(ORIGINAL.)

THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN.

Fair Lulu lived on yonder hill,
Where winds the clear, sparkling rill,
And all the bright and happy days
She sat and spun, and sung sweet lays.

Her heart was gay, her thoughts were bright,
For her young lips had just pressed light
That sugared cup which thrills our veins
Makes space resound with sweetest strains.

For in the green and shady vale,
There dwelt her lover, strong and hale,
Who, in the eve when work was o'er,
Would wend his way to her low door.

So passed the happy moments by,
Nor dreamed she that a cloud was nigh
Until upon her heart it fell,
And proved, alas! he fun'ral knell.

For soon her much loved Harry dear,
Began more seldom to appear,
And slowly, out of his bright eye,
The light of love began to die.

And then a whisper reached her ear,
That he had found a form more dear,
Which in the end proved too true,
For her hand now ceased to woo.

For to the vale had come a bright
And lovely stranger, Mabel Wright;
She sang divine, she waltzed and rode,
And gayly dressed, in the latest mode.

And Harry, with a whirling brain,
Now lingered near, her love to gain,
And thought not of the bleeding heart,
He'd wounded by a cruel dart.

Still, Lulu, in her shady cot,
Repined not at her bitter lot,
But with a cheerful aspect still,
Continued to her tasks fulfill.

So, heavily the long days passed,
Each still more weary than the last,
And poorer grew poor Lulu's cheek,
Though pain was borne with calmness meek.

The dragging summer passed away,
But cool fall succeeded to the sway,
And at stern winter's first harsh touch
She lay upon her dying couch.

Her faithless lover by her knelt,
But he, alas! too late had felt
The pangs of conscience, and returned
To her whose love he once had spurned.

Around her loved ones stood, o'ercome
With grief so deep that they were dumb,
And as she watched, they fainter grew,
As nearer to that shore she drew.

—*Emily M. Turner, St. Bernard.*

Turned from the Door.

'No tramps here,' said I, and shut the door in his face. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the panes and the bare trees were moaning and groaning as if they suffered in the storm. 'No tramps here; I am a lone woman, and I'm afraid of them."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, champ, champ, came the man back again and knocked at the door—knocked not half so loud as he did before—and I opened it, hot and angry. This time I saw his face, a pale ghostly face, with yellow-brown hair, cropped close, and great staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

'How near is the next house, madam?' said he.

'Three miles or more,' said I.

'No,' said I, 'no drinks to be gotten there. It is Miss Mitten's, and she is as set against tramps as I am.'

'I do not want drink,' said the man; 'though I do not want food. You need not be afraid to let me in. I have been wounded and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it is bitter cold. I have been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest till I am better; and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You need not be afraid, let me lie just before the fire, and only give me a crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it.'

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if I hadn't seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help limped away out of sight as he thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and walked with the strongest.

'No doubt your pocket is full of money,' said I, and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you.'

Drusilla, that's my niece, was making cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me, 'Do let him stay, auntie,' and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a chick of sixteen.

'Go away with you,' says I, louder than before. 'I won't have this any longer.'

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went champ, champ through the frozen snow again, and I thought him gone, when there was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a feint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door again, he came quite in; and stood leaning on his cane, as pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

'Well, of all the impudence,' said I,

He looked at me and said:

'Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night.'

'They all want to see their mother,' and just then it came to my mind that I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer he had come to be, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

'I have been wounded, as you see,' he said.

'Don't go a showing me your hurts,' said I. 'They buy 'em, so they told me, to go begging with now. I read the papers, I tell you, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman against giving away anything unless it is through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to my keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go.'

Drusilla came to the door, and said:

'Let him stay, auntie,' with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, and smelt the cakes baking and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been comfortable, but I was not. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to my work basket to get a sock I had been knitting for my Charlie, and as I went to get it, I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, over so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, 'From C. F. to R. H.;' and inside was a little tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumpled old letter, and when I spread it out I saw on the top, 'My dear son.'

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one light thump, as though it had been a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles, and the nice, comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wretched.

And over and over again had I to say what I had heard my pastor say often: 'Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons through well-organized societies,' before I could get a bit of comfort.* And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for, as I sat there, dash and crash and jungle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying.

'Halloa, mother!'

