Power and Goodness of God.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But Heaven has placed it there.

At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent from heaven.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowest mien,
Where Heavenly skill is not display'd,
And Heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
But Heaven's own voice is there.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
The ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundles love,
And power with mercy blends.

A Desperate Chance.

BY CHARLES PORTER SUMNER.

Concluded.

CHAPTER II.

Since I had arrived at my majority my uncle had resigned the management of the property I had inherited into my own hands, and had never questioned me about it, deeming, perhaps, that control would qualify me to guard greater interests when they should come under my management. Hence it was possible for me to stake and lose it as I had done, and had that been the extent of my folly I could have concealed it and borne it with equanimity. But besides this enormous loss, I had given bonds for several other sums, making in the aggregate an amount I was utterly unable to pay. My creditors, the gamester, urged, as I have no doubt now, by Arthur, pressed for settlement, and at last, to my horror and amazement, threatened to expose me to my uncle!

That such a catastrophe was certain to result in my complete ruin, I was only too well aware. Jason Wilmer would have trusted a murderer sooner than a gambler, and had he deemed his right hand capable of staking money on a game of chance he would have cut the arm off at his shoulder. Let him once suspect that I had done this fearful thing and he would disinherit and discard me without pity. My terror and agony when I contemplated such a prospect, became overwhelming, and in the depth of my despair the tempter again found me!

I cannot detail the artful cunning with which he instilled the poison into my mind, nor do I recollect how and when I first understood the diabolical design he broached to me. It was in the midst of my most utter desperation, and for a long time I could not clearly comprehend his meaning. But suddenly it burst clear and full upon me, and I stood aghast! It was his deliberate proposition that I should rob my uncle, Jason Wilmer!

When first I thoroughly realized what he said, I indignantly and totally refused, and with every mark of loathing and indignation. I knew not with whom I had to deal, his infernal patience never deserted him, and he deliberately began to combat that resolution with a cunning casuistry worthy of the most righteous cause. He had a faithful and potent ally, too, in Helena, and, taking care to word their arguments so as not to alarm me at the first, they slowly undermined my opposition, which grew weaker with their pertinacity, until they triumphed once again and won me to their purpose. I am again at loss to describe their sophistry. What of their arguments I can recall seem so weak and puerile now that I stand amazed at the thought of having ever listened, much less succumbed, to them. Selfishness was made to appear a virtue by the suggestion that I would thus, undoubtedly, relieve my own desperate condition. The hackneyed reasoning that he was rich and would not miss the sum I must take; that all would one day be my own, and that there was really no harm in thus anticipating my inheritance; that if I did not I would be exposed and lose that inheritance; all, all of which were insinuated into my bewildered mind with a fearful ingenuity that won its way in spite of me, and at last I reluctantly consented to plunder my benefactor! It is an old story, but I am sure that no criminal was ever persuaded into guilt with more crafty skill, or by such clever tempters as myself.

My acquiescence once obtained, they gave me no time to deliberate, but arranged my plan of action for me, and pushed me on to its accomplishment without delay. From the first it was decided that the robbery should be committed as an ordinary burglary. This course they convinced me would be more certain to avert suspicion from myself, for, though I could readily have obtained the money by abstracting it from the large sums which daily passed through my hands in the counting-house, its loss in this manner would inevitably be traced to me; whereas no one could possibly suspect me of committing a burglary, as all the world was aware how much I was trusted. Besides, I had accidentally mentioned not long before that my uncle kept a much larger sum than I required in his sleeping-room, and they convinced me that the possession of this would be more convenient for me, as well as easier to obtain, than any other. It is certain that they found an excuse and a reason for everything; their satanic foresight was never at fault!

If a man meditates crime, Lucifer at once offers him the opportunity, and this fatally convenient occasion presented itself to me at this very crisis when it alone was wanting to decide my course. Jason Wilmer was suddenly called away on business, and went out of town at a moment's notice, leaving word that he would not be able to return for several days. When I communicated this intelligence to De Chargny and Helena, they vehemently urged me to hesitate no longer. In my uncle's absence there was not the slightest danger in the enterprise. I need not be at the trouble of breaking into his room from the outside of the house. Having entered it in the usual way, going from my own chamber to his after all the mansion had retired to rest, I could break a pane of glass, unfasten the bolts of the window, and arrange everything with the appearance it would naturally wear if burglary had taken place. This could be done with more ease and less noise than was possible from the outside of the house and having quietly taken the money, I could return to my room prepared to exhibit as much surprise as any one when the robbery was discovered in the morning.

