

OUR SOLDIERS IN CUBA.

South Carolinians Visit Two Cuban Hospitals.

Columbia State.

Camp Columbia, Habana, Cuba, Jan. 20.—This morning, accompanied by Sergt. Gillespie, the writer made another excursion through the surrounding country. We left camp about 10 o'clock and went over to Marianao, a small town which begins about three-quarters of a mile from our camp. Here we saw the houses built just as those of Habana were. They are low one-story buildings with bars across the windows. The houses, most of them, are built adjoining each other and makes one think of the tenement houses in the cities of the States. The people and stock all live together there, too. There is one thing that is quite familiar at home that all searched for to-day, but did not find. We tried our best to find a chimney, but failed. The natives must have some other way of conveying the smoke from the building. As we made no calls, we were unable to see exactly how this was done.

After we got into the town we began to look around for something of interest. Soon we saw a large group of natives and went over to see what the fun was. We found that the laborers employed by the government were being paid off.

Soon we began to feel the pangs of hunger. We went to a grocery store to find what could be had there. We priced some cheese and were told that it was 50 cents a pound in Spanish money or 40 cents in American, or "Mericana," as the natives say. Other things were high in proportion. Rolls are two cents apiece.

From the grocery store we went to a cobbler's to have a few tacks put in our soles. In the United States the job would not have cost over a nickel, but the cobbler wanted thirty cents. He was handed ten cents by the one having the work done and we walked out. The natives are fast learning that when a soldier has money it is very easy to get it out of him. They are raising the price on everything.

From here we left the town and went down the road to see what could be seen out there. We had no guide, consequently we had to trust to luck. Soon we came to a building having a Cuban flag flying over it and a Cuban soldier standing in front of the gate. Upon inquiry we found that we had come to a Cuban hospital in which the Cuban soldiers who were wounded in the recent war were quartered. We went in and were met at the door by a negro boy about eighteen years of age who was a patient. He said, "My friends, Cubans Americans"—here he made signs as if he were cutting someone's throat—"Española." He meant that we both hated the Spanish.

We went in and found men there who had been shot up pretty badly. Some were minus a leg, another an arm, another had his head tied up, and the like. All the patients were glad to see us and shook our hands most cordially. From the first ward we went to the dispensary. Here we found a supply of drugs and surgical materials that had been supplied by the American government. We went on through taking in the laundry, operating room and commissary and finally to the officers' ward. In the officers' ward the patients were especially polite and accommodating. We tried our best to talk to us and we tried to talk to them but of no avail. We could not make ourselves understood to each other. But we kept on making signs until we found out that two of the men were captains, two lieutenants and one sergeant. We let them know that one of us was a first sergeant and the other a second sergeant. There was one, the sergeant, who tried to make us understand something but could not. We all seemed puzzled at each other and remained so until a soldier from the First Texas regiment, who could speak Spanish, came in and acted as interpreter. He was trying to make us understand that he too was a first sergeant.

We found that some of those poor patriots had gone for weeks and weeks without a doctor as much as casting a shadow in their doorway. There was a captain who was shot through both legs just above the ankles who, from appearances, would never use the lower part of his legs again. The fractures had grown up without the services of a physician and one of his legs was almost bent double. There was a negro lieutenant in the crowd who seemed to be very bright indeed; one was attracted to him by his bright eyes and good manners. He seemed to be worthy of the spurs he wore. This was in the Ofelia hospital at La Lisa, Marianao.

From here we went on up the road and soon came to another Cuban hospital. Here we were invited in. We went in the large ward and from there to a small room to our right. Here we met Capt. Alfredo Golge, Dr. Oscar Cortuga and Practitioner Juan Otero Moreno. These were eating pino, or pineapple. Although none

of them could speak a word of English we were invited by signs to join them. We hesitated at first, but upon being urged accepted. Judging from our reception at these two hospitals and the behavior of the natives in general, all those tales about the hostility of the Cubans towards the soldiers is bosh. We never met up with a more grateful or friendly set before.

