

The Water of Forgetfulness

The Story of One Who Desired Oblivion of His Past.

By Rudolf Baumbach.

In a round tower room, which was adorned with weapons of the chase, antlers and stuffed fowls, a young fellow sat on a wooden stool, twisting a bowstring from out a marten's skin, and at the same time sang a merry hunting song. He wore the clothes of a hunter and by his short cut hair showed he was a servant of the lord of the castle. His name was Heinz.

Over the young fellow from the ceiling hung a swinging hoop, and in the hoop sat a gray falcon with bound wings and a leather hood over its eyes. Once in awhile the hunter paused in his work and set the slow swinging hoop again in fast motion. This was done that the falcon might not fall asleep, for it was a young bird and was to be trained to become a hunting falcon, for the training of a falcon skilled in hunting began thus—that it might be made submissive through hunger and sleeplessness.

Heinz had been the count's falconer, and the old lord had kept the young fellow very busy. But lately he had easy days. The count hunted no more. For a year past he had lain calm and still in the stone tomb decorated with the family coat of arms, and his widow, Adelheid, sat the whole day together with the chaplain and thought not of hunting.

Today the lady of the castle must doubtless have become tired of prayers, for she left her own apartments and went over all the rooms of the castle. The song of the young hunter was an agreeable change to her after the monotonous psalm singing of the sniffling chaplain. She sought the voice and entered the apartment in the tower.

Heinz was astonished when he saw the proud lady in widow's veil and gray gown enter. He rose and courteously bowed. Lady Adelheid let her sparkling eyes glide over the slender figure of the falconer and smiled graciously, and her smile appeared to the young fellow like the sunlight in May. She asked much about falconry hunting and then departed.

It happened a few days after this that Lady Adelheid rode into the green forest on a swan white palfrey. However, she wore no gray garment, but a gown of green velvet, and instead of the widow's veil, a hat of sable with a waving feather. Behind her, bearing a hunting falcon on his clinched hand, rode Heinz, the young falconer, with an expression of joy in his blue eyes.

They had ridden quite a distance, and the towers of the castle had long since vanished behind the widespread beech trees, when Lady Adelheid turned her head and said: "Ride near me, Heinz," and Heinz did as the lady commanded him, and thus they rode farther on the narrow wood path. The trees rustled gently, the chaffinches sang, and sometimes small forest animals glided across the way. Now and then was heard the cracking of breaking branches as the game hurried into the wood or a frightened bird flew noisily, and then a deep silence lay over the forest. Again the lady of the castle turned to the hunter and spoke with laughing mouth:

"Let me hear, Heinz, if thou art a wise young hunter— "Dear huntsman, I pray thee to tell me right what ascends higher than falcon and kite?" Without thinking Heinz replied:

"High mounts the falcon and the kite ascends high, The eagle, however, can still higher fly." And again spoke Lady Adelheid: "Dear huntsman, dear huntsman, reveal unto me. Is there nothing that mounts still higher than the bright sun?"

The falconer thought a couple of moments, then answered: "Surely then all feathered things ascend higher, Such as at noonday, the sun's ball of fire." The countess nodded approvingly and asked the third time:

"Then do not deceive me, my best beloved one, Does not something mount still higher than the bright sun?" The falconer's wisdom was now at an end. He looked up at the tops of the beech trees, as if help would come to him from there, and then looked down again on the pommel of the saddle, but remained silent. Then Lady Adelheid reined in her little horse, bent toward the hunter and softly said:

"The sun ascends high in the heaven above, But higher, still higher, soars secret love." Two woodpeckers with blue wings started up out of the hazel bushes and flew screaming into the forest in order to relate what they had heard, and by another morning the sparrows who had their nests under the castle roof twittered to one another:

"Our lady's love for the hunter is deep." Yes, that was a happy time for Falconer Heinz. He let his hair grow, so that it hung down in golden ringlets to his shoulders, and he wore silver spurs and a heron's feather in his hat and built glittering castles in the blue air.

He certainly did not receive a castle, but instead a fine forester's house, with antlers on the gable, and fields and meadow lands besides were given him in trust, and there he sat now as forester of the reservation, and when his gracious lady came riding to him he stood in the door and waved a greeting with his hat, then lifted the Lady Adelheid out of the saddle and escorted her with bread, milk and honey.

So passed the summer, the fall and half the winter, when came Shrove-tide. At this time many visitors came from the neighborhood, and the count's castle appeared like an inn. But Forester Heinz sat lonely in his huntsman's home, and only seldom news reached him of the merry life at the castle. At last came a report that was not exactly agreeable to poor Heinz. Lady Adelheid was to marry again, so ran the story, and it sounded in the young fellow's ears like the tolling of a funeral bell.

