

MY JEALOUSY.

A PRETTY LITTLE STORY.

"I just wish you'd tell me," said Minnie, with the least perceptible pout on her pretty lip.
Now, Minnie was a round cheeked, rosy, little maid, with big blue eyes, fringed around with brown lashes and a coy dimple that sometimes came out on her cheek and sometimes on her chin, but always where you least expected it. And, moreover, I have no objection to impart to the reader, (in strict confidence, of course,) that she was my Minnie—mine, by virtue of the diamond engagement ring that sparkled so knowingly on her little left hand. So of course I had the privilege of tantalizing her, and I used it, too.
"Woman's curiosity!" said I, with a shrug of my shoulders, "and feminine jealousy!"
"Nonsense!" said Minnie, coloring up. "I suppose men are never curious nor jealous, either?"
"Never!" quoth I, with a smile of calm superiority.
"Then you won't tell me, Clarence?"
"I think *ma chere*, your curiosity and the other emotion—need a little discipline!"
Now, why on earth I wanted to be so provoking, I can't tell; the natural perversity of man, most probably, for there was no other reason that I should not have told Minnie Rives just why I was obliged to go home early that evening—a Masonic lodge meeting, and nothing more important.
She did not say a word, but turned quietly away and went up stairs for my little bouquet of heliotrope and geranium leaves that she generally fastened into my button-hole before I went away. And in the very instant that she closed the door, I saw the downward flutter of a little slip of white paper from her dress.
Instinctively I stooped to pick it up; and as I stooped, I could not avoid reading the characters inscribed thereon, in a clear, masculine chirography:
"5. 11.—At Mason & Dobell's. No disappointment this time." E. M.
I felt the crimson flush mounting to my temples in a burning current, as I read and re-read the mysterious words, "E. M." Didn't I remember that Edward Mason was Minnie's second cousin, and a provokingly handsome fellow at that? Had I forgotten that people used to think what a "pretty couple" they'd make before I stepped to the *tapis*? "E. M.," indeed! And I clenched my fists involuntarily as I crumpled the paper inside its grasp.
"And what are you looking for, Minnie?"
She stood with one hand resting lightly on the door-knob, glancing uneasily round the floor, while there was a guilty flush on her cheek.
"—That is—have you seen a little slip of paper lying about?"
"No."
I uttered the falsehood with deliberate calmness, even while the tell-tale billet lay in my hand.
So—she was anxious about it, eh? She didn't like the idea that I should have an insight into her little arrangements with "E. M." Ah! false and fair—all women are alike.
"I am going."
"Good night."
I held her hand a moment in mine; but I did not kiss her as usual—the iron had entered far too deeply into my soul for that.
"5.—11." Of course the whole thing was as plain as daylight. To-day was the fourth of the month—it was simply an appointment for the morrow, at eleven o'clock. I ground my teeth as the truth flashed across my brain. "No disappointment this time!" I would like to have challenged Edward Mason to mortal combat on the instant, were it not that duels were entirely out of fashion. What business had he to lay down the law to my Minnie? But there was one comfort—Jack Dobell was my old friend; he would not see me wronged if he could help it, and I promptly resolved to appeal to Jack for aid and justice.
I glanced at my watch. Nine o'clock—too late for the Masonic meeting, and certainly too late to seek out Mr. Dobell, who was at his counting-house long before this. And so I lighted the gas and sat down to chew the cud of my own bitter meditations. The more I meditated on my injuries, the more furious I became, until, as the clock chimed midnight, I took my final resolve.
I will not be made a fool of—I will cast her off as unworthy of my love; but first I will possess myself of a clue to this great mystery and accuse her boldly to her face.
So I went to bed to dream fitfully all night of the monster sheets of phosphorescent paper, with "E. M.," dancing scarlet fire all over the expanse.
"Is Mr. Dobell in?"
Yes, Mr. Dobell was in, and one of the clerks respectfully ushered me into the little private office where my friend Jack was sitting over a voluminous pile of letters.
"Dobell, I want you to do me a great favor—will you?"
"Certainly, if I can."
"I looked up at the clock—it wanted just fifteen minutes to eleven, and I hurriedly confided the whole story of my wrongs to Jack's honest breast.
