MISCELLANY.

The World My Idol.

BY FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

This world to me is fair. I love it well,
Each day, as in the days of yore,
I bind it nearer to my heart, and say,
"Oh, leave me not; I thee adore."

I mourn the hours which, flying, lessen time—
The time for my idolatry;
And, as they go, I firmer clasp the world,
And dread the dark futurity.

At eve, a Voice Divine doth reach mine ear:
"This cannot, shall not always be;
Cast, then, the image from thy fond embrace,
And love supremely none but Me."

That Voice Celestial comes to me each night;
But, still unmov'd, I heed it not:
The while it shakes my soul; but, ere the morn
It's hallow'd counsel is forgot.

And thus, through days and years, I hurry on,
Like one who runs to reach a goal—
The world my idol, and the only God
To whom I consecrate my soul.

Oh, sin-forgiving One! hear Thou my prayer—
My prayer, unworthy though it be:
"Tear the illusive idol from my breast,
That I may love and worship Thee."

TAKING A SUBSCRIPTION.

BY REV. J. C. TRACY, MARSOVAN, INDIA.

Two good signs have appeared of late among the native brethren in the church here, viz.: the prayers are growing shorter and the subscription list longer. I have noticed that where the latter is short and the former are long, a state of revival is never found.

Patient labors have been bestowed in Marsovan to bring the people up to the duty of self-support; the giving of tithes has been insisted on. It was like boring in the rock, but last Sunday we struck oil. It remains to be seen whether there is a great deal of pumping to be done. But I must tell you a little about the

CHURCH MEETING

last Sunday. Only a part of the church members were present—about 15 men sitting on the floor around the margin of the room, with their backs against the wall, and a score of women on their own side of the house, all on the floor. Mr. Smith, in the chair, says:

"Well, what have you done about getting a pastor?

A disheartening pause; at last one says:

"We have been talking, but have not come to a decision."

"But when will you decide? In four weeks the young men will go away from the school; others will call them, or we shall send them elsewhere, and your chance will be lost. We shall not furnish you preaching any more after the 1st of January; we shall not do the marrying, nor the baptising, nor give you the sacrament, after that. Who, then, will do these things if you have no pastor?"

A pause, a hanging of heads. One says: "A pastor is very necessary to us." Another says: "And a teacher, also." Another: "And a church, too." Nothing has been done but to talk about the necessity. We suggest that they had better wait till the storms come down from the mountain and present themselves for the church walls.—Again, they get a plain reproof for preferring their own gains to the cause of Christ. Duty is set forth and enforced by a "Thus saith the Lord." Our native teacher in the school, Baron (Mr.) Averdis, our helper in every good work, says: "The very first thing has not been done to raise the money. Let us start a subscription at once."

Mr. Smith: "Here is a sheet of paper; I will call the names, and Baron Avedis will write down the sums. Brother Hohannes (John), how much will you give?"

"I will give a tenth to the Lord, and for a pastor four piastres a week."

We look at each other with sparkling eyes, and say: "The Lord give you a blessing!" This brother has been growing in grace, in love, and earnestness, of late because he has been giving more. This is four times his former subscription.

Next him is an oldish man, whose soul is pinched with the love of money. "Baron Zeron, will you also give a tenth!"

He winces and writhes; it distresses the old Adam like groans out: "Bodville (Rev. Sir), it is very hard to give a piastre a week."

"That is, one-twentieth; the Lord won't bless you."

Next, the head of the Protestant community, Brother Hagope (Jacob,) gives five piastres a week for a pastor, besides five hundred for the new church. Next, a very poor brother is called on, and immediately pledges a full tenth. We can hardly believe our ears when we hear such thing. Next, one of the students is asked, and replies:

"I give my money for the pastor in my place."

"How much?"

"Ten piastres."

"A year?"

"Yes."

"And I pay a thousand a year to you to keep you in school. You had better go home and stay there. How can you ever preach to others and set such a example yourself?"

This is plain talk. How would it be relished at home? People are different here: we have to say, "Thou art the man." The man looks much ashamed, and puts down a piastre a week.

