

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor. The Liberty of the Press must be Preserved.—Hancock. TERMS: \$2.00 per Year.

VOL. II. WADESBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1881. NO. 12.

ANSON TIMES.
Succeeds The Pee Dee Herald.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months......90

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square, first insertion.....\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....50
Local advertisements, per line.....10
Special rates given of application for longer time.

Advertisements are requested to bring in their advertisements on Monday evening of each week, to insure insertion in next issue.

THE TIMES is the only paper published in Anson County.

SCHEDULES.
Carolina Central Railway Comp'y.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., May 25, 1880.

On and after May 25, 1880, the following schedule will be operated on this Railway:

PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAINS.

No. 1. Leave Wilmington, 9:45 a.m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 6:45 p.m.
Leave Charlotte, 9:45 a.m.
Arrive at Wilmington, 6:45 p.m.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 stop at regular stations only, and points designated in the Company's Time Table.

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT TRAINS.

No. 5. Leave Wilmington at 5:00 p.m.
Arrive at Hamlet at 1:30 a.m.
Arrive at Charlotte at 8:10 a.m.
Leave Charlotte at 11:30 a.m.
Arrive at Wilmington at 7:30 p.m.

No. 6. Leave Charlotte at 7:20 p.m.
Arrive at Hamlet at 3:50 a.m.
Arrive at Wilmington at 9:30 a.m.

No. 5 train is daily except Sunday, but makes no connection to Raleigh on Saturdays. No. 6 train is daily except Saturdays. Through Sleeping Cars between Raleigh and Charlotte.

Q. JOHNSON, Gen'l Supt.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace and good will to men!
And thought how, as the day had come,
The bell-voices of old Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said!
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The right shall fall,
The wrong shall fall,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. "Mr. Davis broke the seal," said Mr. Jones, "and I saw a pained expression pass over his face as he proceeded to read the message. The crowd of troops, which had collected to welcome the party, noting the agitation of Mr. Davis, called for the reading of the telegram. Mr. Davis thereupon handed the telegram to a gentleman, whose name, I think, was Mr. Bates, remarking, as he did so: "This is sad news; read it to them." Mr. Bates did as directed, and some of the crowd, upon the impulse of the moment, cheered—as was, perhaps, after all, only natural—at the news of the death of one they considered their most powerful enemy.

"Then there is no truth in the stories published stating that Mr. Davis read the telegram to the crowd collected about him in an exultant manner," asked the *Herald* representative.

"Absolutely not a word of truth, sir," replied Mr. Jones. "In the first place, as I have just stated, Mr. Davis did not read the telegram to the crowd at all. Mr. Bates read it, and he did not read it with any show of exultation that I could perceive. I know that Mr. Davis was deeply grieved at the act of Booth, for I shortly afterward heard him express himself to that effect. And, aside from all human sympathy called into action by the act of the assassin, I have reason to know that Mr. Davis deplored the death of Mr. Lincoln for I have heard him say that he infinitely preferred Lincoln to Andy Johnson. He entertained an extreme degree of disgust for the latter gentleman, whom he regarded as a traitor to this section.

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Here the *Herald* correspondent interrupted the narrative by asking if he knew of his own knowledge how Mr. Davis was dressed, and if there was any truth in the stories which have been published stating that he was attired in a woman's clothes, wearing a hoop-skirt at the time of his capture.

"Certainly, I know of my own knowledge," he replied. "I was by his side from the time I woke him in his tent to the moment of his capture. If any one ought to know I should."

He then continued as follows:

"Mr. Davis, at this season of the year, wore a sleeveless waterproof light overcoat. Mrs. Davis had almost exactly like it—same material only the cut was a little different. After deciding to attempt an escape he returned to the tent for his overcoat, and in the hurry and confusion of the moment—it was very dark in the tent—picked up his wife's instead of his own coat, and, as he emerged from the tent, Mrs. Davis thoughtfully threw a shawl over his shoulders. He was wearing his wife's 'tracian' and the shawl over his shoulders when he was challenged by the trooper, as will be more fully explained further on."

