

# Anderson Intelligencer.

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An underlying rule is to require Five Dollars in advance for the announcement of every candidate for office.

*From the Rural Carolinian for February.*

**George Augustus Again.**  
 Somebody wants to know how George Augustus is behaving now! Well, he is just going on in the same old track; certainly not any better, and he is getting a distressingly stout. It is so aggravating! I really do not think the condition of our family affairs warrants George Augustus getting so stout! But nothing stops him. If ever I see the slightest chance, as I think there is not the slightest chance, as I think George Augustus will live to be a hundred, but if I ever do, I am not going to marry for "better or worse." It shall only be for "worse." I'll be married by the Methodist minister, and I'll make him leave out the "worse" part. The "worse" would be too much for me.

George Augustus has been very much exercised lately about the panic, banks breaking, etc. He expounds to me twice a day his ideas on the subject, and just before dinner becomes gloomy, and prophesies such terrible evils to the country, that it quite takes away my appetite. Every time I go down town, I see George Augustus at the corners of the streets, talking with two or three others about "the bank." At least, he says it's about the bank. I doubt it myself. I think it is gossip. Men are just as fond of gossip as they say women are, only they are more quiet about it; and you may be sure, when you see a knot of them talking at a street corner, somebody or something is being pulled to pieces. I really don't see why he should be exercised about the bank. He's got no money in it, that I know of; in that, or in anything else, more's the pity. It would be some comfort to think that one did once have money, if you haven't it now. I believe in that, old verse with a slight alteration:

It is better to have had and lost,  
 Than never to have had at all.

It doesn't worry me at all, the banks breaking. I have got my winter's worth of news. George Augustus has had a client at last. Such a thing has never happened before in the annals of our household. I tell you, we made much of that client. We invited him to dinner, we petted him, we did everything that man could do.

I think George Augustus would even have sung on the guitar for him, but I discouraged the idea; I feared for the result. George Augustus gained the cause. He tried to explain it to me, that the case really was something of other about some money. I gave him my ideas. I said: "George Augustus, if I were the Judge, I should commit both your client and yourself to the penitentiary! Him for doing wrong, and you for defending him!"

George Augustus put on a very dignified air, and said: "My dear woman, know nothing at all about business." With which magnificent reply, he stalked grandly away, having quashed me, as he probably thought. Right or wrong, however, that client was a great blessing to us, for we have been living off his case ever since. I am beginning to look with anxious eyes for another now. If he don't come soon, I don't know what we'll do. You needn't be surprised some day to see George Augustus and myself preambulating the streets with a grind organ and monkey, for I expect to come to it.

I have a great mind to put George Augustus in the kitchen, and turn lawyer myself. I am sure it would be easier than cooking. Rebekah, in the Bible, said she was weary of her life, because of the daughters of Beth I'm weary of mine, because of the daughters of Ham! I can't get any to cook for me. My cook has stopped because she needed "change of air." I said to George Augustus that when I needed change of air, I walked down town; but when my cook needed change of air, she took a trip off somewhere. He smiled grimly, and said it was a "dog-gone" state of things. Please, Mr. Editor, what does that mean? It is a favorite word of George Augustus. Please, if its anything wrong, scratch it out; you know, I don't know!

Well, I joined the Grange the other day. It is very nice and jolly. I believe that we shall begin to live at last. I thought we shall ever yet save the country. They taught me ever so many signs, and passwords, and hand-grips, but I give you my word, I don't remember one of 'em to-day. I was elected Pomo—Oh! I forgot, I ought not to tell anything about it! I'm afraid I said a good many things, for every now and then, when I am talking, George Augustus looks at me with an awful frown, and says, "Cornelia!" Then I know I've told some solemn secret that I'd sworn never to reveal. George Augustus made a very interesting and able speech the day I joined, on the Uses of Agriculture. I felt so proud to think that was my husband speaking; but I thought it a curious coincidence that after I came home, I was looking over an agricultural journal, and I come across an article which had all of George Augustus' ideas, almost to the very words. The question that has puzzled me since then is this: "Did that journal get its ideas from George Augustus' speech? or did George Augustus get his ideas from that journal?"