These examples are sufficient, showing how they give. The meeting became quite enthusiastic: a large proportion of them gave tithes, and the women promised their weekly mites. At the end, to the surprise and delight of all, when the column was footed up, it amounted to about half what is necessary for the entire support of a pastor, though, as I said, but a small part of the congregation were present. They will easily raise the whole, if they go on with the same spirit.

The Bells of Moscow.

At the foot of the Ivan tower, in the Kremlin of Moscow, supported by a pedestal of stone, is the largest bell in the world, and probably the largest that ever *was* in the world. A piece is broken out of its side, and the fragment is lying near. The breadth of the bell is so great,—it is twenty feet across,—that the cavity underneath has been used as a chapel, where as many people can stand as in a circle sixty feet around.

In Russia the bell is an instrument of music for the worship of God as truly and really as the organ in any other country! This fact is not mentioned in the accounts we have of the wonderful, enormous, and almost incredibly heavy bells that have been cast in Moscow. But it is the key to what would otherwise be difficult to explain. It appears absurd to cast bells so large as to be next to impossible for convenient use, in danger always of falling and dragging others to ruin in their fall. But when the bell is a medium of communication with the Infinite, and the worship of a people and an empire finds expression in the majestic tones of a bell, it ceases to be a wonder that a bell should have a tongue which requires twenty-four men to move, and whose music should send a thrill of praise into every house in the city, and float away beyond the river into the plains afar.

Moscow is the holy city of the Greek Church. Pilgrims come hither from thousands of miles off, and on foot, and sometimes without shoes. I have seen them, with staves in their hand, and their travel-worn feet wound up in cloths, wending their way to the sacred hill. And when they draw nigh unto the city, and on the evening air the music of these holy bells is first borne to their ears, they fall upon their faces, prostrate, and worship God. If they could go no further, they would be content to die there, for they have heard the bells of Moscow, and on their majestic tones their souls have been taken up to heaven! This is the sentiment of the superstitious peasant, and it is a beautiful sentiment, ideal indeed, but all the more delicate and exalted.

As long as five hundred years ago, this casting of bells was an *art* in Russia. It is one of the fine arts now. Perhaps our great bell founders, the Meneelys, will not admit that the founders there have any more skill in their manufacture than we have, and I am not sure that their bells have any tones more exquisite than ours *would* have if we would put as much silver and gold into our bell-metal as they do. But so long as those precious metals are at the present premium, little or none of them will find its way into our church bells. We have not the mistaken idea of the Russian as to the use of a bell.—We use it to call the people to the house of worship. They use the bell for worship. Our bells speak to us. Their bells praise God.—They cast their silver and their gold into the molten mass, and it becomes an offering, as on an altar, to Him who is worshipped with every silvery note and golden tone of the holy bell.

This one great bell is a growth of centuries. In 1558 it was cast and weighed only 96,000 pounds. It fell in a fire and was recast in 1654, being increased to the astonishing weight of 288,000 pounds. This was too vast a weight to be taken up to the top of the tower, and it was sustained by a frame at the foot of it. In 1706 it fell in another fire and was broken into fragments which lay there on the ground about thirty years. It was recast in 1733, and four years afterwards a piece was knocked out of the side of it, and it has been standing here on the ground more than a century. It weighs 444,000 pounds! In the thickest part it is two feet through. It has relief pictures on it of the Emperor and Empress, of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary, and the Evangelists.

Ascending the Ivan tower, we find on three successive stories bells to the number of thirty-four. Some of these are of a size to fill one with astonishment had he not seen the giant below. The largest is on the first story above the chapel and weighs more than sixty tons. It swings freely and is easily rung. I smote it with the palm of my hand, supposing that such a blow could not produce the slightest vibration in such a mighty mass of iron, but it rung out as clear and startling as if a spirit within had responded to my knock without. Two bells are of solid silver and their tones are exquisitely soft, liquid and pure. It was exciting to go from one to another and to strike them with their tongues, or with your hand, and catch the variety and richness of their several melodies.

The chapel below is dedicated to the patron saint of all ladies about to be married, and it may be readily believed that the bell that gives expression to their prayers will have, at least to their ears, the sweetest tone of all the bells in Moscow.

