

MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER.

Little Miss Muffet discovered a tuffet. (The tuffet never occurred to the rest of us.) And, as 'twas a June day and just about noonday, she wanted to eat—like the best of us. Her diet was wispy, and I hasten to say it is wholesome, and people grow fat on it; 'twas being long, the lady not only discovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

THE WREATH OF VICTORY.

Late one evening an old knight made his way wearily down from a high peak of the Harz mountains into the valley. His name was Leuthold, and he had formerly held sway over all that tract of country, but he had been driven out from his possessions by the superior might of a rich baron, and the usurper now lived in the honored ancestral halls for a glimpse of which the aged Leuthold climbed the wooded heights by his cottage as long as they were passable and gazed at the two tall towers until the sun set. Then the old man went down again into the valley, where he was allowed to live unmolested, being considered harmless and powerless, for his only heir, a high spirited young fellow, the hero of many a battlefield, had fallen in defense of his father's hearth. On his way home the knight always passed a chapel which he had erected in better days and where the body of the young lord, sleeping his honorable sleep, lay entombed. Then the father would kneel before the door of the little building and say a Pater Noster for the soul of his dear Siegfald. He did so today also. Then he rose and looked longingly through the window, but he could not even see the coffin, for it stood in a niche in the wall behind the altar, and immediately after his son was laid to rest the bereaved father, overcome by his grief, had flung the key of the door into the rushing torrent of the Bude. He rued it bitterly now, for the poor man lacked money to have a new key made for the elaborate lock, and so he had cut off himself and his good wife and his niece, Diotwina, who had been Siegfald's betrothed, from the precious remains of their dearest happiness. Never before had his longing been so great as on this evening. He gazed at the door with passionate yearning. He almost brought it to give way, and felt that it must perforce yield to his desire. But it stood firm and immovable before him. It would scarcely allow the rusted latch to be moved up and down sufficiently to pry the strength with which every part of the brazen clasp hid its duty. After the old man had tried the door in vain for while he turned away and went back to his cottage, shaking his head and with tears in his eyes. He found his wife waiting for him with the frugal evening meal. "Where is Diotwina?" he asked. "She has gone to her room," replied the dame. "Today is the anniversary of her betrothal to Siegfald, which, as you know, she always spends in fasting and solitude." The knight sighed deeply and was silent a long time. At length he asked: "How much money have we got laid aside now?" "Not quite two gulden." "And the locksmith's price for a new key is—?" "Three gold gulden." Then the old man fell to sighing again and looked searchingly around the room. "No," said the dame, "there is nothing more to see here. There is only one thing. The locksmith would gladly give us a couple of gulden for it." "You mean that?" exclaimed the old man, looking up at his sword, which hung on the wall. His wife nodded in assent. But he jumped up indignantly and cried: "God forbid! I shall do no more work with the old blade in this world, it is true, but it has earned the right to lie in honor on my coffin. Siegfald himself, looking down from paradise, would scarce forgive me if I parted with the faithful old weapon."

The old man yielded to his wife's entreaties, lay quiet and prayed softly. But after while he began again: "Wife, some one is riding a horse past our window just as our blessed son used to ride." She trembled and urged him with gentle voice to be still. But after a little the old man said again: "Did you not hear how some one on the mountain called out: 'Wheel! Charge?' It came distinctly through the storm. But shortly before our Siegfald fell he gave just such a cry." "If you wish to kill me with fear and anguish," said his wife, "or to rob me of my reason, keep on with such words. It will take very little more." So the old man held his peace and kept his thoughts, which were many and strange, in his own breast. The wonderful tumult ceased also or was lost in other people fell asleep. The bright sunlight shone again over the mountains, the dame was already seated at her distaff, and the knight was going out to hoe and spade his little patch at the door and said: "It is wonderful how the riddles and ghostly happenings of the night, when once they have forced themselves into a man's brain, refuse to go to rest again. I dreamed until bright daylight of the harvest festival as we used to celebrate it in happier days at our old home—"