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He uses the best material he can get. No doubt there were thousands of Republicans who felt as I did about the late President, and had they the opportunity, they would have removed him. I of all the world, was the only man who had authority from the Deity to do it. Without the Deity's pressure I never should have sought to remove the President. This pressure destroyed my free agency. The Deity compelled me to do the act just as a highwayman compels a man to give him money, often placing a pistol at his victim's head. The victim may know it is absolutely wrong for him to give money that his wife and children need, but how can he keep it with a pistol at his head? His free agency is destroyed, and he gives his money to save his life. This irresistible pressure to remove the President was on me for thirty days, and it never left me when awake.

It haunted me day and night. At last an opportunity came, and I shot him in the Baltimore and Potomac Depot. As soon as I had fired the shot the inspiration was worked off, and I felt immensely relieved. I would not do it again for a million dollars. Only a miracle saved me from being shot or hung then and there. It was the most insane, foolhardy act possible, and no one but a madman could have done it. But the pressure on me was so enormous that I would have done it if I had died the next moment.

Heretofore political grievances have been adjusted by war or the ballot. Had Jefferson Davis and a dozen or two of his co-traitors been shot dead in January, 1851, no doubt our late rebellion never would have been. Grant suppressed one war, and Providence and I saved the nation. As time advances the public will appreciate this fact more and more.

Today, Christmas, 1881, I am in jail, and have been since July 2. I have borne my confinement patiently and quietly, knowing that my vindication would come. Thrice I have been shot at, and came near being shot dead, but the Lord kept me harmless. Like the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, not a hair on my head has been singed, because the Lord, whom I served, when I sought to remove the President, has taken care of me. My trial seems to be progressing well. Judge Cox I consider just the man for the case. He is able, conscientious, and careful. I have a bright jury and I wish them to pass on my case. I judge they are good men. They listen with the greatest interest to the testimony and address, and I presume they will give this case their most solemn attention, and dispose of it according to the facts and the law, and I believe the high-toned press of the nation will acquiesce in their verdict. The prosecution who introduced certain witnesses who are guilty of rank perjury, and who excited my wrath, and I have denounced them in plain language. I hate the mean, deceptive way of the prosecution. My opinion of the District Attorney is well known. The defence has been unfortunate in having insufficient counsel; but, notwithstanding this, I expect justice will be done me, and my motive and inspiration vindicated. People are saying: "Well, if the Lord did it, let it go. I expect this spirit will grow. I am highly pleased with Gen. Arthur. He is doing splendidly in his new position. Had Gen. Garfield done as well he probably would have been alive to-day. He was a good man, but a weak politician. I am especially pleased with Gen. Arthur's conciliatory spirit and wisdom toward the opposition. It is exactly what I wished him to do, viz: unite the factions of the Republican party, to the end that the nation may be happy and prosperous."

My life has been rather a sad one. My mother died when I was 7. My father was a good man and an able one, but a fanatic in religion. Under his influence I got into the Oneida Community at 19, and I remained

six years. Three years after this I was unfortunately married, and so continued four years. Soon after I was divorced I went on to theology three years. My life in the Oneida Community was one of constant suffering; my married life the same; my theological life one of anxiety; but I was happier at that than anything else, because I was serving the Lord. My life has been isolated. During my six years in the Oneida Community I got estranged from my relatives. I might as well have been in State prison or a lunatic asylum. I never was able to forgive my father for running me into that community. If it had not been for this I should have had a far happier life; but let it go! Forgetting the things behind, I press forward. I have no doubt as to my spiritual destiny. I have always been a lover of the Lord, and, whether I live one year or thirty, I am His. As a matter of fact, I presume I shall live to be a President.

Today, 1871 years ago, the Saviour of mankind was born in poverty and obscurity. He moved up and down, Judea and spoke as one having authority. Vast multitudes followed Him. He cast out devils, healed the sick, restored the blind and diseased, told the multitude who He was, and what He came for; that God the Father had sent Him to point the race the way to eternal life. This wonderful being had nowhere to lay his head. He had no money. He had no friends. He had never travelled. He never wrote a book. He was hated, despised, and finally crucified as a vile impostor. Then, back He went by the bosom of the Father. During his ministry He drew around Himself a few despised individuals who were as poor as Himself. They had no money and no standing in society, and were mostly fishermen.

