[After the manner of Rudyard Kipling.] A woman there was, and she wrote for the prese (As you or I might do). She told how to cut and fit a dress, And how to stew m ny a savory mess, But she never had done it herself, I guess

(Which none of her readers knew). Oh, the hour we spent and the flour we spent And the sugar we wasted like sand At the hest of a woman who never had cooked (And now we know that she never could cook), And did not understand!

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair (As you or I might do), How out of a barrel to make a chair, To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair, 'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an air! (And we thought the fale was true).

Oh, the days we worked, and the ways we worked In making a chair in which no one would sit, A chair in which no one could possibly sit, Without a crick in his back!

A woman there was, and she had her fur (Better than you and I). She wrote out receipts, and she never tried one; She wrote about children—of course she had none She told us to do what she never had done (And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil, and it isn't to spoil That brims the cup of disgrace— It's to follow a woman who didn't know beams (A woman who never had cooked any beans), But wrote and was paid to fill space -Boston Congregationalist.

P-0-0-0-()-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 IM RED BEECH TREE.

By Carmen Silva. [Queen of Roumania.]

A-0-0-0-0-0-3-0-0-0-0-0-0

IThere is no royal road to learning, nor is there a royal road to success in literature. Many perhave attempted to achieve success with the pen. Their efforts have been praised by flatterers, but, as a rule, the public have had no use for them. The author of this story, the queen of Roumania, is an exception. Her stories are current, on the same footing with such authors as the public have accepted whether they write in a castle or a

Nothhausen Park is a charming corner of this earth. It is on the slope of a hill, sheltered .rom the wind. At the feet of gigantic trees the Wied runs, under the most ancient suspension bridge in Europe, the Trembling bridge. Near by smokes, flames and groans the black mass of the old forge named Rasselstein.

In the place where the silence is most profound, in the middle of a small prat rie, surrounded by gigantic oaks and willows, rises, solitary and grandiose, a red beech tree. Its branches are somber. The rays of the sun make them appear purple. It would seem that the other trees had left the beech tree at a distance, either in respect or in aversion. Who could tell?

That tree is imposing, and every time that my father said, "Let us go today to the red beech," a sentiment of devotion filled our hearts as if we were going to church. It is true that the place may be compared to a Pantheon, wherein the red beech would stand for the altar of sacrifice. Perhaps it knows why it is red. I have distinctly heard it relate an old chronicle, after a dispute in which the other trees reproached it with being a strange tree, foreign to The beech shook its somber foliage and said:

One day in the spring a young traveler coming from the Rhine stopped here. There was then only a wooden board across the Bach. He stood on it and contemplated the turbulent water. He wore a brown velvet waistcoat bordered with blue fox fur, a green basque cap with a feather and carried a lute on his back. Suddenly a light appeared on the Bach. The traveler watched it and saw a raft formed of three trup of trees on which stood a splendid young girl. She guided the

raft with a pole.

skirt was caught with golden chains that held also a brilliant dagger inlaid with precious stones. A mass of dark brown braids fell on her shoulders. She wore a large sky blue hat. Her eyebrows almost met above her nose, which was fine and straight. Her deep eyes were blue as gentian, and her lips audaciously curved revealed now and then a splendid row of pearls. Along the bank of the river a young man rode or horseback. He was dress-

ed in dark blue velvet. He wore boots of soft leather, with long spurs that he dug into the horse's flanks because the animal reared at the board over

The young girl laughed and looked back. At that moment her raft ran on the shore exactly under the rude bridge.

"Jetta!" exclaimed the traveler, waving his cap.

The young girl looked up, and she cried:

"Henry von Ofterdingen!" The horseman had succeeded in taming the animal. He came near, held the reins firmly with one hand and ex-

tended the other hand to the traveler. The latter said: "You are the beautiful Jetta's cousin, Almann von Sayu, i am sure!"

