Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROP'R. } EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1883. { VOL. XLVIII.---NO. 15.

GOOD FRIDAY.

"Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still."—Ps. iv. 4; Prayer Book version.

Cast thee to earth all stubbornness
Of human will,
And, bending lowly in thy solitude,
"Be still!"
It is a day of solemn gloom and grief—
A day of tears—
Tears, which will bring the sin-sick soul relief,
And calm its fears
It is a day of dread, unmingled wrath,
A day of love,
A day of darkness—yet of glorious light,
Light from above.
We toil not with the Master now—
His toils are o'er—
He's fighting the last fight, His Holy Brow
All bathed in gore!
High lifted up the precious Lamb we see
'Twixt Heaven and earth;
The Prince of Peace, Immanuel, is He
Of neither worth?

The anguish throes of earth, each guilty soul
With terror fill—
All the wide heavens have put sackcloth on—
"Be still!"
Thick darkness settles like a pall around
The shameful scene;
The voice of wrath in dreadful thunder sounds,
The lightnings gleam.
The fearful tragedy is closing fast
On Calvary's hill.
Oh, list that meek One's agonized gasp—
"Be still!

"My God, my God, why leav'st Thou me!"
He cries,
With dying breath.
Louder the thunder rolls, 'tis almost o'er,
This strife with death!

Beneath the Cross, O Christ, I humbly bend;
May the red tide
With which the mortal life is gushing out
From Thy dear side,
Cleanse me from sin's dark stain,
From evil save,
And gain for me a glorious crown
Beyond the grave.

"'Tis finished"—each angelic harp
With joy doth thrill!—
With trembling awe while Christ yields up the Ghost—
"Be still!"

—*A., in Parish Visitor.*

Improved Cattle in the State.

[*Cor. News and Courier.*]

SENECA CITY, March 9.—While at Seneca I saw a small herd of Holstein cattle owned by M. W. Coleman. This is comparatively a new breed for the South, as he told me that, outside of his, the only registered stock of this kind in the State was owned by Mr. Breuer, of Charleston. They are bred extensively in the Northwest, Middle and Eastern States, where they have proven to be the best combination cows known. They are as large as the short horn Durham and will give more milk, and of a superior quality, than the Ayershire. They are considered the best cheese cattle in the world, and for the yoke, and shambles certainly they cannot be excelled.

In addition to this herd of fine stock I had the pleasure of seeing a few fine Jerseys owned by L. W. Jordan. He has at the head of his herd "Nat Hammond," No. 6,025, which he claims is as fine a bred animal as can be found in the South. His two heifers, to say the least, are beautiful and to be appreciated must be seen. They were bought in Massachusetts last fall, and their pedigrees show them to be well bred. It is seldom one sees three finer animals.

There is quite a boom in the building line here, no less than nine buildings of large size now being in the course of erection. One is astonished by the rapid growth of this place. At the same time it can readily be accounted for by the energy, enterprise and thrift of the inhabitants. With two first class hotels, a delightful mountain climate and the purest water, Seneca City, as a summer resort will compare favorably with any place.

T. D.

Prosperity of the Railroads.

The railroads in this State controlled by the Richmond and Danville Syndicate seem to be making money. A statement showing the earnings of various roads during the third week in February has been published, from which it appears that the earnings of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad during this period amounted to $19,440, an increase of $5,770 over the earnings of the corresponding week in 1882. The earnings of the Columbia and Greenville road were $20,293, an increase of $4,949 over the earnings of the corresponding week last year. The earnings of the Richmond and Danville Railroad were $74,600, an increase of $15,700 over the corresponding period last year. This information ought to be reassuring to those who feared that the establishment of the Railroad Commission would prove disastrous to railroad interests. Taking the "third week of February" as an average week with the railroads, it would appear that they can make more money with a Railroad Commission than without one. It is true that the Commission has not yet established its freight tariffs, but it is not likely that anything will be done to cripple the efficiency of our railroad service.—*News and Courier.*

A GRAND OLD CITY.—Dalton *Citizen*: Augusta wants the next State Fair, and we are in favor of her having it. Augusta is one of the most enterprising cities in the South, but she, unlike some of her neighbors, is too modest to be all the while bragging and blustering about it. Let the next fair be held there by all means, and thus give the citizens of Georgia an opportunity to see what a wide-awake, grand old city Augusta is.

