GEN. MORGAN'S SLAYER.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

Monday morning the *Chronicle* published an account of "John Morgan's Slayer," clipped from the Pittsburg *Commercial*. Briefly stated, the story was as follows:

On the banks of the Licking river, just South of the outskirts of Newport in a little red shanty-boat, lives Robert Fry and his wife. For more than two years they have dwelt in this river house in the most squalid poverty. His hair is white as snow and stands in disheveled mass all over his head, ears and neck. It is kept back from his ears by a red bandana kerchief. Under his chin and around his neck is a heavy muffler of coarse white hair. And this man is none other than the slayer of General John H. Morgan, the great Confederate cavalryman—the man who, on his Northern raid, terrorized the residents of Southern Ohio and Indiana. The story of Morgan's death is best told in old man Fry's words.

"We surrounded the Williams mansion. Morgan got word that we had discovered his whereabouts and endeavored to make his escape through a little garden in the rear of the premises. 'That's a woman,' said the lieutenant, 'don't shoot.' 'Damn the woman, said I, and I raised my rifle and banged away. The object fell dead, and when we got up close to it we found it to be Gen. Morgan. He was in his shirt-sleeves. My bullet had passed through his heart. One of the men picked up the body, tossed it across his saddle and carried it to our camp. It was afterwards turned over to the Confederates."

In answer to this publication the *Chronicle* has received the following communication from one of "Morgan's men."

Editors Chronicle: I have just read the article in your paper of to-day (13th), copied from the Pittsburg *Commercial*, purporting to give the history of the killing of Gen John H. Morgan; also a description of his betrayer and murderer. The article reads well, and to those who do not know the facts may pass as truth.

But there are men, scores of them, who are now living, who followed this greatest of cavalrymen when victory attended his way and stood by him when misfortune and defeat came upon him, and some of them were eye witnesses to his murder. I am proud that it was my fortune to be one of 'Morgan's Men,' and that it was my painful privilege to be present at his killing. Believing that it would be of interest to many persons, I have thought to state what I know of the killing.

On the evening of the 3d of September, 1864, Gen. John H. Morgan sat on his horse on the southern suburbs of Greenville, Tenn., the county seat of Green county, situated on the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, fifty miles southwest of Bristol and seventy miles from Knoxville, while his command passed in review and took the road leading northwest from the town towards Bull's Gap.

The writer heard him give the order to Col. Smith, then in command of one of the regiments, "to picket all the roads well, as the enemy is in the neighborhood." All the command, except the artillery and one company as a support to the same, passed to the northwest of Greenville. The artillery with its support went into camp on the south side of Greenville. General Morgan made his headquarters at the house of Mrs. Williams. We afterward learned that during the evening a widow, whose name was given as Fry, and who was the daughter of Mrs. Williams, made application to General Morgan for a pass to go outside of the Confederate lines. It has also been stated as a fact that General Morgan was warned that there was danger in thus granting a pass to a person known to be in sympathy with the enemy, but he could not be made to believe that a woman would betray his confidence. Any way, the permission to go through the lines was given. This was his fatal mistake as the sequel proved. This woman on a dark night went forth to betray into the hands of an enemy one among the noblest men it was ever the writer's privilege to know. As she passed out it was an easy matter to locate the picket post and just as easy to avoid them when returning with the Federal soldiers.

After twenty-four years, I remember that Saturday night was a very rainy, disagreeable night, and the Sunday morning of the 4th of September, 1864, the orders came from headquarters "limber up" and be ready to move. Just before day the order was given to the men "get ready to move to the front." Then followed the suspense of waiting, wet and hungry, with no prospect of breakfast, when another order came from Major Withers, acting adjutant, "Let the men come into town and get something to eat."

In company with a young man by the name of Walker from Tennessee, I went into Greenville to get breakfast, and stopped at a house directly oposite Mrs. Williams'. It was still dark, just at the dawn of day.

