THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero I sing for the disappointed— For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence For one who stands in the dark and knows that his last best arrow Has bounded back from the mark. I sing for the breathless runner.

The eager, anxious soul, Who falls with his strength exhausted Almost in sight of the goal. For the hearts that break in silence

With a sorrow all unknown; For those who need compassion. Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers, Who have love's tender pain. I sing for the one whose passion is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades Have missed them on the way. I sing with a heart o'erflowing This minor strain today.

And I know the solar system Must somewhere keep in space A prize for that spent runner Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect Unless it held some sphere That paid for the toil and talent And love that are wasted here. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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A Singular Story of a Man Who Left a Supper Party at the Hour of an Execution.

One carnival night in 186-, Cantal and I, pursued by ennul, found ourselves by chance side by side in a proscenium box at the opera ball. Our eyes were idly studying the motley to the witching music of Strauss' bow. when the door of the box was flung open and, with a silken frou frou, three masks entered and greeted us by name. Clio the Fair, Antonie Chantilly and Susarnah Jackson were as well known in the world of artists for their beauty as for their wit. Cantal gave them chairs, asking, with a smile, "You are playing truants to the ball?"

"Suddenly we caught sight of you!" cried Antonie. "We will have supper together, if you've nothing better on foot"

"Well and good?" said Cantal, turning to me. "I will engage the red dining room at once, if you are all agreed." In the midst of his last words my eye was caught by the face of a man of 35 in the box opposite; he had on oriental pallor. Lowering his opera glass, he bowed to me. After a moment's thought I remembered he had rendered me a triffing service, such as custom permits between fellow travelers-information about a certain brand of cigars, if I remember rightly-I returned his bow. I had hardly reached the foyer when the stranger approached me. Recalling his courtesy in German, I could do no less than invite him to join us, if he was quite alone, in the gay hubbub.

"And whom shall I have the honor of presenting to our merry party?" I asked, smiling, when he had accepted.

"Baron von H." he said. "But, in view of the indulgence of the ladies, the difficulties of pronunciation and the carnival season, let me assume, for an hour, another name, no matter what"with a laugh-"Baron Saturn, if you like."

This caprice surprised me slightly, but I fell in with his fancy and announced him formally under the mythological title he had hit upon. His fantastic appellation was received with favor. Clio insisted he was a king from the "Thousand and One Nights," traveling incog: After the preliminary compliments

Susannah Jackson, between two irresistible yawns, asked, "Will the baron join us at supper, for the sake of sym-

"I am very sorry to refuse," said the stranger. 'Unfortunately a circumstance of capital importance will call me away in a few hours."

"A make believe duel?" said Clio. "No, madame, a rencontre, since you

have deigned to consult me." "Bah! A mere trifle. Not would crossing swords over, you may be sure.

Words exchanged at an opera ball Con't count. You are a stranger, that's plainly to be seen." "Quite true, madame. I am somewhat of a stranger everywhere," the

baron replied, with a bow. "Come. Do you get people to coax

"Very seldom, I assure you!" the old fellow replied, both gallantly and equivocally. Cantal and I exchanged glances. What was he driving at? It might turn out amusing, in any case.

Like a child who insists on having what is refused to it, Antonic seized his arm, exclaiming, "You belong to us till dawn!"

He surrendered; we left the opera. So here we were with the prospect before us of several hours' relative intimacy with a man of whom we knew absolutely nothing, except that he had played at the Wiesbaden casino and

studied Havana cigars. Leaning back in the carriage, Clio called to the footman, "To the Maison Dorce!" The foreigner's heavy carriage was rolling after ours. Antonie, better known under her romantic nom de guerre, "Yseult," had accepted his

mysterious escort. Installed in the red diving room, Joseph r _ lived strict orders not to let in a single living being, except the Ostend oysters-andour illustrious friend, the fantastic little Dr. Florian les Egli-

sottes, if by chance he should come. A great log roared in the fireplace. The air was heavy with the scent of

