

# The People.

John W. Holmes, Editor and Proprietor.

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1884.

The Greenville Enterprise and Mountaineer, a strong temperance paper, opposes the idea of running candidates for office on the Temperance question because "it would no doubt divide the Democratic party, which must never be done."

The plan of checking cotton has been popular wherever fairly tried. It can be cultivated with less labor and the yield is generally greater than when planted in drills. The largest crop ever grown, five bales per acre, was made by Mr. Warrton on checked cotton. If enough seed are dropped in the check there will be no difficulty in securing good stands. A good plowman can cultivate carefully checked cotton without calling in the help of the hoe hand. Every farmer in the county should plant an experimental patch this year.

Six months ago the National Democratic party was in excellent health. It was universally conceded that nothing but the abundant blunders of its own leaders could defeat its candidate for the Presidency at the election next fall. Now the situation is changed and the prospect is not altogether lovely. Incompetent guides have led the party into the mire, disorganized its legions and comforted the united enemy.

Scared at the work of their own hands and mouths they are trying to cure the trouble they have caused by the perpetration of a blunder more unpardonable than any former sin of commission. Forgetting their first battle cry of "principle" they are ready to resort to "expediency" and a vigorous hunt is in progress for a candidate who can harmonize all differences and reunite the ramshackle ranks. Now the party is all right, but it needs a change of management. The men who have led us into trouble are not the pioneers who can lead us out. If the next National Convention is composed of proper material it will clear the skies and make the political future of the party calm and serene. It should be composed of men "fresh from the people," not contaminated by contact with wire pullers and not saturated with the axe-grinding malaria of Washington.

Senators and Representatives in Congress are, in the main, good men and true, but they are too far removed from their constituents to know their wishes and needs. They know what the politicians want and that is about all they know. Not one of them should be sent to Chicago, and this we say, not because of lack of faith in their purity and patriotism, but with an eye single to the good of the party and the people. They all have their favorite candidates and policies and would not be competent members of the grand jury that is to pass upon the fate of the nation.

During the past fortnight there has been a great waste of good ink by the eloquent editors of this State and Wadesboro', North Carolina. They have made a greater do over the killing of W. H. H. Richards, marshal of Cheraw, by W. B. Cash than the papers of the North made over the assassination of Mr. Lincoln by Wilkes Booth. Special staff correspondents have been sent to the scene of the tragedy, timid citizens have been whispered to in darkened back rooms, the history of the Cashes for the last twenty years has been written and the reign of terror in Chesterfield has been vividly portrayed. Pen pictures of W. B. Cash and a repeating rifle on the platform at Cash's depot defying the law and during arrest, mysterious hints of W. B. Cash holding the fort in a fortified barn or hiding in the fastnesses of the Pee Dee swamp surrounded by loyal and desperate henchmen, armed to the teeth and eager to die in their boots, have been given to the public at nauseam. Frantic appeals for the execution of the law and frightened suggestions of the propriety of calling out the militia and suspending the writ of habeas corpus have followed in fast succession and the wires have been kept hot with lurid messages. And why all this tumult? Has not the present Chief Executive of this State proven himself equal to every responsibility that has ever confronted him? Has he not done his whole duty in this as in all other affairs? Is there any reason to believe that the majesty of the violated law will not be ultimately vindicated? Has the real or feigned sickness of the Sheriff, or the fact that E. B. C. Cash is one of his bondsmen, or the rumor that he drank a toddy, mixed by the pistol hand of the redoubtable Colonel, forever paralyzed the arm of the law? Even admitting the truth of all the "It is said" upon which these editorial artillerymen have planted their batteries, there was no excuse for their reckless, impetuous and intemperate appeals and exhortations, and they have ignorantly done the good name of the State an injury which can not be easily repaired.

The frequent lectures of Northern Radical journals have demoralized many Southern editors until they have a greater reverence for the New York Times and the Chicago Inter-Ocean than they have for the Ten Commandments. To forestall the strictures of such partial partisan sheets, they have unjustly and unnecessarily brought discredit upon our State and given to our bitterest enemies abundant food for the nutrition of their hate. We have no sympathy for the Cashes, or their practices. When they forsake their own race and entered the Republican party they bade farewell to hope and predestinated themselves to the ill fortune that they are reaping. Let the law deal with them as common malefactors. In no State in the Union is there, taking into consideration the character of its citizenship, a stronger regard for the majesty of the law than there is in South Carolina. And it is time that her children should stop eating humble pie and crying "precavimus" whenever a Yankee waves the bloody shirt and shrieks about the supremacy of the shot gun and pocket pistol policy. In their anxiety to bring the Northern man and his money bags Southward these apostles of reform follow delusory impulses of which second thought, if they ever indulge in retrospection, would make them heartily ashamed. We may be old fashioned, but we want none of the civilization of cultured Massachusetts, where the hides of negro paupers are manufactured into pocket books, or of equal rights Ohio, where they are murdered to furnish subjects for the dissecting rooms of the medical colleges. We are as indifferent to their curses and criticisms as they are to passing summer showers. The South must work out its own salvation. It has nothing to expect from Northern philanthropy and it is too rich in the gifts of God to bend the knee to drag the parson of the pharisee of New England for sins that have never been committed.

**The Cash Business.**  
The witnesses at the inquest over the body of marshal Richards testified that W. B. Cash asked the marshal if he was watching him and the deceased said he was not. Cash walked off and the marshal said he was discharging his duty and then Cash began shooting. At the third shot the marshal fell and his hand came out of his pocket and his pistol fell to the ground. Cash ran to his horse, mounted and rode rapidly away to his father's house where he received the paternal blessing. Upon the failure of the Sheriff to attempt to arrest the fugitive Governor Thompson offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of Cash, who is described as 6 feet 1 or 2 inches high, 28 years old, clean shaven, weighing 250 pounds and perceptibly stooping. Chief Constable R. N. Richbourg of Columbia and Solicitor Newton were sent to Cheraw to investigate and report to the Governor. It was found that the Sheriff was unreliable, on account of real or feigned sickness, and his relations to the Cashes, who were kept fully informed of all that was transpiring, having tapped the telegraph wires and intercepted the dispatches passing over the lines. A posse of twelve men, under command of Capt. Richbourg, went from Columbia on Saturday night and reached and surrounded the residence of Col. E. B. C. Cash before daylight Sunday morning. Upon discovering the investment of his castle Col. Cash came out armed with a repeating rifle and pistols and ran against John H. Pearson, who presented his rifle and demanded his surrender. Cash hesitated and Pearson said, "Drop your gun or I'll shoot you in two seconds." Cash dropped his gun quickly and was afterwards dismissed. He was trying to make his way to a box house across the railroad in which W. B. Cash had slept every night since the murder. A thorough search of the premises was made but W. B. Cash had been warned and escaped. The country for miles around was secured by men on foot and horseback but no trace of Cash was found. Col. Cash was carried to Columbia and lodged in jail charged with being accessory after the fact. Mr. Samuel W. McKoon, who has been retained for the defense, says that no effort will be made to remove the case to the United States Court and that "it is as clear a case of self defense as was ever put before a jury." He further said: "I hold Bogan Cash in my hand. He will be found and will surrender when I tell him to do it. No man in South Carolina can get to him or take him until I say the word, and I will say it at the proper time."

**Too Without Hens.**—Connecticut has a contrivance for the manufacture of hen fruit. It is altogether independent of the hen. The yolk is a mixture of meal, corn starch and several other ingredients, and the white is chemically the same as the real egg. This machine turns out about 1,000 eggs an hour, and it is said that they will keep for years, and their shells being harder and thicker, they will stand shipping better than real eggs.

**Girls.** This is the year for you. When you give a young man slippers, give him life.

## The Czar's Life.

SAVED ALMOST BY A MIRACLE—A MYSTICIOUS VISITOR.

Among the "forbidden literature" now circulating in Russia is the story of one of the most daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in the history of political assassinations. The narrative is founded on events which are said to have taken place in St. Petersburg shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as quasi military governor of the Russian capital. One bright May morning, when the excitement was at its height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught sight of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices well known in the Russian capital; the coachman was there, who persisted in being wiggled in defiance of his master's orders, to the great mortification of St. Petersburg. On each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest and wearing his ball of forage slung over his shoulder more as if he was campaigning on the Dan than upon civil service in the streets of the capital. General Gourko and his escort—the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new Prefect of Police—turned into the Cavalry parade, at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, and at once made their way into the Alexander square, on the Nova side of which rose the massive and somewhat fantastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The equipage having drawn up at the side entrance of the building, the General alighted and rang. On the door-keeper presenting himself—an officer of the Emperor's private guard—the Prefect briefly stated the object of his visit. He desired an immediate conference with the Czar. The hour was early, true, day having only just dawned. At the same time his business brooked no delay—it concerned the safety of the Emperor himself. The tutor was at first inexorable, expostulating that his imperial master had been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together. They trod on gorgeous carpets, brushed past the wealth of the Winter Palace in marble and lapis lazuli, only pausing in their ascent when they had reached a landing giving access to one of the capacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the Czar's officer seemed to have repented of his decision. The narrative represents him as closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police in the growing light, and of subsequently proceeding in the direction of the Emperor's sleeping apartments, in no great haste to arouse royalty from his first slumber. The man did not arouse the Czar at all. What he did was to descend to the guardroom and dispatch a messenger. The man left the palace on the Nova side. He here took a droshky, and drove past the side entrance into the Nevsky. During his absence the Czar calmly slept in the saloon, and the military guardian of the imperial chamber went about giving some orders to the palace guards.

In a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. He had been sent to General Gourko's residence, in the Nevsky Prospect, and he brought back the information that the Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed. The early visitor was thus an impostor. He was something more, for from his pocket, after he had been seized and pinioned, they drew forth a six-barreled revolver and a two-edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few moments in the balance. The made-up Gourko—the Prefect of Police, imitating down to the minutest details of his complexion and wig—might have deceived even the emperor himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort. Only the sham presence was secured, and not his confederates. Simultaneously with the arrest guards had rushed from the palace to seize the latter. But the equipage had gone, the Cossacks were gone, the coachman was gone. A policeman afterward told how he had seen the cavalcade pass over one of the Nova bridges and disappear in a thoroughfare of Basil Island. The carriage was never found, and for all that could be ascertained concerning them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this day. As for the chief actor in the plot, the conspirator who only failed in his impersonation of General Gourko because of his inability to be in two places at once and the same time, his personality has never been disclosed. He is the one mystery which the nihilists themselves have never been able to penetrate. His secret remains with him, and he keeps it to the present moment, for he is still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

Laurens County people must be doing well. One family has sorghum molasses made during the war. In another family "an old lady" has just made up a cotton dress out of cloth woven during the war. Another has an iron candlestick over one hundred years old, also a wooden churn, that was brought from Virginia with the candlestick, and it has been in use ever since. Another man has swapped his mule for a fiddle. Still another has a cow that has been giving milk regularly for seven years.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Old John Brown's widow is dead.

The breeches of promise; young men, are the ones you haven't paid for yet.

Lie Young is the name of a Chinaman. He was brought up in a law office.

From the combination of leap year and a cold winter most every girl has chaps on her hands.

The one-pound baby recently born at Long Branch has died of cold from exposure to visitors.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-four is proving a year of horror. But what better could be expected of leap year.

Senator Fair, of Nevada, offers to spend \$500,000 to help elect Mr. Bayard if the Democrats will nominate him.

A human skull measuring thirty-nine inches around the forehead has been found in Virginia. Are any of our editors missing?

"Don't give us away," is a very common expression, yet you won't find one girl in a hundred who's bold enough to say that to her partner.

A woman says that very few men have the slightest idea how to hold a child. No, not until it gets to be about sixteen or seventeen years old.

The solid South has in the electoral college 153 votes and the solid North 154. With New York and Indiana, democracy elects the next president.

Georgia is a very productive state. It appears among her statistics that there is an average of 16 babies born daily throughout the year, including Sundays.

Mr. W. W. Thompson, of Smithville, Ga., has already realized \$10,000 since the beginning of the season \$10,000 from the sale of fruit trees, all of which were grown on one acre of land.

The Christian Index tells a story of a cornetist who performed in a Baptist church losing his position for playing that popular melody, "Pull for the Shore" during baptismal ceremonies at the river.

A Nashville man was fined \$800 for kissing a school teacher. If it hadn't been for two or three of the scholars who caught them at it, she wouldn't have charged him a cent.

The Republicans of the New York Legislature have voted squarely against prohibition although their party platform pledged them to support it.

It is reported that Gen. B. F. Butler will be a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. The last time he appeared was at Charleston in 1860.

There is an old-fashioned barn post in Union County that was made by John Savage, the man who fired the first gun at the battle of the Cowpens.

The winter in Europe has been mild beyond recollection. Writers go back to 1720 to find a parallel and quote from Hearn's diary of that year.

Alexander J. Henson, who is under sentence of death in New York, has written a letter to the newspapers in favor of the abolition of capital punishment.

The man who pays as he goes this year may not go quite so far as the one who does not, but he certainly will not be left as far behind at settling time next fall.

"Miss Gimpes," said a lady to another during a recent call, "why don't you join the daughters of temperance?"

"Cause," "Cause why?" "Why—why—" was the blushing reply, "I intend joining one of the sons next month."

Medists predict that the Easter costumes will have a bustle attachment larger than any heretofore seen. The slippery winter has had some effect on styles.

Resolutions by the miners of Alenc, Dak.: "Not a Chinaman shall ever enter the diggings unless he climbs a tree with one end of a lariat over a limb."

Mr. Terry, of Valdosta, Ga., has sold five car loads of melons, to be delivered after the 28th of June, for \$100 a car load, and got the money down when the trade was made.

The Second Adventists have set the fourth day of next November as the date for the end of the world. As this will be election day, it is hoped the final smash will hold off until the evening, so we can at least make a rough guess at how the thing has gone.

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a love of a bonnet."

An editor once said to a young man who was about to wed the editors and paste. "My young friend, you are about to become, I learn an editor of a newspaper. Permit an old man to give this advice: If you desire success in that capacity you should in each paper publish one column, for a sensible man, and two for a fool."

The following incident will mark how things will be after awhile when twelve good women get on a jury: "The proprietor of a bar room was placed on trial in Washington Territory, under an indictment for keeping a disorderly resort. Seven women were on the jury and all were firm for conviction, and the five men stood doggedly for acquittal."

The latest feature of insurance—a guaranty against damage from cyclone or tornadoes. Agencies have been established in several Georgia towns.

The Chester Bulleba states that during the recent cyclone a mule was carried on the wings of the wind a distance of seven miles and landed back of the Baptist Church in Chester, the animal still being alive. A story comes from Lupton, Cr., the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, that the water was all blown out of one of the creeks and the fish carried off. Two trout were found several miles from the creek already prepared for the table. They were scaled and disemboweled by the force of the wind and were nicely cooked by a stroke of lightning. So that all that was necessary to be done was to season the fish to render them edible.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Court this 25th day of February, A. D. 1884, and in the 108th year of American Independence.

B. T. RICE, Judge of Probate.

**S. B. WRIGHT**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in the PUREST AGED WHISKIES

and other Liquors. All orders promptly filled. Shipments by Express to any point.

**FRUIT, FRUIT, FRUIT.**

**A. Langer,**

61 Market Street, Charleston, S. C.

Will sell Fruit lower than the largest fruit houses in this city. Give him a trial, and if goods are not satisfactory money will be returned. Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Coconuts, Cabbages, Onions, &c.

**IF**

you want a FINE WATCH OR CLOCK,

STERLING SILVERWARE, RICH JEWELRY,

FINEST QUALITY TABLE CUTLERY,

OR SPECTACLES,

Send your orders to or call at

**Jas. Allan & Co.**

37 KING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

**Geo. R. Lombard & Co.**

Foundry, Machine

—AND—

**BOILER WORKS.**

JUST ABOVE DEPOT, Augusta, Georgia.

Buy, Sell, Exchange, Rent or Repair on best manner and terms.

**ENGINES, BOILERS, SAW AND GRIST MILLS AND MACHINERY.**

**CHEAP AND GOOD.**

Have on hand a Large Stock of

**SHAFTS, PULLEYS, RANGERS**

upwards of 50 Engines and Boilers, also Steam and Water Pipe at reduced prices.

**KORTING INJECTORS,** Vanduzen Jet Pumps, Bolts, Nuts, Washers, Circular saws, Files, &c.

Write for prices. Promptness and good work. Cheap will be our aim.

**Garden Growth Teas.**

Families can save about one half by sending us for Teas, as we import our own, and have done so for forty years. The Original American Tea Co.

Send for Circulars, which give prices and full particulars to

**ROBERT L. PROST,** P. O. Box 257, 45 North St. New York

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of any of our garden growth, China or Japan Teas sent by mail post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid.

**The Barnwell**

**5 Cent Store**

Is receiving every day a new box of odds and ends for sale at prices unheard of before in Barnwell county. This box consists either of stationery, fancy goods, crockery, tinware, hardware, shoes, hats, jewelry, books or dry goods. It is useless to name prices here, as the goods being below the market are sold each day as they arrive. All want you to call on us whenever you visit Barnwell and see the bargains we offer you that day. We are receiving as fast as published all the late music and new books, and more than half of the music we can sell you at five cents a sheet and the books at the same price and can order for you any music or books that we have not in stock at the publisher's lowest prices, and in many cases much lower. Times are hard this year and says what you can by buying from us.

Barber's Razor and Cattle Powder sells everywhere at twenty-five cents a package, we have a large lot on hand, we warrant every razor to be sound and good, but they are selling so low we have determined to let them go and put the money into something else. So come and get a package at TEN CENTS before they are all gone.

We also have on hand a quantity of Barber's Razor and Bone Lintiment and Barber's Liver Pills, two as good medicines as there are under the sun, which we offer way below usual prices.

**Edward Brooker,** BLACKVILLE, S. C.

## CITATION.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, BARNWELL COUNTY.

IN THE COURT OF PROBATE.

By B. T. Rice, Esq., Judge of Probate in Barnwell County.

Whereas, W. G. Simms, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, applies for Letters of Administration on the estate of Martha Broadwater, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, to be and appear before me at a Court of Probate for the said county, to be held at Barnwell C. H. on Thursday, the 10th day of April, 1884, at 11 o'clock, A. M., to show cause, if any, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Court this 25th day of February, A. D. 1884, and in the 108th year of American Independence.

B. T. RICE, Judge of Probate.

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and other Liquors. All orders promptly filled. Shipments by Express to any point.

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FINEST QUALITY TABLE CUTLERY,

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Send for Circulars, which give prices and full particulars to

**ROBERT L. PROST,** P. O. Box 257, 45 North St. New York

ONE DOLLAR'S worth of any of our garden growth, China or Japan Teas sent by mail post paid, or a larger quantity by express, charges paid.

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**5 Cent Store**

Is receiving every day a new box of odds and ends for sale at prices unheard of before in Barnwell county. This box consists either of stationery, fancy goods, crockery, tinware, hardware, shoes, hats, jewelry, books or dry goods. It is useless to name prices here, as the goods being below the market are sold each day as they arrive. All want you to call on us whenever you visit Barnwell and see the bargains we offer you that day. We are receiving as fast as published all the late music and new books, and more than half of the music we can sell you at five cents a sheet and the books at the same price and can order for you any music or books that we have not in stock at the publisher's lowest prices, and in many cases much lower. Times are hard this year and says what you can by buying from us.

Barber's Razor and Cattle Powder sells everywhere at twenty-five cents a package, we have a large lot on hand, we warrant every razor to be sound and good, but they are selling so low we have determined to let them go and put the money into something else. So come and get a package at TEN CENTS before they are all gone.

We also have on hand a quantity of Barber's Razor and Bone Lintiment and Barber's Liver Pills, two as good medicines as there are under the sun, which we offer way below usual prices.

## Wanted.

Cotton Seed, Cotton Seed.

I will pay (16 1/2) sixteen and one-half cents cash per bushel for 10,000 bushels of Sound Dry Cotton Seed, delivered to the at this place. Will exchange cotton seed meal for cotton seed.

J. A. TOBIN, Barnwell, S. C.

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