

Mr. Morton is very ill.

The men who work turned out en masse, at Indianapolis, on the evening of the 18th. Their resolutions sound very Democratic.

We yield considerable space to-day to "Nick of the Woods." The comparison he draws between Governors Hartranft and Williams is very correct and appropriate.

LETTER FROM NICK OF THE WOODS.

Sketch of the Colfax (Grant Parish) Riot, and the following incidents, 1877.

MAZOLIA, Miss., August 17, 1877.

Dear Sentinel: Recent events transpiring in some of the Northern States bring to mind the old adage: "chickens will come home to roost." The scenes and tragedies enacted, consequent upon the great railroad strike, at the North, prove that no community can expect, always, to be free from lawlessness and bloodshed. They prove also that when a gross wrong has been perpetrated upon a people, either by a powerful corporation or a tyrannical government, and the people become aroused to a sense of the wrongs they have suffered and unite for their own self-protection and that of their families, how weak their oppressors are, and how easy it is to overthrow a seemingly well-organized government. No government can exist without the consent of the governed, and had it not been for the natural law-abiding propensities of the people, their love for their government, daring and resolute men could have organized a formidable revolution in the Northern States which no power on earth could have stayed until the wrongs had been righted and justice yielded to the poor and oppressed. The weakness of the Governor of that great and powerful State, Pennsylvania, is strikingly similar to that of Kellogg in Louisiana and Ames in Mississippi, and shows what little could have been expected of him with his fifty thousand militia tendered to Grant, when brought face to face and muzzle to muzzle with an equal number of Louisianians or Mississippians to force them to further submit to the oppressions they had so long suffered. And, indeed, what a great contrast in the executive ability of Governor Hartranft when compared with that of the wise and consistent Governor of Indiana. Hartranft, by the organization of his militia, and his boasted prowess, caused millions of property to be destroyed, and streams of blood to flow, hearts to be broken, and poor, helpless women and children to be brought to greater suffering, and whose walls are heard throughout the length and breadth of the land; while Governor Williams, with a single stroke of his pen, his soothing voice and wise counsel, quieted the passions of his people and restored peace and harmony all over the State without the loss of a drop of blood.

The wise counsel of a father will often win the obedience of a child, when tyranny and unjust punishment will cause him to rebel and seek deeper revenge for what he deems a great injustice. The Anglo-Saxon race are a people that naturally love good government, but are peculiarly sensitive to wrong, and while they are dangerous with passions and resentment aroused, yet they are ever ready to yield to the voice of reason.

The lawlessness in the South, as it is termed by Northern radical papers, originated from a more provoking character than those which actuated the strikers in some of the Northern States which I propose to show by writing you a series of sketches of some of the Southern riots, and give the above as a preface to those sketches.

Emerging from the great contest between the two sections of our common country, the South drifted into a conquered territory, though guaranteed their rights in the Union, with republican form of State governments as was guaranteed to the Northern States. With soldiers quartered in our midst who rode rough-shod over the white people, robbed them of their cotton, horses, cattle and other property; with thousands of worthless vagabonds, thieves and criminals turned loose upon us, society upheaved and shattered, and the chains of military despotism clanking about our limbs, followed by the establishment of negro radical supremacy over the white people—property owners and taxpayers—who continued an inaugurated system of open robbery, thus reducing the people to great sufferings, and subjecting them from year to year to mortifications, oppressions and even barbarous outrages. I claim and can prove to any unbiased, unprejudiced mind, that there was justification for almost every single act of general or public violence committed in the South by the white people. Having lived in Louisiana for six or seven years after the war, and being familiar with its political history, I propose to begin my sketches about the rise of the negroes in the majority, and in order to secure this double representation they must form new parishes in those sections of the State where the negroes were known to be in the majority. Another plan was to enact a registration law, disfranchise as many whites as possible and then take a new census and show the negroes largely in the majority, make a false registration and stuff ballot boxes in order to show their vote equal and in proportion to the census. Grant Parish was formed of portions of Barre and