There was one thing that affected me almost to tears; for it showed me how dauntless is the spirit of our Southern men, notwithstanding all their cares and troubles. It was the way in which they—George Augustus leading the van—attacked the Grange dinner! I may say there was hardly a bone left. It is beautiful to see such ardor in anything.

We—not George Augustus and I—but the Grange, are going to buy the State Fair. When we get it, it will be better than this last one, for, between the refusal to let us ladies have our innocent little bazaar and the predominant of the horse racing element, I'm not going to send anything more to the fair. I'm going to have *nothing* given me as a premium. What on earth do I want with them? George Augustus is also much disgusted, for he sent chickens to exhibit, and they gave him a serviette ring! Never mind, "we are going to change all that."

George Augustus has been going down so of-

ten to the "Lodge" lately on important business. I think those Lodge men must be a liberal, public-spirited people; for during the epidemic at Memphis and Shreveport they held almost nightly meetings to "devise means of aiding the sufferers." I should think they must have almost impoverished themselves. George Augustus used to come home in such high "spirits," too, singing "We won't go home 'till morning," etc.

Heard, I don't intend to let him go anywhere unless I go with him.  
 CORNELIA BLIMBER.

## A Story of the War.

A singular circumstance was related in our hearing a few days ago, which, at the risk of marring we shall endeavor to repeat: James H. Franklin, of Selma, a noble and gallant young Englishman, was, during the war, a sergeant in the "Governor's Guards"—a company of the Fourth Alabama Regiment. At the first battle of Manassas, Franklin, who was barefooted, fell behind his own command and joined a South Carolina regiment which was just about going into action. He inquired the name of the company to which he found himself temporarily attached, and was surprised to find it, too, was called the "Governor's Guards."

A few moments later the clash of conflict came, and Franklin, always cool and collected, singled out an officer whom he saw in his front and fired upon him. The officer fell, but in falling he was observed to throw away a letter, which, when the enemy fled a few moments later, Franklin put himself at some trouble to recover. He found it to be a letter from a young lady, and, in the generosity of his heart, sent it to his brother-in-law at Mobile, to be returned to the writer. Now this letter contained one or two rather broad allusions, and the brother-in-law on reading it determined to show it to the editor of the Mobile Register, who took a copy, published it, commented quite freely on the indecency manifested by the lady in writing such things to a young gentleman. This copy of the Register found its way to the home of the lady where the local journals republished both letter and comments.

When Franklin passed over the body of the officer he appeared to be in the throes of death. He was lying on his face, the blood gushing from his mouth, and each short, convulsive gasp, to which his frame quivered, appeared to be his last. His arms were extended—his form apparently limp and lifeless—his whole appearance indicating a speedy dissolution. With a sigh of regret, Franklin passed on; and all through the rest of the war the memory of that bleeding officer haunted his imagination. It was the only man of all the legions he had faced whom he knew that he had killed.

In this letter to his brother-in-law he mentioned the fact that he had killed this officer, and the Mobile Register, in its comments on the lady's letter, stated the same fact. The war was over to a close. Peace came, and Franklin returned to the city of Selma, where he is still located. A year ago or more a friend of his who had been to New Orleans called upon him at his place of business, and delivered Franklin a card, which he said, was sent to him by a friend in New Orleans. Franklin looked at the card, but without being enabled to recall any acquaintance with the individual whose name it bore. Turning it curiously and scrutinizing over, his cheeks blanched and his heart sunk as he read the following:

"The man whom you killed at the first battle of Manassas invites you to discuss the matter over a bottle of champagne, should you ever visit New Orleans."  
 So his only known victim was no victim after all; and a great weight was lifted from his mind. In the course of the conversation that ensued he learned that his friend had met the former officer in New Orleans, who finding that he was from Selma, inquired after Franklin with the result already known. The officer stated that he was carried to a Confederate hospital and so skillfully treated that he recovered. "But you may tell Franklin," said he, "that he ruined my prospects with the lady in question, because after that publication she would have nothing to do with me. Besides, I was, and am, a cripple from his wound, and even now feel it in my lungs whenever I cough." The singular feature of this incident is that one so long accounted dead, should, of all others, be the only man in the country to send his foe an invitation so very decidedly unghost-like.—*Montgomery Advertiser and Mail.*

## Josh Billings' Spice-Blox.

Most every one loves to listen to a slander, but there aint but phew but what dispise the author uv it.

What a heartless world this would be if there was no tears in it.  
 Wize men are never surprized, while phools are always wondering at every thing that happens.

I meet a great many men who talk iz, like a bunch of fire crackers when they are first touched oph, full of pop for a few minutes, and then all is over.

Without munny, without friends, and without impudence, iz about az low down in this world az enemy man kan get and keep virtuous.

Beware of the man who iz always redly to swoop old friends for new ones.  
 The dog that will phollow everybody, aint worth a kuss.

When I pla whist I allus like a phool for a partner, for they do hold sutch good hands. It iz az nothing that a man iz so certain of az he iz az what he sees, and yet there iz nothing of what that deceaves him ofter.

I have had people set down bi mi side, and kindfonally undertake to explain sun thing to me ov orate importance, and after talking 34 minutes bi the watch, I not only didnt know what they had been trying to tell, but had forgot a good deal that I knew before.

There iz but little that iz new under the sun, and what iz aint good for nuch.

## Agricultural Industry.

We are liable at times to overlook the obvious truth that the germ of all the wealth and grandeur and power we see around us is to be found in the simple flat of Amniodotes, that man should till the ground from whence he was taken, and that all our marvelous civilization depends directly upon agricultural industry for its perpetuity as well as its further development.

Yet such is the fact. It lies at the foundation of social order, and it forms the basis of every profitable pursuit that can possibly engage the energies of mankind. Without it, not a solitary association, known to civilized society could be pursued for a single day. To have a clear conception of this important truth, you have simply to reflect that perhaps nine-tenths of all the vast variety of materials upon which the manufacturer exercises his craft are directly or indirectly the products of agricultural labor, and that almost the sole office of commerce consists in the dissemination of those products, either in their natural state, or as modified by the skill of the manufacturer; while both the artisan and the merchant, as well as all other classes of society, are immediately dependent upon the labor of the husbandman for the very means of sustaining life itself. Or, if you would realize still more fully the paramount importance of this great branch of industry over all other human pursuits, you have only to imagine, if you can, what would be the inevitable result of a total suspension of all agricultural production whatever. Let all the cotton crop, the wool, the flax, the hemp, the corn, the wheat, and the thousand of other commodities of prime necessity, to say nothing of the innumerable luxuries that are produced alone by the cultivation of the earth, be entirely withdrawn from use; and what then would be the condition of our race? Let every body of every class be remitted to the necessity of depending upon the spontaneous bounty of nature, or the precarious fortunes of the chase and the fishery, for even the commonest necessities of life, and what would be the fate of all our boasted civilization? The din of the factory would be hushed, the spindle would cease its perpetual whirr, and the roaring furnace would be silent. The wheels of the engine would rest on their idle axles, and the ship rot sailorless in the useless docks. The bat would flit through the silent halls of legislation, and the fox make his den in the deserted forum. The owl would perch upon the broken printing press, and the serpent coil beneath the mouldering altar-piece of the crumbling cathedral. The rank weed would flourish in the thoroughfare of the depopulated city, and the blissful precincts of Long Branch become a melancholy realization of the poet's mournful picture of the desolation of Balaclava. Society itself would disintegrate and topple into ruin. The President would abandon his "cottage by the sea," the Senator would leave his ponderous speech list written, the Judge would cast aside the ermine, the banker would quit his balance sheet, the lawyer would desert his office, the doctor would "throw physic to the dogs," and the clergyman rush from the sacred desk, all to mingle in the universal strife for the commonest morsel of food that could alleviate the pangs of hunger.