furs and winter flowers. Wine stood

hilling in silver coolers. Bunches of camellias trembled on their fine wire stems in crystal vases. Outside a dense snow mingled with rain fell, and we caught a muffled sound of carriages. During the sparkling sallies of the

supper I gave myself up to my innocent mania of observation. I was not long in discovering that the Saxon baron was worthy of study. Our chance guest was not wildly hilarious, that was certain. His features and his bearing were not lacking in the conventional distinction that is a passport to society; his accent was not disagreewhile as with most foreigners. Strange-

ly enough, it was his panor that was against him; from time to time he turned a chalky, a ghastly white. His lips were as thin as a line drawn by a paint brush; his eyebrows met in a perpetual frown.

An hour winged by, freighted with jesting, confessions and laughing words; smiles and diamonds flashed; the magic of the deep mirrors reflected in an infinitude of blue distance every gesture, every candle flame. Cantal and I sank into a reverie. The coffee was smoking in its transparent cups; Cantal, with a Havana between his lips, was wrapping himself in blue rings, like a demigod in a cloud. Baron von H., with half closed eyes, a glass of champagne in his pale hand, leaned back on a divan. He seemed to be following closely the magical modulations of the nocturnal duet in "Tristan and Isolde," played with much feeling by Susannah. Antonie and Clio the Fair, with locked hands, listened, radiant, to the music.

I listened, too, looking the while at our three Graces. All wore velvet that night. Antonie, of the violet eyes, was in black. Against the severe line of the decolletage her throat and shoulders rose like veritable Carrara. She had a narrow gold ring on her little finger, and three sapphire cornflowers shone in her chestnut hair that fell in two sore braids far below her waist. Clio the Fair, an exquisite blond, with brown eyes-the goddess of impertinence, a fisenchanted young person whom Prince Soltikoff had baptized by pouring champagne foam on her hairwore a well molded green velvet gown and a ruby necklace. This young creole of 20 was quoted as the model of all the reprehensible virtues. She would have bewitched the profoundest philosopher of Greece or the austerest metaphysician of Germany. Susannah Jackson, the Scottish Circe, with night black hair, in red velvet, looked like a dark lily-the meaning of her mosaic formed by the maskers dancing | name, by the way, in Hebrew, she told me. A red, green or black mask hung from each belt.

When Susannah left the piano I took a bouquet from the table and offered it to her with a jest: "You are a diva! Wear one of these flowers for the sake of unknown admirers." She graciously fastened a spray of hortensia in her bodice. "I don't read anonymous letters!" she said, laying the rest of my "salaam" on the piano.

"Ah, cold Susannah!" cried Cantal, laughing. "You have come into the world merely to show us that snow

At this moment Joseph entered carying a bowl of iced punch, for we had resolved to drink like lords. Baron Saturn seemed restless. I saw him pull out his watch, draw a ring off his finger and give it to Antonie and rise from "Lord of distant regions," I called

out to him, between two puffs of a cigar, "you mustn't think of leaving us for an hour yet. You'll pass for mysterious, and that's the worst of taste." "Accept my apologies," he replied. "but a duty that I cannot ignore and that brooks no delay calls me away. Pray believe that I am hopelessly in your debt for the charmed hours spent

"Is it really a duel, then?" asked Antonie nervously.

"Stay with us and save a cold. Look at us: listen and decide!" said Cantal. "Gentlemen," said Baron Saturn, "I will confess that I am blind and deaf es often as God permits."

This incomprehensible speech plunged us into the most absurd conjectures. We looked at each other with an awkward smile, not knowing what to think of this jest, when suddenly it flashed across me where I had first seen the nan. For a space of a second everything about me seemed bathed in a red light-a light that came from our guest. Approaching the foreigner, I whispered

"Monsleur, pardon me if I am wrong, out I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you five or six years ago at Lyons, at 4 o'clock one morning, in a public square."

Saturn raised his head and looked at me intently. "Ah!" he said. "Is it pos-

"Yes." I went on, looking at him intently. "Wait a bit-in that square there stood a melancholy object that I was dragged to see by two student friends and that I've sworn never to look on again."

