HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst! Give me but one drink of water and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draft forbore, Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him angry focs, With a hedge of naked weapons, did that lonely

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph. "Is it, friend, a secret blow? Fear it not! Our gallant Moslems no such treach-

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of that cup

I have drained. Then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred, Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain monarch's word.

"Bring another cup and straightway to the noble Persian give.

Drink, I said before, and perish! Now I bid thee

-Richard Chenevix Trench.

drink and live!'

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH ZULUS. An Incident of Boer Life In the Transvaal. By P. Y. BLACK.

The fires on the hills were the warning. The farmers were commandeered -that is, every ablebodied man between 16 and 60 in the district was called to take his horse, his "biltong" or dried beef ration, his ride and ammunition, and proceed at once to the rendezvous, thence to proceed against the fierce and warlike Zulus, who had again raided the Transvaal. Farmer Putter saddled up and hurried off, as his first duty was, but first he called to him Piet, his son, and solemnly spoke to him.

"Son of mine," said the farmer soldier, "you are not yet man tall enough to face the Zulu impis in open field, but to your care I give mein vrouw and your little sister Greta and Pretorius, your brother. You must, if need be, play a man's part, for, since the two gold prospectors left the farm at the sign of war, there is none to take command of the Kaffir servants but you." Then Piet said without bravado:

"You may trust me, father, for, though I be not a man, still I am a Boer."

So the farmer rode away, and Piet, thus promoted to command, withdrew into the sitting room, and almost at once his trouble began. His first care was to clean and load all firearms. These hung on the walls, and some were old fashioned and without ammunition to fit them. But Piet's eye. seeking his own pet light rifle, which he had won in a shooting match against all boys of his age for many miles round, missed it. He was startled, for it is almost criminal to meddle with another man's glory-his rifle-and he sought Pretorius to see if that ambitious youth had taken it down. Pretorius had it not, and Piet ran out to call Malula, a native servant, with sudden fear in his soul.

Malula did not come at the call, and Piet, with a pale face, thought for a moment, and then, taking his old gun and belt, leaped bareback on a horse. without a word to alarm the family, and rode off unseen at a gallop. He rode to the cornfield, where the native laborers should have been working. The green corn waved in the wind deserted. Not a man was in sight. He dashed to the meadows down the valley, where the herders should have been with the cattle. Here, in spite of himself, tears sprang to his eyes, for the cattle were gone, and the herders were absent. The great grassy fields were silent as were those of corn.

"They have deserted us as soon as my father's back was turned," cried Piet in dismay. "And they were not Zulus! Can it be a general rising among

the Kaffir tribes?" At that thought he trembled, but he had still vigor enough to ride to the top of a kopje near by. From the peak he had a view of much country, and saw a cloud of dust far away, which he guessed was made by the stolen cattle. "Never mind," said Piet; "if we beat the Zulus, we shall get them back with

Then he dug his heels into his horse's ribs and dashed down the hillside. He had seen, half a mile away, a black figure moving swiftly across the veldt, and the sun glanced from something borne on its shoulder-a gun. Malula. Before the traitor servant was aware of pursuit, Piet was within 400 yards of him. Then the Kaffir heard the horse's hoofs and turned. For a moment the black seemed inclined to run but changed his mind as the boy shouted to him angrily. Malula deliberately raised the stolen rifle to his shoulder. Piet threw himself from the horse as a bullet whistled over the vacant saddle. The boy, already a hunter, replied, with but a hasty glance through his sights, and Malula uttered a howl and staggered and fell to the ground struck in the chest. Piet felt a spasm of horror. Deer a-plenty had he shot, but never till now a man, so that his heart for a flash stood still, and his own face was deathlike. He rode slowly up to Malula, and found the Kaffir writhing in a death agony. Piet again dismount-

his own tongue:

ed, and attempted to offer aid, but the

savage repulsed him. With a look of

ing him, recovered his new rifle and rode slowly and mournfully homeward. Here his troubled mother met him. "Piet," she said, "the Kaffirs have

left us."

