

Terrible and Fatal Accident on the South Carolina Railroad—Two Lives Lost—Thirteen Freight Cars Destroyed—Engineer Burnt to Death.

We are pained to record a most horrible accident, which occurred to the night express train on the South Carolina Railroad yesterday morning. A large tree had fallen across the track and broken down a portion of the long trestle which crosses Congaree swamp, a short distance below Kingville; and as it was not observed by the engineer, the locomotive ran into the gap, and together with a number of freight cars, was precipitated to the ground. In a few minutes, it was found that the fire had been communicated to the cars, and in a very short time thirteen freight cars, with their valuable contents, were totally destroyed; and mournful to relate, the engineer, Mr. Sebron Hargrove—son in law of our fellow-citizen, Capt. W. H. Casson—was burned to death, nothing but his charred remains being recovered; the fireman, Mr. J. Gilbert, was instantly killed; another fireman, Mr. Charles H. Burns, was burnt; but was taken to his home in Charleston. The flames extended to the trestle-work, and also to the telegraph poles, a number of which were burnt. The trees in the swamp also took fire, and for a time it was feared that the conflagration would become general. Through the presence of mind of Conductor W. H. Evans, (of whom the passengers speak in the highest terms,) aided by Messrs. W. D. Peck, J. W. Perkins and others, the conductor's and the passenger's coaches were uncoupled and run back—thus preventing a fearful loss of life. An attempt was made to save the baggage, by smashing in the car with coupling pins—the only implements obtainable—which was partially successful; but a majority of the passengers lost their baggage. The mails were saved. The express messenger, Mr. Thomas H. Symmes, worked energetically, and succeeded in saving all his money packages, with the exception of \$140; but his freight was all lost. Messrs. James Maguire and Wm. Lyles (train hands) are entitled to great credit for their earnest and energetic efforts during the whole of the trying scene. The loss to the railroad company will exceed \$100,000. The train had been behind time, but when the accident occurred, was running very slowly. The locomotive—the W. C. Duke—was a perfect wreck.

The scene, as described by eye-witnesses, was horrible in the extreme, and strong men shed tears at the sight, and at their inability to assist the unfortunate engineer, who was caught in the machinery of the broken engine, and was burnt to death before the eyes of the assembled passengers. Mr. Hargrove was perfectly cool and collected; and although occasionally his painful situation forced from him a shriek, he was yet thoughtful of others, and warned several parties, who attempted to release him, of the danger they incurred, and at the same time informing them of the impossibility of rendering him any aid. He called to a friend, (although at the time the fire had burnt his hair off completely, and the lever which lay across his body had forced out his entrails), and gave him a message to his wife; he then folded his arms across his breast, and there he remained until the left arm was completely burnt off. The fireman, Mr. Gilbert, was instantly killed—being crushed under the immense mass.

The following is a list of the passengers aboard the train:

D. Ravel, Jr., and lady, child and servant, E. T. Jervay, A. C. Kaufman, W. H. Dura, Charleston; Mrs. T. S. Budd and child; Miss Anna T. Pickling, W. D. Peck, Columbia; J. C. Mackrell, Blackstock; John Nelligan, G. W. Conner, Baltimore; J. W. Perkins, Augusta; J. M. Bunch, Union; Mrs. H. H. Odor, Spartanburg; J. W. Prevost, Charleston.

The freight was principally for merchants on the Greenville Railroad, a small portion for the Charlotte Railroad.—*Phoenix*.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.—When she reached that end and aim of her existence, physical science will point back to the Cosmos of Humboldt as the first great step in her progress.

Such, then, is the position which the history of human knowledge assigns to him whose achievements we to-day celebrate. Though he has been removed from the sphere of activity which he so long illuminated, his work has not ceased among men. The progress towards the solution of the great problem goes on. Information as to the structure of the fixed stars and nebulae, as well as of the sun which he even decried for science, has been wonderfully vouchsafed to us through the agency of the Spectrum Analysis, and by its arrival at the probable unity of the material constitution of the heavenly bodies. The discovery of the correlation of forces has all but demonstrated that the various energies at work in the Cosmos are only so many specializations of one central cosmic force, while the researches now in progress as to the universality of a common law of development will, if they realize all that is anticipated, bring us nearer to the solution of Humboldt's great problem than it is possible to foresee. But this much seems certain: That the present state of research points to a not far distant time when science shall have inductively realized the conception of one primordial law, according to one unvarying law, to which all other cosmic laws are but corollaries. And the rapid extension of such researches, since the appearance of the Cosmos, may be fairly attributed to the profound impression produced by that work upon the ends and aims of science.—*McCreedy's Oration*.