While waiting for breakfast we were on the front piazza, when I heard the report of a cannon to the North of Greenville and said to Walker: "We had better go back to camp; that was a cannon fired." The lady, at whose house we were, laughing said: "That was a door slammed; you are in town." As she finished speaking another shot from the cannon, a distant boom, was heard, and Walker and myself ran across the street into the yard of Mrs. Williams and, found, to our surprise, the yard filled with Federal soldiers. General Morgan came out of the house in his shirt sleeves, and ran into the garden, with pistol in hand. The enemy ran down the street on the east side of the house to "cut him off," and surrounded him. When he saw that he could not escape he began firing upon them with his pistol. A lieutenant of the Thirteenth East Tennessee regiment, United States troops, said to Gen. Morgan, "You had better surrender, or you will be killed." The general then threw down his pistol and said, "I surrender." Then it was that a man by the name of Campbell, a sergeant in the 13th East Tennessee, Union troops, rode up on his horse and said: "Damn you and your surrender, too," and, within a few feet of Morgan, fired his gun, shooting him through the breast. This same man Campbell then dismounted and lifted the general, not yet dead, across the pommel of his saddle, and rode through the streets, crying, "Here is your horse thief, John Morgan." When he had thus rode around until satisfied he threw him from his horse upon the sidewalk. In falling, General Morgan's face struck upon the curbing and the right side of his face was broken and bruised.

Be it said to the praise of the little company supporting the artillery that they made as many as three charges upon the enemy in the attempt to rescue their general, and thirteen shots were fired from one of the pieces of artillery by two men. The writer, with Walker, made his escape from the garden and hid in a "sink hole," where we remained until Monday night 10 o'clock. I saw from my hiding place our troops with the flag of truce when they came into Greenville and got the body of General Morgan.

No, Messrs. Editors, the man who killed General John H. Morgan is not named Fry, but, as already stated, is Campbell, and he was a Tennessean. If it be any honor to him to be numbered among those whose names shall be handed down to generations yet to come as one who slew his fellowman when he had thrown himself upon his mercy, I say let him to whom it belongs have it.

The person who betrayed him was a woman, and her name was Fry. What has become of her or where she lives, I do not know. She is a woman; let us leave her with her conscience and with her God.

Yours respectfully,
J. S. PATTERSON,
One of Morgan's men.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 13, 1888.

"Aristocracy" in South Carolina.

Demagogism, as understood in our politics, is an appeal to class feeling. A good deal of it is being used in this State now by men who are always eager to denounce others as demagogues. There is much talk of a war on the "aristocracy" and whimpering over departure from old landmarks and feeling against men because they have names once honored or occupy high social place.

All of it is as false as it is foolish. The truth is, we are learning to take class distinctions out of our politics and judge men on their merits, and that is just what we should do. It is wholesome, safe, Democratic and American.

"Aristocracy," strictly taken, ought to have no place in the American vocabulary. We have no right to know anything about it. It means a political condition in which some persons inherit from their parents the right and power to rule, and is as much opposed to the spirit and principles of our government as any one thing can be opposed to another. For lack of a better word we do use it, however, as applied to a social condition.

Allowing "aristocracy" to mean those persons who hold prominent places in social life, in other words, gentlemen and gentlewomen, we can know how silly it is to talk of a war on aristocracy in South Carolina. The truth is there are no firmer believers in "aristocracy," in the refined and improved sense of the word, than the mass of South Carolina voters, of all degrees. Nobody believes more earnestly than they do in the doctrine of heredity and the value of blood—or, in the vernacular—in "stock." The average countryman in this State, be he renter or freeholder, wants to know of the "stoock" of any man or woman in whom he is asked to trust. When man or woman goes wrong the patriarch of the neighborhood will always show the bad place in the "stock" in some bygone generation to explain the fall. Many a rugged South Carolina ploughman has staked his life in desperate places or refused to do shameful and profitable things because of his race and blood pride—because he would not "go back on his stock." Many a man of that kind who cannot read nor write is as proud, in his own uncouth way, of the blood in his veins and as careful of its honor as if it came to him from king or marquis. There are old men in the South Carolina mountains now who will not vote for any descendant of a family which was tory in the revolutionary war.