"I know," said he, and looked into her brave face, and told her what had | the shadows came a low hum-the song happened and what Malula had said of the nearness of the Zulus.

"If my father had known it," said her son, "he would not have left us." "He was commandeered," said the Boer wife. "It was his duty. Country first-always, my son."

"But," said Piet, in much perturbation, "my father did not think the blacks would fly. He thought that they. Basutos, would fight their old enemy, the Zulus. If these come, what are we to do? Shall we leave the farm and trek to Van Boeven's?"

The Boer mother pressed her lips with a frown of pride.

"That was not well said, my son," she answered. "Oom Putter said 'Stay." As he obeyed his general and went, so we shall obey him and stay and fight

till he comes.' It was a Roman speech. Even as the words came from her mouth she looked round and saw Piet, a well grown boy of 15 years; Greta, a child of 11; little Pretorius, and the baby-a But she saw that hearth, she saw the i threw their arms high and fell, their dear walls her husband had built to bring her home as a bride, she saw the fields he had tilled and the barns he had raised, and seeing them she would have fought to the last scratch of her | handed up fresh guns, while the two nails, like a wildcat, rather than give

"Besides," said she hopefully, "what could the wretch Malula know that we don't? The Zulus cannot be near, and if they are, the farmers have out their scouts, and they say the English from Natal are also ready. Before they reach our farm the Boers must meet them, and surely the savage shall be strick-

Nothing more was said about deserting the homestead. Vrouw Putter went her work quietly, but Piet began to prepare. Now, the farmhouse was roomy and the garrison a most pretty one, and, puzzle over the matter as he might, the boy could not see how its rough stone walls could be protected at once on all sides if the attacking force was to be a large one. His mother was about as good a shot as he, and even Greta could discharge a gun at a pinch, but two or three guns could not protect so rambling a building. Piet came to that conclusion with a feeling akin for a moment to despair, until, at last, as he stood in the broad yard looking at the house, the chickens came clucking about him in their search for food, and he had an idea.

All day he worked busily, leaving his mother to the children, and by nightfall he had prepared a fort to withstand a siege. Two or three times during the afternoon he had slipped off to the top of the kopje, where he could look afar, but each time he came back, having seen nothing but the rollng yeldt. They had supper, and again Piet slipped away and came back, but now with a grim face.

"Mother," he whispered, "from the west I heard the war song of the Zulus. It came faintly with the wind. In the direction also of Van Boeven's farm the skies are red and if I go at dark I fear I shall see the flames rising from

The mother gathered her baby tight in her arms for a moment, and then quietly asked her eldest:

"Are the guns cleaned and loaded?" "Yes," said Piet, "and, mother, if you approve, we must leave the house. It is too big and rambling for us two to

"Leave the house?" "Not very far," said Piet and explain-

In that land of few dwellers space is not of much consideration. The farm buildings were quite widely scattered, and Farmer Putter had built his cowbyres and pigpens and so on a proper distance away from his house walls. All the afternoon Plet had been marching, laden with packages and bundles, between the house and the outbuildings. Now, when it was dark, he put out all the lights of the house, and the windows and doors were ctoutly bar-

"Where are we going to sleep?" the children asked, accustomed to rise and lie down with the sun, and Piet answered cheerfully, "In the chicken

The children, at first astonished and incredulous, were delighted when they discovered that their brother meant what he said, for the sight of the chickens feeding had given the boy the necessary idea. If the house were too big, the coop could not be accused of that fault. About the rocky kopje stones were plentiful and more conven- instead some sticks of dynamite. ient than wood. Therefore, Piet had aid ed his father in building a solid affair to shelter the many fowls. It was stone and high and roomy. Piet, during the afternoon, had made on each side, by careful removal of stones, loopholes and carried to the henhouse the more precious articles in the house, with all the ammunition and guns. Now the chickens, squawking, were ruthlessly turned out, and the little family went in, the youngsters giggling. The door, which Piet had

strengthened, was closed, and the garrison prepared. Vrouw Putter was not without experience in war's alarms.