"Indeed!" observed Saturn. "And what was this object, if I am not indiscreet in asking?"

"A scaffold; a guillotine, monsieur, if my memory serves me. Yes, it was the guillotine. Now I'm sure of it!" These words had passed in a very low tone between us. Cantal and the ladies stood talking near the piano.

"That's it! I remember," I added, raising my voice. "What do you say to my memory? Although you drove by very quickly, your carriage, delayed a moment by mine, let me catch a glimpse of you in the torchlight. The circumstance stamped your face on my mind. You had absolutely the same expression then as now."

"Ah, ah!" he replied. "It is true. You speak with great accuracy, I admit." And his strident laugh gave me the feeling of a pair of blunt seissors sawing a lock of hair.

"One detail among others impressed me," I went on. "From a distance I saw you get out near where the scaffold was standing, and-unless I have been deceived by a resemblance"-

"You have not been deceived, my dear sir," he returned. "It was I." At this word I felt that the conversation had grown icy. I was hunting for a commonplace with which to change

the current of thoughts when suddenly Antonie turned from the plane and said somewhat sadly: "By the way, you know there is an

execution this morning. It is poor Dr. de la Poise. He attended me once." "What? Is it really today?" I asked, trying to assume an indifferent voice.

"At 6 o'clock, the fatal hour," said Amonie. "I had forgotten all about it. It seems they have even had a foreigner come to assist M. de Paris, in view of the solemnity of the occasion and the distinction of the criminal."

Not noticing the absurdity of her last words, I turned toward M. Saturn. He was standing near the door, wrapped in a great black cloak, with his hat in his hand and bearing in all his person an official air.

"M. le Baron," I said to him, sm "after your singular hints we have almost the right to ask you if it is as the Signature of Chart. Thitcher

law, that you are blind and dear as

often as God permits?" He approached me, leaned toward me jestingly and answered in a low tone, 'Hold your tongue; there are ladies present!" He made a circular bow and went out, leaving me dumb, shivering and unable to believe my ears.

Cantal, who had joined us during the last speech, clapped me on the shoulder. "Have you lost your wits?" he

"He has come into a big property and is only continuing to practice while waiting for a successor," I murmured. enervated by the fumes of the punch. "Bah!" exclaimed Cantal. "Do you actually suppose him to be attached to

the ceremony in question?" "So you caught the drift of our short talk, old fellow, did you? Short, but instructive. The man is a mere executioner-a Belgian, probably. He is the foreigner Antonie referred to a few moments ago. Save for his presence of mind I would have made a break that would have alarmed the ladies."

"Come, come!" cried Cantal. "An executioner in a 30,000 franc carriage, who gives diamonds to his dinner neighbor, who sups at the Maison Doree the day before he devotes himself to a patient! Since your cafe de choiseul you see hangmen everywhere! Drink some punch. Your M. Saturn is a poor jester, do you know?"

At these words it seemed to me that cold reason was on Cantal's side. Greatly annoyed. I hastily picked up my hat and gloves, and turned toward the door. "This stupid hoax has lasted far too long." I added, opening the door. "If I find that funereal mystifier, I swear that"-

"Don't swear!" cried a gay, well known voice from behind the portiere. "Step back, my dear friend." And our famous little doctor, Les Eglisottes, entered springily, his greatcoat sprinkled with snow.

"My dear doctor," I said, "I will come back shortly, but"- He took my arm.

"When I have told you the history of the man who was going away as I arrived, I warrant you that you'll not care to ask him an account of his sallies. Besides, it's too late; his carriage has carried him half a mile by this

These words were pronounced in so strange a tone that I paused on the threshold. "Give us the story, doctor," I said, sitting down. "But, remember, you'll have to answer for my inaction.' The prince of science set his gold headed cane in a corner, pressed his lips on the finger tips of our three Graces, poured out a glass of Madeira, and in the fantastic silence due to the incident-and to his own entrancecommenced in these term's:

"I thoroughly understand this evening's adventure, as well as if I had been among you. What has happened to you, without being precisely alarming, might-have become so. The gentleman is, rightly enough, Baron von H., of an aristocratic German family; his fortune is in the millions; but"-the doctor looked at us-"his insanity having been diagno medical faculties of Munich and Berlin, presents the most extraordinary and incurable of monomanias cited up to today."

