

READING THE EYES.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN IN THE "WINDOWS OF THE SOUL."

Their Indications as to Character Are, as a Rule, Remarkably Accurate—Detectives Spot the Liar by a Little Trick of His Optics.

It is little realized in how many things eyes betray their owner. Many people without at all professing to be physiognomists frequently are led to form opinions about their neighbors by purely physiognomical signs.

Men, more sensibly, will be led in their business dealings by opinions formed in just this way. Few indeed will be found inexperienced enough to repose any confidence in a man having a pair of roving, shifting eyes, closely set together in the head and usually accompanied by a pair of narrow, sloping shoulders.

When the average man, however, having some secret conviction that he is a born physiognomist, tries to form positive judgments about people by mere individual signs, he is likely to err sadly.

Undoubtedly much is told about us by our eyes. Dogs and children have been called natural physiognomists. A dog sometimes will refuse any caresses or orbits from some stranger and slink off, but will run up to another man equally as strange to him, wagging his tail, and begin to lick his hand.

Many professions apply some trait or other of the human eye to their own particular use. Surgeons and dentists, remembering that some of the most delicate nerves of the human body are in the eye, when giving anesthetics judge by his eye when the patient is sufficiently under the influence of the drug.

But the most interesting of the eye's "give aways" is its use as an effective detector of double dealing. A private detective, in a discussion as to how far the eye can be depended upon to detect falsehood, says:

"It is sometimes pretty hard to tell from the manner of a smart, fluent talker whether he is telling the truth or not. Of course in the case of an unskilful, amateur liar the thing is simple. Even the average man, who usually is a pretty poor observer, can determine for himself whether the man lies, for the would be prevaricator usually takes good care to betray himself. He involuntarily seeks to avoid meeting the eyes of his intended victim by averting his face and shifting his eyes. He no more can refrain from acting in his suspicious manner than can a man look straight at some bright light after staying in a dark room for some time.

"To detect falsehood in cases of this kind we employ a delicate test, which, in the hands of a clever man, is infallible. We call it the 'eye test.' The sharp detective puts a sudden, direct question to the crook which admits of no equivocal reply and which goes to the root of the matter. As the man tries to answer the detective steadily looks into the pupils of his eyes and carefully observes any changes or movements of the iris. Should the man lie in answering, it will be shown by the muscular twitching of the eye, as if trying to make the aperture of the eye smaller. This is the same movement as results in trying to avoid too strong a light. The eye thus seems to be equally susceptible to beams of truth and to beams of light."

"They tell me that work feller who wuz to th' dance at th' Corners las' night is an editor."

"Thass right. He got up them dance programmes."

"Tommy—'Pop, the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust doesn't it?' Tommy's Pop—'Yes, yes; don't ask silly questions!' Tommy—'And it isn't just to steal another man's umbrella is it?' Tommy's Pop—'Certainly not. If you ask more—' Tommy—'But pop, the rain doesn't fall upon the man that steals the umbrella, and it does on the man that had his stolen. Funny, ain't it, pop?'"

A TROPHY OF BURGLARY.

Drummer Carries a Gold Watch as a Souvenir of His Deed.

"This watch was part of the spoils of a burglary in which I participated in 1881," said a guest in the St. Charles lobby to a reporter, drawing out a handsome gold timepiece with a curious spiral pattern engraved in heavy relief on the lid. "It was my first affair of the kind, and I regret to say I bungled it and got caught almost immediately. What is the joke, did you ask? There is no joke; it is perfectly true. It happened like this:

"In the fall of 1881, when I was quite young and green, I got a job traveling for a Chicago grocery house, and one of the first places I visited was a small town in northern Ohio. I arrived about 11 at night and went out to take a stroll and smoke a cigar before going to bed. Passing through a side street, I noticed a light in the little jewelry store and also that the door was ajar. That reminded me I had recently broken the mainspring of my watch, and I sauntered in to leave it for repair.

