### The Moneyless Man.

Is there no sacred place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no sacred place where the knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world over wherever you can
You will find no open door for a moneyless man.

Go to yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
And the rich hanging velvets in shadowy folds,
Sweep gracefully down with their trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view;
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go to yon church, which, with its cloud-reaching spire,
Gives back to the sun, his own look of red-fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within
And the walls seem as pure as the soul without sin;
Walk down the aisle—see the rich and the great,
In their pomp and their pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find if you can,
One who will open a pew for a moneyless man.

Go to yon Judge, in his dark flowing gown,
Weighing law with scales of iniquity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
Where he punishes right, whilst he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they have already made,
Go to the Court room, and find if you can,
Any laws for the cause of the moneyless man.

Go to yon Bank, where mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where pile upon pile of glittering ore
Lies safe from the hands of the starving poor,
Walk up to the counter—Oh, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, and your hair turns gray,
And you will find at the Banks, not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel, no raven hath fed
The wife; the child has suffered too long for his bread,
Kneel down on your pallet and kiss the death froth
From the lips of the angel your poverty hath lost.
Then turn in your agony upwards to God
And bless while it smites thee, the chastening rod;
And you will find at the end of your life's little span
That there is a welcome above for a moneyless man!

### Mr. and Mrs. Mark Twain's Difficulty.

(As reported by Mr. M. T.)

*Mrs. T. bought a pair of roller skates—Mr. T. objected to Mrs T. appearing at the Rink in roller skates—A scene.*

Mr. T.—Hold your clatter. I tell you, you shan't bring odium upon the family by your disgraceful attempts to skate, sprawling around with your big feet like a cow plowing her way down hill in slippery weather. [Shows how.] Maybe you wouldn't be so handy about displaying those feet of yours if you knew what occurred when I took your shoes down to get 'em mended.

Mrs. T.—What was it? Tell me what it was? Tell me this minute! I just know it's one of your lies!

Mr. T.—Oh, don't mind; it ain't of any consequence, go to bed.

Mrs. T.—But it is of consequence. You have got to tell me; you shan't aggravate me in this way; I won't go to bed till I know what it was.

Mr. T.—Oh, it wasn't any thing.

Mrs. T.—I know better! You're just doing this to drive me to distraction. What did that shoemaker say about my shoe? What did he do? Quick! [Bristling up to him with clenched hands.]

Mr. T.—Well, if you must know, he—he—however, it is of no consequence.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain! (Shaking her fist in his face.)

Mr. T.—Well, he took it and gazed, on it a long time in silence, and then burst into tears. (Shows how.)

Mrs. T.—Why, you born fool! Twain, are you going stark, staring crazy?

Mr. T.—He just stood there and wept as if his heart would break, poor devil! There, now let's go to bed.

Mrs. T.—Bed, you lunatic! I'll never close my eyes till I know what that idiot was crying about—and you won't either, I can tell you that. Come!

Mr. T.—Oh, it don't matter.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain, if you say that again, I'll make you sorry for it. What was that numskull crying about?

Mr. T.—W-e-l-l, he, he—

Mrs. T.—W-e-l-l, he. Out with it. Do you want me to—to—Twain? I'll snatch them pet ear-locks off till the side of your head's as bald as the top of my hand.

Mrs. T.—Well, he—poor fellow, he fairly doted on his grandmother—fairly doted on her. She had nursed him, you know, because his mother was so feeble, and so—well, he came to this country fifteen years ago, and first he set up in the vegetable line, and got along pretty well, and was about to send to England for the old lady, when hard times came and he got broke. He went into fruit then, and after that into milk—into all sorts of things, you know; but he got disappointed every time, till this present business fetched out all right, and he sent right off for the old woman. She landed here four weeks ago, but died the same night. It was hard after all his waiting and toiling for fifteen years, to get her over at last and have her die on his hands. He—he—well, he was disgusted. However, he laid her out, and he and his friends sat up with her, and by and by the memories of her virtues softened his bitterness and turned it into tender grief—a settled melancholy that hung about his spirit like a pall for many days. However, by patiently striving to keep sad thoughts out of his mind he was finally beginning to regain some of his old-time cheerfullness, when your shoe reminded him so painfully of his poor, sainted grandmother's coffin—

Mrs. T.—That, you brute. (Slaps his face.) And if you dare to come back here again I'll kick you out again, you degraded old ruffian! Out of the house with you! (Exit, leading Mark out by the ear.)

