

How About a Good Mule?

When we say good, we mean G-O-O-D. If you do not believe this COME AROUND and we will SHOW YOU THE GOODS, and at the RIGHT PRICES. We can sell you just as cheap as any one, and if you give us a trial we will prove this assertion.

WE DO NOT SELL CROOKS, when we get hold of one, we load it on the Cars and ship it away and out of the country. We guarantee everything that we sell to be as represented.

ORDERS SOLICITED—

WE HAVE A BUYER on the market all the time who shipped us a load to-day which is the best shown on the market this season. We have Mules weighing from 1000 to 1200 pounds including several well matched pairs, mostly maars. GOOD SMOOTH STUFF with lots of quality and finish. Come around and give us a look before buying, YOU MUST GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

PRICES AND TERMS ALWAYS RIGHT

Yours for Fair Dealing,

The Fretwell Co.

FROM AN OLD COUNTRY LADY

WISH I WAS YOUNG AGAIN.

I wish I was young again; wish I could feel jolly and happy like I use to see Bess; wish the little things in life could make me feel happy as they did her and does yet I suppose. But she is in a nest of her own now, and her happiness fails to put new life in me as it did in her-gone days. I can no longer hear her jolly songs and see her bright face as she skips hither and thither, and many times a good long dancing spell after the postman had brought her a letter, a plain little letter from one of her chams; some happy, frolicing girl like herself whom the cares of life had not yet fallen upon. Many times have I seen her dance the front porch until she was nearly frozen, then come into my room and pile rugs and chairs in a corner then bring me to my feet and give a few whings that would make my stiff joints feel as if they would break; while she sang rag-time worse than a boot-black. Yes, she was young and happy and an optimist from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet, of course an optimist and happy as could be, nothing had ever come her way but the good things of life, and there was no need to feel the world was a gloomy old place. Well, I am glad to say that her young life was so full of sunshines. I am glad as I can be that the young can be happy over little things, glad that all the first few years require so little to bring happiness, and sorry this joy must be broken up for the want of confidence, for surely it is for the want of confidence that we lose faith in our friends, and then begin to doubt them and ere we reach middle age it takes more than flattery and promise to make us happy. Time and experience are rigid tutors, and they play havoc with the man or woman who cares only for the flimsy things of life. Being happy and jolly is a good feeling to have, but if it isn't over the useful things of life, the best in life, we will shed tears of sorrow over the things that once gave us the most pleasure. For this reason we are prone to be pessimists, we are tempted to believe all things end in sorrow, and after years and years of joys ending this way, we old folks scarcely expect anything but the dark side. I'm often called an old pessimist, and it hurts my feeling, but do you know I am afraid in time mine accusers will have a touch of the same bad feeling. As we grow older we are forced to see the world and all of our young days. We may try with all our might to take a more hopeful view of our surroundings, but things just will not look like they use to. I have read of several noted authors who were forced in advanced years to give up their work because they had become pessimistic; they were men and women who had up to fifty years of age filled volume after volume, the grandest literary production, but at the first sign of age, lost their hold on cheerful views and could write nothing but the gloomy things in life, yet those same authors had lost none of their literary knowledge; they had only reached the age in life where the sun failed to shine as bright as it once did. They did not mean to be pessimistic, but they could no longer see the world in the same bright light. We are forced to this tendency to see more darkness than light. Not only authors have this feeling but it is common with all of us after we have passed the fifty mile post. I wouldn't mind it so much but I do not want my friends to think of me as a pessimist. I'm sure I treat as jolly and happy in my youth as any girl you can find today. I'm sure it took as little then to make me happy as any girl now. I had all the confidence and faith in humanity that one could have. I believed every word that was told me. I see now it was for the want of wisdom, but somehow I wish this ignorance was mine today; wish I could believe in everybody. I think it would bring peace and joy. The older we grow the more we distrust those about us, and I fear the fault is mostly ours. Measuring those about us by our own standard never gives satisfaction. Condemning people only brings to light our own shortcomings. Isn't it a pity we can't think of this in time and save trouble. Expecting things of others that we could not or would not do ourselves is no evidence of goodness or wisdom. Too often we are unfair when disappointments come our way, fail to do the right thing. I know I didn't do my washer woman right this morning, and I'm sorry for it. I am sorry I pitched the clothes right and left when she brought them, but they were so damp and dingy I hardly knew what I was doing. I didn't say much, nothing only I would pay half price for the work; it was only half done, and she should expect only half pay. Maybe I was right, but had you thought how many times we fall in our duty, fall from pure neglect and carelessness, haven't the excuse the wash-woman had, that the soap and the weather were bad. Few of us have a harder way making a living than the wash-woman, and I feel like if there is any one in the world who has a right to be pessimistic it is the wash-woman, and I'm afraid hundreds of these happy, jolly optimists would see the world in a different light if they had a hard time. It is easy enough to feel good if you are having a good time, and the bad part of it, there are hundreds of optimists having a good time on the labor of the pessimist, and it makes my heart ache to hear the optimist talk of the beautiful world when it is made beautiful by the poor fellow who has never had time to look about him for its beauty. I'm afraid we have a lot to do with the world as it is, about the world and the same surroundings that we live in with the routine of our lives. This reminds me of an article I read in a late paper, where a mother was brought to court for her failure in training her children. She had three sons about grown and

