

MISSISSIPPI'S STORY OF THREE SAINTS.

They sat on the steps of the station. And waited for the train to connect— A colporteur eating his ration. And a skipper who twice had been wrecked. And the strangers began conversation.

"I'll tell ye of three saints I've knowed of. That giv' up their lives for their broth'— A sort ye may not hev allowed of. But folks that'll die to save others is beins for God to be proud of.

"The ship Swallow, Cap'n James Bee, in a fog off the Hatteras coast, Was wrecked on a ledge to the lee; Jim stood like a rock at his post, And went down in a gulp of the sea.

"He showed how to build us a raft, And rowed her full as she'd float; He sprung to the mast as the waves came, And lowered and loaded each boat, Then stuck to the battered old craft.

"He saved every life but his own— Women, children, the men and the crew Cheered when the last of the waves were gone— No room for him in her he knew, And he went to the bottom at last!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim, "Had Bee made his peace with the Lord, And he laid down his cracker?" "What, Jim?" Said the skipper; "I shouldn't s'pose God 'd be mad at a feller like him!"

"Another was young Andy Bell, Who worked in the Cumberland coal; He stood at the mouth of the well, And when the mine was full he'd blow, Blazed up like the furnace of hell!"

"The women was screaming above, The boss shouted, 'Who'll face the foe, And save my boys from the mine for love?' And Andy remarked, 'I will go.'

"I ken die in the shaft, for I hain't Nary father, nor mother, nor wife! And down in the bucket he went; Saved fifty by losin' his life, I say Andy Bell was a saint."

"Did he pray God," the colporteur cries, "To help him to fight with the flames?" "Now I think on 't," the skipper replies, "We heard Andy mention his name— More freckles than some would advise!"

"The third one, Newt Evans, my friend, Took his engine to Prairie du Chien; Saw a speck on the track a 'Bend, And cried to the driver, 'Stop! Stop! Ef that a'n't a rat I'll be dennd!"

"A baby—mak'n' mud pies! Misd the train. To the shriek of the bell He ran forward, sprang out for the prize, 'Saved the girl?' "Yes, but parson, he fell— Both his legs was cut off at the thighs."

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb?" Asked the preacher, "and cleansed from his sin?" "The skipper arose—"Am-ster-dam!— Let us just get my bearings right, An' sorter make out where I am."

He walked to the office—was mute; When the agent asked what he desired, He tapped on his pate in salute, Then turned on his thumb and enquired, "Who is this 'ere crazy-galute?"

A THRILLING TALE.

Romance of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Those who have read the accounts of the disastrous battle on the Little Big Horn are familiar with the name of Lieutenant De Rudio, who was cut for his command and lost for thirty-six hours. The particulars of his adventures while endeavoring to get to the fellows of his command has not yet been given to the public, and but for the kindness of a friend in this city, to whom he has written a letter containing an account of his adventures, the interesting story given below might never have reached beyond his own small circle of army companions. Through the kindness of Lieutenant De Rudio's friend we thrill before our readers a story of a thrilling and miraculous escape equal to anything ever conceived in the mind of a novelist. It contains an element of truth which makes it stranger than fiction, and shows what a world of romance and interest may be concealed in a single line of telegram. Every one knows that De Rudio had been cut off from his companions for thirty-six hours, but the story of how that time was spent has been reserved for him to tell.

LIEUTENANT DE RUDIO'S LETTER.

The letter is dated "Camp on the north side of the Yellow Stone River, opposite the Big Horn, July 5, 1876," and, referring to the disastrous battle of the Little Big Horn, it says:—"I had a narrow escape at the battle of the Little Big Horn on the 25th and 26th of June, and I will endeavor to give you my experience of Indian fighting. At about ten A. M., on the 25th of June, after having marched all night, General Custer's scouts returned and reported that they had discovered an Indian village, about fifteen miles distant, on the Little Big Horn, and that from what they had seen they supposed the Indians to be retreating before our advance. We continued our march two or three miles further, when a halt was ordered, and General Custer began preparations for attacking the enemy. He detailed companies H, D and K, under the command of Colonel F. W. Benteen, to take the left of our route, with orders, so I hear, to sweep everything in his way. Companies M, A and G were put under the command of Colonel Reno, and being temporarily attached to company A, I found myself with this division. General Custer took companies E, I, F, L and occupied the right of the line of attack. The remaining company (B) was left to guard the pack train. After marching two or three miles, our command, the centre, was ordered to trot and hold the gallop until we reached the river, six or seven miles distant. Having reached the river we forded, and on reaching the plain beyond the opposite bank we were ordered into line of battle. Everything being as was ordered, we started on a gallop, and two miles pursued close on the verge of an immense and blinding cloud of dust raised by the madly flying savages ahead of us. The dust cloud was so dense that we could distinguish nothing, so Colonel Reno halted the battalion, and, after dismounting, formed a skirmish line, the right flank resting on the edge of a dry, thickly wooded creek. While the horses were being led to a shelter in the wood, the Indians opened a gal-