Then Heinz locked his house door and made his way toward the castle and as he went murmured all kinds of things between his teeth that sounded not like prayer.

When he reached the foot of the castle hill, where the winding road led upward, he heard hoof strokes and a silvery laugh that enticed him to the soul like a double-edged blade, and down the way came the lady of the castle riding

on a white horse, and on her seat a stately knight clad in rich rich armor on a glossy black steed and looked with sparkling eyes at the beautiful woman at his side.

The young hunter thought his heart would break; but, mastering himself, he sat down on a stone like a beggar, and as the pair came near him he sang: "The sun ascends high in the heaven above, But higher, still higher, soars secret love."

The proud knight reined in his horse and, pointing with his whip toward the hunter, asked his companion: "What means this? Who is the man?"

The blood left the countess' cheeks, but she quickly controlled herself and answered: "An insane hunter. Come, let us hasten on. I am filled with fear in his presence."

But the knight loosed his purse and threw a gold piece to the man by the road. Then Heinz cried out and cast himself face downward on the earth. Both knight and lady gave their horses the spurs and rode hastily on.

The hoof beats had long since died away before the unfortunate man raised himself up from the earth. He wiped the dust and dirt from his face, pressed his hat down upon his brows and walked into the forest. Without way or path he hurried along until night set in. Then he threw himself under a tree, wrapped his cloak around him and sank into the sleep of an exhausted man.

Poor Heinz slept the whole night without dreaming until the chill of morning awakened him. At once his grief again stood before him and grinned at him like a diabolical specter. "Oh, if I could forget!" cried he, "if I could but forget! There is a spring—if one drinks of its water then vanishes all the past from memory. Who will point out to me the way to the spring?"

"Oh," called a voice near him, "I am familiar with the spring that causes forgetfulness and with my knowledge will gladly be of service to you." Heinz looked down and saw before him a young fellow in a tattered black gown whose toes appeared inquisitively from out his shoes. The one representing himself as a vagrant student spoke again:

"The water called Lethe, which induces forgetfulness, springs in Greece. You must travel there and on the spot inquire for the details. But if you would find comfort, then accompany me to the Blue Grape Inn. It lies not far from here. There the landlady will serve you with the drink of forgetfulness, provided your purse is less empty than mine."

So spoke the vagrant, and Heinz rose and followed him to the forest inn. There both drank together the whole day and half the night, and when they lay socially on the bench by the stove at midnight Heinz had forgotten everything that grieved or oppressed him. With morning light, however, tormenting memories came again, and besides he had a headache. Then he settled his own and his companion's score, made short parting from the vagrant student and went forth.

"Oh, who can forget!" said he as he went on his way and struck his forehead with his clinched hand. "I must find the spring, or I shall certainly become insane." Near the road stood an old half dead willow, and on the willow sat a raven, who turned his head toward the lonely wanderer and looked at him attentively.

"That's all knowing bird," said the hunter to the raven, "thou knowest all that happens on the earth. Tell me where springs the water of forgetfulness." "That would I know myself in order to drink thereof. I knew of a nest of seven fat, nut fed dormice, and when I desired to look after the dear little creatures yesterday I found the martin had emptied the nest and left not a piece remaining. And now must I think on my own loss wherever I go and stay. Yes, who knows the water of forgetfulness! But let me advise you, my friend. Go to the woman in the woods, who knows more than other people and perhaps also knows the spring of forgetfulness." Then the raven pointed out to the hunter the way to the woman in the woods. Heinz thanked the bird and went on.

The woman who lived in the woods was at home, she sat before her cottage and upon her white head. Next to her sat a gray cat with grass green eyes that licked its paws and purred meantime. Heinz approached the old woman, greeted her respectfully and explained his errand.

"I certainly know the spring of forgetfulness," said the woman, "and I will not withhold a drink of its waters from thee, thou poor boy. But only death is for naught—if thou wilt have a cup of this precious drink thou must first perform three tasks for me. Wilt thou do this?" "If I can."

"I demand nothing impossible of thee. Thou shalt first fell for me the forest behind my house. That is the first task." The young fellow agreed to this. The old woman gave him a wood ax and led him to the very spot. Heinz stretched his arms and swung the ax, and with each stroke he made imagined he struck his rival, and the trees sank groaning under the mighty blows, and this pleased him. As evening approached Heinz looked about him for food, for he was extremely hungry. But he had not long to wait. From the house of the old woman came a maiden, who placed a basket with food and drink by the side of the exhausted woodcutter.

