

MOSBY'S RANGERS.

Daring Guerrilla Company Which Greatly Harassed the Army.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The reunion of Mosby's Rangers, which took place last week in Baltimore, recalls most vividly the stirring times of war, when these same men were not the peaceful citizens of today, but the much-feared bold spirits that spent their days and nights in harassing the boys that Uncle Sam sent out to capture them. It is a long time since the lads in gray had been in a fight; many of those who had been boon companions are now sleeping undisturbed by the sound of strife, and over the heads of all Father Time had cast a frost that, while it silvered the hair, touched not the heart of those who met around the festal board to talk of the adventures of the days of old.

The band known as the Mosby Rangers was in fact the Forty-third Virginia Battalion, a regularly organized troop, in which the officers were commissioned and under the personal supervision of Mosby, who was subordinate to General Lee, just as were the other officers of the Confederate army. These rangers, however, were gathered for a species of warfare which, being exercised in an independent way, was the means of harassing the enemy and of keeping the large armies of the Union constantly on the alert. As a line is only as strong as its weakest point it sometimes took several thousand Federal troops to guard a road or communications, when they were in truth menaced by only a few hundred. The Rangers, who were composed of the young men of the State, received no compensation from the Confederate government for their services, other than the spoils of war taken by their own efforts from the enemy. Many of the soldiers were but boys, some scarcely out of school, but the flower of the South could be found in their ranks, while for daring and absolute fearlessness they had no equal.

That part of Virginia which is included in Fauquier and Fairfax Counties became known as Mosby's Confederacy, and in a short time was practically under the control of his men. Ceaseless were the skirmishes which took place, the thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes they encountered, but none perhaps are as remarkable as the affair in which they went boldly into the center of a Union camp and took out from its midst a slumbering general, escaping with their prey under the very frown of the guns in the Federal forts.

This adventure occurred in March, 1863, just after the battle of Chancellorsville, and about the time that Lee had begun to marshal his forces for an intended invasion of the North. Brigadier General Stoughton and a large force were encamped at the little village of Fairfax, which is the County seat of the vicinity, and numbers a few hundred inhabitants. The men of the force, were quartered about the place, while the General had his headquarters, with his staff, at the brick house which is now used as the rectory for the Episcopal clergyman of the town. This residence is a large one, standing in the midst of a lot of goodly size, just about 100 yards from the main road, and the front room in the second story was occupied by the commanding General.

The night selected by the rangers was a cold, drizzling one, and they set out on their journey from their starting point, which was several miles outside the enemy's lines about the town, at near night. The lines of the Federals extended in every direction about the country, some of the Union forces being at Centerville, a tiny hamlet six miles from Fairfax. In order to escape the pickets the rangers made a detour, and striking off from the main road on which they were traveling managed to approach the town in such a way that the Federals could not but suppose the troop was part of their own force. The road was anything but a pleasant one to ride, for the mud was deep as only Virginia mud can be, but the men plodded on, muffled up in their cloaks, till they saw in the misty distance a few lights faintly gleaming through the trees.

The soldiers belonging to Stoughton's force were soundly sleeping, artillery, cavalry and infantry being quartered about in the citizens' houses. The General was in the center of the town, and had retired late, having extensively celebrated at a supper at which there was a liberal supply of champagne. Mosby, with twenty men, rode slowly into the town about two hours before dawn, and trotting up to the Court House green the little party divided, some going to get supplies that were procurable, as well as the horses of the enemy, while Mosby and two or three of his men rode down to the headquarters of the General.

No sound was to be heard in the foggy darkness but the slight splash of the horses in the muddy road, and even had any of the enemy been awake they would never have dreamed for a moment that the guerrillas, as they

were called, were calmly riding about in the midst of their camp, having eluded by strategem the pickets posted along the line. Mosby and his men rode up to the General's house and dismounted, the leader boldly knocking at the door. The house was shrouded in darkness and silence, but presently a head was poked out of an upper window and a sleepy voice inquired what was wanted. Mosby replied that he was a bearer of dispatches for General Stoughton. The head disappeared, then came a gleam of light, and an officer in uniform, came down the narrow stairs and opened the door. In a moment he found himself a prisoner, and was told in a low voice to conduct the men to the General's room.