She looked round with a brave smile. "Well, done, Piet," she said, and calmly began to examine the guns, while at the same time quieting the children, who, now in the dark and disturbed by such preparations, began to be afraid. Again Piet slipped away to the kopje, and when he came back he said, "Flames are rising from the Van Boevens', and the war song is coming

"Loud!" the vrouw asked briefly. "Not very," her son answered, piling

rocks against the door. "A detached party," said his mother quietly. "If the Lord wills it, we will

protect our own." And she made them all kneel down and pray and then sing a psalm.

It was a fitfully moonlight night in the dry season and chilly. White clouds hate he glared at the boy, and cried in | pursued the moon after hiding it and leaving the veldt in darkness, then and no white thing on the farm shall live. For mine there shall be ten deaths!"

Bears the Silvery beams. For a long time all was ploded with fearful effects.

That happened long ago. Plet is to-day a man and owns the farm. His fapassing on and flooding the land with

So he died, glorying in the hope of a among the shadows, and this shadow ther is dead, but the brave our morne speedy revenge, and the Boer boy, leav- moved and glided, and came swiftly up lives on with Piet and his wife. Many the slope on which the chicken coop stood between the house and the trees by the river. It was followed by another, and another, and another, and another, coming on like wild ducks in a V or wedge, and from the heart of

"How many?" the mother asked, as the moon shone out, and Piet told her there were about 20, with shields and assagais, for in those days firearms were not common among the Kaflir

"A raiding party," said Vrouw Putter, and took command. Piet was eager to fire at once, but she forbade. The children were very quiet, though trembling. The savages came on and halted, and came on again, now silent and apparently puzzled at there being no sign of life about the house. As the coop stood it could not be readily discerned in the shadow of the slope. Again the Zulus advanced. "Mother," said Piet, "if they get close

to the house they will fire it.' She nodded, but waited until the savages were only 50 yards away then-"Fire!" she whispered, and from her own loophole and from Piet's at the same instant streamed a flame, and the Zulus gave one great cry of rage and goodly garrison to defend the hearth! astonishment, as two of their number shields clattering beside them. At once little Greta and Pretorius did their part. and with incredible bravery in such infants forbore even to tremble, but defenders passed the empty ones down to be loaded by these small but trained fingers. The Zulus, however, did not fall back. Furious at being taken by surprise they dashed at the little fort, and a shower of spears came clashing against the stone walls. Crack! again went the guns, and again a howl of pain resounded through the night. The Zulus were almost in touch of the fort, and were pressing onward, one on top of the other, with their ferocious yells, when a tall man among them with an iron ring on his head, sign of an induna chief, shouted a command and at once

his warriors fell back. "Mother," cried Piet, as they seized fresh rifles, "don't let them think that we are so few. Greta and Pretorius, load as fast as you can. Mother, let us fire continuously and, thinking we are numerous, they will retire."

Vrouw Putter nodded consent, and at once these two valiant defenders of hearth and home began from the half dozen firearms at their disposal to pour bullets into the retreating crowd of naked blacks. They could not tell what actual effect their missiles had, save for an occasional cry from the warriors, but they hoped that so quick and withering a fire would deceive the party. In this manner, however, they used up a good deal of ammunition from the two boxes of cartridges Piet had carried to the chicken coop.