But why continue to repeat their iniquitous exhortation? I yielded; and the next night after my benefactor's departure was selected as the occasion for the commission of one of the blackest acts of ingratitude that ever disgraced the annals of Christendom.

My uncle's apartments consisted of a suite of three rooms on the ground floor of the mansion in which we lived. The first of these was a large chamber, used as a reception-room, opening directly from the hall. The next, entered through that just mentioned, he occupied as a study or office, and from this, the third, his bed-chamber, had access. This last apartment was at the back of the house and overlooked the rear lawn and flower-garden. The study had windows opening at the side of the house through which, if they were unfastened, an active man could easily climb. My own rooms were on the next floor, directly over his, and the servants slept on the third story at the other side of the building. It was therefore possible for me to gain entrance to the study without danger of any one overhearing me as long as my uncle was absent.

On the night selected for the nefarious attempt I retired at an early hour to my own rooms, informing the servants that I was not well, and desiring them to go to rest as early as possible in order that the house might be quiet. They complied, of course, and though during the evening there had been considerable bustle below (the cause of which I little suspected, as I sat in agitated anticipation listening to it), an hour after midnight not a sound disturbed the stillness, and I as silently prepared to execute my dark design. Taking a lighted candle in my hand, and arming myself with a large and sharp carpenter's chisel, with which I intended to force the secretary in which the money was kept. I opened my door, and, having listened in the corridor until I was sure no one was stirring, rapidly descended the staircase in my stocking feet to the door of the reception-room.

This was unfastened as usual, and passing in, I traversed that apartment and entered the study. In pursuance of my design to render to the robbery all the appearance of a burglary, I went immediately to one of the windows, and setting down my light, struck out one of the centre panes of glass with the handle of my chisel. I had no fear that the noise would be heard, as all the servants slept in so distant a locality, and having unfastened the bolts of the sash, I threw it up, intending to break open the blinds outside. This done, I took up the light again and crossed the room to the secretary.

This piece of furniture stood at the right-hand side of the entrance door and directly opposite that leading into my uncle's bed-chamber, consequently, when engaged in the endeavor to break the pannel of the desk open, my back was toward the latter. Once more disposing of the candle, I applied the chisel to the crack above the lock, and had just succeeded in prying off the band that held the bolt when I heard a noise behind me, followed by a startled exclamation in a man's voice! Turning in sudden dread, imagine how suddenly and terribly this was increased when I beheld my uncle standing in the open doorway of his bedroom!

In moments of great excitement explanations of singular circumstances seem to flash upon the mind by intuition. This was the case with me in the present instance, and, as if some one had whispered it in my ear, I saw how this had happened. The bustle which I had heard in the house after I had retired to my room was caused by his unexpected return, and doubtless having been told that I was unwell, he had ordered the servants not to disturb me by acquainting me with his arrival. Not dreaming that he was at home, I had been careless as to the noise I made in breaking the window, and this having aroused him, he had risen to learn its cause.

As this revelation presented itself to me, another still more appalling was manifest to my mind. I was discovered! These three words called up a vision in which disgrace, punishment, and utter ruin were the horrible figures! I have no consciousness of any thought but this at the moment; no recollection of seeing anything but his piercing eye fixed upon me in horror, scorn, and anger. I rushed forward in mad frenzy, the chisel uplifted in my hand. He uttered a loud cry of astonishment and terror; there was a brief but awful struggle; twice, thrice, my right arm rose and fell, and then—I was alone with the dead! The corpse of my uncle lay bleeding at my feet, and I was an assassin!

My subsequent acts on that awful night were in great part mechanical, though undoubtedly dictated by a process of reasoning of which I was, at the time, unconscious. I removed the money from the secretary, deliberately washed my ensanguined hands in his bed-room, threw the chisel out of the window, and thus having completed the evidence which would go to prove that the murderer had broken into the house, I took up the candle and regained my own room. During the remainder of the night I sat in one position completely stupefied and utterly unable to realize what I had done.

