

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 2, 1873.

VOLUME XXXVIII.—No. 2.

BY D. R. DURISOE.

Stock Complete in Every Department!

A. A. CLISBY,

In addition to his unusually full stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES of every kind, PAINTS, OILS, &c., &c., has in Store, and is daily receiving,

For the Ladies,

Handsome Toilet Sets and Flower Vases, new designs, Bouquet Holders, rich and pretty, The Finest Colognes, Superior Hair Oils and Pomades, Imported Perfumery, warranted as represented, Superior Toilet Powders and Beautiful Powder Boxes, Tooth Powders, in variety, Lubin's Toilet Soaps, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, a splendid assortment, Hegeman's Camphor Ice, for Chapped Lips and Hands, All the Best Preparations for the Hair, &c., &c.

And for the Housewife,

Crushed, Granulated and Brown Sugars, Superior Tea and Coffee, Syrups, Molasses, Hams, Lard, Butter, Cheese, Macaroni, Flour, Meal, Hominy, Rice, Buckwheat Flour, Jellies, Pickles, Sauces, Spices, Butter, Soda, Lemon and Sweet Crackers, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, all kinds, Oysters, Lobsters, Sardines, Lemons, Citron, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Nuts, Cooking Extracts, Baking Powders, Domestic Wines for cooking purposes, &c., &c.

And for the Children,

CANDIES and CONFECTIONERIES in endless variety, Apples, Oranges, &c., &c.

And for those in Want of Fine Wines, Liquors and Segars,

Good Old Oxyley, Rye and Corn Whiskey, Best American and French Brandy, Superior Gin, Champagne, Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines, Fine Segars and Cheiving Tobacco, And the Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco.

The Public are earnestly invited to give my Goods an inspection. Every effort will be made to please my customers and give entire satisfaction to every one.

T. W. CARWILE & CO.,
GROCERS

Commission Merchants,
270 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

ARE now receiving full lines of FALL GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c., to which they respectfully invite the attention of the public, being satisfied that none can or will offer a better grade of Goods at lower figures. We have now on hand full supplies of

BACON, LARD, COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, CHEESE,

SYRUPS, MOLASSES, MACKEREL, RICE, SALT,

BAGGING, TIES, CANDLES, BUTTER, SOAP, STARCH,

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, ALE, PORTER

TOBACCO, SEGARS, CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES,

And in fact EVERYTHING usually found in First Class Grocery Houses.

We are also Agents for the sale of Wm. Massey & Co's. Celebrated Philadelphia ALES.

Will be glad at all times to see our Edgefield friends, and will sell the Best Class of Goods at the Lowest Market Prices.

FOR THE FALL TRADE!

M. O'DOWD & CO.,

Are Now Receiving their
Fall Stock

Groceries, Liquors, Wines, Segars, &c.

Comprising

Sugars (all grades), Molasses, Syrup (any quality), Coffee (Rio and Java), C. R. Bacon Sides, Soap, Soda, Bacon Shoulders, Starch, Bulk do., Candles, Lard (cured and kegs), Teas, of every quality, Holland Gin, French Brandy, Jamaica Rum.

Whisky, every grade, from the commonest to the finest; Domestic Gin, finest, Doime's Brandy, Bottled Ale, New England Rum, Do. Porter, Bagging and Ties.

Weekly Shipments of Butter and Cheese.

Shirts, Osnaburghs, Yarns, and a variety of Goods suitable for Planters, to which we wish to direct the attention of our friends and the public generally.

M. O'DOWD & CO.

Augusta, Oct. 8.

Vinegar! Vinegar!
Just received two Barrels of choice White Wine and Cider Vinegar.

A Certain Cure for Neuralgia
CAN be found at CLISBY'S DRUG STORE.

I am Weary and Sad To-Night.

I am weary and sad to-night, mother, O, take me to your breast; Near your true and loving heart, mother, I know that I shall rest, For the world seems dark and cold, mother, And the way I've come is long, But I'd hear again to-night, mother, Your beautiful voice in song.