ling fire on us, which was immediately responded to, the skirmish continuing for about an hour. It was discovered that on the other side of the creek, in a part-like clearing, there were a few lodges, and the whole line crossed the creek to find the lodges deserted and be received by about 200 yelling, yelling savages. The fire from the numerous superior force necessitated a retreat, which was almost impossible, as we were now surrounded by warriors. When we effected the engagement we were only 100 strong and the fire of the enemy had made havoc in our little band.

THE DESERTED GUIDON. When we were half way over the creek I, being in the rear, noticed a guidon planted on the side we had left, and returned to take it. When coming through the wood the guidon entangled itself in the branches and slipped out of my hand. I dismounted to pick it up and led my horse up the south bank of the creek. As I was about to mount, my horse was struck with a bullet, and, becoming frightened, he ran into the Indians, leaving me dismounted in the company of about 800 Sioux not more than fifty yards distant.

CUT OFF FROM HIS COMMAND. They poured a whistling volley at me, but I was not wounded, and managed to escape to the thicket near by, where I would have an opportunity of defending myself and selling my life at a good high figure. In the thicket I found Mr. Gerard, the interpreter, a half breed Indian, and Private O'Neil, of Company G, Seventh cavalry. The first two of the quartet had their horses, while O'Neil like myself, was dismounted. I told the owners of the horses that the presence of the animals would betray us, suggesting at the same time that we should be stampeded. They declined to act on the suggestion, and I left them and crawled through the thicket underfoot into the deep, dry bottom of the creek, where I could not so easily discovered and from whence I hoped to be able, under cover of darkness, to steal out and rejoin the command. I had not been in this hiding place more than ten minutes when I heard several pistol shots fired in my immediate vicinity, and shortly thereafter came the silvery but to me diabolical voices of several "squaws." I raised my head with great caution to see what the women were at and to discover their exact location.

SQUAWS AT SOLEPING. I found the women at the revolting work of scalping a soldier who was perhaps not yet dead. Two of the ladies were cutting away, while two others performed a sort of waltz around the body and its mutilations. I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings at witnessing the disgusting performance. You, as the father of a family, can imagine what another father would feel on such a terrible occasion. I confess I thought of my dear wife, my dear children, relatives and friends, whom I would probably see no more, and there before my eyes was being performed what, in the event of discovery, would be my fate. I determined to hope to the last, die as I had lived, and sell my life as dearly as possible. Finally the squaws went away, probably to hunt for more victims, and I employed the time thinking of my perilous position.

SURROUNDED BY FIRE. While thus engaged I heard a crackling noise near me, which on investigation I found proceeded from the burning wood, the Indians having ignited a fire. The wood being very dry the fire made rapid headway, and I was forced from my hiding place. I crawled out of the creek bottom the same way I had approached, and as I was about to ascend the bank I heard a voice calling, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant!" I could see no one, but the call was repeated, and advancing a few yards in the direction from which it proceeded I found all three of the party I had left a short while before hidden in the bottom of the creek. Mr. Gerard told me he had left the horses, tied together, where I had seen them, and followed down after me.

I found that the party, like myself, were afraid of the progress of the fire; but fortunately for us the wind subsided and a little rain fell, which, thank God, was sufficient to arrest the flames and revive our hopes that we might be able to remain there till night. It was now three o'clock P. M.—six more hours to wait—and you may imagine how immensely long we found them. During this time we could hear and often see Indians around us, and could hear them talk quite near us.

THEY KILL TWO INDIANS.

