inttle Miss Muffet discovered a imfet (Which sever occurred to the rest of us), and, so 'twas a June day and just about noonday, she wanted to cat—like the best of us. the det was whey, and I hasten to say the diet was whey, and people grow fat on it; The spot being lonely, the lady not only triscovered the tuffet, but sat on it.

A rigulet gabbled beside her and babbled, As civilets always are thought to do, and dragon flies sported around and cavorted, As poets my dragon flies ought to do; When, glancing aside for a moment, she spied A horrible sight that brought fear to her, A hideous spider was sitting beside her And most unavoidably near to her?

However unsightly, this creature politely slaid: "Madam, I carnestly vow to you i'm penitent that I did not wear my hat. I should otherwise certainly how to you." Though anxious to please, he was so ih at case that he last all his scope of propriety and grew so inept that he clumally stepped in her plate—which is barred in society.

she studdered and, growing much paler, not by left tuffet, but dealt him a buffet which doubled him up in a sailor knot. be should be explained that at this he was pained.

the cried: "I have vexed you, no doubt of it! Your fist's like a truncheon." "You're still in Was all that she answered; "get out of it!"

And the moral is this: Be it madam or miss To whom you have something to say,
You are only absurd when you get in the curd,
But you're rude when you get in the whey,
—Guy Wetmore Carryl in Sketch.

THE WREATH OF VICTORY.

By De la Motte Fougue.

A Remarkable Story of the Border Between the Mortal and Immortal.

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 had creeted 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 Sigebald. He did so today also. Then he rose and looked longingly through the window, but he could not even see the collin, 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 Sigebald's betrothed, from the precious remains of their dearest happiness. Never before had evening. He gazed at the door with passionate yearning. He almost besought it to give way, and felt that it

in his eyes. He found his wife walting for him with the frugal evening meal.

must perforce yield to his desire. But

it stood firm and immovable before

him. It would scarcely allow the rust-

ed latch to be moved up and down suf-

ficiently to prove the strength with

which every part of the brazen clamp

did its duty. After the old man had

tried the door in vain for awhile he

tage, shaking his head and with tears

turned away and went back to his cot-

'Where is Diotwina?" he asked. "She has gone to her room," replied the dame. "Today is the anniversary of her betrothal to Sigebald, 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 carned the right to lie in honor on my coffin. Sigebald himself,

looking down from paradise, would scarce forgive me if I parted with the faithful old weapon." The dame began to weep behind her wrinkled hand, for she remembered how her dead son had played, as a beautiful, merry boy, with the old

sword and lisped of future victories. Then both the old people became silent, put our their light and went to bed.

Toward midnight the old knight heard strange sounds and cries ringing through the valleys. From one of the heights a light like a great flame shone through the window of the little room. He was about to get up to see what it

might be, but his wife said: "Lie still, husband. I have heard it for a long time and have been praying silently. It is surely some unholy march of the Mad army.

"H'm?" said Leuthold, "I have often heard the Wild Hunter rush past in mighty forests, but this is quite a different thing."

"Then it must be witcheraft of some sort," said his wife. "Who knows what may be happening upon the Brocken?

The old man yielded to his wife's entreaties, lay quiet and prayed softly.

But after awhile 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 littie 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 Sigebald 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 valleys, and toward morning the old 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 eastle with shining seythes, their wives and daughters bearing their rakes, tied with many ribbons. The harvest crownshone brilliantly in the blue of the bright summer day, and, alas! before it walked my dear, dear boy as a young child, would 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 And I knew the red dower

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 bymn 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 unaccustomed noise, emboldened by the cheerful morning beams which gilded the trees and the dewy grass under them, but still more emboldened by the reverent character of the hymn, which came steadily nearer. Shawms and reed pipes mingled with the sing-

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

"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

Meanwhile the peasants had formed a semicircle around the venerable pair, of a corpse, or glowing with tender and out from their ranks, between the love, as they were in life. lythes 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 eastle. The country is free, the op-

pressor 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 --asants approached, a venerable graybeard, like bis 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 Dictwina's words, "The country is free. The op-

pressor is dead!" over and over and striking their weapons against one another so that they clanked jubilant-"It is all true," said the old peasant to the still incredulous pair. "Your brother's son, Richard, has returned again. 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 bastily and were as hastily organized in fighting array by the young champion and marvelously inspired by his speech. We swarpied 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 eastle to make rendy 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

The old nobleman blessed his brave, falthful 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.

for you and our noble lady and the

gracious damsel Diotwina."