A Michigan horse ate ten pounds of starch without feeling very much stuck up.

The April Trials--A Word to Democrats.

It has been announced by the Department of Justice at Washington that the existence of the Republican party in South Carolina depends upon the conviction of the Democratic defendants who will be tried at the next April term of the United States Circuit Court for this State. The Administration is resolved to send some Democrats to the penitentiary, whether there is any evidence to prove their guilt or not. Able counsel, suborned witnesses, abundant bribes and active detectives are relied upon to do the shameful job of procuring their conviction. The public cannot so soon have forgotten the persecution of these men in the past, the packed juries, the swift witnesses and the envenomed eloquence of the Government counsel at the trials last April. The same dismal farce is to be repeated. The innocent men who could not then be convicted with all the machinery of the government against them are to be placed again in the prisoners' dock and subjected to the expense and indignity of a public trial. Dallas Sanders, the Philadelphia lawyer with more brass than brains, has given way to Snyder, who appears upon the scene as the especial emissary of Benjamin Brewster in the character of attorney and detective. Other detectives are at work throughout the State. The employees of the Revenue department, an army of deputy marshals, all the old Radical politicians and every man, white and black, who is mean enough to do the bidding of the Stalwart bosses, has been enlisted in the dirty business of securing evidence against the accused

These things should put our people on their guard. The administration hopes by the conviction of a few Democratic election managers to restore the Rule of the Stranger in South Carolina and to place all of our most cherished institutions once more in the keeping of a lawless and ignorant mob. The approaching trials will tax the patience and fortitude of our people to the utmost. But let them stand solidly together and not all the misused power of the Federal authorities, backed by the malignant zeal of their hungry understrappers in South Carolina, can avail to harm the good men and true who have been singled out as the victims of party hate.—*News and Courier.*

Silk Handkerchiefs and Sore Throats.

Sore throats vanish when encircled in a silk handerchief. This is established beyond peradventure. The grandmothers knew all about this a hundred years ago. They believed, too, that silk would cure all other diseases, and some of them thought it would heal a broken leg "if only taken in time." We do not go so far as that but we know that silk will absorb and store electricity as readily as a Leyden jar. It forms an essential curtain for the electric cylinder, and rubbed with quicksilver, has a mysterious power that imparts force to its retention The curative force of silk is due to its electricity, and the medical faculty recommend silken hose and shirts for a thousand diseases. As we are not professional, we only take silk by the throat, and know its wonderful powers. We will give a sure receipt: When you have the throat trouble, give a nice clean silk handkerchief to your sweetheart, with a request to tie it around your neck. If you are not cured, or choked by tender hands, we have made a mistake. The more expensive the handkerchief the surer the cure, because your pet takes so long to examine the quality and get it just right, so it won't hurt. Try it and go home cured. We expect silk handkerchiefs will advance in price when this matter is understood.—*Dry Goods Bulletin*

THE WHIPPING POST.—The Greenville *News* says we echo its call for the economical, expeditious, effective, handy and generally satisfactory whipping post, and further says, many of its esteemed cotemporaries at the North wail for the revival of the same relic of a healthy barbarism in which the back of the rogue or brute was not spared to the cost of honest men. We will have it in the course of years when humbug is less of a predominating force, mawkish sentiment has ceased to rule the land, and the short haired women and long haired men have gone to join the dodo. True as preaching, brother, and to that end let us continue to labor.

