

L. G. STEARNS, W. L. SHERMAN, SWERINGEN & SEIGLER. Graniteville, S. C.

Having just returned from Baltimore and New York, we respectfully call the attention of the Public to the fact that we now have on hand a well selected stock of...

Fall and Winter Goods. A large assortment of DRESS GOODS in solid colors, consisting of Poplins, French Merinos, Delaines, Umbrellas, Silks, Opera Flannels, Linseys of all colors, Prints, Blouses, Brilliant Chignons, Swivels, etc.

THE DRESS GOODS and SHAWL DEPARTMENTS embrace every Novelty of the Season, to which will be added NEW NOVELTIES as soon as they appear.

All of the Departments are full and complete, selected personally in New York; arranged and superintended personally in Augusta.

Prices marked at convincingly low figures. All are cordially invited to a careful inspection.

JAMES W. TURLEY, 260 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL CARPETS FOR FALL TRADE. The public are invited to examine our new and superb Stock of NEW CARPETS to be opened on Monday, embracing everything new and beautiful in Carpets, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Lace and Damask Curtains and Cornices, Wall Papers, Mattings, Chromos, Piano and Table-Covers.

JAS. G. BAILIE & BRO., 205 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

STRICTLY CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, PLANTATION SUPPLIES, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, &c.

Insurance Notice. The undersigned having established his office at Edgefield, as General Agent for the Cotton States Life Insurance Company, invites attention to one or two of the advantages offered those who may desire to effect insurance on their lives in a safe Home Company.

White Goods, Embroideries, Ribbons, Millinery & Straw Goods 1872.

White Goods, Linens, Embroideries. Lace, Nets, Collars, Sets, Handkerchiefs, Veilings, Head Nets, &c.

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First Class Dry Goods!

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Augusta, Sept. 25, 8m

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"THEY SAY."

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They say—"Ah! well, suppose they do; but can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from thought; But makes, every, want of thought; Why count yourself among the "they" Who whisper what they dare not say?"

They say—but why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the better wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the crime one more restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They—oh! pause and look within! See how thy heart inclines to sin! Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its snare. Pity the fall, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good or not at all!

A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons lived in 1828 at Harwick Hall, in the county Durham, England. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman of great energy and bravery, in her fifty-fourth year. Her sons were aged respectively thirty-four, twenty-seven, twenty-four, and twenty-one. Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bedroom, besides a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's sons and daughters-in-law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chaker, of Chatersburg. The domestics, relieved from duty, were in their own portion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in kitchen garden, took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revellers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have a small gathering of friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the necessary arrangements. She would require the old punch bowl, she kept in the closet of her bedroom. She went accordingly to the silver, and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. At the same time she took out a large old-fashioned carving knife and fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the Bible and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she had left them on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bedroom, she placed the candle on the dressing-table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she entered the closet.

As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound as of some one breathing heavily. She looked up and saw right before her the face of a man. She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a step, and observed that a man's head, arms and body were through the small window at the end, as though in the act of wringing himself through the opening. In the man's right hand was a pistol, and his left hand had hold of a shelf which ran along the side of the closet. The man raised the pistol and fired. Mrs. Mowbray in an instant seized the huge carving knife which lay on the shelf, advanced toward the ruffian. He was struggling to withdraw himself from the window. His hands were on the sill, and his head somewhat raised, leaving his neck exposed.

Being unable to work himself out of the aperture, he raised the pistol as though to hurl it at Mrs. Mowbray. The courageous old lady made one step forward, and dashed the keen blade across the man's throat, laying it open from ear to ear. She then calmly retired, closed the closet door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlor, first having satisfied herself that not a drop of blood had stained her dress or hands.

Half an hour after midnight her children returned home. They greeted their mother seated by the fire, serenely reading the Bible. They greeted her affectionately, and prepared to retire for the night. Mrs. Mowbray said, "Boys, remain behind a little. I wish to speak to you, my daughters, can retire."

When she was alone with her children, she said, with dignity and calmness, "My children, I have killed a man. You will find his body fast in the small window of the closet off my bedroom."

Her sons stared at her in amazement. They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder; but when she related to them, plainly and rationally, and in her own straightforward, terse fashion, the story as just told, they saw that she was telling them a simple fact.

"Go," she said, "make what arrangements you please. I will wait here, and you can tell me what course is best to pursue in this matter."

The sons took the light and went to their mother's room. They opened the door, and there, sure enough, was the body of a man, hanging half through the window. The floor was a pool of blood. With difficulty the oldest son got near enough to the body without stepping into the gore to raise the head, which was drooping on the chest. He grasped the hair and lifted the head so that the light might fall upon the face. As he did so, a cry of horror escaped them all.

"Great God! it is our brother George!"

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Mowbray, in a voice horribly calm.

"I did," said Sam.

"And didn't you say that we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"Certainly I did, but the d—d rascals wouldn't fight us that way!"