"A madman! What are we to understand, Florian?" asked Cantal, pushing the slim bolt of the door. At this revelation the ladies' smile had changed. I began to think I was dreaming.

"I thought I had informed you that our gentleman was a millionaire half a dozen times over," Florian replied gravely. "He is more likely to put others under lock and key than to be so treated."

"And what is his mania?" asked Susannah. "I give you warning that I find him fascinating.'

"Perhaps you'll change your views of him in a minute or two," continued the doctor, lighting a cigarette. "It seems that the taciturn youth embarked in his teens for the East Indies; he traveled for several years in Asia. Here begins the dense mystery that conceals the origin of his malady. During certain revolts in the far east he witnessed-attracted, no doubt, at first by a mere traveler's curiosity-the cruel tortures that oriental laws inflict upon rebels and criminals. But it seems that soon the instincts of a cruelty that goes beyond belief awoke in him, troubled his brain, poisoned his blood and finally made him the singular being that he

has become. "By one of the clauses of his father's will the family is forced to avoid the baron's civil death unless they wish to suffer serious pecuniary losses. So he is at large. He is on the best of terms with the gentlemen of capital justice. The first visit he pays in every town is to them. He has often offered them large sums for the privilege of operating in their stead, and between ourselves I should not wonder if even in Europe he has bribed one or two. One can say his madness is inoffensive. since it wrecks itself only on persons condemned by the law. So this is the gentleman with whom you have had the honor of spending the night. Let me add that when out of his dementia he is an irreproachable man of the world-a fascinating, playful conversa-

tionalist " The silence that followed the doctor's words was as solemn as if death had slipped his grinning skull between the

"I feel rather indisposed," said Clio the Fair, in a voice broken by nervousness and the chill of dawn. "Don't leave me alone."

"A strange night!" said Susannah. "Joseph," said Antonie, *take this ring; the ruby is too dark for me, isn't it, Suzanna? The brilliants looks as though they were weeping around a drop of blood. Have it sold today and give whatever it brings to the beggars

who pass in front of the house." Jaseph took the ring, made the somanbulistic bow of which he alone has the secret and went out to order the carriages, while the ladies put on their long black satin dominos and their masks.-Adapted For Argonaut From the French of Victor de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam.

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

his head.

INDIAN FRIENDSHIP.

A RAILROAD WHICH KNOWS THAT IT IS WORTH HAVING.

The Delightfully Informal Manner In Which an Error In a Right of Way Payment to a Red Skinned Tribe Was Corrected.

As the traveler passes through the big Sioux reservation in Montana on the Overland express he is impressed with the uniform respect with which the Indians treat everybody connected with the railroad.

"The Indian is no fool," said a Great Northern official with whom I discussed the subject. "He knows when he is well treated and seldom expects anything unreasonable. This railroad has never knowingly done an Indian a wrong. We paid liberally for the right to cross the reservation, and any differences that arise are treated with consideration. We never try to impose upon the Indians in any way, nor do we permit them to impose upon us When trains first began to run through the reservation, a number of ponles were killed by accident. We promptly paid for them, and the owners were satisfied. A few cunning Sioux thought they saw in the situation an opportunity to make money and drove their ponies on the track to be killed and paid for. We discovered the trick and appealed to the chief, who promptly suppressed the iniquity. This is the nearest approach to a misunderstanding that we have had."

A good story is told of a big chief who wanted to trade 100 ponies for a locomotive. He did not appreciate the utility of the track and thought he could dash over the prairies at will with the iron horse. It took some time and patience to get the idea out of the chief's head, but he finally relented. It was, however, a great disappointment. Another story is connected with pay-

ment for the right of way through the reservation. It may not be quite accurate in letter, but is true in spirit. The through express from St. Paul to Helena had not been running long when a strange incident happened out

on the prairie. A solitary Indian, feathered in stately fashion and mounted on a horse of rare beauty, occupied a conspicuous position beside the track and gave the engineer a friendly signal to stop. Off went the steam, and a gentle touch of the airbrake brought the long train to a standstill.