It is, however, a Democratic aristocracy. It is a belief in clean, honest game blood rather than in distinguished names. The ordinary South Carolinian values a long strain of humble, honest parentage more than one illustrated by occasional distinction.

With such a people there can be no war on "aristocracy" in the really American meaning of the word. But with them resistance to the rule of names and to hereditary political rights is as natural as it is right. Their tendency is to forsake leadership, to use their own minds in forming political opinions and voting for men, to consider each man on his merits as an individual, regardless of the names and influences supporting or opposing him. They are learning to think for themselves, to take nothing for granted, to demand value received, to reject the doctrine that any man has a claim to be fed by them, to command their obedience or to receive of them more honor or pay than he can earn.

We believe the further they go in that direction the better. We rejoice in the increasing tendency to weigh and value men by what they do rather than by what they have done or by what their fathers have done. We are glad to think that this tendency prevails among all classes, high and low, rich and poor, and that the opposition to it is becoming so scanty and feeble that it is more an object for laughter than a cause for fear.

There is no class division in South Carolina. The men who believe in manhood, in progressive thought and action and real Democracy are among all the social degrees and sub degrees; those who cling to the ideas of a century ago are distributed likewise. We are inclined to believe that most of the talk of "aristocracy" and the most of the charges of a war against it come from persons whose eagerness in its defence is caused by their anxiety to be regarded by others as belonging to it.—*Greenville News.*

— Sam Jones says: "The best thing on this earth is a happy marriage, and the worst thing an unhappy marriage. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. But whom the devil hath joined let them go to Chicago. I am a lover of children. When God gives a man a wife and six or eight children He has done something for him. But when He gives him a wife and a canary bird He has thrown off on him."

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Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by Simpson, Reid & Co.

"Outlived Her Usefulness."

The following touching article, from the pen of the late Mr. J. D. Chaplin, has been often printed elsewhere, both in this country and in England. Its needful lesson can now speak to the young with peculiar force, and we therefore gladly give it a place in our columns:

Not long since a man in middle life came to our door, asking for the minister. When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business he replied. "I have lost my mother; as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here we have come to lay her beside him."

My heart rose, in sympathy, and I said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," he replied, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother her in day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, I directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to my nursery. I gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation—those little ones to whose ear no word in cur language is so sweet as "mother!"—and I wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of me "She has outlived her usefulness; she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" And I hoped that before such a day should dawn I might be taken to my rest. God forbid that I should outlive the love of my children! Rather let me die while my heart is part of theirs, that my grave may be watered by their tears, and my love linked with their hopes of heaven. When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, I went to the sanctuary to pay my only token of respect to the aged stranger; for I felt that I could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rang in my ears as I saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil worn mother. One, two, three four, five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured hopes of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Twenty, spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to the bursting with the new strong love which God h[illegible] awakened in her bosom. And then, s[illegible] after stoke, told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warmhearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize. But hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy one, seventy-two, three, four, five. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied. She goes from one child to another, so that no place seems like home. She murmers, in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she can not be allowed a home to die; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty, eighty-two, three, four. Ah! she is a second child now; "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody"—that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth craving and money grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she now lies in her coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance—we fancied, also, an expression of grief for unrequited love—sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remember the strong man's word, "she was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion for feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms."

Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now, I feel it. Our mother," he added, most tenderly, "who now lies in death before all us was a stranger to me, as are of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that here she passed the most of her life toiling, as only mothers have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children, till health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother has outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us,' Never, never! A mother can never live so long as that! No: when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their hearts."

Adieu, then, poor toil worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are thy inheritance.—*Religious Telescope.*

Heredity in Crime.

