

Edgefield Advertiser.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 27, 1871.

VOLUME XXV.—No. 31.

By D. R. DURISOE.

COTTON STATES Life Insurance Company,

Principal Office, Macon, Ga.

THE business of this STRICTLY SOUTHERN and HOME COMPANY is confined to the legitimate Life Insurance alone. Policies issued on all the approved Mutual plans. It also issues Policies of \$50,000 to \$100,000, on the mutual rate. But it does not advise its policy to insure on the Stock plan, that plan being very expensive in the long run.

It is known that dividends in a good Mutual Company will average about 65 per cent, especially at the South and West, where investments bring good returns.

90 per cent. of profits on the Mutual business divided annually amongst all the Mutual-Policy Holders without exception.

One-third Loan on Premiums—given when desired. Interest charged only upon first loan.

Where all Cash is paid, Policies will become self-sustaining; that is, pay out, and have 50 per cent. added to their faces, which is one-third more than the original sum insured.

Ample provision against forfeiture of Policies in the expressed terms of the contract.

The Company will always purchase its Policies at their Cash value.

We offer the people of the State the same financial security as Northern Companies, the accumulating premiums of the insured, and in addition thereto a Capital commencing with \$500,000!

Millions of dollars have annually hitherto been lost to the active circulation of the South, in payment of premiums in Northern Companies. In lieu of the South, in payment of premiums in Northern Companies, the real estate and securities, our people can never share on equal terms. Let them sustain our own Life Enterprise, and thus keep our money and the profits too at home.

Officers at Macon, Ga.:
WM. B. JOHNSTON, President.
WM. S. HOLT, Vice-President.
GEO. S. OBEAR, Secretary.
JOHN W. BURKE, General Agent.
C. F. McCAY, Actuary.
W. J. MAGILL, Superintendent of Agencies.
JAS. MERCER GREEN, Medical Examiner.

The Cotton States Company is a Georgia and South Carolina enterprise, is a good Company, and is now fully identified with the interests of our people. This State is ably represented in the general management by South Carolina Directors.

LAVALL & ABNEY,
General Agents for North and South Carolina.

Wm. J. LAVALL, Esq., Office, Columbia, S. C.
M. W. ABNEY, M. D., Edgefield, S. C.

June 7

New Spring Dry Goods!

James W. Turley,
BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.,
DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS,

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK, and is now fully prepared to offer to the public a completely assorted stock of SEASONABLE FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS.

Great care has been taken to supply each Department with EVERYTHING NEW AND FASHIONABLE, as well as the more staple articles of the Trade.

The Cash System will be Strictly Adhered to, and it is much cheaper to pay 25 per cent. for money, and buy your Dry Goods for Cash, than to buy them on time.

The best judges of Dry Goods, and the closest buyers, are particularly requested to examine my present schedule of prices.

JAMES W. TURLEY,
Mar 29

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

But such is a fact! And if you want fine LIQUOR, either by the Gallon or Bottle, go to SANDERS' DRUG STORE, and you will get a PURE ARTICLE at low figures. ALL LIQUORS warranted. Examine for yourself, which is highest proof.

June 7

SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLIES.

M. O'DOWD,
Wholesale Grocer

Commission Merch't
283 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.,

HAS NOW ON HAND a Full and Complete Stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES and PLANTERS SUPPLIES, among which may be found the following—

- 100 Hds. BACON,
- 50 Bbls. LARD,
- 500 " FLOUR, all grades,
- 50 Hds. SUGAR,
- 800 Sks. COFFEE,
- 100 Boxes SOAP,
- 200 " CANDLES,
- 200 " STARCH,
- 100 " SODA,
- 5000 Bushels CORN,
- 5000 " OATS,
- 100 Sacks SALT,
- 500 Cases LYE and POTASH.