And finally, the remnant that might escape the terrible ravage of universal famine, or the more horrible exactions of cannibalism, would sink to a level with the naked Bushman of Africa, who is looked down upon with contempt by his more intelligent neighbors—the gorilla and the baboon. Then you would see the "belle of the season" who toils through the intricate mazes of the dance, with a first-rate farm on her back and a valuable horse and lot hung to each ear, catching grasshoppers for her dinner, or embroidering a pair of rawhide moccasins for her favorite suitor. While the "class of fashion and the mould of form," who corks his number-six hat on one side of his exquisite head, and contemplates the propriety of his neck-tie, or the set of his back hair in a thousand-dollar looking-glass, would realize in its fullest extent the brief but peremptory mandate of necessity, "root, little hog, or die."—*Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky.*

## Old Virginia Courtesy.

We once heard of an old Virginia gentleman, who the Greenbrier Independent, who had so much State pride, and, at the same time, so much courtesy, that he made it a rule never to ask a stranger there he was born for fear that he would be put to the mortification of acknowledging that he was not born in Virginia. But one of the best anecdotes of old Virginia is by John Rollin, who was, at one time, a clown in John Robinson's show. Rollin was celebrated for his ready wit and quick repartee, and in answer to a question whether he was ever at a loss, when in the ring, to reply to any remark made by a spectator, said: "Never but once, and that was when our company was exhibiting at Warrenton, in Farquar county. It was part of the role to play the drunken man. I came into the ring as usual, in full clown costume, with a bottle of whisky in my hand, and while acting the various characters of intoxication, I noticed an old fellow standing near the rope which enclosed the ring, occasionally winking and nodding at me, as much as to say, 'if convenient, please pass that bottle around this way.' His greasy black cloth suit, high crown hat slightly mashed in, gold-headed cane and red nose told who he was. He had evidently seen better days, but was a fine illustration of a broken down Virginia gentleman, whose decline could be traced to an o'er fondness of looking upon the wine when it is red. Passing around the ring, I stopped immediately in front of the old fellow, and extending the bottle asked him to drink. With one hand he took the big cud of tobacco from his mouth, throwing it on the ground, his looks exhibiting his desire for a strong pull at the bottle, while his smiling countenance plainly told the intense satisfaction he enjoyed in anticipation of so soon satisfying his appetite, when, just as he reached to take the bottle, I suddenly jerked it back, and placing my thumb to my nose, wiggled my fingers at him. The old fellow threw himself back on his dignity with an air of offended pride, straightened himself up, and in a tone of anger, mingled with mortification, said: 'Sir, as an old Virginia gentleman, I'm only proposing taking a drink with you through courtesy, and not that I wanted your whiskey, you infernal spotted-coated son of a gun.' I was so taken back by the old Virginian's language and manner, and the yells of laughter from the spectators which followed, that I didn't do any more good that day. After making two or three vain efforts to proceed with my part of the performance, I withdrew, completely vanquished by old Virginia courtesy."

## THE LADY GRANGES ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

—There is one good feature about the Grange movement—it utilizes woman's capabilities for usefulness. Give them a chance to be "useful as well as ornamental," and they will not need the ballot to enforce any political dogmas. In the late meeting of the State Grange at Atlanta they took part—they became enthusiastic in the objects of the Order—and Mrs. T. J. Smith put this good inspiration into living hope, as follows:

Whereas the depressed condition of the planting interest of Georgia calls for a radical change in our expenditures as wives and daughters of Farmers; therefore, that the sisters of the State Grange, being in sympathy with our husbands, do, for the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four, pledge ourselves to buy nothing for our own use except cotton goods, and that we will use our influence in making calicoes the leading dress among the sisters of the subordinate Granges of Georgia.