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 L beg you to lie still and to curb your many divers instances of his nephew's cariosity." magnanimity, generalship and hero-

ism, his noble heart was so overnous ing with grateful enthuslasm that he cried out loudly, so that the whole band heard:

"Now by my knightly troth and honor, I swear that our brave deliverer 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 yow to live and die the pure betrothed of our Sigebald. Which oath shall now be broken? Hers or yours?"

The old night's head sank upon his breast, and he sighed

"It is ever thus! Henven 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 Diotwing opened her lovely this in a

sinde like that of an angel and said: "Father and mother, do not grieve, I think our oaths are not so conflicting as you imagine."

she continued:

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 its nems were on his searf and shield. Even his speech and manner and way of riding were like our And he cried out the family as a mighty battleery 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 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 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 acraid. Then the door was pushed half open and an arm incased in steel was thrust inside my room, holding a scar," which I had embroidered for my betrothed and which was laid in the coffin with him. Then Sigebald'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 bollow, like those

your marriage day? he asked me kind-

"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 it, 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 ae. I set the wreath on his belmet, 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 . heard him gallop away on his horse so fast and so eagerly into the night did the terror come over me

"Now you know who your deliverer was, dear, faithful people, and 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 been missing for a space and 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 doubtful whether the bones of her precious dead ought to be exposed to view so audaclously, was satisfied by the pensants' 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 collin, 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

ner knight until the day of ner death, living in a little cottage near the chapel. When Richard did come home many years later and came into the property, which the old people had left to him with their blessing, he enlarged shall have the most precious thing the little house to a beautiful nunnery. under whose protection Sigebald's chapel was long revered as a place of sanctity and an object of many pilgrimages.-Translated From the German For Short Stories.

The Yankee In Germany.

How does the Yankee look in the imagination of my countrymen? asks Professor Hugo Munsterberg in The Atlantic. In the German language only three things are usually connected with the adjective American; the Germans speak of American stoves and mean a kind of stove which i have never seen in this country; secondly, they speak of American duels, and mean a crazy type of duel which was certainly never fought on this continent, and, thirdly, they speak of American humbug and mean by it that kind of humbug which flourishes in Berlin just as in Chicago.

But the American man is of course very well known. He is a haggard creature, with vulgar tastes and brutal manners, who drinks whisky and chews tobacco, spits, fights, puts his feet on the table and habitually rushes along in wild haste, absorbed by a greedy desire for the dollars of his neighbors. He does not care for edu-And, turning toward the old peasant, eation or art, for the public welfare or for justice, except so far as they mean "How do you know that your leader money to him. Corrupt from top to too, he buys legislation and courts and government, and when he wants fun he typches innocent negroes in Madison square in New York, or in the Boston Public garden. He has his family home usually in a skyscraper of 21 stories; his business is founded on misleading advertisements; his newspapers are filled with accounts of murders and his churches with hypocrites.

Don't Worry About Salaries. "What salaries are paid in different business callings is a question often saw his features, for he kept his visor asked by young men and one which seems to enter into their deliberations as a qualifying factor as to whether they shall enter certain trades or professions," writes Edward Bok in The Ladles' Home Journal. "I never could as a pure maiden should. I stood at quite see the point of this nor the reason for it. What are the salaries which are paid to others to you or to me? They signify nothing. If the highest salary paid to the foremost man in a certain profession is \$10,000 a year, what does it prove or signify? There is no obstacle to some one's else going into that same profession and earning \$25,000. The first step in going into business is to find out not which special line is most profitable, but which line you are most interested in and are best fitted for. Then drive ahead, and the salary will take care of itself. When a young man thinks too much of his salary, it is pretty good proof that he is not of very superior make. Ability commands income. But you must start with ability, not with salary.