All Goods will be sold Very Low. Give me a Call.
May 2

W. GRAHAM & CO.
Cotton Gin
AND
Commission Merchants,
AUGUSTA, GA.

THE Undersigned respectfully announce to the people of Edgefield and adjoining Counties, that they are still engaged in the manufacture of

Cotton Gins,
Of the well-known and highly approved OGLESBY PATTERN.

MR. NEBLETT, who has fourteen years' practical experience in making these GINS, will give his personal attention to the business, and we feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to those favoring us with their orders.

EVERY GIN WARRANTED.
Old Gins RENOVATED or REPAIRED in the best manner.

NEBLETT & GOODRICH,
At Goodrich's Machine Works.

Capt. LEWIS JONES, of Edgefield, is our authorized Agent, and all orders received by him will meet with prompt attention.
May 2

Patent Medicines.
JUST Received a Large and fresh assortment of PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

G. L. PENN, Druggist,
May 24

The Beautiful Widow.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

CHAPTER I.

She sat before a mirror in her private apartment at the Reef House, the Widow Versly. She was gazing at her own reflection in the glass, while the maid's deft fingers braided and coiled the numerous bands of pearls and diamonds which she was wont to decorate her superb head.

A beautiful woman, in spite of her eight-and-thirty years. Her figure was full, supple and exquisitely moulded. The sleepy, almond-shaped eyes with their steady out-look, and the lusciously red cheeks, round and tempting as some velvet-coated peach ripened on a southern wall, were enough of themselves to give her a certain grace and charm.

She smiled on the dazling image reflected in the mirror—a proud, pleased smile that had a little spice of triumph in it.

"I preserve my good looks wonderfully well," she said, at last, addressing her maid.

"Madam is charming," exclaimed Babette.

She drew a long breath. A shadow came to those languishing eyes. Some sudden thought knitted the low, white brow.

"Bah! she cried, sharply. "I am handsome, but what is beauty if it cannot win the regards of those we love? I am fabulously rich; but some hearts are neither to be bought nor sold. S'death! What am I to do? Vendale is killing me with his coldness. He is driving me to despair."

She angrily stamped her foot, clenching those soft, white hands, whose perfectness had almost grown into a proverb among those of her own sex. Babette, the French waiting-maid standing behind her mistress's chair, only opened her greenish-gray eyes a trifle wider than usual.

"That man!" she muttered. "He has infatuated you, madam. I can't understand it."

"Mrs. Versly looked harshly. "Don't try to tell me," she heaved a long sigh. "I never believed in the mad passion until I met Vendale," she added, quickly. "But I believe in it now, Babette. I shall never again be a doubter."

"He is too good years younger than yourself, madam."

"What! What care I for that? What would Vendale care if he really loved me? Do I look my age? Bah! Show me a woman who can compare with me for looks. You can't! Then hold your peace, Babette. Ten years indeed! Pah!"

Babette fastened the last silk band of hair with a silver arrow, and Mrs. Versly's maid was completely satisfied.

"It is very late, madam," she said, anxious to change the subject of her mistress's morose reflections.

"Show me the diamonds in the mirror, saying the words of diamonds, emeralds and topazes against the wine-hued silk she wore. "I must look my best to-night," she thought, flushing hotly. "No more dallying, no more uncertainty. He shall be brought to my feet."

Babette had left the room. She came back presently, her greenish-gray eyes sparkling.

"I met Madam Delorme's maid in the passage just now. She reports two new arrivals."

"Bah! Take me to a seat, Mr. Van Loon. I'm tired of dancing." He found a vacant couch in a quiet recess where she could look out upon the dancers unseen. "Thank you," she said, sweetly. "Go away now. I wish to be alone."

"Cruel!" he murmured, with a languishing look, but went none the less.

She waited, eagerly watching the door. Nobody went in or out unseen by her keen eyes. Then the figures swinging in illimitable circles across the floor were for the second time objects of closet scrutiny. A sigh of disappointment heaved her bosom at last.

