.

Solemnly, as if she had been the ghost in Hamlet, or some other apparition sent with direful warning, Mrs. Pettiman beckoned toward the door.

"Mr. Pettiman, turning his eyes thither, read in large letters, the following inscription, MR. PETTIMAN'S GRUMBING ROOM."

The lady motioned to a chair, the gentleman, in blank amazement, took it; and then, as the lady took one, also, regarded her fixedly.

It struck the gentleman forcibly, as he hid, what a pretty wife he had. The lady was dressed with scrupulous care, and yet, with an easy, picturesque grace—such as artists like. The gentleman was not an artist, but he liked it well; and said within himself, "What a remarkably pretty woman I've got for a wife."

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"Let us Tell it This Time." [From the Wallahalla Courier.] The Democratic party of South Carolina has been devoted to voluntary, non-responsible, non-obligatory conferences and conventions since 1866.

Afterwards, when the cows were standing up, he saw the pigs running around and under them, jumping up, and doing all they could to reach the teats.

"We, the undersigned, citizens of the said State and county, having seen through the newspaper that you had received a statement, and affidavits, that outrages upon various citizens had been committed in this county since the committee of which you are chairman, left the said county, and that you had therewith recommended a declaration of martial law in this county, feel constrained to make the following statement:

The field-hand yesterday may be the legislator of to-day; and the seats once occupied by a Calhoun and Webster—the immortal triad—be disgraced by ignorance and stupidity. Thus handled, the machinery of government can never work smoothly; blinding ignorance must spoil that which wisdom and skill constructed.

Politics and Yellow Fever—Cause and Effect. At the first glance there seems to be little connection between politics and yellow fever; but here in Charleston their relation is no more remote than that of cause and effect.

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Law-Makers Should be Educated. There cannot be a more fatal mistake than to set the ignorant and uneducated to the work of making and administering the laws of a country.

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