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LOVE WITHOUT NONSENSE.

NOT A BIT LIKE A NOVEL.

Once upon a time there was a fair young maiden, whose name was Mary, although they called her Moll, for short. She wasn't a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with clear, transparent skin, and lips like cherries, and cheeks suffused with blushes. She didn't have glossy black hair, sweeping back in wavy tresses from her queenly brow, and her form wasn't a bit like liebe's. No, there was none of those thingson the contrary, she was short and thin, and had red hair and freckles, and she also sported snaggle teeth and wore pads, but still she was a right nice girl, and there was a young man who fell in love with her, and his name was Bill, although his friends called him William when they wanted to hurt his feelings, for he didn't like it much. He wasn't fine looking, and had neither curly brown hair nor a mous-tache. Not much. Bill laid himself out on soap-locks, and wore a goatee that he had dyed

Now this Bill was in love with Mary, but did he go and make a deliberate ass of himself? Did he, I say, go into a grove with her, and in the soft mooulight, by the streamlet that murmured sweetly by, and with the tender zephyr sighing through the foliage, fall down on his knees, seize her jeweled hand, and breathe his deep affection in the tender accents of fond attachment, and swear "by yon bright orb above us, always to be thine?" Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't. You can lay out your whole revenue safely on that. William knew too much about the price of pants to go flop-ping around on the wet grass with his good clothes on; besides, he never cared anything about streamlets or any kind of cold water, except to mix with his gin. No, sir, it was exceedingly strange, but this infatuated William met her at the alley gate, and he stood right up on his old legs and says: "Say, Moll, old gal, s'posen we get hitched?"

But how did Mary behave? Did she go

dropping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't, and she didn't say, "I'm ever thine, my own love, dear William!" Oh, my, no. She looked right in his yellow eyes and says: "I'm a pattern of monkeys selling lamp posts." in, Billy; I'm the gal for these sort of things. Go in!" And instead of referring him to her father, she only said: "Won't the old man bust right out when you tell him? Ha! ha!" and she laughed. But she didn't ask William to try to mollify her fond father. No, no. She very wickedly advised him to "poke the old man in the nose if he gave him any of his lip."
She was a funny girl, this Mary.

Now, the old man wasn't wealthy, for he sold

soap-fat for a living, and so he didn't think Bill was nosing around after his stamps; so when Bill asked him, he neither ordered him fiercely away, nor did the dewy moisture gather in his eagle eye as he passed his hemstitched up there and said: "Bless you, my children, sold Bill to take her along, for he was glad to thought it pretty profitable business, and conget rid of her, he was, and William would be the same way mighty soon, for she was awful rough on victuals, and always broke plates when she got mad.

So, you see, there really was no necessity for William to come at midnight's solemn hour, in a cab, and throw a rope-ladder up to her window, and whistle three times on his fingers, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a band-box and an umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then get into the cab and fly to some distant shore. Bhat's the way it would have been in a novel; but Bill said he wasn't on that lay, and so he just went out in the yard, and out of pure joy, he skinned the cat three or four times on the grape-vine arbor, and then went and got in his butcher cart, and drove Mary right down to the istrate, to get the job done for a quarterfor he said he was some on low prices, he was.

But the very queerest thing of all was, that Bill had no tall, dark, ruffianly rival, with a scowling visage and black whiskers, who flew at him with a drawn dagger, and a horse-pistol in each hand, and a muttered curse upon his lips, and cried wildly for "Revenge." Ha! ha! and said: "Death!" and "Villain, thou diest!" Not any. There was another fellow in love with Mollie, to be sure, but he was a weak-eyed young man, who had sandy hair, and wore spectacles and a choker collar, and always looked scared when you hollered at him. So, when he saw that Bill had the best of the girl's affections, he looked all serene and said: Go in, Billy, if you hanker for her;" and as Bill was a trifle on the hanker, sailed right in. So William, you see, had no trouble at alland you couldn't get up an agonizing novel about him if you tried. He didn't have any urgent business that called him to a foreign land, and so he had to bid her a fond good-bye, and swear always to be true, and then go away and forget her, and fall in love with a darkeyed Italian girl, picking grapes in a vineyard, with a square towel folded on her head, while his forgotten and forsaken Mary gradually faded and pined away, and baffled the physician's skill, and grew paler, and at last, when the June roses were in bloom, lying gently floated in the balmy odor of jessamine and honeysuckle. And William didn't come home con is cheap enough to live on, and ha down to die, while through the open window at last, and filled with deathless remorse, go daily to the sweet cemetery and strew flowers since commissions for advancing, acceptance, name. Not at all. That is the way Mrs. E. risk are all to be added to the present cash valstayed at home and killed beef and sold it at a price, and stuck to Mary, and she kept healthy and wasn't much on the pine, or the fade, while if any fellows got to lurking around, William went right out and batted them in the