"How strange!" interrupted the dame. "I also dreamed of it. The peasants came to the courtyard of the castle with shining scythes, their wives and daughters bearing their rakes, tied with many ribbons. The harvest crown shone brilliantly in the blue of the bright summer day, and, alas! before it walked my dear, dear boy as a young child, wound round and round with a chain of blue cornflowers, a beautiful wreath like that of a bridegroom on his head and a great red flower on his breast. And I knew the red flower well." She bowed her head, and the knight, to turn her thoughts from the death wound of her only son, said: "The singing was the most wonderful to me. Even after I awoke I still heard the solemn hymn which the band had sung, and at this moment I seem to hear it over the mountains, coming nearer and nearer down the wooded slope. Indeed, now that I open the door, the sound seems to come more plainly." The dame heard it also and rose in speechless astonishment to step outside the door, leaning on her husband's arm, to look for the cause of the unaccountable noise, emboldened by the cheerful morning beams which glided the trees and the dewy grass under them, but still more emboldened by the reverent character of the hymn, which came steadily nearer. Swarms and reed pipes mingled with the singing. As the elderly couple stood at the door they could see, through the trunks of the beeches, a crowd of people with gleaming scythes in their hands; some, however, had also naked halberds and spears. "Ah, heavens!" cried the dame. "It is not yet harvest time. And why do they come thus, with song and rejoicing? See how red the morning sun shines on their scythes." "H'm! There must have been a grave mowing somewhere," muttered the knight. He knew the red on the bare steel far too well to take it, as did his wife, for the reflection of the morning sun. Meanwhile the peasants had formed a semicircle around the venerable pair, and out from their ranks, between the scythes and lances which they brandished as they finished their song, stepped Diotwina with radiant face. She went up to the astonished couple and said: "He who goes early to prayer finds good fruit. Here at the edge of the wood these heroes met me, and they wish that you hear the tidings from my lips. They have reconquered your castle. The country is free, the oppressor is dead!" The old knight stared around him as if he had again fallen into the dreams of the previous night. Then the oldest of the armed peasants approached, a venerable graybeard, like his master, and, taking the spade and hoe gently from his hand, he placed in their stead an ancient silver staff, inlaid with gold, which Leuthold's forefathers had borne from time immemorial and which had now been recaptured with the other family relics. Then the circle of men raised a great shout of joy, repeating Diotwina's words, "The country is free. The oppressor is dead!" over and over and striking their weapons against one another so that they clanked jubilantly. "It is all true," said the old peasant to the still incredulous pair. "Your brother's son, Richard, has returned from the crusade, my liege, and has brought these wonderful things to pass since yesterday evening, when he first showed himself here. He must have known how we all longed for our old rightful master, for he spoke to us so that we felt compelled to take up scythe and spear for you as if it were a necessary act, which had long been decided upon, and even the hesitating ones among us believed that it could not be otherwise. Then the storm bells rang, the battle fires flared up on the mountains, we assembled hastily and were as hastily organized in fighting array by the young champion and nervously inspired by his speech. We swarmed up and down through the valleys wherever the baron's retainers were to be seen. Finally we stormed the castle, and the baron, in desperation, fell on his sword. The young conqueror led us toward you until we had nearly reached here, then he galloped back to the castle to make ready for your reception. If you will be pleased to let us escort you thither, we have with us three gentle, well broken horses from your own stables for you and our noble lady and the gracious dame Diotwina." The old nobleman blessed his brave, faithful people with wide, outstretched arms. The horses were led forth, the three were lifted into the saddles and the journey to the castle was begun amid great rejoicing. The old peasant walked beside his master's horse and told of the night's battle and the marvelous feats of Richard, as Leuthold heard with ever increasing wonder and admiration the many divers instances of his nephew's magnanimity, generosity and hero-