As Heinz raised his eyes he saw a wonderfully beautiful face framed in golden hair, through which gleamed the last rays of the setting sun. The maiden was the daughter of the old woman in the woods. She looked with gentle glance at the young fellow and remained standing awhile before him, but as he said nothing she went away.

Heinz ate and drank, then gathered together pine boughs and wood moss for a resting place, lay down and slept a dreamless sleep. But when he awoke in the morning so also was his sorrow awakened.

Then he seized the wood ax and hewed the trunks with such mighty strokes that the forest resounded afar with them. At evening, when the beautiful maiden brought him food, Heinz did not appear to be as melancholy as on the previous day and, feeling that

he should say something to her, remarked: "It is a beautiful day." Thereupon the maiden answered: "Yes, very beautiful," and nodding assent turned homeward.

So passed seven days, one after the other, and on the seventh day the last tree was felled. The woman in the woods came, praised the industrious Heinz and said: "Now comes the second task."

Heinz must now remove the roots of the trees, that the earth might be cultivated and seed and fruit sown. For this he required seven weeks. But every evening after his well finished day's work the daughter of the woman in the woods brought him food and sat beside him on the tree trunk and listened while Heinz told of the world outside, and when he had finished she held out a white hand to him and said: "Good night, dear Heinz."

Then she went home, but Heinz sought his couch and fell asleep at once. When seven weeks had thus passed, the woman in the woods came, examined the work, praised the industrious workman and said: "Now comes the third task. It is that you build a house with seven rooms for me from out the felled wood, and when thou hast also finished it then shalt thou receive a cup of the water of forgetfulness and canst go whither thou wilt."

So Heinz became a builder and with ax and saw erected a stately house. The work certainly progressed slowly, for Heinz worked without assistance, but this he did not dislike, for he loved the green forest, and he would have liked best to remain always near the old woman in the woods. He certainly still remembered at times his former sorrow, but it was like one who, having had a bad dream, rejoices in the morning that he is awake. Each evening the daughter of the old woman came to him, and they now sang together hunting songs and now songs of separation, parting and meeting.

So passed seven months. The house was finished from threshold to gable. On the gable Heinz had fastened a young pine tree, and the maiden had bound garlands of pine twigs and red mountain berries and decorated the walls.

The old woman in the woods came on her crutches, with the cat on her shoulder, to inspect the finished work. She appeared very solemn and carried in her hand a cup carved from wood, wherein was the water of forgetfulness.

"Thou hast finished the three tasks which I imposed upon thee," said she, "and now comes thy reward. Take this cup, and when thou shalt have emptied it to the last drop then is the past obliterated from thy memory." The huntsman hesitatingly stretched forth his hand toward the cup.

"Drink," said the old woman, "and forget all." "Yes, everything; thy former sorrow, me and me also," said the beautiful maiden and placed her hand over her eyes that she might repress her rising tears.

Then the young fellow seized the cup and threw it with powerful hand to the earth, so that the drink rained in many glittering drops upon the grass, and cried: "Mother, I remain with thee!" And before he knew what happened to him the maiden lay upon his breast and sobbed for very happiness. And though the trees vent a-blowing and the yellow cornfields round about nodded in the wind, the birds sang in the branches and the white cat of the old woman went purring in a circle round about the happy pair.

Now, I could without great trouble transform the old woman in the woods into a beautiful fairy, her daughter into a princess and the new built house into a glittering king's castle, but we will remain faithful to the truth and let everything be as it was.

But after all, something wonderful did happen. Where the drops of the water of forgetfulness had fallen on the earth there sprang from the ground a dear little flower with heavenly blue eyes. The flower now has spread over all the land, and who knows not its name for him is this story not written. —Translated from the German For Short Stories.

Modern Methods. Irate Tenant—It's colder than all get out in our apartments this morning. Why isn't the heat turned on? Janitor—It's turned on in the rooms I occupy, and just as soon as they get warm I'll turn it on in the rest of the building.—Chicago News.

Emulated Hannibal. When Admiral George Dewey and his younger sister were small children together in Montpelier, Vt., they read an account of Hannibal crossing the Alps. According to Max Bennett Thrasher, who relates the incident in Self Culture, the boy was strongly impressed with the story, as, in fact, he seems to have been with almost anything pertaining to war.

Just back of the statehouse is a high and very steep hill, at that time probably bare of houses, since even now only a very few have been able to perch upon its slopes. Fitting himself and his sister out with such impediments as he thought suitable one winter day and naming the high hill the Alps, young Dewey started to cross them, he being Hannibal and his sister the army. It was cold, and the ground was covered with deep snow, but the endurance of the army did not give out until she had become so chilled that she was sick in bed for a week afterward as a result.