The half awake and startled officer was too much surprised to resist, especially as there was a long barrel glittering just before his eyes, so he went upstairs, accompanied by Mosby and his companions. The party walked into the room in which Stoughton lay calmly slumbering amid billows of blankets, and Mosby, walking up and shaking him, told him to get up. Hearing the name of Mosby faintly in his dreams, Stoughton sleepily inquired if "Have you got Mosby?" supposing it was one of his own scouting parties come to report the capture of the Ranger leader, but he was scared into life when, with a rough shake and a slap, the Confederate informed him that "Mosby has got you."

"There is no use in resisting," remarked Mosby, coolly. "It means, sir, that you are my prisoner, for Stuart's cavalry is in possession of the place." Knowing it fruitless to struggle against such a force, Stoughton arose and dressed hurriedly, guarded all the while by the Confederates, who also secured the rest of the staff officers in the house. Placing the General between two of his men, Mosby returned to the green, where he met the rest of his men who had been on a foraging expedition about the town. On taking an account of what had been gathered in it was found that, besides Brigadier General Stoughton, they had secured two Captains, thirty other prisoners, together with their arms, ammunition and fifty-eight horses.

The return trip was safely made, though the party, whose prisoners were stronger in number than their captors, were fearful that some outcry might be made that would awake those of the foe who were slumbering. As soon as they were out of earshot of the town they set out a brisk pace and about dawn passed within 200 yards of the Federal fort at Centerville. The grim mouths of the cannon could be seen looming up in the dim light, and one prisoner, a Captain Barker, of New York, here made a break for liberty, but was brought back by a timely shot. Passing beyond reach of the fortifications, Mosby's men struck out at a rapid pace for their own lines, and were soon safe from any fear of interference, delivering up their prisoners to the Confederate authorities.

Another exciting and very remunerative adventure of the Rangers was when they captured a Federal pay train, from which they secured a large amount of greenbacks. It was in October, 1864, that Harry Heaton, one of the scouts, came and informed Mosby that there was a fine opening in the valley on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, so a party was secured and they set out across the mountains for Duffield station, at which place the pay train was to pass, reaching the spot just before it was due. Obstructions were placed upon the track, so that when the express came dashing down it came to an abrupt stop.

A guard was placed over the engine and the Rangers entered the cars. On board were two Union paymasters, having in charge the money for the troops, the amount reaching \$170,000, which was secured by West Aldrich, one of Mosby's men. Aldrich promptly reported his luck to Mosby, and when the full sum was collected it was equally divided out among the men, Mosby refusing to accept his share. The passengers were relieved of their funds, which went as individual spoils. Then the cars were set on fire, and the band went back with twenty prisoners, besides the money and the two paymasters, the latter being sent on to prison. One of the paymasters was a brother to General Ruggles, now in the war department.

Another time a train was captured near Catlett's station, on what is now the Southern Railroad. Hooker was covering Washington, while Pleasanton's cavalry corps was stationed on the river about fifty miles from the capital. General Stuart had sent to Mosby by Captain Fountain Beattie, a small mountain howitzer, and it was determined to use it in an attack on the railroad which was conveyed by the Union army for the employing of

troops. To cripple this service would be a great aid to the Confederacy. So the telegraph lines were cut, a rail removed and with the howitzer on the bank the men waited for the train. In a few minutes it came booming along, then glided from the track, while the infantry guard fired a volley. In a moment a shell from the gun went crashing into the boiler, at which the troops desented. The hay on board fired up and burned brightly, while the escaping steam made a noise like that of Inferno's caldrons. The cars were loaded with fine sutler's stores and all of this was secured by the hungry Rangers.

One Bullet to Three Squirrels.

The stories recent told in the *Companion* of the manner in which the South African Boers save their ammunition, and in the act of saving it became wonderful sharpshooters, are quite surpassed by an account which a writer in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* gives of the hunting of a Kansas boy in the old days. Ammunition was then so scarce and dear that the bullet had to be used for the killing of more than one animal.