"As I entered a young man arose from the further end of the counter. He seemed startled, which was not unnatural at such a late call, but he regained his composure while I explained the purpose of my visit and told me he had closed some hours before, but happened to remember some things that had been left out of the safe and returned to put them back. When I handed him my watch, I asked him to lend me another to wear in the meantime, and he gave me one at random from a tray on the counter. This is it on my chain now.

"Next morning," continued the story teller, "I was lounging in the hotel office, when the town marshal tapped me on the shoulder.

"I pulled it out mechanically and was at once placed under arrest on the charge of robbing the jewelry store. It seemed that it had been burglarized during the night, and somebody in the hotel had noticed my peculiar looking watch and reported it to the police. It was promptly identified as part of the stolen goods, and, needless to say, my story as to its acquisition was laughed to scorn. I was obliged to admit that it seemed a little gauzy myself, and I can't say I blame the authorities for declining to give it credence.

"At any rate, I found myself in the clink of a fix. My old watch had been carried off by the thief, and there was absolutely nothing to confirm my statement except the bare fact that none of the other goods was found in my possession. That, however, went for very little, for it was argued that I had had abundant time to conceal my plunder. In my agitation and excitement I must have presented a perfect picture of guilt, and the townspeople came near mobbing me on the way to jail. They kept me there for exactly three hours, the agony of which will dwell with me if I live to be a hundred.

"Meanwhile the sure enough burglar had been bagged in an adjoining town with all the loot, including my timepiece, in his valise, and when I was finally released he was bundled into my cell. If he hadn't been caught, I don't know what might have happened. I don't like to think about it. The authorities made groveling apologies, and the jeweler was especially abject. To placate me he offered to let me keep the new watch in exchange for my old one, and I accepted the proposition. I carry it as a sort of tragic-comic souvenir."

"It was Dewey's Treat. In 1886," said Colonel Frank Small, advance agent for a theatrical company, "I was in Washington with Rose Coghlan, playing at what was then Albaugh's Opera House. One afternoon I was in the box office chinning with the ticket manipulator and watching the matinee girls when three ladies came in, followed by 100 children, boys and girls.

"One of the ladies stepped up to the window and said, 'We have just an even 100 children here and here is a check for \$25 to pay for the tickets for them.' She handed in a check signed by George Dewey, and the tickets were passed out to the lady. The happy youngsters were soon enjoying the play.

"I didn't know George Dewey from Adam's off ox, and I asked the ticket man who he was. He told me that Mr. Dewey was a navy officer and that it was not the first time he had handled his checks in that way; that once each season anyway the children from some of the several orphan asylums were given such treats by the gentleman, but that he seldom attended a performance himself."

"Animals That Coast. In India, where I was a cornet of her majesty's hussars, I gave a good deal of attention to elephants," said Murray Garde the other night. "What particularly interested me was the bold, original method an elephant has of getting down a hill when the gradient is too steep for walking. He sits calmly down on his hindquarters, you know, pushes off, and, bzz, bzz! he's at the bottom. It hurts, though—the friction, the inequalities of the descent, the tenderness of the hide, don't you know.

"But I only speak of this because the bears of your country remind me of it. The bears of Utah and Wyoming are the cleverest wild animals I have ever seen. They, too, slide down the precipitous mountains, but they are more tender of themselves than the elephants. They cut bark from a tree with their teeth and claws in strips big enough to be sat upon comfortably, and on these toboggans they coast down the steep slopes of their wild country without any evil effects. A strange sight it is, I tell you!"

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and painful very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co."

TOO MUCH FOR THE CLERK.

Terrified by the India Rubber Boy and the Man.

A person who has had many years' experience in hospitals was speaking the other day to a number of men interested in medical affairs about human freaks.

"Do you know that the greatest human freaks in the country—in fact, in the world," exclaimed the speaker, "have never been exhibited in a museum or numbered among a circus' attractions? Have you ever heard of the india rubber boy or the negro whose heart was on his right side or the man with a voice like a locomotive whistle? Perhaps you have heard of at least the last great personage. They were really 'great personages' in their own estimation and seemed to be glad that they were freaks.

