THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

SALLIE'S KISS.

And have so many years gone by since she and I were young, And skies were blue, and earth seemed new, and

Love its rondels sung? It seems today I hear her sing as plain as once I heard

Sweet "Afton Water" and "Ben Bolt" and "Mag-

gie"-every word! And how her eyes grew softer, and how hope sprang elate, For life meant bliss with Sallie's kiss down by

the farmstead gate.

The moonlight on the fodder fields still shines as bright as then.

The plaining of the whippoorwill yet rises through the glen, And I suppose that lovers like to linger there as

Their eyes filled with the light that ne'er shone

on the land or sea; But is their love as strong as ours when we would

linger late, Where life was bliss for Sallie's kiss down by the farmstead gate?

The world is filled with prosy things; there's little

left to cheer; Gray hairs tell plain the time to leave off cakes and ale is here,

Yet something of my youth returns when thinking how I hung Upon the words of Sallie there-"when you and I

were young;'

And, little one, how much I'd give to take from time and fate

One night of bliss with Sallie's kiss down by the farmstead state!

-Will T. Hale in New York Times.

A PRISMATIC COURTSHIP. Nemesis Takes a Hand In a Vassar Joke.

The Fuerst Bismarck was just leaving the dock at Hoboken. Up and down the gangplank surged a moving throng-stewards laden with hand baggage, trucks piled with steamer trunks, girls in seagoing costume, with their arms filled with roses and faces bright with anticipation; older women with sober countenances, speaking seriously to grown sons and daughters who were to be left behind; business men looking important and coilege graduates still care free and intoxicated with their newly found liberty. It was a motley crowd, pushing, chatting, laughing in the bright June sunshine.

The gong sounded for the last time. the stewards rushed about, shouting "All ashore!" and the final messages arose in chorus. Slowly the great ship swung around, and the cable loosened. The faces on the dock were gradually lost in a confused sense of color.

"We are really off, auntie," said a girl's voice gayly. "Now, don't cry, for you know you are delighted to go. Uncle Tom will be all right without you. Indeed, I've no doubt he will enjoy himself hugely." She laughed mischievously and put her arm around her portly companion, who sniffed audibly behind her handkerchief.

John Towner, who was standing by, glanced at the pair as they disappeared in the cabin.

"Pretty girl," he murmured as he chose a cigarette. "If she were only among so many men. I kept rather to

should see a great deal of him. He is to have some one to fix your chair and run errands, you know."

Priscilla groaned. "Well, auntie, you've done it this time. Mr. Towner is the one man in all the world I would have avoided. I can't tell you the story-it's a secret-but it's about the girl he is engaged to, and it is going to be very embarrassing to me."

"Dear me, Priscilla, how I do wish you had only told me before!" said her aunt complainingly. "Your habit of reticence is most annoying. I've asked him to change his seat to the one next you at table, and he is going to. Indeed, he rather suggested it. So we will have to see him all the time." "Never mind, auntie; it's Nemesis,

that's all," said her niece, with calm despair.

That Towner felt the frigidity of the atmosphere as they met at luncheon was inevitable. But with a cheerful resolution he set himself to overcome Miss Barton's open dislike. His tact, his gayety, his avoidance of all difficult subjects and, above all, the utter absence of questions from his conversation gradually thawed the chill of the girl's manner, and by the next day | Towner rose and helped her to her feet she was almost her own bright, easy | in silence.

self once more. A light rain now set in, and Mrs. Hunter was kept in the cabin for several days by fear of rheumatism. Priscilla, however, and Towner sat in their

cozy nook on deck and enjoyed it after youth's reckless fashion. Suddenly the moment came so dreaded by the girl. "Mrs. Hunter tells me you are from Vassar, Miss Barton, and I want to ask you about Miss North. As she is in your class you must know her, and, as your aunt has probably told you, I am

engaged to her." "In that case, Mr. Towner, you must know her far better than I," replied Priscilla, smiling constrainedly.

"Miss Barton, please don't think it queer, but I want to tell you a secret. You have been so kind to me and have such a-well, almost a sisterly way of treating a fellow, if you will excuse my saying so, that I know you will advise me what to do. Indeed, it seems as if my meeting you were reaily providential."