I had come down from the Kremlin to my lodgings at Billot's, and, wearied with the wanderings of the day, was lying on the bed and looking out on the city. It is just before sunset, and the day has been oppressively warm. A delicious glow from the gorgeous west is bathing all the domes and roofs with splendid colors, and silence is stealing in with the setting sun upon the crowded town. It is the eve of one of their most holy festivals of the Church. One vast church edifice is directly in view of my window and but a short w[illegible]. As I lie musing, from this church at hand comes the softest, sweetest tone of an evening bell. Another tone responds. A third is heard. The Ivan tower on the height of the Kremlin utters his tremendous voice, like the voice of many waters. And all the churches and towers over the whole city, four hundred bells, and more, in concert, in harmony, "with notes almost divine," lift up their voices in an anthem of praise, such as I never thought to hear with mortal ears: waves of melody, an ocean of music, deep, rolling, heaving, changing, swelling, sinking, rising, sounding, overwhelming exalting. I had heard the great organs of Europe, but they were tame and trifling compared with this. The anthem of Nature at Niagara is familiar to my ear, but its thunder is one great monotone. The music of Moscow's bells is above and beyond them all. It is the voice of the people. It utters the emotions of millions of loving, beating, longing hearts, not enlightened, perhaps, like yours, but all crying out to the Great Father, in these solemn and inspiring tones, as if these tongues had voices to cry: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Heaven and Earth are full of Thy glory."

[*New York Observer.*

The Editor.

The capacity for the proper occupation of the editorial chair embraces rare qualifications. The glib tongue, nor the fluent pen do not constitute them; nor yet alone the deep thinker or profound scholar. It is evident a man may be apt in his replies—yet ruin what he advances by his total indiscretion; he may be an erudite thinker, and yet may want that grace and beauty of utterance which charm and chain us; he may be an acknowledged learned scholar, and still may be without the power to present the material he has, in that manner which is pleasing and effective. An editor should be a man above all others, the ministry alone excepted, who should be free from prejudice and passion. He should have discretion without timidity—courage without rashness—fluency without loquaciousness—depth without mysteriousness—profoundity without ostentation. To accomplish all the good he can, to fulfill his mission, to perform his duty, he should be eminently practical yet not prosaic. He should avoid vain speculations, lest he be called erratic and his advice be taken for naught—nor yet as occasion demands, should he be wanting in the grand, eloquent, and the sublime. When the public mind needs or seeks information, he it is whose duty is to bring forth from the well-filled stores of his mind, or from the teeming pages of forgotten lore, those rich treasures of knowledge and wisdom, polished by his master hand, or present them in their chaste loveliness, or in their plain and homely ruggedness, and draw from them those lessons of weal which history and experience have taught. He should be quick to discern these stages of the public mind. When he presents these facts and opinions, he should place them before the disagreeing reader in such a courteous style of well-chosen language as to demand his attention—his diction should be that which lulls and entrances the ear—and his argument ought to be rendered with its points so obvious and plain, as to thrust themselves most poignantly and convincingly to the mind, yet not omitting all elegancies of style, and courtesy of diction. In politeness he should not be sycophantic; in his selections he should be chaste; in his arrangement of matter he should be uniform and systematic; in his prunings he should be delicate and discreet, yet decided. Quick to discern truth from falsehood, the genuine from the counterfeit, he should be ever ready to expose the wrong and uphold the right. A "tinkling cymbal" should not deceive him. In abuses, his eye should be the first unloosed. He should be a leader not a follower of the people. Conscious of the dignity of his position, he should lose no moment, by all that is manly and good, to magnify and exalt his office. With celerity should he weigh every proposition, with carefulness should he take his position. His charity to failings and frailties, to opinions and men, should be deep and kind—but no morbid sensibility should deter him from the condemnation of vice and and errors, crimes and criminals. His paper should be the reflex of himself, therefore, it ought to be consistent.—*The Calogram.*

YOUNG LADIES' SUNDAY DRESSES.—Floating among the papers, we find these remarks of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women, sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes the acts of devotion in the service seem almost a burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with her hair frizzled till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante*; and if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableau party, would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy."

