What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

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YOU will find me below Moss & Brown's, on DEPOT STREET, where I am temporarily located until my new Storeroom on Granite Row is completed. I have on hand a big line of—

Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Etc.,

That I do not care to move again, consequently they must be SOLD REGARDLESS OF COST. If you need anything in this line now is your chance to buy it cheaper than you ever did in all your life.

Come and see me and I will show you that I MEAN BUSINESS STRICTLY. These Goods must be sold by September 1st.

I can give you prices on FLOUR, MEAT, COFFEE and MOLASSES that will interest you. Do not buy until you see me.

Yours truly,
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When Results are Counted our Garden Seed are ahead of all others!

WE AGAIN OFFER OUR ANNUAL PRIZE OF

FIVE $5.00 $5.00 $5.00 DOLLARS

FOR the largest **Watermelon** raised from our Seed—payable the 15th of August. Remember the date.

We wish also to stimulate the growth of **Cantelopes**, so we have decided to offer **$5.00** for the largest Cantelope. We mean those big, round, wrinkled, rusty looking ones, (not Muskmelon,) grown from our Seed. Payable 15th August. **$5.00**

Bring in your Melons and their weight is recorded in a book kept for that purpose.

Ice Water for our Customers---Free.
Ice Cream and Soda Water 5c. a gl...
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Purest and Best Drugs and Medicines in the city.

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EAT AND BE MERRY.

You can find PLENTY to EAT from now on at

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Their Bill of Fare is as follows:

Canned Tomato Soup,
Canned Tomato Stewed,
Green Corn Pie,
Fresh English Peas,
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Truffled Chicken Livers,
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Cranberry Sauce, Best brand of Pickled Olives,
French Prunes, Almonds to be salted,
Cream Cheese and Peach Blow Crackers,
With Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

☞ Come and dine with our delicacies. The above prepared with very little cost. Come and see us.

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Big lot Stoves, to be Sold at Prices to suit the Times, for SPOT CASH!

NO. 7 Stove. with twenty-seven pieces ware, for $8.00 and $10.00. Just think! You used to pay $18.00 for No. 7 that I am offering now for $10.00. Guaranteed to be first class or money refunded.

Your patronage solicited.
Yours, &c.,

JOHN T. BURRISS,
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The Greatest Bargains in Furniture ever offered in South Carolina are offered at

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They have the Largest, Cheapest and Best Selected Stock in the State, and challenge any Furniture House in the State for a comparison of prices.

WALNUT and OAK SUITS cheaper than they can be bought from any Factory.
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☞ Come and see for yourselves and be convinced that what we say is true
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Caskets and Coffins furnished or Day Night.

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Old Tim's Boys.

Years ago there was an old academy with an older principal, and it was so full of young boys they were forever bursting out of doors, flying out of the windows, creeping out of the cellar; you almost expected them to bubble out of the chimney or to dangle from eaves-troughs like veritable Brownies. When the old, lank principal in green goggles first arrived, he was so solemn, thin, and like a picture in a comic almanac, people said the boys would use him up in about a fortnight. The last teacher had been big as a prize fighter, had left a lot of rods of assorted sizes, had whipped whole classes at a time, and then resigned. Old Timothy Worthington (he really was a D. D.) put all the rods in the fire, told the boys he had rheumatism so that it hurt him to hold a book. The first few days they nearly expired laughing at him. Queerly enough, the second week they called him "Worthy Tim." They brought him (on the sly) red apples and flowers, as if he had been a woman. They found out the old eyes behind the goggles twinkled at their fun, grew soft when he patted their heads (the littlest fellows), then he talked to the big ones as if they were men, and instead of tormenting him they actually ran errands for him, mended his desk, and fixed a screen to keep draughts off his ridiculously thin and rheumatic legs. They were awfully afraid their "folks" would find that out. It seemed so "soft," but really Tim was a "brick." He actually interested them in their lesson; and when that feat was accomplished people said he was a success, but they could not understand it. When the younger boys began to look dull in the hot rooms and could not study well, instead of making them stay after school, this queer old chap used (right in school hours) to send four or five out to race and frolic five minutes. They would come in the instant his bony fingers tapped on the pane, and would study like good fellows after it.