And then, at last, when all was over, Mary didn't sit in the room while they dressed her in white, and mixed orange blossoms in her waterfall, and then go gently down stairs with six bridesmaids at her heels, and stand up with her William, and weep gently while she was being married by the minister, and then get lots of presents, and then go to her new house, and live through all the happy years with Billy, and never know sorrow or trouble any more. Why, of course, she didn't, for it wasn't her

sine just rose on the bench and told fift sine and told fift see much use in splicing, and that she pay for meat can be saved at home at a far less washed in half a dozen waters, and finally, to satisfactorily answered the clamorous call of a didn't like him any how; and so she went cost, if our own people will make it a part of make doubly sure, she caused it to be boiled.—craving appetite, and my internal fullness ad-

guessed she was hard on her clothes, any how, and so they never got married, and the whole thing turned out wrong; but I couldn't help it; for I ain't going to put facts on record that ain't so. But it ain't a bit like any novel that I ever read so there must have been shown. I ever read, so there must have been something \$ 2.50 strange about this fellow and Mollie that I nev-er could find out, so I'll have to let it slide as 20.00 it is.

Sad Effects of the "Dolly Varden" Fashion.

If husbands are to be mistaken in "Dolly Varden" dresses, as with an unfortunate hus-band in Philadelphia, the sooner the fashion is squelched, the better will it be for the peace of society. The husband in question one night missed from the supper table his wife Matilda, and inquired of his little boy whither had she gone, and just at that moment the dining-room door opened and a lady entered. The husband observed a wild look in her eye, and also noticed that she was attired in an outlandish style, having on, as he says, a dress with sunflowers, and cabbages, and pumpkins, worked all over it, and a lot of snakes squirming around for a back ground.

Rising, the man said: "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" and then said, aside, "Poor thing, she's crazy." That last remark settled the business for him, as the weird female made a bolt and tightly grasped his Adam's apple, and choked him until his face assumed the color of a banner of the Commune. After she had enjoyed a surfeit of choking her husband, she flopped into a chair, and with tears coursing each other down her cheeks, exclaimed:

"That I should ever live to hear my husband

say that I was crazy."
This amused the husband, and elevating him-

self to his full proportions, said:
"You can't blame me, Madam, for supposing you an insane woman, and now that I know you are the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever it is you call it."
"Window curtain, chintz!" said the spouse;

why it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern, too."
"Madam," replied the husband, "we may be out of head, but if that is a Dolly Varden we are most decidedly out of pocket. Why, it looks like a circus dress, and the idea of a woman at your time of life-"

"My time of life !" "Yes, your time of life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze act in the back yard. Why, it is enough to give a man the delirium tremens to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall paper run mad. You look exactly like some Japanese tea sign. And now just bounce out of here with that Feeje battle flag, or you'll scare the baby to death."

There was an ominous pause for a moment,

There was an ominous pause for a moment, and then the eldest daughter said:

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, father. It's all the style, and I am going to have one, too; there now." "Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, the second eldest. "Any more?" gasped the husband; "are there any more? Hadn't the buby better have one? "Chees I'll get one." the baby better have one? Guess I'll get one a pattern of monkeys selling lamp posts. How would a Chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmount Park?"

The unhappy husband has just been liberated from an asylum and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress him in a Dolly Varden, marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston.

An Ungrateful Railroad.

Jones had heard about a widow who had saved a train of cars from destruction by warning the engineer, as the train approached, that a certain bridge had been washed away; and who was liberally rewarded, receiving a pass for life on nearly all the railroads in this counbless you?" Oh, no, nothing of the sort. He just blew his old red nose in his bandanna and the company whose train she saved; so Jones try, and a present of ten thousand dollars from

He lived near a railroad bridge, and he iously watched and waited for it to wash away, feeling sure that it must go sometime. Every rainy night he got up and paced the floor by spells, then took his umbrella and went out to see if the bridge was beginning to go; but it was not gone.

