

WARFARE 20 YEARS HENCE.

On the Verge of a Revolution in the Art of Fighting.

Philadelphia Times.

"The next armed conflict in which Uncle Sam is called upon to engage will be a war of physics and chemistry. We are on the edge of a great revolution in the art of fighting and before long the methods of warfare most approved to-day will be regarded as wholly out of date. Twenty years from now, reckoning at the very farthest, there will be no floating fortresses of the kind which we call battle ships; they will be considered as representing an obsolete type of naval architecture comparatively small, yet infinitely more formidable and destructive.

"By that time also, electricity will have made its appearance as an active agent of destruction and military engines of all sorts will have assumed forms as yet undreamed of."

The words above quoted were used by a Government official who is one of the foremost scientific men in this Navy, in conversation with me. Imposing the condition that his name should not be mentioned, he proceeded to develop the idea by a series of suggestions so striking as to excite the utmost interest. He said:

"To illustrate the tendency of the development of warfare at present I will refer to the wiping out of the battleship Maine. According to my belief, it took just about three men to accomplish the destruction of that gigantic fighting machine. They had a large quantity of nitro-glycerine or some such high explosive, packed in bags impervious to water. In each bag was placed just enough cork to give the contents the specific gravity of water, approximately. Dragging the bags, one or more of the men swam out to within a short distance of the ship, then dived and swam under the water to escape observation and came up under the safe shelter of the side of the vessel. To attach the bags to the bottom of the ship was easy, and a chemical time fuse that would burn under water could be ignited readily enough, permitting the assassins to swim away at their leisure.

"In some such way as this, I think, the Maine was destroyed. I only cite the case to illustrate the ease with which a mighty warship of this kind can be destroyed by two or three determined men at a minimum of cost. A few dollars worth of high explosive will wipe out \$4,000,000 worth of machinery and several hundred lives. If half a dozen hostile vessels of war ventured into the harbor of New York they would be annihilated very quickly, not by our own war ships, but by small groups of courageous men with so called infernal machines of one kind or another. When this sort of thing can happen, and is always likely to occur, it means that the fighting ship of the type described is out of date. The modern battleship is constructed, so to speak, on a gunpowder basis; in the building of them no more account is taken of high explosives than if there were no such things. But it is perfectly certain that the wars of the immediate future are to be prosecuted with high explosives.

"You must remember that as yet no adequate test of the efficiency of battle ships has been made in practice; they are built on theory. What does their strength amount to—the thickness of their armor and the weight of the projectiles they can throw—if they can be so readily destroyed? They represent a putting of matter in the wrong place. In a museum of natural history you will see the skeletons of many extinct animals which have lived at various epochs of the earth's history. You can tell at a glance the very ancient skeletons from those which belonged to creatures of more recent times, because the latter are so much lighter and more graceful, representing improved types. In one of the warships you see a massing of material, regardless of expense and without regard to practical conditions. Therefore this species of vessel is doomed to early extinction, like the huge and unwieldy mammals of the pliocene.

"The great war ship and the great gun are the naval ideals of to-day. Both of them are based on what? On gunpowder. Modern forts, both on land and on sea, are built on a gunpowder basis, and without any consideration of high explosives. The very brains of army and navy men all over the world are adjusted to gunpowder, as it were. Military experts, generally speaking, are unable to think of war except in terms of gunpowder. Yet gunpowder is practically out of date. The day of high-power explosives has arrived; they constitute the postulate to which ideas of war must be adjusted. These explosives have carried the art of war beyond the stage when the battleship can be useful. With their aid it is as easy to destroy the strongest armored ship as to smash up a wooden schooner. It is not possible to predict with confidence just what the character of the fighting

vessels of the future will be, but a suggestion in that direction seems to be afforded by the torpedo boat. A torpedo boat costs \$75,000, and you can build a whole fleet of such craft for the cost of one battle ship.