Do Plants Think? A well known botanist propounds the question, "Have plants the power of reason or any way of determining what is going on around them?" The question, though he admits it appears rather fantastic, is prompted by ob-

servations he made a few weeks ago. His daughter was tending a morning glory vine at home, when a delicate tendril reached out toward a nail in the casing. The botanist proceeds: "She marked the position of the tendril with a pencil on the wood and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected Itself very noticeably and was again heading for the nail.

"The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same result, and finally one night the tendril, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and we found it coiled tightly around It."

Other little experiments of a similar nature are put forward in support of the botanist's theory.-London Mail.

A Baseball His Tombstone

The grave of William A. Hulbert, at one time president of the old National Baseball league, is marked with a tombstone in the shape of a baseball. When Mr. Hulbert died, in 1882, some of his old associates set about to show their love and respect for him, and the result was the monument in Grace-

land cemetery, Chicago. The baseball is made of red granite, about 20 inches in diameter, showing the seams as they appear upon the balls used in the regulation games. Across the top appears in raised letters, "W. A. Hulbert, President Na-tional League, P. B. B. C., 1876, 1882." On one side appear the names of four clubs in the old League-Boston, Providence, Worcester and Troy-and on the other those of the other four-Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit.

Also there is a headstone of white marble, upon which appears the name. together with the date of birth, Oct. 23, 1832, and the date of death, April 10, 1882.

The Commodore's Sentiments. It was "ladles' day" at the yacht club, and a crusty old member who hates a crowd and a fuss was watching one of the club servants paint the "welcome board." He painted a picture of a yacht clubman, with a broad, happy grin dividing his face from ear to car. Then he put these words beneath, "This is a pretty big board, but if we were to tell you how glad we are that ladies' day has come again we would need a board three times as big as this one."

"Huh!" grunted the crusty member as the man put the last curlycue to the last letter. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, sir, the commodore said we might as well tell a good one while we were about it," said the man, touching his cap.-New York News.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Holekon

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 malingerers 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 dunes. "I had a harry call to a house on Sec-

ond 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 un usual about that. Then, in tearing off his clothes to make a harried examina- officer of a General who had lost an tion, I found that his ribs on the left side were all pasted up with court plaster, in strios, just as any doctor would fix up broken ribe.

from, I said at once, "time of the before John beron his old strey. It fractured ribs has slipped and punetured the lines!

bleeding and a hypodermic injection to

open braise I discovered on his elbow.

While he was recovering consciousness I took his temperature and I found it

"I gave him something to stop the

away up to8 and too. Now, the nornul temperature of a because being is 98.4. In the worse cross of pneu monin we don't expect to find it eyes "Just then the man came to and tried to make me understand what had happened to him. I got a German in from neross the hall to interpret. The patient said be 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 : physician on his arrival here and had got along all right until now when

he had suddenly collapsed. His tem-

perature showed me that I had a seri-

ous 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 The 'house' took his temperature again, and it was 111! Then we drugged him and drugged him and gave his feet cold baths and took his temperature again. It had run up to 113. 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 constantly 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 faking, 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 malingerer.

"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.

Nature's Color Box.

Onions, from leeks to Bermudas, are bleaching to the skin, and so are lemons, asparagus and celery. Spinach is the broom of the stomach, as the French say, and sorrel, in soup of puree, as they cook it in the provinces and at the students' restaurants in the Latin quarter, is a great beautifier. Dandelion, lettuce and all the salads will bring out the red and white tints of the skin. Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawber-

ries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are red and bloodmaking, de veloping infantile loveliness in cheeks and lips if eaten, not now and then, but three times a day. This is the fruit cure or garden of Eden breakfast, and it will be remembered that Eve had no patent medicines, cosmeties or doctors.