"Right," the horseman replied, "and we were having a wild race. Jetta bet that she would reach the Rhine on her raft before me. You see, Henry, that I courteously held back my borse."

"No, you are a boaster!" exclaimed Jetta. She patted the horse's mane and called it her "Selim." She said that the horse was hers because she had won

"Not at all," protested Almann. "You have not won. You had run aground."

"Because I wanted to save you from falling," she said. "I was not in danger of falling," he

"Goodby, Selim," said Jetta. "I shall win you some other time. Come, gentlemen, let us go into the forest."

"I am troubling your happiness," said Henry. "No." said Jetta. "Almann and I

have always quarreled. I would say to him. 'I am not to be your wife,' and he would fall into tears." "It is not so." said Almann. "I have

never fallen into tears. I would reply. 'Very we'l, I shall take another wife,'

and whistle a song." "Do not believe him, Henry. He is

boasting," said the girl. "Where were you, Henry, since you quitted the Rhine? Come with us to the castle of Wied, the new castle that my father likes better than the ancient one above here."

"Is Count Mefried as well as ever?" asked Henry "Oh, yes," replied the girl. "My

my brother Friedwart thinks

of nothing out the hunt. My brother Gotthold reads Latin. He shall be a priest, perhaps, and I shall be forced to kiss his hand. How odd!" "And their only sister is still a spoiled child?" asked Henry. "Terribly!" exclaimed Almann.

Henry talked of the Rhine and the

Alps, of Thuringia and of Bohemia. Almann listened absentmindely. He was tall and strong, but not so tall and lithe as Henry, who resembled a cedar. Servants came with horses to meet them. All three went up the valley of the Wied-Bach in a gallop. The water was emerald A few days later Henry came down

toward Altwied on horseback. He was sumptuously dressed in violet velvet. Standards were waving above the towers. Bells were ringing merrily. Jetta was to be married to Almann von Sayn. She was seated in her bedroom and was looking at herself in a silver mirror that a friend held. "I hope that you will be very, very

happy," said her maid. "Why should I not be happy?" asked

Jetta. "Why not? You love your betrothed more than any one," said the maid. "More than any one?" sighed Jetta. 'More than my father and my three

brothers? Oh, no; that would be too much!" In the first day of their marriage no one would disturb them in the castle of Sayn, but they came out of it unexpectedly. Almann explained: "Jetta cannot live without her father and her brothers. She would have been ill, as if she had not seen them for a

vear." "What do you do in the daytime while your husband is hunting?" asked Count Mefried of his daughter.

"I?" replied the young woman, blushing. "I take care of the house and read tales of adventure."

"She is more obedient than I thought she would be," said Almann. "I expected her to be restive, but she is docile, as if she knew that I could tame

"Oh, I have often seen you tame horses and dogs!" laughed Jetta. "Do you think of raising your children in the same way?" asked Gott-

"Naturally," replied Almann.

Jetta blushed and then grew pale. Gotthold said to her: "Do not worry. You have no children yet, and he does not know what his sentiments will be when they come."

Gotthold related all these things to Henry. He saddled his horse and went to the Sayn castle at the breakfast hour.

Almann chided him cordially for having delayed his visit so long. Then Almann said that he had to go hunting. He said: "I am glad you have come. You will talk to my wife while I am away."

Henry took a mandolin at Jetta's request and began to play. Then he sang: I wandered savage and free. Now that I have seen her an ardent grief seizes me, my joy has fled.

world is too large for me. My native land kept my heart, but my fate as a traveler expelled me from my nest. It was not too late yesterday. Then I could love

that young girl incomparably beautiful.

Now the dream has gone by, the one whom I late. I am going away, free as air.

At the first verse Jetta changed color. At the last verse he did not dare raise his eyes. Jetta said nothing. At last he looked at her. She had frowned, and her glacial look met the young man's. She stood before him like an angel in anger. He did not dare breathe. "You are doing wrong," she said at last, slowly. "My brother is a child, but you know the world. You should not have done that."

