

Our Duty.
Exposures of the corruptions of the government of the so-called State of South Carolina have been made *ad nauseam*. Time and again it has been shown that the Treasury is like a sieve through which the money falls and disappears forever. No one is responsible, and the complaints of the tax-payers are unheeded and disregarded except so far as they may be construed into evidences of disaffection and disloyalty. We are not disposed to prosecute further the ungrateful and thankless task. Other duties call us; other fields invite us to purer and healthier labors. This, however, we may be permitted to say in closing our reviews of the past and turning to the contemplation of that nobler task that lies before us; that such as speculators may seem to prosper; much as they may seem to flourish in magnificent pride and strength; much as they may vaunt themselves as lords mighty and invincible, yet for all this their damnation slumbereth not.

Turn to more pleasant themes; purer airs await us. We leave the delinquencies of others to consider our duty under the adverse conditions that oppress us. We have already said that one of the first duties incumbent upon us as good citizens and well wishers to the country is to do all we can to develop its material resources and wealth. We have a climate which is never very hot or very cold. The coldest blasts of winter can be met without flinching, and the heats of summer are never greater than those of much higher latitudes. The soil is good, yielding a bountiful return for the labor of the careful husbandman. All the forces of nature are auspicious, and never in vain is the furrow run or the manure spread upon the fields. There are, indeed, few regions upon the face of the earth more desirable than ours, or that yield a more happy and bountiful return to the industrious and prudent. It ill becomes us, the lords of the soil, to neglect such opportunities or to be unthankful to a bountiful nature that has done so much for us. We ought to feel happy that we are so blessed, and thank God that some obstructions have been placed in our way, seeing that these are necessary for the development of the highest type of manhood. It may truly be that heretofore we were too much favored and that, perverting and abusing the high privilege given to us, we were in mercy brought low, but not destroyed, by the rude blasts of adversity. As the mighty oak of the forest is firmly rooted in the soil by the strong winds that seize and wrestle with him, so the strong man is made stronger and more robust, both in mind and body, by adversity. We may then grow nobler through adversity and rise to a better prosperity than our fathers knew. To do this we must cease looking backward to the days that are no more, but resolutely fronting the future must brace ourselves for the performance of any duty that may be imposed upon us.

Is it possible for us by unremitting toil and industry to restore the impoverished fields and fill once more our depleted purses, spite of the exhaustive process that is continually going on in the form of oppressive taxes levied under form of law? Is it possible for us to rebuild our fallen fortunes and wrest from adverse fate a grand success? It is, but to do this we must never indulge in any luxurious dreams; never consider that anything is done until all is done; never shrink from any labor or toil, however great, that may be necessary for the accomplishment of the end in view; never fear that the sun may scorch us with his burning rays, or that our hands may become hard and horny from contact with the implements of husbandry; never be ashamed to be seen driving the ox-cart to the fields, loaded with manure from the farmyard, and whenever laborers are scarce, never hesitate about taking hold and doing any work, no matter how common, so that it be necessary and good. Let every man pursue this course and very soon will his exhausted fields put on new faces and smile upon him with happy smiles that will yield him golden dollars. And let him also cultivate his mind as well. Let no man think that because he follows the plough and spreads manure upon the fields, therefore he must be rude and clownish in his manners and ignorant of letters. Let no man think this. There is no good reason why the soul of the tiller of the soil may not glow with ideas, and aspirations, and images, and thoughts as pure and lofty as those that filled the minds of Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Milton. The cultivation of letters must keep pace with that of the soil. And if one is an artisan; shall the mechanic be a boor? He should take shame to himself if he is. He of all men should be nearest to God, for he is, in some sort,

a creature, and Jesus Christ walked at the carpenter's bench. The highest and purest refinement is not incompatible with any avocation, no matter how humble it may be in seeming. The woman who prepares with her own hands a dinner for her guests, may preside with queenly grace at table, and adorn with her presence the most costly and elegant drawing room. Let us remember these things and seek wealth, not by speculation or speculation, but by calling it forth from the bosom of nature, having always in view ends of use. Let us do this and failure is impossible.