My feet are weary and worn, mother, My heart is bruised and lone, But your voice can soothe me again, mother, With its low and mellow tone, In the long, long years that have passed, mother, No love like yours have I known, No hand, so ready to aid, mother, No heart, so true as your own.

But my aching limbs need rest, mother, And my long pent-up tears must flow, Then take me again to your heart, mother, As you did in the long ago, And I'll see again as a child, mother, While folded to your breast, And the past will seem as a dream, mother, And my weary limbs shall rest.

A PLEASANT STORY.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries? No! it wasn't a cottage once—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized sweetly with the delightful scenery. No! it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico; nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that built their nests and sang beneath its eaves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orchard whence winds scattered a shower of bloom; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some massive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grass lane through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned at night.

I know well enough to whom this cottage belonged. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing. It was built by the hand of him who owned it and lived in it, and I had always admitted its excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him—my visits having been to his wife, and during his absence. I had learned of him through a friend who had made me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood approved of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked; "is he immoral?" "Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; "but to tell the truth, Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and cicatrized, I should think by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of that kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said. "Don't know; never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last summer, and I never dare ask what disgraced him, but I wish that you would."

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of calling upon her this morning; perhaps she will tell me without asking."

"Do; that's a dear good Dolly!" And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their heads to sing, warble and build their nests there, and I didn't know why it was that the roses, buttercups, violets and daisies should prefer that place to any other; but they seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole aspect was delightfully rural and picturesque, and all gayer lingered an influence of quietude and repose.

"A narrow footpath, crooked as foot-paths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadows of giant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the gravelled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door. It was open and I went in."

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The balcony withered hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful heads, and the warm rich summer light came in and lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradle was there; and it required no conjecturing to tell that the cradle had an inmate, a self-dignified, thoughtful, imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calmness I could not understand. It was wide awake, and its great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something. I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a frown or evil thought to hide; it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded cheek, no falling to that calm, quiet eye, limp as a lake in summer, serene as the heavens in June.

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the sound of a slight spring step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with a glow of health on her cheek and its light in her eye.

The baby had roused now to be sure; no more of its quiet calmness, no more of its thoughtfulness and serenity. Its little form fairly fluttered with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me, haven't you?" and the baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said in a light chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight.

Her invitation had only seconded my design, to remove my bonnet and mantle, while she sat down on the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

about. No; it was not of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. No; the intricacies of the clergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was said and carved. But the time flew out as pleasantly as a day.

"Then and there," she began, "I heard the flames roar around me, and felt its fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious of only a great joy at my heart, for the mother of the pined one was in my arms. I knew when I touched the ground with my precious charge, by the exclamations 'rent the air,' but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance forgot for the time my sufferings, and felt that all everything I lay ill through some weeks through days and nights that would have been anguish indeed, had I not known whose care it was that provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such sweet words murmured in my ear, such a soft hand ministered to my wants. Never, in the proudest day of my health had I experienced so exquisite felicity, and never in my weakness; now, when she sat beside me, when she read to me, when she brought me fruits and flowers, when she put her hand in mine, and whispered something that would have repaid sufferings a thousand times over."

"What was it?" I asked with unaccountable dullness of apprehension.

"She pointed archly and with a smile to her wedding ring."

"Do tell me the story; I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying,

"I do not know very interesting; however, several reasons conspired to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have never heard, perhaps I may as well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see, when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me, I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew but I had set my mind, very foolishly, I suppose, on having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessities of work. So I slighted and repulsed him on all occasions, treating him not merely with indifference, but with actual loathing and scorn. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it."

About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumor reported immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost suavity. His attentions to me were marked, and not to be mistaken—and though he had not spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I loved him.

"It was in October, I think, the atmosphere dry and cool, with night winds, when we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance, in the distance, of a deep red light, that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind."

