and a voice said slowly: Auderson Intelligencer. "Yes,"

breath.

LOVE'S RHAPSODY.

ocked me in?" "My darling!" Thus thy speech, which, as

beard, Brought marvelous joy and wonderment, withal, II any other words of any tongue Or known or unfamiliar yet to man, On earth or far in any loftier sphere, Heid half the heavenly sweetness of theso two? Then, having wondered so a space, I turned And wept, with fuller knowledge overwhelmed; "O Love, O Love, that you should love me soi What can I do, dear Love, to make return? Long was it dark, but now is light; thine eyes Shall make a constant heaven, though days be rray! gray1 Late I was poor, but thou hast made me rich; What gold more precious than thy clustering hair!

What shall I do, O Love, to make retarn?"

Long thus I wept; yet were they happy tears! Sweetheart, dost know what strong encompas er or then'

-Lily Curry

TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

Mand Estabrook had just turned to re-race han steps up the avenue, when, lancing round, she saw a young man emerging from the shadow of one of the great willows that guarded the gate. As he pulled off his hat with a low bow, the similar throught out the burnished black of his close out hair, and threw into stronger relief his bronzed, handsome face, to which a slight scar on one check gave a touch of the romantic and picturesque. So thought Maud, after her briaf, comprehensive survey. "I beg your pardon," said the stranger,

himself with his straw hat as he but can you tell me if Mr. Estamok is here?" "Ob," thought Maud, "one of Tom's friends." Then, alond, "Yes—that is, he lives here, but he isn't at home to-day." As the newcomer stood irresolute, Maud gave him another quick look, which ammed up his whole appearance, from his six feet of stature and the light pedes-

an garb that set it off, to the knapsack nging over his broad shoulders. Then ahe said, hesitatingly: "He may be back to night, perhaps. Won't you come up to the house and rest? It is so warm! And my mother will be glad to see any friend of Tom's.'

The young man returned her inquiring clance as he answered, also with some hesitation: "Thanks. It is very warm, certainly. I should be delighted to pay my respects to-Mrs. Estabrook, if she

ill permit me. With that he put on his hat again, and the two walked along together under the blossoming acacia trees, while he intro-duced himself as Marston Folliott, just inw pedestrianizing in that region. To which she responded with the information that she was "Tom's sister." In this way they reached the house, where Mrs. Estabrook was discovered in the cool north parlor. She received her which seemed preternaturally loud to son's friend very hospitably, inviting him to nwait Tom's return, which was ear pected by the next morning at latest. Mr. Folliott's manner was again hest Mr. Fol Mr. Folliott's manner was again hesi-tating, as he half glanced toward 'Maud. file.' "I really ought not to take advantage"

But Mrs. Estabrook: a nervous, excitable woman, given to starts and broken sentences, interrupted him: "No, no! Pray don't say so. Really, it would re-the piazza window. It's-it's a conlieve my mind, now that my son is away; and of course Peter must choose this very time- Maud, Peter hasn't come back hot a man on the place, and h a solitary neighborhood! d tranps would have us quite

ercy." So the young man accepted the urgent invitation, and the afternoon wore away Oh-h" with music and convers ing about the grounds. It was almost tea time. The two ladies with their guest were sitting on the breezy plazza when a telegraph messenger came up the steps, delivered his yellow covered ssive and was off again like a shot out

"Miss Estabrook! Are you still there?" answered Maud, holding her "You are not aware that you have

Maud hesitated for an instant. But since the explanation must come, it might as well come at once. "Yes," she answered, clearly; "I did it intention-

'In-deed!" The blended accent of this word made her feel hysterical again. "Perhaps you would not mind telling me why you did it?" he asked.

"Because you are a burglar," answered the girl, concisely. There was an indistinct mutter which

night or might not have been an expletive. Then, after a silence, the voice inquired, guite formally, "And might I ask what there for?" you mean to do with me?" "Keep you shut up here until my broth-

the gardner comes back; and

"Yes, and then" "Then," replied Maud with a sudden nspiration, "we will let you go, if you There was a sound of suppressed laugh-at this. Then the voice rejoined milled: "Thanks. I will give you any assurances you require." Mand went down to the dining room, a base based herself in macking a

where she busied herself in packing a basket. After this, returning up stairs, she called to her prisoner: "Mr.-Mr. Folliotti

"Yesh". "If you will open the closet you will find a rope. Please let it down and we will send you up some supper."

The stranger obeyed, and a well filled basic twas foor lifted through the win-dow into his room. Maud hospitably hoped he had everything he wished. "Thanks; not quite," was the delib-erate answer. "If I might ask for a couple of Tom's cigars?"

"Tom, indeed, The wretch!" com-mented Tom's istar, to herself. Then, aloud: "Oh, catainly, is you will let the basket down again." couple of Tom's cigars?"

At this point Mrs. Estabrook remon-trated. "Really, Maud, that is too strated. much", "Ol, mamma, anything to keep him quiet and good tempered," said Maud. "And you know he was to have taken tea

with us. "But if he should burn the house down smoking them?" anxiously suggested her mother.