"Don't you think, Mr. Towner, that you would much better not tell me. You see, I am a stranger to you, and in 2 week we shall separate and probably

never meet again, and then you would regret having confided in me. Oh, I am quite sure you would better not!" "I know it would seem foolish under other circumstances, Miss Barton, but when I tell you the story you will understand my anxiety, if you will allow

me?" .He leaned eagerly forward, and Priscilla dropped her eyes in confusion. Taking her silence for consent, he began:

"You see, it was this way: I'm an only child, and I've seen little of young people. I had a tutor and never went to school until I came north to college, and you can imagine it was rath- no other Priscilla at all?" er an ordeal to be thrown suddenly

"mow many were in this pleasant arreally delightful, and it's so convenient, rangement?" inquired Towner in a hard tone.

"Only three," replied Priscilla deprecatingly. "You see, Hal suggested that you needed to be educated to a knowledge of women and from more than one side. Most men know lots of girls, you see, and you knew none, so these three said they would form a sort of prism, and you should see three sides of the ewig-weibliche, you know."

"I do know indeed," said Towner grimly. "I know more of women than I ever dreamed." "It was only a schoolgirl trick,"

pleaded Priscilla, "and we never meant to hurt you. We thought you would really be amused when you knew"-"Amused!" exclaimed the man with

an unmirthful laugh. "You play with a man's best feelings and expect him to be amused! Those girls must be specimens of the 'new woman' I heard defined the other day. 'One who had forgotten how to be a lady and not learned to be a gentleman." " "I don't wonder you feel so," said Priscilla humbly, and then there fell a

long silence. When the gong rang for lunchcon, "Aren't you coming down?" she in-

quired timidly. "Thanks; no. I've food for thought,"

he replied, lifting his hat formally. The next days were gloomy enough. Towner seldom appeared at meals, and when he did he was taciturn. As Mrs. Hunter talked incessantly she did not notice his silence, but Priscilla felt cowed by it.

"Gibraltar tomorrow!" called some one as they stepped on deck after dinner on their last day.

The girl involuntarily glanced at Towner, who stood near, and caught his eyes fixed on her with a softer light than they had known. Her heart felt lighter. She had suffered these past days from remorse. Mrs. Hunter went to her stateroom to

pack, and Priscilla stood alone near the bow of the ship. The air was soft and summer like; the moon shone bright and clear from

a deeply purple sky. She turned at the sound of footsteps. Towner stood beside her. "Our voyage is over," he said. "Are

you going to make me any reparation for my wrongs?" "How can I?" she inquired faintly.

"You have taken away one Priscilla from me. I loved her. I was engaged to her. The least you can do is to give me another Priscilla in her place."

"But you don't know me"-"I know you as well as I knew her,' he said firmly. "But you corresponded with her,'

she faltered. "So I will with you." There was a pause. Towner looked

anxiously at the girl, who again willfully kept her eyes averted. "But how can I make amends," she exclaimed at length, "when there was

"You can give me one now," he replied, fondly laying his hand on hers

THE "GRAY FOX."

General Charles King's Reminiscences of Major General Crook.

Young officers fresh from West Point looked at him in wonderment. Instead of a somewhat unapproachable dignitary, in precise uniform and epaulets and embroidered sash and belt, they were welcomed by a cordial handclasp from a tall, bushy bearded man, with twinkling gray blue eyes, in an old slouch felt hat, flannel shirt, rough canvas shooting coat and trousers and common soldier's boots.

Generally his beard was tied up with string or red tape, the only use he had for that usual military indispensable. He sat at campfire or in the simply furnished parlor of his army home listening to the chat about him, rarely speaking and assiduously playing solitaire with a pack of cards produced from an inner pocket. He could play a capital hand at whist, but fought shy of a game with careless or forgetful players. He heard everything that was said and saw everything going on about him, but seldom gave a sign.