"It that should be our house," I almost shrieked.

"Nonsense—it is much farther off," exclaimed Barton.

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on eagerly, dragging him with me."

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame, or with forked tongues lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights stood my mother in her night dress."

"With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people by this time had collected, though chiefly, as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders, others shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey."

"My mother, my mother," I cried. "Will no one go to the assistance of my mother?"

"Every moment the flames increased with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like a sea of storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr."

"Baron! Barton!" I shrieked, "for God's sake help my mother." He stood still. I implored and urged him. At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying,

"I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother."

"Great heavens! and I have loved this man! The thought rushed seething and heavy through my brain."

"There was a shout, an exclamation, an utterance of brave strong words. Some nervous man had plucked a ladder, and a man was rapidly scaling the wreaths—through the dense smoke wreaths—through singing flames, scorching by the intense suspense; the crowd swayed and murmured like a wind swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. There was a crash of the roof, mingled with wild exclamations; a great mist swam before my eyes; a noise not unlike that of the roaring flames, was in my ears, and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects."

"Is it necessary to tell you that what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised? It is necessary, however, for me to tell you, that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body and the flesh of his face and neck seared and scorched till the skin seemed to have the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me finish."

"I looked up; a man was there, on whose countenance there were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me at all. Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very soul of truth and nobleness beaming radiantly in his eyes."

Senator Schurz On the Situation.

Senator Schurz has been talking very freely with a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial about the Liberal prospects. This is what he said about the future:

"We will have to begin in 1876 where we left off in 1872. But the Liberal principle will succeed. The Cincinnati platform will succeed. We are set back, not beaten. I have been hopeful of success all the time—if not this campaign, then next. We could have succeeded this time, as I verily believe, by nominating Adams. I thought so in May last; I think so now."

The contest, however, has not been barren of results. It has played out the Democracy as a party. This is well. The people will not elect a man to the Presidency who wears the Democratic label. The party as a party cannot hope to come to power under that name. They must take a departure, wide as to leave the name behind."

The Grant majority in Congress is so large and strong that they will fall into quarrels before the end of the term. They think they are backed by such majorities that can afford to have an occasional row among themselves. But their strength in Congress is out of proportion to their strength elsewhere. They have not so much of a majority of the people at their backs as they think. A fair vote all over the United States, taken without perplexing side issues, would show this Grant party's majority to be decidedly small, if, indeed, it has a majority at all. The strength of the parties in Congress or as it will be next session, is not a fair index of popular feeling."

Only consider that the Liberal movement has been put back—postponed, as the Tribune said. It is the party of the future. Much will happen during the next four years to strengthen it, and nothing to weaken it. It will grow from this day. But it is essential that the Democracy, as a separate organization, should get out of the way and give it fair sweep."

THE TRIBUNE STILL ON GREENEY'S LINE.—The control of the Tribune has at last been definitely settled. Its editor will neither be Schuyler Colfax nor George William Curtis. Mr. William Orton and the parties with whom he acted bought a controlling interest for a purpose, and, failing to accomplish that purpose, have sold their shares again. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the former manager of the paper, is the purchaser, and becomes editor-in-chief of the journal. Mr. Reid intends to stick to the independent position taken by the Tribune nearly a year ago under Mr. Greeley. An editorial announcing the proprietorship has the following:

"We purpose continuing our old battle against injustice and ignorance, under the same Republican banner which Horace Greeley upheld so stoutly, and so long, and on the same policy of candid independence which it was one of his latest acts to reaffirm, over his own signature, in these columns. Naturally we shall prefer to support, as far as possible, an administration which professes the party name. Such an administration will receive from us a frank and cordial approval of every action performed in accordance with the principles, but the Tribune is nobody's official advocate. Our party sympathies are not strong enough to overcome our independence or muzzle our honest utterances."

