Famous Goat Island Duel.

In the Savannah River, some eight or ten miles above Augusta, was fifty or sixty years ago, a large and dreary sand bank, known as Goat Island—covered with drifting and shifting dunes—the home of the crane, the king fisher and the heron. Precisely fifty-six years ago, one of the most noted duels that ever illustrated the code of honor took place on Goat Island—a sort of neutral ground amenable, perhaps, neither to the laws of Georgia or South Carolina. The principals and seconds in this duel, save one, were all Edgefield men of high descent, and of the cavalier class, who believed in and practiced the code duello.

The principals were two handsome and brilliant young lawyers, Louis T. Wigfall, aged 23 years, and Preston S. Brooks, aged 22. The causus belli in this famous duel grew out of political strifes and ambitions. Wigfall's second was John Laurens Manning, of Sumter County, S. C. Brooks' second was Pierce Mason Butler, of Edgefield. All these four men became famous characters in the history of their State—indeed in the history of the South as is abundantly proved by the chronicles and encyclopaedias that have been written or amended since.

In the very earliest hour of the dim, gray dawn of a fall morning of the year 1841—to avoid notice and perhaps arrest—two close carriages are driven out of Augusta. They leave the door of the late Thomas Barrett, Esq., who is himself an occupant of one of the carriages. These two coaches convey Wigfall, Manning, Barrett, a physician and three colored men servants to the vicinity of Goat Island. Brooks and Butler, with their physician and servants, come from the Edgefield side, accompanied by the late Major Andrew Hammond, of New Richmond.

The duel took place at 5.30 o'clock in the afternoon. The actors in the bloody drama were taken from either shore to the island in one of the long pole boats of that day. Two shots were exchanged. The result of the second shot was the wounding of Wigfall through both thighs, and the whizzing of a bullet into Brooks' hip, the bullet ranging round into his back and lodging there. Both men were painfully and very seriously wounded. Both sank to the ground, and soon became almost unconscious from loss of blood.

And now comes the dramatic and somewhat weird part of my story. Both wounds having been temporarily dressed, both men were lifted tenderly into the pole boat, and, lying almost side by side, were rowed down the night-manteled stream to the city. In this boat with the wounded men were the seconds, Mr. Barrett, Major Hammond, the physicians and five negro men. Imagine this funeral barge, illuminated by lightwood torches, sometimes flaring bright, sometimes burning blue, as it glided down the broad, still river in the blackness of darkness, bearing in its bosom two noble, brave and bleeding boys, whose immortal souls, before the journey's end, might be called to stand before their God.

Arriving at Augusta, Louis Wigfall was taken to the residence of Mr. Thomas Barrett, whose wife and mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Harriett Glasscock, were family connections of his, and there nursed back into life with tender care and motherly watchfulness. Preston Brooks was taken to Beard's Hotel in Hamburg, whence, after a few days, he was taken to his home in Edgefield.

Louis T. Wigfall married a brilliant belle of Providence, Rhode Island, and, after living in Edgefield a few years, subsequent to this duel, removed to Marshall, Texas, which State he very soon represented in the United States Senate, where he received a national reputation as an orator and statesman. The war, of course, found him devotedly and enthusiastically on the side of his native South. He became a hero in the memorable and initial seige of Fort Sumter, a brigadier general in the Confederate army, Senator from Texas in the Confederate Congress, and an intimate friend and adviser of Jefferson Davis. He died in Galveston, Texas, some ten or twelve years after the close of the war.

Preston S. Brooks married a daughter of Governor Means, of South Carolina, and continued to live in Edgefield. He became so popular among the people of Edgefield and the neighboring "districts" that they sent him to represent them in Congress. Previous to this, however, he had led Company D, of the Palmetto regiment, throughout the Mexican war, and had reached the highest rank as a wise and brave soldier. While he was a member of the lower House of Congress, his cousin, Judge Andrew Pickens Butler, was South Carolina's Senator. In the Senate about this time—it is a matter of national history—the famous Massachusetts Senator, Charles Sumner, made a speech, reflecting in an insulting manner upon Senator Butler, who was a man many years his senior. This insult to his venerable kinsman so aroused the ire of the fiery Brooks that he publicly caned Sumner in the Senate chamber. The matter became almost a national issue, and aroused in the Northern mind much of that hatred of the South that led to the war. Preston S. Brooks, in his third term as Congressman, died in Washington in 1857.