They came in Indian file and at my fire they turned a rightabout and were making off, when Private O'Neil fired his carbine at the second savage, who at that moment was rearing his pony to turn him back. The private's eye was true and his carbine trusty, for Mr. Indian dropped his rein, threw up his paws and laid down on the grass to sleep his long sleep. The gentleman I greeted rode a short distance and then did likewise. The rest of the party rode on, turned the corner of the wood and disappeared. We remained in our position, expecting every moment that a hundred desperate savages would appear to put an end to us. During all this time the fire from the bluffs continued, but after we had fired our shots it ceased and we were left to the thick, where we awaited our fate, possessed alternately by hope and despair. From our position we could see the Indians on the left, their horses picketed under the corner of the hill, and a line of sharpshooters, all lying flat on their stomachs. We could hear the battle going on above us on the hills, the confused rattle of the musketry, the clanging of our command and the wailing of the savages. Our hopes revived when we heard the familiar cheer of our comrades, but despondency followed fast, for we discovered that our wood was on fire.

IN THE CRUCIBLE AGAIN. The sharp crackling of the burning timber approached nearer and nearer with awful rapidity, and we had to shift our position. We crawled almost to the edge of the wood, when we discovered that the fiends had fired both sides. We moved around until we found a thick cluster of what they call bull berry trees, under which we crouched.

THE GRASS ON THE EDGE OF THIS PLACE was very green, and as it had been raining a little before, and there was no wind, when the fire approached our hiding place it ran very slowly, so that I was enabled to smother it with my gauntlet gloves. The fire consumed all the underwood around us, and was almost expended by this time.

There we were in a little oasis, surrounded by fire, but comparatively safe from the element, and with the advantage of seeing almost everything around us without being seen. We could see savages going backward and forward, and one standing on picket no more than seventy or eighty yards from us, evidently put there to watch the progress of the fire. At about four o'clock P. M. this picket fired four pistol shots in the air at regular intervals from each other, which I interpreted as a signal of some kind. Soon after this fire we heard the powerful voice of a savage crying out, making the same sound four times, and after those two signals we saw 200 or more savages leave the bluffs and ford the river, evidently leaving the ground. About one hour after the same double signals were again repeated, and my mounted Indians left at a gallop. Soon the remainder of those left on the bluffs also retired.

HOPE REVIVINGS. Hope now revived, the musketry rattle ceased and only now and then we could hear a far-off shot. By six o'clock everything around us was apparently quiet, and no evidence or signs of any Indians were near us. We supposed the regiment had left the field, and all that remained for us to do was to wait for the night and then pass the river and take the route for the Yellowstone River, and there construct a raft and descend to the mouth of Powder River, our supply camp. Of course during the thirty-six hours that we were in suspense we had neither water nor food; at ten o'clock P. M. we dropped ourselves into the river, the water reaching our waists, crossed it twice and then carefully crawled up the bluffs and finally reached the broken, high country, took our direction and slowly and cautiously proceeded southward.

A CAMP FIRE IN THE DISTANCE. After marching two miles I thought I would go up a very high hill to look around and see if we could discover any signs of our command, and on looking around I saw a fire on my left, and in the direction where we supposed the command was fighting during the day, probably two miles from us. Of course we made two conjectures on this fire—it might be an Indian fire and it might be our command. The only way to ascertain was to approach it cautiously and trust to chance. Accordingly we descended the hill, took the direction of the fire, climbing another and another hill; we listened a while and then proceeded on for a mile or more, when on the top of a hill we again stopped and listened. We could hear voices, but not distinctly enough to tell whether they were savages or our command. We proceeded a little further and heard the baying of a dog, and soon after the distinct voice of a sentry challenging with the familiar words,

"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?" The challenge was not addressed to us, as we were too far off to be seen by the picket and it was too dark, but this gave us courage to continue our course and approach, though carefully, lest we should run into some Indians again.

HOPE FULFILLED. We were about 200 yards from the fire, and I resolved to call out to the picket and tell him who I was. I told my companion to be ready to follow after me, and when I had well surveyed the ground I cried out "Picket, don't fire; it is Lieutenant De Rudio and Private O'Neil," and started to run. We received an answer in a loud cheer from all the members of the picket and Lieutenant Varnum. This officer, one of our bravest and most efficient, came at once to me and was very happy to see me again, after having counted me among the dead, and his joy affected me so much that I entirely forgot the adventures of the thirty-six hours just past, and was happy to be once more in the company of my brave comrades.

