

MISCELLANY.

Are the Gates Open?  
BY SARAH L. MILLER.  
Something tells me to-day, while lying  
In my pleasant room,  
That my work is nearly finished,  
That Home I shall see very soon.  
I seem to see faces above me,  
Looking down with their eyes of love,  
As if they were waiting to bear me  
Away to mansions above.  
My hold upon earth seems broken,  
A longing, a wish to be free,  
A peace like the soft dove of Heaven  
Has fallen this morning on me.  
Is He smoothing my path through the  
valley?  
Am I passing away to my rest—  
Does the music that thrills me so sweetly  
Float down from the Home of the blest?  
Are the gates of the Beautiful open,  
That Heaven seems drawing me near?  
Am I nearing that dark lonely valley,  
And yet have nothing to fear?  
I feel a strong arm underneath me,  
And a voice falls soft on my ear—  
"Fear not, for the waves shall not harm  
thee,  
For I, thy Beloved, am near."  
My eyelids are closing down softly,  
The world is passing from view—  
I am launching my bark on the billows—  
Oh, loved ones, I am coming to you.

ORKNEY.  
OR THE  
FORTUNES OF JULIET CLAYBURN.

CONTINUED.

"Goodness, Juliet! there's your father. He's always turning up where he's not wanted. But don't get excited now and spoil everything. Trust me; I'm a chosen apostle to extricate you from this difficulty."

Then turning to the little Irish girl, who was trudging along a little in their rear, Cornelia addressed her in this wise: "Look here! Patty, Biddy, Tabby, Tibby—whatever your name may be—your daughter of Erin—"

"Her name is Maggie," said Juliet, laughing, in spite of herself, at Maggie's comical expression at being thus addressed.

"Maggie, is it?" observed Cornelia, "well, then, Maggie, stay where you are, will you? Stay here, and I'll fetch the bundle to you."

Thus commanded, Maggie stopped. Cornelia looked back at her and laughed. "Let her stand there," she said, chuckling; "if she has no more sense. Only, I'm thinking if she waits until I come back to her, she'll drop dead in her tracks from sheer exhaustion."

"You don't mean you'll leave the child there, in that state of expectation?" ejaculated Juliet; "she might remain until dark and then be afraid to go home. Nurse would never forgive me."

"If she's brainless enough for that, let her stay," repeated Cornelia, "disappointment is the lot of human life, she will have to learn it some day, so let her take her first lesson now. Trouble is like the whooping-cough or the measles, if you have it in your youth, you're apt to get through the malady easy enough, but if it attacks you for the first time in your old age, it is pretty apt to kill."

"But I hate to leave the child there," persisted Juliet, "nurse's youngest—she will take it so unkindly."

"We can explain it afterward," said Cornelia. "I'm surprised, Juliet, you're so blind to the true interest of the child. It will be a good lesson for her, in every way. It will teach her patience, so important a requisite in the affairs of life; and besides, it will be a wholesome precept in worldly wisdom—why don't she keep her eyes open, look out for her own interest and not trust everybody's word, who happens to come along? What a patient little lamb, if she waits there until I go back to her!" and Cornelia almost went into hysterics of laughter.

Miss Maggie, however, who, it is probable, inherited some of the characteristics of her worthy papa, was neither so brainless nor so patient as Cornelia imagined. Maggie had no idea of losing her new dress, and the elegant sugar-plums, the thought of which had caused gorgeous dreams to float in her imagination all during the walk, so instead of halting, as Cornelia directed, she slowly followed, thinking it best not to make the young lady walk too far to bring her the package. Having helped the girls in, Mr. Clayburn entered the carriage himself, and the horses started off.

"The bundle, Miss Juliet—the bundle!" shouted Maggie.

At first, they hoped Mr. Clayburn had not heard the child, and that they would soon be at a safe distance, but the redoubtable Maggie had so set her heart upon the matter, she ran as hard as she could, and throwing up her hands and arms, continued to scream in a loud pitch of voice.

"Miss Juliet, oh! Miss Juliet—the bundle! the b-u-n-d-l-e!"

Mr. Clayburn commanded the driver to stop.

"Isn't that Nurse Winters' child?" he asked; "and at whom is she bawling?"

Juliet was in a great state of perturbation, and Cornelia was inwardly anathematizing Maggie as a "vile brat," but she extricated herself and Juliet with her usual dexterity and address.