Outwardly, like most other great events in human history, the origin of Christianity was an absolute failure. It was like a seed planted and it had to grow, little by little. Time has developed it into a gigantic tree, overhanging the habitable globe. The mob crucified the Saviour of mankind, and Paul, His great apostle, went to an ignominious death. This happened thirty centuries ago. For eighteen centuries no men have exerted such a tremendous influence on the civilization of the race as the despised Galilean and his great apostle. They did their work and left the rest to the Almighty Father. And so must all inspired men. They must do their work and leave the result with the Deity, whatever becomes of them personally. The worst that man can do is to kill you, but they cannot prevent your name and work from going thundering down the ages. God always avenges those who injure His men. Christ's contemporaries crucified the Almighty's only son, but he got even with the Jewish race at the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, when Titus, a Roman General, razed that city to the ground and slaughtered over 1,000,000 Jews, and from that day to this the Jews have been a despised and downtrodden race. The miller of the gods grind slow, but they grind sure. Was not any man or men that persecute God's man. The Almighty will follow them in this world and in the next. Take my own case. When the pressure to remove the President came on me I spent two weeks in prayer to make sure of the Deity's will. At the end of two weeks my mind was fixed as to the political necessity for his removal, and I never had the slightest doubt since about the divinity for it, and the necessity for it. Thus far the duty has furthered the act to my entire satisfaction. He knows I simply executed His will, and I know it, and a great many people are beginning to see it, and they will see it more and more as time advances. I put up my life on the Deity's inspiration, and I have not come to regret yet, and I have no idea I shall, because I do not think I am destined to be shot or hung. But that is a matter for the Deity to pass on and not me. Whatever the mode of my exit from this world, I have no doubt but that my name and work will go thundering down the ages, but was unto the men that kill me privately or judicially.

U. S. JAIL, WASHINGTON, D. C., Christmas, 1881.

Glad it rained.
"I am mighty thankful for that rain yesterday; it did the Colonel a power of good," remarked Colonel McSpilkins.
"Was your farm suffering much for rain, Colonel?" queried Gooltroy.
"I haven't got any farm."
"Have you got a Government hay contract?"
"Not that I know of."
"What makes you take such an interest in the weather, then?"
"I will tell you why I am glad it rained yesterday. There was to be a picnic, and my wife had fixed up a lunch basket for the preacher's table; but you see it rained, and there was no picnic, so we had the lunch for dinner to keep it from spoiling, and it was the best dinner I've had at home in ten years, and I never would have had it if it hadn't rained, so you know why I say that the rain did the country a power of good—see!"

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
SAM J. PEMBERTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ALBEMARLE, N. C.
Attends the courts of Anson, Union, Cabarrus, Stanly, Montgomery and Rowan, and the Federal Courts at Charlotte and Greensboro.

H. R. Allen,
DENTIST,
Office S. E. corner of Wade and Morgan streets (near the Bank).

A. B. Huntley, M. D.,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Anson county. Office first door above the Bank.

WM. A. INGRAM, M. D.,
Practicing Physician,
WADESBORO, N. C.

A. J. BARBON, J. D. PEMBERTON, DANGAN & J. D. PEMBERTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAS. A. LOCKHART,
Att'y and Counsellor at Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts of the State.

A. E. LITTLE, W. L. PARSONS,
Little & Parsons,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to.

SAMUEL T. ASHE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.

F. D. WALKER, A. BURWELL,
Walker & Burwell,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will attend regularly at Anson Court, and at Waidesboro in vacation when requested.

GEORGE V. STRONG,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts.

Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line R. R.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Raleigh, N. C., June 8, 1879, trains on the Raleigh and Augusta Air-Line Railroad will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

No. 1—Leave Raleigh, 8:00 p.m. Arrive Hamlet, 1:30 a.m. Arrive Charlotte, 8:10 a.m. Leave Charlotte, 11:30 a.m. Arrive Wilmington, 7:30 p.m.

No. 2—Leave Wilmington, 9:45 a.m. Arrive Charlotte, 6:45 p.m. Leave Charlotte, 9:45 a.m. Arrive Wilmington, 6:45 p.m.

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Q. JOHNSON, Gen'l Supt.