The State of the World.
Was there ever a Golden Age in which there was no war, or strife, or contention, or ought to produce unhappiness or pain? Is this only a dream of the poets? Or is it an idea given to man to reconcile him to the inevitable evils by which he is surrounded, and to cause him to hope for a future as bright as the golden age of the past? Has man from the beginning been always engaged in war and bloodshed as we find him now, and is this his natural state? Must he so continue to live as long as time shall last? Is he to grow out of his evils and find a better nature by the slow process of evolution, and by the operation of the law of progression of which modern philosophers are so fond of talking? If so, how many thousands and thousands of years and ages must elapse before the happy moment comes? Who can tell? We confess that the evils that we see in the world oppress us sometimes with a sense of orphanage that is almost overwhelming. But when we look upon the splendor of the heavens, or the beauty and majesty with which the material universe is filled, at such times the soul is lifted up into a calm and serene region where peace reigns. But in that region we cannot live always. The demands of life urge us to a never-ceasing struggle. We live amongst men; we breathe the air they breathe; feel all emotions, whether good or bad, that they feel, so that it is only at rare and most happy moments that we are able to ascend to that region which is above the mists and evil vapors of ordinary life. And it is only at such moments that hope revives and we are enabled to feel and know that at last the reign of peace must become universal. Not through the operation of the law of progress, not through the natural evolution of a better life out of a seething, putrifying mass of corruption, which will ultimately clarify itself and cast the dregs to the bottom; no, not thus must peace come at last. But through the divine operation of God, who gave us the power to go astray, the power to disobey and rebel, because only by having this power could we, or can we, ever become truly men. We are not orphans. He leaves us free, and we do indeed, often, and often "Gut such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep;" but he has not forgotten us, and though darkness is now upon the face of the deep, yet the Spirit of the God is moving upon the face of the waters, and the earth that is now without form and void, shall be at last full of beauty and harmony as the sun is full of light.

The *Sanitar News* says this is a white man's government. How long since he found it out?

An iron foundry, with a capital of forty thousand dollars, raised by subscription, is to be built in Griffin, Ga.

We have received Number Six of the Insurance Age, published monthly by Sidney S. Norton, 157 Broadway, New York. The work is very neatly printed and seems to be well filled with matter of interest to insurers, amongst whom may be numbered nearly everybody.

A CHANGE.—The August No. of the *Deer* has received and is the first one that will be issued from the old point—Albion Ill. The publishers have removed to 123 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio. They propose to largely improve it at their new location, and make it still more worthy of public confidence than heretofore.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.
with its fresh meadows, smiling fields of corn, tobacco and cotton, beautiful streams, tastefully built farm houses—nearly all of which are adorned with running vines, and little flower gardens, green grassy slopes, fat cattle, stock horses, and ever and anon catching glimpses of the highland beyond, the sense of enjoyment was full. It is a charming country indeed, and one which the people from the Eastern and Southern portions of the State delight in visiting, the trains Westward being always full of invalids and pleasure seekers in quest of pure, bracing air, and mountain scenery. At 8 o'clock.

HICKORY WAS REACHED.
and we were met by a South Carolina friend, Mr. Desportes, who had kindly secured a room for us at the Marshall House, a private boarding place in close proximity to its more aspiring neighbor, the Central Hotel. It was a pleasant surprise to find domiciled at the Marshall an agreeable and amiable pair of Lexingtonians, who two years ago left the sand hills of that portion of South Carolina, and settled here, viz: Mr. Hendrix and lady. The maiden name of this lady was Hattinwenger, a name familiar to Newberry people. There are others here from S. C., one of whom may be mentioned, Mrs. Beard, formerly Bryce, of Columbia.

The house is well kept and boarders bountifully supplied with good things—chicken included—by Mr. Bean—not one of the Snap variety, long, thin and stringy, but rather on the butter bean order. He, too, is a late comer, and a clever gentleman, full of business, as merchant, landlord, and proprietor of a saw-mill. Not the least of his possessions is his infant son, Walter, one of the best, handsomest and biggest little fellows for his age we have ever seen. He weighs now only thirty-five pounds, in a thin wrapper, would be expected much more than he is but for his extraordinary size and weight. If he lives he will be a second Daniel Lambert. Ours is a

HAPPY MEASURE.
made so in a great measure by the presence of, and happy association with, Dr. Terry and his intelligent and lively lady, they are from Virginia. They, too, are new comers, who have found this place to spend their days in. Here, too, and the last we shall mention, is an old refugee from the high mountains of Morgan and Anderson, a Scotchman, and a printer and publisher in the days of old Lang Syne. He is a pleasant gentleman, abounding in reminiscences of the past.

