

POETRY.

[From "The Printer."]
I wish I was an Editor.
I wish I was an editor—
I really do indeed:
It seems to me that editors
Get everything they need.

SABBATH READING.

CHEAP RELIGION.—The Presbyterian
Banner thus discourses upon the subject of
"cheap religion," in reply to a cotemporary
who sneers at economy in church mat-

Reason and common sense should prevail
in religion. Churches should be economical,
neat, corresponding with the ability
of the people. Let the church edifice be
sufficiently large, comfortable, in good taste,

Good men will do neither the one thing
nor the other. They will be liberal toward
the sanctuary, they will sustain their pas-
tor well, and they will not be niggardly in
their benevolence.

FORGIVENESS.—No aspect in which
the Creator is presented to us so clearly exhibits
His beneficence, as that which represents
Him as continually exercising forgiveness
towards the violators of His law.

It is unfortunately the case in regard to
human forgiveness, that if it does not follow
close upon the steps of the offence, it rarely
comes at all. It must always be a positive
benefit. People cannot forgive by forgetting.

THE TRUTH.—Shelton in one of his ser-
mons says: "An upright is always easier
to than a stooping posture, because it is more
natural, and one part is better supported
than another; so it is better to be an hon-
est man than a knave. It is also more
the safe."

NO SUDDEN REFORM IS POSSIBLE.—To
hope to change from vice to virtue is like
hoping for youthful veins to be opened,
and their healthful vigor infused into the
dried-up sluices of age.

ONE OF THE REASONS.—Two country-
men went into a hatter's to buy one of them
a hat. They were delighted with the sam-
ple, inside the crown of which was insert-
ed a looking-glass. "What is the glass
for?" said one of the men. The other,
impatient at such a display of rural igno-
rance, exclaimed, "What for? why, for
the man who buys the hat to see how it
fits him."

VARIETY.

Burling, the New York Dan.
The Boston Post's account of this man
gives but a faint picture of him. I will
give you one from real life:
Ten years ago I was seated in my office
at No. 12, Wall-street, busily driving the
quill, when I heard a quiet step behind
and then a mild voice inquiring if I had
the transcript of a certain judgment against
one J. G. O.—the projector of the great
Peg-ghe-wah-wah Company for selling In-
dian Medicines. I looked up and saw a
man whose twisted foot and palsied arm
were quite familiar to me, but of whose
name or calling I knew nothing.

"Yes," I replied, "I have the trans-
cript."
"Well, I want it," he said, "I'm going
to collect it for the creditor."
"Going to collect it?" I exclaimed,
"Why, the judgment is perfectly worth-
less. Executions, and proceedings after
judgment, and all ordinary means of grace
have long ago been exhausted upon O.—
He is hopelessly insolvent, and is, besides,
the most audacious scamp I ever encountered."
"Whatever that to me?" broke out the
visitor, in a snuff, strong voice, quite dif-
ferent from his first tones. "Perhaps you
don't know who I am. I'm Burling, and
not know me! Sheriffs are good for nothing;
constables are good for nothing; executions
and creditors' bills are good for nothing.—
Give me the transcript—here's the order
for it—I'll make the money out of him."

"And will you be so good, Mr. Bur-
ling," I asked, "as to tell me your plan
for superseding officers and writs, and
for squeezing blood out of turnips, and
cash out of the President of the Peg-ghe-
wah-wah Company?"
"How do I do? you mean. Why I dun
'em at their houses, I dun 'em in the street,
I dun 'em at the theatre, I dun 'em in
church, I catch 'em early in the morning,
and stick to 'em all day; follow 'em up
wherever they go; go to meals and eat
with 'em; go to bed and sleep with 'em;
give 'em no peace night nor day. Sunday
nor week day, stick to 'em like death to a
dead nigger. A man owes a debt. He
won't pay it. I follow him up all the
week so he can't do any business, nor go
to see his sweetheart, nor walk in Broad-
way, nor eat with any appetite, nor sleep
without dreaming I'm after him, with the devil
to help run him down. All this won't do?
Very well. When he goes to church, Sun-
day, he finds me in his pew. (Your sher-
iffs can't work Sundays—I do my best
then.) The congregation rise, and he rises,
takes out his book, opens at the place,
and there he finds the bill I've stuck there,
and gets so mad he can't say amen."