He stood stroking down his red whiskers reflectively.
"My dear fellow, I really think you're attaching too much importance to a mere trifle."
"A trifle!" I bit my lip until the blood came. "It's very plain to see that you're not standing in my peculiar position, Dobell."
"Shall I send for Mason? He is in the shop, I have no doubt."
"You will do nothing of the sort."
"Well, then, what is it you require of me?"
"Listen, then. She will come here, probably, at eleven, to—see Mason, confound him!"
"Well?"
"Where will he be most likely to receive her?"
"In this room, I suppose."

"Is there no place where I could be an unseemly auditor of their conversation?"
"Why, there's the wardrobe, but—"
"Say no more—the very place!" I exclaimed, exultingly.
The clock struck eleven as Mr. Dobell took his leave; and I hurriedly ensconced myself in the wardrobe, with my head against the collar of Jack's business coat, and my lower extremities in a perfect grove of linen dusters and obsolete pantaloon.
Africa and Sandwich Islands! It was getting decidedly tropical! I wiped the dew from my glowing forehead. Why didn't Minnie come if she was coming? I pushed the door a quarter of an inch open.
Shades of Fahrenheit, how hot it was! A thermometer would certainly have stood at a hundred in this close atmosphere! I was streaming with perspiration! my hair was as wet as if I had stood in a summer shower, but I would have cheerfully remained there all day to detect the monstrous conspiracy between my Minnie and "E. M."
One o'clock. Decidedly, this was getting rather monotonous! I was inclined to be very sleepy, but it wouldn't do to yield to the blandishments of Morpheus. If I could have indulged in a cigar!
But my patience was not destined to go entirely unrewarded. Just as I was anxiously waiting for the relentless clock to strike two, there was a flutter of silken garments on my ear—the sound of Minnie's sweet, familiar voice:
"I am sorry I lost that memorandum, Edward."
(Sorry! I heard it!)
"It isn't of any consequence, Minnie, we'll make it all straight."
(Would he?)
"Let me see," said Edward, reflectively. "Five yards at eleven shillings. When do you want it finished?"
"By Thursday; it's Clarence's birthday." (I pricked up my ears attentively.)
"I think I can promise it to you by that time. I was sorry to disappoint you before, but we really hadn't a bit of anything in the shop that was at all appropriate for a dressing gown. The material is elegant—crimson leaves, you see, on a fawn-colored ground."
"Beautiful!" ejaculated Minnie, ecstatically.
"And you want it lined with crimson silk, with crimson cord and tassels?"
"Of course. How pleased Clarence will be!"
(If there had been a crack in the bottom of that wardrobe, I must assuredly have fallen through it, so exceedingly small did I feel.)
"Dear Clarence," went on my innocent Minnie, "don't think he felt very well last night, he was so strange and abrupt in his manner."
"Very likely," yawned "E. M." with a provoking indifference. "By the way, Minnie, in what direction are you going?"
"Home, of course. Clarence may call this afternoon."
(My devoted little darling! I only wish that I and the wardrobe were in the midst of that Lybian desert, or some equally distant spot.)
"Then I'll escort you. Dobell will be back presently, and there's no necessity for my staying here. Just wait half a second until I get my hat."
The blood in my whole veins seemed turned for a second to ice, and then again to fire. What a blockhead I had been not to foresee this emergency; I held my breath and clung desperately to the inner handle of the wardrobe, as I felt Edward Mason's touch upon the outer.
"Why," soliloquized that young gentleman, in a puzzled tone of voice, "what on earth ails this door handle—it won't turn."
And he gave it an energetic wrench that defied all my efforts to impede its revolution. The door flew open, and I stood revealed among the coats and dusters like a modern edition of one of Belzoni's mummies!
"Hallo!" ejaculated Mason, staring at me in blank astonishment, while Minnie's eyes grew bigger and bluer than I had deemed it possible for eyes to be.
"Well!" said Edward, resignedly, "I'd like to know how you came here?"
I wasn't going to favor him with any explanations; so I turned somewhat sheepishly to my little betrothed.
