Protection From Mosquitoes.

blowing strong, they never used to

bother us at all, and this suggested

the idea of putting up a plant to

and pretty well up toward the

was carried, at a height of about 12

plied that, furnishing compressed

air which was forced into the dis-

the perforations in front. It was

like a long sprinkler, except that it

didn't sprinkle. It supplied air, and

There was din in the street, there was rushing

of feet, At the hum and the thrum of a faraway drum, Every eye in the town watched a road winding down

meadows of ripening, yellowing wheat. my being was filled with the beat that had

And whirred as it stirred like the wings of a bird Through the sunny air clear, growing near and

more near, Till all other sound in creation was stilled!

Then swift came the gleam of a mountain side

Which quivered and grew like the stars, like

the dew, Like the sun's darting glance where little

waves dance, Like a glittering river that wound from a

Oh, it broadened and spread till a vibrating tread

In unison beat through the dust to our feet! Oh, it drew every hue, from the heavens' calm

To the poppies' red blood through the wheat-field shed!

Then s plume floated white, and they broke on our sight. With a bugle note clear, they drew near and a

Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the

An they reached us and touched us, and dumb

We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts 40h, the tumult of joy in the heart of a boy!) Women crowded about, and a flag floated out, And we uttered a shout that rang up to the

4Aye, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget That thrill and that joy in the heart of a boy!) Then, a barefooted throng, we marched proud-ly along. Knowing maught of farewells or of eyes that

were wet, ing only the best of the drum and the feet

inward to war, growing faint, grow ing far,

ng only the track, dust enclouded, whence Looked never a man to that village street!

How we lingered around, listening low for

Till the thrum of the drum was a clover bee's huml

How we marched a retreat through the still and followed the footprints which covered the

ground

And when weary at last how we happily cast Ourselves down in the wheat, talking not of defeat.

Heeding not the wild red where crushed poppies were shed, Or the thunder and dread closing round, clos-

ing fast. Bat shut in by the rim of our dim mountains

We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed, While for us was the hour-when the regiment

passed! --Virginia W. Cloud in Youth's Companion

A FOILED ROBBERY.

I was telegraph operator at Essex, on the R. and S. railroad, on the night of the fourteenth of December, 1888. There had just been an unusually heavy snowstorm in the mountains about 200 miles west of Essex, making a virtual blockade of the road. No western freight or passenger train had been through for 12 hours, and freights from the east had been held at principal points to prevent blocking the sidings at way stations and so hinder

train. I could have sworn to it, for might be danger ahead. I recognized his click in response to

my signal. The mail was due at Jones Siding at about 1 o'clock. It made only about 20 miles an hour. It could be seen approaching the tower for several minutes before it passed. It was the duty of the operator there to inform me of the arrival of each train, in order that I might know whether the track was clear before letting the next train west pass Es-

sex. As 1 o'clock arrived and I had heard nothing about the mail from Jones, and had heard from the station below that the paymaster's car would soon be due at Essex, I called up Jones Siding and asked, "Where

is the mail?" "It is just approaching the tower. Will be by in a minute," came the answer, natural enough in substance, but alarming in that it was in neither Jim Evans' nor Ned Aldrich's sending.

I was just on the point of asking. "Who are you?" but restrained my hand a moment, when word came again from there, "She has just gone by." This was the same operator.

The thought flashed through my mind: "I know that click. Where does it belong? And what is that

operator doing at Jones?" After a deal of conjuring with my wits I remembered that the last messages from Jones Siding were in the unmistakable style of the night operator at Martinsville, an out of the way station in the midst of the mountains in the blockaded section of the road.

I admit I felt queer. I began to imagine all sorts of things-that the wires were playing me false, or that there was rascality going on at Jones Siding.

"I must stop it," I said to myself, 'or find out the culprit. But first I must find what the scheme is."

I called up Jones Siding and asked, 'How is the weather up there?" "Snowing," came the reply. "Where is Chester's car?" was add-

ed significantly. Chester was the paymaster. With that inquiry it dawned upon me what the plan was. It was to wreck

and rob the paymaster's car. It was well known to all on the line that the paymaster was due at Carlton on the morning of the 15th of each month, to start west over the next section to pay the hands. It was also well known that Chester made the run from the central office to Carlton the night before the 15th in his handsomely equipped private car.

The paymaster's car was due at my station in about ten minutes. My

Various plans of circumventing the robber or robbers were discussed -that of sending a message by a roundabout circuit to Winslow, whither the mail train was going, and getting it to return to Jones Siding with some armed men, and holding the pay car, so that they both should arrive at the same time. But that required too much delay. It was again suggested that the daylight, but that would only allow the rascals to escape and to plan more shooting. some more diabolical scheme of

robbery. Besides, the fate of the hung in the balance. They might be bound and gagged, and we should hasten to relieve them, or they might be murdered, and we should strive to entrap their murderers.

was a gang of robbers. No one man would attempt to hold up the paymaster's car. It was finally decided to go ahead with the car, approach the Siding very cautiously and show fight if molested. I was asked to go, as I had a revolver and had already a prominent part in the affair. "Hadn't you better leave your

money here," I said to Mr. Chester, "so that if we should be beaten they will fail to get their booty?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Chester promptly decided. "If it should be lost here, that would put you in a pretty bad hole. And, then, we are acting only on suspicion, rather slimly founded. Suppose it should prove a false alarm and I had to return for the money. My delay would be so great that the true story would be sure to come out, and none of us would hear the last of it. No, we can go ahead, and if we find it too hot for us we can retreat rapidly down the

track." Go ahead it was, then. I was their revolvers. ready. 1 wired to the main office:

'An attack on paymaster's car feared at Jones Siding. Will close office and go with Mr. Chester. Leave 1:20. I then established connection and

called Jones, wiring these words: 'Slight delay to engine of paymaster's car. O. K. now. Leave 1:20; due Siding about 1:40."

"O. K." came back promptly. I jumped aboard the engine end of the combination car, and we started at good speed. The lights were soon put out in the body of the car. When about two miles from the signal tower, we slowed down to about six miles an hour. We soon saw the red signal at the tower, but a white light at the switch half a mile below.

"Look out for the switch," I said to the engineer. We came to a stand at the switch.

sent the message about the man matter was suspicious and that there up your hands, or you are a dead AT STORKVILLE CENTER. man!"

> At the same instant there was a Colonel Calliper's Account of a Plant For slight disturbance in the upper room that I did not understand, and this was followed by the rapid move- knew of." said Colonel Calliper, ment of the car up the track.

Mr. Chester and his two assistants appeared at this moment at the door, but I could not recognize them. I first thought I had raised a hornets' nest, but with drawn revolvers they demanded the surrenpaymaster go no farther before der of the two cowed men and disarmed them before I had done any come down on us in swarms, and

After finding a rope we bound the deal of trouble. When the wind rascals and proceeded to make an was blowing the other way and two faithful operators at Jones investigation. First, the battery was disconnected, and one of the clerks collected the dynamite cartridges from the track and put them in a safe place.

Ned Aldrich and Jim Evans were We all were convinced that there found in the upper room, bound and gagged, but uninjured. Their story in fact-but when it was finally in may be briefly told.

A wagon had driven up to the tower about midnight. Two men came practically unanimous. entered the room, talked pleasantly for a few minutes and then, drawing revolvers, made the operators swamp we set up a long line of poles surrender and bound and gagged them. When the pay car was apon either side out beyond the line of proaching, Ned and Jim guessed what was intended, and Jim succeeded in turning the signal bar feet from the ground, a perforated with his feet, displaying the white pipe with the perforations toward light as we approached, hoping we the swamp, and that's all there was should run by. One robber ran up to it but the power, and one steam and turned the signal back. After engine at the center of the line supmy shot, the effect of which Ned dimly saw by way of the stairs, the signal was again changed, and the car moved out of danger.

Chester and his clerks jumped from the car as it moved, fearing to be blown to pieces, not knowing what I had done, but they quickly took courage of their desperate situation to cover the robbers with

The robbers in due course were they made a continuous and suffisentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The man whose arm I had shot turned out to be the discharged mosquitoes fly - a wall of wind Martinsville operator. He lost his arm from the wound.

After things quieted down I teleoperate this whole plant easily. graphed from Jones Siding an account of the attempted robbery to the central office and returned bemight have been expected in the infore morning to Essex by a passing train.

Mr. Chester was profuse in his thanks to me and must have made much of my part in the night's events in his reports to headquarters, for at midnight on Christmas eve my instrument clicked out this message in the unmistakable sending of the central office operator: "For bravery and skill in saving

paymaster's car you are appointed assistant electrician; salary, \$1,800. Report at main office Jan. 2. By order of the president. M."-Charles W. Newbold in Youth's Companion.

He Apologized. A member of a well-known athletic

club. riding along at an easy pace, was "The only plant of the kind I ever overtaken by snother wheel which didn t turn out in time, and a rear-"was one that was set up some years end collision was the result. When ago in Storkville Center, Vt. There the clubman recovered from the shock was a swamp about two or three he found himself lying on his back miles north of the town that bred and the baggy knee of a pair of trousers mosquitoes at least as large as any across his face. Furious at the stuthat ever were, and in summer when the wind was right they would

to get up, shouting: "Why the devil do you ride like they certainly did give us a good that ?"

> "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said a plaintive voice. "I didn't mean to. I'm

all tangled up." "Oh, Lord ! a girl," groaned the young man. "And I went and swore keep a wind blowing in that direction all the time, and such a plant at her; ' and his contrition increased was finally set up. There was some when he picked himself up and saw gazing at him from around the wreck opposition to it at first-a good deal, age a very pretty face, flushed with

operation it worked so perfectly mortification. Lifting the owner to that the sentiment in favor of it beher feet, the young man tried to apologize. "Between the town and the swamp

"Awfully sorry. I thought that it was fome idiot of a man that had run right across the country, extending into me. That is-er-er-I don't mean you're an idiot, you know; if inean you re an intot, you know, it I'd known that you were, I wouldn't have sworn at you. No, no, I don't mean that, either. I'm a little rat-tled, you see; but I thought it was a man when I saw your trousers. That is, I thought your—er—garments were trousers of a man, you know. If I'd have subscriber at his office, at Anderson C. H. S. C. within twenty days after the service hereat, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Comthe town, and on these poles there I'd known that you were, I wouldn't known you wore bloomers, that is if tributing pipe at various places I'd known it was a girl who wore

along the line and out through all trousers -- Oh, darnit all! I apologize." and the youth mounted and To the Def-ndants above saued : sped away so madly .that he narrowly escaped wrecking a street car, leaving

all these jets of air, expanding, unitthe girl redder than before-Chicago ed at a little distance in front of the Journal perforations, and, still expanding, but yet retaining ample strength. - "Your office is as hot as an oven." Mer hant-"Well it might be. ciently vigorous blast reaching from make my daily bread here, you know." the ground to a height higher than - Candor and open dealing are the

against which mosquitoes could honor of man's nature. make no headway. One man could - If a disinfectant smells good it

isn't a good disinfectant. "Of course, we made some mis-- Japan is about to have built the takes at first, including one that

most powerful battleship afloat.

terest of economy. In those days - A little Georgia school girl was we never used to light our street asked for a composition on "The Conlamps on moonlight nights-that is, federate Veteran." A few days thereon nights that were moonlight acafter she hauded in the following : cording to the calendar. They might "The Confederate Veteran is one that be the cloudiest, blackest nights fought and bled and died for his that ever were, but if it was moonlight officially we didn't light up. country. He is sometimes on one leg and sometimes on two. The State We made a similar mistake at first builds a home and sells the home bein operating the wind plant. When fore he can get in it. He was wounded by having a leg sawed off in a Confed-erate saw mill while making coffins to the subscriber at his office. And ere a copy of your answer to the said Completint on the subscriber at his office. And ere a copy of your answer to the said Completint on the subscriber at his office. the wind was in the right quarter to blow the mosquitoes away and by having a leg sawed off in a Confedthere was plenty of it, we used to

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have

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Phosphoric Acid and Nitrogen. pidity of the other rider he struggled These essential elements are to plants, what bread, meat and water are to man.

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> **GERMAN KALI WORKS,** 03 Nassau St., New York.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDRESON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Joseph G. Curningham, as Administrator of the Estate of Turner & Osborn, decracet, Paladif, against L. C. Osborn, N. T. Osborn, R. M. Os-born, Enana K. ng, and C. na Vickory, as helrs of Turner R. Osborn, d. c. as d. and of Catherine Osborn, d. cessed, and Joseph N. Brown, Defen-dants --Summous for Relief-Complaint not sourced

plaint. Dated November 29, A. D. 1898. OSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorney, Anderson, S. C. [SEAL] 'OHN C. WATKI S. C C C P.

To the Def-indants above i an ed : Take n dice that the complaint in this action, together with the SUMM outs herein a copy of which i he ewith served upon you, were filed in the affics of the Berk of the court of Comman Pl as for the County of Anderson on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1858, and the objectof the seconds to sold the Real Estate of Turner B. Os-horn, dec as d= 06 acres in Fok 'counship-for payment of debts. No personal clara is made against you. JOSEPHI N BROWN, 'laintiff's Attorney. Anderson, S. C., Nov. 20 1858.

To the Defendants Ea ma King and Cora Vickery

To the Detendants E2 ma King and 'ora vickery aske bottee that unless you apply within treas-ty days after the service of this Summons upon you for the appoints ent of a Guardian al litera to appear and detend this a flow in your behalf, the P aintiff will then app y to the Court for, such appointment on your behalf J SE H N. bKOWN, Plaintiff's Alty. Auderson, S. C., sor. 24, 1895.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

fartha H. Smith, as Grattee of Caroline E. Wd.

Martha H. Smith, as Gractee of Caroline E. Wel-byn, and as Grastee of Lemuel H. Welborn Grantee of Won Harper, John E. Harper, Am-vida Harpey, Calbonn t. Harper, Wm. A. Acker B C. Acever, Ma y J S mpson and Lucinda Wel-born, Plaint fr. against waitha E. Harper, Se-phis C. Rainwater, Sarah A. Long, Fannie O. aniels, Patle M. Rag-dale, Ernest G. Town-sond, Gale H. Tow send, N. M. Harper, Rohert E. House, E. mo Strait, Mary J. Stratt, Hattle O. Stratt, Calhoun L. Harper, William A. Acker Anawila Har, er, J-hn E. Harper, Fordy House and Win Stratt, Defindanta.-Sammous for Re-ief-Comp aint not Served.

Anderson, S. C., Nov. 29 18:8.

restoring regular traffic when the snow blockade should be broken.

The R. and S. was a single track road through this part of the state. The storm had reached us, but not more than three inches of snow had fallen around Essex. It was still snowing lightly at 1 o'clock in the morning when the thrilling incidents of that night commenced.

I was alone in the station and had been so for some hours. The usual loiterers of the village had left early because of the storm. At half past 12 the night mail train drew up. I handed the telegraphic orders, as usual, to the engineer and conductor -a copy to each-and, as the rule was, they read them aloud to me. I well remember Conductor Wilson's tone of surprised interest as he read: "Proceed to Winslow and await

erders."

Winslow was 48 miles up the road. Usually the mail train passed from four to eight freights in that run, and the orders always specified the siding where train numbered soand-so was to be met.

Wilson knew of the blockade in the mountains, so he expressed no astonishment at his orders, but simply said, "Unusually clear sailing for us tonight, Brinton, isn't it?"

"Perhaps you won't find it so clear sailing after you reach Carlton," I hurriedly answered as I ran to the mail car, threw in the mail bag and picked up the bag which had been toesed from the train to the platform.

As I returned to the office the engine bell sounded and the train pulled out. I immediately, as was my duty, telegraphed to Jones Siding, the next office, ten miles above, "Twenty-two left west at 12:31."

Jones was the first siding above Essex, and the only buildings there were an uncovered platform and a signal tower. The whole distance from Essex to Carlton was a wild, sparsely inhabited country, hilly, with dense woods.

There were two operators stationed there-one for the day and the other for the night. Their names were Jim Evans and Ned Aldrich. They lived in the signal tower, doing their own cooking and getting their supplies by the trains, but being telegraph operators they were less lonely than any other young men in their isolated position would be, for they were kept postel in the news of the country and the gossip of the line.

I was well acquainted with the

clicks of both of them. For, strange as it may seem to most people, each operator has some peculiarity in handling his telegraph instrument that reveals his identity to another operator at all tamiliar with his messages, or at least to one who is accustomed to read by sound and is guick to notice little things. These individualities are as marked to an expert as the tones of the voice or the sound of footfalls are to most people. Jim Evans was at the in-

plan of action was quickly formed. I set the red signal to hold the car, though the track ahead was clear. I then grounded my instrument, breaking connections to the west and called up the main office.

I could thus make inquiries of the central office without my messages being heard at Jones Siding. Ordinarily, of course, a message sent over a line is heard at all stations. Every instrument connected with the line clicks out the same words. "Where is the night operator recently stationed at Martinsville?" I

was now able to ask the main office. "I don't know. Why?" was clicked in return.

"I think he is up to mischief. Hunt up his recent record, quick. Particulars later," I feverishly answered.

"O. K.," came back.

them all off with a touch of my fin-Then there was a wait. I impatiently looked at my watch. Five minutes went by, then seven, then nine minutes. I was listening intently for the whistle of the paymaster's car. At the same moment came my call on the wire and the shrill whistle I was expecting. This was the message I rapidly jotted down on my pad as the paymaster's

car came rattling up the line and stopped before the station: "James Houston appointed night operator at Martinsville Nov. 6. Recommended by commercial college. Discharged for neglect Dec. 10.'

I returned the usual "O. K.," restored connections with the west and started for the platform to see the engineer of Mr. Chester's car, when I was recalled to my instrument by the most emphatic signals from Jones Siding.

"Where in thunder have you been for the last ten minutes?" was the impudent message.

"None of your business," I replied as impudently as he.

"Has Chester got along yet?" Jones Siding then asked me.

"Yes, he is here taking water and orders."

"What orders?"

"I will let you know in time." I then broke connections with Jones and went out on the platform. "Hello, Brinton! What's the matter ahead?" greeted the engineer. "There's some fine work ahead, I imagine," I said. "I must wake Mr. Chester up and tell him about it."

"You'd better be sure it is serious before you disturb him. He wants his full night's sleep," the engineer cautioned. "I'll risk its seriousness," I an-

swered as 1 mounted the rear steps. The rear door was locked, but 1 ratiled and thumped it until I had the three occupants-Mr. Chester and his two assistants-out of their

berths with revolvers in hand. I soon weassured them, and they let the engineer and me into the car. I rapidly told my suspicions and how they were supported. Mr.

and the fireman dismounted. But, to our surprise, everything was straight. We advanced cautiously, when the red signal was suddenly

changed to white. "Blow your whistle," said I to the engineer, "and make a momentary spurt, as if to run past."

He did so, when the signal was again changed to red. The engineer reduced speed to a walking gait. We crept up to the tower without meeting any obstruction and came to a halt directly in front of it.

"Every man remain on the car at the peril of his life!" came a startling shout from the dark doorway of the lower story of the tower, "and throw out all the money, or I'll blow you, car and all, to pieces. There are dynamite cartridges on the track for 100 yards before, behind and under you, and I can set

ger.' There was only one voice heard, and no form visible. How many there were in the tower none of us knew.

"Stick to your posts," I whispered to the engineer and fireman, "and I will get down on this side and see what I can do." The side I meant was farthest

from the tower. Quite a deep ditch ran along the track here, and just ahead a little bridge spanned a small stream.

As I spoke I stepped off the engine behind the fireman and quickly made my way under the bridge to the tower side of the track. I then cautiously ascended the rising ground, the snow acting as a carpet, and in little more than a minute I was peering through a window

in the tower directly opposite the door. I saw the forms of two men dimly outlined against the snow, one in a sitting position, with his right for the honor of the church. hand extended as if grasping a han-

die. I understood what he was doing. The electric current used in telegraphing is not suited to explode blasting cartridges. The instrument used for that purpose is a small box, by means of which, by a few rapid turns of a crank, a powerful spark is produced and transmitted by

wires to the blasting charges. The sitting man in the tower guarded the machine that could instantly -Notes and Queries. blow the car to atoms. With my revolver I took steady aim at his right arm, but before I

pulled the trigger the same voice called out to the people in the car: "Now, no trickery, or you will be instantly blown up. My man will get that satchel and inspect its contents while I keep guard over the battery here."

The standing man went out the door and moved from my line of ting man's arm, and a tremendous oil. yell showed that my aim had been

good. The other man rushed back Chester agreed with me that the to the tower, when I called, "Hold tune."

He Won the Order.

Many stories of the king of Greece are told. One of these is to the effect that on a dark winter night in 1882 his majesty was walking along one of the quays surrounding the Piræus, when he was heard by a soldier on guard. "Who goes there?" The king hesitated, being unwilling ever had over the plant was when a to reveal his identity, and turning town just to the south of us sued us abruptly he walked rapidly away. The soldier fired, slightly grazing his sovereign's shoulder. The next day the sentry was greatly surprised to receive an invitation to the palace. Complimenting him on his excellent aim and attention to duty, the king with his own hand pinned on the astonished soldier's coat the Order of the Redemptor.-Pearson's doubt by the freedom from them Weekly.

Sunday Trading In the Past.

joyed.

gone on to them, and that so the

"Storkville Center won, but for

all that the wind plant finally fell

into disuse. I don't know just how

this came about. I suppose they

tion and damages.

It may safely be asserted that from the time of the Conqueror (1066 1087) Sunday trading received much attention. In early ages markets and fairs were held on Sundays, and frequently in the churchyards. In 1305 the inhabitants of Cocker-

mouth presented a petition to parliament, as their market was fast declining through the inhabitants of Crosthwaite dealing in corn, flour, beans, flesh, fish, at their church on Sundays, and that thereby they

were unable to pay their tolls to the king (Edward I). An order was issued for closing the church market at Crosthwaite.

At Bradford, Yorkshire, during the same reign, the market was held on a Sunday, doubtless in the churchyard. The toll yielded £3 per annum. In 1285 a statute was passed enact-

ing that henceforth neither fairs nor markets be held in churchyards.

In 1312 a market was granted to the town of Sedgefield, Durham, to be held on a Friday, but was soon

changed to Sur Jay.

In 1367 the archbishops of Canterbury and York delivered charges directing, among other things, that "we firmly forbid any one to keen a market in the churches, the porches and the cemeieries thereunto belonging or other holy places on the Lord's day or other holy festivals."



- A wart can be removed by touchvision. Instantly I fired at the sit- ing it several times a day with easter

Napoleon, "is a chance for misfor-

save fuel and let the wind plant he bury dead soldiers in." idle, but after the wind had changed once or twice in the night we gave up the economy idea and ran the plant regularly every night without Beautiful regard to the weather from the beginning to the end of the season. I think our season there was a little

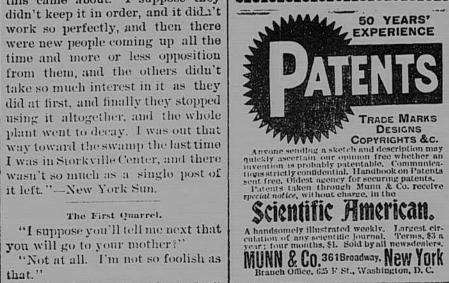
Women shorter than it is about here. We used to start the wind plant June 1 There are few women as beauand shut down Sept. 30. tiful as they might be. Powder 🖁 "But the greatest difficulty we and paint and cosmetics don't make good looks. Beauty is simply an impossibility without on account of it, claiming large health. Beautiful women are damages from the operation of it, few because healthy women are and getting out a temporary injuncfew. The way to have a fair tion restraining us from the use of face and a well-rounded figure it. During that period of suspension

is to take we suffered from the mosquitoes, as we had done before the inaugura-**Bradfield's** tion of the plant, these sufferings being magnified in our minds no Female Regulator which we had for some time en-This is that old and time-tried

medicine that cures all female "This town that sued us claimed troubles and weaknesses and that they had got all our mosquitoes. They said that of the original drains. It makes no difference current of mosquitoes from the what the doctors call the trouble, if there is anything the swamp the part that under ordinary circumstances would have come to matter in the distinctly feminine organs, Bradfield's Fe-Storkville Center and staid there had not been permanently held back male Regulator will help by our wind plant, but only deflectand cure it. It is good for irregular or painful menstruation; ed around its wings, and that the for leucorrhœa, for falling of the mosquitoes thus deflected had reunited below Storkville Center and womb, for nervousness, headache, backache and dizziness. Take it and get well. Then got their own and ours, too, and your old-time girlish features they asked for a permanent injunc-

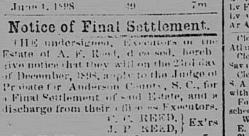
and figure will be restored. Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.





DR. J	C. V	WAL.	KER.
	ENT		
Office in			louse,
	IAMST		
Office days V		and the second second	
P. S-I will	be at us	y Pend!	eton of
June 1, 1898		-10	7,

Nov 23, 1898



the subscriber at his office, Anderson Course 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 do-manded in the Complaint. Dated Anderson, S. C., No ember 23, 1998. JOSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiff A torney.

To the Defendants above named :

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKI'S, C. C. C. P.

To the Defendants above Lamed: Take notice that the 'o. plaint in this action, together with the Summons herein, a copy of which is herewith 3 rved upon yo4, were filed in the office of the CI ik of the Cou t of 'Oamon Pleas for the 'ount: of Anderson, State aforesaid, on the 3d day of Novenber, A 'D 1898, and the object of the action is to partition 123 acres of Land in Anderson 'ounty, S C, among the heim of Asa Havper, deceased. No personal claim is made against you. JUSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiffs' Attorney. Anderson, S C, November 23, 1898.

Anderson, S. C., November 23, 1898. To the Defendants G de di Townsend, an lofané aud E nest de Twn end, his father, Mary f Strait, an infart over 14 years of age, Huttle B., Strait, an infart over 14 years of age, Huttle B., Strait, an infart, and Wm. strait, her father: Take notive that un'ess you, or rome one en your behal', appli s within twenty days after the service of this Sun mous upon you for the appo me-ment of a Gward an ad intem for said infants is spear at d d fend sa d etion on their behalf, the Piaintiffs will then apply to the Court to make such appointment. JOSAPH N. BEOWN, Plaintiffs' Att'y.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned Executrixes of Retate of Clementine A. hall, dec'd, hereby gives notice that they will on the 16th day of December, 1898, apply to the Judge of Porobate for Auderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Exate, and A discharge from their office as Executrizes. MRS. F. P. L ARNOLD, MRS. HATTIE WELCH,

Executrizes. Nov. 16, 1898

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the E-tate of Sarah Cox, Jeceased, here-by gives notice that he will on the 23rd day of December, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate of Auderson County, - C., for a Final Settlement of said Be-tice and a discharge from his office as tate, and a discharge from his office an Administrator.

B. F. WRIGHT, Adm'r.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY

UGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORA LAND In effect August 7, 1898.

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E. M. North, Sol. Agent.		1	

5 T. M. Sorth, Sol. Agent. T. M. Emerson, Frame Manager.

From Nov. 1st until April 30th, 1 Winter Tourist tickets to prine Southern resorts, including Ashev and Hot Springs, N. C., and Flor points, will be on sale at special ra via Southern Railway. Tickets all fifteen days stop-over, and are good return until May 31, 1899.

Quick schedules and excellent vice via Southern Railway. Call "Every hour of lost time," said oleon, "is a chance for misfor-

As. & Gen. Pass. Agt.,

Atlanta, Ga.

using it altogether, and the whole plant went to decay. I was out that way toward the swamp the last time I was in Storkville Center, and there wasn't so much as a single post of it left."-New York Sun. The First Quarrel. "I suppose you'll tell me next that you will go to your mother?" "Not at all. I'm not so foolish as

"Well, what are you going to do "I'm going to ask dear mamma come here." (He gave in.)-Judy Cheap Rates.