Here is the spirit (says the *Constitutionalist*) that should animate every wife and daughter. Help the husband and father bear his burden now, and when better times come he will not be unmindful of them who bore the "heat and burden" of a season of extra labor and self-denial.

A WORLD OF MIRACLES.—A Kentucky correspondent tells the following story of the Rev. Green Clay Smith, formerly a general in the national army, a member of Congress, and now an excellent and active Baptist minister. The Concord churches are mostly in "sweet Owen," where everybody is born a Baptist and a "rebel," so-called. Among the visiting ministers was Brother Smith, who was appointed to preach at the stand. Among his auditors was a one-eyed, staunch adherent of the "lost cause," who became exceedingly interested in the earnest discourse to which he was listening. At its close he walked up to the preacher, and eyeing him very leisurely from head to foot, the following conversation ensued:

"They tell me you were a Yankee general—eh?"  
 "Yes, sir, I was."  
 "And a member of the Yankee Congress?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Now converted?"  
 "I hope so."  
 "And a preacher?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, well!" exclaimed the astonished Owenite, lifting up his hands in his amazement, "I declare, the days of miracles aint past yet!"

Hon. John Lee Carroll, upon his election as President of the Maryland Senate, made a very short speech in which he indicated to the members of that body who agree with him in politics, the only means by which political parties can just now make their political capital. He said: "If we would retain the confidence of our friends throughout the State, as legislators for the public good, the bitterness of the conflict we have passed will find no place among our counsels. We will adhere as closely as ever to those doctrines which we think essential to the welfare of our country, but let no party discipline for party purposes be found upon the record of our legislation." This is, even from the politician's point of view, a clearly sagacious piece of advice. The ordinary kind of patriot who runs for the Legislature has not been very prompt to learn this. Perhaps the voters will learn it first, and send to their Legislatures more men like Mr. Carroll, and fewer of the kind with which we are more familiar.

A Pennsylvania manufacturing establishment was being discharging men for telling falsehoods. This plan, if generally carried out, would be apt to paralyze the industry of the country.

## Attention to Business.

The following is the latest by Burdette, the truthful chronicler of the Peoria Review:

The human heart, in all its all-expansive, limitless capacity for enjoyment, takes greater pleasure in nothing more than witnessing a poorly, solemn-visaged man, the embodiment of natural dignity, importance in clothes, administer a scathing rebuke to some "smart" petty official. This morning just such a personification of innate dignity loomed up at the stamp window of the post-office, and glared in gloomy and majestic displeasure at the busy clerk registering a letter before he sprang to the window and asked the stately customer what he wished. The gentleman did not answer for several moments. He gazed steadily and impressively over the clerk's head, and then asked in ponderous tones:

"Is there any one here-r-r-ee—who attends to business?"  
 The embarrassed clerk blushed, faltered for a moment, then recovering himself, said with characteristic and natural cheerfulness becoming an official of the republic:  
 "I will see, sir."  
 And he disappeared. He went into the other departments, tortured a carrier with an original conundrum and heard a good story in the mailing room, and came back.

"Yes, sir," he said to the great one; "there are, in addition to myself, three clerks in the letter department, one in the mailing room, four carriers, three route agents, the mail driver and janitor."  
 "Ah-h-h! I am glad there are so many. I may in all that number find one who is at his post."  
 And then he looked as impressive as a special agent, and was silent for three minutes, while the impassive clerk awaited his orders and the impatient man behind him fidgeted and grumbled. Finally the great man said, with deep solemnity:

"I wish one three-cent stamp."  
 The clerk tore off the stamp and held it, waiting for the consideration. The great man made a pause somewhat longer than usual, he felt in his various vest pockets, he gradually lost his look of impressive rebuke, his chest caved in and he assumed the aspect of an ordinary frail mortal.  
 "Ah—the fact is—I'm sure—ab—in short, I find that I have carelessly left my purse at home—can you kindly—"  
 The impressive clerk, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his eye, waved the great man aside with—

"Sorry for you, sir, but the clerk who sells on credit is not in. What does the next man want?"