"Dr. Haygooni stated before the Indianapolis Social Union that the universal and invariable mode of baptism practiced in the Greek, Armenian and Syrian churches is immersion. As a religious rite they are able to trace it back to the days of the apostles."—*Indiana Baptist.*

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age met in after years and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned: "Yes, Mariah. The last time we met we were each twenty-four years old. Now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

P. S.—You will find all kinds of Eatables and Drinkables at Durisoe & Co's. Drug Store. "And don't you forget it."

The Romance of Mr. Stephens' Life.

In one of the early years of the '40s Mr. Stephens, then a young man paid a visit to the home of Mr. Darden, in Warren county. There he met a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl of sixteen, beautiful in face and lovely in character; piquant, witty and gifted with a mind rarely cultivated. An attachment grew up, which for years did not pass the formal bounds of friendship, but which was sacredly cherished by both. The boy lover was poor in this world's goods; fragile in frame, and harrassed by sickness, he did not dare to aspire to the hand of one whom he had learned to love and yet forebore to claim. With womanly devotion the young girl read the secret in the young man's eyes, and true to her heart she could only—wait and love.

One evening in 1849 a party was given at the residence of Mr. Little, in Crawfordville. There the two met once more; there they enjoyed that sweet communion born of perfect trust; and there Mr. Stephens found courage to speak the words which for years had fought expression, until at last he could no longer contain them.

"Are you sure there lives none other whom you prefer to me?" asked the maiden timidly, half shrinkingly, yet only too happy to feel that she was favored in his eyes.

"In the whole universe there exists not another," said he passionately.

Thus their troth was plighted; the day was set for their marriage; and all seemed auspicious for the lovers. But clouds lowered o'er their hopes; matters of a private nature which it is not within the domain of the public to know, intervened and deferred the fruition of their hopes The one became immersed in politics, and racked with physical ills hesitated to enter a state where he feared the happiness of the other might be marred. The lady found her duty by the side of an invalid mother, who long lingered with a confining disease. Thus the years flew by; but the plighted troth was kept. Mr. Stephens never addressed another, and even kept the image of the fair young girl in his heart. The lady was the recipient of admiration from many but to all she turned a deaf ear.

They have often met since and while [illegible] years of [illegible] ed, they felt a sweet pleasure in each other's society. But two weeks ago the lady was at the Mansion and on taking leave of her old friend, one of the chairs tripped up, an unfavorable sign, as the Governor remarked at the time. The lady has for years been a citizen of Atlanta, and no one is held in more esteem for every quality which adorns womanhood than Miss Caroline Wilkinson.

Mr. Stephen's Religious Belief.

A few moments after death had taken place, some one remarked on the calmness and tranquillity with which Mr. Stephens had faced it from the first. Dr. Steiner said: "Such a man as Mr. Stephens could have faced any sort of death with perfect calmness."

Some one asked about his religious belief. Dr. Steiner said:

"I was with Mr. Stephens several years ago when he was very low; he thought he was dying and I was very fearful. I was going to Augusta for the night when he stopped me. He said, 'Doctor, I want you to see me die. Except Toombs and my family, I think more of you than of any man on earth. I want you with me when I die.' I agreed to stay with him. Shortly afterwards Dr. Irvine came in. He said, 'Mr. Stephens, I will go out and see Harry and his family, and when I come back, if you have no objection, I will read a chapter in the Bible and will have a prayer.' Mr Stephens said quickly: 'I do object and most decidedly. I have no objection to pray, for I believe in it, but I do object to death bed repentance. I have made it the rule of my life to live each day as if it were going to be my last. In the heat of politics I may have sometimes forgotten myself, but I am no better to day, on my death bed, than I have tried to be every day of my life, and I have no special preparation to make and no special pleas to offer.'