"None of the listeners had ever seen or heard of the freaks. "Don't think for a moment that the india rubber boy was made of rubber," continued the speaker, "or that he could twist himself into a knot. He looked like a schoolboy. I suffered from some form of epilepsy, and when he had a fit he would bounce up and down. That's why they called him the india rubber boy."

"How high did he bounce?" was asked. "I think about six feet. Some people said that he sometimes bounced higher, but I doubt it."

"Did he have any control over himself when he had a fit?" "No. He never knew when or where he would be stricken, and every time he was simply thrown until he became exhausted or unconscious.

"The india rubber boy and the man with the voice like a locomotive whistle one time nearly frightened to death a night clerk of a local hospital. A young physician made a tour of the country some years ago exhibiting to medical associations the india rubber boy and the man with the peculiar voice. This physician took delight in having fun at the expense of his friends. He was well acquainted with the night clerk, and he selected him as a victim for one of his pranks. One night, after he had exhibited his freaks before a medical society in this city, the physician called at the hospital to see the night clerk. After talking with the clerk a few minutes he left the freaks seated near a desk at which the clerk was at work and went into an adjoining room to await developments. The physician had some doubt about his plan being successful, as the man with the extraordinary voice would only make a noise like a locomotive whistle when under great excitement. The man, however, did what was expected of him.

"Several times the clerk stopped work to glance at his visitors, but their action did not arouse his suspicions. Soon the india rubber boy's teeth began to chatter, and the lad assumed a crouching attitude. He was preparing about in the street or in church was considered especially impolite. People who desired to be considered well brought up were enjoined not to wave their hands about in the air and not to place their hands upon the head or shoulders of any distinguished personage.

When standing, both men and women were exhorted to place one hand over the other near the waist. A well bred woman, also, when walking out of doors, had to place the thumb of the left hand in the buckle or string by which her cloak was fastened under her neck, while with the two fingers of the right hand she kept the cloak closed.

When on horseback, men were enjoined not to look at their legs, but straight over the horse's head. In a book of the twelfth century we read of a model young woman who "walked nicely and did not look around. She did not speak to her mother nor greet her father, neither would she look at man or woman."

An Ungallant Comparison. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on visit to Egypt, met with several humorous experiences. One of them shows that even the Egyptians are not free from an unhappy weakness for saying just the wrong thing at a critical moment.

After an inspection of the troops by the duke outside of Omdurman, to which the duchess had accompanied him on horseback, the girths of her saddle suddenly gave way. There was no way of repairing them, and to enable her royal highness to get back with the least possible inconvenience a sort of sedan chair was improvised from a gun carriage. On this she was carried by Egyptian gunners, who were in charge of a native officer.

On the way the duchess said, "I hope your men will not be tired after carrying me," and was surprised, if amused to receive the ungallant reply: "Indeed, no, madam; you are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry."

Swindler in Morocco.

A late consul who shall here be unnamed had a choice collection of coins. He declared they had been stolen. A rich Moor was accused as the culprit or accomplice. The sultan was approached. A compensative sum, 25,000 Spanish dollars, was demanded and paid over to the consul. The Moor and members of his family were immediately thrown into prison, their goods were seized to pay the indemnity, and five of them were practically beaten to death.

It turned out afterward that the more valuable part of the collection said to have been stolen had remained intact in the hands of the consul—that it was more than doubtful whether anything had been stolen. Not long before the consul's death he offered to sell the whole collection to a private gentleman in Tangier. This offer was declined. The consul died quite lately in the odor of sanctity, and after his death the coins were sold by auction.

It cannot be said that any legation was in those days (not so very long ago) wholly free from such malpractices, though I have cited an extreme case. All the consulates and legations have acted unscrupulously in the past. They have robbed the sultan's exchequer, oppressed his subjects and cheated him shamefully on occasion. —Fortnightly.

Keeping Sheep.