HICKORY HAS GROWN
out of her old littleness, until now the place is a considerable town, increasing in size, population, and business importance, every day. We looked for a lady, Hickory shaded her hair, and found a busy, bustling town, containing one hundred and fifty houses and fifteen stores, which do a thriving business having the trade of several rich counties. Hickory boasts also of a well-conducted and popular paper—the *Piedmont Press*, edited by Messrs. Avery and Hussey, two young lawyers, who, we suppose, not finding in this region enough to occupy them in their professions, have taken to the press—may they make good and lasting impressions. The trade here is mostly in barter, and the merchants, having this a double chance, are thriving, one of whom shipped no less than two thousand six hundred pounds of butter from here lately. The farmers are well-to-do, hearty, and as independent as wood-sawyers, and who ride and drive the sleekest, fattest and best horses we have seen anywhere, and who are blessed with happy wives and winsome, rosy daughters. It is not strange that we have fallen

DESPERATELY IN LOVE
with—Hickory. And we are not alone, for about one-half, if not two-thirds, of the people of the town have come here and settled within the last four or five years, and more are coming. It is said there are now here some twelve or fifteen persons hunting locations, some of them seeing money in the move, and others a new lease of life. There is no doubt that Hickory is the place, and this Western portion of North Carolina a

PERFECT GARDEN SPOT.
Eight miles from Hickory are the Catawba Springs, noted for beautiful scenery, romantic surroundings, fine sulphur, iron and Chalybeate waters, fine hotel, elegant cabins, and hand-somely adorned grounds. A drive out there on Friday afternoon amply repaid us, and very soon we shall repeat the visit, and indulge in the pleasure then afforded. We have seen

NO MORE FITTING PLACE
for the invalid than the Catawba Springs—Twenty miles distant by stage is Lenoir, and about the same distance by rail is Morganton, one of the oldest towns in the State, and beautifully situated in the Catawba Valley, and famous in mountain scenery, its Mountain Hotel, jolly landlord, and yellow-legged chickens. This is only the second mention, reader, that we have made of

CHICKENS,
and we would not have you think that they are scarce in Hickory by any means. On the contrary, they are plentiful in good order here, and how often do we think of our Newberry friends, who have to pay thirty-five cents for one scarcely weaned, while up here they can be had for ten and twelve, big fellows.

HARD DRINKERS.
Men, women and children, alike imbibe, and even mothers and fathers encourage their young and innocent children to follow their example, and lead them down the path which so many follow, to the Sulphur Spring, distant about a quarter, to take their drinks. No one is hurt, however, it is a drink which does not inebriate or break down the system, but rather builds it up. There are two churches here, Methodist and German Reformed, and a Baptist edifice in erection, a good Templar Lodge, with a membership of eighty, some good schools, and all the other adjuncts of a first-class town, such as Sewing Machine and Insurance agents, etc. The people are alive on the subject of Railroads too, two of which are likely to be built, one from Lincoln, filling up a gap in the Wilmington Road, and the Chester and Lenoir Narrow Gauge, both of which strike Hickory, and which, when completed, will make of Hickory a second Gotham, so thought. It is unfortunate though that there are land-holders here who are not disposed to help the work of progress by selling their lands—it is so everywhere.

The farther from home the more we learn of it—in proof, we are told, that Mr. Mathias Miller, of the Killians, Z. L. White, W. H. W. White, Dr. Barre, John Bangs, Rev. J. L. Shuford, and others, all from this region, and Carl Speck, from Lincoln. The Rev. S. Leard is presiding elder of this district, and the pleasure has been ours of hearing him preach. Mr. A. Shuford, uncle of the Rev. J. L., is a prominent citizen here, a leading member of the Methodist Church, as well as a leader in secular affairs, an ex-legislator, and is so full of laughable anecdotes of things past and present, that if a solemn visage man comes within reach of him his natural goodness causes him to go off half-cocked—he can't help telling his yarns and one can't help laughing, and one half-hour's sitting under the sound of his voice will loosen the skin from the ribs of the worst case of hide-bound. His good just to look at his mouth. He is blessed with an estimable wife. But I am spinning this letter out to too great a length and must close by saying, that to-morrow—Tuesday—we leave for Old Fort, the Western terminus of the road, and about 20 miles from Asheville, or some other point among the mountains, and for a few days shall do the big hills, and take a delighted peep into the gaps. (Once more adieu.)