Our next move was to go on further up the road. Then learning that off to our right was a pineapple field we decided to go over and take a peep at it. We soon found a field of about 75 acres planted in this fruit. Some of the fruit was just ripening, and, as we did not think any one would care, we each took four pineapples and started for home. We tramped back carrying our load with us, arriving at camp just a few minutes before our passes were out.

The more one sees of this land the more he is struck with it. There is not a more productive place to be found anywhere and we this island healthy it would be an Eden. There seems to be no limit to its productive powers. With a little American progress, push, vim and money a man could make a fortune if he could only stand the climate. There is a future for the island anyway.

S. FRANK PARROTT.

Etiquette of Hand-Shaking.

New York World.

A correspondent asks when is it correct to shake hands?

This is a very broad subject and would need a chapter, for the conditions of social custom are usually regulated by the State you live in. If you have any Southern blood in you, you are very apt to shake hands on most occasions. This is one of the most significant actions in the Southern rule of etiquette.

In the North people shake hands much less frequently. This is due to the formality which is necessary in towns of very large population and cities of great masses of people. The Southerner lives more slowly, makes acquaintances more easily and expresses cordiality quickly by a pressure of the hand.

The death knell of cordial hand-shaking was rung when that absurd fashion of the elevated shake was introduced. You know the kind; hand elevated on a level with the shoulder; fingers touching each other; two movements to the side, and one up, and the cordiality was over.

It was claimed by the fashionables, and those who tried to imitate them, that this method of hand-shaking was introduced to save men and women the cleanness of their gloves. Well, it would have been better abolished. No hand-shaking is better than such hand-shaking.

When men are introduced to each other they always should shake hands. A cordial hand grasp is necessary between men of no matter how different station in life, if they are introduced on the street or in the house by a common friend.

When a man is presented to a woman he rarely shakes hands with her in the North; he always shakes hands in the South. And even the Northerners do it in the South, because the Southern woman invariably stretches out her hand. Since so much Southern life has been introduced into the North, the Southern woman clings to the custom, and usually explains with a laugh: "We always shake hands, you know, in the South." The cordiality is evidently very much liked, because men and women quickly respond to the invitation.

When a man is presented to a woman at a very formal affair, for instance, if there is a dinner party and he has been asked to take her in, they merely bow. When, however, they intend to be friends and have heard much of each other before, the circumstances alter the situation. I, for one, hold to the prettiness of the custom, that whenever people are introduced in the house of a friend, a cordial shake of the hands is an easy way to turn off formality.

When men and women know each other only slightly, meet in public places and stop to speak to each other, they shake hands. This is done by even the most formal acquaintances. It is never necessary for two women to shake hands when being introduced, as it is for two men. (The latter knows no alternative,) but many women do extend the hand quickly upon an introduction. This must be governed entirely by the temperament of the women.

If a man enters a room where there are many people, some of whom he does not know, he usually shakes hands with his hostess, and bows to the rest. It requires two much time and confusion for him to go around shaking hands.

At a reception of any kind a man

always shakes hands with every woman he meets whom he knows well. At a party of any kind it is not necessary that the guests should seek out the hostess and shake hands with her. I say it is not necessary, but it is always good etiquette. It is claimed against this that the hostess, who has to shake hands with each of her guests as they come in, is too tired to repeat the performance. There is something in this, if the entertainment is large.

Whenever a girl is introduced to an older woman at the house of a friend, she must shake hands with her; this is the deference due to superior years.

As so many women are to-day in business and professions, a little talk on the etiquette of the handshaking in offices would not be amiss. It is a difficult thing to lay down a hard and fast rule, for each woman must go and at the time she will go according to her temperament, but it is a better thing to leave handshaking out of the ceremony when introduced for business purposes in the office. The circumstances, which always alter the situation, relate to who is doing the introducing, and who is being introduced, but when it is outside a question of personal interest or personal friendship, a bow between the two is all that is required.