"That was Mr. Stephens's creed and belief. I heard him say on another occasion: 'Real prayer means to throw yourself at the feet of Jesus Christ and to pray trustingly. My prayer is the Lord's prayer and the publican's prayer.' Mr. Stephens's creed was simple, but it would have sufficed to have carried him without a tremor through the most terrible death struggle. It was the rule of his life to live every day as if it were to be the last."

Critical study of the Bible is not only right, but needful. "Over-anxiety about it, however, and overmuch absorption in it, are real evils. Of what avail is it for us to have the Book, if we have not the Christ whom the Book reveals?"—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"*The Open Door*, a General Baptist paper in favor of open communion, has gone down.'—*Flag* Yes, and the practice of open communion is going the same way.—*Baptist Gleaner.*

Hackmen—Butchers.

A Wild Woolly Woman in Eastern Kershaw.

A report comes to us that the people of the Tilles's Ferry section on Lynches Creek are greatly excited at this time over the rumor that there is a wild woman wandering around in that neighborhood. Some persons who claim to have seen her, say that she is very black, and that her body is covered with long, black, woolly hair; also, that her appearance and actions are wild and savage in the extreme. She is very shy and will not allow two people to approach her at a time, but if one person is alone she will attack them at once, beating and biting them in a fearful manner. Two men went out recently to capture her, but up to nightfall nothing had been seen of her. It was suggested that they light a fire and camp out, thinking that the light might attract her attention and induce her to come to it. After waiting some time, one of the men concluded that he would go on home. Shortly after he left, the woman made her appearance and immediately attacked the man at the fire. He did his best at fighting, but he was no match for her. He was beaten and bitten in a fearful manner. At last he got a chance to run away, and he did it in quick time. Fear lent speed and strength to his limbs, enabling him to out run his enemy, although she is said to be very swift of foot.

This last act has increased the excitement, and many persons it is said, are afraid to travel alone now. A party is being made up to hunt her down and effect her capture if possible. Lynches creek swamp is her hiding place, and she remains there until nightfall when she starts out in search of something to eat. When last seen, she was said to be eating a piece of a hog that she had just killed. We will report the success of the hunting party as soon as we learn of it. This information was given to us by a gentleman from that neighborhood.—*Camden Journal.*

What a Graded School Is.

Says an exchange: There are very few people who know exactly what a graded school is. We will try to explain. Say, for instance, there are 100 scholars. Under the old system [illegible] we are [illegible] Now, a teacher or principal [illegible] ded school examines each of the 100 scholars and classifies them. To [illegible] of them, for instance, are equally far advanced. They are put in room No. 1, and under a separate teacher The next ten or twelve, or whatever number as the case may be, according to the proficiency, are put in another room under another teacher, and so on until all are classified according to their proficiency. When a pupil applies for admission to a graded school, he or she is examined and sent to whatever room he or she may be qualified to enter. There are separate teachers for each room. In some of the ward schools in Northern cities there are as many a twenty different rooms and teachers and as many as one thousand pupils

The Scandal That Drew.

The venerable clergyman arose slowly in the pulpit, and glancing around on the thinly-scattered congregation, said in an emphatic tone, in which there was more of sorrow than of anger: "My beloved brethren, I am in hopes that there will be more present next Sabbath, as I will then have occasion to reveal a scandal which has long oppressed my heart. It concerns the members of this church very deeply, and no one who has a regard for eternal happiness should be absent." When the benediction was pronounced the handful of people slowly dispersed, but behold how much good seed a few can scatter! The next Sunday the sacred edifice was packed. There was, indeed, scarcely breathing room when the white haired sage once more lifted his head above the pulpit cushions, and a silence as of death fell upon the expectant throng. He stood a moment looking upon the unwonted scene, and then his voice in silvery cadences broke the hush of anticipation. "Dear friends," he said, "the scandal I would reveal to you is this: you will gather in crowds to hear mischievous gossip, but you will not listen to explanations of the inspired word."

BILL ARP,

On Riches, Preachers, Etc.