## REPAIRING OF WATCHES, JEWELRY AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Done in a workmanlike manner, and warranted, at prices to suit the times, by  
 F. C. v. BORSTEL,  
 Practical Watchmaker.  
 Dec 4, 1873

## REPAIRING Watches, Clocks and Jewelry A SPECIALITY.

PERSONALLY ATTENDED TO BY  
 J. A. DANIELS,  
 Dec 13, 1873

## NEW FIRM. NEW BUSINESS!

For ANDERSON, though she has long since merited it—yes, more.  
 THE undersigned have this day entered into partnership in the name of WATSON & SON, for the express purpose of conducting a  
 General Commission Business.  
 We tender our sincere thanks to our friends and a generous public for liberal patronage the past seventeen years, and we do hope to act in such a way, in this our new business, as to merit a continuance of the same.  
 Liberal advancements made on everything consigned us on sale.  
 Office with Lewis & Co No. 9 Granite Row, Anderson, S. C.  
 JOHN B. WATSON,  
 L. REED WATSON.  
 March 4, 1873

## White & Featherston, DEALERS IN MARBLE, HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A GOOD Assortment of TOMB STONES, BEST OF STYLE.

MARBLE YARD UNDER TOLLY'S FURNITURE STORE,  
 Anderson, S. C.  
 August 14, 1873

## PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.

Absolutely safe. Perfectly odorless. Always uniform. Illuminating qualities superior to gas. Burns in any lamp without danger of exploding or taking fire. Manufactured expressly to retail by the trade generally, and at wholesale its safety under every possible test, and its perfect burning qualities, are proved by its continued use in over 300,000 families.  
 Millions of gallons have been sold and no accident—directly or indirectly—has ever occurred from burning, storing or handling it.  
 The Insurance Companies and Fire Commissioners throughout the country recommend the ASTRAL as the best safeguard when lamps are used. Send for circular. For sale at retail by the trade generally, and at wholesale by the proprietors, CHAS. PRATT & CO., 108 Fulton Street, New York.  
 Dec 11, 1873

## Dr. W. G. Browne, DENTIST.

Anderson C. H., S. C.  
 Sept 25, 1873

## Farmers, Read This!

## BLACK'S Improved Fertilizer!

WE invite the attention of Farmers to the cheapness and excellence of Black's IMPROVED FERTILIZER. It can be made on the farm, by any sensible man, at a cost of \$10 PER TON, and we warrant it to give satisfaction. It will mature a crop as early as the best Guano, which is so expensive that the farmer frequently has nothing left after paying for it. The certificates given us by those who have used it warrant us in presenting it to the public, not as an untried experiment, but as a FIRST-CLASS FERTILIZER, as witness the following:

*Certificate of Dr. W. C. Brown, of Dalton.*  
 I hereby certify that I used six tons of Black's Improved Fertilizer this year. I find it to be an excellent and cheap Fertilizer, and would advise all my friends to give it a trial, and think they will not regret it. I expect to use about fifteen tons of it next year.  
 W. C. BROWN.  
 Dec. 19, 1873.

*Certificate of Col. John Martin, of Anderson Co.*  
 I take pleasure in saying that I have made and used Black's Improved Fertilizer on my corn and cotton this year. The corn grew off as fast as any I ever had. My cotton was fine. I used Etivan Guano in the same field, and the cotton matured with Black's Improved Fertilizer was fully equal in every respect to that matured with the Etivan. The cotton matured with the Fertilizer opened sooner than the other. Some of my neighbors examined my crop, and said the Fertilizer beats the Guano but I am sure it was fully equal.  
 JOHN MARTIN.  
 Storeville, S. C., Dec. 18, 1873.