WASHINGTON, August 5.—The Secret Service officials are watching with considerable interest the progress of the trial of Charles Jonhson at Sarnia, Ontario, on the charge of counterfeiting. Johnson is a member of a family which has been notorious as counterfeiters for a quarter of a century. His grandfather was a famous counterfeiter in his day. His father and mother are well known to the police, while his six brothers and sisters enjoy the distinction of being among the most audacious and clever shovers of the "queer" in the country. The Johnson family lived for many years in the vicinity of Dunkirk, N. Y., but the present home of such as were fortunate enough to keep out of jail is in Canada.

Charles Johnson was arrested in February last at Detroit, Mich., for counterfeiting five dollar certificates. He escaped to Canada, where he was arrested by the Dominion officials for a similar offense against the laws of that country. He is one of the most expert counterfeiters living. He is a man about 50 years of age, and has spent half his life in various Eastern and Western prisons. It is expected that he will be sentenced by the Canadian courts to a term of twenty years in the penitentiary, in which event he will probably die there.

The Secret Service official from whom these facts were obtained was asked if counterfeiting was on the increase in this country. He replied that it was, but that the probabilities of arrest kept pace with it. A decade ago counterfeiting was a low and laborious process. Eighteen months and sometimes two years were frequently expended in preparatory work before a single note was put into circulation. At the present time, by the aid of the photographic and electrotyping process, two weeks is all that is required. Quite naturally, the increased facilities for counterfeiting add enormously to the number of those who engage in it. Silver counterfeiting, the official continued, is a new branch of the business, which has sprung up since the resumption of specie payments. The principal offenders in this line are Italians, who seem to lack the skill necessary for the more delicate work of bank note counterfeiting.

"Is it possible" was asked, "for a man to follow the business of counterfeiting long without detection?"

"No," was the reply. "They are usually apprehended in from thirty to ninety days."

"Why do they risk the chances of a long imprisonment for so slight a gain?"

"Because in the first place they are too lazy to earn an honest living, and in the second place each thinks himself too clever to be apprehended."

How Seedless Raisins are Produced.

"What is a seedless raisin and how is it produced?" recently queried a reporter of an importer of fruits.

"The next time you eat a piece of mince pie," he replied, "you will find the seedless raisin in it if the meat has been properly prepared. It is a smallish, cream colored fruit, about the size of a gooseberry, and is used with an unbroken skin. It comes from Smryna and is called the Sultana. It is grown seedless simply by arresting one of the laws of Nature. When the grape is about one-half ripe the end of the vine is bent down and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same and has a delicious flavor. Seedless raisins have entirely supplanted other kinds in fine pudddings and pies. They retail at about 50 cents per pound.

— The School Commissioner nominated by the Democratic party in Pickens County last week is probably the smallest man that will hold office in the State. Name, J. Riley Glazener; he is fifty three years old, four feet ten inches high and weighs ninety seven pounds.

— If you desire to possess a beautiful complexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and removes blotches and pimpless, making the skin smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance. Take it this month.

— An old and sensible writer says: 'This looking forward to enjoyment doesn't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade, the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

— The Orlando (Fla) *Record* tells a remarkable story of the effects of a madstone in a case of snake bite. A colored woman was bitten by a ground rattler, one of the most poisonous known. Two persons procured a madstone and went to the woman, whom they found in great agony, writhing and twisting on the bed, so as to require two men to hold her. They applied the stone to the wound, after first putting it in hot vinegar, with the most extraordinary results. The stone firmly attached itself to the wound and remained about four minutes, adhearing like a leech. It was then placed in warm water and threw off a greasy fluid of grayish color, with a slight mixture of green. After a few minutes it was replaced again, when it remained only about a minute. By this time the woman was free of pain and asleep, and is now doing well.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

Two Paces in Religion.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association the usual afternoon service was held yesterday in Association Hall.