"Sheriffs and constables," continued he,
"getting loud and fierce; 'will a sheriff
go of a Sunday morning to a parson's house,
and follow him to church, and walk up the
broad aisle with him before all the congrega-
tion, and go up the pulpit stairs close to
his heels, and slip into the pulpit after
him before he can shut the door, and take
a seat by his side, and get up when he gets
up, and when he opens the Bible, opens
John Jones' bill full length, and lays it
down over the chapter and verse, and tell
him: There's that bill of horse hire—pay
it before you preach! But, that's what I
did, and I got my money, too."

"And what commission did you charge?"
" Fifty per cent."

"Rather strong," I suggested, "but
still your mode of procedure was strong.—
Do you often get as much as fifty per cent?"
"When I earn it, I get it. Dr. C., of
Broadway, sent me to dun a fellow who
lived back in a yard and kept two bull dogs
that he let loose when anybody came to
collect honest debts. I went to him with
a horse-pistol in each hand and Dr. C.'s
bill in my teeth, and made him pay up.—
What did Dr. offer me for getting his sixty
dollars? He offered me one dollar. I
won't take it, says I. I'll pay no more
says he. Pay me thirty dollars, says I.—
Clear out, says he, and he kicked me out of
his door and down the steps into Broadway.
I goes across to the hotel and hires a
great arm chair out of the bar-room, and
takes it across the street and plants it on
the curb-stone right opposite Dr. C.'s of-
fice door, and I lays the bill I had made
out on a full sheet of foolscap across my
knees, hanging down so everybody that
went by could read in large, black, sanded
letters:

DOCTOR C.—
To J. BURLING, Dr.
For collecting of Richard Roe:
Commission, : : : \$30.
"And all the crowd kept stopping to
read, so that there was all the while two or
three hundred people standing on the doc-
tor's pavement and reading first my bill
and then his sign, and making their jokes.
I had hired the chair for the whole after-
noon; but he had n't sood this more than
fifteen minutes before he comes to the
door, and says, come here, you rascal, and
I went in and took thirty dollars of his
money, and left the bill receipted."

"But, my friend, don't your impudent
ways often get you into scrapes; are you
not afraid that some one will some day
break your head?"
"Break whose head?" he thundered;
"didn't Col. S., of New Orleans, a man that's
killed seven men in duels, when I went to
dun him at the Astor House—didn't he
grab me by the slack of my breeches, and
hold me out of the fifth story window, and
shake me there above the pavement, and
say shall I let you fall, and break your
neck on the stones, or take you in and kick
you down stairs?"

"Well," said I, anxiously, "what did
you do, then?"
" What did I do? I said pay me that
money! and didn't he pull me in and pay
every cent?"
The intensity of his manner, as he thus

related his exploits, cannot be rendered on
paper—especially when he exclaimed with
closed teeth and the fingers of his right
hand clenched—"pay me that money!"
He took the transcript and leaped out.
In another day the hapless debtor, and
over-much for all the regular thumb-screws
of the law, came in to beg piteously I would
call off the blood-hound. I told him it was
the creditor's affair, not mine. Next day
I met Burling at the corner of Cortland
street, looking mild and happy, and asked
him how he succeeded. "I haven't got it
yet," was the reply. "He hasn't found me
out, but he has just paid me five dol-
lars to let him dine at the hotel, down there,
without my company. We've taken all
our meals together for the past two days,
and he began to find his appetite fail."

Whether the \$5 was credited on the
judgment, or pocketed as a personal per-
quisite, I never knew.