SELF-TORMENT.—More than half of this world is self-afflicted. People raise evil spirits—vulge blue devils—and imaginary evils, till they lash themselves into bona fide despair. Of this class of self-tormentors was the good honest kitchen maid whom her mistress found weeping bitterly in the kitchen. The heated oven had cooled, the batch of bread ready for baking was falling in the pans from the "high estate" to which yeast had raised it, and Betty was sobbing as if her heart would break:

"What is the matter?"

"Why (sobs) just as I had got the oven nice and hot" (sobs again.)

"Well," said the mistress, frightened, "did you burn yourself?"

"No, ma'am; I happened to think"—(sobs.)

"Well, Betty."

"That if I should ever get married"—

"You wouldn't cry at that, certainly."

"And should have a nice little baby"—

"Well, well."

"And it should just go alone, and I shall get the oven hot—and should leave it, and the baby should crawl in, boo-oo-o! it would burn itself to death!"

### How the Deacon Got Caught.

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able-bodied male adults of this city the very common beverage known as "soda water," and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But as this ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink, and so the imbiber who must "moisten his flues" with some liquid refreshment, seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilarates, yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweens to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "slush," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

Saturday, a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respectable church deacon, a Justice of the Peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to this city to trade a little in dry goods and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red any more than he does when it is any other color. Unfortunately, our old friend had suffered from opthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity which caused his left upper eye-lid to drop every few seconds, and, to those not familiar with his infirmity, gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The "deac" is passionately fond of soda-water and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babes into agony, and require prompt doses of peppermint; so Saturday, after he had bought a few shovels, plows, and a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on towards home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow.

"Oh! give me sassaparilly; that is about as healthy as anything, I guess." (Here the deacon's eye-lid went back on him and dropped quickly.)

"All right," replied the fountain-tender, as he disappeared below the counter and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sassaparilly," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to the very dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips, and said: "That syrup is a leetle stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" at the same time his eye-lid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda-water bibber left the shop. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Water on Draught." It was noticed the deacon walked as if he had the string-halt as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress water" at that place, saying he "did not feel quite right, and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning, filled up the glass with plain "Congress," and gave it to our now "tightuatly slight" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the deacon stored away before he left the city, we are unable to say, but he was found late in the day, asleep in his wagon, with a plow point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person for a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eye-lid dropped, took the hint. The deacon escaped the "jim-jams," but says hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate.—*Cleveland Leader.*

### The Valley of Death.

A spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and the wagons and the flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. The children crying for water, died at their mother's breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals, the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after 22 years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron work and tires are bright, and the shrivelled skeletons lie side by side.—*Springfield Republican.*

### A Rattle Snake Bite and a Ride for Life.

The Burlington (Kansas) *Patriot* says: Last week Mr. S. T. Champlin, of Pottawatomie township, living on Long creek, was bitten by a rattlesnake on the right hand. He was handling corn at the time, and as he reached down to the corn pile the snake, which was coiled up unperceived in the corn, struck him, his fangs entering the finger next to the little one, between the knuckle and the middle joint.

As soon as Mr. Champlin found he was bitten he mounted a horse and started for town, as no whisky or other remedy was close at hand. His hand and arm began to swell rapidly, and the pain was intense. After riding a mile he stopped at a neighbor's and procured a glass of alcohol, which he reduced with water and drank. This probably saved Mr. C's. life, as he informs us that the torture from the bite had become so severe that he could with difficulty sit in the saddle. He at once pulled for town as fast as possible, and at Wolf creek he found its bank full, but did not hesitate to ride in. The swift current swept him from his horse, but he clung to his mane with the hand which was not disabled, and his horse carried him across. On his arrival in this city Dr. Douglass administered powerful stimulants, using spirits freely and drenching the arm with iodine. The arm was swollen very full, but the Doctor soon had him out of danger. Mr. Champlin was bitten at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived in Burlington about 3, so he had ridden nearly twelve miles in an hour. The snake was killed, and measured two feet and a half in length, having eight rattles.

### The Beauties of Going to Law.

A careful observation of the proceedings of our courts often reveals facts that are truly calculated to weaken our faith in their purity, and to lessen our respect for the majesty of the law. We confess with deep regret that the popular saying, "Money will do anything," is not always wholly untrue.

At the recent term of the Clay Circuit Court, in the case of the State *vs.* Bermis and Miller, or stealing wheat, we are furnished with a lamentable instance. The facts in the case are as follows: In the month of October, 1862, some twenty bushels of wheat were stolen from Clay County and sold early the following morning at one of the leading flouring mills in this city. The wheat was missed early in the morning, and tracked directly to its destination in the market, and, though the nocturnal thieves had made good their escape, a combination of circumstances and identification seemed to fasten the guilt upon the proper parties, who were arrested the same evening at Brazil. Under the privilege of the law, changes of venue were taken before three several Justices' Courts in Clay county, and three days and as many nights were lost in the preliminary proceeding.