That sigh was repeated close beside her. "Madam," said a voice at her elbow, "Don't weary your pretty eyes with watching Vendale is not here."

She turned, suppressing a cry of fear and anger. A man stood beside her, tall, dark, handsome despite his forty odd years. A pair of glittering eyes were fastened immovably on her face. A malicious smile barely curled the bearded lip.

Mrs. Versly confronted him with a gaze that would have made some men tremble. This insolent stranger bore it unflinchingly. She noted this fact, and a slight shiver shook her frame.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"Pardon me," he said, in a hard, smooth voice. "I had forgotten how necessary an introduction is in modern society. I am Randolph Castlemaine, at your service."

He bowed low, with an exquisite grace that could only have been learned at foreign courts. "I have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Versly."

A haughty stare was her only answer.

"Leave me, insolent, before I call for help!"

The malicious smile broadened and deepened. "Madam had best think a second time before she makes a scene, he said, in a greenish tone.

She sat down, gasping for breath. His hand touched her neck in a sudden, closing over it. "I would speak with you, madam. My good angel must have sent you in this direction. I have been watching for you."

"Watching for me?" she repeated, amazedly.

"Almost as earnestly as you were watching for Vendale," said the hard, smooth voice.

"Your pleasur e, sir?" she asked, with a sneer.

"Directly, my dear madam. First let me put you a question. Versly is a detestable name, it is so—significant. Are you tired of it that you have conceived this sudden interest in young Vendale?"

"She gave him a defiant look. "I love him, sir. Make what you can out of the confession—I love him."

"The cause of those who are dead and gone?"

"It was a terrible look he gave her. Then he was his old mocking self once more.

"Madam, we will not discuss 'negative' questions. You wish to find Vendale. He is not in the room, but he is waiting for you in the hall."

She was leaning on his arm, and he had given her a clue. Follow it out. I must leave you now. Adieu."

Mr. Castlemaine bowed, and strode away.

Mrs. Versly fell back on the couch. She was weak as any child. Her eyes glittered fearfully. The dead pallor of her face was something frightful to behold.

"And so that man is one of the new arrivals?" he hissed, sharply. "Good God! He knew too much! He must have a care; or the Bois de Boulogne tragedy will be enacted over again."

She shuddered. Sheer desperation gave her strength. She slowly arose, gliding through the French window behind the couch. Outside was a low balcony against which leaned some stout trelliswork. Taking no thought for the rich evening-dress she wore, she clambered to the ground and stood listening breathlessly.

"They are not in the ball-room—Vendale and this Miss Castlemaine," she muttered. "They must be in the garden. I will find them. S'death! to think a daring girl should come between him and me now!"

The night-wind blew coolly upon her. A crescent moon hung low in the sky. She could distinctly hear the monotonous wash of the waves on the sand at no great distance.

She glided down the walk. An actor hid under a snarl of jasmine bloom rose up before her, presently. She passed behind some bushes, for she saw two figures seated on a bench, the moonlight falling wanly upon them. It was Vendale, his handsome face all aglow with love and rapture, and a strange lady—Miss Castlemaine, of course.

She was marvelously beautiful, this stranger, with her clear, creamy complexion, her purplish hair, her dreamy eyes, her sweet mouth, red and melting as the grapes ripening on some Andalusian hillside. Mrs. Versly clenched her hands as she gazed upon her. And yet deep in her heart some strange feeling stirred, half recognition, half dread the most unaccountable.

"My darling," she heard Vendale whisper, kissing Miss Castlemaine's lips with passionate fervor.

"That was enough. Despair and desperation took possession of the wretched woman, the light in her eyes grew deadlier than ever. She turned, walking back to the hotel as she had come."

"Great heavens!" she cried, gasping for breath. "I looked like a ghost. I had lost my heart, my soul, my life."

"The Castlemaines are friends of yours?" the beautiful Circe said, smilingly.

"Yes, they are interested in me. I am a widow, pray tell me all you may know of them."