"Well, perhaps it's safer to give him something to use his matches with," answered Maud, with a masterly stroke of logic. "And they always do have matches," she concluded, indefinitely. Her reasoning carried the day, so the

cigars went up and the rope came down, for this was a point on which Maud was firm. She had no intention of leaving that rope in their burglarious visitor's The evening waned, and still there was

no sign of Peter's return. The two ladies did not dream of sleeping, but kept watch throughout the night in the room adjoining that of their prisoner, bracing them-selves with strong tes for their task. It was weary work, however, and the min-ntes crept slowly into the small hours.

"Maud, what is that noise?" said Mrs. Estabrook, with the calmess of despair. Maud declined to commit herself prema-

federate of that man in there! Oh, don t tell me! I know!" Maud frowned thoughtfully. Her

mother's idea scemed only too plausible. "He'll get in and let the other one out," pursaed Min. Estabrook, breathlessly, "and then they'll go through the house and rob and murder us all. Oh, dear!

Maud drew near, and the following con-

Maud considered. "We are afraid it is

"What! Another?" exclaimed the stran-ger." Then he checked himself. "Don't you think you'd better send me to dispose

of him? he suggested, with an admirable assumption of the boldness of innocence.

"Maud!" sharply protested Mrs. Esta-

"I don't think he can be," Maud an-

swered doubtfully; but seeing her mother's

would not move until a given time he

would be released. As he readily agreed

passage, turned the key very softly, and then flew back into her own room, which

she locked in hot haste. Here she knocked

on the inner door, and at the appointed

sign heard the young man dash through

the corridor and down stairs. There was

a sound of rattling glass, an altercation of

"Miss Estabrook, I have come back,"

"And the-the man?" asked Maud,

"Oh, I fancy he'll give yon no more

Don't. Inturina dest pray don't,"

versation took place:

"Yes.'

a—a burglar."

brook

"Miss Estabrook!"

had done so, in some vexation at what he considered her fussiness, until everything had suddenly been driven out of his mind by the sight of a blood stain on the piazza.

At which Maud shuddered, and was about to relate her version of the night's adventures when Mrs. Estabrook's voice was heard in reproachful accents from above. They hastened up stairs, and found the poor lady inclined to hysterics at being left alone. She began an inco-herent story, in which Peter and the

burglar were jumbled, to Tom's utter be-Ecstacy. "But who winged the burglar, then?" e asked. "Was it you, Maud?" "Hush-sh!" breathed his mother, with

warning finger upraised. "He's in there, you know. "In there! Why, I thought you said he was gone? And what on earth is Peter in

"No, no, not Peter, the-the burg-

"Oh, wait, Tom," she said. "That is the oddest part of it all." And she told the tale of their strange guest. "It had been received of the results of the doesn't seem like his being a burglar, but first day's fight, which showed how des-I don't think he can be in his right perate was the attack, the stubbornness mind;" she concluded.

"By jove! I should say not! Wanted to be locked up again? Why, the man must be a first class crank. Well, I'll

nave a look at him." He left the room, and the two women heard the key turn in the lock. They held their breath to listen, but all they could distinguish in the next room was a confused sound of voices and laughter. Presently Tom came back, accompanied by the suppositious burglar. "My mother and sister, Mr. Folliott,"

said Tom, with a wave of the hand and a twinkle of the eye. "Mother, this is my friend Mr. Folliott, who seems to think there is some mystery that needs clearing up.'

The real burglar was never found. Therefore Tom Estabrook was unable to settle the question if that "suspicious stranger" resembled Mr. Marston Folliott in anything beyond the scar. Even that had nearly disappeared before Mr. Folliott left The Willows, so that when Amelia first saw her future brother-in-law she gravely remarked that she could not imagine how mamma and Maud could have made such a singular mistake. She was sure she never could. Which, from the cause of the whole misunderstanding, was certainly rather trying. But then Amelia was trying sometimes, as people

Kate Putnum Osgood in Harper's Bazar. Logan's Love of Knuckle Down.

"Senator Logan was very fond of playng with the children," said a lady who has for many years been a frequenter of the Logan household. "The senator used to get so absorbed when he was playing with the little ones that he cared nothing for what was going on around him. He was very fond of his grandson, Lieut. Tucker's boy, about 6 years old. I remember that just one day before he was taken ill he was playing marbles in a room with the boy. The game was pretty evenly matched and the general was absorbed in it. While the game was at its eight the servant brought in a card to him. It was that of a prominent senator. The general, who was down on his knees at the time, and about to shoot his marble, took the card, looked at it a moment, then said to the servant:

" 'Tell the senator to take a seat and I'l be there in five minutes. I want to fluish this game for the boy is ahead of me now.'"—Washington Letter.

Keen Your Thoughts Pure.

Your value and charm for others as a ompanion depends far more on what you think than on what you say. If your thought is all pure, clean, bright, confident and courageous you are a value, and an increasing value, wherever you go. People will always be glad to see you. When you bring yourself (your thought), you bring an actual pleasure to people.

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

An Attempt on the Part of Parisian Boys to Intimidate the Government.

PARIS SCHOOLBOY PROCESSIONS.

THEIR MEETING THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. The President in an Agony of Anxiety.