Natchitoches parishes and the slices were taken off so as to insure the negro majority. Colfax, the place selected for the parish seat, was a spot of ground on Red River belonging to one of the large plantations of Willie Calhoun, a dwarf, and one of his empty brick sugar mills was used for a court house. A renegade named W. B. Phillips, a white man, who lived in open concubinage with a mulatto woman, was appointed parish judge. The tax-collector and other officers were selected from men of a similar stripe whose sympathies were with the radical party and negroes. A black unmitigated scoundrel named Ward was elected to the Legislature, and thus organized they were in condition to have things their own way. They levied the most oppressive taxes on the white people, and in judicial matters in which a white man was concerned against a negro, the white man stood no chance at all. There was not even security in appeals to the higher courts as they were all in sympathy with each other. Willie Calhoun, who married an octaroon, and whose second wife shouldered the burden of the taxes, secured an exemption from taxation by non-assessment, while the highest assessments were made on other peoples' property who had the burden of taxation to bear. Then, lordly officials, also encouraged the greatest insolence among the negroes for the whites and sought every opportunity possible to insult them, besides carrying on a most stupendous system of robbery of stock of all kinds. Thus things went on for several years. Among the negroes, however, there was a class who were in sympathy with their old masters and learned that they themselves also were suffering from these scoundrels who had been foisted into office over them, and consequently took sides with the whites. Knowing this fact, the whites determined at the next general election to put a good ticket in the field and rid themselves of their oppressors. Consequently, in 1872, there were two tickets put in the field—the Liberal or Fusion ticket, headed by John McEnery for Governor, and D. B. Penn for Lieutenant Governor, and the radical ticket headed by Wm. Pitt Kellogg, for Governor, and O. C. Antoine, for Lieutenant Governor. Ward, much was then Governor of the State and by a stroke of policy on the part of the democrats a large number of negroes were secured for their support. In Grant Parish, James Hadnot ran on the Fusion ticket for the Legislature, and a young planter named Nash ran for Sheriff, and the balance of the ticket was made up of equally as good men, which was opposed by a mulatto ticket, that is made up of little renegade radicals and negroes. Having a good support from the negroes the Fusion ticket succeeded by a fair majority, which was admitted to his office. Ward, however, elected officers were commissioned by Warmoth, McEnery and Kellogg, and installed in office. In the meantime a struggle was going on between McEnery and Kellogg, and the former, as a member of the State, and having some hopes of the success of Kellogg the radical magnates of Grant Parish set up a claim for the offices for which they were elected. Hadnot, for the Ward, Phillips and others the negroes assembled at Colfax, killed Judge Rutland, who was elected on the Fusion ticket, drove out the other officers, committed acts of violence in different places, threatened a general massacre of the white people, killed their cattle, hogs, sheep, and stole their horses, burned houses and fences, and bid defiance to all other authority. This threatening and violent attitude assumed by the negroes caused a general rising and arming of the white people, who formed into companies and tendered their services to Sheriff Nash to restore order at the Court House and offices, which was refused, and he immediately ordered a charge on their breastworks. It was estimated that there were one thousand negroes in Colfax, but I think the number was overestimated. The larger body of them, however, were barricaded in the old sugar house, (court house) the walls of which were constructed of brick. A detachment of young men, under Lieutenant Stafford, were sent around under cover of the river bank to make an assault on one flank of the negro line, while a force under Capt. James Hadnot charged on their breastworks in front. At a given signal the charge was made simultaneously, and the whites rushed forward upon the negroes with a wild yell, characteristic of the Southern soldier. The roar of the musketry resounding through the plains, and the white smoke curling above the parish seat, told that the work had begun in earnest. The onslaught of the whites was so terrific that the negroes, those who were killed, wounded, were driven pell mell from their entrenchment and took refuge in the Court House. Nash then drew up his forces in such a manner as to prevent the escape of the negroes except by plunging into the river. For some hours the negroes kept up a hot fire through crevices made in the walls of the building, while the whites were endeavoring to get them out. Nash then brought up his little cannon and began a rapid fire of iron rods, stones and such things as he could get for the purpose, on the building. Proceeding a ladder a negro, who had climbed to the roof and fire the building, in which he was protected by the white shooters from behind the captured cannon, put out the flames, but Nash kept up such a hot fire with his little cannon that they could not succeed. Finding that their destruction by the flames was imminent the negroes ran up a white flag. Capt. Hadnot with a squad of men advanced to receive their surrender. Throwing open the doors, the negroes seeing that it was Hadnot, whom they had a great hatred for, fired on him and his men, killing Hadnot and others, and then rushed from the building with the hope of making their escape. But in this they were sadly mistaken, for they were invested on three sides and their only chance was to swim the river. After seeing Hadnot and his men thus murdered under a flag of truce, the whites closed in on the negroes and began a fearful fire. The negroes scattered in every direction but were met by determined and experienced men on horse and foot who committed fearful havoc among them. Hundreds of them plunged into the river, and were drowned or shot while struggling for the shore. Several negroes crawled under the Court House for protection and died by the