My first question was about the condition of the regiment. I was in hopes that we were the only sufferers, but I was not long allowed to remain in doubt. Lieutenant Varnum said he knew nothing of the five companies under Custer, and that our command had sustained a loss in Lieutenants McIntosh and Hodgson. My dear friend Varnum now procured me some coffee and hard bread, but I was so happy and excited over my escape that I could eat nothing, but drank the coffee. It was about two o'clock A. M. when I got into camp and I soon after tried to go to sleep; but though I had not slept for two nights I could not close my eyes. I talked with Lieutenant Varnum about the "battle," harried to him adventures and narrow escapes I had had. Morning soon came

and I went to see the officers and told them that the Indians had left, and I supposed there would not be any attack made by them that morning. There, my dear friend, you have my personal story of the great fight, and the rest you will learn from the newspapers. At eight o'clock we saw cavalry approaching, first a few scouts and then a dense column, and soon learned it was General Brisco's command coming up to our relief. Presently a long line of infantry appeared on the plain and General Gibbon came up. Ah! who that was there will ever forget how our hearts were thrilled at sight of those blue coats, and when Generals Gibbon and Terry rode into our camp we felt like children. Yours truly,

CHARLES C. DE RUDIO.

P. S.—I should do injustice to my feelings if I should omit to mention the fidelity and bravery of Private O'Neil. He faithfully obeyed me and stood by me like a brother. I shall never cease to remember him and his services to me during our dangerous companionship. This brave soldier is highly thought of by his company commander, and, of course, ever will be by me and mine.

Twenty-Two Hogs Raised Without a Grain of Corn.

ATHENS, GA., June 15th, 1876. Editor Athens Georgian.—It was my privilege to attend the State Agricultural Convention, held at Thomsville in February, 1875. Among the many good things said before this body was one that I think would be interesting to many of your readers who seem desirous that our farmers should make our own "hog and hominy." A gentleman who seemed to know well what he was talking about, and was urging every farmer to have his smoke-house at home, stated that it was practicable, as he could testify from his own experience and practice, to raise an abundance of pork without feeding a bushel of corn from the crib.

His plan was, as near as I can recollect, about as follows: In August, 1873, he sowed two acres in turnips; in September, he sowed three acres in black oats; in September or October he sowed three acres in rust proof oats; in February 1874 he planted two acres in Irish potatoes; in March, he bedded two or three varieties of sweet potatoes sufficient to set two acres; in February or March he planted peas in it for early pasturage. In April he planted two acres of sorghum, and in the same month planted two acres of blue grass and two acres of ground peas on the first of March, 1873 he bought three sows with twenty-two pigs, these of course had to be fed from the crib until the first of June, when the oat pasture of '72 would be ripe and the Irish potatoes mature, then come in the sorghum, then the sweet potatoes, then comes the early pea field pasture, and lastly the chufas, ground peas, sweet potatoes and turnips for fall fattening. Then allowing two shots for fresh pork, he had twenty fat hogs to slaughter on the 1st of January, 1874, each nine months old and weighing 200 pounds each. Besides fattening the twenty-two sows, your sows each have twenty-two more pigs to go into the next year's supply, and you have turnips to feed your cows with, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes for your family, and a barrel of syrup, chufas, field peas and ground peas to bring on your second lot of pigs through the winter of 1873 and '74 until Irish potatoes are early out. The chufas are intended only for rapid fattening and for young sows in early spring. Hogs should be housed every night to protect them from bad weather, to prevent thefts, to secure them against breeding from other stock, and to have them bred only at the proper time. The manure from the same will repay the trouble of housing.

DELEGATE.

Popular Authors and Their Earnings.

Dr. Holland has made \$100,000 from his writings. Whittier lives frugally on \$1,000 a year—from the muses. Hawthorne never received from his writings enough to live on. Mrs. Stowe has got \$25,000 from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" up to date—that's all.

Bryant has made \$400,000 from the Evening Post and only \$15,000 from his books. Longfellow received \$200,000 with his wife, but has earned only \$60,000 with his pen. Emerson lives on a small patrimony and has made only \$20,000 from all his works.

Bayard Taylor gets \$6,000 a year as editorial writer on the Tribune. His works have yielded him some \$50,000.

While Gov. Tilden was riding on horseback a few miles from Albany last Friday evening, his horse ran into a buggy containing a man and a woman. Both the occupants were thrown from the buggy, and the man was badly injured.—N. Y. Post.

That is the way he is going to ride into Hayes and Wheeler next November.

Col. Nicholas Smith, Horace Greeley's son-in-law, spoke one of the stands at the late Democratic ratification meeting in New York, and the Herald says he made such a block of support and logical speech of the occasion,

NEW SPRING GOODS.

FREDERICKSBURG STORE, 301 Broad St., (Corner by the Planters Hotel) Augusta, Ga., V. RICHARDS & BROS., Proprietors. And at Our Branch House, THE AUGUSTA DRY GOODS STORE, 209 Broad St., (Next door to Bailey's Carpet Store), Augusta, Ga., L. RICHARDS & BRO., Proprietors.