At last he concluded that if an accident would not happen of its own accord, he would make one to order, so he got upon a high bank at the side of the track one afternoon, and rolled a big stone down upon the rails.

It was just a few minutes before the lightning express was due, and throwing off his coat and hat, so as to appear as excited as possible, he went forth to meet it. He saw it coming in the distance, so he tied a red cotton handkerchief to a hoe handle and waved it above his head in a wild, excited manner, as a signal of danger. But he presented such a singular appearance that the engineer thought him a crazy man, escaped from a neighboring lunatic asylum, and so paid no heed to him, and the train thundered on.

There was a sudden whistle of "down brakes," a rapid reversing of the engine, then a terrible crash. The train was wrecked; the engineer and fireman were instantly killed; the conductor and all the brakemen dangerously, if not fatally wounded; and about ten per cent, of the passengers horribly mangled.

Jones didn't get a pass for life on the principal railroads of the country and a purse of \$10,000, but he got ten years in the Penitentiary for manslaughter, having been seen by a neighbor when in the act of rolling the rock on the track which caused the calamity.

And now he is learning to manufacture shoes by the original process, and is of the opinion that railroads are a curse to the country.

BACON ON TIME.—Everything now a days is 'on time-to planters," except the planters themselves. They are sadly behind time! !-With the advertisements of our daily papers as a guide, it appears that about the first of the present month, there were nearly two million pounds of bacon for sale in this city alonenearly one thousand tons-and a large proporcon is cheap enough to live on, and has been so for a year. Bacon "on time" is far dearer, on her grave, and teach his children to lisp her dealers' profits, interest, and percentage for D. E. N. Southworth would have done it, but she wasn't round. Billy was a butcher who wore a white shirt and a shiny hat, and he planter must not starve to avoid dear living; and what can he do but buy "on time" when he has no cash, and no meat at home?

The matter becomes serious. The majority say they cannot raise hogs at home, on account of thieves, or cholera, or some other cause. Yet we do know there are many planters who do raise meat at home in abundance. There are one or two at least, or more in every county in Georgia, who are thus successful and thrifty. This is enough evidence to prove that the thing is possible, and that our people need not send to the West for bacon "on time," unless they willfully neglect their own resources. No es of farm industry, and are not to be dispensed out it is necessary to use more care and pains ed with by the skillful husbandman.—South in hog raising than before the war, to save our bacon from Radical thieves. And it is certainly necessary that we raise corn, which may be done if enough of it is planted and worked. muslin and her old sun bonnet, and had nary bridesmaid, and went to the magistrate's and had with ease, if only the necessary work be done. Surely this great question of the meat fifteen cents from the old man to pay her car fare home, and when she get to the weather to the poor appetite. Being out in company, and to making pork, and all these may be done. Surely this great question of the meat supply for the South needs attention. It has fare home, and when she get to the weather to the meat supply for the South needs attention. It has servant girl to give it a thorough cleaning, and poor appetite. Being out in company, and to making pork, and all these may be contained the deadly poison, she told the servant girl to give it a thorough cleaning, and poor appetite. Being out in company, and she just rose off the bench and told Bill she to be revived. The millions we send West to stood by and saw the work done. She saw it "You will please excuse me as I have already been neglected and overlooked, and needs now

The Stone-Cutter.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained little and was not at all contented with his

"O, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a kirimon of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting and wrapped himself in a kirimon of soft silk. It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol, resplendent with

"What good does it do me to be rich?" murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not the Emperor?"

And, indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an escort of cavaliers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with his ardent beams

dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, fatigued the eyes.
"It is a great advantage to be Emperor,"
cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the

"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the face of princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the

earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface. "There is strength," cried the sun—"a cloud

capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud." "Very well," said the angel. And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers and waterspouts to fall on the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the

rivers spread over and devastated the fields. Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat it in their fury, the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."
"You shall be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock

of the rock, which he dressed into stones prop-

"Have your will!" said the angel; and he became again what he had been—a poor stonecutter-a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little, but he was contented with his lot.