"Minnie—darling—you'll think me very ridiculous and absurd; but I confess that,—"
I courageously drew the slip of paper from my pocket and placed it in her hand.
"I found that on the parlor floor last night, Minnie; it excited my curiosity, and I fancied all sorts of ridiculous things. So I came down here to—"
"To hide in a wardrobe," said Miss Minnie, mischievously. "Man's curiosity! and to find out what I meant by coming to see poor, dear Edward—man's jealousy! I didn't suppose that such emotions existed in the masculine mind."
"Minnie!" I pleaded appealingly, while that coarse wretch, Edward Mason, burst into a laugh that jarred on my every nerve.
"I won't tease you any more, Clarence," she said, putting up her rose-bud lips for a reconciliatory kiss.
Isn't a woman always ready to forgive any fault that springs from too much devotion to herself? To Minnie's credit be it spoken, that from that day to this, I have never heard a word of the wardrobe business. But then, to be sure, I had been particularly careful not to mention the well known fact, that women are jealous and curious, in my wife's presence.
And I am writing this little confession in the identical fawn-colored wrapper, with crimson palm-leaves, trimmed with cord and tassels to match.
— In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."
"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, that is precisely what you want!" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.
— Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help because it can help it do so. When you are tempted to grumble about anything ask yourself, "Can I help this?" and if you can't don't fret; but if you can, do so, and see how much better you will feel.

Advice for Both Sides.
The following reminds us of one of the old spelling-book stories concerning a farmer and a lawyer, in which it finally turned out that "it was your bull that gored one of my oxen":
A countryman walked into the office of a lawyer one day, and began his application.
"Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."
"Well, what's the matter?"
"Suppose, now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below should build a dam across the creek through both farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"
"Sure him, sir, sue him, by all means," said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him."
"But stop," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice. "It's I that have built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he threatens to sue me."
The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tacked his ship and kept on. "Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, was it, sir?"
"It was a mill-dam."
"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?"
"Yes, it was just that."
"And it is a good neighborhood mill, is it?"
"So it is, sir, and you may well say so."
"And all your neighbors bring their grain to be ground, do they?"
"Yes, sir, all but Jones."
"Then it's a great public convenience, isn't it?"
"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far superior to any other mill, sir."
"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that Jones is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is now threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day as sure as my name is Barns."

The Farm and Garden.
Pork Raising.
WHAT KIND OF HOGS WE SHOULD RAISE.
Editors of the Southern Cultivator:—As many families have no access to a daily market, to procure fresh meat, bacon is the most convenient substitute, and for persons who are exposed to the cold, or undergo hard labor, just as healthy as beef or mutton, and may be grown nearly as cheap. The plan of raising hogs from the corn crib exclusively, as was the mode in Georgia, under the old rule, must pass away, with many other customs of the good old times, gone never to return. What method of raising, and what variety of hogs is best adapted now to Georgia is the important inquiry? It is ruinous to grow cotton at the rate of 300 to 600 lbs. to the acre, and then purchase bacon from the West.
Lately, a friend was showing me his hogs, and explaining their valuable qualities. I differed with him and called his attention to the hogs of a neighbor. His answer was, my hogs are an industrious set—they will travel miles to hunt mast and provide for themselves; while those you like stay around the house, lay in the sun, get mangy, and starve.
This will illustrate two varieties, and two distinct methods of raising hogs. One was a long-legged, large-boned hog, covered with a heavy coat of hair, and would forage for miles on the neighbor's crops, and whip the dogs off when attacked. These hogs, when penned for two months and well fed, and fully grown, will weigh 175 lbs. These hogs were well adapted to the earlier civilization of the country, when open land was plenty, and the range good, and at a later date, was a prolific cause of trouble and enmity between neighbors. A farmer moved from Georgia to Arkansas—he built Georgia fences. The first year his corn fields were depredated on in spite of all he could do, by the hogs of a neighbor living four miles off. As a last resource, to rid himself of the pest, he caught one of the hogs, after a long chase, and penned him up for future operations. He killed a bear much easier than he caught the hog. Some days after, seeing all the hogs in his field again, he seized the hog in the pen up in the bear skin, and turned him in the field. The hog, in great disgust at his new clothing, started to join his companions who, seeing their mortal enemy coming after them, started off at the rate of bear catch the hindmost. The last heard of them was six miles off, all moving for life, and the bear still after them and apparently the most frightened. They never came back to visit him or even their owner.
