

Lee Honored in Grant Hall.

The Future of Cuba.

He Fell From Grace.

Good, But Unlikely.

"He tried to kiss me, Judge."

The Kitchen Sink

Should not breed diseases like typhoid fever or malaria.

It will not if you use Gold Dust regularly.



Send for free booklet—"Golden Rules for Housework." THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of D. A. Elrod, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 13th day of November, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors.

W. S. ELROD, J. ELROD, W. C. SMITH, Executors.

Oct. 18, 1899 17

TAX NOTICE.

"THE books for the collection of State, School and County Taxes will be open from Oct. 16th 1899, until December 31st, 1899, inclusive, and for the convenience of the taxpayers will collect a Consenting Notice."

Valuable Lands for Sale.

WE offer for sale the following Tracts of Land: 1st. The Hopkins Tract, situate in Pickens County, containing two hundred acres, more or less.

W. W. SIMONS, CARRIE T. SIMONS, EXECUTORS.

E. M. RUCKER, Jr., ATTORNEY AT LAW, WEBB BUILDING, Anderson, S. C.

RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

Table with columns for STATIONS, Ex. Sun. No. 17, Daily No. 18, and times for various routes including Atlanta, Greenville, and Spartanburg.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD

H. C. BEATTIE Receiver. Time Table No. 7—Effective October 1, 1898.

Table with columns for WESTBOUND STATIONS, EASTBOUND STATIONS, and times for various routes including Anderson, Walhalla, and Spartanburg.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 16, 1886.

Table with columns for GOING WEST, GOING EAST, and times for various routes including Wilmington, Charleston, and Columbia.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—"The Future of Cuba," is a paper by Maj.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee which will appear in the Independent to-morrow as follows: "When will the United States evacuate Cuba? That is a question I am very frequently asked, and I suppose it is natural for people to suppose that from my peculiar facilities for observation in the Island, I might have some knowledge, or at least some opinion about it."

"Nevertheless, I have no such knowledge and no such opinion. With the very best of will on the part of our Government, a desire to keep its pledges and leave the inhabitants of Cuba to enjoy their independence in their own way, there are many difficulties in the way of withdrawal, and whether or not we have in the last six months made progress toward the end, I am unable to say."

"Yet I can say that during the last six months crime has decreased and peace and prosperity are spreading or reviving in a great measure. This, however, seems attributable to the presence of United States troops whom the chief property holders and conservative business men insist must stay. The Cubans themselves seem to be very much divided in opinion as to what ought to be done. Some want an independent government immediately; others insist that Cuba should be annexed to the United States and great numbers of others seem to have no positive opinion regarding the path their country should pursue. There is, of course, on the part of a majority a lack of understanding of the difficulties of self-government."

"At present the census is being taken in Cuba and for the first time we shall have an accurate and reliable enumeration. When that has been finished the experiment of free government by Cubans for Cubans will, I believe, be tried. Precisely in what locality or in what form, I do not know. That is matter for our government to decide, and I have obtained no information of its intention in the matter."

The Rev. Dr. Herrick, U. S. A., retired, who is known and beloved by soldiers and civilians alike, because of his tender heart and his kindly wit, has this story to tell of an experience of his down at Fort Monroe. He was staying at a hotel there—last spring, I think it was—and among the persons who made his acquaintance were two gentlemen. One of them was a Methodist clergyman, from somewhere in Kentucky, and as his companion had a clerical look and seemed so great a friend to him, Dr. Herrick naturally concluded that the companion, too, was a Methodist. The mention of Cuba to enjoy their independence in their own way, there are many difficulties in the way of withdrawal, and whether or not we have in the last six months made progress toward the end, I am unable to say."

"Do you know Lew So-and-So, out there in Kentucky, the famous horse man?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. The reverend doctor smiled his kindly smile. "I heard a story about him the other day," he said. "It seems that, besides being a breeder of fine horses, he was a noted character on the race track. Betting and racing were passions with him. The time came, however, when he experienced a change of heart. He was converted and joined a peculiar sect, called Campellites, or Christians, a church of a very recent origin. For several months he kept him to the straight and narrow way, but one day he happened to be driving a very fast horse, when he passed a race track. He drove in, and despite his good resolutions he fell from grace and presently sent his horse around the track in the fashion of his unregenerate days. Somebody saw him and reported him. He was summarily turned out of the church. A day or two afterward a friend met him and asked him if the dismissal from the church had not been a great blow to him. Lew was unexpectedly cheerful. He was not at all cast down."