The parties were then bound over to court. Subsequently Miller turned State's evidence. The case has been before the courts twice yearly since that time, being continued from time to time by what were uniformly understood by every party outside the court as frivolous excuses backed by the usual affidavits. At the present term the case was thrown out of Court at the request of all the prosecuting witnesses, for the reason that justice could not be obtained, and the witnesses could not afford the expense. The prosecuting attorney on the occasion made a humorous speech. The Hon. William Mack, of this city, was on the bench, and also made a few remarks, commenting that "this was one of those cases damaging to the reputation of the court and a farce on justice."

This being a State case the witnesses got no fees. The original value of the wheat was $67 50. A witness from this city figures his outlay as follows: Attendance on court 11 times—traveling expenses $24; board $24; time 21 days, $63; total $111. Multiplying this amount by the whole number (30) of witnessess and we have $3,330; the Millers and Bermises claim to have paid lawyers' fees, etc., to the amount of $2,000, making the total cost $5,330.

In his final speech the prosecuting attorney remarked that during the continuance of these cases several witnesses had died, and many others had grown from boyhood to be old men. One of the lawyers for the defence (Rose) had became palsied in his right arm; another (Coffee) had nearly gone blind, while the third one (Williamson) had become weak in the small of his back—all writing affidavits and studying pretenses for continuances. All the witnesses have learned that it is better to know nothing of wrong doings in the future—that to close their eyes and suppress all knowledge of crimes committed, is essentially and practically only the exercise of the principle of self-protection.

And thus do our courts encourage commission of crime. Is there no remedy?—Terra Haute (Ind.) Express.

☞ The anti-Greeley men in the upper portion of Georgia are making much of the fact that the "Georgia House," at Dalton, changed its name the other day to the "Greeley House" and was soon thereafter *struck* by lightning.

☞ Gen. Braxton Bragg strongly favors the endorsement of Greeley and Brown by the Baltimore Convention. So does Raphael Semmes.


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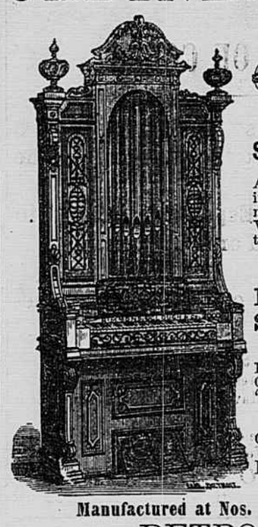

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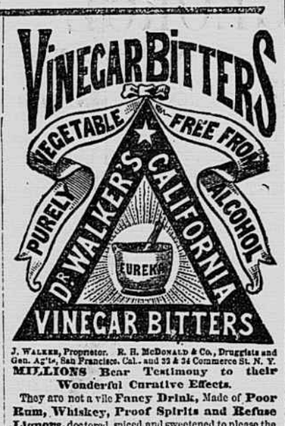


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SASH RIBBONS in all colors, Embroidered, Plaid and Plain,
New TRIMMING RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS and BUTTONS,
New Styles of STRAW HATS for Ladies, Misses, Gents and Boys, of the latest shape in Regatta, Gazelle, May Flower, School, Lacca, Hurdle, Harvest, Franconia, &c.
A full assortment of SHOES, fresh from the Factory,
The latest fashions in READY MADE CLOTHING, &c.

All of which I have marked so low as to secure QUICK SALES,—to make you laugh in your sleep and dream of good living.

**H. L. A. BALK,**
172 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
May 8 2m 20

## INSURE YOUR LIFE
IN THE
# Brooklyn Life Insurance Co.
Of New York.
**Cash Capital and Assets, Over $2,000,000.**

1. Because it is acknowledged to be perfectly *solvent* by all *Insurance Commissioners.*
2. Because it is the *cheapest.*
3. Because it endorses the *Surrender Value* on its Policies, *in Dollars and Cents,* for ten consecutive years.

According to the statement of the rates of the different Life Insurance Companies of first-class standing in the United States, made by "The Universal," in its advertisement entitled "*Facts are Stubborn Things,*" and published in the *Edgefield Advertiser,* it appears that the *Mutual Rates of the Brooklyn* are *Cheaper* than those of any named Company.