Many of the purists in etiquette advise that women should not shake hands with men unless there is a close friendship between them. This is absurd. The more warm-hearted and cordial a woman is the more friends she wins, the less harm she does her dignity; there is always a way to do a thing and a way not. She loses very little in life by being cordial, for if she is a woman of tact she knows how to keep that cordiality from going any further if she does not wish an intimacy. The woman who does not know how to do this would not know when and how to shake hands anyway.

English people say that "shaking hands" is a misnomer, for "taking the hand" is more proper. They may be all right in England, but the cordial American shakes the hand. He may do it rather roughly and thus prove that he is a boor, but there is a warm pressure of the hands which supplies all grace necessary.

There is one thing that should be taught, and that is how to shake hands. You have all felt the hand of a person slip into your own like a dead fish, and the only response you feel like giving, is to wring it off the wrist. Then again there is the lifeless formal hand that touches your own with the most icy precision and which makes you feel that the person in question has the veins of an alligator. What an absolute relief from this is the hand of a man or woman that closes over your own firmly and gently and presses it just to the right measure with enough warmth to make you unconsciously feel that behind the hand is a genuine heart.

This person, in fact, may be a more cold-blooded villain than any of the others, but I would rather have a villain that knew how to do things than one who did not. All women forgive Aaron Burr everything because he knew how to shake hands and how to say pleasant things, and I imagine that women are all alike.

It is a delightful thing to be cordially treated.

ANNE BITTENHOUSE.

Slander of Women.

Mr. McCullough's bill to make a slander against a woman a crime by statute in this State is well intended; but there are practical obstacles in the way of its success. To begin with, there would be a humiliating and unpleasant process of proving by the woman herself that the things spoken against her were false and slanderous.

What we need in that direction is a revival of the good, old-fashioned Southern habit of lodging 18 buckshot shot—that, we believe, is the regulation dose prescribed by time-honored custom—in the person of the man who from malice or folly, assaults the character of a good woman. This is the best, quickest and most satisfactory and conclusive way of such matters. It prevents litigation, saves expense and annoyance and serves as a warning. We have observed that whenever an affair of this kind occurs in a community slander becomes tongue-tied there for a term of years and almost anybody's reputation is safe.

As a rule women do not talk scandal against each other unless they are instigated or encouraged by men, and even the worst gossip of that sex are subdued by the knowledge that their male representatives will be held responsible in case a scandal is traced to a family. The old rule was that respectable men should not use the name of a respectable woman in any way except in the presence of some of her close friends or of other women—in such company as to make sure that the use should be respectful. A man who used a woman's name lightly or in improper places or on inappropriate occasions was stamped as a blackguard immediately. Scandal cannot be prevented by law. It can be prevented only by the aroused decency of public sentiment and by the conscientious opposition of good people.—Greenville News.

Electricity Beats Biscuit.

Verily, this is a wonderful age, and to the woman who can cope with it practically should belong the palm! As ideal as were the days before the war, when our grandmothers and their mothers wore short-waisted gowns and high heeled shoes and slaves obeyed their slightest wish, there was not the half of the comforts of life as we enjoy to-day.

Electricity was an almost unknown quantity, so to speak. To-day, however, right here in Atlanta, lives a brave little woman who has perhaps put the most practical application of electricity to test that is on record—for she's "beating biscuit" with it! What think you, oh housekeepers, of that?

Mrs. Martha Butler Lapsley is the clever woman inventor of the electric motor that serves as a biscuit beater. She lives at 11 Clifford street and has a biscuit factory in her kitchen, which has grown from the use of one barrel of flour a week to five or six barrels per month.

When northern visitors stop at the large hotels in Atlanta they are often surprised and more often delighted with hot beaten biscuit served them; for Mrs. Lapsley furnishes her delicious little biscuit to the large hotels of the city.