After several hymns had been tunefully rendered by the glee club and prayer was said, Mr. W. H. Sage was introduced to the audience and delivered an interesting address on "Walking and Running."

The speaker in his preliminary remarks explained that he was something of a pedestrian, and had taken walking trips every year for the past ten years, and he thought walking was somewhat analogous to a Christian's life. He thought that there was both walking and running in religion, but he for one did not believe in living always at a fever heat of religion. He considered it a dangerous course, and one that often led to despair. A steady walk with God meant that a man should not be more pious on Sunday than on any other day.

Mr. Sage quoted several texts from the Bible where walking and running are mentioned. For instance, "Enoch walked with God," "Noah walked with God" and "Know ye that of all that run in the race one alone receiveth the prize."

"Walking," he said, "is spoken of in the Bible as the proper attitude for the Christian, and running is spoken of as an exercise, usually employed in flight from danger. Whereever you find in the Bible the word 'walk' spoken of, it refers to companionship, as 'Enoch walked with God.' But there are very few texts in the Bible, except where there is danger, or the girding the loins for some competition, that running is mentioned. The steadiness of Christian life is companionship.

"Now, as to a walking trip, I think it emblematic of Christian life. The walking trip always has a definite beginning; it always has its experiences by the way, and it always has a definite ending. And a Christian's life is composed of just these three things."—*New York Herald.*

Don't Wait

Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of **Ayer's Hair Vigor**—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little, daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.

Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair-restorer in the world."

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Pimples and Blotches,

So disfiguring to the face, forehead, and neck, may be entirely removed by the use of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, the best and safest Alterative and Blood-Purifier ever discovered.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists; $1; six bottles for $5.

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IN high state of cultivation. Lies level and very productive, with two well-stocked Fish Ponds, and nice Vineyard with best varieties of grapes. Also, good stand for merchandizing, (with Store for over 30 years.)

Will sell with or without Plantation Stock Goods of General Merchandize.

Also, Steam Saw Mill and Cotton Gin.

For further information call on or write
W. A. HOLLAND,
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August 2, 1888 4 8

Williamston Female College,

WILLIAMSTON, S. C.

THE Fall Session will open Sept. 10th, 1888, under highly favorable auspices. The best advantages at the very lowest rates. Several novel and attractive features. Pupils earn from ten to seventy per cent. of their regular tuition by diligent study. Instruction faithful and thorough. Sixty-five graduates in seventeen years. Celebrated Chalybeate Spring near the College. Government that of a Christian family. Pupils from six States.

Parents wishing their daughters thoroughly cultivated in mind, manners, and morals, will do well to give us a fair trial. They will not regret it.

For full information, address
REV. S. LANDER, A. M., D. D., President.

July 26, 18888 3 2m

The American Fruit Preserving

POWDER AND LIQUID.

WE have been handling this valuable preparation for several years with great success, and have no hesitation in recommending it to our friends. Some few have not been successful with it, but we are confident it is because they failed in some respect to follow directions. If directions are properly followed there is no doubt of its efficacy. We have many recommendations and certificates from our people here in the County, but for the present will mention only a few. Dr. R. A. Reid, of the well-known and reliable Drug firm of Simpson, Reid & Co., says:

MESSRS. HILL BROS—SIRS: With much satisfaction I recommend your Fruit Preserving Liquid and Powder. I have tried the same with tomatoes, plums, apples, peaches and cherries. Find all the above perfectly preserved, with the natural taste of fruit, with no unpleasant taste whatever. Yours,
R. A. REID.

MESSRS. HILL BROS—DEAR SIRS: Although we used your Preserving Fluid with misgivings, we have no hesitancy now in saying the fruit and vegetables have kept perfectly, and without any unpleasant flavor. The great advantage over the ordinary method of canning is, that the Fluid is more reliable, keeps larger packages, and they can be opened and re-opened without injury to the fruit, &c.
R. MARCUS BURRISS.

☞ Take care of your early fruit.

Yours truly,
HILL BROTHERS.