From the so called pleasures of society, dinners, dances and receptions he shrank in dismay. He ate only the simplest food. He never smoked. He hated wine. He wouldn't touch spirits. He marveled that any man should. "It spoils his shooting," said he. And our general was a capital shot. He could foot it through an old fashioned quadrille or Virginia reel, but nothing else, and would always get away on social occasions into the first obscure corner he could find, and then out would come the old pack of cards.

He rarely read anything but nature's books, although he had a mathematical gift and not only stood well in scientific studies at the Point, as did Grant, but he helped along his unmathematical roommate, Sheridan. Writing was something Crook abhorred. He could hardly decipher one of his own pages, and his letters and dispatches, like those of old "Rough and Ready," General Zachary Taylor, were generally penned by some brilliant staff officer.

Children he loved and treated with a shy tenderness that was sweet to see, but he had none of his own. His wife was a Maryland girl who won his heart during the war days while her brother and other enterprising "rebs" made way with his body, capturing him by a daring night raid into Cumberland.

Like Grant, he was simplicity itself in speech, rarely lifting up his voice, and only once did I ever hear him speak an impatient word or one that faintly resembled an expletive, but that was in the thick of the Sioux campaign of 1876 and when he had much to try him.

proached and stepped forward to sa-

"Where shall I find General Crook?"

ever knew. In all the years it was my

fortune to serve under him in Arizona,

Wyoming, Dakota, Montana or at his

headquarters in Omaha or Chicago, I

never saw him in the uniform of his

rank until he lay dead in his coffin, his

guard of honor grouped about him .--

The Wooing of the Woodcock.

of those sights to witness which a lov-

ed at twilight, and the setting is of

es are just beginning to show the

tender green of early spring. Sudden-

shoots upward like some swamp spirit

until it is outlined against the gray

to the damp thicket, making a sound

Again the bird soars and circles, sing-

ing still the love song. This is repeat-

ed time after time until the last gleam

of light has faded and night's darkness

He Found It.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of hat H. Flitcher

- If a man is a good husband, he

gets no credit for it, the neighbors

comes down .- Chicago Tribune.

The wooing of the woodcock is one

Youth's Companion.

lute him.

We had to eat our horses that year to keep alive. We had no tents, and bardly a change of underwear could be found in the whole column. We were wet, bedraggled and dirty when we reached the Yellowstone, but the general was as badly off as the humblest trooper and minded it less. There we met the spruce command of General Terry, and Terry himself, in handhad given to my men, and in every some uniform, the picture of the gencase it proved most beneficial." tleman and soldier, came over to our sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. bivouac to call on Crook. I was drying my buckskins at a fire as he ap-

Mr. David T. Leslie, of Leslie station, was in Yorkville on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Leslie is the author of the article on wheat culture recently published in the Enquirer, and which

Half Bushel Enough.

attracted attention not only in York county; but in many other counties of Hattie Lee and others.

The only unfavorable criticism so far as the reporter knows that anybody has seen fit to make, was a suggestion that perhaps in the case of a large grained wheat, half a bushel to the acre would be too little. The reporter called Mr. Leslie's attention to this suggestion, and asked him for a

the State.

replied: "I did not attempt to go into the whole question because I do not be-Lieve people are disposed to read long articles as readily as short ones. But when I said a half bushel to the acre

is enough, I said it in the full knowledge that it is more than enough. Of course, large grained wheat makes a difference; but I do not know of any wheat in this State, a half bushel of which would be too little to sow on an acre.

"If you cared to print them all, I

could give you numerous points to prove that a half bushel of seed wheat

to the acre is really too much. But I will only give you one instance. Down M. M. Wilhite, Plaintiff, against Emma COTTON GOING UP. in our neighborhood, in 1898, a young man named Frank Shillinlaw sowed one bushel on three acres. The reason he did not sow more to the acre, was because he did not have the seed nor the means to get it. He made 421 bushels on his three acres—a better crop than was made by anybody else in the neighborhood. And 1899 was not a good wheat year either.

"No," concluded Mr. Leslie, "the question of how little wheat should be sown to the acre is difficult to arrive at. It is hard to tell when you have a stand. I can easily tell when I have a stand of cotton or corn, but not so with wheat. I'll tell you this though: when you ride over your fields in February or March and see your wheat so thick as to almost cover the ground, you may put it down that you are not going to make much of a crop. You have seeded too heavily."-Yorkville

Used By British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when

Enquirer.