He would have liked to throw himself at her feet and beg her pardon, but he lacked the courage to do that. She was dressed in green velvet. Her "I thought," he said "that my jesting would make you laugh. It was only a

"It was lacking in taste," she said. She said that she was awkward in writing, and he offered to help her. She showed him her work, and he told

her its faults, like a pedant. The days came and went, and Henry was still in the castle of Sayn. The pupil progressed rapidly. At last Henry had to return to Kruft. Jetta worried when she found herself suddenly alone at her work. She asked Almann to aid her in his turn, but he said that was too difficult. Then, he had to go hunting. Alone, she read or reflected about love. She was saying to herself one day, "One must love enough to forget one's self and the world entirely," when there was a knock at the gate. It was Henry. In that moment she understood that she could not live

Why had Almann married her without love? He did not love her. She knew that since she had looked into the eyes of Henry. She knew that Henry loved her. She had tried to ignore it, but he loved her madly, and soon he would forget the world entire for her, and then what would she do? Then the words of her father came back to her mind, "A spotless life, a

proud submission, a humble attitude!" What had become of her pride? Where was the way of duty? Where was humility? All had disappeared. In her heart was sin, on her lips was untruth, if she did not confess all to Almann. But if she confessed to Almann, it would be condemning Henry to certain death. She was full of anguish and of remorse. Dawn brought reason to her. It seemed to her that she might come out of her struggle vic-

The abbe of Rommersdorf called on her. He said, "Have you nothing to ask of me, my daughter? There is disquietude in your features. Sin is at your door."

"Is thought a sin?" asked Jetta. "Yes certainly. Even thought is a sin," answered the appe.

Jetta fell on her knees and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, my daughter, what would re-

main to you if you lost purity? Nothing, nothing. If you fell, you would be less than a servant, for you were better educated, and your will was firmer.'

Almann had gone out at dawn. Jetta saddled her horse and galloped down the mountain alone. There was a thick fog. "Dishonored, infamous!" whistled the wind in her ears. "Dishonored, infamous!" cried the soil under the hoofs of her horse. Suddenly she found herself at the Wied, but the tide was so low that she could have crossed the river on horseback. Why brother Arnold wants to go to the Holy was she disappointed? She galloped to Nothbausen. She dismounted and fell

on the yellow leaves which, damp from DEATH FOR ELOPING. the dew, covered the soil. "Dishonored, infamous!" murmured the foliage.

Then she took the dagger from her belt and plunged it in her breast. She hoped to die at once, but she was condemned to see her blood flow slowly, redden the blade and fall drop by drop on the foliage. "Alas, I do not wish to die!" she cried. "I want to be cured of my love. Am I not Almann's faithful wife? I have never deceived him. I wanted to struggle loyally. The abbe was too severe. Alas, I hope that I will not die. But how could I live without pride and without purity?" She plucked the dagger from the wound with superhuman strength and

died in an instant. Almann returned home tired, but no one came to welcome him. He learned with great anxiety that Jetta had gone out alone on horseback. At the fall of night he came to the Wied. In the bed of the river was Jetta's horse. He found her on the other side stretched on the ground, her eyes radiating a dark blue light as if she were alive.

Almann was almost mad with grief. He thought that she had been murdered, because her horse had tried to awaken her and had trampled the

dagger into the damp soil. There was no news of Henry. He had gone away on horseback. He went to Styria and then to Thuringia, where the court gossipers wondered at his sericusness.

While the beech spoke it became more and more somber. "And that is why." the beech said, "only a red beech may grow here. The grandfather explains it to his grandson in order that he may know the origin of the color. Whether the events occurred as they are related here or otherwise no one may tell. One branch whispered it to another as a secret that the other trees need not know. It is that a woman preferred to die rather than to have an impure thought in her heart. She died because, in her own eyes, she had ceased to be as pure as the sun."

