

BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS

Are determined to put forth every effort in the future to increase their already large trade.

WE WANT YOU FOR A CUSTOMER,

AND are determined to have you if GOODS AT LOW PRICES are worth anything. We can SAVE YOU MONEY on—

Shoes, Hats, and Heavy and Staple Dry Goods.

We have a large and select stock of GROCERIES, which we will sell Cheap for Cash.

Remember our Specialties:

Flour, Coffee and Tobacco.

You can do us a favor and save yourself money by seeing us before buying.

Yours truly,

BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS.

"HOT STUFF!"

Just Get in a Cool Place and Read This Ad.

8-Day Walnut Clocks, warranted 5 years. \$2.00

The best Fountain Pen ever made. \$1.00

Triple Plated Knives and Forks, per Set. \$2.50

Special Bargains in Gold and Silver Watches.

ENGRAVING FREE! PROMPTNESS! in everything.

Drop around next to Farmers and Merchants Bank and get a cool drink of Ice Water and a fan to keep cool with free—no charge.

WILL R. HUBBARD, THE JEWELER.

LADIES' STORE:

"QUALITY WILL TELL."

MAKE no pretensions to buy cheaper than others, but confidently claim that when QUALITY is desirable my Goods have no equal, if any—certainly no superior. I seek to furnish the VERY BEST at prices consistent with the quality.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF GOODS!

From Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. We cordially invite all to come and judge for themselves as to QUALITY, BEAUTY, STYLE, PRICES, &c.

I solicit a liberal share of patronage.

Thanks for a generous past, with the hope of a continuance in the future.

Respectfully,
MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

IF YOU BELIEVE

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE

It will pay you to examine the BARGAINS in

Coats and Vests!

TAYLOR & CRAYTON

Are offering this week!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE beg to call your attention, not exclusively, but especially, to our Fine Brand of FLOUR—"Omegs"—guaranteed to please the most fastidious. Also, to our superior line of—

CANNED FRUITS and VEGETABLES,
JELLIES and JAMS,
LEWIS SNOW FLAKE CRACKERS,
TEA, SPICES, &c.
BREADS, STEAM BREAD, HAMS,
BREAKFAST BACON.

and everything, too numerous to mention, usually kept at a First Class Grocery Store. We shall be more than delighted for you to give us a call, and let us fill your orders. Thanking you in advance, we are,
Yours very truly,
WEBB & WEBB.

P. S.—Remember, all Goods delivered FREE.

THE BIGGEST LOT OF

READY MIXED PAINTS,

OILS,
COLORS,
VARNISHES,
STAINS,
GLASS AND PUTTY.

Ever Brought to this City.

GUARANTEED—your house repainted without extra charge if Paint does not give entire satisfaction.

TODD & EVANS, Druggists,
ANDERSON, S. C.

1845. 1893.

Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.,

OF NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, President.

Assets:

Market Values, \$51,395,903.69.

Paid to Policy Holders since Organization:

\$124,558,722.56.

Surplus:

Massachusetts Standard, \$3,661,250.01.

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable after Second Year.

In case of lapse the Policy is continued in force as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid-up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are incontestable, and all restrictions as to residence and occupation are removed.

Losses paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

WEBB & MATTISON,
Managers for South Carolina, Anderson, S. C.

SEED BARLEY AND RYE,

FLOUR,
HAMS
LARD.

And a Fancy Line of Canned Goods.

For sale at Low Prices by

D. S. MAXWELL & SON,
No. 5 CHICOULA PLACE.

160-acre Farm to rent,

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

An Old Paper Furnishes Bill Arp the Subject for His Regular Letter.

Atlanta Constitution.

A last year's bird's nest is of no consequence but it is an emblem of the dead past. It points a moral if it does not adorn a wall. But the most suggestive and impressive thing of the past is a political newspaper that is about fifteen or twenty years old—just old enough for you to remember the people who figured in it. I chanced on one about the house and it made me dead—dead ideas, dead candidates, dead slanders, dead advertisements, and even the editors are dead. Some great men figured in this paper and the people were as wild about them as they are now over present issues. Ben Hill and Alex Stephens were before the people then and so were DeLoach and Blaine all figure in this paper and they are all dead. How paltry and insignificant seem all those issues now. Fifteen or twenty years from now will all the present turmoils and violence of politics seem like a dream who then lives to look back on them. Most all of the factors will be dead and there will be a new set to jump up and down and cry "Lo here," and "Lo there." It is well to look back occasionally and learn a lesson. There is food for thought in a last year's bird's nest or an old newspaper.