Jack Yokely was this Kansas boy. He was "raised" by his grandfather. This grandfather had a gun which he was willing to lend the boy to shoot squirrels with, on condition that the boy should furnish his own ammunition and should know where the squirrel was, before he left the house with the gun. Jack had no money; but he managed to get a little powder from a traveler for taking care of his horse, and he found one bullet.

He selected a fat squirrel which he knew would be a welcome addition to the family larder, and set out to shoot it. He could not shoot it on the top of a limb, for if he did he would lose the bullet. He had to wait all the forenoon, until he caught the squirrel against the trunk of the tree, and then fire at it.

The ball went through the squirrel and killed it; then Jack skinned and dressed it and presented it to his grandmother for dinner, and went back and dug the bullet out of the tree with his knife.

While the grandfather was eating his share of the squirrel and complimenting it, Jack modestly suggested that three charges of powder would be a fair price to pay for so good a dinner. The grandfather smiled, and after dinner carefully measured out three charges of powder. Jack took the battered bullet, chewed it into a form bordering on the globular, loaded his gun, and was ready for another squirrel.

The next time he "located" a squirrel, very much the same performance was repeated, though this time he had to dig the bullet out of a fence rail. He chewed the ball round again, loaded once more, and still had one charge of powder in reserve.

Squirrel number three was a beauty, but he insisted on running around behind the trunk of the tree, and peeping up over a crotch and barking at Jack in the most impudent manner, as if he knew that the boy would not shoot when the bullet would go into the air.

Back and forth the squirrel would go, chattering and chattering, peeping from behind the tree; but as often as Jack maneuvered so as to get his game against the trunk or a branch, the little creature would frisk about, continually peering over the fork or from the side of the tree.

Just by way of amusement, Jack drew a bead on the squirrel's head as it peeped from behind the tree, and just at this moment the quirel barked, and as the boy said, actually "made faces at him." This was too much. Jack blazed away, the squirrel fell dead to the ground—but the precious bullet was gone!

Jack Yokely has never since, in the stories he tells of those days, ceased to blame himself for "wasting that bullet when he had killed only three squirrels with it."

The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000 words.

An Old Doctor's Favorite.

Dr. I. M. Gillam, who practiced medicine over forty years, originated, used and claimed that Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) which has now been in use about fifty-five years, was the best Tonic and Blood Purifier ever given to the world. It never fails to cure the most malignant ulcers, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, and all skin and blood diseases. Beware of substitutes. Use this standard remedy. Price per large bottle \$1.00.

AFTER SEVERAL DOCTORS FAILED.

I have been afflicted with Catarrh for many years, although all sorts of medicines and several doctors did their best to cure me. My blood was very impure, and nothing ever had any effect upon the disease until I used that Great Blood Remedy known as Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.), a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I recommend it to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga., and will reply to any inquiries.

R. R. SAULTER.

For sale by Druggist.

A SQUAN CREEK CHRISTMAS.

Jep Jones Tells How Squan Creek was set Back Twenty Years by the Gift Habit.

Nobody in Squan Creek had ever paid much attention to Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's. It had allus bin so ever since the first house was built. We jest went right along, one day arter another, 'tendin' to bizness and tellin' lies, and the town kept growin' and spreadin' out. Silas Draper could never arterwards explain what suddenly cum over him one evenin' two weeks afore a sartin Christmas, and caused him to git up and say to the crowd of liars assembled in Dan Skinner's grocery what he did. Sum folks reckoned he lost his mind for the time bein' and sum argued that he was mistook in his judgment. Timothy Flatbush had jest bin tellin' of seein' a mermaid in the bay the day afore—a mermaid with long, yaller hair and mournful blue eyes—when Silas riz up and calmly sez:

"Boys, I was up to Fulton market the other day with fish, and when I had told 'em that we had never had a circus in Squan Creek—that we paid no 'tenshun to Fourth of July, Christmas or New Year's—they jest fell over in amazement. More'n a dozen different fellers said we was wuss'n heathens, and they made me mighty 'shamed o' myself. I've bin thinkin' 'things over, and as a liar, as a man, and as a Trustee of this village, I'm goin to say that we orter be more civilized."

"How ye thompin' to do it?" axes Philatus Gokin as he stands up.