With hardly a pause, the induna gave his savages their instructions, and suddenly they ran apart from one another in the moonlight and surrounded the henhouse and came at it from three sides. Now, indeed, the besieged were hard put to it, but never quailed. Greta took the lightest rifle and, little girl though she was, her father and brother and even her mother had taught her to use it. She took position, a white faced heroine, at one side, and her mother and Piet in their old places. Down came the Zulus, casting spears before them, and sheltered by their long, tough bullhide shields. Crack! crack! crack! swiftly the rifles rang out, and still the Zulus rushed on. The fingers of little Pretorius were busy on the floor of the hut, loading the rifles now getting hot. Crack! crack! The savages reached the wall; one scrambled to the roof; he thrust a spear down a crack. The Boer's wife cried out; her shoulder was pierced. But Piet's voice was triumphant, as a yell came from the induna himself.

"I aimed for the chief and got him!" cried the boy, and indeed the induna seemed badly hurt, for he limped back, supported, and again called off his soldiers. Piet ran to his mother and helped her bandage the wounded arm. "It is nothing," she said bravely, and added more softly, "nor my life, either,

if children and home are saved." Suddenly little Pretorius cried out in

"Piet," he said, "there are no more

It was true. One box was empty, and the other covered box did not hold ammunition. Piet looked and despaired. Two gold prospectors had been staying Remedy, which I used myself when at the farm who used dynamite in their work. They had gone off at sign of had given to my men, and in every trouble, but had left some tools and case it proved most beneficial. For things behind. In this box which Piet | sale by Hill-Orr Drug ().

had carried off for ammunition were

"I - have - betrayed - my father's trust!" cried Piet. "My mistake has

been our ruin!" And he flung himself in despair against the wall. But his mother, finding nothing but empty guns, kneeled quietly down and prayed, her babies about her. She had done all she could. The rest lay with a higher power.

in a group quite a hundred yards away. almost indistinguishable in the night. Even as Piet looked they moved and he knew they were about to attack again. With a shout of rage the furious boy suddenly stooped to the dangerous | the horses outnumber the human box he had carried from the house, and | beings. then threw down the rocks from the door and burst out. In his hands he carried two sticks of dynamite, carried such deadly things in his hands that a Minute Cough Cure. It gave my stumble meant destruction. Yet he wife immediate relief in sufficienting dashed ahead through the night yell- asthma." Pleasant to take. Never ing. The Zulus turned on him in amaze, fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, thinking him mad, and greeted him throat and lung troubles. Evans with a shower of spears. Unstricken, Piet ran to within 50 yards of them, and then, one after the other, he threw at them with all his might the dynamite. There was a fearful concussion, which dashed the boy to the earth, a | finger nails will in seventy years grow roar as of artillery, a medley of fearful | nearly three yards. shricks from the unhappy Zulus, and

all was still. Vrouw Putter and the

children came out trembling, and found

Piet insensible, but of the Zulu raiders

no trace, save scattered limbs, where

the earth was thrown about, leaving a

great hole. The dynamite must have

struck fairly in their midst and had ex-

changes have taken place on the lonel farm on the yeldt, but one building reis known by the children for miles and miles as "Oom Piet's Ford"-New York

An Invalid's Luck In the Woods. "Speaking of deer shooting," said the local enthusiast, "reminds me of the story of the man up Bethel way. He had a pulmonary trouble that had reduced him somewhat, and he was doubtful if his strength would permit him to make the journey. His physirived much exhausted, his friends told they went out and got him some veni-

"He sat about camp alone until about his rifle out into the open. Here he sat down on a log and thought of his unhappy fate. The sun was warm and Drug Co. bright, and he moved out into it, resting his rifle against the stump of a pine. He then lit his pipe and ruminated. A rustle in the brush aroused him. Looking up, he saw a buck, with branching horns, about 40 yards away. He reached over without moving from his seat, took the rifle, rested it on a prong of the stump, drew a bead on the deer and fired, and the buck fell dead.

"When the hunters who went out after venison for the invalid came home, he said, 'What luck?' 'Oh, we'll have deer meat for you before we go home. Didn't get any today, but we saw signs.' 'How's this for a sign?' said the invalid, and he led them up to a 600 pound buck, and they broke the profound silence to remark, 'Well, I'll be darned." "-Lewiston Journal.

