

THE ARGUMENT.

The story commenced below is from a series of sketches, entitled "Experiences in the Life of Hester Halliwell." She treats of many things occurring anterior to the events related in the narrative we design publishing, but these facts came to her knowledge during the trials of her niece. To give a clearer insight into the merits of our story we will epitomize. Tom Elliot ran away with a young lady, when he was only a medical pupil, and married her. Her father never forgave them, and left all his money to his eldest daughter. That eldest daughter was a widow then, and in time she died—died young—and bequeathed the money to the Elliots. His poor wife lost all her children except a son and daughter. The latter was a partial idiot, causing deep affliction to the mother. Meantime Tom Elliot removed to London, was knighted, and became famous in his profession. Gold flowed in upon him now, and severe dignity to the external world marked his life. To his wife he was indifferent, and both pursued a course of conduct calculated to perpetuate estrangement. Of this the world knew nothing. Their son William was now a young gentleman of amiable disposition and attractive face and form. The daughter, a lady of no mind, and scarcely susceptible of mental cultivation. Miss Halliwell taught a young ladies' seminary, and the character she had earned for herself induced Lady Elliot to intrust her daughter to her care and control. Pursuing her studies with her aunt Halliwell, was Mary Goring, a sweet and affectionate girl. To her Clara Elliot became warmly attached. This school connection often afforded William Elliot interview with Mary Goring. The first appearance of William at the house of Miss Halliwell caused that good lady to feel a presentiment of coming trouble, and to this she alludes below. The reader can now understand what is to follow, in this and three succeeding papers:

So that warning child... worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? Was it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw them together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying that a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for having an objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Frances Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me; and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at mid-summer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea shore, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown, as she was into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa, (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one,) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained—nine weeks, and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, so as hard as he could in his chambers. Just as he was studying the sweet face, and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were clippings up the cliffs, and ramblings on the beach, after sea-baths, and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingerings in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment to Mary Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight!" I interjected in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me!" "It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that were ever written. It gives you an example. One night they were all out in the garden. Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Ten came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara Elliot, and standing close by was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

"Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw these two growing fond of each other, she could not have dispatched a hint of it to me by post! 'What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of!' I inquired."

She herself. She makes so much of Mr. William; she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to disparage Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition—all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment—all heart. The one would be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves; she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl; a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving away to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the dark flush in Mary's cheek to change into glowing crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so; run down to see his mother and sister, by perhaps, an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once; I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face; and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing." The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! The roses young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, the same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together in the dining-parlor below us! Upon my going into that apartment some time afterward, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one!

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "did not know you were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

"Not long! It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as if of some one being shown in, a full hour before."

"I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, and winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—if they were over to them my poor old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves."

"Mr. Elliot," I began in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there. "Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Halliwell?" "Why not! I hear of ramblings on the sands and moonlight interviews in the garden—you, with Mary Goring. Was this well done, sir?"

"It was not ill done, was his reply. "Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it; I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Halliwell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me. Her face and his sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a pure, refined nature. It did not take long to know that she was a creature of another world, to perfect that love; and that done, I did set myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

"I had read up to the top of the Monument, (where I have never yet returned,) the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than did this bold avowal, which to my ears sounded as much like rhapsody as reason. "And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end, and that an avowal, such as mine, could have in view, Miss Halliwell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing. "Why do you fear that?" "There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of my marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

"How should I? I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home, I say that you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings. If I have got any, which perhaps you do not believe, when the morning of the day fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would do that, and not you! I came back at night, and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?"

"It is too preposterous ever really to come to anything," observed Lady Elliot, eager to find comfort in the opinion. "William, with his personal beauty, his talents, and his prospects, might marry into a duke's family if he chose."

"Exactly. But he chooses to marry into that of a schoolmistress."

"He must not choose," persisted Lady Elliot, growing excited; "he must be brought to reason."

"Brought to what?" asked the knight. "Reason?" "I don't know," was the significant reply. "Reason! do not avail in a similar case with you or me. William may prove a chip of the old block."

"It never can be permitted," said Lady Elliot, vehemently. "Marry Mary Goring! It would be disgracing him for life. William would never be ungrateful."

"Leaving your ladyship the agreeable recollection that you were the chief bringer about of this disgrace. Looking at the affair dispassionately, I do not see how it is to be prevented. William possesses money, independent of us. Enough to live upon."

"Enough to starve upon!" scornfully interrupted Lady Elliot. "Twice, nearly three, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life," rejoined Sir Thomas, in subdued voice. And to themselves, who just now spoozy with fantastic vision, "Love in a cottage" may wear the appearance of love in a paradise."

"Can nothing be done—can nothing stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot. "One thing may. I should have put it in force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after that William let out of the goings on at Spa."

"And that thing?" she eagerly asked. "To forbid it on pain of my curse—as I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out the recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish—far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force him into it!"

"Then you will let him marry the girl?" "Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is to be done? consent! I leave the decision to you; for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after-reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TASTINGS OF PUNCH.—SOCIAL STATISTICS.—Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining rooms, have been severely fined a new bonnet, and in default have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping.