Celebrating Humboldt.

"If, then," says Socrates, in the Republic of Plato, "persons of first rate philosophical attainments, either in the countless ages that are past have been, or in some foreign clime, far beyond the limits of our horizon, at the present moment are, or hereafter shall be, constrained by some fate to undertake the charge of a State, I am prepared to argue to the death in defence of this assertion—that then and there the realization of the ideal of perfect government was, or will be possible." This thought of the first great thinker that wrote on government may be aptly remembered to-day, when we see a great division of our population coming out to honor, as if he had been a king or a general, a man great only in the world of intellect. It is a good sign for the age that it is disposed thus to do large and public honor to a man like Humboldt, whose life was devoted to the increase of knowledge, for it implies that men know who their true benefactors are, and it also indicates the active influence upon the government of the world of the men who alone will touch it with unselfish intelligence. If the world will accept as its heroes, its saints, and the special objects of its general admiration, thinkers, writers and philosophers, we can afford to be careless as to who sits in the Board of Aldermen or who is sent to Albany to sell privileges to the railroad companies; for while these can only draw statutes and "enact" them, the philosophers will frame and form the public mind, and with that truly honest but laws can do small harm. Such men as Humboldt are, far more than any round dozen of poets a piece, the "unacknowledged legislators" and they are only unacknowledged because formal recognition would be a superfluity. We should be grateful, therefore, to our German fellow-citizens for the good example they set in celebrating a man of this character; and we are glad to perceive in their choice the natural expression of the elevated views they take of life—the views that make them good citizens, good men and good merchants.—*N. Y. Herald*.

HUMBOLDT.—While every people honor their illustrious dead, this, I think, the first instance where all nations have united with the countrymen of a great man in paying centennial honors to his memory. It may safely be said without incurring the charge of exaggeration, that sculpture and oratory have been to-day in every section of the world invoked to reproduce the noble head, massive brow, and intellectual features of the great German, and to tell in every language the marvelous tale of his travels, explorations, and vast labors, in every clime, and of his return, after years of perilous adventures, laden with a wealth of scientific treasures, the accounts of which yet fill us with admiration and amazement. This world-wide apotheosis of Humboldt seems more nearly to fulfill the definition of the word than any honors that have hitherto been paid to the distinguished dead. Well might the ancients term such tributes "an enrollment among the gods" when, from St. Petersburg to Lisbon, from Quebec to San Francisco, and on every island and every continent where the influence of the great German race is felt, solemn processions, waving flags, ancient and renowned orders and societies, and busts, statues, and portraits of the great dead, attest the universal appreciation of the value of the herculean labors of Humboldt, the benefactor of his race.—*Aylitt's Oration*.

GENERAL JORDAN WRITES FOR FORRESTER'S OLD COMMAND.—*Memphis*, September 14.—Gen. Jordan, of the Cuban insurgent army, writes to a former officer on Forrester's staff offering him the position of chief of artillery, and also requests him to bring as many of Forrester's old command as he can get. Referring to the climate, he says it is much pleasanter there than here. As to roads, he says those near the coast are bad for artillery; hence, lighter guns are more necessary than at home.

The mountain howitzer does not suit, the carriage being too narrow. What is wanted is boat howitzers with light carriages. He recommends 12-pound Vixen guns; says that with 3,000 Americans, properly officered, with which to form a nucleus for the people to rally around, there would be no trouble in driving the Spaniards out of the island. He says the principal deficiency of the Cuban army is good officers to give example and train the men. He also says the whole island is in revolt, and concludes with a request that as many of Forrester's old escort company be brought as soon as possible, giving directions where to obtain funds at different points of embarkation, etc.—*Dispatch to the Evening Telegraph*.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LAST STORY ABOUT THE SIR JOHN FRANKLIN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—*San Francisco*, September 13.—A party whose reliability is said to be vouched for writes to the *Bulletin* from San Buena Ventura that a document was found on the beach at that place August 30, much mutilated. In it the finder was requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, or the British consul at the nearest port. The request was printed in six commercial languages. The margin and every vacant portion was filled with writing relating to Sir John Franklin and party, the lost Arctic explorers. The document was evidently cast into the water in latitude 69 deg. 37 min. 40 sec., longitude 98 deg. 4 min. 5 sec.