How they treat Robbers in England. A London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing of late September 17th, says:—

Two young men, convicted of robbery with violence, had administered to them this morning a castigation which must forever have settled in the minds of those who witnessed it the moot question, whether corporal punishment really acts as a deterrent to crime. So far as the culprits themselves are concerned, it is more than probable that they will never again run the risk of being placed at the mercy of a couple of stout warders and a nine-tailed cat; and as to their friends in crime, were they to witness the manner in which the punishment is borne by the most hardened of their fellow-ruffians, a salutary effect would, no doubt, be produced upon their minds for some time to come.

"Daniel Duffy," a young fellow of eighteen years of age, was first placed on the grating to undergo that portion of his sentence which must have been harder to bear than the whole seven years penal servitude which are to follow. To the uninitiated twenty-five lashes do not appear a very severe sentence; but when one witnesses the effect of each stroke upon the back of a man, the fearful cries of agony wrung from him each time the cat, wielded by the practised arm of a powerful warder, comes whizzing upon his shoulders, it naturally occurs to the mind that the matter ought to be ventilated as freely as possible, in order that garters in general may be made aware of the treat in store for them within the walls of Newgate. Duffy when brought into the room, cast a nervous glance at the two warders with their sleeves stripped up ready for action, and without a word submitted to be fastened, hand and foot.

At the first stroke his courage failed, and from that time until the whole twenty-five lashes had been administered, he kept up a continuous scream of agony, occasionally crying, "Have mercy, doctor, I'm being murdered!"

When released, his back from the shoulders nearly to his belt, was one mass of livid flesh, and he was unable to walk to his cell without assistance. The second victim was a young fellow nearly twenty years of age, named John Tabout, who, at Maidstone on the 22d of July, held a laboring man named Pritchard by the throat while two other men robbed him of a few half pence, etc. The sentence in his case was thirty lashes and seven years' penal servitude. Tabout, a stronger built man than Duffy, from the determined manner exhibited when brought from his cell, believed that his courage was sufficient to carry him through the ordeal, the nature of which he evidently mistook.

As the first stroke was laid on a suppressed groan escaped him, accompanied by a start of surprise, but he drew himself upright, and threw his shoulder-blades back together to protect his spine. From the beginning to the end, however, he never uttered a word, although his back was more severely lacerated than Duffy's, the skin being broken in several places, and when released, he declined the proffered assistance of the warders to dress, and quietly walked from the room to his cell, assuming the same defiant air with which he had entered, although it was evident, from his uneasy motion and the discolored back, that the punishment was such as will be remembered to the end of his life. The sentences were carried out in the presence of Sir John Bennett, the Sheriff, Mr. Beard, the Under-Sheriff, Mr. Gibson, the surgeon, and representatives of the press.

Is it a Snake. Hitting snakes is the chief amusement of Aurora, (Ind.) people now a days, and especially nights. They tell us of a man who was asleep, and so was his fair partner who has sharp toe-nails. She dreamed she was kicking the cat out of the butterny, and she dug her toe-nails into the calf of her man's leg.

He woke up and cried "snakes," "burglars," "fire," "police," and all that. She got up too, in quite a hurry, and that bed was searched through and through twenty-three times, but the snake wasn't found. Another man woke up one night, and by the pale light of the moon saw his wife's switch coiled around one of the ornamental posts at the foot of the bed. It looked for all the world like a snake. There were its great big shiny coils, and its head pointed towards the head of the bed, as if "Aw" was preparing for an attack on the party of the first part, his wife and their heirs, and assigned to wake up his wife and she of course, screamed, and kicked, and jumping out of bed ran into another room to faint, leaving him alone with the bloody-minded, venomously disposed serpent.

He was now in a lively state of cold perspiration, but his presence of mind had not entirely deserted him. He slowly drew up his feet and jumped out of bed, and ran to the kitchen and got his double barreled shot-gun, and cautiously came back. He came in sight of the serpentine intruder, and taking as deliberate aim as his quaking knees and trembling frame would permit, blazed away.

What Railroads do for Farmers.

On this subject the Lexington, Ky., Farmer's Home Journal says:—

We are not the advocates of all the wild visionary schemes that speculators propose in the shape of railroads, but we are satisfied that farmers especially, are benefited by railroads, when well located, and we think no intelligent reader can dispute the conclusions we draw.

For instance, to haul forty bushels of corn fifty miles in a wagon, would cost at least \$12 for team, driver, and expenses. A railroad would transport it for \$4 at most. Allowing on an average of forty bushels per acre, or eight per cent, on \$100. As the relative advantage is about the same as for other crops, it is clear that a railroad passing through a town would add \$100 per acre to the value of farms. A town ten miles square contains 64,000 acres. An increase of \$100 per acre is equal to \$6,400,000, or enough to build two hundred miles of railroad, even if it costs \$20,000 per mile. But two hundred miles of road would extend through twenty towns ten miles square, and cost but \$10 per acre it taxed upon the land. These figures are given merely as an illustration. If farmers had taxed themselves to build all the railroads in this country, and given them away to run them, the present increased value of their lands would have well repaid all the outlay.