Thus spoke the red beech of Noth-

It Lost Him the Case.

"The greatest jury orator I ever listened to in my life was the late Daniel W. Voorhees," said a well known New Orleans lawyer. "He had a jovial presence, a great resonant bass voice and a bearing so singularly compelling that I know of nothing except the trite word 'magnetic' that begins to de-

fine its effect. I heard him in a murder trial at Louisville, and his speech on that occasion was prefaced by a most amusing incident. It was a very warm day, and the courtroom was packed to suffocation. "As Voorhees arose to begin his argument he cast his eye over the jury

and discovered that one of the members had fallen asleep. Frowning with indignation, he motioned to one of the court officials, and in a few seconds the slumberer was shaken rudely into consciousness. He was a fat, timid looking man and was so mortified and aghast at the enormity of his offense that he could hardly find words in which to reply to the sharp questions of the judge. Finally he managed to blurt out that he couldn't help dozing off whenever it was warm and crowded.

"'If the gentleman always sleeps where it is warm and crowded,' said Voorhees majestically, 'the gentleman will no doubt enjoy himself hugely in hades.' There was a roar of laughter. but the retort proved rather costly. The fat man hung the jury against Voorhees' client."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Make Me a Child Again."

"I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors. And herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim, so that they wouldn't sink, and milk about a hundred cows and bring the wood to burn. And stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn and churn, and wear my brother's cast off clothes, and walk four miles to school. and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule. And then get home again at night and do the chores some more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules galore, and then crawl wearily up stairs and see my little bed, and hear dad say, 'That worthless boy-he isn't worth his bread!' I'd like to be a boy again-a boy has so much fun!-his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun. I guess there is nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens and chasing bees and doing evening chores." New York Mail and Express.

A Rain Proverb. Rain before seven, Fine before eleven.

I have always heard this proverb with the two additional lines: If it rains at eleven

'Twill last till seven. And I have witnessed the truth of the last two lines very many times, notably on three separate occasions, on which, being up the river for a day's punting, when a fine day would have been a godsend to me, it has rained persistently during the whole afternoon, the rain beginning between 10 and 11 o'clock, and ceasing within a very few minutes

and Queries. "While I was out west," said the man in the mackintosh, "I saw snow-

of 7. Thus I have had the proverb in-

delibly stamped on my mind .- Notes

drifts more than 600 feet high." "I don't doubt it," replied the man with the cinnamon beard. "When I was out there, I saw drifts that couldn't have been less than 900 feet deep.

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry to tell a bigger lie than you thought I could tell." rejoined the man in the mackintosh, "I would have explained that the drifts I saw were 600 feet up on the side of a mountain."

"That's all right," said the other. "The drifts I saw were at the bottom of a 900 foot gorge."-Chicago Trib-

A man walks half a certain distance at the rate of four miles au hour and the other half at the rate of six miles an hour. Does it take a longer or shorter time to return at the rate of five

THE SAN BLAS INDIANS PUZZLE ALL WHO KNOW THEM.

Marriage With White Men Is a Capital Crime Under Their Laws - No Strangers May Be Ashore After

Nightfall-Wealth In Cocoanuts. A strange race of people, with manners and customs stranger still, lives near the coast at San Blas, Colombia, South America. To the few traders who visit the spot for cocoanuts and vegetable ivory they are known as the San Blas Indians. Of their origin and

history but little can be discovered. One things is certain, that although friendly to the government of the United States and to foreigners who may enter or find themselves weather bound in the harbor of San Blas there is no record of their having ever been conquered or subjugated by any other tribe or power.

It is quite probable that they have descended from the ancient Toltecs. but what vicissitudes of tribal life they may have passed through will probably never be known.