JEFF DAVIS' CAPTURE.
James H. Jones (colored) is at present, jailor of the county jail in this city and also a member of the Board of Aldermen. During the war he was the body servant of Jefferson Davis, and drove the carriage of the President of the late Confederate States at the time of the latter's flight from Richmond. He was constantly with him thereafter up to the time of the capture in Wilcox county, Georgia, having driven the carriage through Virginia, North and South Carolina and a portion of Georgia; was made a prisoner with Davis and sent to Fortress Monroe, being subsequently released. Jones is a man of some intelligence, who wields considerable influence over his race, and, although a Republican, he is ever ready to say a kind word for his former employer. He is well thought of by the white people of this community, and has a good reputation for veracity and integrity. Being apprised of the facts above related, a *Herald* correspondent approached Mr. Jones with the hope of securing some facts connected with the memorable flight from Richmond and the subsequent capture of the President of the late Confederacy not heretofore made public. Nor was he disappointed. It would perhaps be well to preface the story with the statement that, although the servant of Jefferson Davis, the narrator of what follows was never his slave, Jones having been born free.

THE REMOVAL FROM RICHMOND.
That Mr. Davis was attending religious services at St. Paul's church, in Richmond, on Sunday, April 2, 1865, when the telegram of Gen. Lee, announcing his immediate withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for evacuating Richmond, was delivered to him, is a matter of history. The sensational stories which have been published descriptive of the "panic" caused by Mr. Davis' abrupt withdrawal from the church, are characterized by Jones, who was the bearer of the dispatch, as well as by Mr. Davis, as having transpired in the fertile imagination of the authors only. Jones was well known in the community as Mr. Davis' body servant, and consequently, when he handed that gentleman a telegram which caused him to hastily quit the building, every one who witnessed the affair was convinced that something unusual had happened; but this conviction did not produce a "panic" nor cause the display of any undue excitement. The exercises were abridged and the congregation quietly dismissed—that is all. The next day, Monday, arrangements were perfected for the removal of Mrs. Davis and family from Richmond, and on the afternoon of that day Jones, with the carriage and horses and the Davis family, proceeded by rail to Charlotte, N. C. Arriving at the latter place, a house was rented, and the family settled down with the expectation of remaining in Charlotte for several months at least. After these arrangements were concluded, Jones proceeded to Danville, Va., where the Confederate President then was, to report to him. It was while Jones was in Danville that Lieut. Wise, a mere youth and son of Gen. Wise, came, after escaping through the Federal cavalry, and notified Mr. Davis of the speedy surrender of Gen. Lee. This was the first reliable information Mr. Davis received of the anticipated surrender of the army of Northern Virginia. Mr. Davis, after receiving this news, sent Jones back to Charlotte with orders to remove his family to Abbeville, S. C. This he did, and, after seeing Mrs. Davis comfortably domiciled at the residence of a lawyer at that place, a friend of Mrs. Davis, he started on his way back to meet his employer. He arrived at Charlotte, N. C., on the 18th of April, a few minutes before the Confederate President and party rode up as they came from Greensboro, N. C.

announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. "Mr. Davis broke the seal," said Mr. Jones, "and I saw a pained expression pass over his face as he proceeded to read the message. The crowd of troops, which had collected to welcome the party, noting the agitation of Mr. Davis, called for the reading of the telegram. Mr. Davis thereupon handed the telegram to a gentleman, whose name, I think, was Mr. Bates, remarking, as he did so: "This is sad news; read it to them." Mr. Bates did as directed, and some of the crowd, upon the impulse of the moment, cheered—as was, perhaps, after all, only natural—at the news of the death of one they considered their most powerful enemy.

"Then there is no truth in the stories published stating that Mr. Davis read the telegram to the crowd collected about him in an exultant manner," asked the *Herald* representative.

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six years. Three years after this I was unfortunately married, and so continued four years. Soon after I was divorced I went on to theology three years. My life in the Oneida Community was one of constant suffering; my married life the same; my theological life one of anxiety; but I was happier at that than anything else, because I was serving the Lord. My life has been isolated. During my six years in the Oneida Community I got estranged from my relatives. I might as well have been in State prison or a lunatic asylum. I never was able to forgive my father for running me into that community. If it had not been for this I should have had a far happier life; but let it go! Forgetting the things behind, I press forward. I have no doubt as to my spiritual destiny. I have always been a lover of the Lord, and, whether I live one year or thirty, I am His. As a matter of fact, I presume I shall live to be a President.

