

EDMUND OSGOOD;

THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

It was a chill evening in December—a misty rain was descending, which congealed and encased in crystal everything exposed to the out-door atmosphere, and rendered a precarious footing upon the side-walks for the pedestrian.

Who is there? "Osgood," he replied. "Is it you, indeed, Edmund? Why have you ventured here? Know you not that they have set a price upon your head?"

"I know it well, dearst Maria; but I could not leave my native land forever until I heard from those sweet lips that you believed me innocent of the heavy crime which they allege against me."

"O, Edmund, could you doubt that I believe you innocent? But you have incurred a fearful risk in coming here."

"Speak not of it, dearst—life were not worth preserving, with the heart-rending presumption that my own Maria, too, believed me guilty. But, alas! must I leave you, my own, my beautiful! must I resign to another the treasure for which alone I prized existence?"

"Edmund, O, Edmund, you know not the pain your words inflict! Can you doubt my fidelity? I have promised to be true alone, and that promise I will not recall, though all the world despise me for my fidelity to the outlaw."

"Can it be? Is there yet hope for the outcast from society? I go, dearst—I leave my native land without regret—and when I find a home where we may dwell in security wilt thou hasten to my embrace?"

"Doubt me not, Edmund—I promise. Now depart, for I tremble for your safety. But hark! I hear voices!"

On the instant, five or six men sprang into the enclosure, with loud cries of "Here is the assassin!" "Seize the murderer!" and the maiden sank back upon the floor with an agonizing cry, "Alas! he is betrayed! his fidelity to me has wrought his ruin!"

Edmund Osgood was a young man of promising talent, and an only child of wealthy and respectable parents. He had just completed a course of collegiate studies, and entered upon a professional course with an eminent physician in N.

Not a blight had ever been discernible upon his character, nor a cloud had yet obscured the horizon of his hopes. He had formed an acquaintance with a lovely and accomplished young lady in the village where he was studying his profession, and to her he was engaged, when an unfortunate occurrence dashed the cup of bliss unexpectedly and hopelessly from his lips.

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In the alms-house lay a miserable being, about to depart to that home from whence no traveler returns. Finding himself upon the threshold of an eternal world, he had sent for a clergyman and magistrate, to whom he made the following statement:

I have committed. I was once worthy and respectable—drink and the gaming table have produced the wreck which you see. Having exhausted the last farthing for liquor, and being without means to satisfy the intolerable cravings within me, my sufferings became unendurable, and I resolved to put an end to my sufferings at once. For this purpose I procured a pistol, and strayed to a place where I had resolved to add self-murder to my sins, an unaccountable terror seized me, and I paused. While in this state of indecision, a stranger appeared, walking leisurely along the shaded lane; suddenly the thought occurred to me that by taking this man's life I might replenish my exhausted funds. Without a second thought I concealed myself, and as he approached within pistol shot, I fired and he fell. I approached the dying man, and drew from his pocket a well-filled pocket-book; but at that instant I glanced upon his face, and oh! horror of horrors, behold there the features of a long absent brother. I dropped the pocket-book and fled; but the memory of that murdered brother—the anguish depicted in those features when, in his dying moments, he gazed upon me, revealing that in that awful moment he had recognized in his murderer his brother, have ever haunted me, and, added to a constitution weakened by previous excesses, have now reduced me to the brink of an eternity of despair. I am the murderer. Edmund Osgood is innocent!"

This statement procured an acquittal for Osgood; and we have only to add that a few months witnessed his nuptials with the object of his affections, where we leave them in the enjoyment of the bliss of the honey-moon, for humanity is so subject to changes and vicissitudes, that we presume not to trace their history farther.

THE WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention, let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned, let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children and society a wellspring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting.

She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person is a mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating, and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over it.

It is airy and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprise for husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties save for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—A few days ago, while some workmen were excavating a cellar in Polk township, Monroe County, Indiana, the workmen struck what at first appeared to be a solid ledge of rock, and sitting down to rest, one of their number began idly to pick at an apparent fissure, when a block of stone, nearly two feet square, disappeared with a dull thump. The men went eagerly to work, and removing the bottom of the pit, disclosed a chamber with a six-foot ceiling, and eighteen by twenty-two feet within the walls, which are of solid, neatly-seamed stone work. Ranged in rows, on rudely constructed platforms, were twelve skeletons, each with a tomahawk and arrow heads at their sides, ear-rings and bracelets of solid silver lying where they dropped, and piles of what appeared to have been furs, in the centre of the platform, each pile crumbling to dust as soon as exposed to the light. A number of tools, made of copper, and hardened equal to the best cast steel, were also unearthed, and fresh discoveries are being constantly made.

