THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

LABOR.

War not on him! His dread artillery Doth lie in idle arm and rusting tool. And, lo, he sets his ruthlers legions free When once he lets his sulfue auvils cool! —Arthur Stringer in Harper's Magarine.



Showing That It Is Dangerous to Kiss a Sleeping Beauty. Comosiosiosiosiaosiaosiosiosiosioo

There are some curious people at Bessing-on-Sea, and they entertain pecullar ideas as to what is the safest thing to do in a thunderstorm. My experience of their quaintness in this respect was a very brief one, but my recollections of it are remarkably vivid and distinct.

I went down to Bessing to spend a fortnight's vacation with my Aunt Esther, and the thunderstorm took place on the morning after my some sudden arrival. Immediately after breakfast the atmosphere became hushed and sullen, while clouds of a heavy bluish complexion gathered overhead. My aunt viewed these omens with manifest uneaslness, natural, I thought, in a nervous old lady. Presently she left me to myself, and I retired to my own room to write a letter or two. This took me about an hour, and the storm was still gathering when I had finished.

The hush which prevailed without seemed to have found its way to the inmost quarters of my aunt's house hold, for there was not a sound to be heard anywhere. After some trouble I discovered Aunt Esther in the library, seated in an easy chair, with her eyes fast closed. The expression she wore was one of intense pain. "Good gracious, aunt?" I cried. "What on earth is the matter?"

She opened her eyes suddenly. "Dear me, Harold," she said mildly, "how you startled me! There is nothing the matter. It is the thunderstorm."

"The thunderstorm?" "Yes. I am very nervous about thunder, and I have found that the best thing to do is to try to forget it. I sit down with my eyes closed and try to concentrate my thoughts upon something else. Indeed I have found this

plan most successful." "Really?" I asked. "And are all your servants doing the same?"

"Yes," answered the old lady gravely. "I have ordered them to do so."

This accounted for the prevailing silence. The cook, the housemaid and probably the gardener were all sitting down in the kitchen with their eyes closed trying hard to concentrate their thoughts ou anything but the storm. Before I had quite realized this Aunt Esther went on:

"I am not so foolish as some people about thunder. I know one person who refuses to stay in the house at such times because there are so many steel articles about her. Mine, however, is a good plan, and I give my servants the full benefit of it. I.think, Harold"-

In another moment she might have ordered me to follow the general example, so I left the room hastily. I sat down in the hall for a few moments. te enjoy the vision which her words had suggested, then I took my traveling cap from the stand and went into the garden.

Aunt Esther's garden, which I had not seen for some ten years, was an extensive and old fashioned one, with walks and the privacy secured by high stone walls. On reaching the farther end I found that the house behind me was quite hidden from view by the abundance of follage. Before me was the wall, covered by peach and pear trees, and against the wall stood a light hand ladder. The gardener had deft it there when he had been called in to concentrate his thoughts upon something else.

out there was no sign of me. while a sleeper stir, but when I glanced quickly down she was as still as ever. With perfect caution I lifted the ladder over and let it down on the other side. A moment later I was in the entrance to the summer house.

Save for the breathing of the sleeper the stillness was almost painful. occurred to me once to wonder what she would say if she found me there, but I did not trouble to answer the

question. I had read of similar cases before, and everything always came out nicely. Of course she would see at once the romance and beauty of the situation. I felt quite sure of this when I saw that the book before her was a volume of Tennyson, open at "The Coming of Arthur." My own name is Arthur-Harold Arthur Simpson.

She was absolutely charming. Beneath the rakish cap stray curls of dark, glossy hair wandered down to the graceful little ears and about the ivory temples. The cheeks were rather pale, and the lips were closed just a trifle too firmly for perfect repose, but -but all that only seemed to increase the charm. I did not gaze too earnestly, fearing to disturb her, and presently took up the other book which lay on the table. It was a morocco bound autograph album, with the majority of the leaves empty. I turned them silently to read a number of unfamiliar names and commonplace quotations. While I was doing this a bright idea came to me, full of the spirit of romance. I would write something in

the album! As I searched for my pencil I decided what this something should be. Finding a vacant page, I quickly drew upon it the outline of a heart. Within this I wrote the name "Arthur." When she awoke after I had gone, she would find this symbol and know that her prince had been with her. I would

eave the book open at that place. Prince! As I laid the book down another thought flashed to my mind. It made my heart beat madly and sent the hot blood rushing to my cheeks. Here was the sleeping beauty-here was the prince. There was one thing wanting to make the story whole-one

thing. Somehow I felt that it would not waken her; otherwise perhaps I should not have dared. But her slumber was sound, and I was strung to the highest pitch of reckless excitement. No. it would not waken her. It would be but a touch.