I don't hear of many folks getting rich. I don't know of but few who are making more than a good fair living, and there's ten to one who are powerfully scrouged to do that. The majority of mankind are always on a strain. Most of 'em work hard enough, but somehow they can't get ahead, and a good many are in old Plunket's fix who said he was even with the world for he owed about as much as he dident owe. The average family man is hard run. There's nobody perishing or freezing, in this sunny land, and very few folks boarding at the poor house, but still there is a general struggle going on in the town and in the country. Most everybody is in debt more or less, and what one crop don't pay has to lap over on the next. The merchants say that money is awful tight right now, and I reckon it is. I'm sorry for the merchants, for as a general thing money is their sole dependence. If he hasent got any money he is a busted institution, and that is where the advantage of being a farmer comes in. He can be out of money and still squeeze along, for he has corn and wheat and sheep and hogs and chickens, and don't have to wear store clothes to any great extent, and his children can wear their old ones a long time and go bare headed and bare footed when there's no company around. Town folks have to dress better and dress oftener, whether they can pay for 'em or not. But it is a hard time all round to make a living, and I don't know exactly what is the matter. The average family is not extravagant. They understand the situation at home and try to conform, but it looks like they are just obleeged to fudge a little and go in debt, and then the misery begins. When the good man gets his mail from the post office, he is most afraid to open it for fear of a dun. These darned little just debts, as Sam McCarney used to call 'em, hang around like a shadow. The four D's are pretty close kin—debt, duns, death and the devil—and one is nearly as bad as the other. A man who was born rich and managed to keep rich, or a man who was born poor and gotten rich don't know much about the trials of light and [illegible] much sympathy for the debtor class, and is very apt to lay it all to their imprudence or bad management but the fact is most of our rich men got a start before the war or built up on the ruins of it before society with its extravagances got hold of 'em They couldent do it now. I know lots of rich men who if they were to lose their fortunes couldn't start now and make another. They think they could, but they couldent; mankind are too smart and too sharp now for an old fashioned man to stand any chance. He would get licked up in his first experiment. Money makes money and money can keep money after it is made, but there is a slim chance now for a young man to make money and save it and keep in good not of society. He can bottle him self up and remain a bachelor and carry his back on society and accumulate a fortune, but the trouble is that most of 'em want to marry and ought to marry, and if he bottles himself up and spends nothing and dresses common he is not the sort of man the girls are waiting for. And so if he spends freely and rides around, he is sure to get married, and then comes house rent and servant's hire and clothes according, and he squeezes along and is always on a strain. There are mighty few getting rich now a days, but when a man does get a start, he can get richer than they used to. A half a million now is about what fifty thousand dollars used to be. But the average man is not going to get rich, and I reckon this is the common lot, and therefore it is all right. Nobody ought to distress himself about it, or hanker after money, but somehow I cant help wishing that our common people were a little better off. I wish they were out of debt and had a little ahead—just a start. Why the very best people I know are about the poorest according to their position in society look at our preachers. They don't hanker after money nor luxuries, but they are entitled to a reasonable living. I told a man the other day about a man who had got rich, and he said he always knowed he was a shifty cuss. The preachers don't belong to that class. They are not shifty. I wonder what is the matter with the churches. They are always behind. It ain't one in ten that pays the preacher what they promise. There is always a balance to lap over, and the laps are never paid. The church wants repairs, and there is no money to do it with. I don't know much about the cities nor about all the towns in the State, but I know of but one town that has nice churches all paid for and well furnished and that pays the preachers all they promise, and that town is the nice little village of Acworth. All the rest that I know are struggling along, begging and pleading and hoping to do better next year. I know that it is mighty hard to keep up four or five churches in a little town and pay four or five preachers. I was reading about this the other day in Scribner's Magazine—about the new church in Connecticut that has absorbed all others. They call it the Christian League, and it includes Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians and has but one creed and that is the apostle's creed. Towns that had four churches and four preachers to pay have consolidated into one, and everybody goes there and helps to build it up. This movement began in New Albion, three years ago, a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and has spread all over the State until, as the article said, every town in the State has followed suit. This is a new departure sure enough, and if it is all true is the biggest thing I have read about in a long time. I heard an old man say the other day that church money was the hardest money in the world to raise, and he was in favor of changing the constitution of the United States and have the government to pay the preachers, like they do in England, 'For,' says he 'it gets no better, but worse; and if it wasn't for the women the preachers would perish to death.' He told me about a member who got mad with another member and wanted him turned out of the church, and because they wouldent do it he qut paying the preacher. Jesso. Anything for an excuse. Well, you see the preachers can't talk for themselves, and they don't talk, and have long since learned how to suffer and be strong.