And out I went to the door, and had him in my arms—my great, tall, handsome, brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps, and as hardy as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son. And Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying, came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things smoked on a cloth as white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of them all I felt a frightened feeling come over me, und I knew I turned pale; but it was thus: kind 'o like the ghost of a step, going champ, champ, over the frozen show; kind 'o like the ghost of a voice saying, 'Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust;' kind 'o like some that had a mother down on the wintry road, and freezing and starving to death there. This is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up by the fire when the tea was done, and he told us things about the war I had never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and been badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow-soldier had saved and carried him away, fighting his way back to camp.

'I would never see you but for him,' says Charlie. 'And if there is a man on earth I love, it is Bob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother I couldn't think more of him.'

'Why didn't you bring him to see your mother, Charles?' said I, Why I would love him too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life could not be enough. Send for him, Charlie.'

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands.

'Mother,' said he, 'I don't know whether Bob Hadaway is dead or alive today. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I would give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother too, and she is fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My, dear, good, noble Rob, preserver of my life.

And I saw that Charlie was nearly crying.

Not to let us see his tears he got up and went to the mantel piece. I did not not look around until I heard a cry.

'Great heavens! What is this?' he said.

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped, in his hand.

'Where did this come from? I feel as though I had seen a ghost. I gave this to Rob Hadaway the day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?'

And I fell back in my chair white and cold:

'A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob. He must have been an impostor. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no, no; it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair; wounded, he said, and going to his mother in Greenbank. Not your Rob, my son.'

And Charlie stood glaring at me with clenched hands, and said:

'It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving! my dear Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out such a night as this, my mother. My mother, to use my Rob so.'

'Condemn me, Charlie,' said I; 'condemn me if you like; I am afraid God will. Three times he came back; three times he asked for only a crust of bread and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I—I—and he's lying in the road now. Oh, if I had only known,' I sobbed.

And Charlie caught up his hat to go.

'I will find him if he is alive,' he said. 'Poor Rob.'

And then—I never saw a girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and said:

'Thank God, I dared to do it!'

And to me:

'Oh, aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you would say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go away faint and hungry and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I have been so frightened all the while.'

'God bless you, Drusilla,' said Charlie.

'Amen!' said I.

And getting bolder, she went on:

'And I took him hot cakes and apple sauce and tea,' says she, 'and I took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and told him to go to bed in the best chamber, and, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body.'

Drusilla said it like an actor in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words came out of her mouth. She had been expecting to be half-murdered, you know, and the girl was sixteen, always before she minded me as if I was her mother.

Never was there an old sinner as happy as I was that night, so very thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good to see the two meet the next morning, Charlie and his friend Rob. And Charlie, who was well off, and a mother who was not so poor, either helped Rob into business. And he got well over his wounds at last and grew up as handsome as a picture, and to-day week he is going to marry Drusilla.

'I would give anything I have,' said I, 'and I won't refuse you ever Drusilla,' when he asked me, telling me he had loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I told you of.

And Charlie is to stand with him and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used to, and no doubt I am imposed upon; but this is what I say:

'Better be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help.'

And I have read my Bible of late, and I know who says, 'Even as you have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

SHE DIDN'T.

It was plain enough to all the other passengers on the ferry boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor just a litlte. Therefore, as the boat reached mid-stream, she leaned over and tenderly said:

'Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me, I know you'll jump after me and save me.'

'Yes, I'll jump after you,' he slowly replied, 'but, but—'

'But what, Johnnie?'

'But if I were you, I'd take off my shoes first. Just the minute they haul you out of the water, every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 5's, and if you are in your stocking feet they can't get the size.'

The girl drew her feet in under the chair, and sighed once or twice, and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.

Oh, give me a bed on a chunk of ice
'Way down in a thousand foot well,
And fan my brow with a threshing machine,
For I'm sick of this hot spell.

This is too good to keep. Although happening sometime since, it will bear repeating even at this late day. A schoolmistress in a neighboring parish, who had long been annoyed by the perversities of a male pupil of nineteen, on one of the closing days of the last term, kept him in and tried to 'quarantine' him. He, however, disarmed her, and returned five kisses for each blow. The schoolmistress, unable to forgive this breach of discipline, looking at him and shaking her finger in a menacing yet appetizing manner, said:

'William, I will give you precisely fifteen minutes to stop hugging and kissing me, and if you dare disobey me I will punish you severely.'