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—Dr. Enos, the Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum, publishes the following Card in the Columbia Union:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—The undersigned, on behalf of himself, the employees and the inmates under his charge, in the South Carolina Lunatic Asylum, desires to return thanks to Mr. Joseph Crews, who, unolicited opened the avenue whereby the necessary funds were furnished for part payment of their wages, and the serving of the usual annual dinner at the institution.

J. P. ENSO, Supt. State Lunatic Asylum.

Visitors and How to Feed Them.
What care should a family, who live as near as possible according to the laws of health, pursue when visitors are present who have always been accustomed to living in the ordinary way. Should they prepare their food in their usual simple and healthful way, or should they do as the world generally does and get up a great variety of tempting dishes after the usual fashionable style?

People who, as a habit, live in a proper and healthful manner should make no change for the worse when they have company. They should live well always, and live so as to keep well, and in such a manner as not to be ashamed to have people know how they live. What we mean by living well is not to see how many kinds of food one can have on the table at once, nor how rich and complicated it can be made, but to have a few kinds of the best, healthiest and most palatable food prepared in the simplest and nicest manner. Simplicity in cookery, as in nearly everything else, is the true secret of success. If people will live in this way, as they should do for their own and their families' welfare, what necessity will there be for making any change when they have company? None at all. They give their visitors the best they have, what more can they do? What is good enough for one's self, and those nearest and dearest, is certainly good enough for mere friends and acquaintances. If they, your visitors, do not think so, and care more for what they call a nice dinner than they do for your society, then let them go where they will be better suited—you will be the gainer thereby. Persons who go visiting just for the purpose of getting something better to eat than they get at home, and they are by no means few, are not very desirable visitors. The fewer of such friends the better.

Josh Billings' Good Resolutions For 1873.

That I won't smoke any more cigars, only at somebody's else expense. That I won't borrow nor lend—especially lend.

That I will live within my income, if I have to get it trusted to law.

That I won't advise anybody until I know the kind of advice they are anxious to follow.

That I won't wear any more fine boots, if I have to go barefoot to do it.

That I won't swop dogs with no man, unless I can swop two for one.

That I won't swop any, unless I am under oath.

That poverty may be a blessing, but if it is, it is a blessing in disguise. That I will take 'n' whiskey hereafter straight—straight taw the gutter.

That the world owes me a living—provided I earn it.

That I won't swop any horses with the dealer.

That no man shall beat me in politeness, not so long as politeness counts as well as it does now.

That if a man calls me a phool, I won't ask him to prove it.

That I will lead a moral life, even if I go lonesome and lose a good deal of pun by it.

That if a man tells me a mule won't kick, I will believe what he sez without trying it.

That the best time to repent of a blunder is just before the blunder is made.

That I will try hard to be honest, but it will be just my luck to miss it.

That I won't grow any kites. Spontaneous cats have killed the business.

That I will love 'n' mother-in-law, if it takes all the money I can earn to do it.

That I believe real good lies are getting skarser and skarser every day.

That when I hear a man bragging on his ancestors, I won't envy him, but I will pity the ancestors.

Finally, I will search for things that are little, for things that are lonesome, avoiding all torch-like processions, bands or brass music, wimmies' rights conventions, and grass-widners generally.

The Live DRY GOODS STORE OF AUGUSTA.

The Old Virginia Fredericksburg House

V. RICHARDS & BROS.

IT IS NOW FULL OF GOODS, from the first to the fourth floor, including everything that is new and desirable, and at prices so low that none can really object to them.

Every department is now full, and it would almost be impossible to enumerate qualities and styles of the choice and elegant goods displayed, but we mention in part that we have a fine assortment of Velvet and Cloth CLOAKS, some of them elegantly trimmed with fur, presenting a comfortable and elegant appearance; Beautiful Striped SEAWAYS and SCARFS in elegant rich colors, from \$1.50 up; a most superb assortment of BLACK SILKS, also in colors; all the new Fabrics in BLACK GOODS, including best makes of ALPACAS, from \$2.50 to the finest.