Sale. TF not sold beforehand at private sale, I will sell to the highest bidder at the I will sell to the highest bidder at the old Homestead of R. T. Chamblee, de-ceased, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER Attorneys at Law, 25, 1899, at ten o'clock a. m., the fol-

lowing Tracts of Land, to wit : 1. All that certain Tract of Land situated in the County of Anderson, State aforesaid, containing eightv acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Mallie Shirley,

2. All that certain Tract or parcel of Land containing twenty acres, more or less, adjoining the above described Tract, Lands of the Estate of Wm. Bowen, de-

ceased, and others. 3. All that certain Tract or parcel of Land, known as Tract No. 4, adjoining Lands of Albertie Chamblee, Dock Bur-

D. S. VANDIVER. E P J. J. MAJOR. riss and others, containing fifty six acres. 4. All that certain other Tract or parcel 'ANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR. of Land, situate in Hart County, State of

Trustee and Administrator's CAREY.

this suggestion, and asked him for a further expression on the subject. He renlied: Georgia, containing seventy acres, more or less, adjoining Lands of Tallula Gleon, Emma J. Coker, L. B. Fisher and others. Terms of Sale-Ca-h. Purchaser or purchasers to pay extra for deeds and

stamps. The above Land is sold under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to me by the other heirs at-law of Robt. T. hamblee, deceased, bearing date Sept.

19, 1899. At the same time and place I will also sell the Personal Property of said deceased, consisting of Horses, Cattle, Corn, Fodder, Wheat. Also, the Mill Machinery, consisting of Turbine Wheel. Husk Frame, Grist Mill, and other articles. W. H CHAMBLEE,

Trustee and Administrator. Nov 8, 1899 20

Judge of Probate's Sale. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

ANDERSON COUNTY. In the Court of Common Pleas.

Kennedy, Defendant.

N pursuance of the order of sale grant. ed herein, I will sell on Salesday in December next, in front of the Court House in the City of Anderson, during the legal hours of sale, the premises de ecribed as follows, to wit : All that certain Lot or parcel of Land, situate in the corporate limits of the City of Anderson, in the County of Anderson, State aforesaid, fronting along the line of the C. & G. Railroad (now Southern) on the North one hundred feet, and running back in parallel line one hundred and tifty feet, adjoining the C. & G. Railroad

(Southern Railway) on the North, Perry Thompson on the West, and lands of M Kennedy on the South and East, and is the same deeded to Emma Kennedy by M Kennedy. Terms-One-half cash, balance in 12 months, with interest from date of sale,

secured by bond and mortgage, with leave to auticipate payment. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE,

Judge of Probate as Special Referee Nov 8, 1899 30 Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. In the Court of Common Pleas.

J. F. Stone, Plaintiff, against Lela Stone, et al., Defendants .- Complaint for Partition.

IN obedience to the order of sale granted herein, I will sell on Salesday in December next, in front of the Court House in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the usual hours of sale, the premises detroubled with bowel complaint, and scribed as follows, to wit:

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 to please.

McCULLOUGH,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

DR. J. LOUIS GRAY,

HILL-ORR DRUG CO.,

-

DEALERS IN

Fine Buggies, Phaætons,

Office and Telephone :

ANDERSON,

& MARTIN.

ANDERSON, S. C.

E P. VANDIVER

S. C.

We highly appreciate all 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 on hand. The price will positively surprise you.

Yours for Buggies,

VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Ma-

chines still Cheap.

A 10-Stop Organ, two setts Reeds for

\$55.00. High Grade Pianos for \$200 and

up. The best Sewing Machines only \$30. Good Machines \$20. Machine Needles 20c. dozen. Best Sperm Oil 5c.

I am in the business to save you mcn-

Broyles Block, South Main St.

ey. Can sell on easy terms. Remem-ber, if you want Second Hand Goods I

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FARMING LANDS. Easy pay-

JNO. B. PALMER & SON,

16

Columbia, S. C.

6m

ments. No commissions charged. Bor-

rower pays actual cost of perfecting loan.