"No," said he, "I think it served me right. I ought to have known better than to join a scrub church with no pedigree." The Methodist preacher laughed immoderately. His companion smiled, but in an embarrassed way. The Methodist finally dried his eyes. "And now, Dr. Herrick," said he, "I want you to know my friend, the Rev. Mr. So-and-So," slapping his companion on the back. "He's the man who turned Lew out of the church."—Washington Post.

Donald McAlister, of 437 East Seventy-sixth street, applied to Magistrate Hogan in the Yorkville police court yesterday for a warrant for the arrest of some men who, he said, had assaulted him at an Irish wake last Tuesday night. He went to the wake with another Scotchman, he explained, and when asked to tell a story to while away the time, told why there were no Scotchmen in hell. The story described how two of Lucifer's satellites, sent to earth to bring in a Scotchman for inspection, brought a bulldog in their bag by mistake, and the beast bit the devil so severely that he called his underlings about him and said: "Until the day of judgment never bring another Scotchman here. Go to England and Ireland, where you'll get people without trouble."

The development of the Missouri "zinc fields" brought out almost as many curious and amazing incidents as follow the discovery of a new gold region. The Joplin Index tells one—it has a pathetic side—of a family of ten children, orphans, whose estate consisted of a quarter-section of rich zinc land. The syndicate that was developing the region wanted the property. The guardian of the children was a shoemaker in Joplin. He had been a friend of their father, and was working hard to keep the estate intact until they should grow up, and to educate them meantime. After he had refused offers that increased \$10,000 at a leap, day after day, he became tired and set a price of \$200,000, so that the syndicate would cease bothering him. It happened, however, that that particular property was a necessity for them, and they would have given twice as much. So they took him up in a twinkling. The court approved the sale, and the amount was then handed over in the form of certified checks. The shoemaker looked at the papers, found out from the banker that they were "good," and then said to the agent of the syndicate: "Could you give me part cash?" "Why, my man, you have it all in cash."

"Yes, but I want some of it in—"

"Currency?" "Yes, I guess that's it." "Well, how much do you want?" "I want about 50 cents. I have been promising them children they should have an ice-cream soda as soon as I could afford it, and I know they have been expecting it long enough." And the syndicate bought the sodas. You never know what form of blood poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

When Nature is overtaken, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which must be gotten rid of; they are an urgent appeal for assistance—a warning that can not safely be ignored. To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to any ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer. Mrs. L. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

"He tried to kiss me, Judge," said the female complainant. "Didn't he succeed?" queried the Court. "No, sir." "Five dollars fine!" thundered the Court, turning to the prisoner. "Be more careful next time." — A medical man prophesies that if for the next ten years the present relative death rates are maintained, in 1909 there will be more deaths in the State of New York from cancer than from consumption, smallpox and typhoid fever combined. — "A self-opening and closing umbrella has been invented." "That's no good. What the world wants is an umbrella that will find its way back home when stolen." President King, Farmer's Bank, Brooklyn, Mich., has used DeWitt's Little Early Risers in his family for years. Says they are the best. These famous little pills cure constipation, biliousness and bowel troubles. Evans Pharmacy. — "What are you going to be when you are a man, Tommy?" "I'm going to work till I get enough money to buy a candy store, an' then I won't do a thing." Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Tex., says, "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." Evans Pharmacy. — A cat in a Strand tavern in London has become intemperate through drinking wine spilled by waiters. Dr. H. H. Haden, Summit, Ala., says, "I think Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a splendid medicine. I prescribe it, and my confidence in it grows with continued use." It digests what you eat and quickly cures dyspepsia and indigestion. Evans Pharmacy. — If all the world's a stage every man ought to have some sort of a show. Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy. — An ordinary railway engine is equivalent in strength to about 900 horses. The family that keeps on hand and uses occasionally the celebrated Prickly Ash Bitters is always a well regulated family. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

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S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength. It cures Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Tetter, Boils, Sores, etc., by going direct to the cause of the trouble and forcing out all impure blood.

THE REASONS WHY. You will buy your STOVES OF JOHN T. BURRISS.