"Gracious me!" said Cornelia, "I had forgotten all about the little Paddy. I saw her in the spring lot and told her to follow me to the carriage, as I had a bundle of work to send to her mother."

"Why, my daughter," remarked Mr. Clayburn, "do you allow Cornelia to put out her sewing? You should have it done in the house."

"None of your interference, if you please, sir, in our feminine affairs," replied Cornelia. "Hetty sews for me and Dinah too, but if I choose to ease my conscience for other sins, by helping poor people in this way, it is nobody's place to find fault at my charitable inclinations. Besides, Mrs. Winters is such a neat, tidy seamstress and suits my taste so well."

By this time, Maggie had reached the side of the carriage, her face looking like a damask rose, and herself panting with the violence of the exercise.

"Here," said Cornelia, tossing the bundle out to her. "It's about as much as you can well manage, I fancy. Just give it to your mother, she will understand," and the carriage rolled on.

This display of Cornelia's creative genius, and her expertness in the accomplishment of impromptu narrative, made Juliet's face almost as red with shame as the incoherent Maggie's was with exercise and loud vocalizing. She inwardly recoiled from her companion, but when she remembered the false character she had been acting for so many months, conscience convicted her of being no nobler, no less blameable, no less guilty, than the unprincipled girl at her side. She determined there and then, to take the first opportunity of making a clean breast to her father. Karl surely would come, very soon, for "the breezes were already wooing among the blossoms and the spring birds calling from brooming bough and bower," but if Karl did not come—yes, in two weeks, then she would tell her father all, everything—"though he slay me in his wrath," thought Juliet.

Eugenia was walking up the road, in the direction of Mr. Clayburn's house, with an open letter in her hand. She glanced up from the writing, and seeing the girls, signaled to the driver to stop. "I'm just on my way to see you girls," she said. "Mother said, as the night would be bright, I might walk over to tea, and she would send one of the boys for me at bed time."

"We will be delighted to have you," said Juliet. "Jump in, Eugenia."

"I hope you will excuse me, if I continue to read my letter," remarked Eugenia, settling herself comfortably beside Mr. Clayburn. "The truth is, it is from my cousin Theodore Lyle, and as I've not heard from him in an age before, I cannot control my impatience to see what he has to say for himself."

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Clayburn, "and why doesn't he come back to his own country, like a sensible man, and go to work?"

"Who works, unless from necessity?" said Eugenia, laughing. "Theodore is so well off he can afford to be idle. I wish I could."

Cornelia picked up the envelope from Eugenia's lap.

"Mr. Lyle is in Paris?" she interrogated.

"Yes, and he says he is having a splendid time. His great friend, Rudolph's uncle, is there—they have rooms together at the *Faubourg St. Honore*, and they lead such a gay, pleasant life."

"Such a dissipated one, you mean," remarked Mr. Clayburn.

"We would call it so here, I suppose," said Eugenia, "but Orkney is so out of the world, we lose even the right names for things."

"Is that Professor von Oppenheim, Juliet?" asked her father.

"The same," replied Cornelia. "Rudolph writes he's in Paris, attending to some business for his brother Herr Franz von Oppenheim, but it seems to me it is high time he was coming back to his own business at the university."

"He expected to leave Paris in a few days, for America, when Theodore wrote," said Eugenia, "and Theodore bewails it so bitterly, he says he's going to leave Paris himself and return to Heidelberg."

"It is perfectly ridiculous, how those two men carry on about each other," said Cornelia.

It was such a balmy afternoon, the party lingered on the piazza. All but Juliet, who ran into her mother's room, fell at her knees, and at first was only able to sob forth her joy in inarticulate murmurs.

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh mother! I am so happy. Karl is coming—he is certainly on the way."

"I rejoice in your happiness, my child."

"Has Juliet told you the good news?" asked Cornelia, entering.

"She is not gifted with fluency of speech, at present," answered Mrs. Clayburn, smiling. "You will have to explain, Cornelia."

Cornelia did so.

"Do you think it will be worth my while to write again?" inquired Juliet.

"I think not," said her mother, "unless you write him at Ashburn."