June 14, 1888 49

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, is located at SEWANEE, TENN., upon the Cumberland Plateau, 2,000 feet above the sea level. This School, under the special patronage of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the South and Southwest, offers the healthiest residence and the best advantages, both moral and educational, in its Grammar School and in its Collegiate and Theological Departments. For the special claims of this University for patronage, apply for documents to the Rev. TELFAIR HODGSON, Vice-Chancellor, Sewanee, Tenn.

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
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OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home with out pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 66½ Whitehall St.

The Sufferer's Friend.

How many people who are suffering from Blood Poison the world knows not; but read the following letters and you may be interested:

FOUND BY ACCIDENT.

BALTIMORE, MD., Jan. 28, 1888.

I have been a sufferer for 6 years with Catarrh, Ulcerated Sore Throat and Rheumatism of the Chest, from Blood Poison. About four weeks ago I was passing the Botanic Blood Balm Store, No. 8 North Street, Baltimore. I went in and consulted your agent about my case. He gave me one of your B. B. B. "Book of Wonders," which I read. I called in a few days afterward and got a bottle of your Botanic Blood Balm—B. B. B. I am now on the third bottle and will say that I have felt a marked improvement since the third day after commencing to use your medicine. I now have no trouble from my throat, and have improved so much in every way that I am satisfied that by the use of your medicine I will soon be all right.

I have taken many and some good prescriptions and medicines for this trouble, but I think your B. B. B. the best remedy I have had, and I cheerfully recommend your "Botanic Blood Balm" to the public as the quickest and best Blood remedy I have found, after six long years of search for health. Very respectfully yours,
JOSEPH W. FLOWERS.

ONE BOTTLE DID IT—BOILS CURED AND HEALTH RESTORED.

B. B. B. Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gents: My sister was afflicted for a number of years with boils scattered about all over her person. They would make their appearance every spring, and last through the summer and until late in the fall. Her health was sadly impaired, losing flesh and strength every day; in fact, they were sapping her life. I gave her one bottle of B. B. B., and the effect was like magic, producing a complete cure and restoring her health. To-day she is perfectly sound and her health fully restored. It is without doubt the best and most valuable Blood Purifier now on the market.
Yours, etc., D. M. MCRAE.
Waynesboro, Miss., July 14, 1887.

INFORMATION.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address,
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

July 4, 1888 69 4

We are not "OVERSTOCKED," nor "OBLIGED TO UNLOAD," but just naturally love to keep our Goods moving.

Large Stock of Silverware and N. G. B. Rings.

ANDERSON, S. C. JOHN M. HUBBARD & BRO.

Two Hundred and Seventy-five Pairs CUFF BUTTONS, 15c. TO $6.00 A PAIR,

And a Wonderful Variety of GOLD WATCHES AND OTHER GOODS.

☞ We have REDUCED the PRICE of nearly every article in our Store.

University of South Carolina,

At Columbia, S. C.

Includes Graduate Department, College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, College of Pharmacy, Normal School, Law School.

27 Teachers. 41 Graduate and 20 Under-Graduate Courses—general, special, or professional—for degrees and certificates. Instruction given in Book-Keeping and Phonography. Thoroughly equipped Chemical, Mineralogical, Biological, Physiological, Physical, and Pharmaceutical Laboratories. Also Mechanical Department with engine and machinery, Draughting Room and Shops for wood work and iron work. Experimental Farm. Model Classes connected with Normal School for practice in teaching. New Infirmary.

TUITION—$40 per Session. Other Fees, $15. Table Board, $10 to $12 per month. Rooms free of rent. Total expenses, including fuel, washing, books, &c., about $180.

Tuition Fee remitted to Students certifying their inability to pay it.

For further information, apply to
J. M. McBRYDE, President.

August 2, 1888 4

IMPORTANT TO GIN OWNERS.