flames of the burning building. One negro rushed out of the court house with his old master's fire double-barrel gun which he had robbed his wife of during his absence from home, and pleaded with him to save him, but his old master told him "No, sir, you have threatened to kill me, to take my wife and yourself, and have robbed my house," shot the negro down in his tracks and recovered his gun. After their treachery in killing Hadnot and his men under flag of truce, no quarter was shown. The negroes were chased through the fields and swamps by the cavalry and killed wherever found, and when the day closed over two hundred negroes lay stiff and stark on the plains of Colfax. The number drowned in the river, or killed in the swamps by the horsemen will never be known. This fearful carnage was the result of not being organized, and being deserted by the leaders. There was no plan, and the negroes could reach the ears of the mad-dreaded white soldiery, they had everything their own way, and satiate their desperate revenge. They swept the country, recovered their lost possession of the office again, and established peace throughout the parish. The number of whites lost in this conflict was very few compared to that of the negroes, but this is easily accounted for when it is known that most of the whites were trained and tried soldiers, who had passed through a long and desperate revolution, and understood the art of war. The negroes, on the other hand, were simply a mob huddled together, without experienced leaders, and having no knowledge of the importance of systematic training and thorough organization. Now, sir, you have above and before you an account of the Colfax riot, but mark the sequel: Congress failing to act in regard to the dual governments of Louisiana, Gen. Grant assumed the responsibility of the situation, and therefore sent the United States troops and a lot of gunboats into the State, recognized Kellogg's illegal claims to the office of Governor, and demanded the surrender of the forces which had organized in resistance to Kellogg's authority. Not wishing to come in contact with the Federal Government, the white people, for Lieut. Governor Ward, who was then Governor of the State, and a company of U. S. troops was stationed at Colfax to keep the peace, while Kellogg fitted up a lot of gunboats and metropolitan police, and sent them down the river to the inhabitants and sought the safety in the dense forests of Red River and western Louisiana. A large number of persons, however, were arrested, taken to New Orleans and confined in dirty dungeons, and the months without the benefit of bail, while the radical black and white leaders who incited the negroes at Colfax were allowed to go free. The presence of the U. S. troops at Colfax and the patrolling of the negroes to commit other atrocities, and only a short time had elapsed when a widow lady and her son, a child of only seven years, were taken to a remote place, where they were held in the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies on Red River, relatives of J. Madison Wells, of returning board of penitentiaries, were taken on the dead hour of night, a mile from their home, in the swamp, by nine negroes, repeatedly outraged by them, and from which they both died in a few days after. Being missing from their home the following morning, search was made for them and they were found where they had been left by the negroes. As Providence would have it, they were conscious enough to remember the names of some of the negroes that had outraged them and thus a clue was obtained as to the parties who had committed the crime. Reader! have you a wife, a mother, a sister or other female relative? In case like this would not revenge find a lodgment in your bosom? And would it not be sweet to you? Ah, thank God! the hand of the Anglo-Saxon never trembles, and his heart never falters, when called upon to avenge such a terrible crime. The criminals were apprehended and executed by the relatives friends and sympathizers of the outraged ladies. Five of them were killed by the hand of one of Gov. Wells' own sons. The lives which fitted out by the hands of these barbarous fiends were truly avenged. Their pure spirits had scarcely left mutilated tombs, when the blood of those who had been the cause of their premature death, was lapped up by mother-earth. When DeCade, the officer commanding the United States troops at Colfax, was told of this time and his assistants asked to arrest the perpetrators of it, he declined, and said "No, I do not come here to look after trifling matters." Not but he had come to foster a most damnable infamy, to do the work of the Devil, to chain down the white man and place the foot of an African barbarian upon his neck, and to give the helpless white female over to his insatiable lust.