IN FANCY DRESS GOODS we never had such a variety, including all the new colors and shades, such as the Sage Green. The Elephant's Breath, Paris in Ashes, London Smoke, Chicago in Flames, &c., &c.

It will be a treat for any one who likes to look at

NEW AND BEUTIFUL GOODS

to take a stroll through our house, whether they wish to purchase or not we extend to all a hearty old Virginia welcome.

V. RICHARDS & BROS.
Corner by the Planters' Hotel.

Augusta, Ga., Oct. 16

Go to 262 Broad St., AND BUY OF

Mullarky Brothers.

WE have just received our FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS, additions to which are daily arriving. We have got the advantage over many by having a member of our Firm residing in New York, who makes all the purchases of the House; and who, through his long experience in the greatest of all Dry Goods Markets, enables us to receive

The Newest and Latest Importations Much Quicker and at Less Expense

Than those Houses, who have not this important advantage. Moreover, we attend every NEW YORK DRY GOODS AUCTION SALE OF IMPORTED GOODS, and have several times bought **At Half its Worth**, the Choicest and Most Select

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS,

Which we have always advertised at prices That Cannot be Beat. Our Ready Cash SYSTEM does us in the case a great service, and we can assure our friends and the public that we will convince them of what we say when they visit our Store.

We only buy our Imported Goods from Direct Importers, and our Home Made Goods from the Factories.

ALL FOR CASH.

And a long experience has taught us to understand that herewith we not only do profit to ourselves at the time of purchase, but receive still larger profits through the patronage and recommendation of a public that ever appreciates

CASH PURCHASES.

We cordially invite every body to call and judge for themselves. We guarantee our Goods, and know our prices to be as low as any in the market. Our Salesmen are both polite and attentive, and by continuing to give the same close attention to business, we hope to receive this year our usual share of patronage.

MULLARKY BROTHERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods.

Augusta, Oct. 16

Entire New Stock

DRESS GOODS AND NOTIONS

AT

SAMS & HILL.

WE take this opportunity of informing our friends, patrons, and the public at large, that our Stock is now Complete in all its Departments. Especially do we invite their attention to our

Dress Goods, Notions and Hats,

Every piece of which is fresh from New York.

Call and examine our Boots and Shoes. Forty Cases just received and still being opened.

Ladies' CLOTH GAITERS made Water Proof. Only think of it—over-shoes rendered useless.

HATS for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys and Girls in endless variety,—all of the latest style.

KID GLOVES, RIBBONS, LACES, Toilet SOAPS, EXTRACTS, &c.

Neither have we neglected replenishing the Grocery Department which is now complete.

Oct. 29

BOOTS AND SHOES!

30 CASES

First-Class Goods!

From a Leading House of Philadelphia.

IN ORDER TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECTS OF THE HORSE DISEASE, I spread before my friends and the public, the following induce agents, and assure them the work below mentioned is of fine finish, and from the very best material, viz:

480 pairs Ladies' 18 thread, Lace GAITERS, double sole, at \$2.50 per pair
360 pairs Ladies' of same quality, double sole, at 2.25 per pair
320 pairs Ladies' double sole Pebble Grain BOOTS, at 2.50 per pair
280 pairs Misses' Pebble, same quality Boots, at 2.25 per pair
240 pairs Misses' Pebble, Silver Tips, at 1.85 per pair
140 pairs Child's same quality, Silver Tips, at 1.60 per pair
200 pairs Child's same quality, No Tip, at 1.50 per pair
96 pairs Ladies' Cloth Top Pebble Grain Boots, at 2.65 per pair
96 pairs Ladies' Cloth Top Kid Foxed Boots, at 2.50 per pair
96 pairs Ladies' Cloth Velvet Top, 1 to 5, at 2.50 per pair
180 pairs Child's Extra Fine Velvet Top, Kid Foxed, 7 to 10 at 2.15 per pair

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