See our Agents, or address us by letter or in person.  
 BLACK'S IMPROVED FERTILIZER CO.,  
 Dec 25, 1873

## NEW ARRIVALS. JEWELRY

In its various designs, styles and patterns.  
 IN fact, a GENERAL ASSORTMENT in my line of business just received, which will be sold CHEAPER than such goods were EVER SOLD BEFORE in this Market.  
 Call on  
 F. C. v. BORSTEL.

## REPAIRING OF WATCHES, JEWELRY AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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 JOHN B. WATSON,  
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 Dec 11, 1873



Agent, Anderson, S. C.

Double Hardware and Supply Millinery, Blacking, Nails, Rail, Putty, Wire Goods, Sinks and Marble Mantels, Floor and Ceiling, Blinds, White Pine, Walnut, Pine, Wood, etc. All Work Warranted. LOWEST PRICES. Send for Price List. L. H. HALL & CO. Manufacturers & Dealers. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, Market Street. 225, East Bay. CHARLESTON, S. C.

This Cut entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by L. H. HALL & CO., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. June 26, 1873

## MULES AND HORSES.



CUNNINGHAM & GAILLARD, BEG to inform the public that they have just received a strictly FIRST CLASS lot of EXTRA NO. 1 Mules and Horses, And would be very happy to see our patrons and friends. We are bound to sell, and WILL SELL CHEAP! Also, Single and Double BUGGIES, Saddle and Harness HORSES for hire. CUNNINGHAM & GAILLARD, Anderson Livery and Sale Stable. Oct 16, 1873

## HENRY BISCHOFF & CO., Wholesale Grocers, AND DEALERS IN CAROLINA RICE, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., &c., &c.

197 and 199 East Bay Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.  
 Sole Agents for South Carolina for the Sale of  
 OLD VALLEY WHISKEY.  
 August 28, 1873

## Dr. January and Cancer!

THE celebrity of the JANUARY INFIRMARY, established in Murphreesboro, Tenn., in 1848, established the above name with the treatment of Cancer until they became synonymous, both passed away with the war. But great discoveries, like truths, live forever. Dr. J. O. JANUARY, inheriting his father's talents, and improving on his experience, has achieved a success in advance of their former history, owing to his increased patronage he has permanently located in St. Louis; the numerous letters he is receiving, and large arrival of patients, justify his move to this central point. We would advise all afflicted with Cancer, Scrofula, Fistula, Piles, &c., to apply to him as he possesses perfect control of those diseases, without pain or the knife. Address, JANUARY & MADISON, 715 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo. July 10, 1873

## GOLDSMITH & KIND, FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

MANUFACTURERS of Steam Engines, of all sizes: Horse Powers, Circular and Mule Saw Mills, Flour Mills, Grist and Sugar Cane Mills, Ornamental House and Store Fronts, Cast Iron Railings of every sort, including graveyards, residences, &c. Agricultural Implements, Brass and Iron Castings of all kinds made to order on short notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also, manufacturers of Cotton Presses, &c. May 18, 1871

## COOKING and Heating Stoves at Retail. Pictures of each, with full descriptions, as well as prices and lists of furniture for Cook Stoves, will be promptly sent on application.

## WILLIAM SHEPHERD & CO., Charleston, S. C.

## FOR SALE. A VALUABLE FARM!

TWO-THIRDS of which lies within the corporate limits of the Town of Anderson, containing 100 acres, of which 20 acres are good bottom, 12 acres in the woods, and the balance good cotton and wheat land. On the premises are a new dwelling-house, outbuildings, etc. Barley, Rye and Wheat have been sowed on the place this Fall, and a portion of it rented to a good tenant as desired, the tract will be divided, and from sixty to eighty acres sold off. Terms—One-third Cash, and the balance in one and two years. For further particulars, apply at this Office. Dec 2, 1873

## DR. M. C. PARK