OUR Stocks of New and Choice Spring and Summer Goods are now complete at both our Houses, and never were Goods so low in prices before. We are offering 20 cases new and beautiful CALICOES from 5c per yard up. Ten cases Pacific PERCALES and CAMBRICS at 10c12c. Same goods sold one year ago at 15c20c, and the year before at 25. These Goods are choice in style and the best Goods of the kind that are made. Five cases Pacific LAWNS and corded JACONETS at 12c15c. 50 cases and bales Bleached and Brown COTTONS from 5c per yard up. DRESS GOODS of all the choice new styles and qualities and in great variety from 5c per yard up.

Black ALPACAS, of good and pure black—no re-dyed goods that will change color—but good and elegant Goods, from 25c up. Black GREEN DRESSES from 15c up. MOURNING GOODS of every description in LUBINS BOMBRAZINES, 5-4 and 6-4 DELAINES, CHALLIES, CASHMERE, etc., etc., and at prices never so low. Black, Checked, Striped and Fancy Colored SILKS in the greatest profusion from 75c up. WHITE GOODS and PIQUES in the greatest variety, in SWISSES, LINEN LAWNS, EMBROID LAINES, NAINSOOKS, CAMBRICS, etc., etc., and at all prices from 12c up.

Nainsook and Hamburg EDGINGS, Embroidered Linen TRIMMINGS, Berré and other LACES, RUCHINGS, NECK RIBBONS all colors and styles and at any price. CORSETS, KID GLOVES, HOSIERY, HANDKERCHIEFS, FANS of every style and quality, and hundreds of other articles too numerous to mention, but to which we invite the attention of the Ladies and others in want of any Goods. For the Gentlemen we have a superb selection of CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, TWEDES, LINENS, COTTONADES and JEANS.

We have received from the Manufacturers a large invoice of partly made SHIRTS, now so popular on account of the good material of which they are made and the low price at which they are sold. They are all complete except the putting in of the buttons, the working of the Button Holes and putting on the Buttons. They are made of Wamsutter Cotton and the best Linen. We will sell them at \$1.00 each. They are the greatest bargains ever offered in the way of a Shirt. All we ask is an inspection of our Stocks, at either of our Stores, and you will at once become convinced of the Superiority of the Goods, the Great Variety we keep, and the Very Low Prices at which we sell.

To those who cannot pay us a visit, we will upon application send SAMPLES of any Goods that can be cut, and if an Order is sent us to the amount of \$10 or over for Goods in our Retail Department, we will pay the Express freight on same to the customer's nearest Express office. Address either L. RICHARDS & BRO., or V. RICHARDS & BROS., Augusta, Ga.

We are Agents for the DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS, and will send Catalogues of same on application, and Patterns on receipt of the price. April 28, 1876. 1y46j

THE ADVERTISER.

Edgefield Advertiser! 1835. EDGEFIELD, S. C. 1876. Now In Its Forty-First Year!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX is the Centennial Year of the United States of America. It is the first time for sixteen years that the lower House of the National Congress has been Democratic, and the frauds and corruptions of the Republican party during those years will no doubt be now investigated and exposed with a merciless logic—and without fear, favor or affection.

The aspirations of Grant for a Third Term, as well as the general tendency in every department of the government towards Centralism, is also to be checked; or Grant and an Empire must be the result.

THE ADVERTISER will keep up with the News and Prospects of the day in these respects—and will make its columns

VEHICLES OF TRUTH, PROGRESS, PATRIOTISM AND PURE DEMOCRACY.

This is also the year of the Presidential, State and County elections. The coming elections in South Carolina in November, are of greater importance to the people than any event for the past hundred years. In fact, the present year is to witness the triumph of the advocates of good government or their defeat. And a defeat will be absolute ruin. In such a case mongrelism and miscegenation must ultimately be more or less the curses of South Carolina. There can be but little difference in this respect between the whites of South Carolina and the people of the West Indies and the South American States. The white people of this State must control the negroes or be controlled by them. And the latter consummation will ultimately sink the identity of our race.

"A Straight Fight!" Is the Motto of THE ADVERTISER for the next campaign. It is better to fight it out on that line, even if we be defeated, than to win on any other. It is the only honest course; it is the only manly course; and it is the only path in which white men can consistently tread.

