

My Mother's Hands.
BY REV. W. M. HEBERTSON.
O hands that tend me now,
In youth's unconscious day,
That gently held my helpless form,
And smoothed my aching brow,
You're gentle and knotted now,
By pain's unkind and heavy hand,
But still the grace of former years
Through your veins runs and glows.
These pale and wrinkled hands,
Which once were soft and fair,
Have lost the grace of former years
Through your veins runs and glows.
But yet these hands to me
With beauty rare still shine,
In that sweet, hallowed hour of light,
Akin to things divine.
Some day—'twill not be long—
These hands so marred by pain,
To outward form and loveliness
Will surely return again.
When in triumphant joy,
And perfect strength again,
They'll minister to Christ the Lord
With all the heavenly train.
—The Presbyterian.

Twenty Dollars Reward for Years of Toil.

She was a tall, spare woman, sallow of coloring, lusterless of eye, with stooping shoulders and a hard, gnarled face. For forty years she had been the wife of the man who sat beside her in the lawyer's office, and those forty years had been spent in the hard manual labor of the perennials and brewing, the almost ceaseless round of toil that belongs to the lot of farmers' wives.
Their joint home had been a small acreage of land in Western Pennsylvania, which had been hardly reclaimed from the wilderness, but which now, in the light of some recent oil findings, had become a valuable and salable property. It was to execute such a deed of sale that the two had come to the attorney's office, and they waited passively and quietly while the lawyer's clerk prepared it.
Presently it was ready, and, true to the custom of their race, she took the deed, and with much labor and pains, produced his signature.
Then "mother" was asked to put her name on the proper line, and a place was made for her at the office desk. But she did not move. Her hands trembled nervously, and she cleared her throat of some choking emotion.
"Before I sign that paper," she said, and her voice grew steady and firm, "I want to know what my share's to be. I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it as much as he, and I want a sum that's all mine, and I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone."
Husband and lawyer were both amazed at this outburst; but her manner indicated so much resolution behind it that the legal man proposed at once not to combat her, but to accede to her request. In a conciliatory speech he acknowledged the reasonableness of her demand, and wished to know what she would consider a fair estimate of her share, her husband sitting by dazed and speechless at this most unexpected turn of affairs.
"The woman did not hesitate," she said. "I thought of that, too," she said. "It's been forty years—good forty years—for we took the farm in the fall, and this is spring, and it seems to me," her voice broke a little at this critical moment, "it seems to me," she repeated, "as if I ought to have twenty dollars."
This is a true story of a recent happening.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A Great Milkman.

Berlin has a great milkman of whom an interesting account is given in the Chattanooga. Fourteen years ago Herr Bolle, a poor German peasant, came to Berlin with two cows and began selling milk. He met with success at once, and today his establishment is the largest in Berlin and one of the largest in the world. His carts are greeted familiarly by the people. "Here comes Bolle." One thousand men and sixty women are employed by him. In the place of two wagons there are now two hundred; and one hundred and fifty horses.
The milk of fifteen hundred cows is used, from sixty to seventy thousand liters being delivered daily. In his buildings and grounds the most immaculate cleanliness prevails. In one department the milk is sterilized, in another the pure sugar is extracted, to be used for babies' food. So great is the care, that a baby who begins with either morning, noon, or evening milk, receives the same always—every one of the innumerable customers receiving individual care.
The milk is poured into compartments of the spotless carts, which are then locked, and the milk drawn off through faucets, to prevent the possibility of adulteration by any dishonest carrier.
The scrupulous care extends even to the homes of the employees, for whom nurses are provided in illness, while schools, halls, fresh-air funds and so on, are organized and sustained by the wise forethought and benevolence of Herr Bolle. The very clothes worn by employees are washed in a model laundry on the grounds.
Herr Bolle is now more than eighty years old, a very short, white haired man. His whole success has been owing to the same honest and clear-headedness which led him, a poor peasant, to take his cows to the great capital of Germany and sell "pure milk" in defiance of established custom.

What Can the Little Ones Do?

A great many entertain the idea that the little ones can do nothing toward saving the world. That is as great a mistake as to think that they cannot accept Christ until they are grown.
In one of my children's meetings I requested each one whose papa was not a Christian to go home and to put his arms about his neck, and ask him to become a Christian, and have family prayers. Several little hands went up in response to the request; but many of the older people supposed it only children's play.
Two or three nights afterward a man came forward, completely broken down with his burden of sin, and was happily converted. In relating his experience as to what brought him to Christ, he said that his little boy came home from that children's meeting, climbed on his knee, and said, "Papa, won't you be a Christian, too?" "That," said he, "broke my stubborn heart, and I yielded." "Who bath despised the day of small things?" (Zechariah iv., 10).—The Watchword.