Pierce M. Butler became Governor of South Carolina, then United States Commissioner to the Indians and subsequently the devoted and illustrious leader of the renowned Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war. He fell at the head of his regiment, with a bullet through his brain, at the memorable seige of Churubusco.

John Laurens Manning married an aunt of the present Gen. Wade Hampton. He was at the time the wealthiest and the handsomest man in South Carolina. He became Governor of his State, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and proved himself throughout all his years a hero and a patriot of the highest type. He died eight or ten years ago.

There are old men and women in Augusta to-day who remember this famous duel. It took place long before I was born, but inasmuch as Louis T. Wigfall was my uncle, it has become a startling and never-to-be-forgotten chapter of family history—one to be handed down from generation to generation.—*Mrs. Kate Wigfall Cheatham in Augusta Herald.*

A Physiology Examination.

The following remarkable physiological statement occurred in the examination papers of a student in a western school not long since: "The human body is divided into three parts—the head, the chest and the stomach. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y."

— "They have discovered a lake up in Alaska that is teeming with fish." "Eh? I thought they did all their teaming with dogs."

— "Is your baby intelligent?" "Intelligent! Why, if she wasn't she'd never be able to understand the language my wife talks to her.

— Wife—"John, there's a burglar in the house!" John (fervently)—"Thank goodness he is not out in the woodshed—my wheel is out."

— "My Freddie rode like lightning the first time he got on a wheel." "You are fibbing!" "Not a bit. Doesn't lightning go in a zig-zag?"

— "Well, well," said the old friend, "how did you ever come to join the Salvation Army?" "It was the only way," the young man admitted, "that I could get the public to submit to my cornet playing."

There is no need of little children being tortured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently. Evans Pharmacy.

— Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John! Husband—Yes; he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake!

You can't cure consumption but you can avoid it and cure every other form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Evans Pharmacy.

— Mrs. M. C. Linn of Galacio, Rush county, Kansas, gave birth recently to three boys, whom she named after Bryan, Leedy and Simpson. Jerry sent a silver dollar to his boy to cut his teeth on.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure billousness, constipation, sick headache. Evans Pharmacy.

— "Henry, do you believe in the universal brotherhood of man?" "Believe in it? I should say so; down at the sea-shore this summer I had thirty-five sisters."

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. Instant relief and a certain cure are afforded by One Minute Cough Cure. Evans Pharmacy.

— "Here's a check endorsed 'J. R. Tompkins.' Who is Tompkins, a man or woman?" "A woman, of course." "Why, of course?" "It's endorsed at the wrong end."

J. M. Thirswend, of Grosbeck, Tex., says that when he has a spell of indigestion, and feels bad and sluggish, he takes two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers at night, and he is all right the next morning. Many thousands of others do the same thing. Do you? Evans Pharmacy.

— "If I had known," sobbed young Mrs. Fitz, "that you would be such a brute to poor Fido, I would never have married you." "My dear," replied Mr. Fitz, "the anticipation of kicking that miserable little beast was one of my chief reasons for proposing to you."

WARNING—Persons who suffer from coughs and colds should heed the warnings of danger and save themselves suffering and fatal results by using One Minute Cough Cure. It is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

— After trying for half a day to ride his new bicycle, the slim-legged bookkeeper carried it up to the attic and thrust it in among the cobwebs. "I shall have to charge that machine up to profit and loss," he said, with a dismal sigh, "I never can make it balance."

J. C. Berry, one of the best known citizens of Spencer, Mo., testifies that he cured himself of the worst kind of piles by using a few boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. He had been troubled with piles for over thirty years and had used many different kinds of so-called cures; but DeWitt's was the one that did the work and he will verify this statement if any one wishes to write him. Evans Pharmacy.

Paragraphs About Men and Women.

"Reflections of a Bachelor," by P. W., is a clever and amusing collection of spicy epigrams reprinted by the J. S. Ogilvie Company by arrangement with the New York Press. There has been a good deal of guessing as to whether or no "P. W." is a married man, opinions differing widely on the subject. One critic says, "The autorship of the captivating 'Reflections of a bachelor' remains incog., but we are confident that the author is unmarried—because he knows so little." Another: '"Reflections of a Bachelor' is very clever work—because the author has been married these 40 years."