W. G. McGEE

SURGEON DENTIST.

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ANDERSON, S. C.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

33

Interest 8 per cent.

and Merchants Banz-

Feb 9, 1898

Oct. 11, 1899.

cannot supply you. Everything new. M. L. WILLIS,

Priscilla, now, what a heavenly time we would have." He sighed pensively: "However, there's no use wasting wishes over that, and I suppose I'd better be getting my seat at the table." As he took his place in line in the dining saloon the same pretty girl stood near him. She stood so near, in fact, that as he gave the steward his card her eye fell upon it as it lay on the table. A look of bewilderment and intense embarrassment crossed her face; she flushed painfully and glanced involuntarily at him in evident distress. Towner stared back at her in astonishment. In an instant she recovered her composure, drew herself up haughtily and turned away.

"What in the name of common sense was the matter with her?" he muttered as he sought his stateroom. "I never laid eyes on her before, and why she: should be so awfully upset on seeing me, or, rather, on seeing my name, passes me."

He sat down on the edge of his berth to think it over. He was perhaps unused to the ways of the world, still he had had four years at college and flattered himself that he knew something of society. But this experience was a new one to him. He felt strangely dattered by the unknown's mysterious knowledge of his name.

"She will pr bably sit near me," he thought, "and I will find out what the trouble is."

It was with undue haste that he sought the table at the first sound of the gong, but his eye searched in vain the faces of those nearest him. Evidently she had given the steward particular instruction to put her seat 's far as possible from the one labeled "Mr. John Towner, Biloxi, Miss.," for he finally discovered her at the extreme limit of the room.

The third morning was bright and sunny, and the decks were crowded.

"Where shall I put your chair?" said a despairing voice at Towner's elbow. "The steward has disappeared, and there isn't an empty inch of room."

"Allow me!" he exclaimed, inwardly rejoicing as he seized the steamer chair. "There's a nice sheltered place just around the corner." And ha led the way.

"Thank you so much," said the aunt, sighing, as she dropped heavily into the comfortable seat as he settled it. "I still feel the effects of yesterday's illness. Priscilla, dear, can't you find a place too?"

The girl flushed again and turned abruptly away.

"Thank you, auntie, but I am going for a book," she called back over her shoulder.

Towner tucked the rug snugly around the elder lady's feet.

"Might I bring my chair, too?" he inquired, with becoming meekness. "It is so pleasant here." "By all means," was the gracious

reply, and in a moment the two were engaged conversation.

"That s a most charming young man, my dear," said Mrs. Hunter complacently as she smoothed her hair for luncheon. "His name is Towner, and he is from the south. He has graduated from Cornell and is going abroad on a business trip. He is engaged to a Vassar girl, a Priscilla somebody. I told him you were at Vassar and must know her, as she is a junior too."

"Oh, you told him I must know!" repeated her niece. "Certainly I did., He is anxious to

There was one man there, however, who was very good to me. His name was Hal Somers."

Priscilla turned her head still further away and picked nervously at the fringe of her steamer rug.

"One duy," continued Towner, "he brought me the photograph of a pretty girl. It was one of those soft, rather indistinct pictures, like a composite, you know, only it wasn't one. It had such deep, beautiful eyes and such a way of seeming to look a fellow right through that it made a strange impression on me. It was of Hal's cousin, a girl at Vassor, Priscilla North. Well, before I knew where I was he got me into a correspondence with her by sending messages first and then notes. I never wrote to a girl before, but if all girls write as she does they are a bright set. Why, Miss Barton, her letters fairly scintillated! And no two were alike. There was the charm of it. They were 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' only all were simply exquisite. No wonder I fell in love with her! Well, to make a long story short, we became engaged, and then,

naturally, I wanted to see her. And here the strange part begins. I cannot meet her. I'am never to see her." "That is-rather peculiar"- murmured Priscilla.

"Peculiar? It's unaccountable! She says she is forbidden to make acquaintances by her grandfather, with whom she lives, so I can't go to the college. At the end of the term shc rushes off west-she lives in Wisconsin. And in vacation she travels! And here I am in the ridiculous position of being engaged to a girl I've never seen. Now, Miss Barton, I beg you

to tell me all about her. You know her, of course."