The first gleam of dawn aroused me, and I at last comprehended the full extent of my crime. What I endured during the brief hour I allowed myself to dwell upon it may be imagined by one equally guilty, but by none besides. The necessity for taking measures for my own safety at last occurred to me, and I recovered my self-possession. There was a fire burning in my sitting-room and in this I destroyed such of my clothing as had been stained in the commission of the awful deed. Luckily for me these stains were not extensive, and by sunrise no trace remained which could possibly connect me with the tragedy. When the horrified servants burst into my room some hours afterward to announce the terrible intelligence, they found me, as they supposed, sleeping calmly—a mockery of that rest I was never more to know.

The shock which the mysterious murder of Jason Wilmer produced in the community was of course fearful, and no pains or expense were spared by his friends in the endeavor to trace the assassin. Without avail, as may be supposed, for the devil had so befriended me that not even the slightest suspicion was ever directed toward me. My subsequent illness and melancholy were attributed to the very natural causes which must supervene upon the loss of so near a relative by such a death, and, save two persons only, no one in the world would have dared to hint that I was guilty.

Save two persons only! My punishment began almost instantly, for De Chargny and Helena were aware that I was guilty, and never, from that moment, allowed me to escape their power. I was soon aware of their utter selfishness, for their demands—De Chargny's especially—became so unreasonable that I was at last goaded into resistance and refusal. He left me without a word on that occasion, but I shuddered at the malignant glance he darted at me as he did so, and it was with a feeling of inexpressible relief that I received a message from him soon after, appointing a final meeting at which our differences might be settled.

The place which he had appointed for this interview was tolerably well known to me, being a lodging-house connected with a factory formerly owned by my uncle. The factory itself had been burnt, and nothing remained save the rear wall, broken and falling, which stood directly behind the lodging-house some fifteen feet distant. The windows of the house overlooked the wall, and from the upper story two beams, which had formerly supported a platform connecting the buildings, extended to the top of the highest portion of the wall still standing. I know not what the platform had been used for, but it was necessary to mention it, as its remains play an important part in the sequel of my story. The lodging-house itself was a dilapidated old building fronting on a squalid neighborhood, and having but one entrance and one set of staircases.

In an upper room of this house, on a wild and stormy evening about three months after Jason Wilmer's murder, I met Arthur de Chargny and Helena Montford for the last time. I was much surprised to find her with him in this more than doubtful locality, but being resolved to break with both, I was not displeased at her presence. It was fortunate for me that she did come.

The business upon which we had met was soon reached, and my rage may be imagined when I heard De Chargny coolly demand that I should pay him a sum equal to one-third of my fortune as the price of his silence relative to the murder. At first I peremptorily refused even to listen to so outrageous a claim, but Helena interposed, and in a few words convinced me that, at least, I must temporize rather than irritate him by downright rejection. Taking me aside, while De Chargny chafing at my first angry words, strode up and down the room, she thus addressed me:

"You must meet him in a different spirit, Carlisle, for you are more in his power than you suspect. He has possession of the weapon with which you did the deed and knows the person from whom you purchased it. The money you took from the secretary was all marked, and those to whom you passed it are known, while Mr. Wilmer's late book-keeper—your own now—was the person who marked the bills and placed them in the secretary at his employer's. If De Chargny chooses to denounce you, therefore, there will be ample corroborative testimony forthcoming to support his own."

Thus advised, I renewed the conversation with De Chargny, but found him inflexible, and again I grew angry. High words ensued, and finally I boldly taunted him with his coward selfishness, asking him why I should make him rich though I had perilled my soul to secure wealth myself. I had roused the tiger at last, and now I found out what a viper I had been cherishing!

"I will tell you why" said he in a tone of concentrated passion. "Because I have been toiling for that alone ever since I have known you. I have been your slave and sycophant for ten long years only for that purpose, and now that I have you thoroughly in my power, do you dream that I will allow the golden opportunity to slip?"

"Then, by Heaven!" I exclaimed, furiously, "not a penny of that wealth shall you ever touch. Do your worst. I defy you!"

And I turned to leave the room.