Here are a few of his "reflections:" The smallest and biggest thing in the world is the heart of a little child.

A woman knows just about as much about politics as a man does when to leave off his winter underclothes.

A bald-headed man never cares much for ghost stories.

There never was a married woman who sympathized with an old bachelor, and there never was a married man who didn't.

Culture is a woman's ability to smile naturally when a waiter spills gravy down the front of her dress at a dinner party.

You can size up a man pretty well by thinking whether he is most like a crab, a guinea pig or an oyster.

The average woman's idea of economy is never to throw away sour milk.

There is nothing as aggravating as a man with irregular habits, unless it's a woman with regular ones.

Love is a disease, and marriage is generally its best anti-toxin.

When a girl is 20, she writes love with an exclamation point; when she's 30 she uses a question mark.

If every man could see the girl he is in love with eat her dinner when nobody was watching her, there would be more old bachelors.

I wonder how the ministers know the Sunday newspapers are so bad.

Some women would rather have a hyphen in their names than a home.

St. Peter couldn't have been married; if he had been, he wouldn't have the heart to keep any married man out of heaven.

A woman never makes so many excuses to company for the looks of the house as she does just after she has spent two whole days getting it ready.

Love is like hash; you never know what you are likely to strike in it.

Women aren't the only gossips.

Women's hearts are like egg shells—a great deal tougher than they seem.

A woman will cry over a pathetic baby story, and then box her children's ears because they won't be quiet and let her read.

When all the women callers insist that his first baby is a perfect image of himself, a man sneaks up in the garret and looks in a looking-glass.

A man wears love about as long as he does a suit of clothes; a woman wears it as long as she does her hair.

A man would rather be henpecked than have a double chin.

Next to teaching a girl to play whist, a man loves best to hold the cans while his wife puts up peaches.

He who loves and runsaway will live to love another day.

It's not that the good die young, but that the young die good.

Love is always pictured with a bow and arrow and a pair of wings. The bow represents a woman's lips, the arrow is her tongue, and the wings are for him to fly away with.

Some men succeed by ability; others rely on whiskers.

A man quarrels with a woman for the sake of making up again; a woman makes up with a man for the sake of quarreling again.

When Adam heard the gate of Eden slam shut, he probably said he had always wanted to know what there was outside, anyway.

If Enoch Arden had come back and found that his wife hadn't got married, he would probably have gone to sea again.

The only people that know much they don't tell are editors and milkmen.

The difference between a journalist and a newspaper man is that one has long hair and the other a long head.

Men are like wild animals—they won't do much damage as long as they are fed at the right time.

A girl always remembers a thing by what dress she had on when it happened.

A man's words are most significant, and a woman's silences.

After his baby has once cried to come to him, a man will believe any yarn his wife tells about what it has done.

— "I want," said the excited Chicago woman to the telephone exchange, "my husband, please, at once!" "Number, please," said the polite operator. "Only the fourth, you impudent thing!" snapped back the fair telephoner, and when the operator failed to check a slightly audible smile the bell rang off viciously.

— The latest inmate of the Iowa Industrial school is a boy who is but 5 years old. He was sent there for stealing a horse and buggy, a bicycle and tricycle and for setting fire to a dwelling house.

An 1897 Boy's Story.

"Wanted—A bright boy to begin at the bottom of the ladder in my office and gradually work up by his own conscientious efforts until I can take him into partnership and marry him to my only daughter. Call at 9462 West Fourteen and a half street."

Mr. Gotrox sat in his office impatiently awaiting the answers to his ad., which he knew would come.

In a few minutes, one after another, a large number of lads filed in, some of them breathless from running, having read their morning papers a little late. Mr. Gotrox looked them over quickly with his eagle eye, and dismissed all but two. "Now, boys," he said, after he had talked with them a bit, "I like the looks of you both and will keep the one who does a simple thing the best.' (He should have said "better," inasmuch as there were only two boys, but he was not that sort of a man during business hours.)

"Here are two packages, just alike, which have just been delivered here," he said. "John," addressing the sad-eyed, dreamy youth, "let me see you open this parcel."