Terms of Subscription: One Year, (Payable in advance) - \$2.50 Six Months, " " " " - 1.25 (When sent beyond the limits of the County, 20 cents additional, for Postage, will be required.) (A liberal discount made to those wishing to advertise by the quarter or year.

To MERCHANTS and MANUFACTURERS, THE ADVERTISER offers great inducements for advertising, enjoying, as it does, a large circulation in its native County—one of the largest and richest in the State, with a population of 42,486, twice as many as the city of Augusta, Ga., and nearly as many as the city of Charleston, S. C.—as well as quite an extensive circulation in the neighboring States of North Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and a limited circulation in a number of the Western and South-Western States.

We earnestly appeal to our Friends to give us their hearty support, that we may be the better able to make a good fight against the combined forces of Radicalism, Mongrelism and Centralism, and in the interests of White Supremacy, Honesty and Economy in the Government, and Low Taxes.

ADDRESS: THE ADVERTISER, EDGEFIELD, C. H., S. C. January 20, 1876.

AGUSTA SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

240 Broad St., Augusta, Ga. (NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK BUILDING.) Incorporated February 16, 1875. COMMENCED BUSINESS MAY 1st, 1875.

Deposits received to October 30, just six months from day of opening, over \$100,000. And over \$180,000 declined because not offered according to our terms of deposit.

THIS INSTITUTION is founded upon the best and only safe principles for SAVINGS and ACCUMULATIONS. THE MANAGEMENT is in the hands of eleven of our best citizens—worth in the aggregate, over ONE MILLION DOLLARS (1,000,000)—and while all the property is liable for the Deposits, they are prohibited by the charter from borrowing or using a dollar of the funds of the Institution.

DEPOSITS received in sums of ONE DOLLAR and upwards. INTEREST paid on Deposits remaining under six months, and all profits divided among permanent Depositors, instead of paying them out to Stockholders, as is done in all other Institutions in this State.

MONY loaned at reasonable rates on good security. FOREIGNERS and OTHERS, wishing to send money abroad, can obtain Sight Drafts here on England, Ireland and Scotland, in sums of \$1 and upwards; on France, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy and the Orient, in sums of 10 francs and upwards; on all the cities of Germany, Holland, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Portugal, and Spain, in small or large sums, in the currencies of the various countries.

Save Your Earnings and be Independent. J. S. BEAN, Jr., Treas. ALFRED BAKER, Pres. Nov. 2, 1875. 1y

ROSE, VIOLET, HELIOTROPE AND LILY! ALL THESE AND NUMBERLESS OTHER SWEET PERFUMES ENTER INTO THE COMPOSITION OF PENN'S BOUQUET COLOGNE!

ONCE again we would call the attention of the readers of the ADVERTISER to the excellence of this well-known Perfume, and to its claims upon their patronage.

1st. PENN'S BOUQUET COLOGNE is equal to the finest extracts of Paris or Vienna. In Price it is two-thirds cheaper. 2nd. It is HOME-MADE—and you should encourage home enterprises. 3rd. None but the purest Oils are used in its preparation. 4th. In sweetness and durability it is unsurpassable. 5th. Taking everything into consideration, it is the cheapest Cologne ever offered in this market.

Prepared Solely by W. B. PENN. We confidently refer to any one who has ever used it. For sale at the Drug Store of G. L. PENN & SON, No. 3, PARK ROW, EDGEFIELD, S. C. May 1, 1876. [420]

J. MONROE WISE, Agent, PINE HOUSE, S. C.

KEEPS constantly on hand a splendid assortment of DRY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS and GROCERIES.

Also from the finest Liquors down to the cheapest, such as old BAKER WHISKEY, pure CORN WHISKEY, RHINE WINE, St. Louis LAGER BEER, &c. Our LIVERY STABLE is in first rate order. Parties wishing to visit Edgefield, or any part of the District, can get saddle horses or buggy horses. For sale at our Stables, BUGGY HORSES and SADDLE HORSES—all well trained, and will go low for cash, or paper secured beyond a doubt.

June 27, [47] J. MONROE WISE, Agt., PINE HOUSE, S. C. Re-opened & Re-established, AT GRANITEVILLE, S. C., A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, CROCKERY and GLASS WARE, WOODENWARE, HARDWARE & TINWARE.

WHERE I have been doing business for the last ten years, with the exception of last year. I have in Store, with frequent additions, a full line of FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES and PLANTATION SUPPLIES.

Call often and you will be satisfied with every purchase. JAMES E. COOK, Graniteville, S. C. May 1, 1876. 1y20

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