"The advantage of high explosives is that only a little power is required to concentrate them in the place in which they are to do work. Their adoption as a means of construction is certain to introduce an entirely new series of inventions for war. The development of the art of war from this time on will be a battle of invention. If hostilities should break out between Spain and the United States, invention in this line would be marvellously stimulated. Has it ever occurred to you to think of the fact that during our own civil war a greater number of fighting machines were invented than in all the history of the world up to that time? The Franco-Prussian conflict gave a great stimulus to military invention.

"We, of course, are a nation of inventors. A war with Spain would bring into existence many contrivances for destruction far surpassing what has hitherto been devised. The Spaniards, themselves not at all an inventive people, would think that they had come up against a nation of devils.

"It is logically proper to assume any absurdity for the sake of argument. Let us assume, then, that we were driven from the seas actually by the Spaniards, and that our defeat was absolute and overwhelming. The wind up of the whole affair would nevertheless be the total wiping out of Spain, for we would build vessels adjusted to requirements. There is no telling what we might do with electricity, which doubtless is destined to play a part in future warfare as an active agent of destruction. Telegraphy without wires is as yet in its infancy, but something very substantial in this line has been accomplished already. If we can convey, as we do, to a distance and without a wire, enough energy to communicate intelligence, we shall be able before long to convey enough energy to work injury. As our control of electrical energy becomes more complete, we can extend its reach farther and farther. It does not seem wholly improbable that the time will come when we shall be able to explode the magazine of a ship without going near it.

"The only attempt thus far made by the United States in the direction of utilizing high explosives for purposes of naval warfare, if torpedoes be excepted, is represented by the so-called dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, which is now in the neighborhood of Key West. This vessel has on her forward deck three fifteen-inch guns, which throw projectiles loaded with dynamite nearly a mile and a quarter. This ship is only an experiment, and her practical utility is regarded by naval authorities as very doubtful. The problem of throwing high explosives with safety to those who use them has not yet been solved satisfactorily. No explosive is good for fighting purposes that can be touched off by shock or otherwise than by actual contact with fire. The stuff called 'explosive gelatine,' for example, is the most powerful of all known explosives, being fifteen times as strong as gunpowder. It is made by dissolving gun cotton in nitro glycerine, the preparation having the consistency of honey. But it is very unsafe for use in battle, because a bullet striking it will set it off by concussion.

"It is extremely likely that in the next great war shells that liberate poisonous gases on explosion will be employed. It has been suggested that bombs loaded with hydrocyanic acid gas under pressure could be thus utilized, releasing such fumes on bursting as would destroy all life in the neighborhood. The French melinite has for its base a coal tar product termed picric acid. Its consistency is about that of molasses, and it is pounded into shells and permitted to harden. This stuff is entirely safe to handle, though three times as powerful as gunpowder. The fumes set free by the bursting of a bomb loaded with it are most deadly. A single one, fired experimentally at a vessel, on the deck of which had been placed a number of sheep and goats, killed by suffocation all of the animals that were not destroyed by the flying fragments. If a shell loaded with hydrocyanic acid gas—this is the same thing as prussic acid and the deadliest of all poisons—should be fired into a ship and explode inside of the vessel, pretty nearly everybody on board would surely perish.

"The newly invented smoke grenades are filled with chemical substances which, on explosion, produce clouds of dense black smoke. They are intended to be carried in advance by skirmishers and thrown so as to conceal the troops following, and is a good thing."

The Mad Dog Bugaboo.

In the June Ladies' Home Journal Edward W. Bok writes on the "Bugaboo of the Mad Dog," quoting a number of authorities to show that there is no such disease as "hydrophobia," and inquiring if "it is not time, therefore, in view of these indisputable facts, that we should give ourselves a little more freedom from this bugaboo of the mad dog? What the newspapers so essentially report as cases of hydrophobia are, in reality, nothing more nor less than instances of people who have been bitten by dogs and frightened into hysterical conditions, in which they involuntarily reproduce all the supposed symptoms of hydrophobia. It is a pity that our newspaper editors cannot have a more careful regard for the feelings of women during the summer months and agree to suppress the reports of cases supposed to be hydrophobia. They make the public mind nervous, and do more to spread the silly notion of a belief in hydrophobia than anything else.