they were noted for their badness. They were continually getting into trouble, and the court wanted to know why this mother had so utterly failed in her duties; surely she was the poorest mother in the world, had done nothing to make her sons good, useful men, and she should expect to be severely censured for her failure. Then the poor, unfortunate mother began her plea, first for herself then for her sons; a plea of poverty and overwork. The place called home was one in name only, a place to eat and sleep, a poor place for rest and no place at all for counsel and kindness. The mother was cook and house keeper. She prepared their coarse meals and mended their own clothes, had food and clothes work when they rushed in from work. They were only at home to eat and sleep. The mother told of their early raising, what a task to get them up for breakfast to be eaten before dawn. From early childhood it was always get up early, but the luxury of early to bed was unknown to them. These three law-breaking sons were the eldest of the twelve, and they must make their own bread and help support the ill-fated family. Ill-fated it must be to have mouths to fill and nothing to fill them. Such was the case here. The boys were only at home during the night hours. Then the poor mother on trial told of how her sons for the first five years had hastened home after the day's work, but later they tired of all work and no play, and then began the late hours which in a short time brought trouble to mother and sons; a trouble the poor mother was powerless to help. Her helpfulness had commenced at their birth. By nature she was their mother, but poverty and overwork had taken away all her privileges and deprived her sons of a mother's training which brought suffering alike to all, and no doubt made her sons were good, jolly optimists, had seen the world in a favorable light and found it a good place to live in. Yes, while we rejoice with the optimist and congratulate him on his beautiful views of the world, would it not be wise and just to sympathize with the pessimist who has found life only a treadmill? Circumstances and conditions have as much to do in making an optimist or a pessimist as from one to the other. A paper is bound to be a pessimist and the man or woman who has already passed middle age and must feel and know that all the best of life lies in the buried past, can no longer feel that they have a part in the joys that surround them. Years of failures and disappointments take the light and the gladness out of our hearts, and we want to be young again, want to feel as we did in youth, when we were so happy with the little things in life, happy because life was before us and in our ignorance we knew nothing of its meaning.

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a Glass of Salts if your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers you— Drink More Water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their effort to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach aches, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore, and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here and take a teaspoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending the bladder weaknesses. Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Beavers Under Fire From Atlanta Papers

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 26.—Chief of Police Beavers and leaders of the Men and Religion Forward Movement are criticizing newspaper correspondents in Atlanta for sending out stories reflecting upon the efficiency of the police department and deploring the increase during recent months of various kinds of crime in Atlanta. It is a fact that a great many such stories have been sent out by various correspondents in Atlanta, and have been published, sometimes with sensational headlines by daily and weekly papers all over the South, but the attention of Chief Beavers is now being called to the fact that these stories reflect a general condition which has been noticed in a news and editorial way by the Atlanta daily papers before correspondents ever took it up, and that the charges of inefficiency made against his department are legitimate news in that they have been made over and over again by Atlanta citizens in the community.

The stories sent over the state that the charge had been made in Atlanta that the close of the segregated vice district simply scattered vice all over the city did as much harm as good, were sent only after that identical view of the situation had been widely expressed in Atlanta. The Men and Religion leaders themselves are under fire for slandering the good name of Atlanta, and for painting untrue conditions. The chief of police and his department are being criticized openly in Atlanta papers as being unable to cope with the increasing number of crimes that has come with the growth of the city. Friends of Chief Beavers say the trouble is lack of funds and not enough men on the force. Opponents of the chief say the department is poorly handled. These things may not reflect credit upon Atlanta, but the situations actually exist and are not lubrications of the correspondents' minds. As long as they exist they will be written about both by the Atlanta correspondents and by the Atlanta papers. A perusal of the state press for a period of months past will show, if compared to what has been published in the Atlanta papers, that the charges written about have actually been made, and have been commented on here in Atlanta before they ever reached the outside world.

CONDITIONS CHANGE.

Claude L. Dawson Reports Shook Trade.