There are living in a Chelsea man boarding house three maiden ladies, who are known to have resided there for nearly 20 years; yet whose united ages, as privately confessed in recent conversation, amount to only 53.

No fewer than three cases have occurred of young ladies who have been to meet a lover, and have been found to have been paid their bets.

Out of a hundred bonnets that were sold last week at Brighton, it has been ascertained that more than 90 were supplied to ladies who had gone in just to choose a bit of ribbon.

In a lodging house at Ramsgate, lately, half a quarter of lamb, prisms nearly two-thirds of a pound, and a tin of marmalade, the remains of a large pigeon pie which had had one slice cut out of it, a caseful of Manilla, 13 lumps of sugar, half a canister of coffee, and almost the whole of a bottle of French brandy, were discovered (by the landlady) to have been consumed by the cat.

Out of 11,000 English customen it has been discovered that no less than three have been induced to take the pledge.

A FARMER'S HOAX.—Those who know the value of Timothy for feeding cattle, can appreciate the following, which was originally started by the Georgia (Old) Journal: "HOBBS MURKIN.—Timothy Hay, a resident of Aurora, Portage county, was found, on the morning of the 14th, on his own premises, with his head completely severed from his body, and otherwise horribly mutilated, having the appearance of having been done with some sharp instrument. An Irishman on the farm, who is known to have had some difficulty with Hay, is suspected; he is still at large."

Many of the papers took it for a genuine occurrence, but some editorial genius has carried out the joke by adding the paragraph below: "We learn by a gentleman direct from Portage county that Hay, in spite of his injuries, has been completely cured. He had a narrow escape, however, and he solemnly realizes the truth of the Scriptural declaration, that 'all flesh is grass.' The perpetrator of the act was not an Irishman, as stated, but a Scotchman. He is at present on (straw) bales; nevertheless, from the horrible manner in which he is said to have mutilated the unfortunate Hay, we shall not be surprised to learn that he is no more (mower)."

A specimen of quaint, childlike description is given: A child wanted to describe a snake to his aunt, and said it was "a thing all tail clear up to the head."

was at Spa an unaccountable time, and wrote him word so," he continued, "but I never imagined you had got that Miss Goring there."

"You must have known it," returned Lady Elliot.

"How should I? I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home, I say that you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings. If I have got any, which perhaps you do not believe, when the morning of the day fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would do that, and not you! I came back at night, and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?"

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SHOP GIRLS.—When the tolls of the day are over, what a strong tide of working humanity sets up toward Nassau, Chatham, Division streets, and the Bowery are thronged. Among the noticeable of this crowd are the working girls, surging along in countless numbers to their humble homes, which lay mostly east of the Bowery. Without their enervating company, monotonous indeed to the male wayfarer would be the path that leads to—super! Their presence agreeably lightens up the crowded streets as they pass along along chattering like paroquets just released from their cages.

These girls are mostly employed in the bookbinders, patent medicine depots, hating establishments, etc., with which the lower part of the city abounds—where from "morn till dewy eve" they daily toil for the scant pittance that scarce suffices to feed and clothe them. Coming and going, toiling all seasons, through the sweltering heats of summer, as amid the peltings of the pitiless blasts of winter—could among this class, we have no doubt, would present a fearful record of early deaths superinduced by unavoidable exposure to the vicissitudes of climate in the pursuit of their various occupations; and yet they appear to enjoy life richly and pleasantly.

At the various balling during the dancing season you will find them among the gayest of the gay; at picnics during the warm months they find an occasional agreeable loophole of escape from daily toil; but the height of their felicity is to be arrayed in a new dress, and a love of a bonnet, and to go out for a drive upon the avenues, seated beside some "nice young man"—for your shop girls are generally much affected by the sterner school of matrimony. This brings us to considerations of double-blessedness. Longing for matrimonial bliss is as natural to most girls as are the measles to young children; but there is no class of feminine humanity having higher anticipations of that "good time coming" than the shop girls. Oh! for the time when they shall have a home they may call their own—when they shall assume the duties and responsibilities of the wife and the mother. It is true they will have to work then perhaps even harder than now; but with what different feelings, with what greater lightness of spirits. Toil would be then but another name for pleasure.

Call it sickly sentimentalism if you please, but it concerns not with our ideas of right, although we admit it to be too often a necessity, to see the fairer portion of creation, whom we are taught to esteem but little lower than the angels, shut up the day long within workshops and factories, where the rose tints on their cheeks become gradually displaced by the pale cast of the day, and when their minds become dwarfed to all that is fresh and beautiful in this fair world of ours. No, we would have them out in the bright and glorious sunshine, drinking in health and happiness from nature's sparkling bowl, thereby better preparing themselves mentally and physically for assuming that true mission of woman's (the women's) rights doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding of "sitting by the fire, and feeding the flame."—N. Y. News.

SOUTHERN AGGRESSIVENESS.—Fully to comprehend the aggressive spirit of the Southern States, it will be necessary to understand that when the Constitution was adopted, of the thirteen States, twelve were slaveholding, and one free; and that only three States have since been added to the twelve, while fifteen free States have been added to the original one. Again, of the six Territories now open for settlement—Minnesota, Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, comprising 1,286,154 square miles, nearly half the entire area belonging to the Union, not a single one has been claimed by the South, or by Southern slaveholders. Looks not this like aggression?