"Women have had their feelings played upon enough by this foolish notion of hydrophobia, and enough unnecessary suffering has been inflicted upon the dog, who is often killed for nothing but a popular fallacy. "It is high time that common sense should rule; that we should believe the fact that there is no such thing as hydrophobia, and rid ourselves of this senseless and ridiculous bugaboo of the mad dog?"

Finances in the Home.

A lack of sound business understanding between husband and wife has been the ruin of more homes than poverty.

When a man and woman enter into a partnership—that most important partnership in life—both members in the new firm should have a distinct appreciation of the financial situation, and, as the years pass, the firm's profits and losses should come within the equal knowledge of both.

So would be avoided much of the unhappiness that arises from the husband's thinking his wife extravagant or the wife's thinking her husband stingy. Nothing is more discouraging to a man than to see his hard-earned money thrown recklessly away on luxuries he feels that only the families of richer men can afford, but often this expenditure is due, not to willfulness on the wife's part, but to simply not knowing how much her husband can afford to have her spend. He is often over-indulgent. She tells him of two bonnets: one is five dollars more than the other, and she doesn't know whether she ought to get it—"but it is a dear of a bonnet," she adds, and he, too weakly loving, tells her "to buy it and look pretty," and then when the bill comes in, he broods over his expense.

At another time she asks for money to buy a certain piece of bric-a-brac, and meets with a refusal, and, at a loss to reconcile her husband's former generosity with the present denial, inwardly decides that he is "close." Both of these misunderstandings are due to a want of mutual advice and confidence concerning the household treasury.

The way to avoid the unhappiness that such misunderstandings invariably brings about, is for the wife to have an allowance for household expenses, knowing exactly what ratio this allowance bears to her husband's whole income. Whether the allowance be large or small will really matter very little in a home that is established on the above sound-money basis.—Dixie Farmer.

Uncle Eph's Opinion.

"An old man who used to be a slave in our family has been greatly interested in our war with Spain, and to please him I have read a good bit from the newspapers," said Mr. A. E. Bingham of Georgia at the Rigas.

"The accounts of Dewey's great deeds at Manila were read to the old fellow; who sat as if entranced, with open mouth and shining eyes. At the end of the story he heaved a long sigh, remarking, 'Well dat does beat all!'"

"What do you think of it Uncle Ephram?" I asked.

"Did I understand 'you, marster, to say dat under Spanish nebbler killed a single one uv our people?"

"That's right, Ephram; we killed several hundred of them, but not one of our men lost his life."

"Den all I got to say is dat de' is de no' countest fighters libin'. Your Uncle Ephram is surprised, he is, fur I shorly did 'spect to hear dat dey had killed at least one nigger and perhaps a mule. Dey shorly must not a bin none of dem aroun dere, for niggers and mules always gits de wust uv it."—Washington Post.

Once Tried Always Used.

If we sell one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, we seldom fail to sell the same person more, when it is again needed. Indeed, it has become the family medicine of this town, for coughs and colds, and we recommend it because of its established merits.—JOS. E. HARNED, Prop., Oakland Pharmacy, Oakland, Md. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

FLED ON A MATTRESS.

The Experience of a Chicago Man at the Great Fire.

Justice John K. Prindiville had the experience of being carried through the city on a mattress, as at the time of the fire he was unable to walk. The Prindiville residence stood, in the days before the fire, at the intersection of Chicago avenue and State street. It was a spacious house, in the center of a large yard, and was in what was then the most fashionable residence district of Chicago. A fall in a gymnasium some three weeks before the fire had left Justice Prindiville a cripple for the time being, and he was confined to his bed.