Sheep for the South.

In rebuilding the prosperity of our Southern States there is no branch of industry calculated to contribute more certainly than sheep husbandry on a small scale. We do not wish to be understood as advocating sheep-raising exclusively; but we do insist on this industry forming a link in that chain of diversified farming which is the basis of an independent and lasting prosperity. We have uninformly energetically thrown the whole weight of our influence, since the war, against the almost exclusive cotton culture which has well nigh bankrupted our section; but we have never yet advised the abandonment of cotton. On the contrary, we have constantly urged the farmer to make it the main feature of his market crop, being careful to diversify his energies to the extent of making his farm self-sustaining. In this diversity sheep should have prominent places. No farmer throughout the cotton region should be without his flock of ten, twenty or fifty head, according to size and location

All experienced farmers will know that simply purchasing the flocks and driving them home, without further attention, will result in failure and loss. The effort will be profitable or not, according to the care and intelligence bestowed upon it, and those who are not prepared or disposed to bestow these had best let

The intelligent farmer will first determine the number of sheep he is prepared to care for. If he has pasture for twenty head only, he will not go beyond that number. This question settled, he will next direct his inquiries to the breed best adapted to his locality and the wants of his market. If he is so stuated that the fleece forms the item of profit, he will select that breed the wool of which is most valuable. If, on the other hand, his market offers greater profits for mutton than wool, then he will select the breed most productive of mutton. In either case economy will suggest that he buy the common native ewes of the country, which are cheap, and bring them up to the breed desired by carefully selecting and purchasing such bucks as will lead to the end in view. Those who have no experience will be astonished at transforming a flock of common ewes into beautiful Merinos, or Cotswolds, or South-downs, or whatever breed may be desired.— Seven-eights constitutes what is termed a them: "thorough-breed," and a little calculation will show how short a time is required to bring want you to make each of us a suit of clothes;

sheep to this point of purity.

Now as to the profits. The increase of sheep with proper care is never estimated with any degree of certainty because of the great variation dependent upon breed, pasturage, care, en, and in due time the clothes were sent home. &c., while the price is equally unfixed. The A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, farmer who gathers up his sheep but once a year, at shearing time, gets two to four pounds | day, however, he met them, and thinking it alto thirty cents, while the farmer who pastures and cares for his flocks gets a yield of ten to eighteen pounds per head, for which he realizes our bet isn't decided yet." "Ah!" says Smith, cighteen pounds per head, for which he realizes thirty to seventy-five cents per pound. In the first case, the profit, though trifling, is clear, and in the last it is subject to the charges of investment, pasturage, feed, care, &c. In the last instance, however, the flock is entitled to a credit for its fertilizing deposits on the farm, credit for its fertilizing deposits on the farm, all length, but he soon recovered his wonted an item of the first importance to most sections of our country, and one that is not sufficiently appreciated. The profits in almost every instance are larger than those of most all branch-

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION .- Some time since, a lady in this city had occasion to use home, and Bill he went with her, and told her he wasn't sorry, as he didn't want her, and he leaving some went their business to do so.—Banner of the South & Planter's Journal.

cents when it was new; but there is nothing

like economy.

At last she was sure the cup was ready for use, and telling Bridget to wipe it and place it with the rest of the dishes, she withdrew, well satisfied with her efforts at economy, and dismissed the subject from her mind.

But now comes the cream of the joke. That evening at the supper table, the lady complained of feeling slightly indisposed; but thought nothing again of it until, while sipping her tea, she happened to recall to her mind the little fact of the corrosive sublimate, when the idea suddenly occurred to her that she might have been drinking from the idential cup that had held the poison. It was a terrible thought. What did she do? Did she scream? Not a bit of it! But she turned very pale and whispered 'Husband, I am poisoned"-and her head dropped on her breast.