"It would be perfectly useless," said Cornelia, "a mere waste of time and paper, for he will certainly come here before he goes to Ashburn, but if you think otherwise, and desire to write, I'll take the letter with me, day after to-morrow. You know I must start home then, according to father's peremptory orders, but I will break the long journey by stopping over at aunt's for a few days."

"Then I will certainly write," answered Juliet, "for fear some of my letters to Karl have miscarried and he does not understand about the ring and everything exactly."

CHAPTER VIII.—AN INTERVIEW AND ITS RESULTS.

About a week after Cornelia's departure from Orkney, Juliet was sitting alone one evening, in the moon-lighted parlor, playing twilight music on the piano. Hetty interrupted her with a message from Mr. Clayburn, to the effect that he desired her presence in his wife's sitting-room immediately. Juliet arose, dismayed by the late hour, with its mighty revelations, had come at last, and that she was called upon to bear it alone.

"Oh! Karl! Karl!" was the cry of her heart.

"Is *bout* Mass Frank," said Hetty, quietly regarding her young mistress, as she stood in a brown study over the open piano. "I heard him tell missus he had got a letter from Mass Frank. I spects they'll be a wedding afore long. But if I was you, missie, I wouldn't marry my own born cousin. Folks'll think you cud git nary one else. I'd marry Mass Harry Babbitt. He's a neat young gemman, and no kin to you, nuther."

"Attend to your own affairs, Hetty," said Juliet, leaving the room; "when I want your advice, I'll ask it."

She was at the sitting-room door, her hand on the knob, but she could not

enter. She was nervous with excitement, and dizzy with apprehension. She walked out on the piazza, in the calm moon-light, trying to slay her fears and regain her self-possession. Oh! how peaceful the moon looked! How quietly the pale moonbeams sported among the oak leaves and sparkled on the dew-wet flowers.

"Would you were here, Karl! Oh! would you were here!"

Juliet closed the door, and took her seat on a low foot-stool beside her mother.

"My daughter," said Mr. Clayburn, "I have desired your presence here this evening to divulge a very important matter. It concerns yourself more nearly than any one else, and I do not think it expedient that you should remain any longer in ignorance of its import. To speak to the point, I have just received a letter from your cousin and future husband, Frank Clayburn, who has written to know if I will give my consent to the celebration of your marriage next fall. The plan meets with my entire approbation, so you will govern yourself accordingly. Although your mother and your aunt both disapprove the scheme, I cannot relinquish it, nor do I suppose you would desire me to do so. It is a cherished project, which I have contemplated for years, and I truly rejoice that your own feelings place no obstacle in the way of its happy consummation. Your mother imagines that you have no predilection for Frank, and Frank himself tells me that you treated him very coldly in Charleston—on several occasions, he said, showing positive aversion; but Frank, no doubt, like all other lovers, was unreasonable. He mistook reserve for dislike. I am sure my discrimination could not be so much at fault; but, at all events, Frank will be here himself in a few weeks to plead his own cause, and it is my pleasure and command that you receive him as your accepted lover. He's the only man in the world, my daughter, I can ever consent for you to marry, for I could not tolerate separation. You will live with your mother and myself, just the same. Frank has promised it. He will be a dutiful son to me, as you have ever been a dutiful daughter. It is useless, I suppose, to ask if there is anything objectionable in the arrangement. Frank is good-looking, agreeable, kind, and your own cousin. He has known and loved you since you were a prattling child, and will, no doubt, make you an excellent husband. What's the matter with the child?"

Mr. Clayburn had suddenly turned toward his daughter from his position in the middle of the floor, where, with arms crossed on his back, he had delivered himself of this language. Juliet's face looked like a piece of sculptured Parian marble—the blood had even deserted her lips; and Mrs. Clayburn, equally pale, was trembling in every limb.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NEW DISCOVERY!!  
PHALON'S  
'VITALIA';  
OR,  
Salvation for the Hair.  
CLEAR AS WATER!  
WITHOUT SEDIMENT!!  
OPEN TO THE LIGHT!!!  
For Restoring to Gray Hair its  
Original Color.

PHALON'S "VITALIA" differs utterly from all the hair coloring preparations heretofore used. It is limpid, sweet smelling, precipitates no muddy or slimy matter, requires no shaking, imparts no stain to the skin. Hold it to the light and it is clear and cloudless. It leaves no mark on the scalp; yet it reproduces in gray hair the natural color that time or sickness may have bleached out of it.