A CITIZEN of Burlington, Vermont, has invented a clock that runs by electricity, and never requires winding. It has only three wheels, no weights or springs and it is claimed that it has little friction, is not affected by heat, cold, dampness or jarring. A single clock and battery can be connected with any number of dials and indicators, in the same building, or even along the whole line of a railway.

A Brother and Sister Marry, Not Knowing their Relationship.

There passed through this city yesterday, on route to Chicago, a lady, whose history is one of the most remarkable ever brought to public notice. It has been well said, that truth is stranger than fiction, and the details of this lady's history abundantly verify the adage. For reasons which all will see the propriety of, we withhold her name, merely relating the facts as they were communicated to our reporter by one who had heard her "strange, true story" from her own lips.

In 1838, her parents emigrated to this country from England, leaving behind them an only son, some ten years of age, who had engaged as cabin boy on a merchant vessel in the East India trade. They landed in New York, when, a few months later, the subject of this sketch was born. While she was yet a helpless infant, both her parents died, and she was sent to the Foundlings' Home, where she remained some time, when she was finally adopted by a lady and gentleman, who then resided in Elmira, New York. Of course, she knew nothing of her sailor brother, and she grew up in the belief that she was really the child of her foster parents. At the age of eighteen, she married an industrious young mechanic, and set out for the great West.—After traveling in various States, they finally settled in Missouri, where they continued prosperous and happy until the storm of war burst upon the country. Then, her husband, in common with the thousands of his misguided countrymen, enlisted in the service of the rebellion, and was assigned to General Price's army. He served faithfully during the first eighteen months of the war, but was finally killed in one of the South-western engagements. From the breaking out of the war, the lady of whom we write had lost all trace of her foster parents, owing to the disturbed condition of the country in which she resided, and after her husband's death, she removed to St. Louis, where she sought to maintain herself by sewing.

In 1863, she again married, and her husband embarked in business in St. Louis.—The last marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and in the course of time two children were born unto them. The husband gradually extended his business operations, so that much of his time was necessarily spent in travelling about the country, and during one of his business tours he visited Chicago where he became acquainted with a lady and gentleman, who, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he ascertained were the long lost foster parents of his wife. Delighted at the discovery he had made, and pleased, no doubt, with anticipations of the joyful surprise he should give his wife, the husband at once concluded his business, with the intention of returning to St. Louis and bringing her to Chicago for the purpose of re-uniting her with her friends, without having first prepared either party for such an event.

On the night before his contemplated departure for home, while conversing with Mr. and Mrs. ———, it happened that he was led into a recital of his adventures about the world, and before the narrative was finished, his listeners knew that their adopted daughter had married her own brother, who, before she was born, had sailed for East India. Horrified beyond expression, the wretched man fled from the house, and from that hour no tidings of him have ever reached his friends.

This was in March last, and a few weeks later the wretched sister-wife was rendered comparatively poor by the destruction of a large portion of the property left in her hands by fire.

Although written to by her stricken friends, their letters never reached her, and a few weeks since she started for Elmira, her early home. Upon her arrival there, she learned the address of her foster parents, with whom she at once communicated, giving them full details of her experience since she had first bade them farewell, upon setting out for her Western home. Their answer to her letter contained a statement of the terrible discovery of the identity of her husband and brother, together with an affectionate invitation to come to them with her children and share their home.

Heart-broken, and nearly crazed by the strange *denouement* of her happy married life, the wretched woman hastened to accept the offer, and this morning will doubtless see her reunited with her earliest and dearest friends.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SOCIABLE KENTUCKIAN.—In 1863, General Magruder had camped at a comfortable place and made his headquarters at a country house with broad, cool verandas.—Dinner for himself and staff was placed on the table, when a reckless young Kentuckian passed by, looked at the spread, and liking it, quietly sat down, regardless of the company, and began to eat. "My friend," said Magruder sternly, "do you know in whose company you are dining?" "Company," replied the Kentuckian, "no, I used to be very particular about company, but since I got to be a soldier I don't care a red who I eat with."