One night after school he had been watching their fun from the window, sliding down hill. When they came in for their books, he said: "Every boy that went down hill made it slippery for the next, and each one that fell dragged another down, and that one another. That time you all got bruised at the bottom, Ned happened to be last. He managed to stop half way down and so escaped. Boys, it makes me think of four of my old school mates, jolly fellows. Jim Welles was the jolliest, with brains enough to have made him famous; Will Chester, nervous, sensitive, but never wanting to be left behind; George Edwards, a good natured blunderheels; and me—I was 'lively Tim' in those days. Would you believe it? One term we all started down hill. We were older than you, and it was a longer hill. Jim went first; and, oh, he made it slippery enough for us! We had beer drinking little gambling sprees, larks now and then with champagne for supper. Will Chester could not stand much. He got tipsy on a wine-glassful, but he grew to love it—wine, then brandy. It made him witty. George worshiped Will. He could drink a lot without showing it. Boys, they had fun, oh, such fun for several years!—one making it slippery for the next one—always together. I was the youngest and at the end. One day I began to realize what was at the bottom of the hill; and I just managed—it was a hard struggle—to get on level ground again."

Old Tim took off his goggles, and the boys saw tears in his mild gray eyes.

"I am seventy years old. I have had a happy life, thank God; and I hope I have dragged nobody down hill. But Jim, handsome, brilliant Jim, was a gutter drunkard, and died in a hospital thirty years ago. Will Chester wrote a book that made him famous, then blew his brains out in an attack of delirium tremens. George Edwards is a bloated, beer-swilling loafer; he never lets me have a chance to speak him, but slinks into a saloon when I appear. Boys, when you slide down hill, slide down as you have today in the sunshine, with clear heads and a sure chance of no evil at the bottom."—*Religious Herald.*

A Sad Case.

"Stories of conviction on circumstantial evidence are rife in the law books, and have afforded the plot of many a novel," said J. S. Haberling, of New York, at the Lindell. "A very sad case not of conviction, but almost as bad in its results, occurred in New York recently. A young lady of refinement, a stranger in the city, obtained employment as governess in a gentleman's family. One of her pupils, a girl of 15, lost a diamond ring. It was found in the desk of the governess. She declared that she had not seen it since it was last on the girl's hand, but she was hustled off to the tombs, and, unable to give bond, was kept there several days, exposed to companionship with the most depraved of her sex. She was taken to court in the black Maria with a negress and a white woman, both convicted felons, going to be sentenced. She was kept in the pen waiting for her case to be called, exposed to the impudent gaze of the horde of courtroom loafers. When her case was called, the court appointed a lawyer to defend her, as she was penniless. The prosecuting witness and her father told the story of the finding of the missing ring. The presumption that the accused had placed it there was more or less strong until the lawyer began to cross-examine the owner of the ring. Guessing at the truth, by adroit questioning he drew from the unwilling witness the fact that she had often pried into the desk and dressing case drawers of the governess and that she had so been engaged an hour or so before she missed the ring; and the further fact that the ring fitted loosely. The judge dismissed the case promptly, and her accuser's father apologized. But the young woman being of a highly strung and nervous temperament, is completely prostrated by her terrible experience in the tombs, and the ill-effects will, it is feared, be permanent."—*Globe-Democrat.*

— Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Road, gets a salary of $50,000. W. C. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific gets $10,000, or $15,000, with perquisites; J. Rogers Maxwell, of the Central of New Jersey, gets $12,000; G. B. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania, gets $100,000, and the head of the Pennsylvania roads west of the Ohio gets $50,000. J. W. Reinhart, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, gets $50,000. The president of a great railroad gets a large salary because he is worth it.

— A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freemyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shaffer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same Remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by Hill Bros.

Christian Kindness.

An engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter's morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car, and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find the boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now get out of here!" he said, thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman."

"What's he been up to, Bill?" said a man who was putting freight in the next car.

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected, as he limped along the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

"Hullo, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

The prospect of a little money brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff and cramped and hungry.

"Do you live round here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer. The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded handed him twenty-five cents, saying: "We're short of hands in the freight room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it." The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight room.

"Now," said the freight man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you are cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it is likely that you've got into some scrape; if you hadn't, you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I am going to ask you if you've got a mother."