The trouble with churches is pretty much the same that it is in any other corporation. The members are all stockholders with the individual liability clause struck out of the character and no man owes the debt They feel like somebody else owes it and are not doing their share of the paying, and I reckon that's so, too. But after all, the big trouble is poverty. The preachers ought to be all rich and the people, too, and then maybe everybody would be happy. Maybe they would—maybe. But whether we would or not, most everybody is willing to try it awhile and see.

Qualities of a Soldier.

[illegible] military chieftain, was asked by an American correspondent:

"What do you think are the most essential qualities of a soldier and an army." He replied:

"*Esprite de corps* and pride. A soldier should be proud of his profession, and he should have the greatest interest and feeling for his individual command. He should be dressed well. Even should he incline toward dandyism that should be encouraged. The better you dress a soldier the more highly he will be thought of by women and consequently by himself. The Duke of Wellington said of his officers in Spain that many of the best of them were the greatest dandies. Men in the campaigns of the past used to pride themselves in being slovenly. To be unshaven and dirty was supposed to be the sign of a good officer. The spirit runs like wildfire amongst an army. Whatever the officers think fine the men will think so, too. It is very difficult to make an Englishman at any time look like a soldier. He is fond of longish hair and uncut whiskers. In the field no person should wear his hair over half an inch in length. It should never be long enough to part. No man can have smart bearing who can part his hair. Hair is the glory of a woman but the shame of a man."

Carries His Shinbone in His Pocket.

"Did you know I was a pensioner?" said Mr. Sam Arnold, of the Collector's office. "I draw $14 per month from the government. I was shot on June 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. My shinbone was almost carried away and I was taken prisoner. The wound did not heal until the other day. Mark Belt, you know him, won the drinks for a big crowd over at the Planters' one day by betting that he could produce a man who carried his shinbone in his pocket. I was the man. I had about six inches of the bone and carried it as a prevention of rheumatism or something of the kind.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch*

Women are such queer creatures that no man can understand them. Indeed, it has been generally conceded that the only way to find a woman out is to call when she is not in.

The papers very kindly tell the poor man how to make a nourishing soup out of a small piece of meat. If they would only tell him how to get the meat his wife would be much more obliged.

"Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" Julia—"I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" Julia—"She said, if you came to see her, that she'd gone till doomsday."

Men who have money to loan take the greatest possible interest in their business.

P. S.—You will find all kinds of Eatables and Drinkables at Durisoe & Co's. Drug Store. "And don't you forget it."

F. A. BRAHE,

702 Broad Street, Cor. McIntosh.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY.

STERLING SILVER WARE,

REED & BARTON'S

Celebrated TRIPLE-PLATED WARE.

CLOCKS, BRONZES & FINE FANCY GOODS

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 27, 1880. 1y51

Notice to All!

WE are now located at our NEW STORE, with **Double the** [illegible] we have ever had before, and with **Twice the stock we** [illegible] **ever had.** Our fast increasing trade has compelled us to go [illegible] pense of having an **Elegant Illustrated Catalogue** which will be out in about ten days. WRITE FOR ONE.