Then John winked at himself and said in his heart: "This is indeed a nap. How glad I am that I am upon or onto this little scheme." And with great care and patience he tugged and picked at the hard knots, and after long effort took the cord off in one piece, wound it into a neat coil, carefully folded up the coarse wrapping paper and stepped back, trying hard to conceal the triumph in his eyes.

Mr. Gotrox made no remark, except, "Now, Sam, it is your turn."

Poor Sam! He had never had any advantages to speak of, as he had been obliged to hustle a good deal all of his life and had never read any stories of good boys who had become great. He whipped out his jacknife, cut the cord in four pieces quicker than a wink and kicked the wrapping paper into the corner.

"You're the boy for me," shouted Mr. Gotrox, "and you may go to work at once. John," he said, "you are a good boy, but you should have lived in 1847. You are not in it this year. We do not care nowadays to waste 3 shillings' worth of time to save 1½ cents' worth of paper and twine."

Dog Heroism.

One afternoon a fire occurred in a tenement house. In half an hour the firemen had the flames quenched. As the men burst into one of the smoky rooms after putting out the fire they found a poodle dog carrying something in his mouth from the hotter rooms to the front. One of the men caught him and took from his mouth a live kitten. A basket containing seven small kittens had been left in the kitchen, nearer the burning stairways than the other rooms, and the poodle, with more than usual dog se , had carried every kitten to the f rooms.

As an illustration of the extraordinary fidelity of dogs to men this story is told: Mufly, a poodle, started on a journey with his master, a French merchant. Before beginning their journey Mufly noticed that his master received a large sum of money in gold and that he counted it carefully and placed it in a bag, attached to the back part of his saddle. On the way, the weather being sultry, and the distance long, the master stopped in a shady place to rest. He placed the bag of gold near him in the bushes. After satisfying himself with a sandwich he fell asleep. In an hour or so he resumed his journey, forgetting all about his gold. Not so with the dog. He tried his best to seize and carry the bag, but it was too heavy. Dropping it, he ran to his master and tried every way to make him understand his loss. He pulled his coat, he ran ahead, snapping at the horse's nose, trying to stop him. His behavior was such that his master became convinced that he was mad. So thinking, he drew his pistol and shot him. In a little while he remembered his gold, and then the whole meaning of the poodle's madness flashed upon him. Hastening back, he found a trail of blood from the place where he shot the dog to the place where he rested, and there he found the faithful animal guarding with dying breath his master's gold. —*Exchange.*

— Mother—"What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?" Innocent—"Shall I leave out the swear words mother?" Mother—"Certainly, my dear." Innocent—"Then I don't think he said anything."

— Prayer may, at peculiar times, be suspended at the call of mercy.

WANTED AGENTS.

"The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War," just published, contains 500 pages 12x16 inches, and over 1,100 large Battle Scenes, Portraits, Maps, etc. The greatest and largest War Book ever published, and the only one that does justice to the Confederate soldier and the cause he fought for. Complete in one volume. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this book on our new and easy plan. Many of the lady and gentlemen agents who are at work are making from $100 to $200 per month. Veterans, Sons and Daughters of Veterans, and others interested are requested to send for a beautiful illustrated descriptive circular (free) and terms to agents. Address, *Courier Journal* Job Printing Co., Louisville, Ky 12—10

Honey Bee's Restless Life.

G. W. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Cal., one of the oldest traveling men in the United States, is 71 years of age. Mr. Reynolds has a ranch, of which he enjoys telling even more than he does of the experiences through which he has passed during his half century upon the road. The ranch is near San Diego, Cal. The chief product is honey. This product is gained from two apiaries, which Mr. Reynolds visits every time his business permits him to go to Southern California.

"In my apiaries, which are cared for by my son," said he, "there are 140 stand of bees. The honey season lasts from April to July. This season my bees yielded 40,000 pounds of honey, which sells in that county in bulk lots at 4 cents a pound. Two of the hives gave over 500 pounds each. For ten years I have been interested in bees in a small way, and I take greater interest in them every year. A hive or stand of bees is worth $2.50. In it are the queen, the drones, and the workers, a total population of from 20,000 to 25,000 bees.