[From the Memphis Avalanche.]
Snobbish High Life.
The country is running wild. Extrava-
gance, folly, and fraud are the great pre-
vailing vices of the times—the grand charac-
teristics of the age. It is manifestly
more or less in our cities and villages, and
its influence is seen in the debasement
of men and women, and the complete ruin
of children. Every successful speculator or
fortunate operator must imitate, and if pos-
sible excel, his neighbor, the lucky banker
or the money making grocer; and to do
this, without regard to expense, away they
go into the marble and satin, the rosewood
and silver, keep extravagant carriages with
horses to match, and give parties where
Brussels and Wil'on outvie in color their
silks and the wine which make up the
chief part of the entertainment. Up
goes the new house, with all the decoration
which a vulgar or a refined taste may sug-
gest. Up it goes into the air, a huge pile
or a fantastic residence, but not a room in
it for the comfort of the owner or family—
all of it for show and the public gaze. The
women flout about in lace and laziness, or
recline upon soft cushions in fine carriages,
neither knowing whether the money that
keeps them up be stolen or honestly gained.
They are happy in the fact that they dash
as much as the richest of their neighbors.

For an American of fortune—real solid
fortune—to dash into all this extravagance,
is folly; but that man is guilty of down-
right wickedness who, upon a little money,
goes to vast and foolish expense; for he
must rob somebody to carry out his plans;
or if he has enough to warrant it all, his
children, when his fortune is divided among
them will have all the silly and extravagant
notions of their father without the money
to give them reality. Out of all this mis-
erable life there spring evils worse than
bankruptcy. The sins of the father are
visited upon the children to the third gen-
eration. Of what use to society are the
children of such people? Sons who have
been educated to believe that all this splen-
dor constitutes the best of life, and that
fast horses and champagne are emblematic
of high life. Daughters brought up by a
silly, ridiculous mother, who glories in her
carpets and curtains, her carriage and her
parties, and the fashionable training of her
children.

Nice creatures these for a life battle in
a world where energy and industry and
endurance are worth to them more than all
the airs, graces, and style that they learned
in the paternal drawing of foreign masters.
Out of this struggle to excel in this sort of
life there spring, too, fraud and chicanery,
and all manner of crime; for in the contest,
gold, gold, is the end and aim of all—the
means are not regarded. The sensible
part of the community laugh at this folly
and laugh loudly, too, at coarse vulgarity
parading itself in gay equipages, and mov-
ing about with all the airs and affections
of snobbish high life—people elevated
above their fellows by a stock operation or
a rise in town lots, and rejoicing thereaf-
ter in flashy and in gaudy lousies.

If they made fools of themselves alone,
it would all be proper enough. But the
effect upon their families and upon society
is most to be dreaded.
In a country where the law divides
among a man's heirs all his estate after
death, unless disposed of by will, and when
the chances are that the property will not
remain in the family beyond the second
generation, it is utter folly to build palaces
to live in; far better would it be to
expend the same money in building schools
or founding asylums, the benefit of which
the rich man's heirs may need. On; on,
goes our American life! Helter-skelter-
burly-burly—on it goes—Dash—make a
sensation—get money—honestly if you can
—get money; but educate children after
the same fashion, and then die and be for-
gotten.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A correspondent
of the Sacramento Union, writing from
Forks of Butte on the 20th of July, gives
particulars of a most atrocious deed,
which makes the blood curdle with indig-
nation against the man, "ering white friars;
Some Indians, camping about two miles
from there on the ridge in the direction of
Chica creek, were surprised by a party of
white men, painted, who fired upon and
killed nine of the Indians, wounded several
others, and robbed them of \$800 or \$70 in
money, and whatever else of value they
could lay their fiendish hands upon. Of
the killed, two were children, two women
four of the men were sick, one of whom
was blind, one aged, and with one excep-
tion, all were helpless. The only able vic-
tim was scalped.

HATCH.—We once heard an English-
man give his osterly orders as follows:—
"Envy, take the 'stness off the hof' orse,
slip the 'lter hover' 'is, 'end, hand give 'im
'ay hand hof's."

Catastrophe.
BY ROB BRADLEY.
Sweet Julia, in the winking dance,
Received full many an ardent glance
From many, love-lit eyes,
But with a toss of her fair head,
She motioned, as if she had said,
" 'Tis vain are all your sighs!"