Pineapple is good for the stomach and air passages. Rice, all cereals and white vegetables, such as cauliflower and parsnips, are whilesome. But pickles and pie crust, hot cakes and too many sweets will make one look pasty, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the olive and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.

- What man has done 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 prefer the cold ham to the cold shoulder.

- Some men show good judgment by showing a lack of self-confidence. The most expensive things one disch acquires are those purchased below

"One at a Time, if You Please."

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 ARE in their elegant new Repository 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 halt-ed at a cavalry post. Major ———, a en n, and are trying to give the very very paladin for courage and strength. had rolled in my blanket for a snooze: on hand. The price will be a larger with parts on hand. he had driven the enemy with slaugh- prise you.
Yours for Buggies, ter that day. My Jehn begin to recite his annoyances thus: "Cuss the duried infantry, they made me halt dismount and give the countersign till I was weary and tarrify wid their feedishness. A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trum staff! that noise; the General wants to rest: "That's where the blood comes Staff had hardly gone into dickness | bring him out, and then I bound up an I not order you to step this note? Who is it? I things him accested! Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey but his demand smoot in at .

THE copartnership here ofore existing A between Luther 8. Bigby and I. Walter Cox, under the firm name of Bigby & Cox, at Pelzor, S. C., was dissolved on July 1st, 1899, by mutual consent. All accounts, &c., due the firm to be paid to Luther S. Bigby, who also assumes the liabilities of the firm and continues the garantal conventionalism. general merchandise business. LUTHER S BIGBY.

I. WALTER COX. Sept 27, 1890

LAND SALE.

MORE Land than I need. Will sell in large or small lots. Land tresh, productive, well timbered and his well. Community healthful, pure, cold water, good citizens, good roads, schools and churches. Convenients with durches. Communicate with-

W. L. SMITH, Ita, Madison Co., Ga. 4 Sm July 18, 1899

Valuable Plantation for Sale. 174 ACRES, more or less, on Beaof cultivation. 30 acres bottom land, 30 in pins woods, 14 in pasture, 109 in cottom land. 3 houses on it. Bounded by Roy. George Rodgers, A. M. Guyton and oth-George Rodgers, A. M. Guyton and others. Will sell on easy terms. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. For further particulars apply to M. Berry Williams, Guyton, S. C., or
MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS,
Anderson, S. C.

Desirable Plantation for Sale. A BOUT 300 acres of Land, on Three and Twenty Creek, two and one-A and Twenty Creek, two and one-half miles east of Pendleton, on the road leading to Pelzer, is offered for sale. There are shout 25 acres of bottom land. The place is well watered and well adapted stock-raising, and has between 50 and 75 acres of forests. For further information apply to J. MILES PICKENS,

Pendleton, S C. Notice to Teachers & Trustees.

A Regular Examination for both white and colored teachers will be held on Friday, Oct. 13. Under the rules of the State Board of Education certificates of teachers who did not attend the Summer Normal can not be renewed. If your certificate expires before the next Spring examination, this will be your only opportunity to secure a certificate. Trustees are forbidden by the school law to employ teachers who have no cer-tificate, and a teacher who is employed without a certificate is in danger of losin without a cortificate is in danger of losing his pay. The examination will begin promptly at 9 s. m. and all applicants are ordered to be here at that hour. Trustees who have not already done so are requested to forward their annual report to me at once, as my report to the State Supt. must be completed at an early date.

R. E NICHOLSON, Co. Sup't.

Valuable Lands for Sale. WE offer for sale the following Tracts VV of Land:
1st. The Hopkins Tract, situate in Pick-

1st. The Hopkins Tract, situate 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 and Gin.

