From the South Carolina Baptist. What Shall We Do? Mr. Editor : I dislike to trespass on your space, but as no one else will do it, I cannot longer refrain from speaking against what I consider outrage, injustice. These are truly "times that try men's souls,"-when oppression, crime and poverty hold triune sway. And not only are the fortitude and integrity of a Christian soul tried, but the mental powers and the physical energies of all are severely exercised to devise ways and means of practically answering the perplexing questions, "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Even in every country newspaper we find that editers and correspondents self-impose the task of informing every one, that "it is his or her duty to be engaged in some useful business, that will aid in restoring the exhausted resources of the country." The motive of public good, however, is more remote than the dire necessity of working or starving. It is the duty, because it was the decree of the Designer, for woman ever to be actively engaged in the arena of life. A most important part of her mission is to be performed before Becoming trammelled or exhausted by the cares that attend her in the sphere of wife or mother. In the present social status, the limit of labor for an unmarried lady is, necessarily, very circumscribed. Say the fogies of ultra opinion in regard to the modesty and secluded employments of young ladies, "Let them stay at home and assist their mothers, and dismiss the negro servants." Well, they do this, because they are obliged to; but they soon learn that it is easier to perform the household duties, and sew for two, than it is for a large family, and an early marriage with some son of Poverty is the general result. Then, the censors of the world condema the young people for the indiscretion of marrying, when all are "so poor." Well, I for one, have received a year of nolens volens drilling in this school, and though I have not striven for, nor been accounted worthy of receiving the honorary degree, F. F. W., (fit for wife,) yet I have grown restive, and feel tempted to play truant. But how can I? Whilst vainly trying to read the last new novel, and churn at the same time, I became convinced, by the forgetfulness of the task set me in Domestic Economy, and my entire absorption in the book, that a literary pursuit would be more suited to my taste. Not that teaching. the only available occupation, would be any easier. Speaking from experience, I know that sweeping the floor, washing the dishes, and giving directions for dinner, is a light task, compared to the toil of learning an obtuse miss the value of notes, the formation of major scales with their relative minors, &c. Then what a trial of patience it is, to bear with the lit- ously ill. tle obstinate, who, for the fiftieth time parses bird objective case and governed by his; or hear the bright (?) student of classics, after conjugating "amo" for a week, call some tense the present passive participle; and after hours of mental labor, still to have to find for some young Archimedes, the misplaced a that has made his whole equation wrong. Now this is neither easy nor profitable. It is intense labor, and a sacrifice of one's time, and treasured thoughts, that cannot be repaid in dollars and cents. But "teaching young ideas," and "bending tender twigs," is doing good to others. This consciousness, and the mental benefit, is the teacher's meed. Then, as the performance of home duties is inevitable, at some time in nearly every woman's life, why cannot young ladies engage in teaching, if competent? Why do they not advertise for situations if they wish to teach? Well, an acquaintance of mine who was willing and competent to make her own living, and assist her father in the support of a large and helpless family, did advertise. The mails was brought in. "Pa, is my advertisement published?" "Yes, and the advertisement of a young man, a graduate of Mercer, in just above it." "Do you see any advertisement tor teachers?" Yes, here are two, both wishing gentlemen to take charge of a small school." The lady's advertisement received no answer. Suppose the "gentlemen wanted" were easily found. This is the reason that hundreds of ladies who wish for, and need employment, cannot obtain it. Every paper teems with the advertisements of ladies, wishing situations. But stalwart men, who had better be employed in manual labor, are considered more competent, and they obtain them. Of course we deprecate the result of another war, but we do sincerely wish that conscription or some other friendly law would remove these silken sons of luxury from the effeminate employments that thousands of ladies wish. need, and have a right to.

Mr. Editor, I will not deserve the sneering epithet, "Woman's rights maintainer" that every woman incurs from your sex. if she but raise her voice against her wrongs. But I do think that the power and sarcasm of the pen editorial, should be wielded in behalf of the struggling, op-

pressed ladies of the South, who would work if they were permitted.

per, who has a situation to offer, for a | sion. moment to consider the superior claims of ladies to that employment; and let him remember that they are as faithful as "gentlemen" in the performance of duty; and if after due deliberation, he is willing to engage the services of a lady, he will please address

SOME ADVERTISING LADY.

## A MIDNIGHT APPARITION.

O treacherous night?

Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason, And teeming mischief thrives beneath thy shade. Mr. Colebrook was dead. He was a rich man, yet a slight acquaintance with him would have convinced even a superficial observer that he was not a healthy man. He was misanthropic in his views though he had the reputation in the street of being a very kind-hearted and benevolent man. Every day seemed to usher him into the arena of a new strife with the powers of misery. Apparently he was tired of life and impatiently waited for the hour that had now come, and which would put him beyond the trials and woes of this sublunary existence.

And yet many could remember when he was a gay and cheerful person. Before his marriage with a poor but beautiful girl, some years before his death, he had worn a sunny smile, and his life seemed to him a pleasant dream.

Though only thirty-five when he married, people said there was too much difcontent herself with but few of the gayeties of life; but now she was rich, and her indulgent husband gave her free access to his coffers. Wealth fostered pride, and Mrs. Colebrook became a leader of fashion—the gayest of the gay. Her beauty and influential position in society made her a queen, and her smile was courted by the brilliant and dissolute. The house,

with gay gallants and lordly ladies. All the world could see this; and the next thing it saw was, that Mr. Cole-brook grew sad and melancholy—that his wife was cold to him, and there was little and I began to feel uncomfortably cold. he went to the East Indies. If he did the if any sympathy between them. The people said the poor man had married minutes. badly, and the croakers all "knew it would

when she was at home, was always filled

Mr. Colebrook was dead. Whatever woes had weighed him down, he was bevond their reach now. People said he had died of a broken heart; that the whirl of pleasure in his own house had been a hell to him; and that his gay wife had been the scorpion who had stung him

For my part, I pay but little attention to the busy tongue of gossip. I account all it says, whether good or bad, as mere slander. Whatever stories I had heard concerning Mrs. Colebrook-and I had heard many-passed "in at one ear and out at the other."

"Mr. Morton?" said a man at my door. "That is my name."

"Mr. Colebrook is dead, and Mrs. Colebrook wants you to come up to the house and lay him out."

"Mr. Colebrook," I exclaimed, for the intelligence was very unexpected to me, as well as to the whole city, when it was I had heard that he was suffering from

an attack of billious cholic, but it had not been even rumored that he was danger-

"Yes, he is dead," replied the man; Mrs. Colebrook wishes you to make

"He got very bad last night, and grew worse ever since, till twenty minutes ago, when he died.'

Mr. Colebrook's house was not five minutes walk from home, and I hastened there to perform the office for the dead. I was shown into the room where the corpse lay, just as death had done its work. The sufferer had apparently died still evidenced the struggle between the tyrant and his victim.

With the assistance of a man servant who had gone to my house, I laid him out and put the room in order. I was about to depart when the man

servant called me back. "Mrs. Colebrook would like to see you."

he said, as he showed me to a parlor in front of the room in which the corpse lay. She appeared to be in the deepest dis-

tress, and the family physician was still present, using his best efforts to reduce her to a state of calmness. He succeeded to some extent; and she spoke to me with agony of grief before me, now calmly the cry for help was intensified by the tolerable self-possession.

Mr. Morton," said she.

"I will, madam." "Oh, it was terrible!" groaned she.

"Be calm, Mrs. Colebrook," interposed "I cannot, Doctor, I feel as though I

should become distracted." "Nay, madam, control yourself," said the doctor, who was a young and very good looking man. He took her hand

and uttered some sentimental remark.

which I have now forgotten. "Will you watch with him?" she almost gasped, looking eagerly at me. "Watch with him?" asked Dr. Rowne,

in surprise.

"It is entirely unnecessary." "This corpse must have watchers," she added more calmly than she had yet

"There is no need of that, but-" "I would not have him let alone for all the world," she said, with a kind of con-

vulsive shiver. "No possible harm could befall him."

"But it seems so neglectful to desert the body as soon as the spirit has fled." "It is entirely a matter of choice," I

"Couldn't you watch with him, Mr.

Morton?" "If you particularly desire it." "I do; I could not bear to have his remains guarded by a mere servant. You

will oblige me very much." I consented to the arrangement, and

In conclusion, I would say to any one, are now—and attending to my private afin the limits of the circulation of your pa- fairs, I again repaired to Colebrook man.

In conclusion, I would say to any one, are now—and attending to my private afin to the room.

On the wretched than we have to remove the counterpane around youth and happiness.