Patience is a virtue. I feel relieved when the issue is over and the questions settled. I don't blame Mr. Cleveland for going fishing. Fishing is the best medicine in the world for a tired mind. I have tried it and am tired. I would go to Clearwater one day in every week if it was not so far away. It is good for a man to get away from the water where he can't hear any news nor read about murders and lynchings and stealing and runaway matches and the families and families of the world. Watching the cork does not strain the mind, but it keeps it from other things. And so I would advise General and Colonel Atkinson to raise a gag of trout and go fishing. They might go together and agree that whoever caught the most fish should be the Governor.

But there are bigger things than politics. I see the farmers plowing up the withered, wilted cotton and planting corn. That looks pretty hard on the farmers, but maybe it is all for the best. I have no objection to the farmer always some good mixed up with the bad. The mules and the hogs will have more corn to eat next winter. I never saw finer gardens than there are around here. Beans and potatoes and peas are abundant and my greatest pleasure is to go to the garden every morning and gather vegetables and pick strawberries, left from the freeze to give us a small feast every day, and they are the finest we ever had. They are the buback variety, the best berry in the world for home use, but too delicate for shipment. There is no greater luxury than home-made berries with home-made cream to cover them. I have been thinking that the blackcap raspberry was the hardest kind, for sometimes I find them in the fields and fence corners, but the last freeze killed them all in my garden and did not kill the red antwipers. This surprised me. The grape is, after all, the most certain and reliable of our up-country fruits. Dame nature looks up the grapes in embryo, for they are not in existence, but the buds come from the old woods. Our blackberry crop is unharmed and will soon be ripe and give the small delicacy employment. Sugar is cheap, tariff or no tariff, trust or no trust, and every housewife is getting ready to put up the berries. I don't believe that the newspapers about Senators being bribed by the sugar trust. Most of our Senators are millionaires already and don't need the bribe, and I don't believe that a Senator would put himself in the clutches of anyascal for, of course, a man who would be bribed by the sugar trust would be a scoundrel to do so. But the nation still lives and there is life in the old land yet—tariff or no tariff.

A PRIZE ESSAY

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

For the Best Essay Written on the Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century.

Some time ago that popular illustrated weekly, *Once a Week*, of New York offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century."

A special committee was appointed consisting of Amos J. Cummings, Thomas A. Edson, Hon. G. W. Ross, Thomas S. James, the very Rev. Thomas M. Byrne and Sir James A. Grant, K. C. V., to which were referred the hundreds of essays received.

A recent issue of *Once a Week* published a half page illustration of the distinguished committee of judges, by unanimous agreement the committee has awarded the prize to Mr. Gordon Hiles, a Georgia boy and the son of Mr. Thompson Hiles, one of the leading business men of Rome.

The distinction is a rare one, and the *Constitution* reproduces herewith for the benefit of the public the prize essay, which won in a competition with the world and a prize for which was awarded by a committee of men whose ability is recognized everywhere. The essay is as follows:

The Seven Wonders of the Nineteenth Century.

Strange are the forms that hurry hither and thither through the shades of this senescent century. Knowledge sits enthroned and greatly has it grown since the last aeon's end. Death and birth meet on the highways, and with it are averted looks. Crime and skepticism, mightier than before, walk with man like the Moslem Moskibat. Speculation stands where the crowds are thickest and whispers every word that is said. The world is a stage, and the actors are kings of old, but their thrones are less lofty—the most splendid court is the court of czar cash. Plus has descended from Olympus and taken his place among the sons of men. Money rules. The dollar shines with the biggest of the great, and the world is filled with the clink of coins as they climb into mountains of gold. Ill-fated poverty, grimed with the smoke and cinders of foundry and forge, looks with no idle eye at the bespangled coach-and-four whirling by with its plutocratic passengers. 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