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different.

"If I recommend you at the office, they'll take you. But mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend you evenings and Sundays with me.

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice. "An' if it hadn't been for my mother—Well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched upon the wrong track I am very sure, and as you hav'nt any mother to help you on the right one, God helpin' me, I'll do it, if you'll let me.

"Preachin' isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he would try. He was taken into the freight-yard, and was under the new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christianity, worthy any man's emulation.—*Youth's Companion.*

Death No Calamity

Nowhere in the gospel of our Lord is natural death represented as something sad and gloomy. Paul says "to die is gain," and he had "a desire to depart and be with Christ," which, he said, was "far better." It is to be regretted that we often represent it as undesirable, and the friends of the departed are made to feel that something terrible has taken place. Similar expressions to the following are often seen in religious journals, and also heard from the pulpit: "We note with profound regret and a keen sense of personal loss that such a one has died. His death was a sad surprise even to those who watched at his bedside, and his many friends will be ill prepared for this announcement, which we are penning with heavy heart. He died in the Master's service. God knoweth best, and He doeth all things well." What kind of creatures must we be, if we are all torn up over what God does, when we can say, "He doeth all things well?" If to die is gain, why be so grieved at heart when one of our friends has been so fortunate as to become a great gainer? We regard it as a kind of misfortune which might possibly have been avoided, and grieve after our loved ones, as though they were lost or were not; and, to throw darker shadows over the grave, very often the friends—I speak now more especially of the women—dress themselves in keeping with the gloomy thought of death.

Why all this ado? If your friends from the spirit world could communicate with us, they certainly would tell us not to grieve after them, since their condition is so much better than ours. Right views of the spirit world would drive away all those gloomy clouds, and, instead of injuring ourselves and making our friends uncomfortable in our presence, every new tie in heaven would bring more of its light and joy into our lives. There are entirely too many things among men which combine to make death gloomy and sad. The gospel sheds light along this way, for Jesus Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

The pulpit and religious press, as leaders in religious thought, should change front, and drive back those gloomy clouds which are casting their shadows over all our homes. Let the sunlight of God's truth shine into our hearts; then, instead of looking upon death as the king of terrors, we will regard it as the gateway into a better life. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

— Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

Robert J. Burdette's Advice About Wealth.

If your were in Honolulu, my boy, without a cent, and had to draw on the folks at home, here in Boston, for money enough to pay your hotel bill and get home, you would think, as you waited for the slow collection of that draft, that you were indeed in a far country. Well, one of these days you are going to make a longer journey, and with less money; you will gather your feet up into your bed, and turn your face to the wall, and sail out across a sea so wide that no Columbus has ever yet returned to tell us what the land beyond its dark rolling billows is like. You may sail away in good style. Possibly five hundred dollars will pay for the enclosing casket in which they lay away what is left of you here; over the last port at which you touch on this planet—Gravesend, is it not?—ten thousand dollars may erect a memorial shaft, and yet, somehow, you will land on the other shore, it may be, side by side and on equal terms with a voyager who set sail at the same time you did.

He cleared from a dingy little slip in the Almshouse hospital, and he had no name; so if they had marked a resting place for him in Potter's Field, at which most of his class last touch, they would have put up a board with "No. 8,549" on it. But he did not even have that memorial, because they gave him to the medical students and he never got a grave. And, my boy, it would be a humiliating thing—if it would be no worse—if, when you got there, you should find that all your wealth was so far away that it would take longer than all eternity to draw upon it, while Lazarus, having nothing to leave, had brought all that he had with him. It would set you to thinking how strange it was that you, with all your wealth and education and genius and opportunities, had failed to discover what Lazarus had learned so easily—this little, secret hiding place, this pocket inside the shroud, where many a man may hide away a little faith, a little love a little trust—oh! a little package no bigger than a mustard seed will move mountains—all the wealth, all the imperishable riches that he needs on the other side.

It is a good thing to be rich, my boy; as rich as Abraham, who "was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold," and his riches did not hurt him at all; but money is not the best thing in the world; I doubt sometimes whether it is even one of the best things. I know that men do the wickedest things in the world for the sake of it. Get rich if you can, honestly and fairly and unselfishly. But do not be in a hurry about it.