FOR THE HERALD.
MOUNTAIN VIEW, July, 1873.
MR. EDITOR.—We had been thinking of writing you a few "dots" for several days, but "drat the lock," we can't spare up one single line. We left you in our last at Newport, but don't for a moment think we have been all this time inspecting this little "city in the mountains." We were rusticated and only stopped here a night to rest, preparatory to entering Montgomery Co., so widely known for its rich and abundant coal fields. Our stay in the little classmate, pleasant; here we met an old schoolmate from whom we learned much about Newport and surroundings, and here, too, we met a fair and beautiful young lady, to whom we tried to talk, and not only to talk, but to talk our rival, but all, all to no avail. He was next obliged after myself in our class-walk at school, but you know the ladies don't much mind that, so a fellow has plenty of talk.

My dear sir, we fear you are beginning to think we are out of news near enough, but we are not, so here are a few "items," if not of interest, perhaps of importance. The subject, as to what we will burn, when all the fuel that is now so abundant, is exhausted, has been discussed long ago. Water has been suggested, and even tried, but it is said "it is no burn." The immense forests are fast disappearing beneath the woodman's axe, and before many years shall have been marked upon the great dial-plate of time, they will be consumed by the devouring elements. The mountains of this State are covered with such a heavy growth of timber, that to all human appearances they will never want wood for fuel. But there are sections where they are not so fortunate, cities that have to be supplied, and protected from the chilly blasts of winter. The question is not one of to-morrow, but of to-day. Where will they get their supplies? We can in a measure answer: From the rich coal-fields of Montgomery Co., Va. Who can estimate their length, their breadth, and their depth? Who can tell the exact number of bushels of fuel thus stored away in the bowels of the earth? Who can tell how long it will last? Political economists have tried to answer all these questions, but in our estimation, have fallen far short of the mark. It is said that the science of mathematics is one of perfection, and that "figures never lie." Yes, but men sometimes make mistakes, little mistakes and big mistakes. Other countries are perhaps equally supplied with coal as Montgomery, but we speak of these things because it was our pleasure to pass over them. There is also an abundance of rich iron ore here. A large company has just been organized, and are now fitting up furnaces, and soon the black blast will be ascending from these hills, and tons of iron will be ready for shipment. Other companies are being organized, and will soon be at work. The distance from the railroad is about twenty miles over the mountains, and hills, and rocks, which makes the undertaking one of enterprise. Success always crowns the efforts of the persevering, and we predict that ere long, the great iron horse will puff through these mountains, furnishing ready transportation, North, South, East and West.

We only passed through Blacksburg, the little village in which the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College is situated. It is a thriving little place, and on all sides we saw signs of improvement. There was a beautiful building going up, and was covered after the Mansard fashion. The churches were very neat in appearance. All the houses had a cozy look about them, and were adorned with beautiful flower gardens in front. The College building is handsome, and commands a fine view of the town. The farm is situated a couple of miles from the institution, and is worked as a regular one. It is said to be a fine farm, but we doubt very much whether any of the students would make it their business to visit it, but we were pleased to see the crops, and to see Miss Emma M. She is a charming young lady, and plays croquet "so very fine."

We did not know much about the game, but still it felt to me to put up the wickets; so we put them up, splendidly as we thought, when in the evening we were told they were pegged together, which we discovered after it was too late. The roughest part about the game for me, is to get "in position."

WHO KNOW HOW TO CROW.
A Hickory chicken is delicious. We notice in the last *Herald* that the friend who occupies our vacant chair, (and by the way he fits it most intelligently and gracefully,) mentions the gift of a chicken, and expresses his gratitude in happy rhymed-odies—he was right, we have no doubt it was a good one here, but it could hardly be a Hickory chicken he would soar and cackle and crow in a different style. We won't boast, though, and excite his envy. He is a good fellow, of infinite excellencies, and is serving an excellent purpose, so well in fact, that if he does not fly the track, or throw off the editorial harness, we may keep him in position several weeks longer, feeling satisfied that our many readers will appreciate an exchange which yields so much in return.

REFERENCES
In these days and times to find amid the

Perils of the Potomac.
A RIVER NEARLY BOARDS, AND FIFTY LIVES LOST.
FREDERICKSBURG, VA., August 8.—The steamer *Wawasett*, running on the Potomac River, between Washington and Curriamton, took fire about twelve o'clock to-day, at Chatterton Landing, and was destroyed. She had about one hundred and fifty passengers on board, and between forty and fifty lives are lost. Six bodies were found up to two o'clock—three white bodies, one child and two colored children. Miss Virginia Marbury, of Glynnport, and Miss Bettie Saunders and child, from Curriamton, are among the dead. The others have not been recognized. Geo. W. Cooke, of Warsaw, Virginia, is missing.

Capt. Wood did not leave the boat until forced to do so by the flames. The fire was first discovered in the engine-room. WASHINGTON, August 9.—The *Wawasett* horror is fully confirmed. Most of the passengers perished. She left Washington on her regular passenger trip for Cone River. She was burned off Chatterton Landing, where there is no wharf; the passengers and freight for that point being discharged by small boats. One boat had been lowered when the flames burst out. The vessel was 200 yards from shore. Nothing remains but the broken shaft and smoke stack. The passengers registered, when she left Washington, numbered 110, but she received and discharged passengers at various landings, of whom there is no record. The crew consisted of twelve. The loss is probably fifty passengers and two of the crew. The cause of the fire is unknown. As soon as the flames were discovered, she headed for shore, but struck on the bar on the Virginia side. Many ladies and children were aboard, with visiting friends at adjoining places and resorts down the river; also many colored people. Ten bodies have reached the wharf; of whom five are unknown. All accounts applaud the gallantry of the captain and crew.

A TERRIFIED FISH.—We were shown yesterday a petrified fish, blown out of a solid rock about thirty feet beneath the surface of the earth at Rock Hill in this County. This relic of the primeval ages has some what of the shape and semblance of a lobster, minus the head, which was broken off in blasting the rock in which it was imbedded. It is about twelve inches long and six inches wide, and the tail is turned over somewhat in the shape of a beak. This curious specimen was in the possession of Mr. J. J. O'Brien, who brought it here for inspection.—*Washington Star*, Aug. 8.

A CARD.
NEWBERRY, August 11th, 1873.
I respectfully inform the people of Newberry, that having taken lessons from Mr. J. M. Robinson, I am now prepared to cut patterns of the celebrated and superior "Hawthick's Shirt." My business, proper, is a book agent. I engaged in this because I can be useful in securing good books among the people. I appended the Shirt Pattern cutting to my book agency hoping to thus secure some ready money to meet my travelling expenses. I will return the money to any one desirous with their pattern. I shall not remain in Newberry longer than Thursday. Those who wish books or patterns will please let me have their names at once.

Foreign News.
New York, August 5.—Mail advices from Cuba state that a very severe engagement had taken place at Barrancan. The Spanish loss was severe. The Spanish were very reticent.

Madrid, August 7.—The Carlists have attacked Guipuzcoa. A conspiracy has been discovered to give the town up to the enemy, and many arrests have been made. The bombardment of Valencia has been suspended, a flag of truce having been received from the insurgents requesting a parley, which is now going on.

BAYONNE, August 7.—The Carlists claim a victory at Elgetta, in Guipuzcoa, ten miles from San Sebastian. They state that they captured one Republican general and six hundred prisoners.

Madrid, August 10.—It is announced that arrangements for the restoration of the national authority in Salamanca have been concluded between the deputation from that city and the government, but the conditions have not been made public.

Obituary.
DIED, August 1st, ELBA MARY, youngest daughter of Dr. D. A. and Mary C. GANSON, aged 3 years and 3 months.