With intense caution I drew nearer. There was no difficulty whatever, for her face was turned toward me. I trembled as I bent down; the fragrance of her breath was in my face, and then -it was just a touch, and nothing more. But it sent a tremor through her frame as from a shock. For a breathless moment I stood still behind her chair, and then I saw the madness, the utter folly, of what I had done. I had a vague thought of police, and turned cold with fear.

But she did not wake, and I passed out like a shadow. Some instinct impelled me to close that awful album

as I turned away. In another three seconds, it seemed. I had climbed the waiting ladder, drawn it up after me and placed it in its first position. I was back in Aunt Esther's garden, tremulous with mingled dread and triumph. "Good heavens!" I said to myself.

"That was the maddest thing a man ever did."

I walked twice around the garden to quiet my nerves and then went inoors. With the relief of my sudden panic came the desire to know more about my sleeping beauty. The romance had begun well, and now it should move forward. I had some 12 days in which to work it out. Naturally I had forgotten all about the thunderstorm, but now I found that it had passed over without breaking. The skies were clearer, and my aunt had gone to the kitchen to make arrangements for luncheon. As soon as she came back I opened the subject. "Aunt Esther," I said, "whose is the garden next to yours? When I looked over the wall, I saw a young woman sitting in a little summer house, fast asleep." My aunt seemed surprised. "Asleep?" she said. "That is strange. But it must have been Mrs. Portingdale." "Mrs. Portingdale!" I gasped. "Mrs."-"Yes," said Aunt Esther quietly. "She is the person I was about to tell you of this morning. When there is thunder about, she dare not stay in the house, because there are so many steel articles in it. She goes to that ridiculous little summer house until the storm is over. But she could hardly have gone to sleep there. She would be too nervous."

was exactly as I expected to was doing this I thought I heard the it. Mrs. Portingdale had gone to the summer house because of the thunderstorm and had taken a couple of books with her. The heaviness of the air had given her a headache, and she had closed her eyes for awhile to rest them. Presently a slight sound had

disturbed her, and, looking up, she had seen a most terrifying sight. "It was a lunatic, sir," said Mary, "sitting on the wall and looking around the garden so eager and fiercelike it made the poor lady's blood run cold to see him. She knew at once that he must have escaped from the Bessing asylum, because his was a strange face, and such things are happening continually. So she shut her eyes fast, knowing that her only chance was to pretend to be asleep. Then he got lown off the wall and came and stared at her for ever so long, she almost dying of fear. It must have been awful!

Then she peeped again between her eyelashes, and there was the madman grinning, sillylike, over her books. After that he was still so long that she expected every second that he would spring at her, but he didn't. What do you think he did, sir?" "Who knows?" I gasped, falsely and

painfully. "Well, sir, he-he kissed her!" Mary blushed at that point, even in her excitement. "Fancy being kissed by a lunatic! It sent cold shivers all through the poor woman, and indeed it must have been a horrible feeling, but she didn't stir a finger. Then there was quiet so long that she made bold to peep again, and, lo and behold, he was clean gone! Then she fainted right away and didn't come to until her husband found her, and after she had told

them all about it she had another faint. So Mr. Portingdale sent around for our mistress to go there at once. And that's all I know about it, sir." It was quite sufficient. I dismissed

Mary and sat down in a state of mind which it is impossible to describe. A married woman! I pondered it hastily. I had been a lunatic indeed! Perhaps at that very moment the poor woman was giving a full and accurate description of my person to an inspector of police and to my appalled Aunt Esther!

I sprang from the chair and rushed to my room. I have packed quickly on various occasions, but never so quickly as I did this time. An omnibus passed the door once in every half hour, and I watched from my window for its appearance at the head of the road.

When it came in sight, I ran down stairs with my bag in my hand. Mary was the only one to see me go. l left her with a confused impression that an urgent telegram had come for me and that a strike had taken place in my department at the general post-

office. Before she could utter a question I had passed the outer gates and hailed the omnibus. Twenty minutes later I was at the railway station.

As I have already said, there are people at Bessing-on-Sea who have curlous ideas as to what is the best thing to do in a thunderstorm. It is to their quaintness in this respect that I owe the vivid and painful experience related above.