It is a curse of the age into which you have been born—this greedy haste to be rich; this branding every thought and every plan and every hope and aspiration with the dollar mark, until the man's soul must look to the angels who can see it like a show-window at a "reduction sale," with everything in it tagged with a price. And the price is frequently a lie, in the window and the soul.

Children's Table Manners.

There is one thing that a child should be taught from the time it is old enough to sit up in the company of its elders, and that is a refined code of table manners that no future influence can change in any way. It is hard to overcome the habits of childhood, even though the associations of youth are entirely different from those that left their mark on the first years of existence. Therefore, to instill correct demeanor one must begin when the baby brain is unfolding and receptive.

No one can estimate how very much a person is judged by the sort of conduct which characterizes the prosaic eating and drinking that is part of the daily routine. The graceful handling of a fork, the dainty way of sipping one's soup, the knowledge of what this, that and the other table ornament is for, stamps a man or woman at once as being used to good society, and is the greatest help to the awkward and the shy.

No matter how lovely a woman may be, if she eats with her knife the illusion is dispelled; and no matter how great or honorable the man, if he will persist in drinking out of his saucer his fame counts for naught.

It is the little things of life that either condemn or elevate us in the opinion of others, and table manners are as essential a part of the education of a gentleman or gentlewoman as the deeper lines of thought and learning.

A mother can not be too careful with her child in this particular. Teachers of deportment may come in later years, but the first rudiments of table etiquette should be engrafted while yet the baby sits in a high chair and does not know a fork from a spoon.—*Philadelphia Times.*

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For Sale by Wilhite & Wilhite, druggists Anderson, S. C.

— Twenty-four carat gold is all gold; 22 carat gold has 22 parts of gold, 1 of silver and 1 of copper; 18 carat gold has 18 parts of pure gold and 3 parts of each silver and copper in its composition; 12 carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of 3½ parts of silver and 8½ parts of copper.

A Tree With a Temper.

"There are more queer things to the acre in Arizona than in any other part of this wide land," said Col. Brace Dion of Houck's Tank, Apache County, "and according to my idea, and I know pretty well what queer things are, the queerest thing in all Arizona is the tree that has a temper worse than a blonde comic opera prima donna's and gets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry every leaf on the tree rises up on end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to place as much distance as you can between the offensive tree and yourself.

"This tree is especially touchy on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it furious. Yet a wolf, a grizzly bear, or a mountain lion never ruffles the temper of this tree if those animals do not presume on too great familiarity with it. They may lie around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree the hot tempered thing will fly into one of its tantrums instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Mr. Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in those parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch though, so quickly and effectually as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out at Houck's Tank call this tree the porcupine tree and some say its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

"While this tree is the only real, genuine Gov. Waite sort of a vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona soil has the talent to produce. This one is the electric light tree. This tree is not as abundant as the holy terror tree, and is dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than twelve feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it gleams like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that one may sit twenty-five feet away and read fine print. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a mine. When the moon begins to wane the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucketful or two of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy."—*New York Sun.*

The Judge was Moved.

"There was a good joke played on Judge Dundy, of the United States Court, at Omaha, several years ago. It makes me laugh every time I see the Judge's name in print," said Thomas A. Weaver last night. "Judge Dundy is quite tenderhearted and dreads to send a married man to jail. Well, there was a fellow on trial for passing counterfeit money. He was a single man and the case against him was quite strong. Judge Baldwin was defending him, and seeing that the case was hopeless, Baldwin decided to take advantage of Judge Dundy's weakness. He hunted up an old lady who had five children, ranging from 8 years to 8 months old, and had her impersonate the supposed wife and children of the prisoner. All through the trial they sat, often weeping. The man was found guilty. Three days later, when the prisoner was brought up to be sentenced, the woman and children were brought in and Judge Baldwin, who is very dramatic, made a plea for the man and his family of little ones, who would suffer if the father was sent to prison. Baldwin wept, the Court wept, the prisoner pretended to weep, as did the children. When the Court had wiped away the tears he talked severely to the man and then gave him one day in jail and $10 fine. Later on, when he learned how he had been deceived, he became so angry that it was weeks before he would speak to Judge Baldwin. When the joke got out every one twitted the Court. After that the sight of a handkerchief applied to the eyes in Judge Dundy's Court was liable to get the prisoner ten years.—*Globe-Democrat.*

— If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults.