A Question of Kinship. General Hickenlooper and his family make the evening dinner a source of mental as well as of physical nutri-

tion, in which exercise the general has usually the best of it by presenting puzzling and difficult problems. The other evening the youngsters turned the tables upon him by presenting the following legal proposition: A French beggar died and left one

child, a son, and a considerable estate. The son, in order to inherit the estate, was required to prove a kinship to the deceased. What kinship did he prove? The general promptly replied the kinship of father and son.

The children said the answer was wrong; the parent was a woman. This tickled the general, and he decided to pass it along, so the next day, while taking luneaeon with a friend, he propounded the followings

A French beggar woman died and left a son and an estate, and the son in order to inherit the property was required to prove kinship to the deceased. What was the kinship between them? .

The friend promptly replied, "Mother and son."

"Well," said the general, "you guess better than I did, for I answered father instead of mother."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Earnings of Playwrights. Dramatists of established reputation write plays only upon order. Their ordinary prepayments are \$500 upon the delivery of a scenario and \$500 more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations." writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to

"But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually 5 per cent, payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned \$100,000 for its author. A dozen have yielded \$50,000 each, three times as many \$25,000 and a goodly number

Used By British Soldiers in Africa

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of he forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov 4, 1897. from Vryburg, Bechmanalane ne writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea troubled with bowel complaint, and

- One of the most promising lawyers of Oklahoma City is Laura Lykins, a half-blooded Shawnee woman, who graduated from the legal depart ment of the Carlisle school in 1898.

"I had dyspepsia fifty seven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Now I am well and feel like a new man. writes S. J Fleming, Murray, Neb. For a moment Piet was crazy, and then recovered himself. He looked It is the best digestant known Cures through his loophole. The Zulus were all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. Evans Phar-

- Algeric and Argentina are the only countries in the world where

Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y. says, "I heartily recommend One Pharmacy.

- The Tartar alphapet contains 202 letters, being the longest in the world. - It has been figured that a man's

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

- Fredrick Gregory, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., is insame over foot ball. He was employed in a manufactory, and recently a foot ball team was organized among the employees. Gregory was on the team and became completely absorbed in the subject. Recently his conduct became so queer that physicians were consulted. Gregory refused to have the doctors come near him unless they put on nose

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, cian told him to go ahead, but not to to know that people everywhere take tramp much. In camp, where he ar- pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine him to make himself comfortable while and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the chil-10 o'clock and then went in and took | dren it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Hill-Orr

- No man can do his best work till he forgets himself and thinks only of discharging his obligations to God and his fellow-men. You never know what form of blood

poison will follow constipation. Keep

the liver clean by using De Witt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. Evans Pharmacy. - Bobby-"What is that which occurs once in a minute and twice in

a moment, but not once in a hundred years?" Tommy-"I don't know. I'll give it up." Bobby-"The letter Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says,

'My wife had piles forty years. De-Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It diseases. Evans Pharmacy. - A rattan cane has been in the

possession of a Hope (Ind.) family for 335 years, passing from father to "I wouldn't be without DeWitt's

Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thos. B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

- When potatoes were 'first introduced in Germany they were for a long time, like tomatoes, cultivated merely as a curiosity. No one ate them, even pigs refusing them. Today Eastern Germany could hardly get on without potatoes.

Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often - sometimes not often enough-sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum auvertised to cure female troubles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhœa, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women." THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. icococococo

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

W E will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder on Salesday in December the following assets of the Assigned Estate of W. R. Hubbard:

1. All unpaid Notes and Accounts. The Auctioneer will read list of names and amounts that bidders may bid intelligently. 2. A lot of Watches and Jewelry, sold

to pay for repairing.
3. Several volumes Law Books. ERNEST F. COCHRAN,

Assignee. M. L. BONHAM, Agent for Creditors.