"This very good-sized colony," he continued, "resides in a hive or wooden box. In the hive are a dozen frames 13x7 inches. In these the bees make or deposit the honey, a foundation of wax having been first placed in each frame by the beekeeper, so that the bees may have something to build upon. The honey is taken out of the frames every other week during the honey season. While doing so there is little need of protecting the hands. The bees seem to be most inclined to sting one in the face. So, as a precaution, the man who is removing the honey from the hives wears a straw hat, from the brim of which is hung a silk veil, like they have to do up in the Klondike country to ward off the summer mosquitoes.

"The queen is an absolute monarch within her dominions. She is the undisputed boss of the job. An ordinary bee lives during the working season only forty-five days. Young ones are being hatched out all the time. A bee goes to work at the tender age of three days, and hustles like a veteran for forty-two days. Then it is just naturally tired out, I suppose, for it dies. The queen lives longer, and when a young queen comes into existence in the hive she drives the old queen out. Her loyal subjects follow her in her banishment, and that is what makes the swarm.

"In Southern California the bees make water-white honey when the black sage is in blossom. When the white sage is flowering the honey has an amber tinge. In winter the bees make no honey. Seventy-five carloads of the article are shipped out of San Diego County in good years."—*Denver Republican.*

ARE YOU A FARMER?

Do you want to keep in Direct Touch with the Latest and Best Methods of Successful Farming?

PRACTICAL FARMERS, men who have made money on the farm, edit and contribute to the columns of THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

Bright, live subjects are discussed from a practical standpoint in every issue. Information and experiments are given that will prove valuable, save expense, and suggest lines of work that will better the condition of every "Tiller of the Soil."

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The Cultivator and Intelligencer one year $2.00

Georgia Land for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale six Tracts of Land, containing from 70 to 300 acres, in Franklin County, Ga., six miles from Carnesville. Land in good state of cultivation. All cash, or partial payments with interest at 7 per cent, to suit the purchaser. Call on or write to me at Red Hill, Ga.

J. W. CRUMP.

Nov 3, 1897 19 3*

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18 Pages a Week.

156 Papers a Year,

FOR ONE DOLLAR,

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of THE NEW YORK WORLD is first among all weekly papers in size, frequency of publication, and the freshness, accuracy and variety of its contents. It has all the merits of a great $6 daily at the price of a dollar weekly. Its political news is prompt, complete, accurate and impartial as all its readers will testify. It is against the monopolies and for the people. It prints the news of all the world, having special correspondence from all important news points on the globe. It has brilliant illustrations, stories by great authors, a capital humor page, complete markets, departments for the household and women's work and other special departments of unusual interest.

We offer this unequaled news paper and the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER together one year for $2.20.

BIG BARGAINS FOR NOVEMBER.

CLOTHING.

A Big and Complete line. Something to please all. Best part, Prices to suit the times. Listen: Men's Suits from $1.75 up. Boys' Suits from 65c up. 9-ounce All Wool Jeans Pants 98c.

DRESS GOODS.

I have a big line of New and Stylish Goods of all kinds, on which I have knocked the bottom out of prices.

CLOAKS AND CAPES.

A line that will tickle you, especially prices.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Undervests from 10c. up. Men's Undervests from 12½c. up.

SHOES, HATS AND CAPS.

Just come and see for yourself.

Great big No. 7 Stove $5 00.

GROCERIES.

A large fresh lot bought low down—will sell you the same way.
Remember, I am in the Cotton and Cotton Seed market to stay.
Two red hot stoves if your are cold. Yours for Bargains,

R. A. LEWIS, Belton, S. C.

MRS. MOLLY KEYS, proprietor of the noted and popular Keys House, which has such a wide reputation with the traveling men, as well as her many boarders, who are always anxious for meal-time to come to satisfy the necessities of the inner man, is now better prepared than ever to serve them with the best of everything, as she has just purchased of me one of the best and handsomest PENINSULAR STEEL RANGES that has ever been sold in the South. It has twelve holes on top.

Mr. Jim Riley, proprietor of the Riley House, has purchased one of the same kind.