— Mr. Prohib—Just think what can be done with water. Put a few barrels of it in a locomotive, and see what a load it will carry for thou— Mr. Kentucky—Yas, sah. It's very good faw mechanical purposes, sah. But, sah, when a man, sah, wants the satisfaction of carrying a good load, he must'nt mix much watah with it, sah.

STRONG TALK!
— BUT —
Brownlee & Vandivers
Prepared to Prove It.

WE will give Cash Customers some of the RAREST BARGAINS ever offered in Staple DRY GOODS, SHOES, HATS and GROCERIES.

We carry a select and splendid stock of bran New Goods, and can certainly sell you if you give us a chance.

You will do us a favor and save yourself money by seeing us before making your purchases.

We want YOU for a Customer.

Yours in earnest,
BROWNLEE & VANDIVERS.

P. S.—New Car of MOLASSES just received, cheaper than you ever saw.
B. & V.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Lend Me Your Ear and Listen.

I HAVE purchased the Stock of Goods and good will of Humphreys & Co., who have been engaged in business in the McCully Block, two doors from Hill Bros. Drug Store, and have changed my place of business to their old stand, where I will be delighted to greet my old patrons. I now have a larger Stock of—

Fancy and Family Groceries, Confections,
Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.,

And am determined to sell them, if low prices be an inducement.

Give me a call early and often, and I will guarantee satisfaction.

Yours to please,
G. F. BIGBY.

He is Looking for You.

"Hello, little stranger! what is the matter?"

The rough looking wagoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father." sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long, white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along and if you don't find him he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears and sprang into the road again, for if his father was looking for him of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after a while.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ and the way seems dark and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you too, and if you only persevere you are sure to meet Him in the way and to hear His gracious voice saying: "Come unto me."—*Selected.*

Old Age and Matrimony.

When he was considered quite an old man, James Lord Balcarres, went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a number of young ladies in the house, and before he arrived Lady Keith said to them, "Now, there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavor to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They all agreed to do so, but a Miss Dalrymple said, "You may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything that you please that I'll make the old gentleman like me the best of us all." And so she did; she made him perfectly devoted to her all the time he was there; yet when he asked her to marry him she laughed in his face. Lord Balcarres was exceedingly crestfallen, but, when he went away, he made a will settling everything he could upon Miss Dalrymple. Somehow, she heard of this, and said: "Then, after all, he must really care for me, and I will marry him," and she did. He was 58 then, but they had ten children.—*New York Home Journal.*

— "The House of David" is the name of a Western saloon. Beware of the "slings" of that house, for the "sling" of David was fatal to one man, and he, too, was a giant.

— A Florida farmer, after ridding his own farm of snakes by turning loose upon them a drove of razor-back hogs, now rents out the animals to his neighbors for a similar purpose.

— Red denotes courage; blue, truth; white, purity; green, jealousy; yellow, inconstancy; black, mourning; brown, melancholy; gray, remembrance; violet, sympathy.

— There is a wild-flower in Turkey that is an exact floral image of a humming bird, the breast is green, the wings are a deep rose color, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

— Sponging the window panes and sills with strong carbolic acid is said to kill flies in a few minutes. Apply the acid when the sun shines and the flies are most numerous.

— Customer—It's no good, Isaacs. I tell you for the tenth time you havn't a coat in your shop to suit me. I don't want a plum-colored coat; I want a brown coat. "Mine friendt, I assure you on the word of a shentleman dis coat I hold in my hand will fade brown."

— When the forest-haunting hermit Thoreau lay on his death-bed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul. "Henry," he said, anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist, in a whisper, "I did'nt know that God and myself had quarreled!"

— He came home from his daily grind at the office, and falling into a chair, said: "What have you got to read? I'm just in the mood to read something sensational and startling—something that will make my hair stand on end." To which his other half responded sweetly, "Here's the bill for my new spring dress, darling."

— When paper horseshoes were first introduced into the cavalry service of the German army a few years ago they excited a good deal of interest. Several cavalry horses were first shod with the paper shoes and the effect observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and further without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids. These new sheets of paper are pressed close together, one above another, and rendered impervious to the moisture by the application of oil of turpentine. The sheets are glued together by a sort of paste composed of turpentine, whiting, gum and linseed oil, and then submitted to a powerful hydraulic pressure.