Five years have elapsed since these dreadful scenes were enacted at Colfax and Grant Parish. The passions have had time to cool and there is no reason to give false glory to them. They are deplorable facts and belong to the history of the reign of despotism and terror which prevailed throughout the South during that unhappy period. The heroic Capt. Nash, though hunted as an outlaw, was ever on the alert to protect the weak and unfortunate. He managed to evade the clutches of the United States troops and Kellogg's metropolitan police and by his wonderful sagacity and ubiquity, saved many a poor woman from such outrages as those above mentioned. On one occasion a family was moving from one of the east Mississippi Southern States through Grant Parish to Texas. The family consisted of a man, wife and two young grown daughters. In attempting to cross a stream which was swollen by recent rains, the party were swamped and came near being drowned. It was only by the most strenuous efforts that they extricated themselves, and they had not more than reached the opposite side of the stream, almost exhausted, than they were set upon by a squad of armed negroes, the man and his wife were overpowered and the two young girls seized by them. Just at this trying moment the tramp of horsemen were heard near by, and a voice rang out—"Nash!—Nash!" With bloody hands, foaming beard, and pistol in hand, the young hero, with his few followers, dashed furiously upon the black villains, killed a few of them on the spot and chased the others into the deep tresses of the swamp, where their bones may now be overgrown with moss, or soaking in muddy sloughs, a fit ending to their attempted crime. The travelers then moved on, and at night camped on the bank of Red River. Early the next morning they were again set upon by a body of negroes, who were in the act of robbing the wagon of its contents when the inevitable Nash appeared on the scene

and the negroes paid dearly for the outrage. Nash then escorted the unfortunate man and family across the river and beyond the region of danger. The United States soldiers were constantly in search of him, and on one occasion he rode up to a farm and asked a friendly old negro woman to hold his horse and watch for him while he got a drink of water from a spring near by. While drinking, the old woman saw the soldiers coming and called to him. He mounted his horse and fled, but the soldiers followed in full pursuit. The road was perfectly level and stretched several miles between plantations and his escape depended upon the fleetness of his horse and his ability to reach a certain ferry on the river. The river was swollen, and at this point was at least two hundred yards wide. Nash saw it would be impossible for him to take the flat-boat, and save himself before his pursuers would be upon him. They, however, had taken the precaution to have the flat removed, and knowing Red River to be a dangerous stream, thought Nash would not hazard his life by attempting to swim it. But he was too closely pursued to even have time to take the boat; so, without checking his speed, he plunged headlong into the turbulent current, trusting to his noble animal, which he knew to be a good swimmer, to carry him safely to the other shore. A deep thug, and the splash of the parting waves echoed from bank to bank, while the daring rider and noble horse struggled beneath the surface. For a moment all was silence save the surging waters and the clattering hoofs of the horses of Nash's pursuers. The troops dashed up to the river bank, but had seen Nash's horse a moment before stretched full length in close proximity to the stream, but he had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from their sight. Their eyes quickly surveyed the surroundings. Presently the dark object rose far out in the river and with its appearance was heard a loud snort, while clouds of spray hung in the beam of sunshine. It was Nash and his faithful animal pulling heroically for the opposite shore. They at length reached it, and while ascending the bank Nash lazily turned in his saddle, pulled off his hat and proudly waved it at his would-be captors, who sat upon their horses, with their carbines across their saddles, and gazed after him in mute and blank astonishment. The bird had flown—the trap set to catch him had failed on account of his daring recklessness. Nash felt that it would be death to him any way, or, a miserable life of confinement in a gloomy dungeon. His plantation home, and the houses destroyed and his young beautiful and accomplished wife and precious little ones driven away and forced to seek safety beneath other roofs. He felt that he had done his duty—a duty to his State and parish as well as to his neighbors. He was powerless to defend himself and his family, and he saw that the river in America was then an object to him. Red River, with its quick