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure, the judge asked an unwilling witness:

'What was in the barrel that you had?'

The reply was:

'Well, your honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffey' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffey was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath.'

'An unloved wife,' who ought to know of that which she speaks, because she has so much experience, says that the reason the ladies look so much to money in the matter of marriage, is that now-a-days they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

A gentleman being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, is said to have replied that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that mere steam no longer had any effect on him.

GEO. H. WILSON,
—Dealer in—
WESTERN PRODUCE,
GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES,
SADDLERY AND HARNESS.
Corner Third and Convention Sts.,
feb15 BATON ROUGE, LA.

ANDREW JACKSON,
COTTON BUYER,
—AND DEALER IN—
GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES,
NORTHEAST
Corner Main and Third Streets,
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

WILLIAM GARIG,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
—DEALER IN—
PLANTATION AND FAMILY SUPPLIES,
—AND GENERAL—
STEAMBOAT, PURCHASING & COLLECTION AGENT,
FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE.
CORNER OF FRONT AND LAUREL STS., - BATON ROUGE, LA.
COTTON BOUGHT, STORED AND SHIPPED. feb8

THOS. J. WOOD,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
—AND—
DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.,
NO. 7 - - - MAIN STREET, - - - NO. 7
(Near the Ferry Landing,)
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

M. J. WILLIAMS,
MANUFACTURER OF
Steam Trains, Strike Pans, Boilers and Tanks,
STEAM PIPE AND STEAM FITTINGS OF ALL KINDS,
—AND—
ALL KINDS OF SUGAR-HOUSE WORK.
WORKSHOP:
CORNER FRONT AND MAIN STREETS, NEAR THE FERRY LANDING,
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

A. ROSENFIELD.
—DEALE IN—
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots,
Shoes, Notions, Trunks,
Valises, Window Shades,
OIL AND ENAMELED CLOTHS,
CARPETS, MATTING, ETC., ETC.,
THIRD STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA.
feb8

Piper's Furniture and Undertaking Establishment,
PIPER & BRADFORD'S OLD STAND,
MAIN STREET, - BATON ROUGE, LA.
—:o:—
DEALER IN BEDSTEADS, ARMOIRS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Parlor and Bed-Room Sets, Kitchen Furniture,
And various other articles at the lowest market price. Metalic and Imitation Cases, Coffins of all kinds with Hearse when required, furnished at any hour. Also, Woven-Wire Mattresses. These Mattresses are so well known that it is not necessary to enlarge upon their merits. Their superiority over all springs is, they are Elastic, Noiseless, Durable, Cleanly, Healthful and Economical. The Guy Wire is an improvement, consisting of a large wire put on the fabric, which makes a stiff edge, and prevents its being pressed on the rail. No other Mattress possesses this excellent feature. Guaranteed for five years. feb8

RED STICK DRUG STORE.
(Established in 1870.)
CORNER OF AFRICA AND SOMERULOS STS.
B. A. DAY,
Proprietor.
Keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Fancy Articles, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Night Tapers, Insurance Oil, five and ten cent Cigars, Stationery, etc.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED AT ALL HOURS
feb8

BLUE STORE
News & Stationery Depot
Corner Church and Main Streets.
NEWS, LITERARY AND FASHION MAGAZINES AND PAPERS RECEIVED REGULARLY.
Staple and Fancy Stationery, Chromos, Engravings, Frames, Mouldings, Etc. Articles for Fancy Work, Etc.
F. W. HEROMAN, Agent.
THE CAPITOLIAN always on hand for sale. feb15

RED STICK CHEAP STORE.
JOHN J. WAX, PROPRIETOR.
DEALER IN
FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES,
LIQUORS, CIGARS,
TOBACCO AND CONFECTIONERIES,
Corner of St. Ferdinand and Europe Sts.,
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

JOSEPH LARGUIER,
(Established in 1849.)
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE,
House-Furnishing, Cutlery,
Oils, Paints, Agricultural Implements,
GLASS,
Coopers', Blacksmiths' and Carpenters'
TOOLS,
CORNER OF THIRD AND FLORIDA STREETS,
(Sign of the Red Plow,)
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

Merchants' Exchange,
HENRY BUSCH, Proprietor.
CORNER MAIN AND CHURCH STS.
The choicest Liquors and Cigars kept constantly on hand. Agent for William J. Lemp's celebrated St. Louis Lager Beer. feb8

Bismarck Saloon
—AND—
LAGER BEER HOUSE,
J. PHILIP BOTT, Proprietor.
Corner St. Louis and North Boulevard Streets.
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept on hand. Customers carefully attended to.