She was a creature full of pride,
And full of lofty airs beside—
She would not smile on any,
Her suiters watched her every gaze,
Her glances set their hearts ablaze,
And these were rich and many.

She waltzed with grace, and polka'd, too,
There were no figures but she knew,
How stately were her motions!
Her taper fingers, sweetly gloved,
Seemed all the things in life she loved,
All else were simply "nothings."

Thus whirling in the graceful dance,
And trying every claim to entrance—
She paused! and blushed! while o'er
Her cheeks ran tears; how pride was curst!
The string she trusted, too, had burst—
Her hoops lay on the floor.

She gathered them up and ran as speedily as
possible to the dressing room, and from there
home, and for several weeks was seen no more.

The Mirror held up to Us.
With the importance of understanding
ourselves as a nation—our foibles and defi-
ciencies as well as our points of pride and
our real advantages—we think it worth
while to copy, from one paper to another,
what may chance to be wisely said on the
subject. Here, for instance, are some excel-
lent remarks from "Dwight's Journal of
Music," suggested by the German Singing
Festivals:

"Divided between money-making and
politics on the one hand, and religion with-
out much of 'the beauty of holiness' on
the other—between a barren puritanism
of correct deportment and its natural alter-
native of stupid, bestial indulgence—we
have somewhat as a people, lost the art of
free, spontaneous, genuine, happy life.—
We are an unhappy people; none the less
so that we are more prosperous than others.
Prosperity is the bugbear tyrant whom we
serve as anxious bondmen, fearing to call
one moment our own, fearing to live, in our
uncessing, feverish pursuit of the means of
living.

"We are an anxious people, uncomfort-
ably demonized and ridden, night-mare-like,
by that which gives us power. We go
ahead faster than others, but it is by a cen-
tury-like contrivance, by allowing so much
of our real vital, human self to be absorbed
into the lower animal, or the machine that
carries us. Soon we shall cease to be men
at all, we shall be so 'fast.' Your native
American 'live Yankee' wastes his life
in rivaling a steam engine; he makes him-
self a mere machine for gathering power—
power for what? And with what a solemn,
pious, lean, hard favored way he does it!
With what a quasi-religious reverence he
quotes his business maxims, his rules of
principal and interest, and so forth! How
he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with
the most secular showman's sentiment in the
advertising of his wares. How he practically
confounds religion with his own selfishness,
as generalized into prudential maxims!

"Perhaps there are no people who put
forth so much of will, so much of multi-
farious power as we; as there are certainly
none who have so much political freedom,
so much liberty and even license of opinion.
And yet we have, perhaps, as little freedom
as any other. We are the slaves of our
own feverish enterprise, and of a barren
theory of life, which would fain make us
virtuous to a fault, and substitute negative
abstinence for harmonious, positive living.
We are sadly destitute of the spontaneous
element. We are afraid to give ourselves
up to the free and happy instincts of our
natures. All that is not business, or poli-
tics, or study, or religion, we count waste.
We have done it so long, that now we are
like little children, unfit to be left to our-
selves to enjoy ourselves together. Pleas-
ure becomes intemperance with us; amuse-
ment, untaught, uninspired by higher
sentiments, runs into the gross and sensual.

"We lack geniality; nor do we as a peo-
ple understand the meaning of the word.
It comes of the same root with the word
genius. Genius differs from the other
ruling principals of life by the fact that its
methods are spontaneous. Genius is the
spontaneous principle; it is free and happy
in its work; it is a practical reconciliation
of the heartiest pleasure with the highest
sense of duty, with the most holy, univer-
sal ends and sentiments of life. Genius,
as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his
Symphony, finds the key-note and the solu-
tion of the problem of the highest state
of joy. Now, all may not be geniuses, in
the sense that we call Shakspeare, Mozart,
and Raphael men of genius; but all should
be partakers of this spontaneous, free and
happy method of genius; all should live
child-like, genial lives, and not wear the
marks of their unreleasing business, or the
badge of party and profusion, in every line
and feature of their faces."—Home Journal.