Phalon's Vitalia is for one sole purpose, that of reproducing, with absolute certainty, the natural color of the hair. It is not intended as a daily dressing, nor for removing scurf or dandruff; nor for curing baldness; nor for stimulating the growth of the hair. These objects may be accomplished after the color has been fixed with the Vitalia, by Phalon's Chemical Hair Invigorator.

THE VITALIA is a harmless and unequalled preparation for the reproduction of the original hue of gray hair, and nothing else. This is accomplished in from two to ten applications, according to the depth of shade required. Sold by all druggists.

Beer! Beer!!  
Some dealers in this city have been in doubt that I could hold out supplying them with Beer this summer. I now inform the public that I have a large supply of old Lager Beer on hand, which I put against any Beer brought from the North, or even imported from Germany, as to purity and strength. I am ready to test it by the Beer scale.

Aug 20 JOHN C. SEEGERS.

NAVASSA  
Ammoniated Soluble  
PHOSPHATE,  
Manufactured by the  
Navassa Guano Co., Wilmington N. C.,  
In Bags or Barrels.  
THIS FERTILIZER is prepared with the utmost care, and contains every constituent desirable for any crop to which it may be applied. It is especially adapted to the growth of  
COTTON, CORN, CEREALS,  
And all kinds of  
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.  
It is manufactured of the same material from which the celebrated  
PATAPSCO GUANO Co.'s PHOSPHATE is prepared, and reference is made to that Company, (65 South street, Baltimore,) for its efficiency, quality and uniformity.  
R. B. BRIDGERS, President,  
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Wilmington, N. C.  
LONDON & JONES, Agents,  
Rock Hill, S. C.  
Jan 21 13mo  
Fine Gold Watch Chains  
Of all the latest styles, for Ladies and Gentlemen, for sale by WILLIAM GLAZE.

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The Great Southern Freight and Passenger Line,  
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THE SHORT SEA LINE NORTH AND EAST.  
MARINE INSURANCE, HALF PER CENT.  
THE OLD ESTABLISHED TRI-WEEKLY ROUTE.  
The Superior Ocean Side-Wheel Steamships  
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ETIWAN GUANOS,  
Soluble Manures and Sulphuric Acid,  
MANUFACTURED at Charleston, under the direction of Dr. N. A. PRATT, Chemist for the Sulphuric Acid and Super-Phosphate Company.  
SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID, in the form of SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF LIME, or DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE, is the basis of all good Fertilizers, and these are valuable in the ratio of Soluble Phosphate which is in them.  
The immense deposits of Phosphoric Guano which were discovered in 1867 in South Carolina, by Dr. PRATT, consists mainly of Insoluble Phosphate of Lime, which is made available as a Fertilizer by being ground to powder, and reduced by Sulphuric Acid to such a condition as to make its insoluble phosphate soluble in water, and thus made capable of being taken up by growing plants. The insoluble Phosphate found in any commercial Fertilizer is of no more value to the plant than the original Phosphate rock. The greater the proportion of this Soluble Phosphate which any Fertilizer contains, the less the quantity required per acre, and consequently the cheapest Fertilizer is that containing the highest per centage of Soluble Phosphate.  
Impressed with these truths, the Sulphuric Acid and Super-Phosphate Company have erected at Charleston, the first extensive Acid Chambers South of Baltimore, and are able to offer to planters the highest per centage of Soluble Phosphate of Lime known in any market.  
Their Fertilizers are offered under two forms:  
1. ETIWAN, No. 1.—PURE SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, guaranteed to contain 24 per cent. of Dissolved Bone Phosphate of Lime, \$60 per ton, 10 per cent. discount for cash.  
2. ETIWAN, No. 2.—PERUVIAN SUPER-PHOSPHATE, guaranteed to contain 20 per cent. of Dissolved Bone Phosphate, and 15 to 3 per cent. of Ammonia, with a sufficient addition of Peruvian Guano to adapt it to all crops, \$70 per ton, 10 per cent. discount for cash.  
WE ALSO OFFER:  
DISSOLVED BONE, of high grade, for planters or manufacturers, who may desire to mix into any other compost, and we suggest that this is the best and cheapest method for manufacturers to transport the Sulphuric Acid contained in the mixture. Will be sold at fixed rate for each per centage. [Jan 1 3mo]  
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Boots, Shoes and Hats for the Million!  
AT THE MAMMOTH SHOE HOUSE!  
NEW GOODS FOR THE NEW YEAR!  
I have just received a very large stock of Ladies', Gent's, Misses' and Children's FINE WORK, direct from first makers, and bought at low figures—certainly the finest brought to this market since the war, and in all colors and widths and sizes, and the attention of buyers is solicited, as goods will be marked down from this date.  
Call and see for yourselves, at the sign of the Big Boot and Hat, one door North of Columbia Hotel.  
Another Step in Science.—Warranted the Best in the United States.  
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WUTTS' HAIR DYE  
BEFORE USING. AFTER USING.  
Jan 17 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Baltimore Advertisements.  
MRS. D. C. SPECK,  
Private and Transient Boarding,  
No. 246 West Lombard street, corner Penn. Sept 14 BALTIMORE, MD.  
GEORGE PAGE & CO.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
PATENT PORTABLE CIRCULAR  
SAW MILLS,  
Also Stationary and Portable  
Steam Engines, &c.  
No. 5 Schroeder Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Send for Catalogues and Price-Lists.  
July 30 1y  
FLOUR.  
WILLIAM R. HOWARD,  
Flour Dealer and Commission Merchant,  
No. 2 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.  
GOOD to Choice FINE, Super, Extra and FAMILY FLOUR, suitable for retailing, constantly on hand. Jan 22 3mo