It has always been a tolerably well fixed opinion with us that every farmer should keep a few sheep, regardless of the price of wool or the state of the mutton market. The sheep is one of the best kinds of stock for saving feed on the farm that would otherwise go to waste. No other stock will consume so large a variety of the common products of the farm and convert them into a marketable shape more readily. No class of stock can be turned out so early in the spring or left out so late in the fall and still do well. No class of stock can make as good use of those rough, broken pieces of land that are found on every farm, which are perfectly useless for every purpose unless a few sheep are kept. No animal is so good a weeder or will keep pasture lands so free from plants out of place as the sheep. No animal will do so well on pasture alone during the pasture season and on light feeding in winter provided they be well sheltered from storm.

No animals enrich the fields on which they graze to so great an extent or so completely give back to them all that they take, and no animal furnishes so reliable a source for the farm supply of summer meat—"Modern Sheep," by F. D. Coburn.

Twelfth Century Manners.

According to twelfth century manners, it was considered more than rude for any one, man or woman, to look aimlessly into space or gaze at the sky for any length of time, and staring about in the street or in church was considered especially impolite. People who desired to be considered well brought up were enjoined not to wave their hands about in the air and not to place their hands upon the head or shoulders of any distinguished personage.

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Considerable Appreciation. "Some weeks ago," says the Memphis Scimitar, "a young man left a small package at the home of a young woman upon whom he was making his first call. She wrote him a note telling him he had left it. He wrote her one telling her it was some cabbages and that she might appropriate it to her own use. She wrote again to express her appreciation. He replied to express his appreciation of her appreciation. At the present time the expression of appreciation is going forward in arithmetical progression as the letters multiply, and as they contain something a little more serious in its nature there promise to be some very interesting complications resulting from a correspondence presumably of the expression of appreciation."

Suicide of a Dog.

The Italian papers report that a dog committed suicide the other day in the Lake of Como. He was determined to end his life, for a man pulled him out when the big dog was half drowned, and drove him away from the water. The dog was very handsome, and the man had been admiring him, as the animal stood gazing into the water. To see what further might happen the spectator returned to the lake's brink, and soon the dog was back again and in the water, his head held under the surface. He again his admirer pulled him to shore, and made him run off inland, the man returning to his post of observation, whence later he heard a distant splash and recognized the dog's back. The poor fellow was swimming fast away from shore, his head as before, held under the water. His rescuer jumped into a boat and pulled hard for the spot where the dog was struggling, but was to his sorrow, too late. The lifeless body already floated on the water. An autopsy proved that the fine animal was healthy in every organ, and it was consequently surmised that the "rash act" must have had a "moral" cause.

When sickness once begins in a family the troubles multiply so fast that they seem to come in overwhelming waves. No wonder if sometimes one or both of the parents gives out under the strain and permits some kind neighbor or one of the younger members of the household to seize the helm and keep the little family ship off the rocks of actual distress. The poor sick father or mother thinks "O, if I could only get on my feet and be at work how different it would be."

Day after day the ailing one struggles to rise superior to the misery that weighs him or her down; hoping against hope that the next day will be a better one. The doctor is sent for. He gives all the regimens that are prescribed, but they do not seem to do any good. Then follow more days and weeks—perhaps weary months—of waiting and hoping for the restoration that does not come; while every heart becomes critical, the foreboding question: "What will be the end?"

A man doesn't know what is the matter with him; he feels all the strength and energy oozing out of him; he can't work; he begins at the very corner of his eye to see things clearly, he can't sleep, he can't eat; he loses heart and courage and flesh; pretty soon he feels badly in his lungs. The doctors call it consumption and prescribe lung specifics. But what the man needs is a medicine to go deep down into the foundations of the trouble; clear the poison out of his blood; wake up his liver, purify, revitalize and build up his system from the foundation stone. He needs Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which has cured innumerable cases of obstinate liver complaint which the doctors diagnosed as hopeless consumption.

The work of this masterful "Discovery" begins at the very corner of the eye. It gives appetite, nourishment, rich blood, healthy solid flesh. A cough is only a symptom; there are other things that make the coughing. The cough must be got rid of first, the cough may be the last thing to go away.

