You never heard a sweeter word of praise. But the teardrops will arise To your dim old fadin eyes, And you kiss the gentle hand still white and

And you think in all your life

While you try to tell her how You loved her then-love her now, But bless me if the words will come at all; For just then there comes to you The trials she's gone through And borne without a murmur for your sake. You can only bow your head At the lovin things she's said, While your poor old heart will only ache and ache.

But she knows what ails you then, And she kisses you again, While you hear her gently whisper, sweet and low, "Life has brought more hopes than fears, We have known more smiles than tears,
And the years seem ever brighter as they go."
Yes, 'tis comfortin, you know,
When your step is gettin slow

And you're slidin down life's hill a-mighty fast, Just to feel her little hand Smoothin back each silver strand While she tells you that she'll love you to the last. -Los Angeles Herald.

A PHILIPPINE SCOOP.

How a Newspaper Man Fared Under Fire and What Became of His Account of the Fight.

By JOSE DE ALAVARES. *****************************

Clarence Addington was disconsolate almost to a degree of desperation. In very truth he believed his mental perturbation to be entirely without precedence. Moreover, the fact that his 14 companions, who, together with himself, constituted the correspondents' mess, were to a man in a similar frame of mind tended to vindicate rather than temper his dejectedness. Until yesterday a full month had elapsed since his arrival in the Philippines-a month of hustling and scurrying from one outpost to another on the firing line in the interest of his paper-without developing a single item of genuine interest. But yesterday a battle had been fought, a battle embracing all the elements of a splendid story. Ten hours of steady fighting, wherein every foot of ground, lost or gained, had been stubbornly contested for by both sides; then the final indomitable charge by the American forces and the utter rout of the enemy.

Ah, but it had been magnificent! And the opportunity had promised to amply compensate for the tedious. wearisome ordeal that had preceded it. Far into the ensuing night the enterprising scribes had toiled, reeling off their copy by the light of flickering, close screened candles in anticipation of being allowed the privilege of hurrying the same to Manila for transmis sion by cable to their various papers. But such expectations had early been

thwarted, the general in command having issued an order prohibiting allepersons in the American camp from passing the lines that night. So the eager correspondents had curbed their impatience as best they could and sleeplessly bided the morrow. But morning had only brought additional disappointment, for reports had been received at headquarters setting forth the intelligence that a portion of the enemy's forces had made a detour during the night, overrunning the jungle in the rear of the American army. Notwithstanding this somewhat awkward circumstance, not one of the 15 correspondents had hesitated in his determination to get his story through to Manila, even though forced to carry it on foot. The commanding officer, however, had entertained views of his own on this subject, with the result that a second order had been announced forbidding any attempt to convey news matter to the rear until a safe avenue had been developed for the

Small wonder, then, the chafing, fretting and fuming that agitated the press contingent of that particular outpost!

"The supreme eminence of all that's ironical!" sollloguized Addington as he stood ruefully surveying the quire and a half of close written copy he had prepared the evening before. "Here's an account that would go a way toward justifying a journalistic existence anywhere but in these iniquitous regions. What's the sense in tagging an army half way round the earth to see a fight you can't report? Better have staid at home and looked for an assignment on a cocking main. Besides, there's the chief. I can hear him rhapsodize when this report comes ambling along a week after the asso-

ciated dispatches." Here Addington paused, while the mental picture of his wrathful superior assumed its utmost proportions. Incidentally he allowed his gaze to penetrate beyond the immediate latitude occupied by his moody associates. How different the rest of the camp appeared. Look where he would, all was enthusiasm and expectancy as the soldiers busied themselves preparing for the day's work, whatever it night be. Here was a battalion of infantry assembled in light marching order impatiently awaiting the command to move forward to again dispute the question of supremacy with the foe. Close at hand a battery of field artillery was taking up a position preparatory to shelling a distant point, where a portion of the enemy's forces were reported to have congregated. A half cynical smile flitted over Addington's features as he watched these preparations. How often since his arrival at the front had he allowed himself to be carried away, deluded by precisely such tactics. It was all right eaough for the soldier, this perpetual teasion and waiting during the long intervals between battles, for when a fight did come off his martial aspirations were in a measure appeased. But how different with the field journalist, who as a noncombatant could not fight and as a correspondent was forbidden to correspond! The thought galled him. In

a noncombatant?