The Secretary of War Carries a Midnight Dispatch to the White House. One evening at a crowded party given

by Senator Dixon I was forced by the press into a corner, and on looking around found my next neighbor was Secretary Stanton. By and by Dixon came along, and spying us, said: "Stanton, tell him the scene between Old Abe and you the night of the battle of Gettysburg." Stan-ton then related the following:

Mr. Lincoln had been excessively solic-itous about the result of that battle. It fate of Washington and the issue of the war depended. The telegraphic wires ran into the war department, and dispatches

> of the defense and that the result was indecisive.

AN AGONY OF ANXIETY All that day and the next Mr. Lincoln was in an agony of anxiety, running over, as was his wont, to the war office to ascertain for himself the latest news instead of waiting for the reports to be sent him by his subordinates. Then came a long interval when nothing was heard from Meade, and the president was wrought up to an intense pitch of excitement. Night came on and Stanton, seeing the president worn out with care and anxiety, persuaded him to return to the White House, promising if anything came over the wires during the night to give him immediate

information. At last, toward midnight, came the electric flash of that great victory which saved the Union. Stanton seized the dispatch and ran as fast as he could to the executive mansion, up the stairs and knocked at the room where the president was catching a fitful slumber. "Who is there?" he heard in the voice of Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton."

The door was opened and Mr. Lincoln appeared with a light in his hand peering through the crack of the door, "in the shortest nightdress and longest legs," as shortest nightdress and longest legs," as minister had been expected to give them a few extra days' holiday on the occasion being. Before Stanton, who was out of of his coming into power, and the school-breath, could say a word, the president, boys, disappointed, inasmuch as the New without a sense of humor are apt to be .-who had caught with unerring instinct the expression on his face, gave a shout of exultation, grabbed him with both longer one. As nobody, however, aparms around the waist and danced him

around the chamber until they were both exhausted. UNTIL THE DAY DAWNED.

They then sat down upon a trunk and the president, who was still in his nightdress, read over and over again the telegram and then discussed with him the probabilities of the future and the results of the victory until the day dawned. Such a scene at midnight between two of the greatest Americans whom this generation has produced, to whom an all wise Providence had committed in largest measure the fate of republican liberty in this western world, may not afford a subject for the loftiest conceptions of the poet or the painter, but more than any other incident within my knowledge it shows the human nature of these two great men, and brings them home to the hearthstones of the plain people of whom Mr. Lincoln was, on whom he depended and whom he loved. It shows him brooding all through those three awful days, with an anxiety

akin to agony which no one could shareworn and weary with the long and doubtful conflict between hope and fear-treading the wine press for his people alone. And at last, when the lightning flash had lifted the dark cloud, dancing like a schoolboy in the ecstacy of delight and exhibiting a touch of that human nature which make all the world akin. - Augustus Brandegee in New York Tribune.

Silencing a Noisy Talker.

IN THE MANCOS CANYON.

Relies of a People Who Have Faded from the Earth-What a Prospector Saw. There is no English equivalent for mobetter description than I can give, but I pound of bacon nor a morfel of bread that The largest cliff house is worthy of a nome. This French word means an algebraical expression containing no sign plus will try to describe it in my own way. It or minus. But it also means in schoolis situate in Bear canyon (so named by boys and students' slang a procession through the streets in a single file, got up prospectors), about three miles from the Mancos canyon, on the west side. From in vindication of their dignity and rights, the bottom of the canyon it requires about which have been ignored and trampled one and one-half miles' walk from a point upon by their masters during the term immediately below it to reach it. In The cadets of the Ecole Polytechnique climbing the cliffs on the route I took I have a monome at Christmas, when they walk up and down the principal thoroughfound footsteps cut in the rock, and think the people who lived here must have gone fares to let off the overflowing spirits of up in the same way that I did. When I youth at being released from the stern arrived I found a perpendicular cliff about forty feet high, which I climbed, by the military discipline of that establishment.

Their behavior is always most orderly, aid of a rope which I threw on to a small and their monome is now recognized as a cedar, at the risk of breaking my neck, time honored tradition. Some of the large but was well repaid for my troubles by Paris schools have imitated the Ecole finding a building at least 250 feet in Polytechnique, but in a less becoming length, six stories in height in the front, spirit. In their case the manifestation is and from four to six rooms deep into the as a rule organized by a few old boys upon cliff. This seems to have been a chief's whom time hangs heavily, who have nothhouse, or perhaps a Pan Electric director, ing to fear for themselves and who care or perhaps a boodle man. The rooms were not if their juniors get into scrapes. finely plastered with gypsum, which had The day before the school breaks up it a beautiful pink cast. In one room were is usual for the master to send a notice stone lasts, rudely shaped, but after the round the classes warning the boys fashion of the shoemaker's last of to-day. against taking part in any Christmas pro-cession under heavy penalties. But his words are lost on the mischlevous char-Another room had arrow heads, stone axes and hatchets. There are also two weaving rooms. In one there is a rude acters who arrange to meet their seniors, kind of loom, in the other shuttles and the ringleaders, at some place of call diother implements for weaving; but as I rectly the gates are thrown open. The do not understand weaving as well as the boys, yelling and whooping, form into Inancients, I cannot describe them. I found dian file, and shape their course in zigzag specimens of cloth resembling coarse linen through the most crowded thoroughfares, At one end I found a chicken house with winding like a sea monster from paveroosts for chickens. I also found jugs of ment to pavement so as to utterly ob-struct traffic. The file is sometimes broken pottery made to resemble our white