"By obsarvin' Christmas," sez Silas. "As nigh as I kin make out everybody but heathens obsarve Christmas. We needn't indooce no cicyous to cum yere, and we needn't mind Fourth of July nor New Year's, but we orter do sunthin' on Christmas to show the world that we hain't barbarians."

"I'm agin it," sez Jim Waterfall as he riz up and looked mighty serious. "I've lived in Squan Creek for twenty y'ars, and she has bin growin' right along every y'ar. She hain't no Brooklyn fur churches, and no Boston fur eddeceashun, but she's fur, fur from bein' a town of heathens. We've got a Methodist Church and a skule-house, and we've got inhabitants as ride the bicycle and others as own Webster's Dictionary and hev money in the bank at Keyport. If ye go to makin' any changes ye'll hurt the town."

It was a red-hot time fur two hours with sum speakin' fur and sum agin Silas Draper's idea, but at length it was decided to obsarve Christmas and see how it would turn out. That wasn't to be no celebrashun, or anything of that sort, but folks was to make Santa Claus presents and go to church, and the reg'lar meetin' of the Liar's Club was to be postponed 'till next night. Silas Draper predicted that as many as fourteen new houses would be built within a year, and that the cooper-shop would be re-shingled and opened fur bizness agin, but Jim Waterfall offered his house and lot fur sale next day and went around telling everybody that Squan Creek was a doomed town.

What happened Christmas day was mostly the fault of the women. The preacher had given out that he would preach a special sermon, and Sam Bradbury was up airy and built a fire to warm up things. Nobody went to church, however. It was hardly daylight afore Tom Barlow's wife was up and over to Henry Digby's to show his wife a new dress pattern that cost 30 cents a yard. Mrs. Barlow had never had anything better'n calico in her life, as was the case with Mrs. Digby, and it was natural that jealousy should be aroused. It was so in a dozen other cases. Sum husbands had presented their wives with a paper o' pins or a can of bakin' powder, while others had bought shawls and dresses and shoes. Breakfast wasn't hardly over afore Squan Creek was buzzin' from end to end. That wasn't hardly a woman who wasn't mad at sum other woman, and of course that' husbands backed them up. Moses Starkweather met David Hobson in front of the post office and wished him merry Christmas, but Dave turned on him with:

"Look-a-here, Moses, I want them \$3 you hev bin owin' me fur seven y'ars, and want 'em quick?"

"I hain't got 'em," sez Moses.

"But why hain't ye got 'em?" Cause you bought yer wife a red and blue shawl fur Christmas—a shawl that never cost less'n \$4. A man as can't pay his debts has no bizness buyin' Christmas presents."

Then they sassed each other sum more and got into a fight, and they was still poundin' each other when Jim Waterfall came along and sez to Henry Pardon:

"Mebbe ye don't remember that we swapped jack-knives last spring, and you was to gimme 50 cents to boot? I'll take them fifty."

"I'm a leetle short to-day," sez Henry.

"You ar' a leetle short 'cause ye bought yer wife a red tablecloth fur

Christmas and never paid less'n 12 shillin's fur it. Folks as don't owe money can eat on white tablecloths with holes into 'em, but folks as do owe more'n they can pay must hev red tablecloths to show on with."

Then Henry calls a liar, and they had an awful fight. The crowd was tryin' to separate them when Aaron Warner suddenly kicks Hannibal Jones with all his might and sez:

"It's more'n two y'ars now since I lent you 'leven cents to buy fish-hooks with, and I want the money right here and now!"

"I'll never pay it!" yells Hannibal, and he hits Aaron by the hair and that' was another fight.

We figgered up arterwards, and we made out that that' was seventeen fights among the men on Christmas Day, and afore noon every woman was too mad to speak to any other woman. The preacher went around and tried to smooth things over, but it was no use. Fur a hull month Squan Creek was in what Deacon Duffield called "a state of tyranny," and it was most three months afore anybody would speak to anybody else. Six different families moved away, the newspaper suspended publicashun, and bizness run down 'till only one store was left. It was generally believed that the town would hev to be abandoned, and though this didn't happen it cum so clus that it took about twenty y'ars to fetch things back whar they was. We hain't bin celebratin' no Christmas since that time. The only special thing that takes place is a meetin' of the Liar's Club in the arternoon, and when noses hev bin counted and the jug of hard cider passed around Hartfield White rises up and sez:

"Brother Hannibal Jones will now riz up and tell us that awful lie about the whale swallowin' the yawl-boat of the Sary Jane with seven men in her."