Towner leaned his head on his Land and gazed earnestly at the girl. She slowly turned her eyes from the horizon and bent them on him with a troubled expression. How handsome he looked with that eager face; how his hair curled in the little damp rings about his temples! She turned away again. "Mr. Towner," she began after | was Bryant's home. a pause, "I cannot say that I do know Miss North. I-I would rather not talk about it," she ended abruptly. here I want to walk over and a trout Towner stared at her. "Why, what stream I want to fish up," he added. can you mean?" he said incredulous-

ly. "Surely you must know her! What to do both. "Do you know," he conpossible reason can there be for your silence?"

Priscilla still hesitated. Then, suddenly turning impetuously to him, she said, with little gasps between her sentences:

"Mr. Towner, you will never, never forgive me, but you ought to know the truth, and I suppose I must be the one to tell you Hal Somers is my cousin. That was a composite photograph, touched up so it looked like an ordinary one. And there is no Priscilla North! I've been dreadfully ashamed of the part I've had in it all, though it was only lending half my name and copying the letters for the girls, so they would all be in one handwriting. After all, I'm glad of a

Lut I do want to say I'm heartily ashamed and sorry." Towner had turned very white.

chance to end it. I don't ask you to

forgive me, for I suppose you can't,

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, at last. "Somers is your cousin, but you did not write the letters." "He knew any number of the girls at

myself and didn't meet many fellows. as it rested on the railing. "Perhaps it's my duty," she murmured. "I'm sure it is," he replied, and kiss-

ed her .- Woman's Home Companion. Some of Our Wonders.

"Returning to this country on a said he. steamer, recently," says the Chicago News, "an American found himself besieged by a young Englishman, who was determined to find out as much as possible about the new world before the steamer landed. He had been away at his shirt, was our general, warned to keep a sharp lookout for and Terry was too much of a gentlehostile Indians, who sneaked about the man even to look amused at the sight. streets looking for a chance to pounce upon and kill unsuspecting foreigners and then make their escape by running names, but we, his officers, who followaround the corner and posing quietly before a cigar store until the crowd rushes on. stone, spoke of him always as "the

"He then asked about crocodiles and if they could be found in large numbers. The unsophisticated Britisher was solemnly assured that they were not so numerous in the Hudson river as they were some time ago and that the most of them are found at Niagara falls, where the water falls 175 feet. It is a very interesting sight, he was told, to stand on the high rocks above and watch the powerful animals swim up over the falls."

Pitching the Voice. "I have a severe cold," said the sweet | er of nature in all its moods will make singer. "I shall have to use a cough a journey of miles. The scene is enactsirup.' "Use only tar sirup," spoke up the willow or alder bushes whose branch-

manager. "Does it make any difference?" "Yes; everything depends on the ly from the damp ground a bird form pitch of your voice."-Chicago News.

Bryant Had Caught Them All.

Mr. Harold Godwin, grandson of William Cullen Bryant, is the owner of Cedarmere, the poet's old home on Long Island. Among the features of the place are an old trout pond and a picturesque rustic bridge. Some memhaps a score of times, then drops back bers of the household last summer, so the story goes, were approached by an which can be likened only to the dropold man who wanted to know if that | ping of water into a woodland pool.

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, there's a rustic bridge around He was told that he would be allowed

tinued, "my father used to fish here "Did you ever know your husband to with Bryant, and he said that those find anything where you told him to trout were what made the old man look for it?" said Mrs. Dimpleton to famous. If he had a good catch, he'd Mrs. Witherby. "Never but once," said Mrs. Witherget enough ideas to write for a month, and if he didn't-well, he'd just scratch by, "But I don't consider it was a fair his head and walk that rustic bridge trial."

all night and for many nights and not "Oh, do tell me." "I told him to look in one of my pockdo a thing." "And you come here for inspiration, ets in my wardrobe for a smelling bottle that was wrapped up in a \$100 bill

I suppose ?" said some one. "Well, yes," was the hesitating re- papa had given me for my birthday, ply; "I've come to trout for a few lines. and he found it in three minutes."-I don't expect to get a Thanatopsis, Life. but if I catch a small sounct it'll be

worth while." Later in the day the old man was seen walking silently by the house without a single catch, muttering to himself, "I've come a long ways to ilnd out if that was true, and I believe it, and I guessed that Bryant caught all the trout before he died."