mountain quail, and think perhaps that by the police, but after an interval rethe mountain quail was at one time the domestic fowl of these people. sumes the march. Meanwhile, ushers have been following them taking down the There is also a room in which venisor names of the agitators. The punishment has been smoked. Every building has a at French schools for laziness or bad beround water tank, from ten to fifteen fee havior is a crucl one, and must be inacross, and the larger buildings as many jurious to the health. It is two to eight as three. The tanks vary in depth from hoars' detention on Sunday, to be emfive to ten feet. The kitchens of these ployed in writing off so many hundreds of buildings seem to have been built weaker lines by way of an imposition. This punthan any other part, as they have nearly ishment is also incurred for not carning a certain average of marks. It effectually all tumbled down, while the other parts of the buildings are strong. There are puts out any spark of intelligence left in bushels of broken pottery in the parts a boy, or else makes a desperado of him. fallen down, so I naturally supposed them The other day a gang of such madcaps, to be kitchens. I never found a building about 200 strong, went in a monome to in which the kitchen was standing, but I the ministry of public instruction, shout-ing, "Shame to Goblet! Shame to Berthe-lot!" on the way. It appears that the new do not doubt but there are some of them left standing. If one could be found that had not fallen, I think that there would be a great deal of pottery found. In every ruin can be found corn cobs and husks, squash rinds, bone knives, and curious boys, disappointed, inasmuch as the New Year's holiday is of five days only, sought articles that I could not make out for what use they were intended. There are one or more granaries connected with longer one. As nobody, however, ap-peared at the windows of the government every building. They have doors and windows in which slabs of slate are fitted office the party went off to a rather low to such a nicety that a mouse could never cafe at Montmartre. There they had a merry drinking bout and spent their last get into them. There are also cellars in which I found large jars covered with smooth, flat stones. What they contained coppers. Several speakers hurled deflance in impromptu speeches at M. Berthelot, head masters and ushers, but before long

I can only surmise. The buildings were heated with a rude kind of furnace, a passageway built of stone and cement inside running the full length of the lower floor, as I supposed for carrying heat to different apartments The walls in some places are covered with paintings in which red colors predominate Pictures of men, women, animals and birds .- San Miguel (Colo.) Cor. Denver

Tribune.

Ambitious Young Newspaper Reporter. For Girls Who Play the Plano. In a musty little dressing room just off A contemporary says the world does not the stage of St. James' hall, in Buffalo, know, much less does it reward, one-half Charles Dickens gave an ambitious young newspaper reporter his first lesson in in-terviewing. That was more than twenty years ago and during Mr. Dickens' last of its benefactors. It is to be hoped that a better return than ingratitude will be reaped by the Stuttgart inventor-Schauz-enbach by name-who has devised a con-trivance for deadening the sound of pivisit to this country. The great novelist gave two public readings in Buffalo, and anos. This contrivance, to which the on the day after his first reading in that simple name of "mute" has been given, city he went to Niagara Falls with a party of friends. It was to obtain his consists of the application of fine flannel. to the frame which is found between the 'impressions" of the falls that the amstrings and hammers of an upright piano. bitious young reporter sought Mr. Dick-Herr Schauzenbach claims that by the use ens a few minutes before the raising of the of his apparatus, which, it is satisfactory curtain on his second night's entertainto read, is inexpensive-sound can be ment. As luck would have it the disgraduated almost to inaudibility, and yet tinguished author was alone in the dressing room. He was sitting at a rude pine the quality of the tone is not lost. A trial table reading a newspaper by the light of the invention has recently been made before a company of musicians at Stutt-



FURNITURE! FURNITURE! - A good example for farmers is shown by an Abbeville man, who says that he has been married forly-eight years and his wife has never eaten a Will be sold Cheaper than Ever at was not raised at home, unless it was G. F. TOLLY'S FURNITURE STORE! Bucklen's Arnaca Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts THERE you can find the most Elegant assortment of all kinds of Furniture, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, from the cheapest to the finest, in the whole up-country. Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and posi-Sold Cheaper than anywhere in the State or out of It. tively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfac-tion, or money refunded. Price 25 cents Full and complete Room Suits from \$16.00 to \$350.00. Elegant Plush Parlor Suits at \$45.00. per box. For sale by Hill Bros., Ander-Lounges from \$5.00 to \$13.00. Washstands from \$1.25 to \$12.00. Wardrobes from \$9.50 to \$50.00. Bedsteads (hard wood) from \$2.25 to \$30.00. Chairs from 45c to \$2.00 ; Rocking Chair from \$1.25 to \$10.00, And EVERYTHING ELSE IN PROPORTION.

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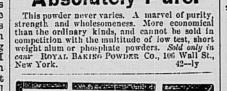
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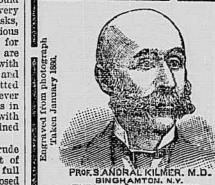
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Call and see some of our new work. We guarantee satisfaction.