Although inclined to be friendly they look with most jealous eyes upon any effort to cultivate a closer acquaintance than the necessities of trade require. No matter how many vessels may lie at anchor in the har bor or how much trading may have been carried on during the day every white man at sundown must go on board his ship or at least quit the territory of the tribe until the following morning. This is a tribe law, against which protest is useless.

The maidens of this peculiar tribe are quite attractive, and many a jack tar has risked his life in the effort to win or capture a dusky bride. Love, as in other lands, occasionally over comes all obstacles, but if the unfortunate girl is caught or returns to her people the punishment is death.

The young mate of an English bark lying in the harbor became enamored of a girl whose home was near the beach. The mate's attentions were persistent, and his love was secretly

One night, just before the ship was to sail, the Indian maiden secreted her sailor boy in the thickets until after dark, when they stole a canoe and started to paddle out to the vessel. But an awful tropical storm came up, which caused the eloping couple to lose their bearings, and only with difficulty did they manage to keep afloat. When morning dawned, they were washed ashore, almost exhausted. The enraged Indians seized both and made them captives, condemning the girl to immediate death.

The captain of the bark, anticipating trouble, sent a boat's crew ashore with a rescue party. A demand was made for the prisoner, whereupon the mate was released, but the girl was held for

the death sentence. Finding argument useless, the desperate youth, with a few sailors at his back, made a rush to rescue his sweetheart and had almost accomplished it when he was struck down by a spear ther. She broke from her captors, crazed with grief, and, seizing the spear, drove the head of it into her own breast. The sailors managed to carry away their wounded mate, but were driven into their boat and away from the shore.

The territory held by the tribe is quite extensive, although its boundaries are not very accurately defined. It extends from Cape San Blas far back into the mountains.

Cocoanuts are the source of the nation's wealth, which is considerable. Probably the largest groves in the world are just back of San Blas and

belong to these Indians. A kind of commonwealth or co-operative system seems to exist among them, and each member of the tribe collects and carries each day his share of the cocoanuts and adds it to the enormous pyramid of them near the shore, which is the tribe's treasury. Millions of nuts are thus stored and in waiting for a profitable market. The average price for them is from \$8 to \$10 per 1,000 in Colombian silver, or about 55 per cent of that amount in gold. One-half of the pay is taken in cash and the other half in merchan-

The nuts are carried from the "great pile" to the beach in palmetto bags. The natives, with these loads, each weighing 50 pounds, travel at a brisk trot all day long and seemingly without fatigue. Although a slender, wiry race, they will accomplish with ease a task that would kill or prostrate Anglo-

The Indians are excellent sailors, and even in the rough weather make the trip from Cape San Blas to Aspinwall in boats hollowed out of logs.

A coconnut grove is a source of never failing revenue to its owners, as the tree from the fourth year of its existence bears indefinitely and has few if any enemies. The nuts intended for commerce are allowed to ripen and drop to the ground. Every one that falls is worth about half a cent where

the estate may listen to his wealth dropping to the earth around him. In fact, it is necessary to exercise care in walking among the trees to avoid having one's skull fractured by the descending fruit.-Boston Globe.

Fastest Automobile Time. A French journal is authority for the statement that the best record for speed by an automobile is held by the Jeantaud electric vehicle, which has gone a kilometer in 38.45 seconds, or a mile in 58 seconds approximately. The best performance for a petroleum motorcycle is a kilometer in 57.35 seconds and for a petroleum carriage 1 minute and 3 seconds, or in the neighborhood of a mile in 1½ minutes.