Bott's Livery Stable
Adjacent to his Saloon.
Will always be supplied with HORSES and CARRIAGES for hire, at all hours. FEED and STABLING for animals obtainable. Rates as low as the cheapest.
feb8

M. J. WILLIAMS,
DEALER IN
PARLOR, OFFICE AND COOKING STOVES,
STOVE PANS,
And all other appurtenances for Stoves, of all sizes.
A large assortment of TINWARE, always on hand.
NORTHWEST CORNER OF MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS,
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

M. CHAMBERS,
DEALER IN
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
Newspapers, Magazines and Novels,
THIRD STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA.
Subscriptions received for any Newspaper or Magazine published. feb8

L. JADOT,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
—AND—
REAL E TA E AGENT,
P. O. Box 84,
feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

G. GESSELLY,
Civic and Military Tailor.
THIRD STREET,
mar1 BATON ROUGE.

LYTLE,
Photographic Artist,
MAIN STREET,
BATON ROUGE, LA.
Photo-Albums, Frames, Cases,
Etc., Etc.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
COPYING OLD PICTURES A SPECIALTY.
feb15

SIMON MENDELSOHN,
—Dealer in—
Fancy & Staple Groceries
PROVISIONS, WINES, LIQUORS,
Tobacco, Cigars,
PLANTATION SUPPLIES,
GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, NOTIONS
CUTLERY, ETC.,
Corner Lafayette and Main Sts.,
feb15 BATON ROUGE, LA

Sumter House,
CHARLES WIECK, PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Third and Laurel Streets,
BATON ROUGE, LA.
Bar-rooms and families supplied with
CHAMPAGNE, PORT, SHERRY, CLARET AND WHITE WINES,
IRISH, BOURBON, OLIVE BRANCH, CHICKEN COCK,
and other brands of WHISKY.
WESTERN LAGER BEER, ALE, PORTER, GINGER ALE, ETC.
Best brands of CIGARS always on hand.
feb22

HOES, AXES, SHOVELS & SPADES. Planters and others in need of Hoes, Axes, Shovels and Spades, and other agricultural implements, will consult their interests by examining the stock of WM. GARIG.

LAW CARDS.

H. S. LANG, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all courts of the State of Louisiana. jy19

THOMAS B. DUPREE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office: No. 6, Pike's Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal courts. may31

E. W. ROBERTSON...S. M. ROBERTSON.
E. W. & S. M. ROBERTSON, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the Fifth and Sixth Judicial Districts. feb8

A. S. HERRON..C. C. BIRD...L. D. BEALE.
HERRON, BIRD & BEALE—Attorneys at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, near the Postoffice, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes. feb8

H. M. FAVROT.....J. H. LAMON.
FAVROT & LAMON—Attorneys at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes. feb8

GEORGE W. BUCKNER, Attorney at Law, Notary Public, and U. S. Commissioner, Baton Rouge, La.

ANDREW JACKSON.

SADDLES, HARNESS, ETC.—Al descriptions of Saddles, including the latest styles, and Harness combining the newest improvements, for sale at most reasonable prices.
ANDREW JACKSON.

PLOWS—The undersigned, having been appointed Agent for the celebrated "Famous" Urie Plow, solicits the attention of planters and others to the peculiar advantages offered in the construction of this Plow; also, on hand, a lot of excellent Plows of other brands, including the popular "Calhoun Plow," which he offers for sale at low prices, for cash. ANDREW JACKSON.

GARDEN SEEDS—Of the justly popular crops of D. M. Ferry & Co., fresh and genuine- For sale by
ANDREW JACKSON.

SUGAR AND MOLASSES—By the hogshead and barrel, or by retail, at bottom prices, by
ANDREW JACKSON.