- In the Filipino war every passage-at-arms is succeeded by a passageat-legs.

- An acrobat may be unable to appreciate a joke, yet he is quick to tumble.

It will not be a surprise to any who For a moment I could not answer. are at all familiar with the good qual-Then an old trooper grinned and nodities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, ded toward the river, and there, squatto know that people everywhere take ted on a rock, well out in the stream, pleasure in relating their experience stripped to the waist and scrubbing in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have The Indians called him the "Gray Fox." The soldiers had their pet ed him all over the west, from the Mexican border to the upper Yellow-Drug Co.

received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Hill-Orr general," our general. That meant, of - Some folks run away to get marcourse, Crook, the simplest soldier I

ried and some run away to get, unmarried



of the evening sky. Then it circles lives a happy wife. She writes: "I have used Mother's Friend before above the branches, and the song of two confinements. The last time I had the wooing begins. Hidden in the twins, and was in labor only a few min-utes. Suffered very little." The reason darkness of the thick lower growth is the object to which this love song Is directed. The bird above circles perwhy

> Mother's Friend does expectant mothers so much good is because it is an external liniment, to be applied upon the outside, where much of the strain comes. It helps because the pores of the skin readily absorb it, and it comes into direct contact with and is absorbed by the parts involved. Morning sickness is quickly banished, and nervousness is kept completely away. The sense of dread and foreboding is not experienced, even during labor itself. Confinement is short and almost without pain. Recovery is quick and sure. Best of all, Mother's Friend benefits the unborn just as much as the expectant mother, and when the little one comes if

will be strong, lusty and healthy. Druggists sell Mother's Friend for \$1 a bottle.

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ATLANTA, GA.

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Credit only to those who pay, but for fear your memory is a little shaky will remind you we need our money.

Let us put on Heavy Wagon Wheels for you.

All that Tract of Land, containing seventy-three acres, more or less, situated For Williamston Township, County and in State aforesaid, adjoining lands of James Garrison, Pink Mathews and James Wig-

ington. Terms of Sale-One-half cash, balance in twelve months, with interest from date of sale, secured by bond and mortgage, with leave to anticipate payment. Purchaser or purchasers to pay for papers and

R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee. Nov 8, 1899

stamps.

Judge of Probate's Sale.

Plaintiffs' Aworney. Anderson, S. C., October 27, A. D. 1894. [SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C C. C P. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court Common Pleas. Mrs. Mary A. Moore, Plaintiff, agaius Lizzie E. Hall, Corrie E. King, et al Defendants-Specific Performance, Fartition, &c.

IN obedience to the order of Court granted herein, I will sell on Salesday in December next, in front of the Court House in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the legal hours of sale, the prem-ises described as follows, to wit: All that Tract or parcel of Land, con-

taining seventy five scres, more or less, situate, lying and being in Pendleton Township, County and State aforesaid on Steel Creek, waters of Six and Twen-ty Creek, and bounded by lands of W. C. Cann, J. H. Martin, J. A. Stephenson, the Bowden place, et al., and known as the Real Estate of the late James O. Moore, deceased. faid Tract of Land will be sold in two Tracts, as laid off by Commissioners, plats of which may be seen in office of Judge of Probate, and will be exhibited on day of sale. Terms-Cash. Purchasers or purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE,

Judge of Probate as Special Referee. Nov 8, 1899

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court of Common Pleas. Mrs. S. J. Crayton, as Assignee, &c., Plaintiff, against W. L. Davis and C. P.

Davis, Defendants.-Foreclosure. IN obedience to the order of sale granted herein, I will sell on Salesday in December next, in front of the Court House in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the legal hours of sale, the Lands described as follows, to wit :

All that certain Tract or parcel of Land situated in Anderson County, State aloresaid, containing fifty-seven acres, more or less, adjoining lands formerly belonging to John Knox, Moses Chamblee, and others. Terms of Sale-Cash. Purchaser or

purchasers to pay for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee.