"From Tom, probably," said Mrs. Esta-rodk. "Mr. Folliott, you will "accuse

She broke open the envelope, while the conversation between the two young peo-ple went on. But it was suddenly interrupted by an inarticulate sound from Mrs. Estabrook, and looking around, they saw er white and trembling. Maud ran to er mother and put her arm about her.

"I hope you have received no bad news"-began Mr. Folliott. But as he advanced Mrs. Estabrook waved him ack, with a poor attempt at a smile. "Oh, no, not bad at all--only a little-

little-unexpected." Then she conveyed adding with the same forced lightness you will excuse our leaving you alone for a moment, Mr. Folliott, I have a little household matter to arrange with my daughter. That is all, indeed. It is only for a moment-only a moment, I assure

As they withdrew she sedulously re-turned Mr. Folliott's bow, all the while to the door again. "You are quite cer-tain he is not an-an-an assistant of preserving a set smile strangely at va-riance with her pale face. But no sconer had they entered the house than it yours?" she asked in the politest terms "Let me out and you shall see. Upon my honor"- Here the words were lost in a stilled sound. dropped away, as she turned to her ughter and said, in a hollow whisper: "Maud, that man is a burglar!" "Is the man laughing?" demanded Mrs. Estabrook in angry amaze; then, as a new suspicion entered her mind: "Maud, do

Mand stared at this startling announce ent. "What man, mamma? "That man out there-that Folliott, as you believe he is exactly in his right

he calls himself. He isn't a friend of Tom's. Just read this-from Amelia." Mand took the telegram, which was from her married sister, living some fifty miles distant. This was what it congrowing alarm she hastened to add: "But

we evidently have a certain control over him, and really, mamma, I don't know but it would be better to let him drive the "Have just learned from nursemaid of spicious stranger making her acquaint-nea. Asked all about The Willows and other away. No, but hear me out. They can't be accomplices, and if we must be in ber of inmates. Seemed to know the power of either, why, I would much aething of Tom. Tall, dark, gentlesooner trust this one. He is far superior mly looking, and has a scar on one to ordinary burglars," concluded Maud, cheek. Look out for him." with a fine air of connoisseurship in this "Has a scar on one cheek!" echoed particular branch of the dangerous classes.

land, faintly, after an instant's blank Her opinion, as usual, prevailed; and their prisoner was informed that if he

"Oh. Maud, what shall we do ?" moane Mrs. Estabrock, sinking into a seat. And we have actually invited him to tea ngtar 1 Well, for a friend, I thought to the conditions the girl stole out into the d very uncertain about Tom." "I noticed that too," answered Maud, ent brow, recalling a certain unck her as strange at the time. "Mamms," she continued, "we must send Brid-get or Maggie over to the village for

voices, a pistol shot and then a brief period of suspense, during which the " almost screamed Mrs. Estabrock, hearts of the two women stood still. Then ther person must leave the house ! was gone? When he knows how steps returned along the passage, crossed through the next room, and stopped bevous I am, too -and to think I told side the door of communication, where a rap resounded. t-that desperado out there, that there "t a man about the place ! Maud ! said a quiet voice.

ud ! what shall we do !" and ! what shall we do !? "I think I have a plan, mamma," said and, rsising her head from her brown rdy. "Wait a moment." She flew strdy. trouble. Judging from the groan I heard as he beat a retreat he won't feel in spirits upstains and down again. "Now come out on the plazza. He mustn't suspect

for any more of this business to-night." "We-we are very much obliged to you," stammered Maud, rather at a loss The two ladies rejoined their unwelcome gnest, and Mrs. Estabrook rushed into teverist conversation with him. But her what to say under the circumstances. "Not at all. It was a pleasure to me. talk was of a singularly warlike kind, He was infringing on my rights, you arning mainly upon revolvers and the roficiency attained in the use of these know. Silence followed, broken by another rap. eadly weapons by Bridget and Maggie, "Miss Estabrook, I am waiting to be two unsophisticated handmaldens, who in fact would not have known a toy pistol locked in again. "Do you really mean"- began Maud. om a Gatling gun. Madd, in spite of

"Certainly. I must insist, if you please. her tension of nuxiety, grew speechless with laughter behind her fan, as she lis-faned, furtively watching the stranger's face and noting his just controlled un-I'll stay here till you give me the word." "Be quick, Maud," whispered Mrs. Estabrook, very distrustful of this extraordinary burglar. "The man is either ness. Finally, like one who takes a criminal or a lunatic. Run and turn the key, child, before he changes his mind.

reathlessly.

Thus urged, the girl made another

entreated Maud, as the poor lady, over-You bring also a power and strength to them. Your thought helps to strengthen whelmed by her own picture, showed signs of becoming hysterical, and uttered their bodies. They feel better for sceing you. You are as a fountain of health and several small screams. Upon this the occupant of the next room, who hitherto had given no sign of life, began to knock on the door between the two chambers. pleasure wherever you go .- Prentice Mulford's "White Cross."