Today, 1871 years ago, the Saviour of mankind was born in poverty and obscurity. He moved up and down, Judea and spoke as one having authority. Vast multitudes followed Him. He cast out devils, healed the sick, restored the blind and diseased, told the multitude who He was, and what He came for; that God the Father had sent Him to point the race the way to eternal life. This wonderful being had nowhere to lay his head. He had no money. He had no friends. He had never travelled. He never wrote a book. He was hated, despised, and finally crucified as a vile impostor. Then, back He went by the bosom of the Father. During his ministry He drew around Himself a few despised individuals who were as poor as Himself. They had no money and no standing in society, and were mostly fishermen.

Outwardly, like most other great events in human history, the origin of Christianity was an absolute failure. It was like a seed planted and it had to grow, little by little. Time has developed it into a gigantic tree, overhanging the habitable globe. The mob crucified the Saviour of mankind, and Paul, His great apostle, went to an ignominious death. This happened thirty centuries ago. For eighteen centuries no men have exerted such a tremendous influence on the civilization of the race as the despised Galilean and his great apostle. They did their work and left the rest to the Almighty Father. And so must all inspired men. They must do their work and leave the result with the Deity, whatever becomes of them personally. The worst that man can do is to kill you, but they cannot prevent your name and work from going thundering down the ages. God always avenges those who injure His men. Christ's contemporaries crucified the Almighty's only son, but he got even with the Jewish race at the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, when Titus, a Roman General, razed that city to the ground and slaughtered over 1,000,000 Jews, and from that day to this the Jews have been a despised and downtrodden race. The miller of the gods grind slow, but they grind sure. Was not any man or men that persecute God's man. The Almighty will follow them in this world and in the next. Take my own case. When the pressure to remove the President came on me I spent two weeks in prayer to make sure of the Deity's will. At the end of two weeks my mind was fixed as to the political necessity for his removal, and I never had the slightest doubt since about the divinity for it, and the necessity for it. Thus far the duty has furthered the act to my entire satisfaction. He knows I simply executed His will, and I know it, and a great many people are beginning to see it, and they will see it more and more as time advances. I put up my life on the Deity's inspiration, and I have not come to regret yet, and I have no idea I shall, because I do not think I am destined to be shot or hung. But that is a matter for the Deity to pass on and not me. Whatever the mode of my exit from this world, I have no doubt but that my name and work will go thundering down the ages, but was unto the men that kill me privately or judicially.

U. S. JAIL, WASHINGTON, D. C., Christmas, 1881.

Glad it rained.
"I am mighty thankful for that rain yesterday; it did the Colonel a power of good," remarked Colonel McSpilkins.
"Was your farm suffering much for rain, Colonel?" queried Gooltroy.
"I haven't got any farm."
"Have you got a Government hay contract?"
"Not that I know of."
"What makes you take such an interest in the weather, then?"
"I will tell you why I am glad it rained yesterday. There was to be a picnic, and my wife had fixed up a lunch basket for the preacher's table; but you see it rained, and there was no picnic, so we had the lunch for dinner to keep it from spoiling, and it was the best dinner I've had at home in ten years, and I never would have had it if it hadn't rained, so you know why I say that the rain did the country a power of good—see!"

COVINGTON'S HOTEL,
(FORMERLY HUNTLEY'S HOTEL.)
WADESBORO, N. C.
Centrally located in the business part of town. Commercial Travellers solicited. Assurances of cleanliness. Table supplied with the best to be obtained.

WAVERLY HOUSE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
This favorite family Hotel is situated on King street, the principle retail business street, and nearly opposite the Academy of Music. The WAVERLY under its new management has recently been renovated and furnished, and is recommended for its well kept table and home comforts. Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per day, according to location of room. The Charleston Hotel Transfer Omnibus will carry guests to and from the House. G. T. LAFORD, Manager.

PAVILIAN HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
This popular and centrally located HOTEL having been entirely renovated during the past summer is now ready for the reception of the travelling public. Popular prices \$2 and \$2.50 per day. Special rates for Commercial Travellers. E. T. GALLIARD, Proprietor.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Prices Reduced to Suit the Times. CALL AND SEE US.

PURCELL HOUSE,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Recently thoroughly overhauled and renovated. First-class in every respect. Location desirable, being situated near all business houses. First-class. Custom House, City Hall and Court House. Rates \$2 and \$2.50 per day. Our motto is to please. B. L. FERRY, Proprietor. JAS. A. LEAK, JAS. A. LEAK, JR., Cashier.