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. This D. Woodruff and J. E. Woodruff, et al. Petition for Account and Relief.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. In pursuance of an order of the Court of Equity in this case, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the late John W. Woodruff, deceased, to come in, present and verify their claims, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Henry Walden and wife, Appellants, vs. John W. Williams and others, Defendants.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. In obedience to an order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of the absent debtor, JAMES WATSON, one of the defendants, are hereby notified to come in, present and verify their claims before me, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. John W. Williams, Coleman Williams, Harrison Knight, and wife Sally, et al., vs. G. Barry, et al., and the heirs at law and legal representatives of Andrew Williams, deceased.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. In pursuance of an order of the Court of Equity in this case, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the late John W. Woodruff, deceased, to come in, present and verify their claims, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. R. S. Woodruff, Esq., App't, vs. Rev. Gideon Woodruff, et al., Defendants.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Having been shown to my satisfaction that Gideon Woodruff, Anna Woodruff, Nancy Turner, and Annetta Wynn, defendants in this case, reside from and within the limits of this State; it is therefore ordered, that they be and appear at the Court of Ordinary for said District, to be held at Spartanburg Court House, on the 29th day of December next, to show cause, if any exist, why the estate of Samuel Woodruff, deceased, should not be finally settled, and the assets of the same ordered to be taken up and sold according to law, or their consent to the same will be taken up and sold.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Holman R. & Wills Smith, Executors, App'ts, vs. Elizabeth Smith and others, defendants.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. In pursuance of an order of the Court of Equity in this case, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the late John W. Woodruff, deceased, to come in, present and verify their claims, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. John Cooper, App't, vs. Elizabeth Cooper, and others, defendants.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. In pursuance of an order of the Court of Equity in this case, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the late John W. Woodruff, deceased, to come in, present and verify their claims, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Green B. Mitchell vs. Birdsong Sparks. Petition for Funds, &c.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. The creditors of the defendant, BIRDSONG SPARKS, are hereby notified to come in, present, and verify their claims against him, before me, within three months from the date of this order.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Albert Henderson, Barber and Hair Dresser, vs. Regular customers shaved twice a week at 75 cents per month, three times a week at \$1 per month, and every day at \$2 per month.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Chamberlin Miller & Co., vs. the Biringsville Cotton Manufacturing Company.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Notice is hereby given that the Philadelphia Baptist Church, Spartanburg district, will apply at the next session of the Legislature of South Carolina for an act of incorporation.

Store House to Sell or Rent. THE subscriber proposes to sell or Rent one of the most eligible premises in the town of Spartanburg. The House is fronting both on Main and Church streets, the most public thoroughfare in the town. For terms application may be made to either the subscriber or Gen. O. E. Edwards.

Albert Henderson, Barber and Hair Dresser, Corner of Main and Church Streets. Regular customers shaved twice a week at 75 cents per month, three times a week at \$1 per month, and every day at \$2 per month.

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. William Baise, Adm'r, App't, vs. James Baise, et al., Defendants.

WHEREAS Wm. Baise, the Administrator of the Estate of Enoch Baise, deceased, has duly accounted before this Court upon a final settlement of the Estate of his intestate, and obtained a decree in favor of the presumptive heirs at law of the said dec'd.; and whereas he has further filed his said dec'd.; and the fact that all the presumptive heirs at law of the said dec'd. are now absent from the State, and have not been located for more than seven years past, and praying that their distributive portions of the estate of said dec'd. may be ordered into his hands as their next of kin and only surviving heir at law of the said dec'd.; And on motion of Baise, Edwards, & Co., Attorneys, it is ordered that James Baise, and Polly Baise, Jonathan Baise, John Baise, Nancy Baise, Nathaniel Baise, Elizabeth Jackson, John Brock, and Nancy his wife, defendants in the citation for letters of administration in this case, do appear before the Court, on the 22nd day of September next, to show cause, if any exist, why the Estate of Mrs. Jane Vice, deceased, should not be settled and the assets of the same ordered to be paid out according to law, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

Given under my hand and seal of office, 11th August, 1856. R. BOWDEN, c. s. d.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. SPARTANBURG DISTRICT. IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY. Jno. S. Vice, Adm'r, App't, vs. J. Eber Vice, et al., Defendants.

WHEREAS it has been shown to my satisfaction that the heirs at law of the intestate of the late William Vice, deceased, Defendants in the above case, reside from and without the limits of this State; it is therefore ordered and declared that they be and appear at the Court of Ordinary for said District, to be held at Spartanburg Court House, on the 10th day of November next, to show cause, if any exist, why the Estate of Mrs. Jane Vice, deceased, should not be settled and the assets of the same ordered to be paid out according to law, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

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IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Dr. Benjamin Woodruff and Ellen Hendrix, by her Guardian vs. Comfort Woodruff, Eleanor Woodruff, Catharine Woodruff, et al.

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IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Wade Woodruff, and others, vs. Alexander Thomson, and others.

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