sand banks, its rapid current, and dangerous whirlpools, proved a welcome succor; but as long as Kellogg pretended to rule in Louisiana, and the United States troops remained at his back, Nash was an exile from his own home; and he was a constant terror to those who had been instrumental in his misfortunes and those of his people. He was familiar with every nook and cranny of the dense swamps and lagoons of the Red River valley, in that section of the State, and could easily foil any attempt to trap him. Every respectable white man was his friend, and he had no trouble in keeping fully posted about the movements of his enemies. Many a day he sat in his saddle, within rifle-shot distance of the soldiers' camp and watch them, and through spies learn all about their intentions. When an outrage was committed by a negro, and a clue was obtained as to who was the perpetrator, it would not be long till the body of the criminal was found, riddled with bullets and in a state of decomposition. But Kellogg's henchmen were never able to learn who was the executioner. The veil of mystery still hangs over the death of many a criminal in Grant Parish, and perhaps will until the present generation of men in that section sleep the sleep that knows no waking. This air, is only a single link in the long chain of events which mark the path of the usurpers and tyrants in Louisiana. It is no fiction. The writer is familiar with the locality where these dreadful and thrilling scenes transpired. He has grasped the hand of the young hero above alluded to and those who stood by his side. He has shared the hospitality of the noble gentleman who saved him from the hands of the traitors who had yielded up his life at Colfax by the hands of the treacherous negroes. Should he particularize occurrences, he could fill column after column, and page after page of your valuable paper for the next year to come. His object is only to show to your people, by giving unvarnished facts, how the white people of the South have been made to suffer by carpet-baggers and villains, sustained by the army and navy of the United States, directed by General Grant, and to justify them in the eyes of your people for those acts of violence which have occurred and which have been exaggerated and magnified by radical newspapers in order to keep the radical party in power, while every department of the United States Government and of the State Governments were being plundered and robbed. Thank God! the South is redeemed! It is in the hands of its own people. It is in the hands of the brave and noble men who are now offering battle to the forces of the North who have felt it an act of self-preservation to make war on rich monopolies. Sir, we feel a deep sympathy for your poor working men and their families, for we have suffered even more deeply than they. The emotions swell and the sympathies of the heart go out to them as gulf-wind spreads its little mournful shadow over their little tenant houses. We ask them with pleading voice and trickling tears, that gush

## REMINGTON

# To Wool-Growers!

Owing to the great efforts that have been made by the merchants of this vicinity to divert the wool trade from its proper channel, the Woolen Mills, I have been compelled to put in a full and complete assortment of

## DRY-GOODS,

which, in connection with a large stock of my own manufacture, I offer to the wool trade

At Prices that defy Competition!

Knowing, as you must certainly do, that it is to the farmers' interest to encourage home manufactures and build up a home market for all these productions, I trust you will give me a man's word, the first call when in the market with your wool.

My Mill is now running on full time, with William S. Hopland as foreman and Alexander Douglas as assistant, both so well known that it is unnecessary to say anything as to their ability to give satisfaction to the custom trade.

For the convenience of my customers I have removed my stock to Reynolds' Block, corner room, where you can get the highest price in cash or trade for your wool.

Henry Snyder.

Monticello, Ind., May 29, 187—3m.

## Marble Works

Wm. Shepherd,

DEALER in and manufacturer of

### Monuments, Head-Stones,

TABLE-TOPS, &c., from the

### BEST AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MARBLE.

### PRICES

That cannot be competed with, and

### Satisfaction Guaranteed

IN EVERY CASE.

Do not buy before examining my designs and prices.


Remington, Ind. WM. SHEPHERD.

## Simply Wonderful!

—THE NEW—

# American Sewing Machine.

CAN BE RUN BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS. NEVER BREAKS THREAD OR NEEDLE.



THE FIRST MACHINE EVER PRODUCED WITHOUT A SINGLE HOLE TO THREAD IN IT.

that are in demand and that civilized people must use, whether the times be flush or dull, business is at ebb or flow, or money is plentiful or scarce. No attempt was made to secure frivolous novelties in the selection of my

### Stock of Goods

FOR THE

### Spring and Summer

trade of 1877 in Jasper county, but an eye was trained to the choosing of articles whose

### DURABILITY AND PRICE

would recommend them to a community that is anxious to adapt themselves to the circumstances which now surround everybody in the United States. But this did not prevent the purchase of a stock that will compare favorably in point of beauty with anything to be found in this market, while

### The Standard Quality and Low Prices

of the fabrics must necessarily recommend them in an especial manner to people of judgment, prudence and economizing desires.

No special enumeration of the articles comprising this new stock is deemed necessary from the fact that I deal in all articles usually found in collections of

### General Merchandise,

in inland towns, but it may be well enough to say that

### Best Dress Goods,

### Best Ready-Made Clothing

### Boots, Shoes,

### Hats, Caps,

### Standard Groceries, Etc.,

are kept in addition to the assortment of dress fabrics and other dry goods.

Calls for inspection and purchase respectfully invited.

R. FENDIG.

Rensselaer, Spring 1876. vnl.

### DR. A. L. HAMAR,

Announces to the community that he desires to use his professional services as a physician. His professional services are offered to the public with the assurance that his experience may render him able to give satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. Special attention given to chronic diseases. Is permitted to refer to all who have been cured by his treatment.

Office nearly opposite Court House—Residence with Mrs. Crockett, on the corner of Hamilton's.

Aug. 10, 77—6m.

### NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

The State of Indiana, Jasper County, ss: In the Circuit Court, October Term, 1877. Complaint by J. M. Woodford, Plaintiff, against John Miller and Thomas Borogass, Defendants.

Now comes the Plaintiff, by M. F. Chilton and D. E. Miller, their attorneys, and file their complaint herein, together with an affidavit, that the said defendant William G. Woodford is not a resident of the State of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given said defendant, that unless he be and appear on the first day of the next Term of the Circuit Court to be held on the third Monday of October, 1877, at the Court House in Rensselaer, he will be held in default, and answer or demur to said complaint, the same will be heard and determined in his absence.

In Witness Whereof, I hereunto set my hand and affix the Seal of said Court, at Rensselaer, this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1877.

By CHARLES E. PRICE, Clerk.

### THE OLD LINE DRUG STORE.

## Willis J. Imes

Would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Jasper and adjoining counties to his large and complete stock of the following goods, bought low for cash, which enables him to defy competition:

Pure White Lead	Painters' Materials,	Window Glass	Paint Brushes,
Pure Linseed Oil,	White Wash Brushes,	Varnish Brushes,	Coach Harness,
Coal Varnish,	Dammar Varnish,	Feather Dusters,	Coal Oil,
Perfumery,	Patent Medicines,	Chemicals,	Drugs, Soaps,
Hair Brushes,	Powder Boxes,	Dye-Stuffs,	Combs, Putty, Red Lead,
Portmanteaus,	Pocket Books,	Lamp Wicks,	Lamps, Paper, &c., &c.

### Books, School Books Stationery.

All goods guaranteed strictly pure. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Everybody invited to call.

Rensselaer Ind. 5166 W. J. IMES.

## FRANK COTTON,

DEALER IN

## LUMBER, SHINGLES,

### Lath, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.,

### Rensselaer and Francesville, Ind.

Orders left at the store of Bedford & Clark, Rensselaer, Ind., will receive prompt attention.

### Square Dealing & Low Prices Guaranteed.

## Livery Teams, with or without Drivers

furnished upon application. Stock boarded by the day or week. Office and Sale Stables on Front street, above Washington, Rensselaer, Ind. vnl

## We Buy Them to Sell.

## D. V. PECK,

# Family Groceries & Provisions

CORNER RAILROAD & INDIANA STREETS, REMINGTON, IND.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of Groceries of all kinds. WOODEN and WILLOW WARE, GLASS WARE, BOOTS, SHOES, GLOVES & HOSIERY. Also a full line of Fancy Articles and notions. You will find the best stock of fresh new goods, always on hand, at prices that defy competition. We will not be undersold, in anything in our line. We keep the best brands of Flour and Salt, constantly on hand, in quantities to suit the purchaser. We take in exchange all kinds of Country Produce, and will give you the best price the market will afford. We deliver all goods free of charge inside the city limits. Come and examine our stock and be convinced that we give you more goods for your money, than any other house in town.

D. V. PECK.

224271

which will do you good to look at. It is durable, elegant in design, and will make the best and warmest of floor coverings. Price 60 cents per yard.—My stock of

are just the thing to suit the hard times, as the material is unexcelled, and the styles and prices must suit everybody. I will make it a rule to sell, if possible, to all who favor me with a call. My stock of

consisting of Cashmere, in all colors, Alpaca, Mohair, Persian, Arabella, Pluakals, Berrets, and other fabrics too numerous to mention—all very low.—Please call and see them. A fine lot of

of all widths and grades, and very nobby designs, just received. Ladies—Please call and look at them. No trouble to show them! A fine assortment of Boys' Youtths' and Children's

at prices FAR BELOW REAL VALUE! My stock of

is complete, and will be sold as low as the lowest. I always keep on hand a large supply of

which will be furnished at market rates. I cordially invite all to give me a call, and examine my Goods and Prices before going elsewhere.

Aug. 10, 1877.

A. LEOPOLD.

THE CLOTHING

DRY-GOODS

THE LIST CARPET,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

and GROCERIES.

These Goods have been selected with the utmost care, and bought at such figures that I cannot fail to please everybody.

I have special arrangements for the "WALKER" and other popular brands of

of which I have a better assortment than usually found in any other house.

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and GROCERIES.

These Goods have been selected with the utmost care, and bought at such figures that I cannot fail to please everybody.

I have special arrangements for the "WALKER" and other popular brands of

of which I have a better assortment than usually found in any other house.

THE CLOTHING

DRY-GOODS

THE LIST CARPET,

BOOTS & SHOES,