the latter case he was clearly handi-

capped. But he was a thorough Amer-

ican. And as such was he necessarily

about a handear on the Barrow gasttracks, beside which the troops were encamped. Addington was familiar with the motives of the little party. The four men had volunteered to accompany the surgeon several miles back along the railroad over the scene of yesterday's fighting in quest of certain members of the command who had been numbered among the "missing" in the recent casualties. The character of the expedition appealed to his sense of admiration, for under the circumstances neither brassard nor hospital flag was any safeguard against attack from the insurgents, who were known to infest the locality to be visited.

Suddenly the impulse seized him to join this little excursion. It would at least serve to divert his thoughts from the unpleasant theme that at present dominated his brain. Hastily folding his copy, he placed it in an inner pocket of his blouse and crossed over to the party. As he drew near the final arrangements for the start had been consummated. The men were already taking their places in the singular con-

"Is your squad complete, sir?" courteously inquired the correspondent of the medical officer in charge.

At the question the latter turned and regarded the speaker with manifest surprise. Then he answered, pleasantly enough:

"Well, yes, considering there is room for but four men at the brakes. Hardly the most interesting subject for a cable dispatch, however," he added jocularly.

"But I'm not hunting news this morning," replied Addington seriously. 'Fact is, I'd like to accompany your party if you don't object. You might include me as a sort of supernumerary -a relief crew, as it were.'

"Oh, you're quite welcome to go with us if you so desire," was the cordial response, "but I must first get you a permit!" And, taking the name of his latest volunteer, the officer hastened away to headquarters. Returning in a few moments with the necessary pass, the surgeon, followed by Addington, stepped aboard the car, and a moment later the party were trundling along over the narrow rails, bound away on

their hazardous mission. For the first mile the route lay through a comparatively open stretch of country, commanded by the pickets stationed on the outskirts of the American camp. But beyond this the track entered a dense brake, the depths of which were impenetrable to the eve. save at intervals, where the exuberant growth had been beaten down by the irresistible advance of the conquering army. It was here that much of the hardest fighting had transpired, and here consequently the work of the ambulance party began. Slowly they worked their way onward, pausing at frequent intervals to beat about through the surrounding thicket in their search for the missing, be they living or dead. In this manner a distance of some three miles had been covered without developing anything of an encouraging nature, when of a sudden the sound of rifle shots was heard emanating from a distant point directly along the road. Faint as the reports fell upon their hearing the men were quick to analyze them, plainly distinguishing the occasional Springfield from the more promiscuous Mau-

"Our fellows to a certainty," ob-

"Yes, and putting up a fight against all kinds of odds," declared another.

"Come," said the surgeon briefly. We must go to them."

Down the track rumbled the handcar, the men straining every nerve at the brakes. Another mile and the scene of the conflict was at hand. Indeed, the car had actually swept through a straggling line of Filipinos crouching in the thatchlike jungle of tree fern and bamboo. Less than half a thousand yards beyond, at the suminit of a slight hummock, a heap of stones and earth appeared, and behind this the besieged party was intrenched, held at bay by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. As the handcar burst into view it was greeted simultaneously with a feeble cheer from the beleaguered occupants of the rifle pit ahead and a volley of shots from the insurgents behind. In the same instant one of the men relaxed his grasp on the brake and sank desperately wounded to the bottom of the