THE undersigned desires to inform Gin owners that he is prepared to do any kind of **Repairing** on a Gin. **Sharpening** a specialty. Now is the time to get your work done. Don't wait until you are ready to use your Gin. I have had 15 years of experience, and guarantee satisfaction in prices and work. During the season I can always be found at my residence in the Southern portion of the city.
B. F. WILSON.

July 19, 1888 2

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
A Specific for WOMAN'S DISEASES
PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SUPPRESSED, SCANTY & IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION and MONTHLY SICKNESS.
If taken during Change of Life great suffering and danger will be avoided.
Sold by all Druggists. Send for book "Message to Women" mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Turnip Seed,

BUIST'S

PRIZE MEDAL

NEW CROP,

JUST ARRIVED

— AT —

SIMPSON, REID & CO'S.,

Waverly House Corner.

AN OPENER.

WE are now prepared to offer to the public a first class assortment of—

CANNED GOODS

Of all kinds, and we guarantee them fresh and of the first quality. Also,

ALL KINDS GROCERIES,

Such as Coffee,
Sugar, Molasses,
Grits, Rice,
Salt and Flour,

At prices that will suit all. We also keep an assortment of—

Wooden and Willow Ware,
Such as Brooms, Baskets,
Buckets, Tubs and Sifters.

☞ Give us a trial before buying, and we will convince you that our prices are lower than any place in the City.

H. WEBB.

Feb 16, 1888 32

MILL NOTICE.

I WISH to say to the public I have just started a first-class—

GRIST MILL

here, and will grind every day in the week, and guarantee you as good Meal as you can get in the country. So bring on your Corn and see for yourself.

In the meantime don't forget I am headquarters for—

Lumber and Shingles,

And all kinds Brackets, Balusters, Mouldings, &c., at reasonable prices.

Remember, I have moved my Shop from Blue Ridge Yard to Depot Street, opposite Sullivan warehouse.
ROB'T. A. MAYFIELD.

May 17, 1888 45 6m

SPECIAL OFFER

FOR THE

Next Thirty Days

IN

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Chickering, Mathushek, Mason & Hamlin Bent & Arion.

Mason & Hamlin, Packard and Bay State,

INSTRUMENTS shipped direct from the Factory, and all freight paid. Write or call on

J. L. HAYNIE,
38 Westfield Street,
Greenville, S. C.

June 21, 1888 50

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE,

Richmond & Danville R. R.,

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE,

IN EFFECT AUG. 19, 1888.

(Trains run on 75th Meridian time.)

Southbound.	No. 55	Northbound.	54.
Lve Walhalla	7.00 am	Lve. Columbia	10.25 am
Seneca	8.00 am	Newberry	12.39 pm
Anderson	9.35 am	Ninety-Six	1.45 pm
Spartanb'rg	11.55 am	Greenwo'd	2.27 pm
Abbeville	10.30 am	Arr. Greenville	5.30 pm
Laurens	6.00 am	Laurens	7.25 pm
Greenville	8.40 am	Abbeville	3.55 pm
Green wood	11.56 pm	Spart'nbr'g	2.50 pm
Ninety-Six	12.40 pm	Anderson	4.25 pm
Newberry	2.15 pm	Seneca	5.45 pm
Arr. Columbia	4.40 pm	Walhalla	6.45 pm
Augusta	9.10 pm	Atlanta	10.40 pm

No. 54 makes close connection for Atlanta.
No. 55 makes close connection for Augusta and Charleston at Columbia.

JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
D. CARDWELL, Ass't Pass. Agt., Columbia, S. C.
SOL. HAAS, Traffic Manager.

PORT ROYAL & WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY.

In effect May 13, 1888—75th Meridian Time.

GOING SOUTH.