ism, his noble heart was so overflowing with grateful enthusiasm that he cried out loudly, so that the whole band heard: "Now by my knightly troth and honor, I swear that our brave deliverer shall have the most precious thing that I know upon this earth, and that is my fair niece Diotwina! She is hereby betrothed to him before God and man!" He had stretched out his right hand toward heaven as if taking a solemn oath. The procession halted in amazement and looked at the impetuous old man, but his wife was deathly pale, and at length she said sadly: "Husband, husband, what have you done? How can this fatal rashness be found with hair so white? Look around you and see where we stand. Yonder is the chapel within which our only son sleeps, and you have just annulled Diotwina's solemn vow to live and die the pure betrothed of our Siegfald. Which oath shall now be broken? Hers or yours?" The old knight's head sank upon his breast, and he sighed: "It is ever thus! Heaven confers its most precious gifts, and man in his unbridled delight uses them to his ruin!" The whole band regarded their distressed master sorrowfully. Then Diotwina opened her lovely lips in a smile like that of an angel and said: "Father and mother, do not grieve. I think our oaths are not so conflicting as you imagine." And turning toward the old peasant, she continued: "How do you know that your leader of last night was Richard?" "In God's name, gracious lady, who else could it be?" replied the old man. "He wore the colors of our master's house, and his arms were on his scarf and shield. Even his speech and manner and way of riding were like our lord's." And he cried out the family name, as a mighty battlecry every time that he charged the enemy's ranks. Indeed, he told us that we were fighting under a shoot of the true stock. Who, then, could it have been but Sir Richard? Though, in truth, no one saw his features, for he kept his visor down." "Then let me tell what happened to me last night," said Diotwina in a clear voice, "and give careful heed to what I say, for I speak the pure truth as a pure maiden should. I stood at my window, and my tears fell upon a beautiful myrtle bush which in former happy days I had intended for my bridal wreath. Now it had reached the fullness of its beauty, but the feast which it should have graced was never to be. I was interrupted in this and other like thoughts by a slight noise outside the door of my room. I could distinctly hear some one coming up the little stairway with soft, light steps, but with clanking spurs, and, as father and mother had long since gone to bed, I was afraid. Then the door was pushed half open and an arm incased in steel was thrust inside my room, holding a scarf which I had embroidered for my betrothed and which was laid in the coffin with him. Then Siegfald's voice said: "It is I, May I come in without frightening you to death?" "In God's name!" I cried, trembling with fear and hope. "Then the pale youth stepped slowly and gravely into the room, clad in armor, with raised visor. I knew the dear features well, but yet I had not the courage to gaze straight into his helmet, so I do not know whether his eyes were fixed and hollow, like those of a corpse, or glowing with tender love, as they were in life. "Do you still need the myrtle for your marriage day?" he asked me kindly. "I shook my head. "Nevermore, truly?" "I shook my head again. "Then," he begged coaxingly, gentle and true hearted as he ever was in life, "weave me a wreath of victory, of my dear little bride. For, see, it is permitted me to accomplish the work of revenge and deliverance in this pale, earthly form, and when it is again laid in its coffin it will take the wreath of victory with it." "I bound and bound deftly and twined all the blossoms into a beautiful wreath. My betrothed stood, silent and patient, at the door. When I had finished, he knelt before me. I set the wreath on his helmet, and he rose, saying: "Do not be alarmed, dear love, if you hear the din of battle in the valleys. God has given the victory into my hand." "And then he took leave of me, so sweetly that all my fear vanished, and I had to smile after him as I used to do when he left me for a merry joust. Only when I heard him gallop away on his horse so fast and so eagerly into the night did the terror come over me again. "Now you know, wife your deliverer was, dear, faithful people, and as if you will open the chapel and the coffin, as I pray you to do, the victor's wreath on the helmet of my betrothed will bear testimony to the truth of my words." The people looked at one another in doubt and silence. The suspicion rose in many minds that Diotwina's brain had been affected by the wonderful events of the night, and perhaps also by a terrible dream; but when they recalled how calmly she had come out of the cottage to meet them at the edge of the wood there was no longer room for this idea, and indeed the peasants remembered that their leader, after he had assembled them, had returned with a beautiful wreath crowning his helmet. So it was done as Diotwina begged. The chapel was opened, and the dame, who was deathly pale, whether the bones of her precious dead ought to be exposed to view so indignantly, was satisfied by the peasants' promise to keep guard at the tomb until the door and lock were made fast again. But when it was seen what powerful resistance the rusted door offered, belief in the apparition seemed crushed to death in every heart by the weight of the material world. Only Diotwina smiled confidently and awaited the proof of her words. Back rolled the cover of the coffin, and there, with a smile upon his lips, lay the young hero in full armor, the visor raised and upon his head the wreath of victory made of the myrtle bush of his betrothed. Then all sank upon their knees and praised God. Diotwina found her happiness in fulfilling her own and her uncle's vow. She remained the faithful betrothed of

A VERY HOT PATIENT.