THE MAD STONE.—We have heard of the
"mad stone" ever since we were a child.
At first we had unwavering faith in its per-
fect control over the deadly virus of mad dogs,
and with one in our pocket, would have
braved a yard full of hydrophobia. When
we grew to more mature age, we lost all con-
fidence, and believed that such a thing as the
"mad stone" never existed, and if it did,
that it was a grand humbug. But a few days
ago our friend, Dr. R. H. Ayres, of this coun-
ty, brought one into our office, that he has
had in use for many years, and performing
the most wonderful cures—never failing in a
single instance to extract poison and restore
the patient from the bite of not only the mad
dog, but from that of every poisonous reptile
that may sink its deadly fangs into human
flesh.—Jackson (Tenn.) Whig.

to need contradiction.
When used it is dipped in water quite
warm and applied to the wound, when the
patient feels the sensation of drawing; and
it is said that small ones will stick until full
of poison and then drop off, and after being
dipped in warm water and re-applied, will
stick till all the poison is extracted. Mine
is too large to stick in that way, being over
two inches square, containing all at seven
solid inches. Yet those to whom I have ap-
plied it asserted that they felt it draw.

Well, does it cure? This stone was used
in Buckingham county, Va., from about 1815
to 1832, and in the West since, in my own
neighborhood, and has never failed to cure in
any case, although in several instances, 48
hours, and in one, several days elapsed be-
fore it was applied. In a case bitten by a
cut-mouth snake last week, in the vicinity
of Millin, the remedies prescribed by the
family physician were used until the leg and
thigh were badly swollen (bit on the ankle),
and the body had commenced swelling; slept
none through the night, and had to ease till
I applied the mad stone, which gave relief
immediately, and she fell asleep in twenty
minutes. Seventeen hours had elapsed be-
fore it was applied. It arrests the swelling
and pain in case of the sting of insects in a
few moments, as I will prove at any time, on
my own person, or any one else."

ELECTIONEERING.—Governor P—,
of Kentucky, tells a couple of good ones
on himself. When on a canvass preceding
his election, he stopped at a cabin on the
wayside, in the eastern mountains of the
State, for a bit of dinner. The good house-
wife served him a better repast than he ex-
pected, tender and juicy fresh venison be-
ing one of the courses, followed by a tempt-
ing display of poetry. Cutting into one of
the pie-tasting, the same, his palate was en-
tirely propitiated, and he paid his accom-
plices to the lady by way of making an
inquiry:

"Madam," said he, "this is a very de-
licious pie; but upon my word I don't
know what is the fruit in it—pray tell me,
if you please."

"Why! stranger, where did you come
from?" demanded the dame in turn.

"Well, I am from the lower part of the
State; but no such fruit as this grows there.
Indeed, madam, I am ignorant of this fruit,
and beg you will inform me what it is."

"'Tis for Governor," exclaimed the as-
tonished woman, "and don't know huckle-
berries! Well I mistrust you ain't fitten
for the office!"

The Governor would have relinquished
the track, but his party wouldn't let him
off; and he was elected in spite of his igno-
rance of huckleberries.

On one occasion he stopped for supper
at a cabin not well provided as the former.
The poor woman of the house had
neither sugar, tea, nor coffee, and spread
before him a dish of clabber, uttering a
profusion of apologies and regrets that her
house was so ill provided.

"Why, madam," said he with perfect
truth, "I prefer this to tea or coffee, or
even strawberries and cream; and often
take it in preference, on hot evenings like
this, when at home. It requires no apology,
for I couldn't be better suited."

"Now, stranger," responded the doubt-
ing lady, "are you lying just because you
are a candidate; for I've heard tell them
candidates is the liyest critters on the
year?"

The Governor could only vindicate his
truth by bolting a second dish of clabber.

WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we
grow older, it is with hearts as with heads
of hair; for one that we find real, there
are nine that are false.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
PICKENS—IN EQUITY.
John Gilstrap
vs.
Harvey Tripp.
UNDER an order of the Court of Equity,
made in this cause, at June term, 1859,
I will sell at public auction, to the highest
bidder, at Pickens Court House on Saturday
in October next, the tract of land described
in the pleadings, viz:

ONE TRACT OF LAND, situate, lying
and being in the State and District aforesaid,
on Rice's creek, waters of Twelve Mile River,
containing One Hundred and Seventy Acres
more or less, and bounded by lands of John
Arnold, J. Joseph Young and others.

The defendant, Tripp, has until the day
of sale as above mentioned to come in and re-
deem the land, by satisfying the demands of
the complainant, Gilstrap. His failing to do
so as the land must be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.—On a credit of twelve
months, with interest from the day of sale,
except the costs which must be paid in cash.
The purchaser to give bond to the Commis-
sioner, with at least two good sureties, to ac-
cure the payment of the purchase money, and
to pay extra for titles.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, C. E. P. D.
Com'r's Office, Sept. 7, 1859 7 tl.

Sale of Real Estate.
C. J. Herdricks,
vs.
M. F. Canch, et al.
Summons in Partition.

By virtue of an order to me directed by
the Ordinary of Pickens District, there
will be sold at public auction, to the highest
bidder, at Pickens Court House, on Saturday
in October next, the Real Estate of James
W. Canch, deceased, situate, lying and being
in Pickens District, on a branch of Little
George's Creek, waters of Saluda river,
namely:

ONE TRACT OF LAND, containing Two
Hundred and Twenty-three Acres more or
less, bounded by lands of Joel Killison, estate
of Wm. Benson and others.

TERMS OF SALE.—Sold on a credit of
twelve months, with interest from the day of
sale, except the costs which are to be paid in
cash. The purchaser to give bond to the Or-
dinary, with two good sureties, with a mort-
gage of the premises, if deemed necessary by
the Ordinary. Purchaser to pay for titles.

L. C. CRAIG, S. J. P.
Sept. 10, 1859 7

GREENVILLE MARBLE YARD.
THE subscriber has on hand and is con-
stantly receiving a large and varied as-
sortment of
American and Italian Marble,
To which he would call the attention of those
in want of a suitable Monument to mark the
spot where repose the remains of their de-
parted relatives and friends. Carving and
lettering of all kinds neatly and promptly
executed.

Particular attention paid to orders by
mail.
JAMES M. ALLEN,
Greenville C. H., S. C., Feb. 22 31-tf
N. B. He refers to D. G. Westfield, Gower,
Cox, Markly & Co., Dr. M. B. Earle, W. H.
Watson, Esq., Col. D. H. R. McKay, Esq.

J. W. NORRIS, JR., J. W. HARRISON, Z. C. PULLIAM,
NORRIS, HARRISON & PULLIAM,
Attorneys at Law,
AND
SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.

WILL attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to their care. MR. PULLIAM can al-
ways be found in the Office.
OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.
Sept. 6, 1859 9

Rags! Rags!
WE want to buy 25,000 pounds CLEAN
RAGS.
J. B. E. SLOAN & CO.
Pendleton, July 4, 1859 50 tf

J. H. VOIGHT,
Tin, Copper, & Sheet Metal Maker,
WALLHALLA, S. C.
WILL give strict attention to all business en-
trusted to his care. Terms the most rea-
sonable.
Jan. 12, 1859 25 tf

State of South Carolina,
PICKENS—IN EQUITY.
Ephraim Perry, et al.
vs.
John Robinson, Adm'r,
John McKinney, Adm'r,
et al.

Bill for Relief, Dis-
covery, Account,
&c.
THE Court of Equity, for Pickens district,
having referred the matters of Account in
this case to the Commissioner for settlement, it
is ordered that Monday the 17th day of October
next, be set apart for holding the said Refer-
ence; and that the following absent parties are
herby notified to attend either personally or by
attorney, at that time, namely: James Mc-
Kinney, Sarah McKinney, and her husband
James McKinney, Preston McKinney, George
W. McKinney, Mary Murphy and her husband
—Murphy, Francis McKinney, Preston
McKinney, Jr., Nancy McKinney, Jr., Mary
Ernest and William McKinney. The partic-
ular defendants, within the jurisdiction of the Court,
are also required to be likewise represented on
the day aforesaid.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, C. E. P. D.
Com'r's Office, Aug. 12, 1859 1d.