It gives an account of the desertion of the ships Erebus and Terror. The party numbered one hundred and five at the time of the desertion, under command of F. B. M. Crozier. They succeeded in reaching the above latitude and longitude, where they found a relic of the late Sir John Ross. It states that the party wintered at Beechey Island

in 1846-47, and Sir John Franklin died June 11, 1847. It contains many interesting incidents connected with the expedition.

DYING MESSAGES OF ENTOINED MINERS.—The opinion that the unfortunate miners in the Burg colliery were all immediately killed by the explosion proves incorrect. In the note book of the miner Bahr the following entry has been found: "This is the last place where we have taken refuge. I have given up all hope, because the ventilation in the Segengottes shaft and the Hoffnungs shaft has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself, and my relations and dear friends who must die with me, as well as our families, under his protection."—*Ernst Bahr*.

In the Hoffnungs shaft, too, the following words have been found: "Janet died; Richter left his family to God."

And again: "Farewell, dear wife! farewell, dear children! May God keep you.—Gottlieb Heimann."

And lastly: "Farewell, dear wife and children! I did not think it would be so.—Obernann."

One of the names of Schmidt had pinned the following words to breast of his blouse: "My dear relations, while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell, till we meet again in happiness. The rest I must leave to you. Between 9 and 10 o'clock."

On the other side stood the words: "Dear wife, take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother and sisters, till we meet again."

All must have been over about 10 o'clock in the morning. By far the greater part must have died suddenly. The great grave has been closed, as some time will probably elapse before the rest are recovered, on account of the masses of earth that obstruct the way. The rest will be buried separately.

The negro question, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, will not long give the Southern States any serious practical trouble. If the negroes remain where they are, they will soon, by all the laws of nature, pass under the moral and political control of the white race, and, if they go away, that will be the last of them. Whether they stay or go, they will, in a few years, be very inconsiderable in numbers and next to nothing in influence. They are rapidly approaching extinction. Had their ears been prophetic, they might have heard in the sound of Lincoln's proclamation, the solemn undertone of a mighty death-bell.

The nomination for Governor of Col. Robinson, of the *Green Bay Advocate*, by the Wisconsin Democrats, recalls a good story of his early editorial career. Before the days of rapid travel the Colonel set out on a business journey Eastward, leaving his paper in charge of his wife—a shrewd, lively, independent and talented Rhode Island woman, who had been educated in the strictest faith of the Whigs. No sooner had her devoted lord got well on his journey than she changed the politics of the *Advocate* to suit her own notions, very much as John Phœnix did with Judge Ames' *San Diego Herald*, under like circumstances. For three or four weeks, until, in those days of slow travel, the rate husband and editor could get back, the *Democrat* was the unblinking organ of the most downright Whiggery—first to the amazement and then to the amusement of its Democratic readers, who had "no sense enough to take a joke. So had the Colonel, but he never heard the last of his wife's editorial coup and probably never will.

A WORTHY DAUGHTER OF A FARMER.—Miss Nellie B., a very checked, bright-eyed, dashing farmer's daughter, living in Independence, Oakland county, Pa., has not sored her temper sighing over fancied wrongs, nor does she bewail her sad estate because, having been born a woman she cannot set the part of a man. When her father's thirty acres of grain, however, was spoiling to be cut, and there were men to bind it but no one to drive the team, she tied her Newport hat down under her chin, donned her garden gloves, mounted the seat and drove and worked the reaper over the whole thirty acres. She comes of a good stock, her mother having helped to make the first grain stack in the county nearly thirty years ago.

The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, a Paris paper, affirms that it has positive knowledge that Adeline Patti (Marquise de Caux) has entered into a written agreement with Stokach to come to the United States on the 1st of September, 1871, and to give during the ensuing eight months one hundred representations, for each of which she is to receive 10,000 francs in gold. Stokach, paying also the expenses of the trip, and depositing with the Messrs. Rothschild 500,000 francs as security that he will carry out his part of the contract.

JOHN BRIDGEMAN ON THE COTTON SUPPLY.—John Bridgeman, a member of Parliament for Birmingham, says, in a letter, that "the good harvest will tend to restore health to the general trade of the country, and when we have a sufficient supply of cotton, Lancashire will recover from her distressed condition. It is more cotton that we want, and not more taxes on imports." I suspect that the few people of Lancashire will understand this.