HE LIKewise WAS A MAN WITH A VERY QUEER TASTE. The Singular Case of a Genius Who Was in Good Health Apparently While the Thermometer Registered His Temperature at 125. "There are any number of malingersers in town," began the attending physician at an east side hospital. "They have the ability to feign diseases, throw fits on the street, get picked up by the ambulance and sometimes they impose upon the house physician and the nurses and are allowed to stay a little while in a hospital. I knew of one man who was really an expert at the business. He puzzled the doctors and lived for the greater part of three years at various hospitals. I was one of his dupes. "I had a hurry call to a house on Second avenue. On the second floor I found my man lying unconscious, with blood upon his mouth. I felt his pulse and found there wasn't anything unusual about that. Then, in tearing off his clothes to make a hurried examination, I found that his ribs on the left side were all puffed up with court plaster, in strips, just as any doctor would fix up broken ribs. "That's where the blood comes from," I said at once. "One of the fractured ribs has slipped and punctured the lung." "I gave him something to stop the bleeding and a hypodermic injection to bring him out, and then I bound up an open fracture I discovered on his chest. While he was recovering consciousness I took his temperature and I found it away up—108 and 109. Now, the normal temperature of a human being is 98.4. In the worst cases of pneumonia we don't expect to find it over 105. "Just then the man came to and tried to make me understand what had happened to him. I got a German in from across the hall to interpret. The patient said he had fallen through an open hatch on a schooner bound from Baltimore to New York about a month ago; that he had been attended by a physician on his arrival here and had got along all right until now when he had suddenly collapsed. His temperature showed me that I had a serious case on my hands, though I couldn't tell for the life of me what was the matter with him. "I hurried him into the hospital, put him to bed and explained the extraordinary feature of his case to the 'house.' The 'house' took his temperature again, and it was 111! Then we dragged him and dragged him and gave his feet cold baths and took his temperature again. It had run up to 112. And there didn't seem to be anything the matter with him outside of that. "Everybody in the hospital got to talking about the case. When the attending went through the ward the 'house' hurried him by that German. He didn't want to confess that he was staggered. The patient didn't grow any worse. He maintained a constant high temperature anywhere between 110 and 125, and we kept up the drugs and the cold foot baths. "One day the attending noticed the case and asked how long that man was going to be kept in bed to cure a sore elbow. Then the nurse told him 'Take his temperature,' said the attending." "The nurse put the thermometer in the man's mouth under the tongue and the doctor watched narrowly. All of a sudden he walked up to the bed. 'Get out of here! Get up and dress and don't let me see you again,' he said sternly to the patient. "And in half an hour the man was out on the sidewalk. You see that doctor was an older man than any of us. He saw the man was feaking, that he manipulated the thermometer in his mouth so that by friction he could run it up as high as he pleased. "The next day this same man was picked up on the street and taken to another hospital, and the same doctor who was attending at both places caught him there the very first thing. For three years I heard of that German, off and on, always with the same patched ribs, sore elbow and extraordinary temperature. Why, one doctor up in Connecticut wrote a paper for a medical review in which he said he had found a man apparently in normal health with a temperature of 137! It was our malingeringer. "It couldn't have been any fun either. The doctors were always at him with hypodermics, cold water and so on. He had a queer taste."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"One at a Time, if You Please."

One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy were only a few rods in front. "Halt, dismount and give the countersign" came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major —, a very paladin for courage and strength, had rolled in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to reiterate his annoyances thus: "Cuss the damned infantry, they made me halt dismount and give the countersign till I was weary and tarry with their foolishness." A roar followed from the couriers. At this in a moment a trim staff officer of a General who had lost an arm, put in his say so: "I say, hold that noise; the General wants to rest; don't let me hear any more of it." Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outbreak, and a second entry of the staff. "Damn it! Did I not order you to stop this noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!" Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his denture snout in at our fire, and dapping his ears, began his unmistakable jargon. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at the donkey, said: "One at a time, if you please!" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major — (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.—Lost Cause.

VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR. DEALERS IN Fine Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness Lap Robes and Whips, A RE in their elegant new Repository over Vandiver Bros. Store— Between Masonic Hall and New Bank. If you need anything in our line we have the goods, the guarantee and the price. We highly appreciate the trade given us, and are trying to give the very best Buggies that can be sold for the price. A nice lot of New, Cheap Buggies. The price will positively surprise you. Yours for Buggies, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

TAX NOTICE. THE books for the collection of State, School and County Taxes will be open from Oct. 10th 1890, to Oct. 10th 1891, inclusive, and for the convenience of the taxpayers will collect at the following places: Bishop's Branch, Oct. 10, 9 to 12. S. H. W. Branch, Oct. 10, 9 to 12. W. H. W. Branch, Oct. 10, 9 to 12. ... (list continues) ... J. M. PAYNE, County Treasurer.

W. G. McGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank— ANDERSON, S. C. Feb. 9, 1898.

NOTICE. NOW is the time to have your Buggy Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggy and Wagon Repairs. PAUL E. STEPHENS. DR. J. H. BURGESS, DENTIST. IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. At Clemson College every Thursday Friday and Saturday. April 26, 1899.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Martin Burgess, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 7th day of October, 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. JAMES BURRISH, Adm'r. Sept 6, 1899.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. G. H. Mahon, Plaintiff against Mrs. Tetric Anna Sterling and Mrs. Cora Lyon, Defendants— Summons for Relief—Complaint Served. TO the Defendants Mrs. Tetric Anna Sterling and Mrs. Cora Lyon: YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the Complaint on the undersigned at their office, Anderson County House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such default, 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 August 28, A. D. 1899. BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE. In effect July 31, 1899. Lv Augusta 9:40 am 1:40 pm 5:40 pm 7:40 pm 9:40 pm. Lv Greenville 11:50 am 5:50 pm 7:50 pm 9:50 pm. Lv Anderson 1:00 pm 6:00 pm 8:00 pm 10:00 pm. Lv Laurens 3:10 pm 8:10 pm 10:10 pm 12:10 pm. Lv Spartanburg 5:20 pm 10:20 pm 12:20 pm 2:20 pm. Lv Columbia 7:30 pm 12:30 pm 2:30 pm 4:30 pm. Lv Charleston 9:40 pm 1:40 pm 3:40 pm 5:40 pm. Lv Greenville 11:50 am 5:50 pm 7:50 pm 9:50 pm. Lv Anderson 1:00 pm 6:00 pm 8:00 pm 10:00 pm. Lv Laurens 3:10 pm 8:10 pm 10:10 pm 12:10 pm. Lv Spartanburg 5:20 pm 10:20 pm 12:20 pm 2:20 pm. Lv Columbia 7:30 pm 12:30 pm 2:30 pm 4:30 pm. Lv Charleston 9:40 pm 1:40 pm 3:40 pm 5:40 pm.

VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE. WE offer for sale the following Tracts of Land: 1st. The Hopkins Tract, situated in Pickens County, containing two hundred acres, more or less. 2d. The G. W. Miller Tract, containing one hundred and twenty-four acres, more or less. This Tract has upon it a good Mill Pond. 3d. All that part of the Home Tract of Mr. H. C. Miller, lying in Anderson County, being eighty acres, more or less. These three Tracts of Land lie on the waters of Eighteen Mile Creek, respectively within one and a half to three miles of the towns of Pendleton, Clemson College and Central on the Southern R. R. These Lands are finely wooded, with uplands and low lands in cultivation. For further particulars apply to Jas. T. Hunter, Pendleton, S. C., or John T. Taylor, on the premises. W. W. SIMONS, R. E. HOOK, Execs. Est. of H. C. Miller. Aug. 30, 1899.

Drs. Strickland & King, DENTISTS. OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE. Gas and Ozone used for Extracting Teeth. NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John M. Hill, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 25th day of October, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from her office as Administrator. CORA HALL, Adm'x. Sept. 27, 1899.

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

What man has done woman thinks she can improve upon. Imposition is the only position some people ever attain. Popularity often makes a man believe what isn't true. The hungry mendicant prefers the cold hen to the cold shoulder. Some men show good judgment by showing a lack of self-confidence. The most expensive thing one acquires are those purchased below cost.