Between Admiral Dewey and his sister existed a sympathy of the most intimate nature. In one of his letters to her after the battle of Manila he said: "Just a line to thank you for your kind letter and also for your prayers for my safety. Perhaps they did help. Who knows?"

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A WHISTLING WHALE

THE HEAD OF A HARPOON MADE THE SPOUTER A FREAK.

A Badly Scared Boat's Crew and an Exciting Battle With the Monster, Who Crushed a Small Boat Between His Ponderous Jaws.

"The only time I ever was really frightened was when I was fast to a whistling whale on the Japan grounds in 1872." Old Captain Rogers of New London was talking. "It was my second voyage whaling, and I had shipped as boat steerer on the Nautilus. It had been out from home some 18 months and had met with fairly good luck, when one morning 'There she looks!' came down from one of the lookouts aloft. It was just after six bells, and the second mate's watch was below. The mate, whose boat I steered, was in charge of the deck.

"Where away?" he shouted. "About three miles off the weather beam." "The whale, after it had sounded, broke water half a mile nearer the ship, spouted once and turned flukes. "That whale acts to me as if he was galled," said the old man as he came down on deck. "He's got separated from a school."

"Shall we lower?" asked the mate. "Yes, but spread your chances and work cautious, for you'll find him shy." "All three boats were lowered, and for some 20 minutes we pulled hard, taking courses a little different. Then all three crews stopped and waited for the whale to come up again. The three boats were then about half a mile apart, ours a little the farthest from the ship.

"Suddenly the whale broke water a short distance from the second mate's boat and began to spout. And he spouted with a most unearthly whistle. I tell you, it scared us. The men sat motionless in their seats until the whale went circling about. It didn't seem to know we were near till he suddenly started for the second mate's boat open mouthed.

"As he came on with a rush the crew to a man leaped overboard. He took the empty boat in his jaws and crushed it like an eggshell. Then, catching sight of our boat, he came at us, but our crew had partly recovered their wits and sprang to the oars with a will.

"To escape by speed was no go, but just as the whale overtook us the mate gave the boat a sudden shove to port by a quick stroke of the steering oar, and the monster shot by, just grazing the starboard oars.

"As he passed I let drive one iron at him, and it planted firmly, but before I could grasp the second he turned flukes and went down like lightning. The sting of the harpoon had taken all the fight out of him.

"I tell you he went down deep, and his speed was surprising. We had to pour water on the cheeks to keep them from blazing. One drag after another was bent on to stop him. But, no. Only a single fluke of line was left in the tub when the strain ended and the line began to slacken.

"He's risin!" exclaimed the mate. "Haul in slack, and when he breaks water I'll let daylight through him!" "When about half of the line was in, the whale came about a dozen boat lengths ahead. And he was spouting again with the same unearthly whistling. It put terror into all but the mate, who was forward with his lance, bent on 'greasing it.' I had taken his place at the steering oar.

"We started to pull up to the whale, but away he went, towing the boat after him so fast that the water rose like walls on both sides.

"For half an hour more he kept this up, then suddenly stopped and lay almost still on the water. Slowly and cautiously we pulled up to him. When we came within striking distance, the mate thrust at his vitals with the lance, and pretty soon he rolled over dead.

"On cutting into that whale the next day we found the cause of his whistling. It was the head of a harpoon imbedded transversely across one of the animal's spout holes in such a manner that the escaping air produced a shrill sound. The iron bore the initials of the ship James Loper of Nantucket, and we afterward learned that she had struck and lost a large sperm whale by the breaking of a harpoon some 18 months previous.

"Two New Bedford ships and a bark from New London, which reached home before us, reported having severally chased but failed to get fast to a lone whale, which whistled like a steam engine when it spouted.

"His roaring about alone is accounted for by presuming that his whistling frightened and scattered every school that he approached. He was a noble fellow and stowed down 97 barrels of sperm oil."

"But what became of the second mate's crew, who were left struggling in the water when their boat was demolished?" I asked. "Oh, the other boat picked them up and took them back to the ship," replied the old captain as he lighted his pipe and settled back for a smoke.—Youth's Companion.

What Poverty Did. In a poem on "Poverty," an Arkansas poet says: Poverty's coming; you cannot shirk; Ever around 'tis lurking; Poverty put my pen to work, And poverty keeps me working. Verily, poverty is to blame for a great many things in this vale of sunshine!—Atlanta Constitution.