I had not the courage to write to my aunt, but in a few days received a note from her. The affair had not developed to any great extent after all. As no patient had escaped from the local asylum and as Mrs. Portingdale had only very vague ideas as to the stran-

ger's appearance, people soon began to believe that she had fr'llen asleep in the summer house and that her con-stant dread of lunatics had produced a kind of nightmare. In a few days she was persuaded to adopt the same impression herself. Curlously enough, Aunt Esther was able to set her last doubt at rest by secondhand evidence. Her dear nephew Harold, from London, who had only arrived the previous evening and who had been called back as he was concerned. to town almost immediately, had been walking in the garden that morning and had chanced to look over the cape long ago? He willingly risked his boundary wall. There he had seen Mrs. Portingdale fast asleep and prob-Could a more genuine example of heroably at that very moment in the throes ism be found in human annals? Could of her awful dream. My aunt closed her letter with the hope that the strike-which she would Could a more earnest solicitude for the read up in the daily paper as soon as she could find the place-would soon be over, so that I might run down insect had no possible means of escape. again to complete my holiday. He did not fear death; neither did he I have no intention of going. Though die, but he was last to escape. I may object to being called a nightmare, I cannot help seeing that Mrs. laid it on the ground. He crawled hur-Portingdale's last impression of her riedly away to his companions, whom adventure is a very satisfactory one. he had so recently torn from the grasp She may revise it when she comes to of death. Whatever I may have done examine her album, but in the meanfor them, I can but feel that in this extime I have no wish to disturb it by ample the little hero ant dld much introducing her to the lunatic in permore for me .- St. Louis Globe-Demoson,-Chambers' Journal. crat.

A BRAVE LITTLE ANT.

WILLING TO LOSE HIS OWN LIFE TO SAVE HIS FELLOWS.

A Naturalist's Interesting Story of the Heroism Displayed by One of These Tiny Creatures In a Moment of Extreme Peril.

The sun was just setting, writes a naturalist, when I returned, slightly fatigued, from several miles' ride on my wheel. As is my custom on returning home, I took the gurden hose and turned water into a great trench which had been dug around a maple tree for the purpose of holding water a sufficient time to permit the dirt adjacent to the roots to become thoroughy soaked.

Sitting down near the tree to rest. my attention was soon attracted to a group of small ants rushing hither and thither in an endeavor to escape. The bottom of the circular ditch being covered, about 20 of the ants sought safety on a large clod of earth. At first they were scattered about over the highest part of the little mound and to all appearances were indifferent as to their surrounndings.

After a little one of the number proceeded leisurely around the little island, and after finishing the circuit it nurried back to its companions. It appeared that they then for the first time realized that they were surrounded by water. The survey was repeated several times in quick succession. The group of ants gathered more closely to gether and seemed to be in a state of restless anxiety.

As the water rose the circuit grew less, the vigil more carnest and the excitement more intense with each return of the sentinel. They rushed about over each other in a terrible state of agitation, for the water was rapidly approaching. There was now hardly room for them to stand on-just a little white, and that would be soon under water. They ceased struggling, settled down into motionless inactivity and seemed entirely resigned to their fate.

I picked up a little stick and laid it across the water to the point where the ants were. They seemed dazed and did not instantly take advantage of the means of escape afforded them. One then crawled hurriedly up on the stick and went its length out and over the blades of grass on to the dry land. Without a second's hesitation he turned and retraced his steps back to bie companions. Now the smallest one of the group returned with him to dry land. They both retraced their steps, and the work of rescue began. The rest seemed passive, entirely subservient to the will of these two. Each, with a companion, hastened out to a place of safety.

The small one was much the more active, she rescuing about three to the larger's two. Time was precious, as the water was rapidly rising. It would soon be running around the outer end of the stick, and the island was melting away. One by one they were taken out, the guide accompanying the

rescued one each time to a place of security. Why they did not all follow the first one out when he returned puzzled me, but they did not. The smaller ant now hurried forth with the last one. Still he was not content and rush-ed back in search of others.

I lifted the stick from the water and

Where We Get Caviare.

Caviare is consumed in large quanti

ties all over the Russian empire. It is

also sent to Italy, Germany, France

brown substance in little globules,

looking exactly like little bramble ber-

ries. It is obtained from sturgeon in

March by millions on their spawning

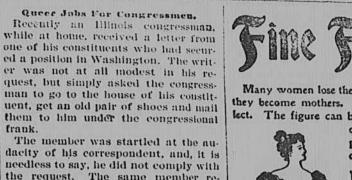
beds in the mouth of the Danube, the

Dnelper, the Don and the Volga rivers,

After the membrane of the roe has

of the most important articles of Rus-

The little billock was now melted away, and he turned to seek safety for himself. He did not seem as much concerned as before. He did not hasten on as when conscious of rescuing othdisk were 'S-1-2-3-4-5-6,' and I ers. The water was running around stumped on the S. the stick. The last avenue of escape "'What is the S for on the disk?" seemed closed to him forever. He went inquired of the hoy, or young man, to the highest point and settled down



the request. The same member received a letter from one of his constituents asking him to secure the voter a position as bartender in this city. As this is not in line with the work of a congressman and as Uncle Sam does not employ any one in this capacity, this request was also turned down.