FOR SALE

O'N Salesday in December next I will sell before the Court House door in the City of Anderson, for Cash, to the highest bidder-

All that certain Tract or Plantation of Land, situate in Anderson County, containing ninety-nine acres, more or less adjoining lands of J. T. Milford, J. Matt. Cooley and others, known as the Home Place of the late E. T Cooley, and sold subject to and including rent contract for 1900. Purchaser to pay for papers and J. MATT. COOLEY,

Executor and Guardian. MR9. M. E. COOLEY, For Dower.

WE GAVE

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.

PAUL E. STEPHENS.

Trustee and Administrator's CAREY,

Sale. If not sold beforehand at private sale, I will sell to the highest bidder at the old Homestead of R. T. Chamblee, deceased, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899, at ten o'clock a. m., the following Tracts of Land, to wit:

1. All that certain Tract of Land situated in the County of Anderson, State aforesaid, containing eighty acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Mallie Shirley, Hattie Lee and others.

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, deceased, and others.

3. All that certain Tract or parcel of Land, known as Tract No. 4, adjoining Lands of Albertie Chamblee, Dock Burriss and others, containing fifty six acres. 4. All that certain other Tract or parcel of Land, situate in Hart County, State of Georgia, containing seventy acres, more or less, adjoining Lands of Tallula Glenn Emma J. Coker, L. B. Fisher and others Terms of Sale-Cash. Purchaser or

purchasers to pay extra for deeds and 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. Chamblee, deceased, bearing date Sept.

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. Hush Frame, Grist Mill, and other articles.

W. H. CHAMBLEE, Trustee and Administrator. Nov 8, 1899

Judge of Probate's Sale.

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

M. M. Wilhite, Plaintiff, against Emma Kennedy, Defendant. IN 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 described as follows, to wit: All that certain Lot or parcel of Land, situate in the corporate limits of the City

heals everything and cures all skin 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 fifty 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, leave to anticipate payment. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps.

R. Y. H. NANCE,

Judge of Probate as Special Referee.

Nov 8, 1899

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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 Par-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 de-

scribed as follows, to wit:

enty-three acres, more or less, situated in Williamston Township, County and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of James Garrison, Pink Mathews and James Wig-Terms of Sale-One-half cash, balance in twelve months, with interest from date of sale, secured by bond and mortgage

All that Tract of Land, containing sev

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

with leave to anticipate payment. Pur-

chaser or purchasers to pay for papers and

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court Common Pleas. Mrs. Mary A. Moore, Plaintiff, against Lizzie E. Hall, Corrie E. King, et al Defendants-Specific Performance, Par-

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 premises described as follows, to wit:

All that Tract or parcel of Land, con taining seventy-five acres, more or less situate, lying and being in Pendleton Township, County and State aforesaid, on Steel Creek, waters of Six and Twenty 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. Said 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.

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.—Foreelosure. IN obedience to 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, S. C., during the legal hours of sale, the Lands de-

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

purchasers to pay for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee. Nov 8, 1899. 20 4

FOR SALE.

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

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My House and Lot of four acres on Greenville St. Also, Mills and 80 acres of land 3½ miles south of Anderson. For office or J. L. Tribble, Esq.

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Sept 27, 1899

FOR SALE.

A BOUT Nine Hundred Acres FINE A LAND in Fork Township, between new Ferry and Hatton's Ford.
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THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

3. 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. Willis:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer 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 heroof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

JOSEPH N. BROWN,

Plaintiffs' Antorney.

Plaintiffs' Attorney. Anderson. S. C., October 27, A. D. 189). (SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P. To the Defendant, Daniel W. Willis: Take notice that the Complaint in this action (together with the Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy.) was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Anderson County, at Anderson Court House, in the State of South Carolina, the 27th day of October, 1899, and the which to fail output is to Everyland with the Carolina of t object of said action is to foreclose mortgage exe-cuted by you to Edward P. Sloan and Jas. R. 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, Plaintiffs' Attorney, Anderson, S. C. 27, 1899 19 6



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