New York Advertisements.  
A WAY WITH SPECTACLES.—Old eyes made new easily, without doctor or medicine. Sent post-paid on receipt of 10 cents. Address, Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 120 Lexington Av. A WAY WITH UNCOMFORTABLE TRUSSES.—Comfort and cure for the ruptured. Sent post-paid on receipt of 10 cents. Address, Dr. E. B. FOOTE, Dec 15 13mo 120 Lexington Av., N. Y.  
Pratt's "Astral" Oil.  
UNLIKE many other Illuminating Oils, is perfectly pure, and free from all adulterations or mixtures of any kind. It emits no offensive smell while burning, gives a soft and brilliant light, and can be used with the same assurance of safety as gas. Chemists pronounce it the best and most illuminating Oil ever offered to the public; and Insurance Companies endorse and urge upon consumers the use of the "Astral" Oil in preference to any other. It is now burned by thousands of families, and in no instance has any accident occurred from its use; a lamp filled with it, if upset and broken, will not explode. To prevent adulteration, the "Astral" Oil is packed only in the Guaranty Patent Cans, of one gallon and five gallons each, and each can is sealed in a manner that cannot be counterfeited. Every package with uncut seal we warrant. Be sure and get none but the genuine article, Pratt's "Astral" Oil, for sale by dealers everywhere, and at wholesale and retail by the proprietors.  
Ort. House of CHARLES PRATT,  
P. O. Box 3,050, 108 Walton st., New York.  
Send for circulars, with testimonials and price lists. Enclose stamps for copy of the Astral Light. Jan 1 139

THE CAROLINA HOUSE,  
RICHARD BARRY, Proprietor,  
IS conveniently located and easily accessible from Main street, being on Washington, near Sumter. The very best of LIQUORS are always on hand. Tom and Jerry, Flip, Hot Punches, and other winter beverages, prepared at short notice. Nov 30  
Tobacco! Tobacco!!  
70 BOXES COMMON TOBACCO, at low figures.  
30 boxes Fair Chewing Tobacco.  
4 boxes Extra Rock City Chewing Tobacco.  
4 boxes Common Wealth Chewing Tobacco.  
10 boxes Rose Bud Chewing Tobacco.  
JOHN C. SEEGERS.

Solomons' Bitters,  
THE GREAT SOUTHERN TONIC and INVIGORANT, is for sale by Dr. C. H. MIGHT, Nov 21 Druggist, Columbia, S. C.  
Schedule on Blue Ridge Railroad.  
Leave Anderson.....4.20 P. M.  
Pendleton.....5.20 "  
Perryville.....6.00 "  
Arrive at Wallula.....7.00 "  
Leave Wallula.....3.30 A. M.  
Perryville.....4.10 "  
Pendleton.....5.10 "  
Arrive at Anderson.....6.10 "  
Waiting at Anderson one hour for the arrival of the up train on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, except on Saturday, when they will wait until the train arrives.  
March 4 W. H. D. GAILLARD, Sup.

Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta R. R.  
GENERAL FREIGHT & TICKET OFFICE,  
COLUMBIA, S. C., December 23, 1869.  
THE following Passenger Schedule will go into effect on this Road on and after SUNDAY next, 26th instant:  
GOING NORTH.  
Leave Augusta, at.....4.00 a. m.  
Columbia, S. C., at.....9.40 a. m.  
Winnsboro, at.....11.40 a. m.  
Chester, at.....1.40 p. m.  
Arrive at Charlotte, N. C., at.....4.20 p. m.  
Making connections with Trains of North Carolina Road for all points North and East.  
GOING SOUTH.  
Leave Charlotte, N. C., at.....10.30 a. m.  
Chester, at.....1.25 p. m.  
Winnsboro, at.....2.57 p. m.  
Columbia, S. C., at.....5.07 p. m.  
Arrive at Augusta, at.....9.50 p. m.  
Making close connections with Trains of Central and Georgia Railroads for Savannah, and all points in Florida, Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans, Selma, Chattanooga, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, all points South and West.  
Palace Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains. Through Tickets sold, and Baggage checked to all principal points.  
Passengers by this route going NORTH, have choice of THREE DIFFERENT ROUTES.  
C. BOUKNIGHT, Superintendent.  
E. R. DORSEY, Gen. Freight and Ticket Agt.

South Carolina Railroad Company,  
GENERAL SUPT'S OFFICE, Sept. 15, 1869.  
THE following Schedule for "Passenger Trains" will be observed from this date:  
DAY PASSENGER TRAIN.  
Leaving Columbia at.....7.45 a. m.  
Arriving at Columbia at.....4.40 p. m.  
NIGHT EXPRESS TRAIN.  
Leaving Columbia at.....5.50 p. m.  
Arriving at Columbia at.....4.45 a. m.  
THE CAMDEN TRAIL.  
(Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.)  
Arrive Columbia 11.00 a. m. Leave 12.00 p. m.  
Arrive at Kingville in time to connect with through mail train South.  
DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED)  
Leave Camden 6.35 a. m. Arrive Kingville 9.20 a. m.  
Leave Kingville 3.15 p. m. Arrive Camden 6.05 p. m.  
Sept 16 H. T. PEAKE, General Supt.

Greenville and Columbia Railroad.  
ON and after WEDNESDAY, January 19, the following Schedule will be run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Night Train on South Carolina Road, and down, and with Night Train on Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Road going South:  
Leave Columbia.....7.00 a. m.  
Alston.....8.40 a. m.  
Newberry.....10.10 a. m.  
Arrive Abbeville.....3.00 p. m.  
Anderson.....4.20 p. m.  
Greenville.....5.00 p. m.  
Leave Greenville.....5.45 a. m.  
Anderson.....6.25 a. m.  
Abbeville.....8.00 a. m.  
Newberry.....12.35 p. m.  
Alston.....2.10 p. m.  
Arrive Columbia.....3.45 p. m.  
The Train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.  
JAMES O. MEREDITH, General Supt.

Laurens Railroad.—New Schedule.  
MAIL Trains on this Road run to return same day, to connect with up and down Trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad, at Helena; leaving Laurens at 5 A. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and leaving Helena at 1.30 P. M. same days.  
July 9 J. S. BOWERS Superintendent

Spartanburg and Union Railroad.  
ON and after the 18th October, Passenger Trains will leave Spartanburg, C. H. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7.30 a. m., and arrive at Alston at 1.35 p. m., connecting with Greenville down train. Returning Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, leave Alston 9.30 a. m.; arrive Spartanburg 3.40 p. m., as per following Schedule:  
Down Train. Up Train.  
Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.  
Spartanburg 0 7.30 3.40  
Pacolet.....10 8.15 8.20 2.50 2.55  
Jonesville.....19 8.55 9.00 2.10 2.15  
Unionville.....28 9.45 10.10 12.55 1.25  
Santee.....37 10.45 10.50 12.25 1.25  
Shelton.....48 11.40 11.45 11.20 11.25  
Lyles Ford.....52 12.05 12.10 10.55 11.04  
Strother.....56 12.30 12.35 10.30 10.35  
Alston.....68 1.35 9.36  
Oct 14 THOS. B. JETER, President.