It was customary at the time of which I write for two persons to perform the service for which I was engaged, though watching was then going rapidly out of

fashion; but as my business was with the dead, I was perfectly at home in the chamber of death, and was even better satisfied to be alone than with company. I had brought an interesting book from home, and Mrs. Colebrook had provided a very interesting repast for me in the dinning-room below, so that I looked forward to a very comfortable night. Throwing myself into a large rocking chair, which had been placed there for my use, I was soon engaged in the entertaining pages of my book. As often as the clock struck I arose and examined the corpse, moistening the face with alcohol, and wiping

away the purging at the mouth.

At eleven o'clock some one entered the house and came up stairs. They were the feet of a man, and I heard him enter a parlor adjoining the room of death. Though it seemed rather singular circumstance that a man should enter the house at that time of night, I thought nothing more of it till I heard voices engaged in earnest conversation. In a few minutes they grew louder and more distinct, and I recognized the voice of Dr. Rowne. Perhaps Mrs. Colebrook was sick and needed his assistance. But he spoke not in vain. in the tones of his profession. The other person spoke in a whisper; but the doctor in his natural voice, and seemed to be under no restraint.

This house was still as the tomb, and though I made no effort to hear what was room, unable to reply. He would never his wife, who was, I believe, about twenty-two. She had been poor, and forced to nesses," "thirty days," and others of a to expose him; but it was in deference lest fruit of Mr. —— and wife, and the similar character came distinctly to my to the invalid sister of the deceased that specifully report that, after examining the ear. They aroused my curiosity. Who was he here ence of infamy.

I allowed myself to be silent in the presbabies of the respective parties the committee are of the unanimous opinion that at this unseasonable hour?

> a half dozen times I determined not to two months after, that Mrs. Colebrook concern myself about it. But it was in had been killed by the shock of her hus- are, therefore, of the opinion that Messrs. vain that I tried to fasten my mind upon the book again; it had lost the power to interest me. I glanced at the door which opened into the room where the speakers were. It was the month of May, and the weather was quite chilly. I had neglect- I have never seen ed to bring any extra clothing with me, I rose and paced the room for several devil is with him there, and always will "Both wills," come to my hearing in the

anguarded tones of Dr. Rowne. I paused and looked at the door. Apparently the other person, who I doubted

not was Mrs. Colebrook, was speaking, but I heard nothing. I threw myself into the chair and began to shiver with It says: cold again. On the table lay a clean Now comes the horror of the scene. delphia court, wherein a pretty young wid-Marseilles quilt, which had been left there These two cars having parted with the ow was in danger of losing two thirds of thing better, I unfolded it and threw it ble again.

I do not think is sound logic, but where a | ing particulars of the scene : poor, suffering, dependent woman was in danger of being cast upon the tender than stopped its somersaults before it was of conviction.—"Sensible to the last" mercies of a cold world, I was content to on fire. The nature of the embankment, s you to make be blamed for the meanness of eaves- together with the ice upon the steep dedropping, if thereby I could prevent so clivity, would not admit of immediate "one cold, blue, lean kiss, that always foul a wrong.

Without believing much of the gossip tear of death. The men who were first pulpy daze, meat in some public place, that had been circulated concerning her, at the scene managed to reach the car by and not having saw each other for twenty-I could easily arrive at the conclusion that going down, one holding upon another, she had been the bane of her husband's thus forming a line track to the car. But

in the greatest agony. The bed clothes him who now lay cold in death before me, was sufficient to assure me that all was not right. I placed my ear to the key-

> "When we are married"-"Hush!" said Mrs. Colebrook. They spoke in whispers then, and I could distinguish nothing more. Need I have heard more?

"Woman, angel, or devil?" in my presence, who had trembled in the ed windows, heads were extended, and plotting with the paramour, bargaining increase of heat, of pain, of agony, and EYou will make all the arrangements, away the affections which should have the certain prospect of destruction. The lingered like a weeping angel over the reader must picture this scene, we cannot you escape?" asked one of his hearers. "I couch of him who was not buried out of describe it. Our ears will never lose the

> bounty? "Oh, woman, false as fair! Yet she is

not a woman; she is a demon!" from my reflections to attend to the corpse. they could not subdue the flames which The alcohol which had been prepared to wet the face was all used, and I needed a They could not answer the prayers of the Miscellaneous Advertisements further supply. Taking the dish in my agonized victims of death. They could hand, I went to the door with the intention of calling Mrs. Colebrook for it,

them, I opened it and stepped into the such scene. As the odor of burning flesh,

brook," I began. She rose from her chair, and with one

long and most unearthly shrick, fell upon Dr. Rowne's knees smote each other, and he shrank back to the furtherest cor-

ner of the room. "Who are you?" he gasped. Of course I was very much surprised at that singular reception. Long familiarity with the dead had made me so indifferent