ARE THE BLACKS DYING OUT?—The Houston (Texas) Telegraph commenting on the returns from the registration of voters in the South-west, says:

The result will put an end to the opinion generally prevalent throughout the country, that the negro population has been largely reduced through the war. In 1860, the blacks of Louisiana were 350,373; which, estimating that there is one voter to every five of population, would yield a crop of 70,074 voters. The returns of the registration just completed show the negro voters now to be 82,907, or about 18,000 more than there would have been in 1860, had negroes then been entitled to vote. So far, therefore, from the blacks of Louisiana having diminished during the eventful period of war, they must have increased by something like 100,000.

It will be recollected that it was in this State that a heavy decrease of blacks was expected to be shown. Even General Banks, at the close of the war, in an official communication to the Government, stated that it had fallen off at least one-fourth.

The same thing is shown by the registration returns in Alabama, where the negroes appear to have considerably swelled their numbers since 1860.

The Shelbyville Union speaking of confiscation, says that "nobody but an arrant fool will ever buy real estate at a confiscation sale; and nobody but a rogue will accept a gift of confiscated property."

AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or that rate, and he had an old silver watch left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and said when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now, let us see how much time he had to read in, in seven years, at the rate of an hour each day. It would be 2,556 hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours per day, would be equal to 310 days; equal to forty-five weeks; equal to twelve months; nearly one year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.

SCUBS FROM THE LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT.—Sheridan pretends to take his removal very coolly, but every one knows he was very much "put out."

A warning to the Secretary of the treasury of the good ship America—Brokers ahead!

Killing cattle on a railroad shows the conductor to be governed by a low-cow motive.

Hogs cannot be carried on shipboard, for fear they would eat the mast.

The "strains" of some singers are more perceptible to sight than hearing.

Using Sickles is a poor way to harvest a crop of Southern loyalty.

Radicals claim to go to the root of the matter. So does a hog.

The treasury is on its last legs, and they are shin-plastered.

Kentucky is a good ship with an indifferent helm.

THIRTY WOMEN STARVING.—Thirty women in Montgomery, Ala., with children, numbering ninety-six in the aggregate, published a card in the papers of that city, in which they declare that they are suffering from the absolute necessities of life, and can get no work with which to support themselves and their helpless children. They state that they have been receiving assistance from the United States Government and from Dr. Rose, but these resources have been closed.

They appeal for help, and say: "We know not what to do to avoid starvation. The wailings of our children for bread are horrible to hear. Unless we obtain some assistance, we must starve." This, certainly, a piteous appeal; it has the pathos of hunger. It is to be hoped the citizens of Montgomery will not disregard a cry of distress so full of agony—literal! the wail of the widow and the orphan. These women are the widows of Confederate soldiers who perished in the battle or died from diseases of the camp. They were the victims of the mad ambition of their leaders, and their starving wives now cry out for help in the very city where the "Southern Confederacy" was organized and set in motion. When the fallen husbands of these thirty widows left their homes for the war, it was far from their thoughts that their families would be fed by the bounty of the United States Government in the place where the flag of the rebellion was so proudly reared. But in its mercy and benevolence, has saved not only these, but tens of thousands in similar circumstances from starvation and death.

SAVE A MOTHER'S TEAR.—Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India. The other, a female friend, part of whose family resides in the far off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to inclose it in hers, to save postage. "If sent separately it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend, and perhaps it may save her a tear." His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feeling, and felt with him that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear! Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tear.

LETTER FROM CHARLES SUMNER.—It is given out that Charles Sumner has addressed a letter to an important personage in Washington, earnestly warning the Radical against Grant. The letter charges duplicity and conservatism upon the General, and hurls several Latin and Greek denunciations at his head for his abetting the displacement of Stanton by accepting the Secretaryship. Grant is said to be exceedingly annoyed at the insinuations of Sumner and Greeley, and in consequence of the Tribune's impudent assaults upon him, cherishes an antipathy towards all newspaper men, which has proved fatal to the enterprise of the correspondents who have within a few days had occasion to visit him.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," but it has never been accurately ascertained who is the father.

We cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshineless sky.

Another—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange juice, in it."

Doctor—"Now don't give all to Tommy; leave some for me."

Tommy (who had tasted it before) (Doctor is a nice man, ma; give it all to the Doctor.)

A wise man once said, "There are three things that will surprise us when we get to Heaven: First, to find many there whom we did not expect. Second, not to find many there whom we did expect. Third, the greatest wonder will be to find ourselves there."

Emmerson says: "It is pleasant to see refinement penetrating into retired homes. The more piano the less wolf, the less dirt. The beautiful should never be out of thought. It is a right that the bread should be put upon the table in a comely shape as that it should be eaten."

A fellow at the race course was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a chap who had been run against. "Why, why—why—the fact is a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes for them."

The Farm and Garden.

Farm Work For September.

Cotton picking is the chief business on the farm this month. Gather it as fast it opens; as it is the bottom bolls that open first, they are liable to be stained by the smallest shower of rain; besides, if left until a large quantity opens, it may be blown out and wasted. It is also bleached, losing the cream yellow color, so much admired by cotton buyers. We have thought that in this matter there was a discrepancy between the buyer and the manufacturer. The former wishing a cream colored article, while the latter bleaches his cloth to get a pure white.

As soon as a rainy day comes, and a quantity of cotton is on hand, commence to gin and bale; making uniform neat bales, using iron hoops. Remove the bales from the gin house, thus lessening the danger from fire. A tightly compressed bale, bound with iron hoops, will not burn, while the loose cotton in the gin-house is very inflammable.

Field Peas must be gathered as they ripen. Save all that can be made. As food for stock, they are as valuable as corn—for young animals better. After gathering the ripe peas, the vines may be cut and cured for hay—making, when properly cured, the most valuable for milking cows.

If the Turnip seed sowed in August, has failed to make a good stand, try again. The turnip crop is too valuable as a winter food for cattle, to be lost. The more turnips grown, the more grain saved. It is estimated that thirteen millions of dollars have been sent from the city of Atlanta alone, to the Northwest for grain, this year. If we can keep this amount of money at home, it will greatly relieve our poor people. Cut off the market for this grain, and somebody will suffer from high taxation. Thus we may gain an ally in the West. Do all to save the grain crops for bread, thereby keeping the cotton money at home. Under this head, it may not be improper to protest against the bad economy of sending wheat to distant Northern markets, instead of flour.

Rye or Barley, for winter pasture, should be sown the last of this month. The soil cannot be made too rich and deep for these crops. Every farmer who loves good butter, should sow an acre for each milking cow. In ordinary winters, these crops afford a valuable pasturage.

The spotted leaf Lucern (California Clover) must be sown the last of this month. Also, the Scarlet Clover, each of which is a valuable early spring forage plant. A desirable consideration in the former is, if not grazed too close, it will keep the ground seeded for years, admitting of cultivation in other crops during summer.

Have all the farm tools gathered up, that are not in use, and placed under shelter. Rainy days, repair such as are broken.

This is the fever month. Much may be done, by proper prudence, in avoiding an attack. One of the most important is attention to diet, and the place where we sleep.—Southern Cultivator.

Importance of Saving Good Seed Wheat.

It is not possible for any one to compute the pecuniary advantage that would accrue to our nation, were all farmers of the country to make a proper selection of his seed wheat for only a few successive years. There is a broad and inviting field open on this subject, for every ambitious farmer to exercise his skill in improving the productiveness of our wheat growing fields by producing new varieties of wheat, which will yield large heads and plump kernels of choice grain. The prolificacy of wheat may be improved to a wonderful extent by proper management; and if a prolific variety of wheat can be brought out, that will yield only a few bushels more per acre than the ordinary varieties, the advantage in the aggregate would be a consideration of no small magnitude. Dr. Vealeker, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institute, London, stated that in a country of Norfolk the average produce of wheat was, in 1773, fifteen bushels per acre; in 1796, twenty-eight bushels per acre; in 1862, thirty-two to thirty-six bushels per acre the increase being due to drainage, tillage, and to the growth of improved varieties.

On this subject, Hon. Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture, says: "A new variety of wheat introduced into a district has in some instances proved of very great value. It is said that the product of one quart of a variety brought from North Carolina in 1845 had in nine years benefitted the farmers of Preble county, Ohio, alone, more than \$100,000 by the gain over what would have accrued from the continued use of the old varieties."