Claude L. Dawson, native of Anderson, and now consul at Valencia, Spain, has sent the following to Daily Consular and Trade Reports, Washington: "Three years ago it was estimated that some 14,000,000 boxes were utilized annually in the Valencia district for the exportation of its crops of fruits and vegetables, including oranges, mandarins, onions, raisins, almonds, lemons, melons and tomatoes. The present consumption is probably the same, more or less, taking into account the variation in the size of these crops from year to year and the demands of foreign markets for Valencia products. "Prior to 1910 practically the entire demand for shooks was met by native sawmills, of which there were over 500 in the region, handling pine logs felled from the forests covering the watersheds of the rivers Turia and Jucar. Foreign shooks could not compete in price, consequently their importation was altogether impracticable. Gradually, however, the resources of supply through the denudation of nearby wooded areas; and as the forest line fast receded to more rugged country and away from the rivers which were utilized for floating logs to the mills, transportation difficulties forced many box factories out of business. Today the surviving mills draw precarious supplies of timber long distances from the interior or by sea from the Province of Castellana and the Balearic Islands; but

Car Load of Tennessee Mules

just received For Sale Cheap

..by..

THEO P. WATSON

WE depend upon advertising to attract your patronage We rely upon the quality of the coal to hold it:

SLOAN

These Laces at 5c yd.

are interesting to the Shoppers in our Store — plenty left for tomorrow's selling—We are sure you'll find one piece in the lot that you'll like.

JUST 5c YD.—THAT'S ALL

We are showing some seventy odd brand new

...Skirts...

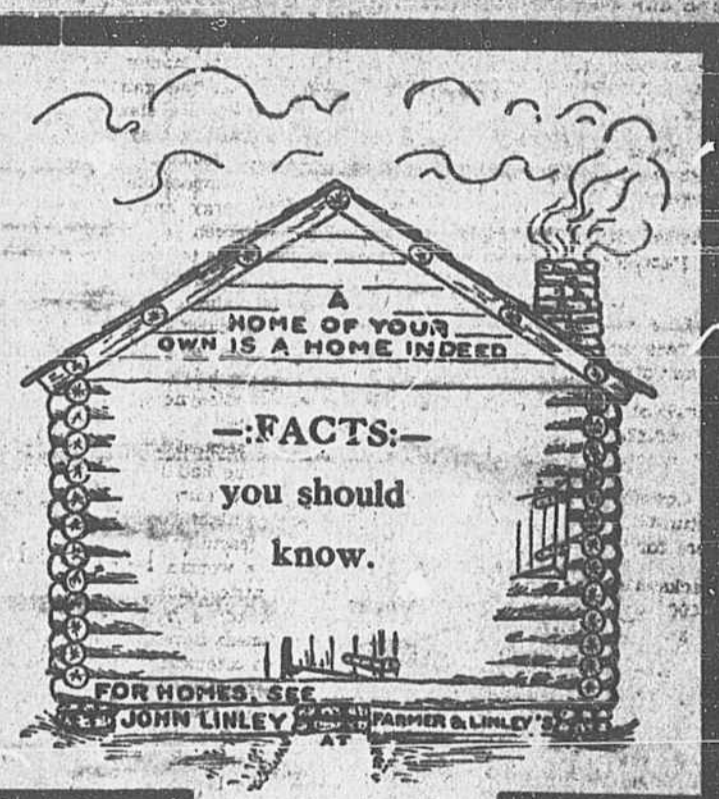
in Fancy Mixtures and Serges—A Special on one lot only

\$3.00

We guarantee the style, quality and fit—

Come in to see us every day. We'll have what you want.

Moore-Wilson Co.



North Anderson is a better place to live—A beautiful suburban Residence Section, quiet, healthy, a most desirable place for a home.

"THE GULLY" is attracting more people every day. It will be to your interest to look into it at any time.

You'll be surprised at the many advantages it offers to the prospective home-seeker.

their output is supplemented each year by larger and larger quantities in bundles ready to be nailed together.

Gift Edge Fertilizer

The Anderson Phosphate & Oil Company

Are making a Fish, Blood and Bone Goods this year that probably has no equal on the market.

When all the Fertilizer is about the same price, why not get the Best. There is nothing better than Fish, Blood and Bone goods and we are not at all sure there is any as good.

It will not pay you to take any chances on your Fertilizer, for by the time you find you have used an inferior Fertilizer you have practically lost a crop for it is too late to repair the damage.

When you lose a crop you lose a years work and that is a serious matter with us all.

Our Fish, Blood and Bone are used in our 8-3-3 and higher grade 5 — not in the lower grades, Fish, Blood and Bone costs more than the other grades sell for.

No better crops were made in Anderson, Abbeville, Greenwood, Newberry Oconee and Pickens Counties last year than where our goods were used.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

If you want the BUTTERICK FASHION SHEET each month send us 12c in stamps and we will send it to you for the next twelve months. This amount simply covers postage and we charge nothing for the Fashion Sheet. We have a full line of Patterns in stock and we will fill all orders PROMPTLY.

For the next thirty days we will make a Special Offer of the Deluxer for Three Months for 25c, provided you call at our store for it.

Cox Stationery Company