Pork raised in this way is now a costly dirt. Some seasons, the corn consumed is worth more than the meat produced. The hog is, of all animals, the least dainty in his food—he is omnivorous; but the food is by no means a matter of indifference, when the quantity and quality of the flesh comes to be considered. Husbandry, in regard to the hog, comprises two distinct periods—the growth of the animal and its fattening.
We cannot advantageously raise a hog that is too quiet, (or as my friend would say lazy.) So we must adopt a medium course, and get such a stock of hogs as can be raised on pasture, and thus save the corn crib. In the West, very little corn is consumed by the growing hogs. Hogs that are to be raised in the pen, and fed on grain, should be of the small quiet kind, coming rapidly to maturity, such as the Cobit or Guinea. The Irish Grazer and the Woburn would be well adapted to our purpose. They can be made to weigh at 15 months old, 200 to 600 lbs. Supposing a good variety of hogs to have been selected, and only those having good points chosen as stock hogs, let the pigs come in August, when it is intended to keep them 15 months old; for the reason that a pig can be kept much cheaper through the winter, than a large hog, and by winter the pigs are strong enough to force the cold. When it is intended to force the animals in ten months, as can be done, the pigs should come in February.

ry. As soon as weaned, the pigs should be put on clover or good grass pastures, and kept in good order—not fat; for it has been found by experience that very fat pigs do not grow as large, or have as much red flesh as those kept in good order. When it is desired to push them, feed on field peas, ground to coarse meal, (or other nitrogenous food,) as they produce muscle or red flesh on grass, oats and rye, until ready for fattening; then they may be put on chufas, or ground peas, which contain large fat producing elements in very great proportion, and are cheaply grown; and finally, the fat hardened on corn meal, for which there can be no substitute.
We may sum up in a few sentences. We want pastures, and a grazing, quiet hog—one that comes rapidly to maturity, and will take on fat when required, (which all varieties will not do;) one that will mature in months; not a corn crib hog, or a wild Arab, to forage on the community—one that stays at home. A favorite amusement of certain new citizens of the United States in this part of the country, is Pussum hunting, which often terminates in a hog hunt! With plenty of good food, the diseases of hogs are few but simple, except cholera, of which I am not prepared to treat. The same land and labor can be made to produce in a given time as great a weight of pork as any other meat, and at nearly the same cost; but for persons who live near a daily market, and light work, it can never compete with the lighter meats. As the country becomes thickly settled, lighter meats, as fowls, domestic game, fish, &c., must supplant bacon.
Turnips.
If full crops of the Ruta Baga and Aberdeen varieties of Turnip seed have not been already sown, delay no longer. A rich, light loam suits the turnip best, but it will grow and do well on almost any kind of land, well prepared and manured.
The planter should select the best ground he has, break it deep and pulverize well. If he has manure enough he should broadcast it over the ground before plowing; if not, the land should be trenched, (after being plowed as deep as possible,) with a scooter, or narrow-shovel, and the manure distributed in the trench, and then the trenches covered by a light turpflow, and the ridges formed; the seed put in with a drill, if to be had. A bottle, with the mouth covered by a piece of sheet lead, perforated like a pepper-box lid, makes a very good apparatus for sowing the seed. The ridges should be about 20 inches apart, and the seed so put in that the plants will stand about ten inches apart in the drill. Thus planted the after-culture of the turnip becomes an easy matter.
We of the South have never properly estimated the importance of this crop. In Europe it is second to scarcely anything else except the wheat crop. Horses, cattle and sheep are fed with the turnip, and thrive and do well upon it. Here, the turnip is equally important in an economical husbanding of our resources. It may be made to yield as well, and we may save the trouble and expense of gathering and housing the crop, which they have to incur in Europe. If our people, could be once induced to try the experiment fairly, after that the Ruta Baga would be found to be one of our most valuable staple productions.