The prolificacy of our cereals, and wheat in particular, is a subject that has been seriously neglected for many years past, even by those who have a reputation for being excellent farmers. Seed wheat should be selected every successive season with a direct reference to the prolificacy of the variety. In many instances, thirty bushels of grain might just as well be grown on one acre as fifteen, with the same cultivation and the same fertilization. When wheat is in the path of degeneracy the best soil in the country, the most favorable season, and the most thorough and intelligent cultivation will fail to produce a remunerative crop.

Intelligent breeders of swine select their seed animals with an especial reference to the prolificacy of the dam that will rear twelve or fourteen pigs. In some instances we see this principle neglected or entirely ignored. And what is the consequence? Why, instead of twelve or fourteen sleek, plump and thrifty pigs, the sow drops only two or three at a litter. On the same principle, we often see short heads of wheat only half filled with small kernels of grain, when, if the seed had only been selected with a reference to its prolificacy, to yield would have been twice the amount realized.—New York Times.

A man in Maine was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play on it."

Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically, says: "An angel without money is not thought so much of now—a days as a devil with a bale of greenbacks."

The Harrow—Why is it Used?

The harrow is an ancient implement, and has been familiar to the husbandman for a thousand years. Shall we speak evil of this venerable and ancient servant of the farmer? Will it do to criticize closely and look sharply into its action after the approval of so many generations? Well, this is an irrelevant age. Old opinions and old things are cast aside without a twinge of conscience, and scarcely with a show of politeness: Everything must stand the test of new scrutiny and new ideas.

The object of harrowing is to level, pulverize, or loosen the soil, and sometimes to cover grain. It answers the purpose of leveling the earth, but its most important object is to loosen and mellow the soil. Now the teeth of the harrow are cones, points down, and on entering the soil, the pressure is principally downwards, with some lateral pressure—moving the earth in the line of the draft—pulverizing a thin surface and compacting that below. As the harrow moves forward the tendency is to press everything down, which is more clearly shown as its passage is repeated, and after passing over a mellow soil six times the surface becomes a compact crust. A stick in the shape of a harrow tooth is frequently used by the miller to pack flour in barrels, and so effectual is it, that with a little repetition the surface may be made almost impenetrable. A new road, thrown up from loose earth, can be rendered solid for the passage of wagons by the use of the harrow sooner than any other implement. In order to mellow the earth it must be lifted and not packed. The construction of the harrow is wrong in principle. It does just the opposite of what is intended. It is only on those soils which are loose and light and need compacting that the harrow should be used, and here it performs its office admirably. To cut up and loosen a hoed surface it is quite useless.

The improved cultivators, with teeth constructed to lift and pulverize the earth, should be used on heavy soils or those easily packed. There is a cultivating harrow, with lifting teeth in the shape of small mold-boards, which cannot be too highly commended. It leaves the soil in fine tith, about three inches deep, and covers grain admirably. It is not adapted to deep tillage, but for surface culture works well. The harrow draws the grain into the ridge, covers unevenly, and thus renders it less able to stand drought. The drill is the true implement to distribute and cover grain, as it distributes evenly at the bottom of a small furrow, and covers to a uniform depth. The dews are deposited at the bottom of furrows, and thus in a dry time moisten and fertilize the root. Farmers should study closely into the action of all their implements, and when one is found wanting, cast it aside and supply its place with a better one.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg Herald gives an account of a "mixed" meeting at Bolton. He says:

The conclusion was a few impromptu remarks from Dr. Bart Watton, colored, who said: "I tell you, you are all a set set of d—n fools, you haven't got much cotton to pick, no how, and you had better be in the field picking out what little you have, than here trying to learn politics."

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axes at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

An incautious individual of Terre Haute the other day, after smoking, put his pipe in his pocket with a package of powder. He was seen shortly after looking a good deal surprised, and inquiring for his coat tail and a large piece of his pantaloons.

A note from the President to Mr. Blacque, the new Turkish minister, requesting an interview with him, was telegraphed by mistake to Judge Black, who hurried all the way from Pennsylvania, obedient to the supposed executive summons. The affair created much amusement in Washington.

A lady was asked the other day why she choose to live a single life. She naïvely replied: "Because I am not able to support a husband" Sharp!

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