—M. Quad, in *St. Louis Republic*.

Paper Underclothing.

The ever-inventive Japanese are now making underclothing of their finely criped or grained paper. It is very tough, and at the same time very flexible. The paper is not sized, and is not impermeable, and when it has been wetted it is difficult to tear; in fact, it presents almost the same difficulty to tear with the hand as does the kid used for ladies' gloves. The garments made of this paper are cut to shape and then put together by means of a needle and thread, and the places which require buttons and buttonholes are strengthened with pieces of calico and linen. One might imagine that a paper shirt would feel somewhat stiff and uncomfortable, but it seems that this is not so, and that after it has been worn an hour or two it no more interferes with the transpiration of the body than would one of cotton or linen.

Who Was Judas Maccabeus?

To the Editor of the Journal:

I see that Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabeus" is to be sung in Atlanta Thursday night, and I would like to know who Judas Maccabeus was.

SUBSCRIBER.

He was the greatest hero of later Jewish history and had much to do in preparing the world for the coming of the Christ. He is, therefore, a character of singular interest to both Jew and Christian. When, about the middle of the second century B. C. the Holy Land had fallen into the power of Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, who burned Jerusalem and defiled the temple, Judas Maccabeus, with a handful of followers, undertook to redeem the national disgrace. Fighting against tremendous odds, he achieved a succession of remarkable victories to which history furnishes no parallel, recovered possession of the holy city and re-established the religious and national life of the Jewish people. His military achievements were among the most brilliant which the world has ever seen, and have challenged the admiration of all great generals. His name is a synonym for patriotic bravery and heroism and deserves high rank among the great military leaders of all ages.

EDITOR JOURNAL.

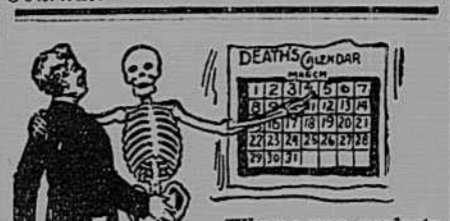
—Mrs. Stark, Pleasant Ridge, O., says: "After two doctors gave up my boy to die, I saved him from eroup by using One Minute Cough Cure." It is the quickest and most certain remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

TAKE NOTICE.

We hereby notify all parties who owe Bleckley & Fretwell past due papers that owing to the death of our senior, Sylvester Bleckley, that the same must be paid at an early day, not later than Nov. 1st next, as a settlement must be made with the heirs at law. Your prompt attention to this notice and a compliance with same will be duly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
JOS. J. FRETWELL,
Survivor Bleckley & Fretwell.
Sept 15, 1897

— A good talker is born, not made. By reading good books, by keeping one's self well informed as to the interesting events of the day, one may become a good conversationalist. Still, the most fascinating talkers are by no means those who know the most, but, instead, those who have the greatest amount of tact, are most sympathetic, versatile, and, most important of all, have that wonderful something that, lacking a better name, we call magnetism.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



When a man neglects his health for a day he marks two days off the calendar of his life. When he neglects his health for two consecutive days he marks four days off his life's calendar. And so on. That's about the ratio, and it doesn't take many days to cross off an entire year. And yet men recklessly neglect their health for weeks at a time. It is the easiest thing in the world for the average man or woman to get good health and then keep it. It only needs a little stich here and there. The big, dangerous maladies that threaten life are only the culmination of the little illnesses that are neglected. If when a man feels "knocked out," "out-of-sorts," "run-down," overworked or overworn he will resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he will soon feel bright, strong and vigorous again and able to combat all the big maladies in the doctor-books. Moreover the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sure and speedy cure for some of the most dangerous diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. These are not mere assertions. Thousands of grateful men and women have testified to the facts, and hundreds of their names, addresses and photographs are printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for torpid liver and indigestion, and obtained permanent relief," writes J. A. Williams, Esq., of Mill Brook, Washington Co., Tenn.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser has had a larger sale than any other book of this class ever offered the public. This book of 1,008 pages with 300 illustrations, is full from cover to cover, of practical advice on health matters. This great book, in heavy marbled covers, is now offered FREE to whoever will send 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing only. If an elegant French cloth binding is desired, send 20 cents extra. 3 cents in all. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Ivers & Pond Pianos
— AND —
Farrand & Votey Organs,
And we are getting in several other makes of high grade Instruments. Also, a large line of Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Autoharps, &c., at lowest possible figures.