A Fascinating Detective

A dashing young clerk in a broker's office recently had some experience with a pretty, vivacions girl attached to a private detective bineau. • He was living int a "Yes." "Excuse me, but is anything wrong?" Maud hesitated. -Mrs. Estabrook mean-time had checked herself, and was holdmore rapid gait than his salary warranted. After two male detectives had failed to ing her breath to listen. Receiving no get into the young swell's confidence, the retty operator took the case. It was a answer, he presently spoke again. "What is that noise I hear down stairs?" delicate, not to say hazardous, undertak-We don't know," said Maud; "but"ing. The most difficult step was making "But what? Is that what is alarming the clerk's acquaintance without exciting

his suspicions, but she accomplished that by buying some stocks and opening an ccount in the office. After a few visits and an encouraging smile or two, the clerk suggested a visit, to the the The invitation was accepted and the lady's address given, and after that there were champagne suppers, the opera and a gen-eral good time. The fact that the young man was spending too much money was

soon evident, and one evening he called at "One moment, mamma," rejoined her faughter, "I am not sure." She turned his charmer's boarding house to learn that she had gone away, leaving no message or address.

But in the course of the investigation changed. the pretty detective had also discovered that the culprit was a generous chap and not a bad fellow in the main, althe rather reckless, and she had begun to like him more-than she cared to own to herself. So she induced the broker to promise that he would make no public exposure, but would tell the culprit of the error of his

course and give him a chance to make restitution. That rapid young man is not yet aware that his detection and his pardon were both due to the mysterious and fascinating speculator in stocks who shared his champagne suppers and sud-denly disappeared. - New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

How a Joking Machine Works.

A young man of my acquaintance who has always been considered an odd stick. not because he lacks common sense, but ecause he has a strange habit of doing things in his own way, told me that having gone lately to live in a suburban town, and being unable to read in the cars with out injury to his eyes, he had hit upon the following expedient for passing the time on his journey to and fro. He sits apart from his friends, apparently wrapped in gloomy reflections, but really engaged in concocting humorous paragraphs which he sells. He has laid out his work quite after the manner of Anthony Trollope, sternly requiring of himself one joke for every trip, and so well does he succeed that he very rarely fails on a Saturday to post twelve items of merchantable quality. On Sunday of course he has a holiday. He told me also, and I am curious to know if the experience of other professional humorists is the same, that the ousiness is done best in cloudy and stormy weather. On a fine morning, he says, his attention is distracted and he sometimes reaches Boston quite jokeless; whereas in driving snow storm he often picks up two and even three very fair paragraphs

luring the journey, especially when the train is a little late. A succession of fine days last month nearly ruined him, but he expects to do very well in March and April.-Boston Post.

The True Edible Bird's Nest. The true edible bird's nest swiftlet is a native of Ceylon and of the Malay region, and it builds in caves where materials for architecture are necessarily scanty or on sea cliffs of inaccessible height. More than most other swifts this tropical species is a confirmed highflyer, hawking for its food around the summits of the mountains and much indisposed to settle on the ground upon any pretext. Hence it has learned to carry to the furthest possible limit the family habit of making a nest quite literally "all out of its own head." without the slightest extraneous aid of patch.

The best and cleanest nests, which fetch the highest price, are composed entirely of pure mucus from the salivary glands. The material in its hardened state is brittle, fibrous, white and transparent, "very like pure gum arabic, or even glass," and the inner lining consists of

I was greatly amused the other night by the delicate use to which a gentleman within ten feet of me put a venerable scheme for silencing noisy talkers. He had glared and hissed so persistently at a young man and a young woman behind him who chattered without ceasing that

from hissing the two men got to words, and when the curtain fell on an intermission there were explanations demanded. The man who wanted to hear the music turned around and said in the blandest tones, but so clearly that every one within the great Boz. ten feet could hear: "My dear sir, I was not hissing you, but those people upon the stage, who sing so loud that I am pre-Falls?" stammered the reporter. vented from catching a few parts of your novelist with rising asperity. interesting conversation." The young man subsided amid general hughter, and thought". left with his girl for more congenial society before the curtain rose on the next act .- New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

A Trick Which Did Not Work. This case bears on Gen. McClellan's statement that returned prisoners who had allowed themselves to be captured got promotions through Mr. Lincoln's misapplied sympathies. A senator called at the war office to urge that Col. ----, of New York, be ex-changed, he had been so long a prisoner and many others were now being ex-

Mr. Stanton said: "I know all about Col. --- 's case. He allowed himself to be captured to get exchanged and a furlongh. He may stay down there now and have a good time in prison."-Col. N. T. Hartshorn

Fashion in Novels.

intelligent plan of campaign when you go Novelists have gotten up a corner on interviewing. First of all you must know weird and startling subjects and thrilling, just what you want to say and your ghastly tales now have the call. Novels questions must be sufficiently incisive to have their fashion and the novelist must cater to the current desire. The Howellswhom they are addressed Once you get James novels are losing their popularity, a man interested in a subject it will reand those of the class to which Stevenquire only a little ingenuity to keep him son's belong are gaining the public's ear. This change in the taste of novel readers occurs every few years, and if the libra-Falls, but if you will excuse me for saying ries had kept a record of the character of so, you lack the ingenuity to set me talktales called for most frequently during ing on the subject. I wish you well, howcertain periods they could tell just how, ever. Good night." long a fashion lasted and when its turn came again. At all events, it looks as if Falls were not printed in any Buffalo Poe's style of literature is going to have

another.-Professor Morgan. To Save Drowning Horses.