Two years ago she began making biscuit at the Woman's Exchange, but at first it seemed with no success, for time and again her samples were returned marked failures. She kept up her courage, however, and sent in her biscuit until, day by day, they became more perfect in the making, and little by little the demand for them grew.

At first they were all beaten by hand; then, as the trade grew, the old Athens model biscuit beater was used. Now this has been supplanted by the electric motor which Mrs. Lapsley has invented.

A glimpse into her kitchen shows an unusually interior, for here are the electric motor and two large gas stoves. The guardian angel of this province is the yellow cook, on whom Mrs. Lapsley relies.

"I found I was obliged to improve on all known methods of beating biscuit," said Mrs. Lapsley when asked how she came to invent the beater which has been such a success. "So I set to work to perfect the old Athens model. You will see that my machine has no wooden screws as the old model had, for these would split up and get the dough full of splinters; so that was the first improvement to make. The screws and bearings of my machine are all of iron and two adjustable pins permit of a large or small quantity of dough being placed beneath the beating pins as desired.

"A large wheel run by electricity brought by wires under the kitchen floor from the generator in the cellar, keeps the pins in motion. A crank starts the wheel and a touch stops it instantly. I had to pay \$50 for the privilege of the electricity necessary to do my work.

"The greatest charm of my work," went on Mrs. Lapsley, "is the fact that it is right here where I do not go beyond my own door to manage it. Christmas Eve I filled an order for 2,000 biscuit, and my orders have averaged daily since then 1,000 biscuit."

A barrel of flour lasts just about one week with careful management. Mrs. Lapsley generally makes one hundred biscuit at a time. Her trade is now with the large groceries and the Woman's Exchange, the restaurants and hotels, and the dining cars which pass through Atlanta. She has had made to order moulds of different shapes—rabbits, butterflies, clubs, spades, etc.

Her biscuit have been shipped to nearly all parts of the country. During the yellow fever scare, summer before last, some were shipped to New Orleans, but to the horror of the sender, were famigated en route.

The inventor of this biscuit machine is a little woman, scarce five feet tall. She has the brightest dark eyes and soft black hair that waves prettily over a beautifully shaped brow, while tightly-closing lips bespeak the determination with which she has worked. Besides her biscuit trade Mrs. Lapsley finds herself kept pretty busy caring for four fine children as well as keeping house. Her father was a honor graduate of Princeton College, and for fourteen years filled the chair of mathematics in the Boys' High School of Louisville, Ky. In Mrs. Lapsley's veins flows some of the best blood of the southern people, she being descended from prominent people.

And we are all proud of her success, as we are proud of her ability, feeling that step by step women are slowly ranking higher in every line. The invention has not yet been patented, but when it is, there are many housekeepers who will rise up and call Mrs. Lapsley blessed.—Martha E. Good, in Atlanta Journal.

Pitts' Carminative aids digestion, regulates the bowels, cures Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Pains, Gripings, Flatulent Colic, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, and all diseases incident to teething children. For all summer complaints it is a specific. Perfectly harmless and free from injurious drugs and chemicals.

—John C. Geer, the "rattlesnake man" of Port Jervis, N. Y., died the other day in his 85th year. Since early manhood he has made a business of catching rattlesnakes for manerger managers and any one else who would buy them. He also made and sold rattlesnake oil and curiosities made from the skins and rattles of the snakes.

—It is generally noticeable that people who are habitually too unwell to go to church on Sunday are habitually well enough to go to their business on Monday.

—Miss Laura Smith, professor of English literature in the University of Nevada, has by the death of a distant relative in London, just inherited a fortune of \$15,000,000.

—Bargley—Do you recollect that \$5 I let you have about a year ago. Brace—Perfectly. Bargley—That's good; I see your memory is all right; how's your eyesight?

—If some men would bow with as much devotion as they appear to pray in the prayer-meeting, they would not have nearly so much complaint of hard times to make.

—In each wing of the ostrich 26 long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecrú or gray.

—He told her that it was impossible to find words to tell her how much he loved her. The next day he received a present of a dictionary.

—Mount Vesuvius is in eruption again, and the flow of lava is almost unprecedented.

—To have what we want is riches— to have what other men want is power.

—Women have a peculiar knack of picking out goods that will wash, but they usually get children that won't.

—And why did she choose him among so many? "The others did not propose."

W. G. McGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank— ANDERSON, S. C. Feb 9, 1898. NOTICE TO TEACHERS. ALL Teachers must be registered at this office before their claims can be approved. See that your name is on the register, so there can be no delay in getting your claim approved and in drawing your money. R. E. NICHOLSON, Co. Supt. of Education.

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WINE OF CARDUI For Mothers! This discovery and danger of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Without further delay, expectant mothers, let us give you the Wine of Cardui, and put them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children. MCELREY'S Wine of Cardui has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle. For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, please, the "Ladies' Friend," Elizabeth F. Cheney, The Chelanoga Medicine Co., Chelanoga, Tenn. Mrs. LUCIA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

Trustee's Sale Real Estate. BY Decd of Trust from C. S. Skelton, I will sell at Auction in C. H. S. Court, on Saturday in February next— That Tract of Land containing 102 acres, more or less adjoining lands of J. W. Shearer, and others, known as the A. B. Skelton Tract. Also, all that Tract containing 175 acres, more or less, adjoining lands of J. W. Shearer, A. B. Skelton Estate, and others, known as the Simpson Tract. Terms of Sale—One third cash, balance twelve months, with interest secured by mortgage, and purchaser to pay for papers. JOSEPH N. BROWN, Trustee, Jan 11, 1898.

She'll be Sold. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. J. Allen Barnett, Plaintiff, against M. B. Stone, Defendant. BY virtue of a Warrant to foreclose an Agricultural Lien to me directed by John C. Watkins, C. C. P., I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, on Tuesday after Saturday in February next, about 12 o'clock in the afternoon, the residence of the Defendant, M. B. Stone, or J. Allen Barnett's place, near Townville, S. C., the following property, to wit: One lot Corn in Shuck. One lot Seed Cotton. One lot Cotton seed. Small lot Roughtons. Also, the same day, at Townville, S. C., at 2 o'clock p. m., I will sell— Two Bales of Cotton, and One lot Cotton seed. Sold as the property of the Defendant in the above styled case. NELSON R. GREEN, Sheriff Anderson Co. Jan 18, 1898.

NOTICE. THE management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in this territory is desirous of securing the services of a man of character and ability to represent its interests with Anderson as headquarters. The right man will be thoroughly educated in the business of Life Insurance and that of successful soliciting. There is no business or profession not requiring capital which is more remunerative than a life agency conducted with energy and ability. Correspondence with men who desire to secure permanent employment and are ambitious to attain prominence in the profession is invited. W. J. RODDEY, Manager, Rock Hill, S. C.

SWEEPING TRIUMPHS OF MUSIC. Dr. Strickland & King. HIGHEST GRADE, MOST DURABLE. Sold on Easy Terms. From this date until January 1st I will make a Special Reduction in prices of PIANOS, ORGANS and SEWING MACHINES. A real Up-to-Date Piano for \$225.00 and up. Organs \$85.00 and up to \$85.00. Sewing Machines, fully warranted, for \$20.00. A few more New Home Machines for \$30.00. I sell the very best quality Needle 20c per dozen. Oil 5c per bottle. Machine Bands 15c. New Home Shuttles 65c each. Remember, the above prices good till January 1st. I have a slightly used Piano, the celebrated Kimball make, left with me for sale at a bargain. M. L. WILLIS, South Main Street.

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