HEADQUARTERS for the Celebrated New Home, Ideal and several other leading—

Sewing Machines.

Call and see us, or write for catalogue and prices. Respectfully,

The C. A. Reed Music House.

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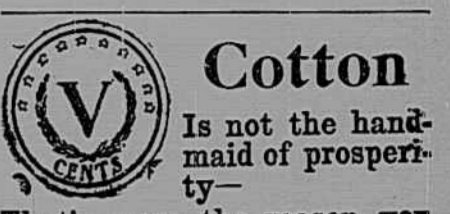
"Rust,"

the dread of the cotton grower, can be prevented. Trials at Experiment Stations and the experience of leading growers prove positively that

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is the only remedy. We will be glad to send, free of charge, interesting and useful pamphlets which treat of the matter in detail.

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Is not the hand-maid of prosperity— That's more the reason you should wear the best make of Shoes. Our line is built for service. Sold by Cash-buying merchants. Ask for the Red Seal.

J. K. ORR SHOE CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

COLE & COFFEE,

In order to get a satisfactory dissolution of partnership, have to put their goods into money, and owing to the already large stocks of goods advertised at cost, it simply means to sell for what we can get in bulk. These goods must go in the next thirty days. People wanting bargains in Dry Goods, Shoes, etc., now is your time.

COLE & COFFEE,
No. 5 Hotel.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY.

By R. M. Burriss, Judge of Probate.

WHEREAS, C. R. O'Sheals has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of Asa Lollis, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said Asa Lollis, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson, C. H. on the 23rd day of December, 1897, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 15th day of December, 1897.

R. M. BURRISS, Judge Probate.
Dec 15, 1897

DRS. Strickland & King,



DENTISTS.
OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE.
Gas and Cocaine used for Extract-
56 Teeth.

NOTICE.

All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you.

J. S. FOWLER.
Sept. 29, 1897

HONEA PATH HIGH SCHOOL

HAS closed a most satisfactory year's work to both patrons and teachers. The outlook for the next Session promises even better results. How to secure the best Schools is the other end of the study of teachers. Excellent library, modern apparatus, live methods, and trained teaching. Next Session opens Monday, Sept. 6th, 1897. Board in best families at very low rates. For further information write to—

J. C. HARPER, Prin.,
Honea Path, S. C.
July 14, 1897

NOTICE.

The County Treasurer's Office will be open from the 15th of October next to the 31st of December following for the collection of Taxes for the fiscal year 1897. For the convenience of Taxpayers I will attend at the following places:

On all other days between October 15th and December 31st, the office will be open at Anderson. The following is the levy for State, County and School purposes:

State..... 5 mills.
County..... 3 mills.
Special (Road)..... 1 mill.
Special (Court)..... 1 mill.
For Schools..... 3 mills.

Total..... 13 mills.
Trustees of Hunter School District have made a special levy of 3 mills for school purposes, making a total levy for that district of 16 mills.

All male persons between twenty-one and sixty years of age, except those unable to earn a living on account of being maimed, or from other cause, and those who served in the late war, are required to pay a poll tax of one dollar.

All male persons between eighteen and fifty years of age, who are able to work forty or cause them to be worked, except members of boards of school trustees, ministers of the gospel in actual charge of a congregation, persons permanently disabled in the military service of this State, and those who served in the late war, are required to work three days on the public roads, or in lieu of work, pay a commutation tax of one dollar, to be collected at same time other taxes are collected.

R. Z. BROWN, Co. Treas.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of C. M. Hall, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 24th day of December 1897, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from her office as Administrator.

MATTIE J. HALL, Adm'x.
Nov 24, 1897