Without a moment's hesitation Addington sprang to the stricken man's place and, laying hold on the handle bar, strove with the others to maintain the speed they had developed. As the car approached the base of the fortified hummock two men arose from the rifle pit and, bearing a wounded comrade between them, hastened to meet their deliverers. They were the sole survivors of an original party of ten who had become separated from their command during the battle on the previous day. At sight of this feeble remnant of the gallant little garrison the Filipinos set up a fierce, exultant shout and, breaking from their cover, dashed forward to prevent their escape. But the handcar had already been brought to a stop, and it was evident that the wounded and exhausted Americans would be rescued by their comrades ere they could be overtaken. Seeing this, the furious horde paused in its onward rush and discharged a volley at the fugitives, succeeding in bringing one of them down with a wound in the thigh. As he fell, however, Addington leaped to the ground, followed an instant later by the surgeon and three attendants. Rushing to the spot, the former seized the fallen man's rifle and while the surgeon and his assistants caught up the wounded assisted the third soldier in covering the retreat to the car. At the first result of their fire the Filipinos had again pressed forward, but upon meeting with such unexpected opposition they straightway paused to deliver another volley. By this time, however, the wounded had been placed on the car, and the men were again at the brakes. all but Addington. He had reached the side of the car and in the face of the enemy when the second crash of musketry came and with it a blinding flash of light before his eyes as though the whole universe had suddenly burst forth in flames, then darkness-utter,

It might have been ages later when Addington revived, for all he could

inconceivable darkness-and oblivion.

diate surroundings to suggest either a handear or a horde of howling, charging Filipinos. He was lying on a cot in a dimly lighted room, with a lot of other cots stretched along on either side of him. All this he perceived out of the corners of his eyes, for his head nation on his part to move it. Raising his hand, he proceeded to explore that particular region. Then he ceased to wonder at the indisposition of the refractory member, considering the man- origin. ner in which it was swathed in band-

"Curious!" he speculated in a half audible tone. "Wonder where I am and what's happened?' The words brought an anxious faces

nurse to his bedside. "Poor boy, delirious again," she com

mented aloud to herself. "No, I'm not a particle delirious," like to know where I am if you don't mind telling me."

"Why, you are in the hospital at Manila," replied the nurse, more cheerfully. "You've been here ever since you were wounded, a week ago." "Wounded?" repeated Addington

vaguely. "I don't understand." "The doctor here will remind you of it," was the nurse's response as a surgeon approached and stood at his bed-

"Ah, Addington!" exclaimed the latter warmly. "I'm sincerely glad to see such an improvement in your condition. You've had a very bad week of it since that little affair of ours up on the railroad, but you'll mend rap-

idly from now on." The speaker's words and face together brought a sudden flood of recollection to the patient's mind. "Ah, I remember it all now," he mused, "all rest of the fellows-the correspondents-also here?"

"No," was the reply. "We came here direct from the scene of the fight. You see, at the last moment you got | all about him, and one struck him in that unfortunate wound in the head, which, with so many injured already on my hands and the country between us and camp overrun with Filipinos, forced me to continue on to the city."

At this juncture another recollection flashed into Addingtor's mind, and with it an expression of deep concern settled upon his countenance.

"You say this happened a week ago?" he interrogated.

"Yes. But why all this anxiety?" "Because of my failure to report the big fight," explained the wounded correspondent. "The other fellows have at least sent in a late account long be-

Notwithstanding which calamity the surgeon looked down at his patient and smiled serenely.

"If that be the extent of your troubles," he said slowly, "you have nothing further to worry over. In your delirium on the way here you mentioned the report of that battle so repeatedly that I realized it must be of momentous consequence to you. Hence, when I found the copy tucked away in your coat pocket, I took occasion to add a few words relative to your subsequent splendid behavior in our own little fight and immediately upon arriving filed it with the censor. It was cabled even before the official news of the battle was received here." -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Case an Exception.

The great lawyer was trying a great murder case. The defendant's nearest friend, a man of much practical sense, though little book learning, sat behind the eminent attorney. The work of sethe state had accepted and tendered to the defense a certain gray haired man. The defendant's friend leaned over

to the lawyer and whispered: "Take that man, quick!" The lawyer turned around with a grave and solemn air and said to his

adviser in a pompous manner: "You should be more careful in giving me advice. This is a grave matter. Now, I don't think that man will do. He is old. He has one foot in the grave. He is about to be called knows it. When men reach that age, they are apt to be exceedingly strict and are apt to make a stern judgment between the people of the state and the prisoner at the bar. They hold life something most precious. Do you ever think of these things?"