Below I give you names of some of the many sold. Every one guaranteed. No pay required if they do not work satisfactory:

Robert M. Russell, Dr. Lander, Walter T. Jones, A. T. Newell, W. P. Berkemyer, J. E. Kelley, J. J. Spearman, Mrs. T. N. Spearman, W. B. King, Reuben Watkins, W. B. Taylor, Doy Thomas, J. W. Shaw, Mrs. W. A. McFall, Mrs. Eva S. Murray, Tom Cox, Christy Hanks, J. W. Hunnicutt, Jno. B. Leverett, R. H. Gaines, G. E. Smith, Jno. T. Long, J. M. Hughes, Dr. Chas. Davant, C. M. Findly, S. W. Williford, Albert S. Bowie, Mrs. Sarah Pullen, W. J. McCluer, E. C. Prevost, E. M. Stone, Mrs. E. T. Cashin and many others.

I continue to handle the best and cheapest cast Stoves, such as the Iron King, Elmo, Ruth and Liberty at prices as low as cotton. Give me a call.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. BURRISS.

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

We propose to give away absolutely for nothing, the following Presents on 15th January, 1898: : : : : : : : : : :

Present No. 1, one barrel Standard Granulated Sugar.
Present No. 2, one barrel best Patent Flour.
Present No. 3, ten pounds fine Rio Coffee.
Present No. 4, ten pound box good Chewing Tobacco.
Present No. 5, one pair Men's Fine Shoes.
Present No. 6. one pair Ladies' Fine Shoes
Present No. 7, one Fine Decorated Bowl and Pitcher.
Present No. 8, one Set Fine Decorated Plates.
Present No. 9, one Fine Decorated (covered) Dish.
Present No. 10, one Set of Fine Cups and Saucers.

The person who guesses, or comes nearest to the number of Bales of Cotton received and weighed by the Sworn Weighers in Anderson from Sept. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898 (inclusive), will receive Present No. 1, and the next nearest guess, Present No. 2, and so on through the list. Every one who trades with us will be entitled to a guess for each dollar's worth of cash goods purchased from us between now and 31st Dec. next; guesses to be made and dated on day purchase is made; in case of a tie, the guess bearing earliest date to count first. Guesses to be deposited in a locked tin box; Mr. J. R. Vandiver, Cashier F. & M. Bank, will hold key until 15th Jan., when he and Mr. W. T. W. Harrison (cotton weigher), will award the presents to the best guessers.

We will not add one cent to the price of our Goods, but will sell you Goods as cheap as you can buy elsewhere, and somebody will get the presents that we will give away for absolutely nothing. If you get one, it will be a clear gain to you. If we don't sell you Goods cheap, don't buy them. This is the most liberal offer ever made by a merchant in Anderson, as we propose to give you value received for every dollar spent with us. Guess early and often!

D. P. SLOAN.

Anderson, S. C., Sept. 29, 1897.

CHINA.

$9.00 WILL BUY A FINE FRENCH CHINA TEA-SET! BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

A VARIETY OF ODD PIECES AND NOVELTIES.

JOHN M. HUBBARD, JEWELER, HOTEL BLOCK.

WATCHES!

WATCHES, WATCHES,

I have the Largest Stock in Upper Carolina.
One Show Case seven feet long filled with nothing but.....

GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL WATCHES,

At Prices that will make you Buy.

IF you want a Watch I am the man to sell you, and will save you money every time. I guarantee every Watch I sell to give entire satisfaction. A beautiful line of—

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The prettiest line of LADIES' WAIST SETS in the City.

Promptness in everything. ENGRAVING FREE.

WILL. R. HUBBARD.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC OUTCRY.

THE Valuable Plantation known as "The Prevost Place," situated four miles west Anderson, containing 877 acres, has been re surveyed and sub divided into small Tracts, and we now offer it for sale on easy terms to approved purchasers. Purchaser to pay for papers:

TRACT NO. 1—Sold.
TRACT NO. 2—Sold.
TRACT NO. 3—Known as the Mill Tract, contains 102 acres.
TRACT NO. 4—Adjoins Tract No. 1 and lands of Est. of Rev. Thos. F. Gadsden E. W. Taylor and others, and contains 154 acres.
TRACT NO. 5—Sold.
TRACT NO. 6—Sold.
TRACT NO 7—Sold
TRACT NO. 8—Sold.

Having disposed of all but two Tracts of the above we will offer them to the highest bidder SALESDAY IN DECEMBER, if not sold privately before that time.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, secured by note and mortgage of premises.

SLOAN & VANDIVER.