Fresh Fish

RECEIVED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Yours to Please,
H. W. LAWSON.

To marry your ideal woman may be all very well, but you will have to live with a real one. Good health, a good disposition, industrious habits, and prudent management will do more to insure your conjugal happiness than all the sentimental excellencies in the realm of imagination.
Young man, instead of spending hours in picturing an ideal, make your own disposition agreeable, your own manners gentle and refined, studying to correct all conceit, and thus fitting yourself to make an honest and virtuous woman happy.

"Do not expect immediate results. Immediate results are not worth working for. History is long, and it is slow; but the clock keeps ticking and the brook keeps flowing. Do something, and do it on a straight line, and if you do not last to finish it, God will top it out or get somebody to. Very likely your own inspired life and inspiring activity will be just the influence that will create the discipleship and take up the work where, at death, you lay it down, and carry toward completion the enterprise which you inaugurated."

DENTAL NOTICE.

S. F. Killingsworth,
No. 1 Seal Block, Abbeville, S. C.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. S. G. Thomson,
OFFICE UP-STAIRS ON McILWAIN CORNER, Abbeville, S. C.

Dr. L. J. WHITE,

DENTIST.
25 OFFICE, No. 2 WHITE'S BLOCK,
March 6, 1895, 11

House and Lot for Sale.

I OFFER MY HOUSE AND LOT IN the town of Abbeville for sale. The lot contains two acres, the house eight rooms, and the premises in perfect repair. Every improvement and easy terms.
Apply to W. C. MCGOWAN,
Dec. 12, 1894, 11

WALTER L. MILLER,

Attorney at Law,
Abbeville, S. C.
OFFICE ON LAW RANGE.

DeBRUHL & LYON,

Attorneys at Law,
ABBEVILLE, S. C.
Office—Law Range, O'Neal Building No. 1.

FRESH BEEF & FISH.

T. L. DOUGLASS
HAVING bought the beef market of Mr. Van Stratten will hereafter furnish all kinds of FRESH MEATS at the LOWEST PRICES. FISH and OYSTERS will be a specialty. Give him your orders. 11

E. F. GILLIARD,

TAILOR.
HAS moved, and occupies the room recently occupied by J. L. Clark, the shoemaker, and is now prepared to do all kinds of repairing and cleaning of gentlemen's clothes on short notice.
Samples of suits always on hand. Charges reasonable.

A Complete and Full

STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
Metropolitan Brand of Mixed Paints
— OF —
JOHN LUCAS & CO.
always on hand at the

City Drug Store.

PRICES IN ONE GALLON CANS by the single can \$1.25. A liberal discount to painters using large quantities.
Oct. 25, 1893, 11

ABBEVILLE HOSPITAL

H. D. REESE, SURGEON.

THE place to carry your SICK WATCHES and BROKEN CLOCKS, where they will be looked after and attended to at all hours of the day with skill and experience. No turning you away or sending Patients off to have them treated elsewhere, but I will put them going at prices to suit the times.

Wedding Presents, Clocks, &c.

and JEWELRY.

Prices Down.

H. D. REESE,
THE PEOPLE'S JEWELER.

NEW Grocery Store.

We have opened up in the HOTEL BLOCK a full stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

TO BE SOLD AT THE
Lowest Prices for CASH.

Call on us when in need of anything in our line and we GUARANTEE to sell you what you want as LOW as first class goods can be sold.

Fresh Fish

RECEIVED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Yours to Please,
H. W. LAWSON.

The Blessing at the Table.

The blessing at the table has much to commend it—the example of Christ, the necessity of cultivating household religion, and the sense of gratitude for mercies received. It is a small feature of our domestic life, though entering potentially into it. In many households it is omitted altogether, either from diffidence or indifference, except when a visiting minister is being entertained. Around some tables it is a form injected for the moment into the chatter of dishes and the chatter of tongues, a sort of empty phrase which propriety demands. Sometimes with an excess of zeal it becomes a long-drawn-out petition testing the nerves (and the necks) of the little ones. Many seeing the abuse of this ordinance have been led to ask what good it does. Do we say it lest otherwise there will be "death in the pot"? Do we utter it as a pious formula? What do we mean by "asking the blessing"? 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