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The automobile, or horseless carriage, is a fixture. That fact is genmanufacture.

can inventors have made strides that | Sunday's sermon. indicate the leadership of the world, kind of work.

range in price from \$1,200 to about had been forgotten. \$12,000.

biles is generated in different ways. good habits. Electricity and compressed air have pressed air are kept in storage reser- hearty shake, saying: voirs capable of holding enough power on a stretch. There is little for the your saddlebags up in my loft." driver to do, except to regulate speed by keeping his hand constantly on the but his neighbors never ceased to rig occur by cautaneous inoculation, and throttle. The petroleum machines are | him about it and to call him Saddle- | in a few hours the germs have multialso pretty nearly automatic, and bag Smith. generally more convenient and desirathe way places.

and other Northern cities. Several dram .- Atlanta Journal. large companies have recently been organized to manufacture them, and companies have also been chartered for the purpose of operating them as common carriers in most of the leading cities of the country. It is expected that where the roads are at all suitable, the automobiles will soon do den death to every bug or fly which man you can get on the run. away with horse vehicles, especially comes within their reach. We hear Mr. and Mrs. B. Lackamp, Elston, for carrying passengers.

The most improved automobiles are any hill that is practicable for horses and vehicles. They can travel, too, They are not attractive in appearance, over pretty rough roads; but they are liable to stick in the mud almost any- them. where. They require good roads, or it is no go.

Thomas A. Edison has lately turned his entire attention to the automobile. When he gives time to anything of the kind, surprising results usually follow. He is reported to have said last week that he would be heard from after a few weeks more with some inventions that would come fully up to expectations. He would not give any intimation as to the nature of promised inventions; but he did say that to be of practical value, an automobile must be noiseless, easy running, capable of going at least 150 miles without being re-charged, and simple enough to be operated by a child. It is safe to assume that it is a machine of this kind that Mr. Edison proposes to produce.

There has been no automobiles down in this corner of the country yet. It will be a long time, too, before they put in their appearance. The roads, generally, are too bad.

- Benny, the 4-year-old member of the family, had been trained to believe in the deep water form of baptism. This is believed to be the reason why he was trying to plunge the household cat into a bucket of water. The animal resisted. It howled and scratched and clawed and used violent language. Finally Benny, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave it up. "Darn you!" he said, "Go and be a Methodis' if you want to!"

- An Irish man-servant was discovered in a lie. On being accused by his master of stating what was not the truth, he excused himself by saying, "Please, sur, I lost my prisence of - A little girl who had been very

observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, whoe asked what generosity was, answered: "It is giving to the poor all the old stuff that you don't wear yourself." - The modern method of denying

the engagement up almost to the day of marriage seems to indicate that neither party is willing to take any chances on having it said that they -- To apply a mustard plaster so as

not to blister the skin, mix the mustard with the white of an egg instead of water The plaster will draw thoroughly without blistering the most

- The Greenland whale has a heart a yard in diameter

The Hardshell Preacher and Saddlebags Smith.

erally settled, for to-day there are one the long ago the people of Henry has made a study of charbon, the dismillion of dollars invested in their County elected an old Hardshell Bap- ease which has killed so many mules. The idea of the horseless carriage is preached the doctrine that whatever southern Mississippi during the spring probably as old as the steam engine; was to be would be, if it never was, just passed, and which still prevails but it has only been within the past and members of his Church must to an alarming extent. He has reached few years that practicable road ma- speak the truth and pay their just the conclusion that the inoculation chines have come into general use. debts, money or no money. In those with the serum of an immunized ani-The French people have made more days the collector went from house to mal is an absolute safeguard against headway than anybody else along this house collecting taxes. He had col- the disease. He also states that all line. Until a short time ago, they lected about \$4,000, and had it in a parts of the bodies of animals that had pretty nearly the whole field to large pair of saddlebags thrown over have died of charbon are actually poithemselves: but within the past six the back of his saddle, and was riding sonous, and says cremation of the months, or such a matter, the Ameri- leisurely along, thinking of the next bodies is imperative.