Does Dr. Pierce claim to cure consumption? That question isn't worth arguing. Look at the record. Take a case in point. Here is a man (or woman) with a hacking cough, a hectic flush, night-sweats, great emaciation or wasting of flesh, spitting of blood, shortness of breath and all the other symptoms. After every remedy and every local physician has failed, he, as a last resort, takes "Golden Medical Discovery" and the cough vanishes, the cheek gets back its natural color, sleep becomes sweet and refreshing, the spitting of blood stops, flesh and muscles become firm, weight increases, and life goes along in quiet and comfort to the full limit of the three score years and ten.

But may it be it wasn't consumption after all? May be it wasn't. You know it was something that was attacking the very citadel of life, and it was something that was cured by the use of the Golden Medical Discovery. And Dr. Pierce is curing such "some-things" right along with a record of over a quarter of a million cases, and not more than three per cent of failures.

One fact, at least, is well established. That the "Golden Medical Discovery" does cure weak lungs, bleeding from lungs, bronchitis, throat disease, and kindred obstructions of the air-passages, which, if neglected or badly treated, lead up to consumption, can no longer be doubted in view of the many thousands of well established cures of such cases reported by the most trustworthy citizens. Many of these cases have been pronounced consumption—and incurable—by the best local physicians before the sufferers commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

More than half a million copies of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser were sold at \$1.00 each, but a free paper-bound edition is now issued of which a copy will be sent absolutely without charge for the bare cost of mailing—of one cent stamps. These should be sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. One copy only will be sent to one family if a heavier cloth-bound copy is preferred ten stamps extra should be sent.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of Estate of E. D. McArthur, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on the 15th day of January, 1900, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

Emerson Pianos. Weaver Organs. Y'all will find me at the ALLIANCE STORE with a select stock of—

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated treatise. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Published by MUNN & CO., Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE. ABOUT Nine Hundred Acres FINE LAND in York Township, between new Ferry and Hutson's Ferry. MRS. O. M. CHENNAULT, Anderson, S. C.

A Word to Doctors.

We have the highest regard for the medical profession. Our preparations are not sold for the purpose of antagonizing them, but rather as an aid. We lay it down as an established truth that internal remedies are positively injurious to expectant mothers. The distress and discomforts experienced during the months preceding childbirth can be alleviated only by external treatment—by applying a liniment that softens and relaxes the over-strained muscles. We make and sell such a liniment, combining the ingredients in a manner hitherto unknown, and call it

Mother's Friend. We know that in thousands of cases it has proved more than a blessing to expectant mothers. It overcomes morning sickness. It relieves the sense of tightness. Headaches cease, and danger from Swollen Hard and Rising Breasts is avoided. Labor itself is shortened and shorn of most of the pain. We know that many doctors recommend it, and we know that multitudes of women go to the drug stores and buy it because they are sure their physicians have no objections. We ask a trial—just a fair trial. There is no possible chance of injury being the result, because Mother's Friend is scientifically compounded. It is sold at \$1 a bottle, and should be used during most of the period of gestation, although great relief is experienced if used only a short time before childbirth. Send for our illustrated book about Mother's Friend.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SPECIAL SALE OF PIANOS AND ORGANS. FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS—THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

Will sell any of the following High Grade PIANOS and ORGANS at prices as low as can be obtained from the Manufacturers direct:—

KNABE, WEBER, IVERS & POND, CROWN, WHEELLOCK, LAKE SIDE and RICHMOND. Also, THE T. ROWN, ESTEY and FARRAND & VOTEY ORGANS. Prospective purchasers will find it to their interest to call and inspect my Stock or write for prices. We also represent the leading makes—

Sewing Machines. At Rock Bottom figures. Respectfully, THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C. SECOND TERM begins Jan. 29, 1900. Students received at any time. Matriculation, Tuition, Board and Rooming from Jan. 2 to June 5, 1900, for only \$82.00. Same, from Jan. 29 to June 5, \$52.00. Classical, Scientific and Commercial courses. For catalogue or information of any kind address: W. T. MATTHEWS, or A. E. SPENCER, Dec 13, 1899.