"Stay, stay!" cried Helena, seizing my arm; "you know not what you risk. The officers are below!"

"She says truly," said De Chargny, coldly, as he marked my stare of astonishment. "I have calculated even this chance of your refusal. Agree to my terms or you are lost."

"The officers in this house!" cried I, at last finding my voice. "You have already denounced me then?"

"Not so," he replied, calmly; "I have only prepared to do so. Consent, and you are as free as ever. Here is a copy of the letter which brought the police to this neighborhood. Read it and you will see that I have the power still either to save or denounce you."

I took the paper, which he drew from his pocket, mechanically, and read as follows:

"TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE—The murderer of Jason Wilmer will be in one of the three houses behind the burned factory on C—— street this evening. Let all three buildings be watched, and a signal—the nature of which is explained below—will direct them which to enter. There will be no signal should he not come, and in that event a future communication will inform the authorities how to proceed.

ONE WHO CAN PROVE HIS GUILT."

The description of the signal was torn off, and the handwriting was that of Helena! It dropped from my hand as I finished it, and drawing a revolver from my breast, I turned upon him like a wild beast at bay. He marked the action, a knife gleamed in his hand, and before I could aim he sprang toward me. Helena, who did not see that I was also armed, threw herself upon my breast to shield me. The heavy knife descended and she sank bleeding at our feet. At the same instant I placed the muzzle of the pistol at his breast and drew the trigger!

These terrible incidents passed so rapidly that I had not realized my danger ere both lay dying before me. She who had tempted me had also loved me and given her life for mine. He who had betrayed us both had received his reward. But his malice was stronger than death itself, and in his last agony he could not help showing it. Fixing upon me a malignant look, the satanic triumph of which I shall never forget, he partly raised himself upon the floor.

"You have signed your own death-warrant," said he, slowly, "and I shall still be revenged. A pistol shot was to be the signal!" and with these words he sank backward, dead!

Scarcely knowing what I did I rushed from the room, but when I reached the head of the staircase I heard the footsteps of the officers ascending. Escape in that direction was impossible, and turning again, I entered the rear room, softly closing the door behind me. With eager haste I ran to the window. The night was wild and tempestuous, but sufficient light shone from the windows of the neighboring houses to disclose to me the ruined wall of the factory, the tremendous chasm between myself and it, and the black beams of the broken platform, looking like a gibbet in the gloomy shadows. There was but one chance for me, I must cross upon these beams to the summit of the wall! I could not descend the staircase, the officers had already entered the front room where the bodies lay, and they would undoubtedly search the whole house. I had no time to deliberate, desperation drove me on, and the next moment I was clinging to the beams with a frantic grasp and slowly crawling toward the factory wall.

The wind howled in my ears as if fiends rode upon the tempest shouting my doom. My frail support trembled and surged beneath me, threatening to fall at every motion of my body. Dark shadows flitted up from the depth below, as my straining eyes stared down into it, like spirits leaping to clutch and drag me down to death. Ten thousand horrors were crowded into those brief moments, but still I clung and crawled—and at last my right hand touched the coping of the wall! I seized upon it with a fierce energy, and recklessly swung my body forward. The frail beam, dislodged by this last shock, fell thundering into the abyss, and left me hanging by my hands alone. Another effort, concentrating all the powers of my frame, and I lay at full length on the apex of the crumbling pile, trembling in every limb and utterly exhausted!

It was a desperate chance indeed! but I had succeeded and was safe—though my hair from that hour was streaked with threads of silver gray!

* * * * * *

I am glad my task is nearly ended, for I find I grow incoherent as I recall these horrors. The descent from the wall was comparatively easy of accomplishment, and I reached home before dawn, no one having remarked my absence. The circumstances under which the bodies of De Chargny and Helena were found led the authorities to believe that De Chargny was the murderer of Jason Wilmer. As the letter received by the chief of police was in Helena's handwriting she was supposed to be the denouncer, and he, having discovered her treachery after their meeting, through the copy of the letter found upon the floor beside them, had first slain her and then committed suicide. The fools did not reflect that, if this had been so, he could easily have escaped, after killing her, by not giving the signal; but my devil's luck did not desert me, and to this day I have never been suspected.

I have not escaped my punishment in this world, nevertheless—nor shall I in the next. I am rich, honored, envied, but remorse, black, harrowing remorse, tears at my heartstrings with a Fury's grasp; my days are torment and my nights a hell, and

"My conscience has a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain!"

The Elizabeth *Monitor* tells the following amusing story: At one of the railroad depots in the vicinity of Elizabeth, intending travellers were recently amused in this wise: A country man purchased a ticket, and thus addressed the agent:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office until the train starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk. "Take him out."

"Well, stranger, that is cruel, but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out," roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Dragoon," he said to the dog, "sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!" and turning on his heel, said to the clerk, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome."

The dog lay there till the train started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of his office.

WELL-TRAINED HORSES.—A correspondent, D., writing from George's Station, on the South Carolina Railroad, relates the following incident: "Rev. W. A. Clark, of the St. George's Methodist Circuit, while returning from Prospect Church, on last Monday, 30th June, where he had preached the day previous, ran his buggy accidentally against a stump near the road, upsetting and breaking it without injury to himself. The two very fine black horses attached to the buggy, being so well acquainted with their master, did not attempt to run, but remained perfectly quiet, anxiously waiting for the reverend gentleman to extricate himself from underneath the buggy."

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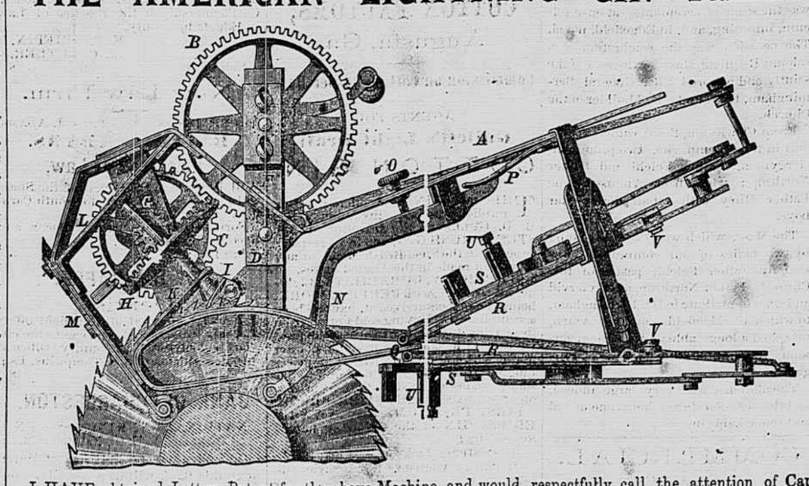

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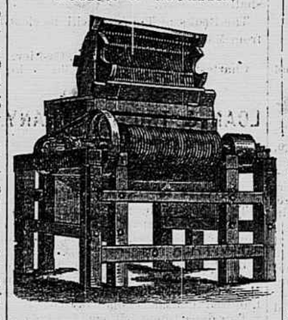

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Nearly all of whom are Professors in one or the other of the Medical Colleges.

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JAMES A. JACKSON & CO.—Having examined the formula of the "Home Stomach Bitters," I have prescribed them in my practice for some time, and pronounce them the best Tonic Bitters now in use. P. H. MCMAHON, M. D.

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Feb 28, 1y 10

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ALL Persons indebted to the Undersigned are requested to call and settle at once. Those failing to comply with above request, will be charged 19 per cent. interest from this date.

A. A. CLISBY.

Apr 30 tf 19

CARWILE & SAMS,
JOHNSTON'S DEPOT,
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Dry Goods, Groceries,
SHOES, HATS, HARDWARE, &c.

And we are prepared to make **Advances to Planters** in Provisions and Guanos, upon satisfactory papers, payable 1st November next.

An examination of our Stock and Prices respectfuly solicited.

CARWILE & SAMS.

Mar 19 tf 18

T. W. CARWILE & CO.,
GROCERS
—AND—
Commission Merchants,
270 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.,

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BACON, LARD, COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS,
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And in fact EVERYTHING usually on sale in First Class Grocery Houses.

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

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Augusta, Feb 5 tf 7

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We need no extended advertisement in Edgefield, other than the grateful testimony of the widows and orphans preserved from want by policies in this Company.

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LEAPHART & RANSOM,
General Agents, Augusta, Ga.