"No," said the practical individual, "but that man in the box is the uncle of the defendant."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer. The man was accepted at once. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty .-New York Journal.

A Diving Bell Crushed. A crushed mass of iron in a Pittsburg scrapyard demonstrates the tre-

mendous pressure of water at a great It was constructed for a diving bell for use in Lake Michigan. As originally constructed it was about 6 feet square, and tapered slightly at both ends. The material was phospor bronze, more than half an inch thick. Each plate was cast with a flange, and they were bolted together, the bolts being placed as closely as was consistent with strength. The side plates were further strengthened by iron ribs an inch thick and two inches

In fact, the entire structure was strongly braced. The windows to be used as outlooks by the divers were three inches square, fortified with iron bars and set with glass plates an inch thick. The weight of the bell was 23,000 pounds.

When completed, it was sent to Milwaukee and towed out into the lake about 12 miles, where there were over 200 feet of water, and was sent down for a test. The manufacturer was so confident of the strength of the bell that he wanted to go down in it.

He is glad now that he didn't. When the bell reached the depth of about 100 feet, strong timbers attached to it came to the surface in a splintered condition.

Suspecting an accident, the bell was hauled up and found to be crushed into a shapeless mass. The inch thick plate glass bullseyes were shattered. The pressure that crushed this seemingly invulnerable structure amounted to a total of 2,723,548 pounds, or 1,362 tons.-Pittsburg Chronicle.

Fitz Lee an Indian Fighter.

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

It has often been noticed that whenever Gen. Fitzhugh Lee visits the White House he stops to have a chat with Capt. Loeffler, who stands guard steadfastly refused to obey any incli- at the president's private office and the cabinet room. This is generally attributed to Lee's pleasant way of treating everyone, but it has another

Before the civil war Lee was lieutenant in the old Second cavalry, afterward reorganized as the Fifth. Loeffler was a trooper in this regiment and later a non-commissioned officer. His company was one of the two which were engaged in a sharp fight with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in protested the injured man. "And I'd | the Cimarron country in Texas in 1859. The Indians had taken refuge in a narrow canon, which could be entered only from one end, and there had thrown up a fortification of logs, from behind which they poured a hot fire into the troops. The character of the canon was such that the horses of the cavalry were useless, and they were left outside, the men advancing on foot. Only a few of the Indians had firearms, the rest using bows and arrows. Had the Indians been as well armed as they have been in later wars, the loss of the whites would have been very large, as it was, only four or five soldiers were killed, though the Indian loss amounted to nearly fifty.

A charge was made upon the log his men, was the first one to scale the wound. As he fell, the confusion was so great about him that the arrow was pulled out of his flesh and thrown to the ground among the other arrows, which was swung between two horses, and thus he was carried back to the station in Virginia." wagon train, a distance of more than 150 miles, through a rough ccuntry. Probing showed that the head of the arrow had fortunately been drawn out, chicken. Mr. Carlton has not done and in due time good nursing put the the situation justice. At nearly all

leiutenant on his feet again. which is apparently known to very fruit, et cetera, but the Gordonsville BY virtue of authority vested in me by the Will of W C. Brown, defew. It is of interest, also, that the fried chicken is not only the best but old Second cavalry had for its colonel | it has another peculiarity. The trav-Albert Sidney Johnson, and for its eler wants first to get off the train at lieutenant colonel Robert E. Lee, and | this junction where the road divides, that Hardee, of "tactics" fame, and one branch going to Richmond, the George H. Thomas were two of its other to Washington. As soon as he majors. The captain of the company | steps on the long wooden platform the in which Fitzhugh Lee was first lieu- mammies will approach with their tenant was Kirby Smith. Loefflor trays. He wants to buy a cup of served with credit in the Union coffee, for it is good coffee, a roll, for army through the civil war, received the rolls are also good, and then let curing the jury was in progress, and his White House detail from Presi- him take his choice of a piece of dent Grant, and was appointed a "mil- chicken, for one part of the chicken, itary storekeeper" in the regular army, as every lover of the fowl knows, difwith the rank of captain, by President | fereth from another part in glory. McKipley .- Denver Post.