PATENTS. ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY. Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to Obtain Patents." Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address: E. C. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

MASTER'S SALE. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ARDENVILLE COUNTY. In the Court of Common Pleas. Edmunds T. Brown Co., and others, Plaintiffs, vs. B. Barrian Allen, David K. Cooley, as Allen & Cooley, Keturah Allen, et al., Defendants.—Relief.

By virtue of an order of sale made in the above stated case I will offer for sale at Anderson Court House, S. C., at public outcry on Wednesday in January, 1900, (Tuesday, January 2) within the legal hours of sale, the following described property, to-wit:—

All that Tract or Parcel of Land, known as the Mauldy Tract, containing One Hundred and Seventy-two acres, more or less, bounded by lands of James Wanslow, Estate of Thomas A. Sberard, and others.

Terms of Sale—One half cash, balance on credit of twelve months, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by bond and mortgage. Purchaser to have leave to pay all cash. Purchaser to pay for papers. WALTER L. MILLER, Master. Dec 9, 1899.

FOR SALE. A Handsomely Illustrated Treatise. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$2 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Published by MUNN & CO., Broadway, New York.

"COTTON Culture"

is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York. CAREY, McCULLOUGH, & MARTIN, Attorneys at Law, MASONIC TEMPLE, ANDERSON, S. C.

W. G. McGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank—ANDERSON, S. C. Dec 9, 1899.

MONEY TO LOAN, ON FARMING LANDS. Easy payments. No commissions charged. Borrower pays actual cost of perfecting loan. Interest 8 per cent. JNO. B. PALMER & SON, Columbia, S. C. Oct. 11, 1899.

FOR SALE. FARM, containing 249 acres, 11 miles South-west from the City of Anderson. 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. Oct 25, 1899.

FOR SALE. My House and Lot of four acres on Greenville St. Also, Mills and 80 acres of land 33 miles south of Anderson. For further particulars apply to me in my office or J. L. Tribble, E. C. TRICKLAND. Sept 27, 1899.

NOTICE. ALL persons are hereby warned not to hunt, fish, shoot, snare, trap, net, cut timber or otherwise trespass on any lands owned or controlled by either of the undersigned. Persons disregarding this notice will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. P. Ledbetter, P. S. Mabaffey, J. A. Stevenson, H. B. Vandiver, T. J. Dalrymple, J. T. Gaines, W. Thaddeus Hunt, W. K. Sharp, M. D. Mays, J. A. Hunter, J. D. Babb, E. P. Earle, James A. Gault. Dec 6, 1899.

NOTICE. BY virtue of authority vested in me by the Will of W. C. Brown, deceased, I will sell to the highest bidder at Anderson C. H., S. C., on Monday, the first day of January, 1900, a Tract of Land lying on Tugaloo River, in Fork Township, containing fourteen acres, more or less. Terms—Cash. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. ANNA L. BYRD, Ex'x. Dec 6, 1899.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. J. S. Fowler and Joseph N. Brown, as Assignees of J. S. Fowler, Plaintiffs, against J. L. Saylor, Defendant.—Summons for Relief—Complaint not served.

To the Defendant, J. L. Saylor: 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 undersigned at his office, at Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, excluding the day of the day of service and the day of answer. The Complaint in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint. JOSEPH N. BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorney, Anderson, S. C. December 15th, A. D. 1899. [SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P.

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

Ar. Augusta..... 9:40 am 1:40 pm Ar. Greenville..... 11:50 am 3:33 pm Ar. Anderson..... 6:10 pm 8:47 pm Ar. Laurens..... 8:05 am 11:53 am Ar. Greenville..... 8:00 pm 10:15 am Ar. Green Springs..... 4:08 pm Ar. Spartanburg..... 5:10 pm 9:00 am Ar. Saluda..... 5:33 pm Ar. Hendersonville..... 6:03 pm Ar. Asheville..... 7:00 pm

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens. Close connection at Augusta for Charleston, Savannah and all points. Close connections at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg and Southern Railway. For any information relative to tickets, rates, etc., apply to the undersigned at their respective offices, or to W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga. T. M. North, S. C. Agent. E. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.