GREAT BRITAIN is after a new colony. An Australian company has bought rights in the Fejee Islands, and 1,000 emigrants have settled, built houses, and begun to cultivate crops. The natives disapprove of these proceedings, and have attacked the settlement, killing the colonists wherever they can reach them.

THE yield of wheat in Britain this year is reckoned at 15,000,000 quarters, or 120,000,000 of bushels, being 48,000.000 bushels in excess of last year. The price is steadily declining as the excellence of the harvest yield is becoming more fully ascertained.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT—A FATHER RECOVERS HIS LONG-LOST SON.—A few days ago, an unfortunate young man, who had seen better days, but had yielded to the ruinous influence of idleness and drink, fell into the hands of the police and was carried to the Up-town Guardhouse. As is usually done on such occasions, he was searched, and the articles, knife, pocket book, watch, &c., found in his possession were taken in charge by the officers, to be safely kept until he should be released. That night a stranger, an old gray-headed gentleman, well dressed, and evidently well to do in the world, had occasion to call at the Guardhouse to look after some property which he had lost. While he was there one of the police officers was amusing himself rummaging over the miscellaneous articles which had been taken from the prisoners and were huddled together in a drawer. The stranger suddenly interrupted him, and seizing one of the watches in a very excited manner, said: "This watch belongs to my son, who ran away from home five years ago; and of whom I have been able to obtain no trace since. "Will you let me see the man who brought it here?" "How do you recognize the watch?" asked the officer. "I bought it in this very city, ten years ago, as a Christmas present for my son, who was then quite a boy. See, there is the jeweller's name on it: *James E. Spear Kingstreet, Charleston S. C.*" "Yes," replied the officer, "Mr. Spear is a well known and reliable jeweler of this city, who always sells a great number of Christmas presents. You shall see the man." The man was brought out, and proved to be the stranger's long-lost son. There was great joy, mingled with great sorrow. The father paid his son's fine, and carried him off to take him home, and it is hoped that the prodigal will improve this opportunity to become a wiser and a better man.—*Charleston News.*

NOTHING WINS LIKE LOVE.—The fear of man which birds and most animals feel, is in a great measure caused by our ill-treatment of them. We all know that "every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of things in the sea is tamed of mankind." If we always treated them gently—never inflicting upon them needless suffering, or exciting their fears by harsh ways towards them—much of their shyness would disappear. We often see boys creep along carefully, with stones in their hands, to throw at harmless birds that are picking up a few crumbs upon the pavement. What pleasure it can give them to frighten or maim such creatures, we cannot imagine.—How much pleasanter would be the reflection that by gentle words and actions we have won the love and confidence even of a timid bird.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men, who have got their foot in it, as only half perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other ridiculous titles are given to them; while, on the other hand, they extol their state as one of so perfect bliss that a change from earth to Heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their tongues about it?—What do half the men get married for? simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings sew buttons on their shirts and trot babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man said once, "to pull off their boots when they were a little balmy."

These fellows are always talking about the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters—invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who could not entrap him? The bachelor.

Who strewed flowers on the married man's grave—the widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that six weeks grief had set up in her heart, she goes and gets married again, she does.

Who goes to bed earlier, because time hangs so heavily on his shoulders? The married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning? The married man.

Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man.

Who gets divorces? The married men.

Finally, who has got the Scriptures on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was about when he said: "He that marries does well, but he that marries not does better."

BUSINESS Directory for Pickens County.

Judge of Probate Court—I. H. Philpot.
Clerk of Probate Court—J. E. Hagood.
Clerk of Court—R. A. Bowen.
Sheriff—Joab Mauldin.
School Commissioner—D. F. Bradley.
County Commissioners—L. N. Robins, Chairman; R. E. Holcombe and John W. Singleton—J. E. Hagood, Clerk of Board of County Commissioners.
C. C. Folger, County Constable.
October 28, 1868

PREMIUM WOOD TYPE.