A Bangor ice man says that they never take a horse on the ice without tying a rope around his neck, so that if he gets into the water the rope may be tightened and the animal choked. The strangled horse at once puffs up and rises to the surface, and is then usually pulled out without much trouble, and when he is well away from the hole the noose is loosened and he gets his wind again. A few hours' hard work generally warms the chilled horse thoroughly, and he is none the worse for his cold bath.-Philadelphia Call

A Lucky Decorative Idea.

One of the most successful "fakes" ever worked in the artistic line was by a young Pittsburg engraver in Chicago. He was out of money and out of work. It was several years ago, just at the beginning of the decorative art craze. One day he was passing a shell store with a friend when an idea struck him. He was considerable of an artist as well as an engraver. He went in and proposed to the proprietor to take some of the shells and paint a little landscape in each and sell

them for mantel ornaments. The shrewd old proprietor said that the thing would catch the popular fancy and finally arranged to pay \$1 a piece for painting them. They took a dozen of the shells home and the pictures suited the old man. The shell paintings had a great sale, and in the next three months the artists made a little over \$1,200, and didn't work very hard either. At the end of that period competition cut the price in half again and they went out of the business, but it was a great snap for the amateurs while it lasted .- Pittsburg Dis-

The Depreciation of English Land.

"What is it, young man?" he said, gart and the result appears to have been a success. The piano mute having been insomewhat gruffly, as soon as he became vented, all that now remains to be done is aware of the reporter's presence. to secure for it as wide adoption as pos-"I am a reporter for The Buffalo Express," said the intruder, with forced sible -- Exchange,

one of amused interest. "So you were

pleasantly. "Well, I hope you will ex-

cuse my candor in saying that your paper

could not have sent a person less likely to

succeed, oven if I were willing to be inter-

viewed, which I am not. My young friend let me give you a word of advice. When you want to interview a man don't

act as if you were afraid of him, and don't

throw a net at him as though you were

seeking a fish in invisible depths. No

man whose opinions are worth publishing

will respond to a wholesale invitation to

unbosom himself. Don't ask weak or

frivolous questions! You must have an

awaken the interest of the person to

Mr. Dicken's "impressions" of Ningar

sent to interview me, were you?"

the listeners, struck with qualms of con-

science, or possibly afraid of the conse-quences of their escapade, dispersed quietly

and went to their homes .- Paris Cor

AN INTERVIEW WITH DICKENS.

The Advice the Great Author Gave an

London News.

sputtering candle

calmness.

New York's Days of Distress. "Yes, yes! well, what is it?" exclaimed "During the prevalence of the yellow Mr. Dickens, in a tone so freezing that fever, (1798) when not in attendance on the reporter shivered and instinctively the sick, I was busily employed in making turned toward the door in expectation of nails for the coffinmakers. A carpenter an admonition to "Get out!" in Warren street kept twelve men con-"Well, what do you want?" repeated stantly employed in making white wood "Wh-wh-what do you think of Niagara

coffins, not painted, which he sold for \$5 each. Two stout lads, with a hand-cart load, went daily through the streets, "None of your "- began the famous stopping at every corner and crying out: 'Coffins, coffins, all sizes, only \$5.' In "I beg your pardon, excuse me; I many instances the coffin stood under nervously interjected the reporter, as he edged toward the door. the bed of the patient for days and weeks "Wait a moment. Come here!" Mr. waiting for him. Some recovered and paid the carpenter for their own coffins. Dickens' demeanor and tone had changed Undertakers, as a profession, were not known in New York at that period.completely. The reporter looked up in surprise. The expression of annoyance in the face of the novelist had given way to Grant Thorburn.

Expensive Collection of Pearls.

The most expensive collection of pearls on record is that owned by the Countess of Dudley, which is far more valuable than the celebrated pearls belonging to the than the celebrated pearls belonging to the queen. The countess has a coronet of pearls. The top is composed of pear-shaped pearls. There is a very large one shaped pearls. There is a very large one in the center, and the others are graduated green and gold on each plaster. Sold by all in size down to the smallest. In order to druggists, at 25 cents each.

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get these pear shaped pearls in the requisite sizes and colors the jewelers were obliged to buy such an enormous quantity of pearls that when the famous necklace was completed, with carrings, bracelets, and brooch and finger ring to

pearls left. A Silk Knit Garter. A novel custom still prevails among ladies in some parts which will commend itself to maiden ladies growing old. It is said that she who puts on a silk knit gartalking. After what I have seen to-day I ter the first day of the year and wears it cannot help feeling an interest in Niagara continuously will certainly marry during the year. It is said that the mother of a young lady, being very much pleased with the silken garter worn by a young lady for this purpose, proposed to knit a "fel-low" for it; but the young lady declined newspaper the next day, but his pithy re-marks on the subject of interviewing were saying she had sufficient confidence in the bewitching circlet and preferred the natural coming of the "fellow.-All the

How to Kill Cats.