MONEY WANTED.
ALL persons indebted to me by NOTE or ACCOUNT, or otherwise, must settle the same on or before the FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT. We must have the money to buy our Fall Stock. It is money or blood. No excuse will be received.

A CARD OF REMEMBRANCE.
L. R. MARSHALL desires to remind all and every one who owes him an account from 25c. and upwards, that they must call and pay at once. It is unpleasant to insist thusly but it is still more unpleasant for him to be dunned then and again by those he owes and not be able to pay up, and all on account of those who owe him not paying. Now my friend this is the LAST OF THIS STYLE of remembrance you get from

To Patrons of Husbandry.
At a meeting held Aug. 2d, at Newberry C. H., by the Patrons of Husbandry, it was resolved by those present to call a meeting on Monday, 25th August, and request the different Granges of the County to send a delegation of five from each Grange, with instructions to consider the subject of cotton weighing and other matters pertaining to the welfare of the Order.

An Ordinance Imposing a License on Butchers.
Sec. 57. Be it ordained by the Town Council, that each and every butcher, or firm of butchers, within the incorporation, and all other persons who shall bring meat to market, shall pay an annual license of \$25; except those persons living in the country who sell their meat between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M., in which case they shall pay a tax of \$1 on every head; 50 cts. on every log; and 25 cts. on every sheep and goat offered for sale.

W. T. WRIGHT.
Spectacles.
THE Most Wonderful Invention OF THE AGE.

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THE "SILVER TONGUE" ORGANS!
The best ORGANS of the Reed class IN THE WORLD.



These instruments, which for sweetness of tone and elegance of appointment stand unrivalled, have met with unprecedented success in this country and abroad.

E. P. NEEDHAM & SON,
ESTABLISHED IN 1816.
Nos. 113, 115, & 117 East 23d St., NEW YORK.

GUANO FOR SALE.
16 TONS
CAROLINA FERTILIZER
—AND—
SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.
Good for Turnips and Small Grain.

A. J. MCCAUGHNIN & CO.
Aug. 6, 1873.
Stores, Tin Ware, &c.

HENRY H. BLEASE,
(At his Old Stand.)
Is now prepared to supply the wholesale trade and the citizens of this and surrounding Counties, with the most approved kinds of

COOKING STOVES,
Together with all varieties of Tin Ware, Toilet Ware, Fancy Coffee Biggins, Teapots, Cake and Money Boxes, and HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, REPAIRING

W. T. WRIGHT.
Spectacles.
THE Most Wonderful Invention OF THE AGE.

R. C. SHIVER & CO.,
Newberry C. H.,
Are now offering their IMMENSE STOCK of

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS,
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices For Cash,

DRESS GOODS,
In new and desirable patterns from 12 1/2c. to \$1.00 per yard.

HOSIERY,
In all sizes and makes. Full line GLOVES for ladies and gents wear.

YANKEE NOTIONS,
LADIES AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS, In all widths, SUMMER CASSIMERS and LINENS For Gents' and Boys' wear, WHITE GOODS, Trunks and Valises, BASKETS, &c.

Boot and Shoe Department,
is a store within itself, where you can find the best work made by hand or machine. No trouble to show Goods.

R. C. SHIVER & CO.
P. S.—Remember our Goods are all MARKED AT CASH PRICES, and NO GOODS WILL BE DELIVERED UNTIL PAID FOR.

This is Positive!
AT COST! AT COST!!
M. NATHAN & SON,
Are offering their entire stock of DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CLOTHING, NOTIONS, &c.

AT COST FOR CASH,
TO MAKE A CHANGE IN THEIR BUSINESS.
Great Bargains in Crockery and Glassware,
This line is in great variety, and Prices Unprecedented!
If you really need a bargain in the above line, or in anything else, call at once on M. NATHAN & SON.
May 28, 29—5m.

C. F. JACKSON,
MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.,
HAVING REMOVED FOUR DOORS ABOVE HIS OLD STAND, ON Main Street,
To the magnificent store in Mr. Jacob's New Building, offers for sale a
SPLENDID STOCK
—OF—
NEW GOODS,
AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES. Call and see his
DRESS GOODS, STAPLE GOODS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc., Etc.
His 10, 25 and 50 cent Counters offer bargains in YANKEE NOTIONS.
May 28, 29—11.