It is not too soon to begin to prepare the ground for the later varieties of turnip, which should be sown about the 20th of August. The best varieties for the table are the White Flat Dutch, and the Red Top, also, a flat turnip. These are the earliest varieties.
At the same time these are sown, the Globe and Norfolk, field turnips, should also be sown. They come later, and will stand all the winter, retaining their crispness and sweetness. These varieties should be sown also for stock. The yield per acre is enormous, and they are invaluable as a food for stock. A similar preparation and manuring of the land as prescribed for Ruta Baga, is requisite for the successful growing of the other varieties of the turnip.
A correspondent of the Southern Agriculturist, says:
To such a state of perfection have the English brought the culture of turnips, that they have revolutionized the agriculture of the Kingdom, and the turnip crop of England is annually worth more than the Cotton crop of the United States. Sow common turnips in August, September and October. The Ruta Baga may be sown from 20th July to September; should be planted in drills, two feet apart, and thinned out to twelve or fourteen inches. The Ruta Baga is destined soon to work a great change in Southern agriculture. They are as easily managed as the common turnip, are more nutritious, keep much longer, and afford greens equal to collards, if not superior. Stock of all kinds are fond of them, and from their rich golden color, sweet and delicate flavor, are unsurpassed for the table. Farmers, try the Ruta Baga, and learn how it saves the corn-crib! The Ruta Baga is not inclined to seed in this climate; but this is a benefit rather than an objection, as thereby the root keeps sound much longer.
A correspondent of the Rural American gives the following, which is an English mode, and which he has proved in this country:
To prepare the seed before sowing, take a dish that is large enough to hold all the seed that is intended to be sown, and turn on enough new milk to cover the seed; let it soak six hours, then drain it dry; take sulphur, and put on a good quantity, mixing it thoroughly before sowing; the milk causes the sulphur to adhere to the seed, and as the seed vegetates, the strength of the sulphur so impregnates the young plant that the turnip fly will not molest it.
A Few Hints on Wheat Culture.
Farmers are beginning to think about preparing their ground for wheat. A few words on the subject may not be inappropriate. When the ground is properly prepared, and the seed properly sown—the wheat crop, on farms distant from market, is one of the most profitable. There is but little wheat put in as it ought to be. In too many cases, the ground is plowed but once, and then but three or four inches in depth. Can a heavy crop be expected

from such a preparation? The soil should be plowed to the depth of, at least, 12 inches, and it should be plowed two or three times before the seed is sown. Some practice sub-soiling, and say that it pays them abundantly. By this depth of plowing, not only is there more plant food furnished—not only can the roots run down deeper into the soil, and thus be able to better withstand the upheaving of the earth by the winter frosts—not only can they better endure the severe drouths of the succeeding spring, (such as we have just passed through); but what is more important than all, the great depth of soil furnishes an excellent drainage for the winter rains, allowing the water to work down into the soil, and to gradually work off, thus preventing winter-killing by the plants being heaved out by the constant thawing and freezing, and the upheaval of the soil, where it is moist, exposing the roots of the plants to the drying winds and cutting frosts. Not a winter passes but in some section or other, or in all sections, we hear that the wheat is "winter-killed." And so it is, when put in so shallow; but, when put in properly, no such complaint will be heard.
In selecting ground for wheat, choose that which is rolling and naturally well drained. In the Northern climate, where snow falls and lays upon the ground all winter, this is not so important. But here, where we have rain instead of snow, where it thaws one day and freezes the next, or does both on the same day—it is a matter of the first importance. It is also important to plow the ground in what are termed back furrows, leaving open or water furrows to carry off the surplus water.
We urge the value of the drill in putting in the seed. It can certainly be done more evenly, and the plants will be less liable to be heaved out. The yield will also prove greater.
Seed is a matter of the first importance. None but the plumpest and best should ever be used. It should be fanned and re-fanned, and all the foul seed and light kernels blown from it. Then it should be washed in lime water, or other pickle, removing everything from the kernel that may affect the health of the plant.
The little extra labor used in cleansing and purifying the seed, will reward one a hundred-fold. Then cheat or choss, oats, &c., will be strangers to the coming crop, the succeeding spring, and the field will be a pleasant sight to behold.—*Valley Farmer.*
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