Yes, they all are coming home, And they say it's "jolly."
Every one is married now,
Even little Polly.
And I keep on saying "all,"
For I just can't bear to Think of one who doesn't come

He has never told me so. But one reason has more weight, To my mind, than twenty, And I somehow feel as if I should like it better If his reasons did not fill Quite so long a letter.

All the others come and bring Things for me and father; Little things—because they know We would so much rather. Flowers and fruit and, under. Things that must have cost so much

There's the turkey in the coop-He can hardly gobble, He's so fat—and those two ducks— They can't walk, they hobble. And the mince meat turned out well, Pies will need be plenty And the pudding good and big, For we'll sit down twenty.

How he used to prance about
When he saw me baking!
Seems to me I see him now.
Everything I'm making
Brings him right before my eyes.
Yet I wouldn't down to Yet I wouldn't dare to Say to father, "He don't come use he doesn't care to."

Father doesn't seem to think
As I feel about him—
"Johnny always told the truth.
Why should we misdoubt him?" Why should we misdous me.

But he's saying in his heart—
Yes, I'm sure it's there too—
"Johnny isn't coming home
'Cause he doesn't care to."

Sonny boy, your world is full, But there's not another Holds you in her heart of hearts Like your poor old mother!

Come before that day comes when

"Twill be you can't bear to

Think of how you didn't come

'Cause you didn't care to!

—Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Companion.

A REALIZED IDEAL.

Miss Rossiter sat alone in the library, gazing rather pensively into the fire. When the servant came with the lights, she had sent him away, saying that she preferred sitting by the firelight, and now she leaned back luxuriously in her great easy chair, preparatory to the rather unusual indulgence of an intro-

She could not be called introspective as a general thing, for she was far too busy with charities, flower missions, Tolstoi clubs, church and society in all their fullness, to allow herself the popular fad of self analysis, and then there was Tom Lenfield. She had been engaged to Tom for nearly a year.

He was a dear good fellow and was succeeding so well in his business, and yet-well, she was vaguely conscious that she had not been as deeply disappointed as an engaged girl should be when she had received his note that day telling her he had been called out of town unexpectedly and might not be able to return in time to be with her that evening, as he had planned.

She wondered if, after all, she did love him as she should.

She sighed a little and determined to allow herself the pleasure of feeling rather miserable upon this sub-

Tom was a dear, she thought, but if he only had a little more love and appreciation for the things she cared for!

Not that he was not all love and appreciation for her, she admitted

to herself, for she knew that he considered her the very loveliest and cleverest girl in the world; still there was no denying that Tom was rather slow sometimes, and so practical. She remembered how at the art exhibition they had stopped before a picture of the impressionist school that it was the thing to admire. To be quite honest, she was not entirely sure whether she really understood and admired it herself, but she had heard so much talk about it from people whose judgment she held to be entirely above criticism that she had at last persuaded herself that to her, too, it was replete with life and meaning.

At any rate it was annoying to have Tom look at her in undisguised amazement as she praised its virtues and to hear him exclaim: "That daub! You surely don't admire that?" But then he was so penitent when she had explained it to him, and even if he did not understand it was pleasant to hear him say: "You are the cleverest girl, Nan. I often wonder how you can care for a fellow whose only pretense to good taste is his love for you." She remembered how, a few weeks ago, at a symphony concert, she had looked into Tom's face to see if in some degree he did not feel the joy of the music that flooded her soul.

He was fond of music, in his way, but he was candid enough to confess that a bright, pleasing bit of light opera brought far more pleasurable emotions to him than the most soulful melodies of the great masters.

On this particular occasion Miss Rossiter remembered that he had returned her rapt expression with one of anxiety and had murmured tenderly: "What is it, darling? Are you sitting in a draft?"

Oh, dear, it was always drafts, or something equally annoying to her. She wondered, if she could choose for herself, what her ideal picture would be like.

She pictured to herself several types of her own creation, finally wavering between a dreamy Burne-Jones figure and a hero of the Chevalier Bayard type, so dear to most women. Somehow or other Tom's vigorous personality would persist in mixing itself up with her brain portraits until they were such a sad composite that in despair she gave

"Not that I care so much for looks," she said to herself, "but how pleasant it would be to have a lover who understood my every thought, who anticipated every wish, and who would know what I was about to say before the words were formed, whose knowledge was boundless, and whose soul should be in touch with all that was good and true and beautiful."

Oh, if she could but see such a one, she thought to herself, how she could unburden her soul to him.

Conversation would be a rapture, and how ennobling, how elevating, life with such a one would be? Just at this point in her reveries Miss Rossiter (who rather prided herself upon her calmness under the most surprising and trying circumstances) gave a sudden start and exclamation. She rubbed her eyes and gave herself a little pinch to see if she could be dreaming. No, she was wide awake, and in the easy chair near her sat a man, a stranger to her. Strange to say, she felt neither alarmed nor embarrassed, and after the moment of surprise at this sudden visitation she stole another look at her unexpected companion, who was gazing intently into the fire.

He was rather tall and slender. and his regular features and dark, dreamy eyes were pleasant to look

She had a vague impression of familiarity as she watched him, and in Tom's regard with greater satisa haunting resemblance to some one, perhaps a mere brain image. puzzled her.

Just then he turned toward her and smiled slightly.

"I do not wonder that you like to sit here." he said in courteous accents. "It is a pleasant room and gratifies one's æsthetic sense. You love to watch the firelight glimmer through the room, now playing upon the gilt of the picture frames, or suddenly lighting for a moment some dusky corner; but, best of all, you like to watch the warm glow leap over that marble Psyche. You have a passion for color.

"Yes," she said wonderingly, "but how did you know? Who are vou?"

"There is no thought of yours that I do not know," he said, "and I came here in response to your wish. I am your longed for kindred soul-vour realized ideal."

Miss Rossiter was silent for a moment and sat vainly trying to recall the theories that Herr Gundlach had advanced before the German club concerning kindred souls and affinities. If she remembered rightly, he had said that each soul had a kindred soul, but that sometimes there were limitations of time and space which in another world-but | just here the stranger interrupted her thoughts by saying:

"Yes, that is true. But sometimes, under peculiar conditions, as tonight, time and space are as noth-

He ceased speaking. Surely it was the opportunity of Miss Rossiter's him to read. life for unbounded soul revelations; but, odd to relate, she felt strange-

ly silent. A number of naturally curious questions flitted through her brain, but she checked her thoughts a little guiltily, as it occurred to her that in all probability the stranger was cognizant of her thoughts and might consider her inquisitive.

"No," he remarked politely, "I am not permitted to reveal the laws which govern me, nor can I tell how long I may be able to remain with

Then he really did know what she was thinking.

She had never imagined how very perplexing it would be to constantly control one's thoughts—to put a check rein on them, to quote Tom's She turned a little uneasily in her

revealed one of her daintily slipper-

Now, Tom had a special weakness for a dainty slipper, as she well knew, and, forgetting for a moment that it was not Tom who sat there, she looked up in apparent unconsciousness of any little feminine art, only to meet an amused smile in the

"Yes, most men like to see a pretty slipper," he commented benevolently. "A coquettishly placed rib- that he "didn't understand," she bon, a flower in the hair, are so many arrows to the masculine heart. Little men dream of the time and thought that have been given to what seems to them some unconscious little arrangement."

Miss Rossiter flushed angrily and drew her foot back with a jerk. Really, this thing of laying bare one's every little thought was too much, and yet was it not exactly what she had wished for—to be perfectly understood?

She ought to be above such little weaknesses anyhow.

Perhaps if she tried books the conversation might become more animated. The stranger followed her glance

as it rested on a small table near her, where several books were lying. "You have been reading," he remarked. "Ah, yes, I see—Ibsen, Browning, Tolstoi." He smiled a little wearily.

"You, of course, have read them all, " said Miss Rossiter a little shyly, for she happened to think that 'boundless knowledge" was one of

her wished for ideal's attributes. "I? Oh, yes," he answered. "You do not quite know whether you care for Ibsen or not, do you?'

Now, this was indeed true, but as the president of an Ibsen club Miss up the personal appearance of her Rossiter had never before faced the Yours." replied Miss Rossiter with people are all dead.

She was a clever girl and accus- an inscrutable smile. "I have a reatomed to being looked up to as quite | son, but that, as Kipling says, is anan authority on literary matters by her own special coterie. Had not Dunning Jones, the most successful journalist in the city, told some one that Miss Rossiter was a very interesting girl, well read and up in everything? But before "unbounded knowledge" how could one talk

easily or air one's little opinions? For the first time in her life the self possessed, cultivated Miss Rossiter felt shy, crude and ignorant. She was really a very superior young woman, of lofty aims and ideals; but, being a very human and very charming person, she had her little limitations, all of which she would have confessed to you with refreshing candor. Still she could not help wondering for a moment if life with a person who "thoroughly understood" her would, after all, be as helpful as life with some one whose love exaggerated her virtues and blinded him to her defects.

As she said to her most intimate girl friend afterward: "It never occurred to me before just how many of my so called virtues were called out just because Tom thought I possessed them

"You see that touched me so, the implicit confidence in me, that I would immediately proceed to cultivate all my supposed good qualities, so that I might keep my place faction to myself."

'This night referred to, however, she did not allow herself to so distinctly formulate the thought.

Once more she turned the conversation to books, to art and to music. But what pleasure could there be in a conversation where the other party concerned knew before she spoke all that she would say. He even indirectly apologized once for anticipating her.

"I cannot help it, you see," he said. "I came in answer to your wish, burdened with the conditions it imposed upon me.

"It does make conversation awkward, I admit, but we may as well make the best of it, for I am powerless to leave you unless"-

"Unless what?" said Miss Rossiter with more of the "speed the parting guest" in her tone than was consistent with true politeness, but the stranger only smiled and looked once more into the fire.

A sense of injury commenced to rankle in Miss Rossiter's mind. And all because of a foolish wish. that I have heard a dozen girls make, my life is to be spoiled in this way," she thought. Perhaps Tom would not have loved her so deeply had he really understood her.

The past tense of that last thought a pang through her heart. Was she always to be tied to this dreadful mind reader of a realized

She supposed the only thing left ing. And so it is that I am with you her to do was to live upon such a high plane that she need not object or fear to be as a printed page for And yet, oh, the weariness of the

> No more half severe, half coquettish lectures to Tom on his stupidity, always ending in increased adoration on his part and increased affection on bers, for it always pleased her fancy, after having firmly established her claim to idealship in Tom's mind, to be so extremely gracious and penitently affectionate that the "large and appreciative audience of one," as Tom

remarked, went home happy. But all those old, happy times

were over, she thought. Such a deep pity for herself filled Miss Rossiter's mind that the great tears gathered in her eyes, and one had escaped from beneath the long lashes and was slowly rolling down her cheek when two strong arms suddenly enfolded her, and a symchair, and in doing so inadvertently pathetic voice, Tom's voice, was saying, "What in the world are you dreaming about, you poor dear?"

Now, Miss Rossiter was not as a rule wildly demonstrative, but upon this occasion her manner was warm enough to gratify the most ardent

She clung to Tom as if he had just been rescued from some dreadful calamity and she feared to lose him again, and when he begged her to tell him what was the matter, exclaimed rather hysterically: "Oh, that is the beauty of it. I don't want you to understand, Tom, dear, and I'm so glad you don't. I don't think I ever care to be understood again. It was only a dream, and he's gone, thank goodness, but you can never know how I suffered."

Tom looked deeply puzzled at these seemingly random and incoherent remarks, but at her express desire forbore questioning her. Whatever it was she had dreamed, the effect produced was that he had had a warmer welcome than ever before during their engagement, and he was satisfied.

At the next meeting of the German club Miss Rossiter, who a few weeks before had read a stirring paper advancing the theory that some time on this earth there would be a golden age, when kindred souls would live in the full delight of realized ideals, read an equally stirring paper combating and flatly contradicting her own pet theories.

On the way home from the club Mrs. Denny, who prided herself on finding the hidden springs which produced action in her friends' minds, suddenly remarked:

"Nan Rossiter, you have some reason for so suddenly changing youth. your mind about those theories of

tell."-Agnes Brown in Philadelphia Times. Testing an Atlantic Cable For Leaks.

other story, and one I refuse to

When the insulated strand, or the 'core" of the cable, as it is henceforth called, passes from this operation, it must go to the testing room to determine if the insulation is really perfect, or if a little electrici- | from Nagasaki. ty still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test in the air, since even without an insulator the current does not pass readily into air. It must be tested under water, in the medium in which it is to be employed. Shallow tanks filled with water receive each section, and after a section has lain 24 hours in the water in order to come to the same temperature as the water the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity does not result, the electrician knows that there is a flaw and that the insulation is imperfect -that is, that the electricity is es-

There is nothing that can be measured with more accuracy than electricity. The laws which govern its flow in a body are perfectly understood. The electrician knows how much he pours in. He can draw it out, measure it, treat it, in short, as if it were water in a pipe. A leak in an electric wire is dealt with almost as a leak in a water pipe and can be located quite as exactly. When once located, it is easily repaired.-McClure's Magazine.

The Question of Luck.

In replying to the query, "Does not luck sometimes play a goodly part in a man's success?" Edward W. Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, writes:

"Never. Henry Ward Beecher answered this question once for all when he said, 'No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be the luck of getting up early, working hard and maintaining honor and integrity.' What so often seems to many young men on the surface as being luck in a man's career is nothing more than hard work done at some special time. The idea that luck is a factor in a man's success has ruined thousands. It has never helped a single person. A fortunate chance comes to a young man sometimes just at the right moment. And that some people call luck. But that chance was given him because he had at some time demonstrated the fact that he was the right man for the chance. That is the only luck there is. Work hard, demonstrate your ability and show to others that if an opportunity comes within your grasp you are able to use it."

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, 20 centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic 50 ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as 50 tons and have a falling force of from 90 to 100. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

The invention of geometry is attributed by some to the Assyrians or Chaldean philosophers, by others to the Egyptians. Geometry was brought into Greece by Thales in 600 B. C. The study was greatly improved by Pythagoras and was brought to perfection by Euclid, 300 B. C. The researches of Archimedes were made in the third century before Christ.

The Appreciation of Experience. "Why do you think so much more of your father than you did before

you were married?" "Because I had never lived with any other man up to that time."-

Detroit Free Press.

A Poor Worker.

No man or woman can work well, mentally or physically, nor perform effective service of any kind who is burdened with a torpid liver. Constipation and deficient secretion of bile have clogged up the organs of the body so that they cannot keep up the energy to the proper standard, hence, weariness, headaches, depression, fickle appetite result. All this can be changed with a few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters. It cleanses the system thoroughly, flushes the excretory canals, drives out impurities, imparts new life to the vital organs and restablishes healthy functional activity, which brings with it energy, strength, vigor of body and brain and cheerful spirits. Sold by Evans Phar-

- To work and live only for one's self will by no means promote happiness. On the contrary, it is a source of intense misery. The secret of many a joyless life, which has gone out into bitterness, suicide or insanity, may be found in the selfishness which dominated it from its beginning to its close. To live in love is to live in everlasting

DANCING TURTLES

The Curious Training to Which They Are Subjected In the Far East.

The spectacle of an old, bearded man, with long, tangled locks, dressed in a fantastic costume, attracted the attention of passersby one day in one of the large seaports of Japan. Some said he was an Aino, pointing to his long hair and beard, and that he was a bear worshiper

The old man stood on the deck of a houseboat quite as disreputable as he himself appeared and gave an exhibition the was in every respect remarkable. He held an old brass drum, upon which he beat with several sticks, keeping time with his foot, and in obedience to this strange summons a number of conlmon high back river tortoises of various sizes crawled out of a box, and, forming themselves in line, began to march, one after the other, to the slow, discordant music. Around they went in a circle, the big ones ahead, the smaller ones following on behind, and at the word of command the larger ones took their places between two boxes and formed a living tortoise bridge, over which the small ones passed from box to box, the others then following suit, whereupon all the tortoises arranged themselves in groups, like plates

The Japanese have another tortoise, which they train to perform simple tricks in the water. It is a little creature, about three or four inches long, that from a life of inactivity has become covered with a | what may be the purpose of pain. long growth of green pond weed, swims along.

These people are also famous for their strange fishes of the carp family. Some are short and chubby, with eyes that protrude so far from the head that they look like telescopes or the stalked eyes of some crabs, with which the little creatures can see in every direction. Others have a broad lacelike tail, that hangs gracefully like a mass of lace and appears to be divided into three parts. Others have a perfect black cross marked upon the back, which, against the deep red, which is the prevailing color, presents a magnificent appearance. Others are called the fish of the white cross, the latter being white against red.

These beautiful creatures are trained to perform a variety of tricks. They rise at the sound of a bell, ring a bell themselves, follow one another in a row at the signal. and then in many ways show their remarkable intelligence.

The Japanese also import the famous fighting fishes from India, which they keep in an aquarium | This stand was actually taken by and match in contests, which are, it | many who held, at the time of the must be said, decided without bloodshed, though the little creatures show no little ferocity.

The tortoise and crane are both sacred animals in Japan, and the former is often seen with the stork walking about the villages, paying no attention to the people, and as safe as is the sacred ox in India .--New York Sun.

Thoreau at Cape Cod.

In Cape Cod, Thoreau gave his natural drollery full play-an almost antinomian liberty, to take a word out of those ecclesiastical histories with the reading of which under his umbrella he so patiently enlivened his sandy march from Orleans to Provincetown. "As I sat on a hill one sultry Sunday afternoon,' he says, "the meeting house windows being open, my meditations were interrupted by the noise of a preacher who shouted like a boatswain profaning the quiet atmosphere, and who, I fancied, must have taken off his coat. Few things could have been more disgusting or disheartening. I wished the tithing man would stop him." Charles Lamb himself could not have bettered the delicious, biting absurdity of that final touch. It was not this Boanergian minister, but a man of an earlier generation, of whom we are told that he wrote a "Body of Divinity," a book "frequently sneered at, particularly by those who have read it." The whole Cape, past and present, was looked at half quizzically by its inland visitor. The very houses "seemed, like mariners ashore, to have sat right down to enjoy the firmness of the land, without studying their postures or habiliments"-a description not to be fully appreciated except by those who have seen a Cape Cod village, with its buildings dropped here and there at haphazard upon the sand. -Atlantic Monthly.

Little Pierre, a French boy, went out to walk with his father in the road and was badly frightened by a drove of cattle.

"Why should you be afraid, Pierre?" his father asked. "Why, you eat such creatures as that at dinner, you know.' "Yes, papa," said Pierre, "but

these aren't well enough done."-

Zanzibar, in southeast Africa, is 1,672 miles from Washington. How to Prevent Croup.

London Fun.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined .- J. M. - If you ever feel yourself getting Nickle. of Nickle Bros., merchants, conceited, just remember that the best Nickleville, Pa. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

THE USES OF PAIN.

They May Be Safely Reduced as Civiliza-

The statement of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in his address on "The Birth and Death of Pain," at the to her assistance and helped her in Boston celebration of the semicentennial of anæsthesia, that the purpose of pain is "a riddle to which earth can give no answer," is called in question by the editor of The Hospital in a leading article. For the editor the use of pain, far from being a riddle, is so clear that he who runs may read. Pain is to the ordinary man a warning of danger. Says the editorial to which we refer:

"Here is a man with a painful broken arm. Does the pain serve any special purpose, any purpose which might not as well have been served without it? Most assuredly it does. But for the pain the average man-not, perhaps, the scientific man, but the average man-would not pay heed to his injury, would not, in fact, devote the necessary time and trouble to its perfect repair. We have to consider what the average man is for the purposes of this discussion. He is not the average modern American or modern European, tinctured with all the culture, all the science, all the high morality of the modern world. He is the typical person of no education who has made up the generations of men from the earliest times when mankind emerged from the practically brute condition into dawning moral consciousness. That is the average man to be considered when we ask "Has pain had a purpose of any

which streams behind like hair as it | kind for all those countless generations of the uncultured past who have constituted the solid mass of mankind? Most assuredly it has had a purpose-many purposes. It has compelled attention to injured structures; it has enforced rest and sleep by the distress or weariness; the taking of food by the tortures of hunger, and, in short, has been the general indicator and corrector for man and beast in the exercise of bilitated, weak, haggard, fading physical and physiological energy of every kind. Not only so, but the moralist and the religious teacher will unite in insisting that the educational value of pain in the regions of morals and religion has been and continues to be incalculable. So far from agreeing with Dr. Weir Mitchell that pain has no purpose in the world, we affirm that one of the most obvious of all the facts connected with pain is its definite and incaculable value, as an indicator, a corrector, an educational force, alike in the physical, the mental and the moral spheres."

> This being so, an objector may say, Why interfere with pain at all? introduction of anæsthetics, that to use them was to fly in the face of the Almighty. But The Hospital points out that such a course would be quite illogical. It says: "That which is essential for one

> period of human development may not be essential for another. The sharp physical stimuli, the clubs and spears of the early savage, are not needed by the later races of men. In earlier times hunger, thirst, fear of wounds from enemies, the most elementary of all sensations, were needed to compel even the highest races of men to do the best that was in them. In our times there are millions who work in obedience to motives altogether different from the driving forces of hunger, cold and physical fear. Ambition compels exertion, duty, mere love of work. And so the element of painfulness, being less and less needed, plays a less and less conspicuous part as a driving and correcting

force in the world. "Will pain, or the possibility of pain, ever be eliminated from the experience of man, or 'killed,' as Dr. Weir Mitchell might prefer to put it? Most probably not, so long as man is endowed with his present nervous system. But it is possiblenay, it is quite easy-to imagine a time when mankind in general shall have reached such a stage of mental capacity and culture, such a wide and masterful victory over nature, and masterful victory over nature, such a degree of physical vigor and and a discharge from his office as Adminmaterial prosperity, that pain shall be a very exceptional fact in his experience. This is the goal at which a philosophical medical science must at any rate aim with all the energy of which it is capable."-Literary

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chat H. Fletchers

- A certain minister, not a thousand miles from Detroit, says The Free Press, loves a dollar with a close affection. Not long ago a young man asked him how much he would charge to marry a couple. "Well," said the preacher, "the bridegroom pays what he pleases, but I never charge less than ten dollars." "Whew!" exclaimed the prospective bridegroom, "that's a good lot of money. I thought that kind of work went in with your regulay salary." Oh! no," explained the minister: "salvation is free, but it costs money to get married.

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the great pile cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores for burns Evans Pharmacy.

- It sometimes curbs a fast bachelor to bridal him.

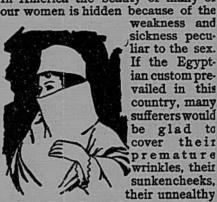
- A few days ago, says the New York World, an elderly gentleman and his wife came down Broadway together. A lady crossing the street fell down. The old gentleman rushed every possible way. When he returned to his wife she shook her fist at him. "It's all right, it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it's all right," she replied, hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down and you plow across the street to help her, and the other day I fell down stairs

Hidden Beauty

and you wanted to know if I was prac-

ticing for a circus."

In Egypt the custom is for Princesses to hide their beauty by covering the lower part of the face with a veil. In America the beauty of many of



liar to the sex. If the Egyptian custom prevailed in this country, many sufferers would be glad to cover their premature wrinkles, their sunkencheeks,

complexion, from the eyes of the world with the veil of the Orient.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

brings out a woman's true beauty. It makes her strong and well in those organs upon which her whole general health depends. It corrects all menstrual disorders. It stops the drains of Leucorrhœa. It restores the womb to its proper place. It removes the causes of headache, backache and nervousness. It takes the poor, dewoman and puts her on her feet again, making her face beautiful by making her body well.

Druggists sell it for \$1 a bottle. Send for our free illustrated book for women. The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CAROLINA ACADEMY.

WILLIAMSTON, S. C., OPENS Monday, Oct. 3 Thorough instruction in Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics and the English branches. Preparation for the best Universities. The principal is Dr. J. N. Anderson, M. A., (Univ. Va.,) Ph. D., (Johns Hopkins,) once Fellow at Harvard, student at Berlin, Heidelberg and Paris. Write to him. S t 14, 1898

NOTICE.

WILL let to the lowest responsible bidder on October 19, at 11 a m., the Building of a new Bridge over West Barker's Creek, near C. M. Kay.

Also, same day at 3½ o'clock, the Repairing or the Building of a new Bridge over Broadmouth Creek, near Joe B. Cox. Plans and specifications made known on day of letting.

on day of letting. W. P SNELGROVE, County Supervisor.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. Rutha Guyton, Plaintiff, against Louisa Dickson, Ed. Majors, William Majers, Marshall Majors, Eva Majors, John Leverett, Christine Leverett, Pervis Leverett, E izabeth Leverett and F.B. Maxwell, Defendants.—Summons for Relief— Complaint Served. To the Defendants:

To the Defendants:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated September 14, A. D. 1898.

TRIBBLE & PRINCE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C.

To Louisa Dickson, John Leverett and William Majors: You will take notice that the Complaint in this action and Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, was filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pl 13 for Anderson County September 14, 1896. TRIBBLE & PRINCE,
Plaintiff's Attorneys, Anderson, S. C.
1898

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mamie Campbell, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 1st day of October, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson Countries.

T. A. CAMPBELL, Adm'r. Aug 31, 1898 10 5 CHARLESTON AND WESTERN

CAROLINA RAILWAY.

AUGUSTA AND ASKEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect August 7, 1898.

Lv Augusta...... Ar Greenwood... Ar Anderson.... 9 40 am 1 40 pm 11 50 am 11 50 am 610 pm 1 20 pm 7 00 am 3 00 pm 10 15 am 4 05 pm 10 20 am 5 83 pm 6 03 pm 7 00 pm 7 00 pm Ar Anderson
Ar Laurens
Ar Greenville
Ar Glenn Springs
Ar Spartanburg
Ar Saluda
Ar Hendersonville
Ar Asheville 8 28 am 3 05 pm 10 00 am 3 Ly Agarente
Ly Spartanburg...
Ly Glenn Springs
Ly Greenville...
Ly Laurens...
Ly Anderson...
Ly Greenwood...
Ar Augusta....

Ly Calhoun Falls... Ar Raleigh... Ar Norfolk... Ar Petersburg.... Ar Richmond.... Ly Augusta... Ar Allendale Ar Fairfax .. 9 45 am Ar Yemassee. Ar Beaufort... Ar Port Royal 7 85 pm 9 10 pm 6 00 am 6 50 am 1 40 pm 8 30 am 1 55 pm 8 40 am 3 05 pm 9 45 am Ly Charleston

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Atlanta and all points on S. A. L. Atlanta and all points on S. A. L.

Close connection at Augusta for Charleston
Savannah and all points.

Close connections at Greenwood for all points on
S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg

with Southern Railway,
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