The Latest Novelty in Suicide. One of the most distressing affairs we have ever been called upon to notice took place in Tallahassee a few days ago. Mrs. A. W. Pace, wife of a popular and successful Jacksonville merchant, and daughter of Mr. George Damon, a prominent merchant in Tallahassee, seemed to be suffering from some mental derangement, and thinking a change of scene and surroundings might cure her incipient malady, her husband took her to her parents and friends in Tallahassee on Wednesday last. That night, soon after her arrival at her father's house, she called the family around her and prayed for a great and sad calamity. None had any idea that she was contemplating anything like self-destruction.

The next morning early her father went out to procure a bottle of wine for her, and soon after his departure she took a kerosene lamp or can, and saturating herself from head to foot, put a match to it, and in a moment was enveloped in the flames. Her husband and others, hearing her shrieks, ran to her rescue, and throwing a bucket of water over her, endeavored to extinguish the flames. This proved unavailing, and her husband, seizing a blanket, threw it around her, and finally succeeded in putting out the flames, but not until the poor victim was burned to such an extent that she died in a few hours, after the most intense suffering.

Mrs. Pace was quite young, and had been married only about three or four years. Two years ago she was the happy wife of a devoted husband, whose success in business had placed him in comfortable circumstances. We had not learned the causes which led to this distressing calamity.

The Girl Who Wins. The time has passed away when women must be pale and delicate to be called interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called refined and high-bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and strong-minded.

It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common-sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

In these days an active, vigorous girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run almost as fast as her tongue; and whose utter out of breath, who is not afraid of frictions, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give an opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman.

This is the girl who wins in these days. Even girls and dandies who strongly oppose women's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—she lacks brains."

Of which commodity it would seem she could have little use in her association with him; however, please even an empty-headed fop, a woman must know something.

Why Don't You Respond? Old Judge W. — of — in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was frequently lawyer, legislator, judge and leading politician among the old time Whigs, of blessed memory; but, alas, like them, his glory has departed, and like many others of his confederates, has gone "where the woodbine twines." Notwithstanding the loss of property, "he" maintains the dignity of ex-judge, dressed neatly, carried a gold-headed cane, and when he had taken snore than his usual allowance of the favorite beverage, he was very pious, at such times always attending church, and sitting near the stand as erectly as circumstances would admit, and responding fervently. Baptist brother was holding forth, with energy and unctious, on the evils of the times, and in one of his flights exclaimed, "show me a drunkard!"

The Judge rising to his feet, and unsteadily balancing himself on his cane, said, very solemnly: "Here I am, Sir, here I am!"

The Elder, though a good deal nonplussed by the unexpected response, managed to go on with his discourse, and soon warming to his

work again, called out—"show me a hypocrite! show me a hypocrite!"

Judge W. — again arose, and reaching forward across a seat which intervened, he touched Deacon D — on his shoulder with his cane, and said: "Deacon D —, why don't you respond? I did when they called me!"

Amen. In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there travelled over some of the hardest countries, a good, faithful, and hard working brother, named James Moore, or "Jimmy Moore," as he was devoted to the innkeeper. A true, loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his proceedings and exhortations. He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and before going for his new field, he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At its close he said: "My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him. He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake, he went on.

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not 'only' never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat more vigorously than before. There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man. He knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stupid and merciless to the poor.

He continued his address—"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor," pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger, "May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under his heels. Say amen to that, brother!"

That shot told. He was not interrupted again.—Christian Weekly.

Old Things Have Passed Away. This is at least true of the old method of treating the long abused and much abused human body. It is no longer considered wise to cure a patient by the torture in order to cure him of a disease in which pain is already undermining the energies of his system. True science regards itself on the side of nature, and endeavors to assist her in her fight against disease. This is the province of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most approved tonic ever advertised in this country. It may be recommended as a full medicine, purgative; for it is in the fall that biliousness, dyspepsia and malarious fevers are especially prevalent. It relaxes, exhausts by the heat of summer, is re-energized and feels at the close, and restores.

It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common-sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

In these days an active, vigorous girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run almost as fast as her tongue; and whose utter out of breath, who is not afraid of frictions, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give an opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman.

This is the girl who wins in these days. Even girls and dandies who strongly oppose women's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—she lacks brains."

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This is the girl who wins in these days. Even girls and dandies who strongly oppose women's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—she lacks brains."

Of which commodity it would seem she could have little use in her association with him; however, please even an empty-headed fop, a woman must know something.

Why Don't You Respond? Old Judge W. — of — in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was frequently lawyer, legislator, judge and leading politician among the old time Whigs, of blessed memory; but, alas, like them, his glory has departed, and like many others of his confederates, has gone "where the woodbine twines." Notwithstanding the loss of property, "he" maintains the dignity of ex-judge, dressed neatly, carried a gold-headed cane, and when he had taken snore