FROM PRINCE ROSS.—I beg leave explicitly to state that on the 7th of February, 1871, I concluded with Madeline Nilsson a formal contract for a six months' tour through the United States, to commence in November, 1870, and for which she was to receive 100,000 francs a month in gold—a sum equivalent to \$25,000 in greenbacks.—*Clifton W. Fairbanks*.

THE CULTIVATION OF BARLEY.—A travelling correspondent of the *Greenwich (S. O.) Enterprise*, speaking of crops above and around Newberry, says:

Dr. Moses C. Taggart, of White Hall, is a great advocate for barley culture. He says he made 150 bushels on three acres of land. It is of great value—equal to corn or better to feed stock, soaked or ground; and the barley in the winter or early spring, growing on rich land, makes a fine pasture, or may be cut and fed green. The barley on well prepared lands is the most certain of all other crops. It is never injured by cold or wet or dry, nor by rust or mildew, like other grain. It makes itself earlier than any other crop, being the first to come to the relief of the farmer or who likes plenty. Everybody ought to cultivate barley in this country as a part of their crop, but it is no use to do so without enriching the land first, then it will surely pay. Mr. Taggart sells his this year for \$3.50 a bushel to a brewer in Columbia. It is to be converted into lager beer. Mr. Taggart uses the turning and subsoil plow freely in the preparation of his lands for various crops, especially for wheat and barley, and of course manures freely with home-made and also the commercial fertilizers, and finds it profitable to do so. He is not peculiar in these respects. Abbeville has many of the same sort of enlightened and progressive planters.

"LAND FOR THE LANDLESS."—It is a good suggestion, thrown out by that lively and sensible paper, the *Winnboro News*, that the great party which is preparing to grapple with and overthrow Radical rule in South Carolina, should enter the contest with a bold and explicit avowal of its policy and determination to provide in good faith and by legitimate means for the honest and homeless poor, be they blacks or whites, those homesteads, the delusive promise of which has hitherto been so potent an element of success to the pack of knaves and adventurers who now control our State government. Such a policy, while it would be just and beneficial in itself, would at once rally to our support thousands of voters in every section of the State, who are already more than half inclined to side with the party of decency, honor and truth.—*Charleston News*.

Judge Orr is winning golden opinions by the diligence, discretion and courtesy which marks his course on the bench. After he had cleared the dockets of his own mountain circuit, he went to the relief of Judge Vernon, who was overworked in the Seventh Circuit, and held court in Abbeville, though the docket was unusually heavy and the season oppressively warm, discharging his judicial functions in a manner that elicited from the Abbeville bar, through their spokesman, General McGowan, an earnest and feeling tribute of thanks. Judge Orr's next field of labor will be Newberry, where he has consented to hold an extra term of court.—*Charleston News*.

CUBA—THE BATTLE OF LAS TUNAS.—The latest accounts we have from the seat of war in Cuba, and which we publish in another column, speak assuredly for the ultimate success of the struggling patriots. The Las Tunas battle proves to be far more severe than was at first reported, and the result different. Valmaseda commanded the Spaniards, and after a stubborn contest of five hours was forced to give way before the courage, determination and skill of the Cubans under General Quesada. This battle has been one of the most important since the inauguration of the rebellion, and the victory won, it is hoped, augurs well for the cause of freedom in the island.—*New York Herald*.

We are afraid Mr. Charles Dickens is either so unacquainted with geography of this country as to suppose that Harvard University is within the bounds of the late C. S. A., or else was the least bit satirical in his speech at the banquet given the contestants in the late great boat race, on Tuesday night at the Crystal Palace. Referring to the Harvard boys, he is reported to have declared that "nothing is more remarkable in these descendants of our forefathers than the invincible determination with which some of them fought against odds in the late war, and the dauntless spirit with which they sustained defeat."

Fanny Fern's husband, James Parton, writes a wistful letter to the *New York Tribune* in defence of Mrs. Stowe's slanderous article upon Lord Byron. His strongest point (what the rest are may be inferred) is that Mrs. Stowe is perhaps better qualified to judge as to questions of taste and propriety than her critics!

Already one authority—a little given to sentiment, it is true—exclaims, "Compulsory life insurance in proportion to income, guaranteed and controlled by the State—this one day will be found the substitute for all forms of direct taxation."

A Miss Lucy Lee advertises in a Mississippi paper that she "is of good birth and education, and is willing to marry an editor, believing herself able to support one."