He Wasn't at Home.

A story is told of the late Chief Justice Cockburn. He was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, into the presence of his Maker, and he and a Mr. B. was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him.

"I understand," he said, "that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. James. Is

"Yes," replied the man. "What did he say?" demanded Cock-

Mr. B. promply rose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted and Mr. B. appealed to the Judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour. When they returned they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question.

"Well, what did he say?" asked

"Please, sir, he wasn't at home," replied the witness without moving a

An old Timer.

A crowd of young men were seated in one of the steamboat offices in the city the other afternoon while an old steamboat veteran regaled them with stories about old times on the Mississippi and reminiscences of the old time citizens.

"Did you know old Bill Jones?" asked one of the men, after the captain had finished relating how he ran a gauntlet of Indians with his boat way back in the forties.

"'Member Bill Jones? Well, I guess I did," replied the captain. "Let's see, he died just after the war. He was a good old fellow too. I knew his father before he was married to

ning on the river?"

-At a little distance from where he stood four men of the ambulance corps under an army surgeon were gathered with the ambulance squad. And certain distance from where he stood four men of the ambulance corps under an army surgeon were gathered with the ambulance squad. And certain distance from where he recollect of that forenoon's diversion tance of fourteen miles.

- Thunder can be heard at a distance from where he recollect of that forenoon's diversion tance of fourteen miles.

Fried Chicken and Corn Pone.

George Carlton of Atlanta was in New York a week or so ago and a reporter for The Tribune had a talk with him at the Hotel Imperial. Mr. Carlton had evidently first enjoyed a good square meal, for he talked after this fashion: "All parts of the country have their specialty in the way of cooking, I suppose. Everyone in New England, I believe, breakfasts on Sunday on pork and beans and codfish balls as regularly as the day comes around. In Philadelphia the Sunday breakfast consists of scrambled eggs and scallops, but in the South, when we are in doubt, we invariably fall back on fried chicken and corn pone. It may do for a New York banker to import a cook at \$10,000 a year, and undoubtedly such a chief is worth the money from some points of view, particularly the social, but I would wager considerbly that if one of those cooks and an old colored mammy were pitted against each other to fry chicken and cook corn poneit would inevitably result in the chief's inglorious defeat. It is a heaven born art with our old colored mammies. They can all do it, and do it in a manner to bring tears of gladness to the heart of hungry man. Why, only the other night, when we came through Gordonsville, Va., in the early morning hours, I was restless and had got up to smoke as we drew up at the junction. I went but coming here to Manila! Are the fort, and Lee, who was a dashing to the platform for a breath of air, officer and a wonderful favorite with and discovered a half dozen old colored crones strung along the side of the brestwork. The arrows were whizzing train. Each had a tray, upon which were exposed many articles of food the breast, inflicting a very ugly for sale, but the principal was fried chicken. You ought to have tried it. It was so tender it fairly melted in your mouth, while the crispy browned outside imparted a delicious tang to whole and broken, so that no one the taste. I have dined in many rescould tell afterwards whether the head | taurants and with many people, and had remained in the wound or had and at some dinners that still been drawn out with the stick. It live in my memory on account of their was impossible, therefore, to say how gastronomic excellence, but the memseriously he had been hurt, and he ory of the best dish of the best cook was carried at once to the rear, where which I ever partook of will now have a litter was improvised of saplings and | to give up the place of honor to a piece boughs. He was laid upon this, of fried chicken served on a tray by a black mammy at the little junctional

Everybody who has traveled through Virginia on the Chesapeake and Ohio knows about Gordonsville and its fried Virginia depots there are venders of This is an incident in Lee's career chicken, sandwitches, coffee, milk,