to those dreads and fears which disturb many persons, that I had little consideration for nervousness on this subject. "Who are you?" groaned the doctor,

his teeth chattering with terror. Then it flashed upon my mind that the quilt which enveloped my body was the promised to return by nine o'clock in the cause of the mischief. I was involuntarily personating the ghost of the deceased, After ordering the coffin for the deceased, for at that time they were not the guilty wife and wretched accomplice a ruin or churchyard than in festive halls, kept on hand to such an extent as they were terrified when at midnight I stalked so is affection brighter when bestowed up-

my neck, so that nothing could be seen of

I was a ghostly spectre, coming-"How awful in that hour when conscience stings," To curse her for the base treachery she was concecting. No wonder she fainted, no wonder even the doctor trembled. I threw off the quilt and told the dector who I was.

"See what you have done!" said he. pointing to the prostrate lady. "I heard some voices here, and I came for some alcohol."

"Need you have come in that garb?" "I had quite forgotten that I had the quilt on."

"You have killed her, I believe," he continued, bending over the prostrate form of Mrs. Colebrook.

We raised her up and placed her upon a loange. She was not dead, and pres-

ently her eyes opened.

"Be calm!" "He will haunt me all my days."

"It was only Mr. Morton. Her eyes glared upon me, and then

"She will die," he said savagely; "you have killed her."

"Which will did you destroy, Doctor?"

He staggered into the corner of the

Before daylight there was another

band's death. I buried them both two days after, and

I have never seen or heard from Dr. Rowne from that day to this. It is said | multiply.

## Terrible Scene.

The Erie (Pa.) Dispatch gives the following account of the destruction of the two rear cars on the Lake Shore Road.

by a servant, and in the absence of any- train, which could not be stopped until her busband's estate-his relatives groun some distance had been made, the last one ding their claim on the alleged insanity of over my shoulders. It completely envel- of the train, and the last one to leave the the defunct. It may be as well to premise oped my body, and I felt quite comforta- track, went over on its end with a force that the presiding judge was not only conwhich caused every passenger, the stoves, dead weight in the lower end. It turned inquired the attorney.

Colebrook's poor relations would have to suffer for this midnight conference. I knew that he had an only sister, an invalid, who was dependent upon his here. "Destroy the new will," said Dr. Rowne. and all the seats of the car, to sink like a I dropped my book, for this looked like dead weight in the lower end. It turned valid, who was dependent upon his boun- The signal of "down brakes" had attractty for subsistence, and my blood boiled ed the attention of the people at the stawith indignation as I thought of what tion, but none of them were able to reach might be the result of this midnight inter- the scene soon enough to render efficient assistance. . We gather from what we

The last train of the car had no more reputed character of Mrs. Colebrook. down the embankment hurriedly without nesst a greate many younger and more they were too late. The men, women I had been personally acquainted with and children in the car had been so severely injured by the fall and fright that other, and then kiss again immegiately. so that I am obliged to guess at the facts they were alarmed and helpless, and in the case. My own observation, though before the feeble assistance, which was I moved in an humbler sphere than she, hastily organized, reached them, the car hastily organized, reached them, the car was so enveloped in flames that their rescue was impossible. The scene at this time cannot be described. The voices of military authorities from the exercise of men directed to heaven for help, the his judicial functions, is about to take up shricks and prayers of women asking for his residence and practice law at Augusta. assistance, and the wailing of children, The State can ill afford to lose so conscienwas the most soul-piercing and agonizing sounds that ever reached mortal ear. The flames were gaining very rapidly, and Was it she who had wept great tears arms were protruded through the shattersight? Was she who had groaned in bitsound of the plaintive wails, the beseechings for help, the heart-rending shrieks,
ing to rob her sister and orphan of her
the fiery scene and the last, last look,
the following: An Irish girl in the employ terness at her bereavement, now schem- ings for help, the heart-rending shrieks, ing to rob her sister and orphan of her the fiery scene, and the last, last look The few men who could, who were not struck dumb, worked manfully. They succeeded in taking out three persons The clock struck twelve and I turned who were removed elsewhere to die, but were roasting their fellow-beings alive. do nothing but look at them roast, listen to them shriek, sicken at the sight, and First rapping on the door to surprise pray to God to deliver them from another human flesh, rose upon the air, it seemed | THE CHARLESTON DAILY NEWS. "I need a little more alcohol, Mrs. Cole- as though the place had turned into a very hell, and when the shrieks came from flames and smoke, hands were held aloft through the grim atmosphere, the world and flesh seemed a mockery in reality. Let us close this horrible scene by saying that from the best information we could obtain, but five out of forty of The Charleston Tri-Weekly News, the passengers in this car escaped. The rest-fully forty-were buried alive.