OUR CROCKERY, TIN AND LAMP DEPARTMENT is now complete, and at the right prices. Our Stock is too numerous to itemize, like some do, but for example a nice Decorated Chamber Set, nine pieces, for \$22.25 per set; four-piece Glass Set and six large Tumblers all for 25c. No Coupon required. Call and see for yourselves. Your trade solicited. JOHN T. BURRISS.

THE HOUSE-KEEPER'S TROUBLES! DURING the Fall and Winter months the House-keeper has no little trouble in supplying the table with something to eat. We can help them if they will only give us a call. We have a choice and select Stock of— Family and Fancy Groceries.

G. F. BIGBY.

Lee Honored in Grant Hall. A portrait of General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., is to be hung in Grant Hall at the West point Military Academy. To every graduate in the army, North and South, the appearance of the face of the great Confederate soldier on the walls of his alma mater, side by side of that of his great antagonist, Grant, means the end of controversy, the end of bitterness, the end of all things sectional. Lee as he appears in his place of honor will not be the gray garbed leader of the lost cause with the stars of a general shining in the field on his shoulder. He will appear in the blue uniform of the old army, with an eagle on the yellow ground of the shoulder knot, denoting the rank of a colonel of cavalry, the position the southern held when he resigned to cast his lot with the confederacy. Colonel Mills, who won promotion at Santiago, where he was shot through the head, is now the superintendent of the military academy. He has been in correspondence with the association of the daughters of the Confederacy, which has agreed to raise the funds for the painting of the portrait and to present it to the academy. Colonel Mills has secured the permission of the war department for the placing of the picture. The thought is held and felt deeply by army officers and army authorities that nothing but good to the coming generations of cadets can come from the proposed honoring of the memory of one of the greatest soldiers who ever owed his military training to West Point on the Hudson. The coming honoring of Lee forces reminiscences. Since the war of secession the portrait of but one Confederate leader has hung on the historic academic walls—that of Albert Sidney Johnston, of the class of 1826, who gave his life for the South at Shiloh. The portrait of General Johnston was put in place long years before the war on the wall of the army officer's messroom at West Point. It showed him as a subaltern officer of cavalry in the United States forces. Johnston at one time was stationed at West Point, and the officers assembled there as instructors voted to have him manage their mess. The quality of the food and cooking improved so under Johnston's management that his comrades induced him to keep the position of manager instead of having it "rotated," as was the custom. When Johnston was relieved the members of the mess voted to have his portrait painted and hung in the mess. This was done, and the picture stayed there untouched all through the dark days of the war. In the year 1865, there was sent to West Point as a tactical officer Marcus A. Reno, who had won the stars of a brigadier general of volunteers on the battlefield. Reno had gone back to his rank of captain of the regulars at the close of hostilities; Reno had been at West Point on duty but a few days when the picture of Johnston caught his eye. War passions were still high—though another excuse was given for Reno's conduct. He was officer of the day and wore his side arms. He drew his saber in front of Johnston's picture. "A traitor has no place in these walls," he said. There was a "right cut" from a practiced hand and the encircling frame and the picture of the confederate general were cleft in twain. Reno was relieved from duty and sent west. He was dismissed from the service fifteen years afterward for an offense committed on the frontier. At West Point to-day, where "time's effacing finger" has removed the last trace of bitterness, the portrait of Lee will hang honored and in safety. The showing of a southern soldier's face in the gallery of West Pointers brings to mind a popular misconception on the subject of the number of military academy graduates from the South who left the colors to fight for secession. During the war and ever since, because the facts are not generally known, it was supposed by the people that West Point had educated southern cadets only to have them turn against the government. As a matter of fact—on the authority of General Cullom, who made the matter a study—four-fifths of the graduates held true to the Union, and of those who came from below the Mason and Dixon line one-half fought under the Stars and Stripes. Senators, representatives and federal judges born in Dixie almost to a man threw in their lot with secession. Nearly every officer in the army appointed from civil life in the South went with the Stars and Bars. The students of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and other northern universities who matriculated from the States that seceded went in mass to the ranks of the Confederacy. The influence of family and of birthright of States' rights influence was not sufficient to wean from their Union sworn allegiance a majority of southern graduates. Lee himself had a struggle before he dropped the blue for the gray. No West Pointer doubts that he acted as his conscience dictated. His portrait will be honored when it is put in place near that of the man whom he met at Appomattox.—Edward B. Clark.

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