But his choice at Gordonsville will be limited. He will find that none of the trays have anything but "thighs" and "drumsticks" or "first" and "second joints," as some call them. How is this? Are the Gordonsville | * chickens all legs? It would seem so, but not exactly. It happens in this

The best part of fried chicken is the leg either the thigh or lower portion. Anyone knows that, and the Gordonsville mammies long ago noticed that every customer wanted either the first or second joint, so that at the end of the day's work, their trays contained the other less delicious portions. Oh, for a breed of chickens that would be all legs! But if the pesky fowls won't grow that way, why not make them that way after they are killed and cleaned? Happy thought! The mammies have now become expert at the art, and when the traveler buys a piece of chicken at Gordonsville from the depot venders, he always gets a leg. The meat is so skilfully arranged upon a bone that it is not until the best part of it has been eaten that the fraud is discovered, and by that time the joy of the eater is so great over the fine feast that he never complains.

So Gordonsville chicken is uniquue in fowl history.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chart Hitches

- A whistle that can be heard 40

miles has just been invented. It consists of three whistles made of bronze and arranged between two disks of steel. The mouth of the largest is One of the boys thought the old turned upward, and the mouths of the man was "doping," and by way of other two are turned downward; the tripping him up on his dates asked, steam is carried through some open-"Cap, how long have you been run- ing in the disks. The whistles are turned in chord, and they harmonize "Who, me? Why I started on the as accurately as a well tuned piano.

Train Robbers at Branchville.

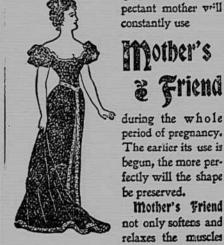
Branchville, S. C., Dec. 1.-Two robbers, supposed to have boarded the 6 o'clock train at Branchville this evening, entered the express car four miles below here. While one covered the express messenger with a revolver the other secured the money, which, it is said, amounted to about \$1,700. After securing the money they pulled the bell cord, signaling the engineer to stop, and made good their escape before the train came to a standstill. The sheriff of Dorchester county was

immediately notified, and is in pursuit of the robbers. This is a very unusual occurrence for

this part of the county, and every effort will be made to capture the robbers .- Special to The State.

- A poor widow who was arrested in Wilkesbarre, Pa., charged with assaulting a constable, won much sympathy in the Court room when she said that the officer, in levying on her household goods on a landlord's warrant, tried to remove her baby from its cradle and take the cradle. The jury found her not guilty and placed the costs on the constable and the justice of the peace who had issued the war-

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ANNA L. BYRD, Ex'x

Dec 6, 1899

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THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. 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 hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fall 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' Amorney.

Anderson, S. C., October 27, A. D. 189). [SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P. To the Defendant, Daniel W. Willis:

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 object of said action is to foreclose mortgage executed by you to Edward P. Sloan and Jas. R. Vandiveron 125 acres of Land in Centreville Township, County and State aforesaid, on waters of Generostee Creek, adjoining lands of Amanda J. Allen and others. Allen and others. JOSEPH N. BROWN,
Plaintiffs' Attorney, Anderson, S. C.
October 27, 1899

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect Dec. 1st. 1899.

9 40 am 1 40 pm 11 56 am 610 pm 1 20 pm 5 35 am 3 00 pm 16 15 am 4 05 pm 3 10 pm 9 00 ara 5 33 pm 6 03 pm 7 00 pm Ar Laurens. Spartanburg. Saluda..... Ar Hendersonville Ar Asheville..... 8 28 am 11 45 am 3 40 pm 10 00 am 12 01 am 4 00 pm 1 137 pm 7 00 pm 6 35 am Ly Asheville. 2 87 pm; 5 10 pm 11 (8 am Greenwood Ly Calhoun Fall Ar Baleigh. Ar Norfolk. r Allendale. 1 0) pm | 5 49 sm 1 16 pm | 5 50 sm 2 30 pm | 6 59 sm 7 53 sm Ly Port Boyal. Ly Beaufort....

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