The husband rushed to her, and caught her in his arms, and carried the seemingly lifeless burden to the sofa and deposited it thereon .-By this time Bridget was at hand, moaning and wringing her hands over her poor unfortunate

The husband, half distracted, begged his wife to tell him what had happened, at the same time ordering Bridget to run for the doctor. "It is useless to send for the doctor," said the wife faintly, "I feel that I am dying." After a pause, she continued, "throw away that fatal

"Please, missus," sobbed the girl, "what tea-

cup?" "Why, the poisoned one," answered the lady. "Oh, missus!" exclaimed the girl, her sobbing increasing in violence, "bad luck to the cup! after giving it a dacent washing, and while I was wiping it dhry, I dropped it, mum, and it broke in a thousand paces-it did, in-

dade, mum."
What followed can be better imagined than described. We will simply add, in conclusion, that the newspaper reporters lost an item, and the undertakers a job. Bridget was not repremanded for breaking the dish.—Hartford

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION .- From a series of interesting sketches of distinguished ministers who will attend and address the Southern Baptist Convention, which meets in Raleigh this week, we extract the following sketck of Rev. Dr. Lorimer, whose remarkable conversion is here detailed. We copy from the Raleigh News:

The first person we propose to introduce to our large North Carolina audience is Dr. G. C. Lorimer, of Boston, Mass. Dr. Lorimer is pastor of the Shawmut Avenue Church, and is perhaps the most popular Baptist preacher in Boston. He is Scotch by birth and was a stage actor. During an engagement in Louisville Ky., he was standing one evening at the door of his boarding house, when a lady approached him, and asked him if he would not go to church that night? He replied that he was a stage actor and had to play that night. She then asked him if he would not attend church man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a hammer; and the man, with the help of those instruments struck off. was not in the habit of going to church. The lady insisted on his going, and gave him a tract with the request that he would read it. He did read it, was impressed by it, and the coner for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man versation of the strange lady, at the did the the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that meeting which was conducted by Dr. T. C. Ky., and became Pastor of the Baptist Church in Paducah, Ky.

He was afterwards, for three or four years, pastor of Walnut Street Church, Louisville, the largest and wealthiest Baptist Church in Kentucky, and unfortunately, at the time he took charge of it, much troubled with dissentions. His pastorage was greatly blessed to the church. Since the war he has been in great demand, having been pastor in New York, then in Albany, and now in Boston, where he has been for two years. Dr. Lorimer is not more than thirty-five years old, and not probably received his doctorate at an earlier age than any other man in America. Dr. Deems was made a D. D., at thirty-three, and Dr. John A. Broadus at about the same age, but Lorimer was thus honored in his thirty

appearance, and so quickly cooked as omelets.

A good and economical omelet is made with four eggs, well beaten, and added to one cup of appearance, and so quickly cooked as omelets. four eggs, well beaten, and added to one cup of milk, into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of pounded cracker and one small teaspoon of flour. Stir the mixture well together just before pouring it on the well-butthe omelet should have a strong flavor of scorched butter. Turn it as soon as it begins to "set" around the edge, with a wide-bladed knife; fold it over once, and then again, and at once lift the griddle, and turn the omelet upon a warm plate. It will, of course, be of four thicknesses.

The best and really nicest omelet is made of one egg to one spoonful of milk. For an unexpected guest, this one-egg omelet is just the thing for luncheon or tea, as it is so easily made and turned off the griddle so handsomely. A very good omelet is made by preparing a large and varied assortment of

mince-meat of boiled ham, or cold veal, or chicken, well seasoned, and after the egg is poured upon the griddle, immediately scatter ing on a thick layer of the mince and then folding the omelet as usual. Never put salt into

Poached or scrambled eggs should always be served on square pieces of toasted bread, which have been dipped for an instant in hot water and buttered.

A JOKE ON A TAILOR .-- In Boston, many years ago, there lived (as there do now, we venture to say,) two young fellows, rather waggish the rapid progress the proper care will make in in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing rather extensively a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into his shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of

"Smith, we've been making a bet. Now, we wait till the bet is decided, and the one that loses will pay the whole." "Certainly, gentlemen; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were takthe tailor, saw nothing of his customers. One per head, for which he realizes from eighteen most time the bet was decided, he made up to good humor.

> - Men eat too much, fret too much, exercise too little, sleep too little, and then drink whiskey. Let them turn themselves into the fresh air, cat simple food, sleep enough, and they will be healthy. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him.

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other Piano, which bring the Piano nearer Perfection than has yet been attained. Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

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tered griddle, which should not be too hot, lest Notwithstanding The

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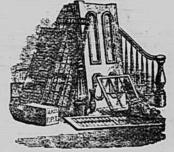
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