The red man explained that he represented his tribe in a matter of right of way. There had been a mistake, and the railroad ought to pay some more money. In this formal and diplomatic manner, the Indian explained, the matter was presented for adjustment in full confidence that the great white chief who built the railroad would be inst to his Indian friends.

For the engineer this was a poser. He had no idea that he was a diplomat. but he was, all the same. He called the case. The white men knew noth ing of the merits of the matter. The Indian talked like one who understood his business and was telling the truth.

The amount involved was only a few dollars, and the conductor looked as wise as possible. He was a man of common sense sharpened by frontier life. With due deliberation he wrote out a receipt, which the Indian embassador signed and the engineer witnessed. The money was pald out of the cash collections, and the con-

ference was at an end. The red man mounted his horse and applied his spurs. The engineer stepped into the cab and pulled a lever.

For an instant a party of eastern capitalists occupying an observation car were face to face with the Indian horseman. The white men received a lasting impression of majestic dignity and grace. The red man was dazzled by a vision of luxury of which he had never dreamed.

The extremes of civilization and sav agery had met and parted in friendship. The Indian, according to tribal custom, reported the success of his mission with solemn formality and suppressed joy.

The train conductor, according to the regulations of the modern corporation, made a notation to the auditor on a blank form provided for the purpose, explaining why he was short in his cash and asking that his report be held in abeyance until he could secure the approval of his irregular act lie down and go to sleep, said: 'You by a higher official.

The approval came, with a statement that the Indian was right. There had been a mistake in the right of way settlement. It was also stated that we do: Gen. Forrest told us to do it.' the president of the railroad had intimated that while rules are sacred things there are times when common sense may serve a good purpose .-Atchison Globe.

Illiterate, but Quick Witted.

Reuben Fields is certainly a unique character. The editor first knew him in Johnson county, Mo., about 30 years ago. He was then just about grown and possessed wonderful gifts in matters of mathematics, and it was said you could never put a question to him for which he would not have an answer at his tongue's end. On one occasion two traveling men were discussing his case, and one bet the other he could not spring a question on Rube which would puzzle him for an answer. The first time he met Rube he said in an abrupt manner, "Rube, if an Indian should come along and cut off the top of your head and take your brains away, what would you do?"

Quick as a flash Rube replied, "Go round without any, like you do." It is needless to say he paid the bet, with probably the cost of a western irrigation for the crowd. Fields is a native of Bath county. He would never go to school and is wholly illiterate.

-Flemingsburg (Ky.) Times-Democrat,

- Recruits for the Chinese army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch six feet wide.

It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands 11 times in a week. - Outlaw is the name of a man in

- The suit a tailor makes a man Mississippi who has recently announced himself as a candidate for justice | seldom lasts as long as his suit against of the peace.

A Rare Military Genius.

Lord Wolseley, commander of the English army, and Gen. W. T. Sherman have said that had Gen. Nathaniel Bedford Forrest received a military education he would have been the greatest figure of the civil war. After reading the biography of the celebrated Confederate cavalry leader, which has been written by Dr. John A. Wyeth, and which is to be published shortly by Harper & Bros., it is easy to understand why Forrest should be so esteemed by all who are best qualified to judge.