A Mr. Donnell, an Irishman, was found Wednesday night, near Crims store, Edgefield County, shot through the back. He was lying when found. Assassin unknown.

Swallowed his Mother.

John Cook, of New Orleans, is an itinerant peddler of tobacco, knives and pipes, and drives no inconsiderable traffic with the laborers on the levee. He is much addicted to suicide, and in his four previous attempts to end a life embittered by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he has successively tried the river, the Old Basin, hanging, and a rusty razor. None of them proving efficient, he concluded very recently to prove the stuporifying effects of laudanum. But by some queer mistake, the druggist, in compounding the narcotic, gave him instead sweet spirits of ammonia. The effect was instantaneous. John's violent feelings were fearful. He had but little to eat of late, but that little took sudden disgust to his stomach, and was in haste to depart. Deathly sick and faint, the horror of his deed pressed heavily on his conscience. He prayed and cried for mercy. Loud and prolonged were John's wails of regret. They finally reached the ears of a policeman, who after an hour's ineffectual search, at last found John securely hid between two cotton bales.

"Got the cholera?" he asked.

"What have you done?" was the next question.

"O Lord, O Lord!" cried John between the intervals of his violent writhing, and paying no heed to his interlocutor.

"Why don't you say what's the matter?" asked the excited official, contemplating John with eyes that had begun to protrude with apprehension.

"Swallowed am—am—am—am!" roared John, trying, ineffectually, to pronounce ammonia.

The policeman, however, had caught a different meaning, and with staring eyes and race-horse speed, he started for his chief.

With disordered hair, breathless and wild with excitement, he dashed into the office of the police chief.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the officer.

"O sir, there's a man down here on the levee says he's swallowed his mother!"

"What?"

"It's a fact, sir; and if you don't believe me, just go and see, for he's trying to fling her up now!"

BUTLER ON THE BYRON SCANDAL.—The *Boston Journal*, of the 26th ult., has a long and elaborate review, by B. F. Butler, of Mrs. Stowe's statement of the Byron scandal. General Butler considers the case in its legal aspects, and in the light of all the evidence of contemporaneous facts, of the suppression of all documentary evidence by the wife, of the extraordinary manner in which this story is given to the public, considers it more constant with the human reason to conclude that the story of Lady Byron, if we have it correctly detailed to us, was a delusion or a mistake, than that this horrible crime in two persons has been committed, and remained unrevealed, except to a select few, until this day. Anything too monstrous for General Butler's conception may well be set down as incredible.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Speaking of the recent meeting of army officers at Gettysburg, the *N. H. Herald* remarks:

For our part we think the old Greeks were wise when they enacted that neither stone, nor canvass, nor monumental trophy of any sort should ever perpetuate the memory of their civil wars. Such wars are like family quarrels, best forgotten.

Fustian! In the first place, it was not a civil war. It was a sectional war, between races as distinct as the Chinese and the French. Ashamed! We ashamed! Forget! Never! Forget Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Ashby, Stuart! Teach our children to disbelieve in the American Revolution and to unlearn the lesson of glory which the martyrs of 61.65 taught them? Man, you are dreaming! *Native Virginian*.

NOT AN ISOLATED CASE.—It appears that when General John C. Breckinridge left Washington in 1861 he left with the intention of returning to uphold the Union cause, but that against his own convictions he was drawn into the rebellion. This is the story of thousands who were drawn off into that wild and insane stampede. Breckinridge, however, is one of those who admits that the Southern confederacy is "a lost cause," and that "the Union as it was" before the secession is among the things lost with the Southern confederacy at the Appomattox apple tree. There is still a hope for such men to rise again in "the Union as it is."—*New York Herald*.

For white-wash for outside work take of good quick lime half a bushel, slake in the usual manner, and add one pound of common salt, half a pound of sulphate of zinc (white vitrol), and one gallon of sweet milk. The salt and the white vitrol should be dissolved before they are added, when the whole should be thoroughly mixed with sufficient water to give the mixture a proper consistency. The sooner the mixture is then applied the better.

At a Confederate cemetery at Winchester, Va., is a shaft with this inscription:

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen Unknown and unrecorded dead Lie beneath this mound."

What a volume of tender and melancholy suggestiveness, what a wealth of mournful eloquence in the simplicity of these three brief lines.

St. Louis Times.

Tomatoes are dull at fifteen cents a bushel in New York.

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