BRANDRETT'S PILLS,
FOR SALE AT SALUBRITY, S. C.
THESE celebrated Pills are of vegetable com-
position, free from mercury or drugs of any
kind. They are a sovereign remedy for pain or
any uneasiness in the body, or costiveness.—
Skin diseases of any inveterate and painful char-
acter, such as erysipelas, scald rheum, tetter and
summer heat, have been eradicated by their use.
These pills have cured the rheumatic, the epi-
leptic, the paralytic, and the consumptive. In
jaundice and all affections of the liver, dyspep-
sia, dysentery, and diarrhoea, pleurisy, sudden
pains, and inflammations, female obstructions,
menstrual and scrofulous, even gouty and neu-
ralgic affections, have given way to the use of
this medicine; and now, after twenty years ex-
perience, the public estimation of Brandrett's
Pills continue to increase. For Worms Bran-
drett's Pills are the best vermifuge; they are
infallible. A little child, six years old, for some
weeks was drooping; its mother gave it one of
Brandrett's sugar coated pills; the next day
there came away a worm sixteen inches long
and as large as a child's finger. The child was
well. And for Pleurisy nothing is better. Let
the people discard prejudices and try them.

Prepared and Sold by W. S. & G. P. WILLIAMS, at
Salubrity, S. C. at the usual price.
April 20, 1859 35

NOTICE.
UNDER an order of the Court of Equity,
we have been authorized, and are also
now prepared to distribute the personal estate
of Russell Cannon, deceased. The heirs-at-
law of said deceased are hereby requested to
apply for their distributive shares, as we will
not longer be held responsible for interest.
RAMSON DUKE,
HARRIET DUKE, Adm'rs.
Aug. 1, 1859 2 3m

NOTICE.
FRANCES A. V. WHITE, wife of C.
H. White, Harness-maker, of Wallhalla,
herby gives notice that, at the expiration
of three months from this date, I will transact
business as a sole trader or free dealer. My
occupation is that of Milliner.
F. A. V. WHITE.
Aug 1, 1859 2 3m

STRAYED
FROM the subscriber, in June last, a pied Bull
Dog, with mottled face, and white on the back.
Branded on the loon with an X—ear mark not
recollected. Information concerning him will
be received with thanks, and expenses paid.—
Anderson's Mills is my post office.
Sept. 1, 1859 6 WM. ALLEN, 1f

Notice
I hereby give that application will be made
to the Legislature of South Carolina, at its
next session, for an act to incorporate Carmel
Incident to such corporate bodies.
Aug. 18, 1859 3 2m

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
In Ordinary—Pickens.
W. B. Childers
vs.
Abram Childers.
Sum. in Part.

Appearing to my satisfaction that Abram
Childers, one of the defendants in this case,
resides out of the limits of this State: It is
ordered that he do appear, either personally or
by attorney, in the Court of Ordinary, at Pick-
ens C. H., on Monday the 13th day of Decem-
ber next, to object to the division or sale of the
Real Estate of John Childers, deceased, or his
consent thereto will be entered of record.

W. J. PARSONS, o. p. n.
Ordinary's Office, Sept. 12, 1859 3m.

Notice.
ALL persons are hereby forewarned from
trading for a note given by me to M.
F. Mitchell, some time in April last, for the
sum of One Hundred and Thirty-five Dollars,
payable six months after date; as the consid-
eration of the above Note has failed.

Sept. 12, 1859 T. M. SLOAN, 4

LOST
ON Saturday last, a Pocket Book, of deers-
skin, containing some money and pa-
pers. The finder will be suitably rewarded
by leaving it at this office, or returning it to
the subscriber.
Sept. 5, 1859 J. J. NIX, 5