Gen. Forrest was keenly apprecia-

tive of the necessity of giving his personal attention to the smallest details cannected with his military operations in order to achieve success. He was not content to accept reports from even his most trusted and faithful subordinates, but he made careful inspection of his artillery, the harness, and the condition of the animals as well as the men, and held his officers strictly accountable for keeping his command supplied with ammunition, forage and rations. Nothing seemed to escape his careful scrutiny. When on the march, which usually began at daylight, he would take his place by the roadside and observe regiment after regiment as they passed before him. He would then mount his horse and ride through the column from rear to front. If it were raining and he saw a cartridge box exposed to the weather, the delinquent need expect no mercy from the commander. If in crossing a stream a soldier permitted his ammunition to get wet, he might consider himself fortunate to escape with a reprimand. His quick eye detected a lame or tender-footed animal, or one that did not seem to be well fed or properly cared for. A veteran of Forrest's command informed the writer that on one occasion the general ordered him to leave the ranks. remarking: "Why do you let your horse's back get sore? Take your saddle off and let me see what's the matter." On exposing the animal's back it was found to be chafed. Forrest reprimanded him, and dismounted to give him a practical lesson in the manner of rolling the blanket so that the pressure would be taken from the abraded surface. As he rode away, the general remarked: "You must never again let me see you riding a horse with a sore back; there is no need of it." A few days later the the conductor, and all three discussed general recognized the same trooper, and also noticed that he had not fixed the blanket as he had been instructed, and, narrating the circumstance, the trooper said: "I did not get off so easily that time. The general gave me hell, but it taught me a lesson I she could hardly never forgot. The precautions he took for the not think she comfort and safety of his men were fully appreciated, and formed one of

the strong bonds of attachment between the soldiers and their commander. When they bivouacked for the night, in proximity to the enemy, he never rested until he saw in person that the pickets were properly posted, and that experienced and reliable men were detailed for important duties. His men felt the most implicit reli-ance in this watchful care of them-His men felt the most implicit reliselves. A lieutenant of the escort Napoleon. On one occasion while we were supposed to be in a very dangerous position, with the enemy all about us. we were ordered to go into camp for the night. There were some new recruits with us, who, seoing the older don't expect to lie down and go to sleep with the enemy all around us, do you?' The answer was: 'Of course

How He Was Cured.

Mrs. McPherson was attracted by the following advertisement the other

"To the Public .- A gentleman who was cured of drinking, smoking, talking too loud, going out at nights, going to the races and gambling, and who also gained 20 pounds of flesh in three years and was completely restored to health, will sell the secret to any respectable person for half a crown. If no cure, money refunded. -Address, in confidence, etc."

Mrs. McPherson sent for the remedy and received the following reply:

"I was cured of all the bad habits mentioned by a three-years' enforced residence in her majesty's prisons."-London Tit-Bits.

- The Sweet Young Thing-"1 don't see why people should always laugh at people in love." The Savage Bachelor-"It is human nature to laugh at others' infirmities and misfortunes."

- The "insiders" in the stock market are the "lambs" after the "bears' take them in.

- No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account grow-

- No man will ever be celebrated for his piety, whose religion is all in diamond engagement ring must be stone blind.

He Would Write Poetry. During the last year of Lowell's course at Harvard his father, Dr. Lowell, spent most of his time in Rome. Young Lowell was, in the summer of his graduation, "rusticated," or sent off to Concord in a sort of studious banishment, under a preceptor, as a punishment for persistently failing to attend morning prayers at the chapel. This fact caused great consternation among his classmates, for he had been selected as class poet, and the rustication forbade his presence in Cambridge

until commencement week. About this time a certain Cambridge citizen went abroad and visited Rome, where he called on Dr. Lowell and gave him all the Cambridge news. He went on thus with some of the items: "The parts for commencement have been assigned. Rufus Ellis is the first

scholar and is to have the oration." Dr. Lowell expressed interest. "Your son James has been rustmated

and will not return to college until commencement week." The father expressed no particular

interest in this sad news: It evidently gave him no distress. "But the class have chosen him their class poet."

"Oh, dear!" Dr. Lowell broke out, despairingly. "James promised me he would quit writing poetry and go to work!"-"James Russell Lowell and His Friends."

Disraeli's Only Smile.

Disraell, it is said, only laughed once in the house of commons. Mr. Gladstone had made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Mr. Disraeli, speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the

In reply Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted with the remark, "I beg your pardon; I really did not mean that." Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying a remark to himself which had no such personal reference. Therefore Gladstone's wrath and Disraeli's smile. The Liberal leader proceeded with his speech and condemned the "sesquipedalian words and inflated language" of the leader of the Conservatives.