"Late Sunday night a friend of the family came to the house," said the justice, "and called my father to one side, telling him that the city was burning up. My six brothers told me as soon as they were dressed not to worry, as there were enough of them to care for me. I assured them I was not fretting, and while they made preparations to move me to a place of safety I, from my sick-room window, could see the reflection of the fire, then just beginning to get under way on the South Side. Father sent one of the boys to Wright's livery barn, at State and Kinzie streets, where our horses were kept, to get them and the carriages, which he intended to use in moving my mother, who was also ill, and myself as well as what property he could save.

"It so happened," continued Justice Prindiville, "that Wright's barn was the first building to burn on the North Side. When it was learned by the other boys that our horses were gone, one of them went out and in some manner got possession of an old express wagon. I don't know how he did it, but I have always thought he must have turned burglar for the nonce, as vehicles of all descriptions were then at a premium. They started to carry me out of the house on a mattress. The front door was too narrow, and they had to improvise a stretcher from a sheet. I remember that it was just at daylight Monday morning, and I was calmly smoking my pipe. This annoyed father, who told me to stop smoking, for fear I would set the house on fire. Four hours afterward the whole building was a smoldering mass of rubbish.

"Three of the brothers pulled the wagon, for want of a horse, and I was taken to Elm and Dearborn streets. There they left me, while they hurried back to save as much property as they could. For three hours I tossed about in the bottom of that wagon, unable to rise, while a steady stream of excited and in many cases frantic people poured past me, seeking shelter in Lincoln park. Many of them put things into the wagon and asked me to watch them. One man had three dishpans, and another some valuable oil paintings. A woman ran by, I distinctly remember, with a big billy goat clasped in her arms, and a little girl left a cat in my charge. All the property I threw out of the wagon, but I kept the cat.

"Somewhere one of the boys hired a truck with a team, got my mother and came where I was and took us to St. Joseph's hospital. We were left there, and the boys and father hurried back to save all they could from the house. They took the family silverware and other valuables and buried them in the sand. As far as we have been able to learn up to the present time, the property is still in the sand.

"Late Monday night it was feared on all sides that the fire would come as far north as the hospital. The scene in the institution when the sick and injured learned of the new fear I will never forget. Mother and I were not worried, for we knew father and the boys would come for us, but the friendless and poor patients were in a frenzy of fear, many of them giving up to despair. Prayers and curses were mingled, and more than one unfortunate, unable to help himself, tried to crawl away. "Father did come for us, and we were taken to the home of friends on Warren avenue, out of the path of the fire. The hospital was not burned, but the excitement there I will always remember."—Chicago News.

Married to a Flower Vase.

Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in The Family Herald:

Not long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large red flower vase, representing a deceased bridegroom who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride elect declared that she would never marry any one else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

Pitt's Carminative is pleasant to the taste, acts promptly, and never fails to give satisfaction. It carries children over the critical time of teething, and is the friend of anxious mothers and puny children. A few dashes will demonstrate its value. E. H. DORSEY, Athens, Ga., writes: "I consider it the best medicine I have ever used in my family. It does all you claim for it, and even more."

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

Colonel Rice's Experience With an Angry Elephant and a Lion.

"Speaking of escapes from death recalls my experience with the murderous elephant Romeo. Had I been a little slower in my movements I would have been his eighth victim," said Colonel Rice reflectively. "One day I was directing the arrangement of some canvas men and unwittingly ventured a couple of steps backward and within range of the death-dealing elephant, which at once raised his trunk slowly with the purpose of giving me a settler. He would have succeeded in killing me had not a young elephant near by trumpeted an alarm, and, like lightning, I at once sprang forward and out of danger from the murderous blow of the trunk by such a small distance that on the back of my head I felt the wind occasioned by its descent. After that experience Romeo was always kept chained by all four legs. The young elephant which had saved me was rewarded with candy.

"It is not surprising that eventually I essayed the role of lion tamer," continued the speaker, "and under the able tutelage of Francanelli, the best lion tamer I ever saw, and who, by the way, subsequently met his death in a lion's den in the city of Havana. After having twice accompanied the fearless Francanelli into the den of Richard III, the largest and fiercest African lion ever exhibited in this country, it was at Vincennes, Ind., that I at length determined to enter the den of the beast alone. Clad in tinsel and spangles, at the afternoon performance, amid an outburst of music by the band, I boldly approached the lion's cage, opened the barred door and entered unharmed. The great brute, which was lying upon the floor at the farther end of the cage, seemed to not heed my presence other than by a glance of sullen indifference, so that I deemed my first attempt at entering a lion's den a success.

"But my assurance of success was a little premature, and fortunate was it for me that beneath the cage was a furnace in which glowed red-hot iron rods and that trusty attendants were at hand to effectively wield them upon the lion if necessity demanded, else another page would have been added to the bloody history of the king of the forest and another name to his list of victims. After a three minutes' stay in the lion's den I made a parting salute to the breathless audience and prepared to leave the cage. As I backed toward the door I observed, to my horror, that the lion had almost imperceptibly risen from the floor, preparatory to springing upon me. Almost overcome by the grave danger of my situation, I contrived to signal the attendants to thrust the heated rods in between me and the bloodthirsty brute. Scarcely had I done so when the great tawny creature hurled itself upon me and, burying its claws in my shoulders, bore me to the floor.

"I felt the hot breath of the lion in my face as he opened his huge jaws preparatory to sinking his fangs in my throat, and a horrible death was but a brief second distant when the red-hot irons were brought into play and used so effectively that the brute was forced to retreat to the far end of the cage without inflicting further injury upon me. I was hurriedly drawn from the cage, none the worse for my thrilling experience save badly shaken nerves, lacerated shoulders and a tattered tinsel jacket. As I hurried behind the curtain the band triumphantly played 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes!' and I noticed that a panic in the audience had been narrowly averted. And what became of Richard III? Oh, he lived to kill Francanelli a few months later!"—Los Angeles Times.

London Drivers.

In London the drivers are all licensed. No man can go upon the streets in charge of omnibus, hansom or cab without a license in his pocket. If he gets into trouble once through his own fault, he is fined and warned. The second time his license is taken away from him and he is never allowed to drive again on the streets of London. Before drivers are given their licenses they are required to pass a civil service examination in actual driving. They are taken into a yard where there are many posts set up in the pavement and required to drive in and around these obstacles. They are asked what street they would take in order to go from one place to another at 10 o'clock in the morning, at 1 in the afternoon and at 4 o'clock. Unless they are able to tell the best routes all over the city at various times of the day—indicating the thoroughfares which are least congested as the traffic shifts and changes—they get no license. Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

Indisputable.

"I don't know about the feasibility of the single tax."

"Why, now, it covers the whole ground."—Indianapolis Journal.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson, Proprietor.

According to the best authorities, there has never been a case of cholera that was ignorant of the use of Castoria.

Wave of Patriotism Swept Conference.

BALTIMORE, May 18.—A wave of patriotism swept over the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, at today's session. Rev. W. T. Davison, fraternal delegate from the British Wesleyan church, in the course of his address said:

"When I landed on your shores a few weeks ago war had just been declared between your country and Spain. I want to express on behalf of the church I represent and the country from which I come the strong sympathy we have for you in the present crisis in your national history. It is not necessary for me to say that England is entirely on your side in this war. Our nation can appreciate more perhaps than some other nations the righteousness of your cause. The barbarities in Cuba, too, outraged human feelings in this country, and you were at last driven to trust the issues of the matter to the arbitrament of war. We appreciate the lofty nature of your motives. We are assured that only the claims of the highest humanity force you reluctantly into this struggle.

"We congratulate you on the splendid victory at Manila (great applause) and I may say also we have no fears as to the final outcome of the war. Although war is an evil thing in itself, it is probable that good will come out of this struggle. I think it may be an epoch-making war with you, and there may be several things for your country to learn from it. It may be that out of it will come a larger sense of your responsibility abroad among other nations. But whatever else comes from it, I sincerely trust that it will result in binding together into still closer fellowship our two nations."

At the close of his remarks, delegates and spectators arose as one man and vociferously cheered and applauded the happy hit made by the English divine.



The Story Teller.

In eastern countries, in place of our story-writers, they have professional story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There's a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of cures that seemed almost magical, which have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband. The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption, nervous diseases, and the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by keeping a bottle in the house, and getting sick or to resort to it when he feels out-of-sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his so high of him that he made him their representative in Congress, but his great love for his profession caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of suffering humanity. Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never grip.

Cotton,

like every other crop, needs nourishment.

A fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and not less than 3% of actual

Potash,

will increase the crop and improve the land.

Our books tell all about the subject. They are free to any farmer. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

ICE—COLD ICE—ICE.

MY customers and the general public will take notice that Elias Singleton is no longer in my employment. I have employed a reliable man to sell Fish for me, so please give him your orders. I have been in the fish business for nine years and have always tried to give satisfaction, and will appreciate a continuance of your patronage. I handle all kinds of Florida Vegetables and Fruits in and out of season. Also, a full line of Fancy Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars, Oranges, Bananas, &c., at wholesale. J. F. FANT, Florida Fish and Fruit Store, April 20, 1898, 43 3m.

FOR LOW RATES WEST,

Texas, Mexico, California, Alaska, or any other point, with FREE MAPS, write to—

FRED. D. BUSH,

District Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville R.R., 36 1/2 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Drs. Strickland & King,



DENTISTS. OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE. Gas and Cocaine used for Extracting 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, 14 1

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 School is the constant study of the 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, 3 3m.

The New York World,

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION. 18 Pages a Week, 156 Papers a Year.

FOR ONE DOLLAR,

The Thrice-A-Week Edition of THE NEW YORK WORLD is first among all weekly papers in size, frequency of publication, and the freshness, accuracy and variety of its contents. It has all the merits of a great \$6 daily at the price of a dollar weekly. Its political news is prompt, complete, accurate and impartial as all its readers will testify. It is against the monopolies and for the people. It prints the news of all the world, having special correspondence from all important news points on the globe. It has brilliant illustrations, stories by great authors, a capital humor page, complete markets, departments for the household and women's work and other special departments of unusual interest. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER together one year for \$2.20.

TWO FOR ONE.

By SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WE OFFER HOME AND FARM. In combination with the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER for \$1.55, being the price of our paper alone. That is, for all new or old subscribers renewing and paying in advance, we send HOME AND FARM one year free. HOME AND FARM has for many years been the leading agricultural journal of the South and Southwest, made by farmers for farmers. Its Home Department, conducted by Aunt Jane, its Children's Department, and its Dairy Department are brighter and better than ever. Renew now and get this great journal for the home and the farm—FREE.

LOST STOCK.

LOST, mislaid or destroyed five Shares of the Virginia Belt, Drilling and Loan Association of Roanoke, Va. (Certificate of Stock No. 239), Series R. All parties are warned not to trade for said Stock. JAS. W. POORE, Belton, S. C., May 18, 1898.—2m.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of A. B. Towers, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 22nd day of June, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. T. C. LIGON, Adm'r., May 18, 1898, 47

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administrator of Estate of W. W. Humphrey, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 24th day of May, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. W. C. HUMPHREYS, Adm'r., April 20, 1898, 47

NOTICE.

In compliance with the recommendation of the Grand Jury, all persons who have charge of public roads by the erection of dams on the side of road, which obstruct the flow of the water therefrom, or otherwise damage the roads by throwing rocks, brush or other obstruction in the side ditches, will be prosecuted, unless such obstructions are removed before the first day of April next. This is given so that guilty parties may have time to comply with the law. W. P. SNEEGROVE, Co. Sup.