in another six months, of the same bags. He retraced his steps for miles, disease, as there are a number of inbut no trace of his saddlebags could stances of human beings contracting Throughout France, the country be found. His friends and neighbors it in that way. Only the other day a roads are almost uniformly as good as all turned out to help the old man look man died of the poison in Charity hosare the streets in the more progressive for the lost money. But not a trace pital in New Orleans, and several American cities, and furnish ideal could ever be found. His property others similarly afflicted have been tracks for the automobiles. Races be- and that of his bondsmen was all sold successfully treated there this season. tween the machines of different mak- to make the loss good. His friends ers are quite common, and 12 miles an expressed great sympathy for the old south. It has made its appearance hour for a distance of 100 miles, or man. Among the number was one near Chicago within the last two more, is not at all unusual. Up to named Smith, who was more sympa- months, and reports says it is prevathe present time Mr. Charron, a thetic than all others, bidding on the lent among the cattle in parts of Iowa Frenchman, enjoys the distinction of property as it was sold to the highest and Wisconsin and in central Illinois. being the leading automobile manu- bidder. Years passed by, and the loss facturer of the world. His machines had been made good and the matter ous names from the earliest ages, and

The motive power for the automo- sidered honest, sober and a man of punishment for the obstinacy of Pha-

both proved quite satisfactory; but drunk one day in McDonough, going manded by God to let them go. It is the ordinary steam engine, with pe- around shaking hands with his friends. described by Homer in the first book troleum for fuel, seems to give the He came to the old Hardshell preacher of the Iliad, and Ovid gives a minute best results. Electricity and com- and got him by the hand, giving it a description of it in the ninth book of

"Brother, Gunter, I know where The majority of cases of charbon is of to run the machine from 6 to 12 hours your money is. It is every dollar in miasmatic origin; that is, the spores

His statement was found to be true,

ble, for the reason that fuel and water ed himself by saying it was foreor- gins as a small, dark spot on which are more easily obtainable at out of dained that it was to be just that way soon appears a pustule or vesicle. It to prove that whiskey does good as sloughs and spreads rapidly, causing Hundreds of automobiles are to be well as harm. For all the old Hard- violent fever and speedy death. seen daily on the streets of New York | shell Baptists love their morning

> - This is the greatest dairy county in the world, yet in some of the older European countries two or three times as much milk and cheese are consumed per capita as in the United States.

- While there are a good many kinds of toads, all of them bring sudequal to the task of climbing almost if the most industrious bird devours as many insects in a year as the toad. but we should never destroy one of

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Dr Sidney L. Theard, sanitary offi-Whiskey does harm and good. In | cer of the New Orleans board of health, tist preacher for tax collector. He horses and cattle in Louisiana and

Great care must be exercised in All at once he missed his saddle- handling animals suffering from the

Nor is the disease confined to the

Charbon has been known under varione authority declares that it was the Smith was a farmer, and was con- sixth plague sent upon Egypt as a roh in holding the children of Israel But he accidently got gloriously in bondage after he had been comhis metamorphosis.

of charbon exist in the soil. The transmission from soil to animal may plied so rapidly as to throw the afflict-The old Hardshell preacher consol- ed animal into a violent fever. It be-

The ravages of the disease in Louisiana especially have been very disastrous. Large plantations have been stripped of every horse and mule within a day or two, and the profits of years swept away, while small farmers have been ruined. - Memphis Evening Scimetar.

- It's an easy matter to chase any

a great deal about the value of birds Mo., writes: "One Minute Cough as insect destroyers; but it is doubtful Cure saved the life of our little boy when nearly dead with croup. Evans Pharmacy.

DR. J. H. BURGESS,

DENTIST. IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

At Clemson College every Thursday.

Friday and Saturday.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the gives notice that he will on the 3rd day of August, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. Persons having claims against the Estate should present them, and those indebted should make payment before

the day of Final Settlement W. T. HUNT, Adm'r. June 28, 1899 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Ar Raleigh......
Ar Norfolk......
Ar Petersburg....
Ar Richmond.... 4 44 pm Ly Augusta... Ar Allendale Ar F-irfax . Ar Yemasse Ar Beaufort r Port Roy 7 28 am Ly Charleston 7 10 am

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