- If the wages of sin is death some people are slow in collecting what is due them.

SAYS:

"Before my wife began using Mother's Friend get around. I do could along

without it now. She has used it for two months and it is a great help to her. She does her housework without trouble.'

is an external liniment for expectant said: "We had that confidence in him mothers to use. It gives them which I imagine the old guard had in strength to attend to their household duties almost to the hour of confinement. It is the one and only preparation that overcomes morning sickness and nervousness. It is the only remedy that relaxes and relieves the strain. It is the only remedy that makes labor short and delivery easy. It is the only remedy that puts the members of the command preparing to | breasts in condition so that swelling or rising is impossible. Don't take medicines internally. They endanger the lives of both mother and child.

> Mother's Friend is sold by druggists for \$1. Send for our free illustrated book. The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CITY TAX NOTICE.

OFFICE CITY CLERK AND TREASURER, CITY HALL, ANDERSON, 8. C.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Second Installment of City Taxes and Sanitary Dues will be due and payable at the office of the City Clerk and Treasurer at the City Hall on and after AUGUST 15th inst. to SEPTEMBER 1st, 1899, inclusive clusive.
This office will be open from 9 o'clock

a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m. during said time.
Parties failing to pay said City Taxes
and Sanitary Dues within said dates will
be liable to the usual penalties with costs as provided by law. By creer City Council.

J. B. LEWIS. City Clerk and Treasurer, pro tem. Aug 2, 1899

DR. J. H. BURGESS, DENTIST. IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday

and Wednesday.
At Clemson College every Thursday, Friday and Saturday. April 26, 1899

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vour Buggy Revarnished, . Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skeins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggyand Wagon Repairs. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

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W. G. McGEE. SURCEON DENTIST.

OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank— ANDERSON, S. C.

Feb 9, 1898 Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Mrs. E. T Jackson, deceas-ed, are hereby notified to present them. properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment T. C. JACKSON, Ex'r.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

obert A. Lewis, Plaintiff, against Amos N. Rags-dale, Mrs. Annie Ragsdale, et al., Defendants.— Summons for Relie!—Complaint/Served. To the Defendants Amos N. Ragadale, Mrs. Annie Ragadale' William M. Ragadale, J. S. Ragadale, J. A. Ragadale, J. J. Ragadale, W. C. Stone, Mrs. Luna Poore, James D. Stone, Bubba Daniel Lofts, Wilson Loftis, Ada Loftis, Rutha Poore, Rebecca Cromer, Cornelia C. Reece, Mary Shirley and J. M. Cox:

ley and J. M. Cox:

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

Dated Anderson, S. C., July 24, A. D., 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATERS, C. C. C. P. To the absent Defendants Bubba Daniel Loftis and Mrs. Rebecca Cromer : To the absent Defendants Bubba Daniel Lotts and Mrs. Rebecca Cromer:

You will take notice that the Complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clock of the Court for said County on the 15th July, 1899, and you must serve a copy of your answer thereto on the subscribers at their office at Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after this service on you.

BONHAM & WATKIRS,

July 24, 1899 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Ar Greenville
Ar Glenn Springs
Ar Spartanburg
Ar Saluda Ar Hendersonville Ar Asheville..... 8 28 am 11 45 am 4 10 pm Ly Asheville.. v Spartanburg..
v Glenn Spring 12 01 am 4 00 pm 1 37 pm 7 80 pm 7 00 am 2 87 pm 1 10 am Ly Greenwood Ar Augusta.... Lv Calhoun Falls Ar Raleigh....... Ar Norfolk...... Ly Augusta.. Fuirfax.. Ar Yemassee... Ar Beaufort.... Ar Port Royal. Ar Savannah... Ar Charleston. v Charleston 7 28 am 1 40 pm 7 10 am 1 55 pm 7 20 am 3 05 pm 3 20 am Port Royal

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