3d. All that part of the Home Tract of Dr. 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 Colof the towns of Pendleton, Clemson College and Central on the Southern R. R. These Lands are finely wooded, wuplands and low lands in cultivation. For further particulate apply to Jas. Tunter, Pendleton, S. C., or John T

Tayler, on the premises.
W. W. SIMONS,
CARRIET, SIMONS,
RESSIE E. HOOK, Exce, Est. Dr. H. C. Miller Aug 30, 1899 10 3m

Drs. Strickland & King,



DENTISTS. OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE. Gas and Cocaine used for Extracting Teeth.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.
The undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of John M. Hall, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 28th 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 Administra-

CORA HALL, Admix. Sept. 27, 1899

VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR. One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to DEALERS IN Fine Buggies, Phaætons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness Lap Robes and Whips.

D. S. VANDIVER E P. VANDIVER J. J. MAJOR.

Between Masonic Hall and New Bank. Ir you need anything in our line we eve the goods, the guarantee and the

VANISIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

TAX NOTICE.

"HE backs for the colorion of State, school and county Taxes will be open room Oct. 16th (80) at the face there is, task from die, and for the convenience of the rivary of 1 will collect a the convenience of the tryogy of 1 will offect a the following places:
By how it is an horizontal and the following places:
By how it is an expected to a large of a Mr. May, Oct. 11, 2 to 12.

Soldown til only Store, the 10, 1, 10 to 13 p. m. Mr. May, Oct. 11, 2 to 12.

Leach from the 31, 1, 10 to 13 p.

Parametry, We discovered by the acceptance of the transfer, we discovered by 12 p. m. 10 to 10 t

J. M. PAYNE, County Treasurer.

W. G. McGEE. SURCEON DENTIST. OFFICE—"ront Room, over Farmers and Me chants Bank—

ANDERSON, S. C. Fot 9 1898 33

MOTICE.

NOW is the time to have your 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, Buggy and Wagon Repairs. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

DR. J. H. BURGESS. DENTIST.

IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. At Clemson College overy Thursday April 26, 1899

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of he Estate of Martin Burriss, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 7th day of October, 1899, apply to the Judge of Propate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as

Administrator JAMES BURRISS, Adm'r. Sept 6, 1899 11 5

THE STATE OF SJUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. H. Mahon, Plaintiff against Mrs. Toxic Ann. Sterling and Mrs. Cora Ligon, Defendants Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants Mrs. Texts Anna Sterling and Mrs. Cora Ligon : Lies. Cora Ligon:

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 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 sach service; and if you fail to answer the 'omplaint 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. August 19, A D., 1869.

BONHAM & WATKIAS, Plaintiff's Attorney, [SEAL] JOHN C. WATKIES, C. C. C. F.

To the absent Defendant, Mrs. Texie Anna Ster ling : You will take notice that the Complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Cierk of the Court of said County on the 19th day of August,

Plaintiff's Attorneys. August 30, 1899 CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect July 23, 1899.

9 40 nm 1 40 pm

1 20 pm 5 37 am 10 15 am r Laurens. Ar Greenville...... Ar Glenn Springs... Ar Spartanburg..... Ar Saluda... 9 00 Ra Lv Asheville. 6 28 am 11 45 am | 3 40 pm 16 00 am Ly Spartanburg.... Ly Glenn Springs... Ly Greenville...... Ly Laurens... 12 01 am 4 09 pm 1 37 pm 7 60 pm 7 00 am v Anderson v Greenwood... Ar Augusta. Ly Calhoun Falis. 4 41 pm | . 2 16 210 Ar Raleigh... Ar Norfolk... Ar Retersburg Ar Richmond... Lv Augusta.... Ar Alleudale... Ar F-irfax..... Ar Yemassee..... Ar Beaufort..... Ar Port Boyal.... 11 15 am Ar Savannah..... Ar Charleston.... Ly Charleston. 6 23 am .v Port Royal .. 6 55 815 7 20 816 8 20 816 9 20 416 9 35 at 1 00 ptg 1 16 pm 2 80 pm Ly Beaufort... Ly Yemasseo... Ly Fairfax... Ly Allendale. Ar Augusta...

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athons Atlanta and all points on S. A. L.
Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savanush and all points.
Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.
For any information relative to tickets, rates schedule, etc., address W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga E. M. North, Sol. Agent.
T. M. Emerson, Tradic Manager