"That is very little. Six months since they were utter strangers. Mr. Castlemaine is not communicative. I know nothing of their past history save the fact they have resided in France for the most part, and that Miss Castlemaine was educated in this country."

She turned, and met Randolph Castlemaine's malicious glance. She knew he had heard both question and answer. A mad, unreasoning purpose seized her. She snatched up the gleaming weapon that lay at her feet, and brought it to a level, her hand deadly and sure. The next instant there was a loud explosion.

"The beautiful woman had died away. Castlemaine was standing as before, that disagreeable smile still upon his lips. A sudden movement of his hand saved his life. Mrs. Versly was unable to suppress a cry of horror. She had felt the force of her aim; she had meant to kill him. Now, he was leaning at her as offensively as ever."

"Great God! He bears a charmed life."

Castlemaine held up his sleeve, showing a bullet-hole through the cloth.

"Nobody hurt, ladies," he said, coolly.

Mrs. Versly, on her guard again, masked the deadly glitter of her eyes under drooping lashes.

"How careless of me," she exclaimed. "I did not know the pistol was loaded. Nor did I see Mr. Castlemaine."

"Van Loon, having risen to his feet, looked fixedly into her face. "You puzzle me," he said, under his breath. "I believe you hate that man."

"She laughed.

"Mr. Castlemaine?" in a guarded whisper, "O, no—why should I? He is a stranger to me."

Van Loon shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he answered, and walked away.

Castlemaine took advantage of the opportunity. A moment later he was again leaning over her chair.

"Madam is unlucky, for a person of her experience," he said. "Perhaps she has got out of practice in sixteen years. No wonder."

She trembled.

"The hand which fired that treacherous shot in the Bois de Boulogne should have been surer. Madam evidently believes in the saying that 'dead men tell no tales.'"

She grasped her arm. A puzzled expression showed itself through the frightened pallor of her face.

"Who are you?" she gasped, for the second time since they first met.

"I have told you already. Randolph Castlemaine, at your service. And he crossed over to join his niece, Mrs. Versly, at that knitted brow. She caught Vendale's eye, presently. Uncle and niece were exchanging a few words, so she signed for him to approach.

"My dear madam, I comprehend," she said with a significant look.

"Tell Dr. Albertine I want poison subtle and deadly," she said, in a harsh whisper, "something speedy and traceless, doing its work so secretly that not even a suspicion is aroused. He has such in his possession. Pay him his price, and be secret as the grave."

"Yes, madam."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Our Beloved Have Departed.
Our beloved have departed, while we, broken hearted, in the dreary, empty house, they have ended life's brief story, they have reached the realm of glory, Over death victorious!

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly— On we travel, daily, nightly, To the rest that they have found, Are we not up to the mark, Sailing fast, to meet forever On more bliss, happy ground?

On we haste to home invited, There with friends to be united, In a sure and better home, Meeting soon, and not forever, Glorious hope forsake us never, For thy happiness lighting is dear.

Ah! the way is shining clear, As we journey ever nearer, To the bright, happy home, Comrades who await our landing, Friends who round the throne are standing, We salute you, and we come.

Brevities and Levities.
A Western editor was run away with by a fast horse. After the surgeons had collected the pieces together and got them properly arranged, the editor wrote a leader against fast horses, favoring the substitution of camels.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

A joyous damsel rushed into a citizen's arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "Oh, you are my long-lost brother!" She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's pocket book.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

A school committee in a frontier district are reported to have summed up their opinion of an examination which they had attended by making to the pupils this address: "You've spelled well, you've spelled good, but you ain't got it."

The annual report of an educational institution in an Eastern State mentions the resignation of one of the teachers, a young lady, to "engage in domestic relations."

A lady in Wyoming complains of a man in the manner of enforcing law, hundreds of her sex in that Territory refuse to vote unless coaxed by good looking men.

It is of no advantage to have a lively time if we are not just, the position of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to move regular.