> - A tradesman presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the tradesman, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squarred."

- The light of love is very beautiful amid scenes of sorrow, and as the moonon the wretched than when attracted by

Betting on Babies.

The editor of the Columbia (Pennsylvania) Spy, relates the following pleasant

Last week, two prominent and influential business men of Columbia, got into conversation on the comparative merits of their babies, each one saving that he had the best baby, and the conversation waxed warm on this point. The matter was finally left to the three disinterested persons, and the decision was to be given at an oyster supper, the party whom the committee decided against paying for the same. It is well enough to state here that one was a male and the other a female. The babies were each duly examined by the committee. Their finely drawn features, capacity for milk and Winslow's syrup, good looks, weights, health, lungs, goodness, and gentle qualities, and the number of sleepless nights they had caused their "Where is he?" gasped she, shaking tathers-all these were inquired into and taken into consideration by the committee chosen for the purpose-one of them a gray-haired veteran, who had reared and dangled on his knees many a baby, declared that he was a good judge and rather rolled up in her head. Heaven grant that liked his mission. After all this had been I may never see such a hideous expression gone through with, nothing was now left again. She was in a fit.

The house was alarmed, and Dr. Rowne used every exertion to restore her, but all washington House, on Monday evening last; and such a supper-oysters in every conceivable style, with all necessary ac-companiments. After full justice had been done to the elegant banquet, the committee made the following report:

"We, the undersigned, having been apponinted to examine and report on the - and wife, have the finest male Well, it was none of my business, and corpse in the house; and it was told for child, and that Mr. —— and wife have two months after, that Mrs. Colebrook the finest female child. The committee and — shall bear an equal pro portion of the expenses of this great han-I had the pleasure of seeing the Colebrook quet, &c., &., as both parties have done tortune pass into the hands of the poor admirably, and the committee hope that they will continue their efforts, and carry out the scriptural injunction to increase and

[Signed by the Committee.]

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST .- It has long been observed by medical writers that death is frequently preceded by insanity, a fact which has occasioned the remark that it was not astonishing for everybody knew that when folks get madder, they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philavival, but also very gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?"

claim may be decided by it."
Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicted the information.

"He said, 'kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne.'

I arose from my chair and went to the soon afterward saw, and from the lips of those who were first present, the follow- for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried with all the enthusiasm

Kissing .- Josh Billings says there is four hours, tha kiss immegiately-then tha tork about the weather and the young man who preached yesterday, and then tha blush and larf at what tha say to each This kind of kissing olwas put me in mind ov tew old flints trieing to strike fire."

PERSONAL .- It is stated that Judge A P. Aldrich, who was suspended by the tious and able a man as Judge Aldrich, and it is to be hoped that his absence will not be permanent .- Charleston News.

- A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when 13 of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone saved. "And how did call Teeth in the latest and most improved plans, Mounting Teeth upon Vulcanite base, Gold or Plans, tid not go in de pote," was the Dutchman's

of one of our first families was sent by the lady of the house one day last week to a dry goods store, with instructions to bring home a bed-comforter. She returned after a short abscence with one of the clerks.

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Dec 25, 1867

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> 19 HHDS. Clear Ribbed Sides, 5 Hhds. Clear Sides,

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Augusta, Geo.

August 28, 1867 Look to Your Interests!

HAVING had the entire assets of the firms of Sullivan & Sloans, John T. Sloan & Sullivan, and John T. Sloan & Co., assigned and transferred to me, all persons indebted to either of the above firms will save cost by settling soon, as I am com-pelled to sue, which I dislike to do very much. Before I did it I could not but recall the ple had been at hand, for no ore could go (ov the femail persuasion) who have wit-Sloan & Co., Pendleton, S. C., will very soon be placed in an officer's hands, at which time I will

> Feb 20, 1867 J. BOYD BRUNSON, THOS. E. GREGG.

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tina-these are neat and handsome. All calls attended to at short notice, and all work warranted. Terms Cash, at moder ite prices. Office-Up-stairs, ver the old Encolling Office. May 11, 1866 Si

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LIAMS, TAYLOR & Co., New York. Parties wishing

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JAMES M. McFALL, Assignee.
Feb 14, 1867

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