☞ We still defy competition, and Lead in Low Prices and Goo[illegible]

J. L. BOWLES & CO.

Oct. 18, 1882.-6m] 839 & 841 Broad St., AUGUSTA, GA.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

SILVER and PLATED WARE, CLOCKS, &c.

I have received and am receiving daily, the finest line of the above goods ever brought to this city, at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. Agent for the BRAZILIAN SPECTACLE. WATCHES and CLOCKS repaired and warranted.

WM. SCHWEIGERT.

Oct. 18, '82.—1y] 732 Broad St., Under Central Hotel, Augusta.

GEORGE R. LOMBARD & CO.,

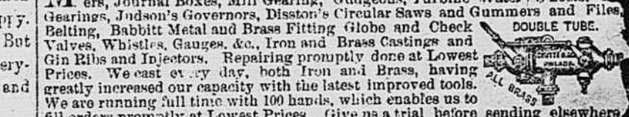
Foundry, Machine and Boiler Works,

Above Passenger Depot, Near the Water Tower,

AUGUSTA, GA.

SAW MILLS, GRIST MILLS, CANE MILLS, PLANTATI[illegible]

MACHINERY, Engines and Boilers, Cotton Screws, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Journal Boxes, Mill Gearing, Gudgeons, Turbine Water Wheels, Gearings, Judson's Governors, Disston's Circular Saws and Gummers and Files, Belting, Babbitt Metal and Brass Fitting Globe and Check Valves, Whistles, Gauges, &c., Iron and Brass Castings and Gin Ribs and Injectors. Repairing promptly done at Lowest Prices. We cast every day, both Iron and Brass, having greatly increased our capacity with the latest improved tools. We are running full time with 100 hands, which enables us to fill orders promptly at Lowest Prices. Give us a trial before sending elsewhere. Agents for Georgia and South Carolina for



KORTING'S UNIVERSAL INJECTORS,

[illegible] Works with one lever. Will work [illegible] you buy any other. [illegible] are better than [illegible]

Augusta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1883.

MACHINERY DEPOT!

W. J. Pollard,

731, 734 and 736 Reynolds Street, Augusta, Ga.

On hand and to arrive, the largest stock of Machinery, Belting, Steam fittings, &c., of any house in the South, consisting in part of the following:

100 SMITH COTTON PRESSES.
100 POLLARD'S CHAMPION COTTON GINS, with Feeders and Condensers
100 FAIRBANK'S STANDARD SCALES, all sizes and patterns.
20 TALBOTT & SON'S ENGINES, 5 H. P. upward.
20 WATERTOWN ENGINES, from 4 H. P. upward.
20 C. & G. COOPER & CO'S ENGINES, from 6 H. P. upward.
25 J. W. CARDWELL & CO'S GRAIN SEPARATOR, all sizes.
25 B. GILL & SON'S "PEERLESS" GRAIN SEPARATORS, all sizes.
50 "ACME" CLOD CRUSHERS and PULVERIZERS, the Lightest and Most Thorough Pulverizers Ever Used.
50 RAWSON REATERS—Single.
25 JOHNSTON HARVESTER CO. REAPERS—Single.
10 JOHNSTON HARVESTER CO. REAPERS and MOWERS, Combined.
10 JOHNSTON HARVESTER CO. REAPERS and BINDERS, Combined.
10 HUBBARD GLEANERS and BINDERS (Independent); will take up the grain and bind it at any time after it is cut.
10 EMERSON, TALCOTT & CO'S REAPERS
20 EMERSON, TALCOTT & CO'S STANDARD MOWERS—New MANNY.
20 JOHNSTON HARVESTER CO. MOWERS.
20 RAWSON MOWERS.

Also, large stock of
EXTRA HEAVY RUBBER and LEATHER BELTING.
LACE LEATHER, BELT HOOKS and RIVETS.
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