Fifty Dollars Reward.

Office of County Commissioners,
Anderson, S. C., June 21, 1894.

WE hereby offer a reward of Fifty Dollars for the apprehension, with proof to convict, of the party or parties who made an attempt to blow up Cooley's Bridge, on Saluda River, with dynamite on Tuesday night, June 19th.

R. E. PARKER, Chm'n.
B. T. MARTIN,
W. P. SNELGROVE,
Board Co. Com. A. C.
W. T. McGILL, Clerk.

June 27, 1894 52 3

A. B. TOWERS

WILL SELL YOU—
Buttons,
Children's Stockings,
Men's White Cotton Gloves,
And many other articles,

Cheaper than you can buy them anywhere else. A few FINE SHIRTS. No. 16 and 16½, the best fitting Shirts I ever had at less than cost.

I am still Headquarters for Wall Paper, FINE TEA, Roasted Coffee, New Orleans Pure Muscovado Molasses, Kerosene Oil, and a few Barrels Flour at prices to surprise you.

A. B. TOWERS,
Insurance Agent, 18 Whitner Street.

Model 34
Columbia,
Price, $125.

A new machine in many important points of design and construction, retaining also the best features of previous light Columbias. It is regularly fitted with an easily detachable front wheel brake, rattrap pedals, and either single or double tire as ordered. Weight, 30 pounds with, 29 without brake. Full description in Columbia catalogue, which is furnished free.

— ALSO, —

Agents for HARTFORD BICYCLES—best medium priced wheels in the world. Bicycle Supplies of all kinds—Tires, Spokes, Bells, Cyclometers, Lanterns, Etc.

EUGENE F. BATES,
GREENVILLE,.....S. C.
June 20 51 8

That Wonderful Baby Boy.

The proud young mother had come to pay her first visit, accompanied by the infant son and heir and his nurse.

"I don't wish to appear in any way partial," said she, "but really for a child of 16 months I consider Algernon a marvel of intelligence. He understands every word that is said, and joins in the conversation with a sagacity that almost alarms me at times. Speak to the lady, Algernon."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"Listen to that!" cried the delighted mother. "He means how do you do? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Now, Algernon, ask the lady to play for you (he adores the piano). Now, Algie, dear," (very coaxingly).

"Boo-boo!" said Algernon.

"He means music by that! 'Boo-boo'—music. Isn't he too smart for anything? Now, love, tell the lady mamma's name?"

"Boo-boo!" said Algernon.

"That's right. 'Boo-boo'—Louise! My name's Louise, you know. Oh, dear, I do hope he isn't too clever to live! Now, say by-by to the lady, precious."

"Boo-boo," said Algernon.

"'Boo-boo'—by-by. Why, upon my word there's hardly any difference. Bless his little darling heart! Isn't he a wonder?"

— Most men have faith enough to pray for rain, when the wind is in the right direction.

—Quito, Equador, is the only city in the world in which the sun rises and sets at 6 o'clock the year round. The reason of this is that it is situated exactly on the equator.

— The patents applied for in Washington last year numbered 40,000. The total number of patents outstanding on Jan. 1 was 545,000. The receipts of the patent office are about $1,200,000 a year, and the expenses $150,000 less.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
BOOK OF VALUABLE INFORMATION FREE.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

For Sale by Todd & Evans.

Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy for sale by Wilhite & Wilhite.

FRANK. M. MURPHY. J. FURMAN EVANS.
MURPHY & EVANS,
Attorneys at Law,
ANDERSON, - - S. C.

COLLECTIONS and Commercial Law given special attention.
OFFICE—Over Farmers' and Merchants' Bank
June 6, 1894 49 6m

Winthrop State Normal College,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

OPEN to white girls over 17. Session begins Sept. 26. Graduates secure good positions. Each County given two Scholarships—one worth $150.00 a session, and one of free tuition. First Scholarship now vacant in Counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Aiken, Barnwell, Beaufort, Clarendon, Charleston, Chester, Chesterfield, Florence, Greenville, Georgetown, Hampton, Horry, Kershaw, Lancaster, Laurens, Lexington, Newberry, Oconee, Orangeburg, Pickens, Richland, Sumter, Spartanburg, York. Competitive examination July 17 at Court House of each County. Address D. B JOHNSON, President, Columbia, S. C.