Old Billy W., of Flevanna County, Ohio, was dying. He was an infant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D., an excellent physician, and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approached the bed-side, and in a very solemn tone remarked: "My dear fellow, man cannot live by bread alone."

"No!" said the old fellow, reviving; "he's bleeged to have few vegetables!"

The Baltimore Borgia.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE GREAT POISONING MYSTERY.

[From the Baltimore Sun, July 17.]
No event in the annals of crime in this city ever stirred the emotions of the public as did the case of the Baltimore Borgia.

The facts of the case as they stand before the public, are of themselves sufficiently sensational without the exaggeration of any highly-wrought description. Those who have been accustomed to regard crime as an accompaniment of rude and vulgar life are stounded at the information that the educated, and refined walks of life have been invaded by the murderer of society, as the extraordinary crimes charged against Mrs. Wharton.

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that he could not be removed from the house. His family were sent for, and also Drs. Williams and Chew, who attended him. He was confined until the 30th, when he was taken home.

Mrs. Hutton, sister of Mrs. Van Ness, made some beef tea on Sunday, part of which Mr. Van Ness partook of. The remainder was placed in a refrigerator in the cellar. The next time Mr. Van Ness partook of it was unable to retain it upon his stomach.

On the 28th, when General Ketchum died, Mrs. Hutton brought milk to the house. Mrs. Van Ness drank a tumbler, and said it was drunk at 11 A. M. She made a milk punch herself, took a wineglassful and handed it to Mr. Van Ness, who said it was very agreeable and pleasant.

The remainder was put in a nursery refrigerator in a dining room adjoining the room in which Mr. Van Ness was lying. At 12:30 P. M. Mrs. Van Ness went to get her husband another drink of it, pouring it from a tumbler into the wineglass. She tasted it, and found it had a peculiar taste; it led Mrs. Loney, who observed a sediment in the bottom of the tumbler. She tasted it, and found it was bitter. She thought something was wrong, and consulted with Dr. Williams. The sediment was examined by Professor Aiker, and found to contain fifteen grains of tartaric emetic. After that Mrs. Van Ness took nothing that was not prepared by safe hands.

After the action of the grand jury on Saturday, in indicting Mrs. Wharton for murder, had been made public, the counsel of the accused, Messrs. Steele and Thomas, notified their client of the result, and that Sheriff Albert would serve the process of the court at half-past 3 P. M.

At the hour named Sheriff Albert, accompanied by Police Marshal Gray, Deputy Marshal Frew and Deputy Sheriff George Roseman, quietly approached the rear of the house of Mrs. Wharton, No. 263 North Madison street, to avoid attracting the attention of the crowd. Mrs. Wharton was immediately apprised of the officers, and in a few minutes descended to her parlor, where they awaited her. Upon her entrance the officers arose, and Marshal Frew introduced to her Sheriff Albert, who announced to her the commands the law had imposed upon him. She signified her readiness to accompany him, and in a minute or two more the carriages were ready to start. Mrs. Wharton was dressed in black and wore a heavy black veil. She seemed somewhat agitated, but her movements did not indicate nervousness. As she stepped upon the pavement and saw the small, but rather juvenile and promiscuous crowd which had quickly gathered to scrutinize her, she seemed desirous of avoiding their gaze and screened her face. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nellie Wharton, who was similarly dressed and veiled, and by Mrs. J. Crawford Nelson. Mrs. Wharton seemed composed, but showed by her close step to her mother how tenderly she clung to her. The three ladies were assisted into the front carriage. The other carriage was occupied by Marshal Gray, Deputy Sheriff Roseman and Mr. Crawford Nelson. They were received at the jail by the warden, James M. Irwin, and Wm. H. Perkins, president of the board of visitors. Mrs. Wharton, after alighting from the carriage, walked forward in an active and sprightly manner, and, according to a resident of the board, said, "I feel as if I had been to a party."

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