Daily. Except Sunday.		Sunday only.
Leave Anderson	5 20 a m	7 00 a m
Leave Deans	5 46 a m	7 23 a m
Leave Cooks	6 11 a m	7 46 a m
Leave Lowndesville	6 37 a m	8 11 a m
Leave Latimers	7 03 a m	8 34 a m
Leave Hesters	7 19 a m	8 48 a m
Leave Mt. Carmel	7 41 a m	9 08 a m
Leave Willington	7 55 a m	9 21 a m
Leave Bordeau	8 10 a m	9 35 a m
Arrive McCormick	8 38 a m	10 00 a m
Arrive Augusta	9 50 p m	9 20 p m
Arrive Savannah	6 15 a m	6 15 a m
Arrive Jacksonville	12 30 p m	12 30 p m

GOING NORTH.

Leave Jacksonville		2 05 p m
Leave Savannah		8 20 p m
Leave Augusta	7 55 a m	
Leave McCormick	10 10 a m	10 20 a m
Leave Bordeau	10 40 a m	10 45 a m
Leave Willington	10 57 a m	10 59 a m
Leave Mt. Carmel	11 13 a m	11 12 a m
Leave Hesters	11 36 a m	11 31 a m
Leave Latimers	11 53 p m	11 46 a m
Leave Lowndesville	12 20 p m	12 10 p m
Leave Cooks	12 50 p m	12 34 p m
Leave Deans	1 17 p m	12 57 p m
Arrive Anderson	1 45 p m	1 20 p m

BETWEEN LOWNDESVILLE AND ANDERSON.

Daily, except Sunday.			
6.01	Lv Lowndesville	Ar	6 00 p m
6.21	Cook's		5 39 p m
6.33	Starr		5.27 p m
6.39	Dean		5.21 p m
7.00 p m	Ar Anderson	Lv	5.00 p m

Connects with train to and from Greenwood, Laurens and Spartanburg.

Connections at Augusta with Georgia, South Carolina and Central Railroads. At Spartanburg with A. & C. Air Line and Asheville & Spartanburg R. R.

Tickets on sale at Anderson to all points at through rates. Baggage checked to destination. W. J. CRAIG, A. G. P. A.
W. W. STARR, Supt., Augusta, Ga.

HYGEIA!

A Wonderful Discovery!

TOBACCO AN AID TO HEALTH!

A NEW TOBACCO, manufactured by THOS. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Richmond, Va., Under a formula prepared by Prof. J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia.

ANTI-MALARIAL,
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC,
A GOOD NERVINE, and
AN EXCELLENT CHEW!

TRY IT! NO HUMBUG

For sale by all dealers. Call for Pamphlet.

April 26, 1888 42 6m

LADIES!

Do Your Own Dyeing at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES.

They will dye everything: They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. 40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-failing Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by Simpson, Reid & Co., Druggists, Anderson S. C., and B. C. Martin & Son, General Merchandise, Williamston, S. C.

Feb 23, 1888 3 1y

OSBORNE'S Business COLLEGE, Augusta, Ga. One of the most complete Institutions in the South. Real Goods; Real College Currency. Many graduates in good paying positions. Full course, 4 months. Send for circular.

DRY GOODS AT COST!

IN order to close out our Summer Stock before buying for the Fall, we will for the next sixty days sell, FOR CASH, at—

EXACTLY WHOLESALE COST!

Our entire Stock of LAWNS, MULL, MUSLINS, BATISTE, NAINSOOK, CALICO, WORSTEDS, COTTONADES, EMBROIDERIES. GLOVES and HOSE.

These Goods were bought Cheap, and we can promise you some EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

We respectfully solicit your patronage.

W. A. CHAPMAN,
No. 9 Granite Row.

A. B. TOWERS

Begs to call the attention of his friends and customers to his Stock of Goods now on hand.

IN DRY GOODS

I HAVE a nice assortment of the Celebrated VIRGINIA CASSIMERES, which will give better satisfaction than any Goods you can buy. I also have a nice line of Hale & Frost's CASHMARET, which will make you a NICE SUIT of Clothes for a SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY.

SHOES.

I wish to call attention to my Stock of Men's and Ladies' Shoes. I will sell you the best Shoe for