For instance, according to that statement:

| | At the age of 20 $150 Will Insure | At the age of 30 $200 Will Insure | At the age of 40 $250 Will Insure |
|---|---|---|---|
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Equitable | 7,541 47 | 8,810 57 | 7,987 22 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $1,334 26 | $440 12 | $402 05 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 43 | $9,230 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Piedmont & Arlington | 8,455 46 | 8,810 57 | 7,987 22 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $420 27 | $440 12 | $402 05 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " New York Life | 7,541 47 | 8,810 00 | 7,987 22 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $1,334 26 | $440 69 | $402 05 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Carolina Life | 8,503 41 | 8,841 73 | 7,916 40 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $372 32 | $408 96 | $472 87 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Ætna | 8,426 96 | 8,798 94 | 8,108 10 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $448 77 | $451 75 | $281 17 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Cotton States | 8,455 46 | 8,810 57 | 7,987 22 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $420 27 | $440 12 | $402 05 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " St. Louis Mutual | 8,841 36 | 8,841 73 | 7,916 40 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn, | $34 37 | $408 96 | $472 87 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 60 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Southern Life | 8,615 73 | 8,877 55 | 7,936 50 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $260 00 | $373 14 | $452 77 |
| In the Brooklyn | $8,875 73 | $9,250 69 | $8,389 27 |
| " " Knickerbocker | 8,665 50 | 8,639 30 | 7,859 10 |
| Balance in favor of the Brooklyn. | $270 23 | $611 39 | $530 17 |

## STOCK RATES.

| | At the age of 30, $200 will insure | At the age of 40, $250 will insure |
|---|---|---|
| In the Brooklyn | $11,750 00 | $10,371 90 |
| In the Universal | 11,366 01 | 10,266 90 |
| Bal. in favor of the Brooklyn at *stock* rates | $353 99 | $385 00 |

The *greatly advantageous feature* of the Brooklyn in endorsing the *Surrender Values* upon its Policies, *in Dollars and Cents, for ten consecutive years,* has met with unqualified praise from the most celebrated American Actuaries, as also from the Press, East, North and South.

The Hon. Elizur Wright, who is admitted to be the greatest Insurance Mathematician and Actuary in America, congratulating The Brooklyn upon this new and distinctive feature, says, among other things, "I am particularly pleased by your departure in the right direction from the *ordinary method of computing the Surrender Values.*" "One of the greatest drawbacks to the popularity of Life Insurance, has been the disappointment and dissatisfaction of retiring Policy holders, at the *smallness of the surrender value paid,*" &c. "All this would have been prevented by a *distinct statement on the Policy, in advance, of the sum to be paid.*"

This statement, it will be seen, The Brooklyn makes in dollars and cents, so that there can be no mistake.

**Read What Southern Papers Say of This Feature:**

*The Sentinel,* (*Raleigh, North Carolina,*) Jan. 27, 1869.—"This *great feature of cash surrender values* is an improvement that signalizes the era in Life Insurance."

*Sun,* (*Columbus, Georgia.*)—"There is no better Company in the land; a comparison with other corporations of a similar character, will convince all of the *superior safety in taking risks with The Brooklyn Life.*"

*Dispatch,* (*St. Louis, Mo.,*) Jan. 7, 1869.—"A Policy in *The Brooklyn Life* is thus worth so much *in ready money.* This is the *only Life Company* in the country that has carried *this excellent feature* (of endorsing the cash surrender values in dollars and cents,) into its business." "Policy holders being *doubly assured,* the system cannot fail to become very popular."

It will be seen that we *assert nothing* in the above advertisement, but make a simple statement of the *superior advantages of The Brooklyn,* as it appears from *disinterested parties.*

The Hon. M. L. Bonham has been associated with us in the General Agency of The Brooklyn for this State.

**BONHAM, BACON & BUTLER,**
General Agents and Managers.
Office over the Citizens' Savings Bank, Columbia, S. C.,
And at Edgefield, S. C. March 20tf

# M. O'DOWD & CO.,
**GROCER AND COMMISSION**
# Merchant,
**248 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.**

HAS on hand and for sale at LOWEST MARKET PRICES for Cash, or Factors' Acceptances, payable next Fall, a FULL STOCK of **Choice Groceries and Plantation Supplies,** among which may be found the following:

50 HHDS. C. R. Bacon Sides,
10,000 lbs. D. S. Shoulders,
10 casks Hams,
100 packages Lard,
200 boxes Cheese,
300 bbls. Flour, all grades,
300 sacks Oats,
40 " Seed Rye,
100 bbls. Irish Potatoes,
500 packages New Mackerel—Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
100 packages Extra Mess Mackrel
10 bbls. Buckwheat,
100 chests Tea, all grades,
50 bbls. Syrup—different grades
200 cases Oysters, 1 and 2 lb. cans,
200 cases Canned Fruits and Vegetables.
300 cases Pickles, all sizes,
50 " Lobsters, 1 and 2 lb. cans
200 gross Matches,
200 boxes Candles,
50 M Charles Dickens' Segars,
50 M Georgia Chiefs do.
50 M Our Choice do.
200 M various grades do.
5,000 Bushels Corn,

25 HHDS. Demarara Sugar,
35 hhds. Brown Sugar,
10 hhds. Scotch Sugar,
25 boxes Havana Sugar,

Augusta, Jan 16

50 bbls. Crushed, Powdered and Granulated Sugar,
200 bbls. Extra C and A Sugar,
200 bags Rio Coffee,
50 " Laguayra Coffee,
50 pockets Old Government Java Coffee,
100 boxes No. 1 Soap,
200 " pale "
150 " Starch,
100 " Soda,
100 dozen Buckets,
50 " Brooms,

10 BARRELS Pure Baker Whisky,
50 bbls. Old Valley Whisky,
200 " Rye Whisky, all grades.
50 " Pure Corn Whisky,
30 " Brandy, Gin and Rum,
10 quarter casks imported Cognac Brandy,
8 quarter casks Scotch and Irish Whisky,
20 quarter casks Sherry, Port and Madeira Wine,
20 casks Ale and Porter,
10 casks Cooper's Half and Half,
50 cases Champagne,
40 " Claret,
50 " Schnapps,
100 " Bitters,
200 boxes Tobacco, all grades,
100 cases Smoking do.

tf 4

# D. QUINN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
# BOOKS, STATIONERY, MUSIC,
AND PERIODICALS,
**183 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.**

Manufacturers' Agent and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of Blank Books, for Mercantile use, including Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Records, Pass Books, Memorandum Books, Time Books, Drawing and Scrap Books, Autograph Books, Copy, Cyphering and Exercise Books, for School use, &c., &c.

The **Writing Papers,** including Cap, Letter and Note, American, English and French, Ruled and Plain, Stamped and Unstamped.

The stock of **Envelopes** embraces Letter, Note and Official sizes, of all colors and qualities, besides a full line of General Stationery, including all the innumerable minor items for use in the Counting Room.

Also, many articles that would be appropriately designated as Fancy Stationery.

In the Book Department, will be found the Standard Text Books for Schools and Colleges, Dictionaries, Bibles and Prayer Books, Music Books, and a large assortment of Juvenile and Toy Books, and a well selected stock in General Literature.

In the Miscellaneous Stock, in which we deal, we can offer to buyers as favorable terms as any establishment in the trade.

A new Price List will soon be issued, which will enable purchasers to make selections and order by mail, if desired. Such orders will receive prompt and careful attention, since the most thorough system marks the mode of doing business in this establishment.

Augusta, April 3, 1872-15m3

## The Chicago Farm Pumps
—AND—
**Patent Porcelain-Lined Iron Cylinder Pumps**
For Cisterns and Wells of any Depth.

**Are Cheap, Durable and Efficient.**
OVER 3,000 SOLD.
**EVERY PUMP WARRANTED.**

Any Person Can Set Them.

Sold everywhere by dealers in Standard Farm Machinery, Hardware and Plantation Supplies.

Descriptive Catalogues sent on application. For terms, address the manufacturers.

**J. F. TEMPLE & SONS.**
CHICAGO, ILL.
May 15 3m 21

## THE RURAL CAROLINIAN
GREAT SOUTHERN
# AGRICULTURAL
**MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**
*Two Dollars per Annum.*
**64 PAGES READING MATTER.**
**30 PAGES ADVERTISEMENTS.**
**WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL,**
AND
**D. WYATT AIKEN,**
**CHARLESTON, S. C.**

B. M. TALBERT, Agent at Edgefield Court House, S. C.
March 6 1y*11

## Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c.

# P. P. TOALE,
**Manufacturer and Dealer,**
*No. 20 Hayne St. and Horlbeck's Wharf,*
CHARLESTON, S. C.

☞ This is the largest and most complete Factory of the kind in the Southern States, and all articles in this line can be furnished by Mr. P. P. TOALE at prices which defy competition.

☞ A pamphlet with full and detailed list of all sizes of Doors, Sashes and Blinds, and the prices of each, will be sent free and post paid, on application to

**P. P. TOALE,**
CAARLESTON, S. C.
July 26 1y 31

## H. W. ADDISON,
LAWYER.