BANK OF NEW HANOVER,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Special attention given to collections, and proceeds remitted on day of payment, at current rate of exchange.

DIRECTORS:
JAS. A. LEAK, J. C. MARSHALL

OPIMUM
And MORPHINE HABIT cured in 10 to 15 days. Ten years' experience. Sold entire. Write and receive. Dr. J. M. K. QUINCY, Mich.

Cheraw & Darlington Railroad.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Society Hill, S. C., Feb. 25, 1880.

On and after Monday, the 28th inst., the train on this road will run as follows—making connection at Florence with trains to and from Charleston, Columbia and Wilmington—both ways:

GOING DOWN.

Leave Cheraw at 10:20 a.m.
" Society Hill, 11:15
" Darlington, 12:15 p.m.
" Palmetto, 12:35
Arrive at Florence, 1:40

COMING UP.

Leave Florence at 2:25 p.m.
" Palmetto, 3:40
" Darlington, 4:40
" Society Hill, 4:55
Arrive at Cheraw, 5:40

Connection made at Florence with trains to and from Charleston and Wilmington every day except Sunday.

B. D. TOWNSEND, President.

Cheraw and Salisbury Railroad.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
Until further notice, the trains on this road will run as follows:

Leave Cheraw, 8:40 a.m. Arrive, 10:05 a.m.
Cheraw, 10:15 a.m. Arrive, 11:40 a.m.
Making close connection both ways at Cheraw with Cheraw & Darlington train, and at Florence with the North Carolina train.

B. D. TOWNSEND, President.

Northeastern Railroad Company.
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
On and after this date the following schedule will be run, Sundays included:

Leave Charleston, 8:00 p.m. Arrive Florence, 12:55 p.m.
Florence, 1:15 p.m. Arrive Charleston, 4:30 p.m.

Leave Florence, 2:40 a.m. Arrive Charleston, 6:45 a.m.
Charleston, 7:00 a.m. Arrive Florence, 10:30 a.m.

Trains leaving Florence at 2:40 a.m. will stop for Way-passengers.

P. L. CLADFOR, General Ticket Agent.

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley R. R.
TO TAKE EFFECT MAY 9, 1880.
Leaves Fayetteville at 4:00 p.m.
Arrives at Gulf at 6:45 p.m.
Leaves Gulf at 7:30 a.m.
Arrives at Fayetteville, 10:30 a.m.
Daily except Sunday.

C. JONES, Supt.

THE CHARLESTON LINE.
FROM THE UPPER CAROLINAS.
THE NEW SHORT LINE FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.
CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 2nd, 1880.
Commencing August 3rd, the Cheraw & Salisbury Railroad opens from Waidesboro, Charlotte and all adjacent territories via Cheraw and Florence, a new line to Charleston and Gulf at the mouth of the river, at the attention of all shippers, and a share of their business.

For rates and all information inquire of W. L. Rose, Agent, Waidesboro, or the undersigned.

A. POPE, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

FOR FLORIDA.
Via Savannah, Twice a Week.
On and after December 1, the palace steamer ST. JOHN'S, Capt. Leo Vogel, will leave Charleston as per Schedule below:

On the Tuesday trip the St. John's calls in Savannah going and returning.

On the Saturday trip she goes direct to Florida, not stopping at Savannah either way.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, 10 a.m. Satisfy, Dec. 4, 8 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1 p.m. Satisfy, Dec. 11, 8 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 14, 10 a.m. Satisfy, Dec. 18, 6 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 21, 10 a.m. Satisfy, Dec. 25, 8 p.m.
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 10 a.m. Satisfy, Jan. 1, 7 p.m.

Connecting at Fernandina with Transit Road for Cedar Key and points on the Gulf, also with Route at Jacksonville and Palmetto for Upper St. John's, and Oklawaha Rivers, with Railroad for St. Augustine at Tocot.

Freight Received daily.

State and all information furnished by application to RAVENEL & CO., Agents, 30 East Bay, Charleston, S. C.

Depot Hotel,
D. J. GASHIER, Proprietor.
Convenient to all the trains.

A full stock of Groceries and Confectioneries always on hand.

"BLACK-DRAUGHT" makes chills and fever impossible.

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