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June 16, 1868 87 1y

Change of Schedule on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

ON and after Wednesday, the 12th inst., the Passenger trains will run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with Night Trains on South Carolina and Charlotte and South Carolina Railroads, as follows:

Leave Columbia,	7 00 a m
Leave Alston,	8 40 a m
Leave Newberry,	10 10 a m
Arrive at Abbeville,	3 00 p m
Arrive at Anderson,	4 20 p m
Arrive at Greenville,	6 00 p m
Leave Greenville	5 45 a m
Leave Anderson,	6 25 a m
Leave Abbeville,	8 00 a m
Leave Newberry,	12 35 p m
Leave Alston,	2 15 p m
Arrive at Columbia,	5 45 p m

Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will also run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with the up and down trains on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, as follows:

Leave Anderson at	4 30 p m
Leave Pendleton at	5 30 p m
Arrive at Walhalla at	7 30 p m
Leave Walhalla at	3 30 a m
Leave Pendleton at	5 30 a m
Arrive at Anderson at	6 20 a m

The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.

JAMES O. MEREDITH,
General Superintendent.
Aug. 8, 1868 47 tf

THE Merchants' Protective Union MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER

THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, organized to promote and protect trade, by enabling its subscribers to attain facility and safety in the granting of credits, and the recovery of claims at all points, have to announce that they will, in September, 1868, publish in one large quarto volume:

THE MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER, containing among other things, the Names, Nature of Business, Amount of Capital, Financial Standing, and and Rating as to Credit, of over 400,000 of the principal merchants, traders, bankers, manufacturers, and public companies, in more than 30,000 of the cities, towns, villages, and settlements throughout the United States, their territories, and the British Provinces of North America; and embracing the most important information attainable and necessary to enable the merchant to ascertain at a glance the capital, character, and degree of credit of such of his customers as are deemed worthy of any gradation of credit, comprising, also, a Newspaper Directory, containing the title, character, price, and place of publication, with full particulars relative to each journal, being a complete guide to the press of every county in the United States.

The reports and information will be confined to those deemed worthy of some line of credit; and as the same will be based, so far as practicable, upon the written statements of the parties themselves, revised and corrected by well known and reliable legal correspondents, whose character will prove a guarantee of the correctness of the information furnished by them, it is believed that the reports will prove more truthful and complete, and, therefore, superior to, and of much greater value, than any previously issued.

By aid of the "Mercantile Reference Register," business men will be enabled to ascertain, at a glance, the capital and gradation of credit, as compared with financial worth, of nearly every merchant, manufacturer, trader, and banker, within the above named territorial limits.

On or about the first of each month, subscribers will also receive the "Monthly Chronicle," containing, among other things, a record of such important changes in the name and condition of firms, throughout the country, as may occur subsequent to the publication of each half-yearly volume of the "Mercantile Reference Register."

Price of "The Merchants' Union Mercantile Reference Register," fifty dollars, ($50,) for which it will be forwarded to any address in the United States, transportation paid.

Holders of five $10 shares of the Capital Stock, in addition to participating in the profits, will receive one copy of the "Mercantile Reference Register" free of charge; holders of ten shares will be entitled to two copies; and no more than ten shares of the Capital Stock will be allotted to any one applicant.

All remittances, orders, or communications relative to the book should be addressed to the MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE UNION, in the American Exchange Bank Building, No. 128 Broadway, (Box 2566,) New York.
August 28, 1868 48 1y

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THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Pickens—In Equity.

Samuel Knox vs. Heirs of A. P. Knox. } Bill for Construction of Will, Partition, &c.

IN obedience to the decree of the Court of Equity, made in this cause at June Term, 1868, notice is hereby given to the heirs-at-law of Andrew P. Knox, deceased, requiring and enjoining them and each and every of them, to be and appear in the Court of Equity, for the District and State aforesaid, within a "year and a day" from the date hereof, to identify themselves as heirs at law of the said Andrew P. Knox, deceased; and further, to claim the fund belonging to them, arising from the sale of Real Estate in this cause, on pain of being "barred and forever excluded of and from all benefit of any further decree to be made in this cause."

ROB'T. A. THOMPSON, C.E.P.D.
Com's Office, July 17, 1868
Pickens C. H. 1yrs1p

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Walhalla, S. C.
October 15, 1868 2