Where There Is No Twilight. The days and nights at Guayaquil are of equal length. The sun knocks off promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening and gets up at 6 in the morning with equal regularity the whole year around. There is no twilight, no gloaming, no interval whatever between daylight and dark—only a brilliant illumination, the sudden disappearance of a red ball into a blue ocean, a spread of flame color over all the western sky for a few minutes and a purple haze in the east.

Then the surface of the ocean, like the heavens, is lighted with millions of strange and shifting stars, for the water is so impregnated with phosphorus that each tiny wave is tipped with light, and the foam that follows in the wake of the vessel is often like a stream of fire. Sometimes you can see porpoises swimming along the bow of the vessel lit up with phosphorescent light and followed by a streak of sparks like a comet's tail.

The Southern Cross, with the right arm tipped out at proper angle, lies straight ahead in the midst of myriads of unknown worlds that look strange to those accustomed to the northern constellations. Under the left arm is a large black spot in the heavens, brightened by only a single modest star, which the sailors call the devil's dinner bag. Over the stern of the vessel in the early evening you can plainly distinguish the familiar constellation of the Great Bear, but it goes to bed with the children.—Chicago Record.

The Worship of Serpents. The small town of Serpents, in the Kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep up a crowd of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the blood and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads pointing downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are large enough to engulf a bullock in their coils.

It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished with death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through the course of purification which takes place once a year.

An Unexpected Egg. The ways of a hen are often original and sometimes mirth provoking, and a Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing things, to the joy of a carload of passengers, on a recent trip from Bradstock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette tells the story.

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who was evidently a foreigner got on the trolley car at Bradstock. He was drowsy and not quite sober, and he crossed his legs, set the hen on his lap and went to sleep.

Four miles out of Bradstock the hen suddenly woke from its own reverie and cackled. Its owner opened his eyes and found himself and his hen objects of interest. He was annoyed, but the passengers had more or less excuse for staring. They had discovered a fresh egg resting snugly on the man's lap.

No one could speak the man's language, but every one was bound that he should know what had happened. Twenty index fingers pointed to the hen, and 40 eyes were turned in the same direction. Finally the stranger lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret was revealed.

Then he was wide awake. With his left hand he held the egg aloft, that all might see; with his right hand he affectionately stroked the hen. Everybody smiled. All at once it seemed to occur to him that refreshments were in order. He grinned at his fellow passengers, tapped the shell on the edge of the seat to open a way to the interior and swallowed the egg.

My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbor. —Sin always brings sorrow, sooner or later; therefore never attempt to do anything that is not right.

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J. F. CLARIDY, Clerk Board.

Beautiful Women

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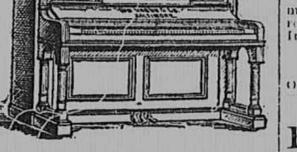
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W. T. MATTHEWS, or A. E. SPENCER, Dec 13, 1899

Notice of Final Settlement. The undersigned, Administrator of Estate of E. D. Meador, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will in the office of the Clerk of the Court for said County, 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. S. R. JAMES, Administrator. Dec 13, 1899

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FOR SALE. My House and Lot of four acres on Greenville St., Also, Mills and 80 acres of land 3 1/2 miles south of Anderson. For further particulars apply to me in my office or J. L. Tribble, Esq. A. C. STICKLAND. 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. My Attorneys: J. S. Fowler, C. D. Watson, W. G. Watson, J. F. Watson, L. O. Dean. Dec 20, 1899

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. J. S. Fowler and Joseph N. Brown, as Assignee of J. S. Fowler, Plaintiff, against J. B. Saylor, Defendant. Summons for Relief—Complaint not served. To the Defendant, J. B. 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 on the said Plaintiff at the office of the undersigned, at Anderson, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, except on the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint. Plaintiff's Attorney, JOSEPH N. BROWN, December 14th, A. D. 1899. STUBBS JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P. C.

To the Defendant, J. B. Saylor: 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 at Anderson, in the County and State of South Carolina, on the 11th day of December, 1899, and that the object of the action is to force the defendant to answer the Complaint, and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint. Plaintiff's Attorney, JOSEPH N. BROWN, December 15, 1899. STUBBS JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P. C.

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

Table with 3 columns: Station, Time, and Price. Includes stations like Asheville, Spartanburg, and Greenville.

FOR SALE. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Andrew Hunter, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment on or before Saturday in each month, with the Clerk of the Board to insure action at any meeting. Hereafter no checks will be issued on day of board meeting. J. N. VANDIVER, Co. Supervisor. JOHN C. GANTT, JOHN L. ASTLEY, Board of Co. Comm.