After much consultation with veterinary surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long handled wooden spoon about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of petassium, and to keep it tightly corked .- New York Graphic.

Year Round.

Tobogganing in Canada.

Said a Canadian to a scribe recently: 'Tobogganing is essentially a Canadian **BALLS IN CONTROL OF STATES AND ADDRESS REPORTS OF STATES AND ADDRESS REPORTS ADDRESS ADDRE** sport. Not because Canada is the land of winter snows, but because Canadian life, Canadian manners are not the manners of the 'states.' You may say all you please about our slowness, our want of enter-prise; that we out-English the English in biography of Worth (flustrated), sent on receip of application. IT WILL PAY EXPERI-ENCED AGENTS to WRITE for TERMS our snobbishness; still, the fact remains that we manage to get a great deal of en-joyment out of life. Of course a great deal is said about the fast life of Americans; but I believe with the majority the LEWIS SCHELE & CO., 300 LSCADWAY, NEW YORK trouble lies more in the long hours of work in which you indulge. I can't see where the rapid life comes in, unless it be the slow, steady grind for 300 day in the

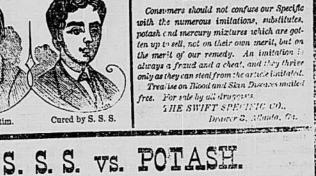
year. Now, tobogganing, like a great many other of our sports, cannot be taken up at odd hours. To thoroughly have the whole afternoon and evening; Canadian works, as a rule, about half the day. The remainder is pretty well taken

In the simplicity of its doctoring methods



Potash Victim.

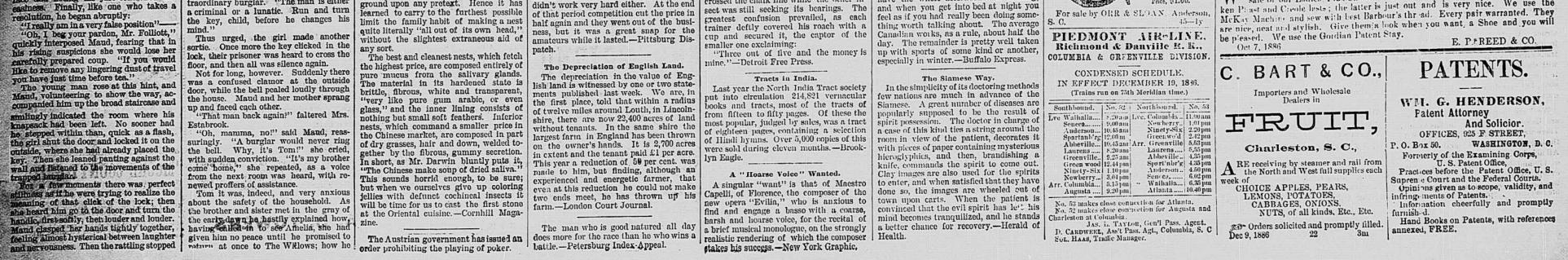
May 6, 1886

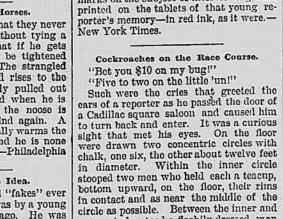


I have had blood poison for ten years. I know I have taken one hundred bottle- o fodide of potash in that time, but it did me no good. Last summer my face, neck, ser and limbs were covered with sores, and I could encedy use my arms on account e matism in my shoulders. I took S. S. S., and it has done ne more good than all other ac-cines I have taken. My face, body and nack are perfectly clear and clean, and my re-matism is entirely gone. I weighed 16 pounds when I be gan the medicine, and I now were fold pounds. My first bottle helped me greatly, and raw me an appetite like a strong man I would not be without S. S. S. for several times its weight in gold. C. E. MITCHELL, W. 23d St. Ferry, New York.

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W E have made HILL, ADAMS & CO., of Anderson, S. C., our Agents for the sale of our Ladies' Fine Shoes. We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme, Wanken Plast and Creole lests; the latter is just out and is very nice. We use the McKay Machine and sew with best Barbour's thr ad. Every pair warranted. They are nice, neat and stylish. Give themia look when you want, a Shoe and you will be pleased. We use the Gordian Patent Stay. E. P.*REED & CO.





outer circle stood a flashily dressed man

with an open watch in his hand and without the outer circle were eighteen or twenty excited spectators. "Are you ready?" asked the man with

the watch. 'We are," answered they of the cups. "One, two, three, go!" said the time-

The two men in the inner circle simultaneously raised the cups and stepped beyond the line, revealing two cockroaches, one considerably larger than the other. The bugs seemed at first to be thoroughly confused, running about in circles and darting first in one direction and then in another. Suddenly, however, the smaller roach took a bee line toward the bar and enjoy a tobogganing party one should crossed the chalk line while the other insect was still seeking its bearings. The and when you get into bed at night you greatest confusion prevailed, as each feel as if you had really been doing some-trainer deftly covered his roach with a thing worth talking about. The average cup and secured it, the captor of the

keeper.

smaller one exclaiming: