

A BIRD SONG.

A dapple of rhythm trilling a tune
Adorned and caroled to notes of June,
Shaded with vistas of shadowy dreams,
Rhyming and timing to singing of streams.

uttered Tenie excitedly. "I ain't an-
other bean, is it?"
"Well, I swan!" exclaimed her moth-
er admiringly. "If you didn't guess it
first thing! It's the livin' truth, Tenie.
Belindy has got a bean!"

MALINDY'S MATCH.

The pathetic little procession had
wound its way down the dusty road and
over the brow of the hill, leaving the
sunshine of the valley, the well filled
acres, the spreading orchard and the
pleasant old farmhouse, that had meant
much to the heart of Martin Ramsey,

"So I told her, but, law, it didn't do
no good. Her heart is as hard as a cob-
ble. Belindy broke down an cried, poor
thing, an said Malindy had said if she
married Dan'el Carter they shouldn't
live on the farm—an Belindy ownin
half of everything, mind you—an that
it would break her heart to leave the
old home, where she was born.

"Law me," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler,
wiping a furtive tear upon the corner
of her black silk. "So that's the last of
poor Martin! Well, he has seen sights
of trouble in his day. Malindy an
Belindy has acted as contrary as two
females ever did, an Martin stood up
under 'em splendid. 'Pears to be them
girls take it mighty cool, when you
think it's their only brother."

"You ain't never showed me an Be-
lindy none," says he, movin on.
" You wretch, an me that 'traid of
beers! There ain't never a soul on this
hill, but that fat old idiot of a Mis'
Tinkler," says she.

"Oh, maw," said Tenie, untying the
dragged bit of crape that drifted from
the doorknob. "I think Belindy felt aw-
ful. She ain't one to show it. As for
Malindy, she's that cranky she wouldn't
feel bad at her own funeral."

"The spring had hurried on into the
summer, and upon Goshen hill, which
lay between the Tinkler and Ramsey
farms, the blackberries were hanging
amid green leaves in rich, ripe clusters.

"Seems to me," remarked her mother,
thoughtfully, "that Brother Rice didn't
have no call to be so comfortin an con-
solin. Them girls ain't no spring chick-
ens; they're 30 come next May—same
age as Sister Harriet Bell. When you
think they ain't spoke to one another
this 60 year, an that Martin has had to
live with 'em, bearin the 'int of the
plaguy foolishness, it does seem as if it
was the preacher's business to make the
funeral tidin to the mourners. I hope
Brother Rice wasn't thinkin that the
Ramsey farm is broad an fruitful. I
hope he ain't 'traid of no old maid
twins."

"It was a close August morning, and
Tenie, working over the ironing table,
was thinking longingly of the leafy
coolness and the deep, clear spring upon
the hillside when suddenly she espied
her mother coming across the meadow.

"Why, I can remember," went on
Mrs. Tinkler, reflectively, "when the
Ramsey girls was as pretty as there was
in the county, an a body never see one
without 'other. But when Bob Parker
was beavin Malindy an took up with
Belindy the fat was in the fire, I can
tell you. Bob married Sissy Pollock,
an has been dead this 20 year, but that
don't make no difference to Malindy;
mad she is, an mad she'll stay! She's
the contraryest creeter the Lord ever
put breath in!"

"Did you ever?" chuckled her moth-
er, sinking down upon the step. "If I
didn't have them berries clear knocked
out of my head an leave them back-
ets standin under the bushes! But,
Tenie Tinkler, talk about your circuses!
There's things happenin on this hill as
beats any show I ever see. Oh, my
goodness gracious!"

"Do stop your laughin," said Tenie,
untying her mother's bonnet and bring-
ing her a glass of water. "Your face is
as red as a beet; I hope you ain't got
a sunstroke. I can't make head nor tail
of what you're talking about."

"There's nothin the matter of me,
Tenie. I'm just worked up, an so'll you
be when you've heard. You see,
when I got on top of Goshen this morn-
in I see the berries was hangin thick
down toward the Ramseys, so down I
went. 'Twas dreadful pretty and cool
down there; the birds were singin, the
sassafras was a smellin, an the big ber-
ries thumpin down on my bucket, an I
was thinkin of startin up a hymn, when,
all of a sudden, I see a woman over in
the Ramsey patch. I couldn't see who,
for her bonnet, an I knowed she couldn't
see me for the bushes.

"My suz, maw!" exclaimed Tenie,
"see how high the sun is gettin. I bet-
ter run an set the table. I don't believe
they'll be many want to climb that hill
even for a meal of victuals. Now, maw,
you settle right down in that shady
corner an take a catnap; you look beat
tired. Everything is ready to put o'v-
er, so there's no need of your helpin."

"Right 'twixt us was that old cellar,
where the horse burned down. The
bunus was a leanin way out over it,
an the woman was a gettin nearer an near-
er. I was jest goin to holler to her to be
careful, when out her feet slipped an
lickety split she went sailin down
through them bushes, an here she was,
settin flat on that cellar floor! I was
that scared seemed as if I couldn't cheep!

"There she is!" she exclaimed as a
bay horse hitched to a shabby buggy
shambled into sight. "I'll jest run
down an open the gate. Goodness me,
maw! What a time you've been!" she
cried as her mother drove into the
barnyard. "I've been lonesome as a
Jog! I was afraid Dolly had run away
with you."

"But that whiff of a woman's feet
hadn't more than touched solid ground
'fore she turned on him like a cat.
"I'll have it out with you, Dan'el
Carter," says she. "You'll wish you'd
died 'fore you ever come into the Ram-
sey family, an with that she went tear-
in down the hill.

"I knowed you'd be worried about
me, Tenie," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler,
clambering heavily to the ground.
"But I did have the biggest hum; to
match that blue delaine, an, as for wool
espeet chain, there ain't a pound in
Philadelphia. So it was dreadful late
when I come by the Ramseys, an when
Belindy see me nothin would do but
I must unhitch the beast an stay for din-
ner."

"What more'd you have?" replied
her mother, testily.
" Why, they ain't no end to it; I
can't see as things is one bit better off,"
said Tenie, disappointedly.
"Law, Tenie Tinkler, don't you know
no more of woman nature than that?
Malindy has found her master, an she
knows it. She may do a lot of blusterin,
but she'll think the sun rises an sets in
Dan'el Carter's 'fore a month."

"Now, maw, you take them bundles
an put for the house," commanded Tenie.
" You look fit to drop. You ain't
a-goin to stand here in the wet. Go
long with you!"

"Well, she ain't a-goin to stand on an
every time she'd get her toe in a cranny
an try to pull herself up something would
give an down she'd go.
" Why, maw Tinkler! You settin
there an sayin nothin!" exclaimed Tenie
reproachfully. "Wasn't you
'snamed of yourself?"

"I guess you're rested enough to talk,
maw," said Tenie when they had had
tea, and Mrs. Tinkler was resting com-
fortably in a rocking chair, her slipper-
ed feet thrust into the warm baker.
"Never mind about the delaine. Tell
me about the Ramseys; seems like a
coon's ag'ence I seen one of 'em."

"The driver ate the pork with a relish,
without touching the biscuit. When
he had finished, he handed back the in-
digestible biscuit to the mate with the
remark:
" Many thanks, snailman. There's
your plate!"—Liverpool Mercury.

"They was askin why you didn't
come over, but I told 'em you was
dreadful busy makin a rag carpet, an
the spring sewin comin on, to say nothin
of Tom Miller bein here so constant."

"I fell in an can't get out," says
she.
" When Dan'el heard that he turned
kind of slow like an looked at her with-
out sayin a word. There was somethin
in that stiddy look that made Malindy
get pretty red in the face, an she took
to fumble with the corner of her apron.

"Here, Tenie, hand me my thimble
an a mess of them rags. I can talk
twice as fast with my needle goin. Up
to the Ramseys, as far as speakin goes,
things are jest where they was, except
they've got that little Rosie Lethers
there to do their talkin through. But
soon as I got there I see there was some-
thin in the wind, an, as I said, nothin
would do but I must take off my bon-
net an stay to eat. Pretty soon Malindy
couldn't stand it no longer, an she cut
with it. An, daughter, you'd never
guess it in this wide world!"

"I knowed you'd be worried about
me, Tenie," wheezed Mrs. Tinkler,
clambering heavily to the ground.
"But I did have the biggest hum; to
match that blue delaine, an, as for wool
espeet chain, there ain't a pound in
Philadelphia. So it was dreadful late
when I come by the Ramseys, an when
Belindy see me nothin would do but
I must unhitch the beast an stay for din-
ner."

"My suz, maw, how could I guess."

"How did he ever..."
Tenie.
" Dare! I guess Dan'el Carter dre
anything when he's roused. As for Ma-
lindy, she was ragin."

"I ain't a-goin to stand no insults,"
says he. "I'm goin now, an when the
squire an me comes in the mornin I
ain't a doubt we'll find you right here."

"The fact that others shirk is a poor
reason for neglect to earn one's wages.
The Young People's Weekly prints the
following anecdote about a boy who was
an honest worker:
One day after a severe storm a large
number of men and boys were out on
the roads of a country town to shovel
out the drifts. Each workman was paid
25 cents an hour, and, as may be sup-
posed, there was no very strict watch
kept upon them, but one little fellow
seemed to be working with all his might,
and his comrades laughed at him.

"I ain't never a-goin to speak to
Belindy," says she, as spiteful as ever.
" I ain't spoke to her this 30 year, an I
ain't goin to."

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Feeding a Boa Constrictor by Hand.
England has a remarkable snake
charmer in Dr. Arthur Stradling, whose
blood is poison proof and who permits
the snakes to bite him at will. He has
visited every snake country on the
globe. He had two ribs broken while
manipulating a West African pythoness
16 feet long. This is the manner in
which he feeds his boa constrictors, de-
scribed by himself:

"With strict sleeves rolled up and
stockinged feet I grasp the creature just
behind the head and separate its jaws
by gentle pressure with a silver spatula.
It's more knack than force, for all
snakes are exceedingly sensitive about
the mouth. A light tap on the muzzle
will turn the fiercest of them.

"Then the assistant (his little son)
pops the lump of meat, dead rat, bird
or whatever the morsel may be, right in
among the quivering triple rows of
long, curved teeth—positively quiver-
ing and 'walking' with the agitation
of anger on the mobile jaws—and I
push it down to the stomach, first with
a ruler and then by squeezing upon it
with my hands from the outside, a me-
chanical suction which requires to be
maintained for some little time in order
to insure that the item of aliment shall
remain in statu quo.

"In the interval the youngster is not
idle, and finds plenty of occupation in
shifting the reptile's coils and disengag-
ing various parts of me from a too close
embrace. And so we fill the beast up un-
til he can hold no more."

Calling the Bull Moose.
The most experienced professional
callers differ widely in their efforts to
simulate the plaintive challenge of the
cow moose. The call employed by some
of the guides in Maine and New Brun-
swick is a rasping roar, that on a wind
less, moonlit night fairly shatters the
silence for miles around like a wither-
ing storm of grape. Yet they declare
that this will bring the bull Moose
about a short, then a long, then two
more short calls. Others prefer a single
long call. The Montagnais Indians of
Quebec use a succession of short calls.
Many of the Micmac and Miliceto
guides, when at the height of the long
call, cut the note off abruptly with a
sort of choking sob.

The low call or "coaxer" is a tough
proposition for the amateur. It is only
needed when the moose is very near,
and, as he is then likely to be suspi-
cious, with all his senses on the alert,
the call must be given with the utmost
skill and caution. A single false note
and he will steal away on velvet foot
as silently as a ghost.

Many old hunters claim that as soon
as the first answering grunt is heard
from the bull, away across the lake or
up the mountain side, the caller should
call no more. They say that the moose,
though he may be miles away, locates
the sound exactly; that his answer in-
dicates that he will surely come, and is
even then on the way.—Frank H. Ris-
teen in Outlook.

Earning Man's Wages.
The fact that others shirk is a poor
reason for neglect to earn one's wages.
The Young People's Weekly prints the
following anecdote about a boy who was
an honest worker:
One day after a severe storm a large
number of men and boys were out on
the roads of a country town to shovel
out the drifts. Each workman was paid
25 cents an hour, and, as may be sup-
posed, there was no very strict watch
kept upon them, but one little fellow
seemed to be working with all his might,
and his comrades laughed at him.

"Why, Jim, are you after the job of
highway surveyor, or do you expect to
get more than the rest of us for putting
in so?"
"Let's put him out. He is shortening
our job 'Twon't last till night, at this
rate," laughed another.

"I am getting man's pay for the first
time in my life, and I mean to earn it,"
said Jim. "I don't suppose the town
cares, nor that I shall get any more
money at night, but I shall feel a big
sight better myself."

"You've begun right, Jim," said the
surveyor, who was not very strict in
behalf of the town perhaps, but had a
business of his own, where he appre-
ciated workmen with a conscience.

Animals and Poisonous Plants.
From repeated observations in my
own garden I know that some thrushes
will eat ripe mezerion berries greedily.
In the winter of 1896 they cleared a
small bush containing perhaps 200 ber-
ries in the course of a week or two, re-
turning at once when driven away and
becoming half-stopped, so that they
might apparently have been caught with
the hand.

Dr. Withering states ("British
Plants," ed. 1812) that six berries of
this shrub (Daphne mezereum) will kill
a wolf.

According to the same authority, Ci-
cuto viriosa is a certain poison to cows,
while goats devour it eagerly, and it is
not injurious to sheep and horses. As to
Atropa belladonna, a case which receiv-
ed much attention at the time may be
found in the daily papers of some 20
years ago. A family was poisoned by
eating rabbit pie, the symptoms being
those which followed showed that rab-
bits do often eat deadly nightshade ber-
ries.—Nature.

Very Old.
A servant family has an old—a very
old—servant named Jeff, who is an in-
heritance from further back than any
one can remember. The other day he
asked to get off to see his aunt in At-
lanta.

"Why, Jeff," said his mistress, "your
aunt wasn't pretty old, isn't she?"
"Yas'm; pretty old. She's 'bout hun-
dred an five 'yars old, an 'spect," ex-
claimed the lady. "Why, how on earth
does she get along?"

"Dead an dunnio, missus," replied
Jeff. "She livin up dar wif her gran-
mother."—Argonaut.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver
and the cheerful giver is sure to be
the most liberal one. Be assured that
the one who lays his offering down
with doubtful countenance has given in
a grudging measure.

WOMEN WHO FASCINATE WOMEN.

Tragic Results That Have Followed in
Some Modern Instances.
Cases of the unnatural influence
which women have exercised over
women are not uncommon. The most
noted instance of that kind was in
the case of Miss Alice Mitchell of
Memphis, Miss Mitchell's father was
a merchant of wealth and she lived
in great refinement in the fashion-
able part of the city. She was fre-
quently visited by Miss Freda Ward
of Gold Dust, Ark., and the pair
seemed to be inseparable. One day
in January, 1892, however, Miss
Mitchell was driving through the
streets with a friend when she met
Miss Ward. She jumped from the
carriage suddenly and without a
word out Miss Ward's throat. The
poor girl fell to the sidewalk and died
while being taken to a hospital.

No one could understand the mot-
ive for the deed. Miss Mitchell told
various stories, one of which was
that she killed Miss Ward because
she had circulated scandals about
her. Finally she made a statement
which she adhered to, in which she
said:
" I killed Freda because I loved
her and she refused to marry me. I
asked her to marry me three times,
and at last she consented. We were
going to marry here and go to St.
Louis. When Freda promised to
marry me, I was so happy. I sent
her an engagement ring and she
wore it for a time, but when it was
returned to me I was miserable. I
could not bear to be separated from
her, so I resolved to kill her. I would
rather see her dead than away
from me."

Miss Mitchell was tried for murder
in July, 1892, and on being ad-
judged insane was sent to an asylum.
A peculiar case lay in the infatu-
ation which Miss Margaret Messmore
of Los Angeles had for Miss Grace
Miltimore of Savannah. Both girls
came of good families and were ex-
ceedingly pretty. In 1893 they room-
ed together in Chicago, where they
were studying music. The parents
became alarmed at the friendship
which existed between them, and
Miss Miltimore was induced to return
home. She left her trunk containing
many valuable articles with her
friend, who refused to give it up.

"Grace is my husband," said Miss
Messmore, "why should I give her
things to her family?" Miss Mes-
sore was finally taken back to Los
Angeles almost by force. Mrs. Alma
Erhardt's love for Mrs. Charlotte
Goehling of Newark caused her to
be sent to an insane asylum in Jan-
uary, 1894. At the trial Mrs. Goeh-
ling produced a letter from Mrs. Er-
hardt, which contained a distinct
proposal of marriage. Another letter
urged her to kill her two children.

Mrs. Eugenia Van Cott, daughter of
a prominent minister of Smithville,
N. Y., was arrested in September,
1893, for enticing Mrs. Alice Tauris
away from her husband. The case
never came to trial.—New York
Herald.

Medieval Outbursts.
The energies which in our own
day find vent in half a dozen forms
of athletic exercise had in the thir-
teenth century hardly more than the
single outlet of fighting. Men talked
of war and sang of it, and the close
of the thirteenth century was a pe-
riod when a succession of fortunate
expeditions and a soldierly king had
turned men's thoughts more strong-
ly than usual upon the popular topic.
The prevailing tone of society must
have noted upon the immature lads
at Oxford cooped up in the narrow
streets of a crowded city, without,
or practically without, books, much
as the cheap romances of our own
day are believed to affect the office
boy.

There were plenty of rogues in the
thirteenth century, of course, who
were able and willing to help the
militant student to add practice to
theory, and when we recollect that
there were no better police than half
a dozen Dogberies, that the city
was unlighted, and that even lads
went armed, one no longer has cause
to wonder at the insecurity of life in
Oxford 600 years ago.—Macmillan's
Magazine.

Napoleon in the Russian Campaign.
Around the campfires there was,
during the remaining months of
winter, a passive endurance, mingled
with some murmuring about the
horrors caused by one man's am-
bition. The emperor set his men an
example of uncomplaining cheerfulness. His health continued as exu-
berant as it had been for the year
past, and his activity, though no
longer feverish, lost nothing of its
intensity. Savary thought he outdid
himself, accomplishing in one month
what elsewhere would have been,
even for him, the work of three.
Mme. de Remusat remembered to
have heard him say that he felt bet-
ter during those months than ever
before or after. This vigor of body,
combined with the same iron deter-
mination as of old, did indeed work
miracles, and this in spite of the fact
that his indefatigable secretary,
Muret, was long at the point of
death.—"Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Severe Reuke.

Constable the famous painter, once
gave a remarkable instance of the sweet-
ness of his temper which scarcely any-
thing could ruffle. The story is told by
Julian Charles Young, whose uncle had
witnessed its incident.

He called on Constable one day and
was received by him in his front room.
After half an hour's chat the artist pro-
posed to repair to the back room to show
him a large picture on which he was
engaged.

On walking up to his easel he found
that one of his little boys, in his ab-
sence, had dashed the handle of the
broom through the canvas and made
so large a rent in it as to render its
restoration impossible. He called the
child up to him and asked him gently if
he had done it. When the boy admitted
his act, Constable took him on his knee
and rebuked him in these unmeasured
terms:
" Oh, my dear pet! See what we
have done! Dear, dear! What shall we
do to mend it? I can't think—can you?"

Pretty Near Flesh.
"An Italian prelate who believes
himself a master of the English lan-
guage," says a correspondent of an Eng-
lish paper, "was while an honored
guest at a famous college asked to
reach at the high mass on Sunday.
His discourse was diversified by neolog-
isms that kept our attention alive, if
they sometimes disordered our gravity,
which finally collapsed under the propo-
sition:
" There are, my brethren, three ene-
mies against whom, all our long, we
are bound to fight—the devil, the world
and (for a moment he pondered carne)
'the meat.'"

Hidden Beauty
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
our women is hidden because of the
weakness and
sickness pec-
uliar to the sex.
If the Egypt-
ian custom pre-
valled in this
country, many
sufferers would
be glad to
cover their
premature
wrinkles, their
sunken cheeks,
their unhealthy
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 men-
strual disorders. It stops the drains
of Leucorrhoea. It restores the womb
to its proper place. It removes the
causes of headache, backache and
nervousness. It takes the poor, de-
bilitated, weak, haggard fading
woman 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 Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Assessment Notice.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
ANDERSON, S. C.
THIS OFFICE WILL BE OPEN TO
RECEIVE RETURNS FOR TAXATION
for the next fiscal year from the first day
of January, 1899, to the 20th of February
following, inclusive.

ALL RETURNS OF REAL ESTATE
made since last year's assessment must be
carefully noted in the returns—the num-
ber of acres bought or sold in the
month acquired or to whom sold.
Under the new assessing laws the
township assessors are required to make
Returns for all those that fail to
make their own returns within the time
prescribed by law, and hence the diffi-
culty of delinquents escaping the penalty
of the law.

EX CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS
over 50 years of age are exempt from
POLL TAX, and 60 years, EXCEPT
HOME INCAPABLE OF EARNING
A SUPPORT FROM BEING MAIMED
OR FROM ANY OTHER CAUSE, shall be
deemed taxable polls.

For the convenience of taxpayers we
will also have deputies to take returns at
the following times and places:
Holland, Tuesday, January 10.
Mt. Gilead, Wednesday, January 11.
Iva, Thursday, January 12.
Wesley, Friday, January 13.
Baylis McConnell's, Saturday, January
14.
Six r, Monday, January 16.
Storeville, Tuesday, January 17.
Chickasaw's Mill, Wednesday, Janu-
ary 18.

W. G. MCGEE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE—Front Room, over Banner
and Merchants Bank—

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

COTTON is and will con-

continue to be the money
crop of the South. The
planter who gets the most cot-
ton from a given area at the
least cost, is the one who makes
the most money. Good cul-
tivation, suitable rotation, and
liberal use of fertilizers con-
taining at least 3% actual

Cotash

will insure the largest yield.
We will send Free, upon application,
pamphlets that will interest every cotton
planter in the South.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
on Nassau St., New York.

FOR SALE!

SOME valuable River Farms situated
in North Georgia, and in the
County of Dalton, Georgia, in Whitfield and Mur-
ray Counties, containing 300 acres, more
or less. Well improved, and improved
and was one 100 acres of fine river bot-
tom land cleared, and 50 acres of upland.
Also, a fine place on the farm, the
Cotton River running through it.
Rooms, dwellings, sheds, etc. There is
also a fine school for a school.

Form No. 2, lying 7 miles east of Dal-
ton, Georgia, in Whitfield and Mur-
ray Counties, containing 400 acres, more or
less. One good dwelling, besides four com-
fortable tenant houses, one store-house
and shop, about 75 acres of river bottom
cleared, and 75 acres of upland in fine
state of cultivation, the remainder fine
timbered, containing river running
through the farm; also, two daily mails
from Dalton to Spring Place. Locality
healthy, within 8 miles of Chattahoochee
River.

Form No. 3, lying 10 miles east of Dal-
ton, lying on the Cotton River, contain-
ing 100 acres—125 acres in cultivation, 100
acres fine bottom, the remainder rolling
with a comfortable dwelling, barns, etc.,
attached.

Form No. 4, containing 200 acres of up-
land, fair improvements, well watered
and fine timber, 50 acres cleared, lying 2
miles south of Spring Place, Murray
County, Georgia.

The State of South Carolina,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON,
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

W. M. Webb and R. W. Watson, as Trustee of
the children of F. M. Murphy, deceased,
vs. F. M. Murphy, as Trustee of the children of
F. M. Murphy, deceased, et al.
The Defendants F. M. Murphy, as Trustee of
the children of F. M. Murphy, deceased, et al.,
vs. F. M. Murphy, as Trustee of the children of
F. M. Murphy, deceased, et al.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON,
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