A. C. STRICKLAND J. P. ANDERSON
Strickland & Anderson,

DENTISTS.
OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE.
☞ One oof the firm will be at their Pendleton ffice every Wednesday.

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE RAILROAD.

Samuel Spencer, F. W. Huidekoper and Reuben Foster, Receivers.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 17, '94.

Trains run by 75th Meridian time.

STATIONS.	Daily. No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	7.15 a m
" Columbia	11.40 a m
" Prosperity	12.55 p m
Ar. Newberry	1.10 p m
Ar. Clinton (Ex Sun)	2.35 p m
" Laurens (Ex Sun)	3.10 p m
" ¶Ninety-Six	2.16 p m
" Greenwood	2.52 p m
" Hodges	3.15 p m
" Abbeville	3.55 p m
" Belton	4.05 p m
" Anderson	4.33 p m
" Seneca	5.40 p m
" Walhalla	6.15 p m
" Atlanta	10.30 p m

STATIONS.	Daily. No. 12.
Lv. Walhalla	9.35 am
" Seneca	10.00 am
" Anderson	11.15 am
" Belton	11.45 am
Ar. Donald's	12.16 pm
Lv. Abbeville	11.50 am
" Hodges	12.5 pm
" Greenwood	12.55 pm
" ¶Ninety-Six	1.32 pm
" Laurens (Ex Sun)	10.40 am
" Clinton (Ex Sun)	11.10 am
" Newberry	2.39 pm
" Prosperity	2.5 pm
Ar. Columbia	4.15 pm
" Charleston	8.45 pm

Between Anderson, Belton and Greenville.

Daily. No. 11.		STATIONS.		Daily. No. 12.
3.08 p. m	Lv	.....Anderson	Ar	12.07pm
4.05 p. m	"	.....Belton	"	11.45am
4.25 p. m	"	.....Williamston	"	11.09am
4.31 p. m	"	.....Pelzer	"	11.03am
5.15 p. m	Ar	.....Greenville	Lv	10.15am

Richmond and Danville R. R.
(Between Columbia and Asheville.)

Daily. No. 13.	Daily. No. 15.	STATIONS.	Daily. No. 16.	Daily. No. 14.
7.15 a.m	.....	Lv Charleston Ar	.....	8.45 pm
.....	7.00 a.m	Lv Jack'ville Ar	10.15am	.....
.....	11.45 a.m	" Savannah "	5.30am	.....
11.30am	5.10 a.m	Lv. Columbia Ar	1.20pm	3.55pm
12.10pm	5.50 a.m	" ..Alston.. "	†12.50pm	3.10pm
1.20pm	6.53 a.m	" ..Santuc.. "	¶1.20pm	2.00pm
1.55pm	7.10 a.m	" .¶Union.. "	11.10pm	1.40pm
2.13pm	7.30 p.m	" ..Jonesville "	10.48pm	12.40pm
2.25pm	7.43 p.m	" . Pacolet.. "	10.35pm	12.21pm
2.50pm	8.10 p.m	Ar Spart'b'g Lv	10.05pm	11.45am
3.05pm	8.15 p.m	Lv Spart'b'g Ar	10.00pm	11.30am
6.20pm	11.20 p.m	Ar Asheville Lv	7.00pm	8.00am

Nos. 11 and 12 are solid trains between Charleston and Walhalla.

Trains leave Spartanburg, A. and C. division, northbound, 4.01 a. m., 4.11 p. m., 6.22 p. m., (Vestibuled Limited); southbound, 12.57 a. m., 2.50 p. m., 11.37 a. m., (Vestibuled Limited); westbound, W. N. C. Division, 8.15 p. m. for Hendersonville and Asheville.

Trains leave Greenville, A. and C. Division, northbound, 3 a. m., 3.05 p. m., and 5.30 p. m., (Vestibuled Limited); southbound, 1.52 a. m., 4.10 p. m., 12.28 p. m., (Vestibuled Limited).

Trains leave Seneca, A. and