Nov S, 1899.

Sept 27, 1899

20 Ly Greenville. Ly Laurens.. Ly Anderson FOR SALE.

Ly Augusta

FARM, containing 249 acres, 11 miles Southwest from the City of Ander-All scientifically terraced and in son. good state of cultivation. 4-room cot-tage, (new,) two tenant houses and big log barn on the place. Price \$10.00 per acre, spot cash. For further particulars acre, spot cash. call on or address JOHN J. NORRIS, Anderson, S. C.

FOR SALE.

My House and Lot of four acres on Greenville St. Also, Mills and 80 acres of land 31 miles south of Anderson. For office or J. L. Tribble, Esq. A. C. STRICKLAND.

FOR SALE.

A BOUT Nine Hundred Acres FINE A LAND in Fork Township, be-tween new Ferry and Hatton's Ford. MRS. O. M. CHENNAULT,

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

A. Bolt, as Assignee of Edward P. Sloan and Jas. R. Vandiver, and Edward P. Sloan and Jas. R. Vandiver as Assignee of B. A. Bolt, Plaintiffs, against Daniel W. Willis, Defendant.—Summons for Relief—Complaint not Served.

To the Defendant, Daniel W. Willis :

To the Defendant, Daniel W. Wlilis :

To the Defendant, Daniel W. Willis: YOU are hereby summoned and required to an-swer the Complaint' in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for said County, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscriber at his office, over the Bank of Anderson, at Anderson C. H. S. C., 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 de-manded in the Complaint. JOSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiffs' Amorney.

To the Defendant, Daniel W. Willis: Take notice that the Complaint in this action (together with the Summons, of which the fore-going is a copy.) was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Anderson Coun-ty, at Anderson Court House, in the State of South Carolina, the 27th day of October, 1899, and the object of said action is to foreclose mortgage exe-cuted by you to Edward P. Sloan and Jas. E. Van-diver on 125 acres of Land in Centreville Town-ship, County and State aforesaid, on waters of Generostee Creek, adjoining lands of Amanda J. Allen and others. JOSEPH N. BROWN, JOSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiffs' Attorney, Anderson, S. C. 27, 1899 19 6



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AUGUSTA AND ASEEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect July 23, 1899.

9 40 ani 1 40 pm 11 50 ani

Ar Greenwood... Ar Anderson.... 6 10 pm 1 29 pm 3 00 pm 4 05 pm 3 10 pm 9 00 ac Ar Laurens. Ar Greenville. Ar Glenn Spring: Ar Spartanburg... 4 05 pm 3 10 pm 9 00 ac 5 33 pm 6 03 pm 7 00 pm Ar Saluda Ar Hendersonville Ar Asheville..... Ly Asheville S 28 ami. 11 45 am 3 40 pm Ly Spartanburg.... Ly Glenn Springs. 10 00 am 12 01 am 1 37 pm 7 00 pm 7 00 am 2 37 pm 5 10 pm 11 10 am Ly Greenwood. Ar Augusta Ly Calhoun Falls. 4 44 pm . 2 16 am . Ar Raleigh.... Ar Norfolk.... Ar Petersburg Ar Richmond 7 30 am 6 00 am 8 15 am 1 20 pm 8 10 pm 3 55 pm 4 20 pm 5 20 pm 5 35 pm 7 60 pm 7 80 pm Ly Augusta... Ar Allendale. Ar Fairfax.... ---- Ar Yemassee... Ar Beaufort.... Ar Port Royal. Ar Savannah... Ar Charleston. 10 05 am 11 15 am 11 80 am Ly Charleston 6 28 am

6 55 am 7 20 am v Port Royal. 1 00 pm 1 16 pm 2 30 pm 8 20 am 9 20 am Ly Yemassee Ly Fairfax... Ly Allendale 9 85 am

Ar Augusta.. .| 11 25 am Close cunnection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Atlanta and all points on S. A. L. Close connection at Augusta for Charleston Savannah and all points.

Savannah 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: F. W. North Sol Agent