B. M. TALBERT, Canvassing Agent, }
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Oct. 9, tf 42

IMPORTED WINES AND BRANDIES!

10 Cases fine old Hennesey Cognac,
4 " Imported Champagne,
6 " " Madeira and Sherry Wines,
2 " " Claret and Old Port "
2 " Rhine Wine,
4 Casks Scotch Ale and Porter.

OLD RYE AND CORN WHISKEY!

20 Bbls. Old Rye Whiskey, different grades,
10 " " Corn

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Apr 23 tf 18

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Also, HAIR WORK, in every design, made to order. All work entrusted to their care will be executed Promptly, Neatly, *and warranted for one year.*

At their Store will be found one of the largest Stocks of

Gold and Silver Watches

Of the best European and American Manufacture in the Southern States, with a select assortment of Rich and New Styles of **ETRUSCAN GOLD JEWELRY,** set with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Oriental Garnets, Coral, &c.

Also, SOLID SILVER WARE, consisting of Tea Sets, Waiters, Ice and Water Pitchers, Castors, Goblets, Cups, Forks, and every thing in the Silverware line.

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236 Broad St., between Central and Globe Hotels, Augusta, Ga.

Sept 25 1y 40

Boots, Shoes & Hats
ON TIME.

WE are now prepared to Sell all Goods in our line on approved **Factors' Acceptances,** payable in the Fall.

GALLAHER & MULHERIN.

Augusta, April 30 2m 19

GRAND DISPLAY
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Elegant Dry Goods
Bought During the late Tightness of the Money Market at
PANIC PRICES,
AND WILL BE SOLD
Cheap For Cash!

Over One Hundred Cases Opened This Week

All the NEW DRESS MATERIALS in the Latest Styles and Designs for Spring and Summer wear.

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Forty Cases Selected Patterns NEW CALICOES.

Our Suit Department has all the new Designs in Linen, Lawn and Baptiste SUITS, White and Colored.

Swiss SUITS and OVERSKIRTS.

Over One Hundred different styles of GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR elegantly made.

JAS. A. GRAY & CO.,
194 and 196 Broad Street.

Apr 30 eowtf 19

MORE NEW GOODS
AT
Johnston's Depot.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the people in the vicinity of Johnston's Depot, and the public generally, that he has received his Stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, which will be found very complete in all Departments.

He begs to call attention particularly to his rare and handsome collection of
DRESS GOODS, every style and quality,
WHITE GOODS, a varied and complete stock,
Lace COLLARS and SETS, in all the late styles,
RIBBONS, a full assortment,
TRIMMINGS and BUTTONS, in endless variety,
Ladies' Trimmed and Untrimmed HATS, very neat and pretty,
French and American PRINTS,
Brown and Bleached HOMESPUNS,
Striped OSNABURGS and Checked DOMESTICS,
Factory THREAD in all Numbers,
Cottonades, Jeans, Cassimeres and Linens for Coats and Pants,
Brown and Bleached Table Damask,
READY MADE CLOTHING, a large stock for Men and Boys.
HATS for Men, Boys and Children, a splendid stock,
SHOES! SHOES!—My stock is complete in this line of Goods,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, a large assortment,
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, Tobacco, Segars, &c.
PENN'S BOUQUET COLOGNE always on hand.

O. F. CHEATHAM.

Apr 30 tf 19

James W. Turley,
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FIRST CLASS SEASONABLE DRY GOODS.

His numerous Patrons in Edgefield may rely with confidence on having special and particular attention paid to their orders, whether given in person or by letter.

In future as in the past, **Convincing Low Prices** and **First Class Goods** will rule the transactions of this House.

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And careful attention is asked to the perusal of the following paragraphs:

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Warranted Lyons all Silk in Gros Grain and Taffeta, Super to Sublime quality, at popular low cash prices. Now opening.
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The newest thing known to Fashion, in great variety. Now opening.
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In Rich Jacquered Stripes and Brocades. New, elegant goods. Immensely cheap.
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Fine to sublime quality in plain, Satin striped and Lace striped. More popular this season than ever before. Now on sale.
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MEDIUM PRICED DRESS GOODS.
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New styles. Now on sale.
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Very superior quality only.
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