FLOUR—150 barrels and half barrels of Fancy and Choice Extra Flour, at the lowest cash prices, at store of
ANDREW JACKSON.

CORN, OATS AND BRAN—Large stocks of the above, for sale low, by
ANDREW JACKSON.

COFFEE—In store: 50 bags of Rio Coffee, different grades, at lowest prices. ANDREW JACKSON.

SEED POTATOES—In store and for sale: Peerless and Russet Potatoes, at store of ANDREW JACKSON.

MEAT—Green Sides and Shoulders, Bacon, and, in fact, all articles needed by planters. For sale by
ANDREW JACKSON.

HOES, AXES, ETC.—The well known "Lynden" Hoe, and Planters' Steel Hoes, Collins' celebrated Axes and other brands, Traces and Back Bands, Nails, Powder and Shot, Woodenware. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES—From the celebrated factory of Sayers & Scovill, Cincinnati. A fine and well selected stock of Carriages and Buggies, both top and open; also, Open Carriages, Doctors' Buggies, etc. Please examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. ANDREW JACKSON.

PORK—Just received, and will be ready for sale this week: 250 barrels heavy Mess Pork, at low rates for cash, by ANDREW JACKSON.

LIME—For sale at lowest cash prices, at ANDRE W JACKSON'S.

DAVID & GARIG.

FRESH Receipts—Flour, Meal, etc., at David & Garig's.

FISH—Mackerel, Codfish, Sardines, Salmon, Shadines, Codfish Balls, at David & Garig's.

BUTTER—We keep the celebrated Fox River Creamery; the best in town, at David & Garig's.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK stopped when the old man died, but the rush for Groceries is still kept up at David & Garig's.

HAPPY are they who fill their larders at David & Garig's.

TINWARE—A full line, at David & Garig's.

HOUSEKEEPERS will find a full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, etc., at David & Garig's.

JUMBLES—The very nicest in the world, are sold by David & Garig.

G. W. DUNBAR & SON'S Canned Shrimps, Figs, Orange, Artichokes, Okra, etc., all choice goods, at David & Garig's.

SALAD dressing saves time and trouble; is very nice. For sale at Dayid & Garig's.

RUSSIAN Caviar—Try it and you will find it at David & Garig's.

OLD Daniel Boone—A favorite brand of Whisky, at David & Garig's.

APRICOTS—Fine fresh California goods. David & Garig.

WILLIAM GARIG.

BUGGIES—A large assortment of Open and Top Buggies, Barouches and Jersey Wagons, which will be sold at prices which defy competition, at store of WM. GARIG.

SOAP—A full stock of Procter & Gamble's, Haas' and Keller's Soap, always on hand, and which I am prepared to give at bargains in job lots.
WM. GARIG.

MEATS—Mess Pork, Bulk Shoulders and Clear Sides, Sugar-cured Hams, canvassed and uncanvassed; Breakfast Bacon, canvassed and uncanvassed; Smoked Tongues, Fulton Market Beef in half barrels. Above can be bought at bottom figures at store of WM. GARIG.

STUBBLE DIGGERS—I have on hand a full stock of Von Phul & Mallon's Stubble Diggers, which I will sell at factory prices. WM. GARIG.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO DEALERS—I have a full stock of Can and Jar goods, Crackers, Candles, Starch, Soda, Lye and Tea—all of which I will offer at bargains. WM. GARIG.

TEAS—I have just received, direct from the importers, a fine assortment of fresh Teas, in convenient packages for retailing. WM. GARIG.

PLANTATION GEARS—A full stock of Moss and Leather Collars, Blind Bridles, Back Bands, Trace Chains, Cart Saddles and Breeching, which will be sold at the very lowest prices, by
WM. GARIG.

CORDAGE—A full assortment of Rope, Cotton, Sisal and Manilla, Cotton and Hemp Packing, Clothes Lines and Baling Twine, always on hand at store of WM. GARIG.

PLOWS—I have always on hand a full supply of James H. Hall & Co.'s celebrated Plows, all kinds and sizes, and the celebrated Urie Plows of all sizes and kinds. I have also a lot of Factory Plows on hand, which I offer at very low prices. WM. GARIG.