One morning the same member was amused by finding in his mail a letter from one of his constituents who is in love with a young woman residing in the statesman's district. The writer said he knew the member had considerable influence and modestly requested him to exert it to bring about a marriage between the two persons in question. He went on to explain how much property the young woman own ed, how charming and beautiful she is and the intensity of the love he had for her. While the congressman was willing to favor his constituent, he did not know just how to go about it, as he is not running a matrimonial bureau.-Chicago Tribune.

She Got the Pepper.

A certain well to do housekeeper in West Chester discovered one day last week that there wasn't a grain of pepper in the house. She always had her groceries sent to her from a big Philadelphia firm, but on occasions like this she was in the habit of patronizing a West Chester grocer whose store was near by. Therefore she condescended to call up the local grocer by telephone and place with him her order for a quarter of a pound of pepper, to be delivered at once. The grocer is a pa-tient man, and he talked very politely over the telephone. Afterward, however, he swore; then he laughed. He laughed loud and long and remarked to himself occasionally: "Good idea! That's rich!"

About half an hour later the well to do housekeeper was somewhat surprised to see a great, clumsy dray drive up before her door and back up to the curb. In the middle of the dray was a tiny package done up in yellow paper. The drayman, after taking partieular care to get his huge wagon in proper position, adjusted the board from the tailboard to the house steps and, with a thick stanchion, proceeded to slowly pry the tiny package off the dray. With infinite care he rolled it on to the step, the amazed housekeeper meanwhile watching the proceeding from the doorway. Then the drayman

The analysis of the proceeding from the doorway. Then the drayman soberly presented the grocer's bill for the quarter pound of Pepper and drove off.—Philadelphia Record.
Our Slandered Elevator Boys.
"I was over in New York the other day," said an official, "and I had an experience which rather inclines me to the belief that the elevator boys of that town ought to establish a spelling school fund for general and individual benefit. I was in a building occupied by publishers, and the elevator had a disk over each gate with a hand pointing to the different numbers on it showing where the cage was at any given time. The characters on the disk were 'S-12-3-4-5-6,' and I was



not only softens and relaxes the muscles during the great strain before birth, but helps

the skin to contract naturally afterward. If keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the PIANOSANDORGANS muscles underneath retain their pliability. Mother's Friend is that famous external

Sold at drug stores for \$1 a bottle. Send for our finely illustrated book for expectant mothers

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.



Judge of Probate's Sale.

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

Joe Brown, Plaintiff, against J. S. Ad-ams, J. J. Hammond, J. A. Carter, T. N. Scott, as Surviving Trustees of the Independent Order of Good Samar-itan Lodge, No. 30, Defendants.—Fore-clouve

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

In the Court Common Pleas.

IN obedience to the order of Court granted herein I will sell on Sales-day in April next, in front of the Court House, in the City of Anderson, S. C., during the usual hour of sale, the Land described as follows to white

described as follows, to wit: All that certain Tract or parcel of Land containing one hundred acres, more or less, situate, lying and being in the Coun-ty and State aforesaid, on branches of Seneca River, and onshe old Sloan Fer-ry Road

ry Road. Terms of *ale-Cash. To be complied

with in thirty minutes or re-sold until a bona fide purchaser can be had. Pur-

Judge of Probate's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

Will sell any of the following High Grade PIANOS and ORGANS at prices as low as can be obtained from the Manufacturors direct :-KNABE, WEBER, IVERS & POND,"

CROWN, WHEELOCK, LAKE SIDE and RICHMOND. Also, THE & 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. D. S. VANDIVER. E P. VANDIVER J. J. MAJOR.



Fine Buggies, Phaætons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness Lap Robes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers. **Bagging and Ties.**



I felt an idle curiosity to know what was on the other side of the wall. Probably I should find a field, or perhaps another garden. With cautious steps I began to mount the ladder.

Slowly my head rose above the wall It was a large garden that came into view, with a house half concealed among the trees. Everything was very still, and there seemed to be nobody about. I raised myself another step, to make a closer scrutiny.

Then I gave a start and for a moment drew back. It was only for a moment, for then, with increasing boldness, I was peering down at the scene which had startled me.

Just below, built against the wall, was a kind of rustic summer house. It was a wooden erection, covered with the ornamental bark so frequently used for flower boxes. There was no door, but it was open at the end, and within I could see a couple of tall carpet chairs and a wicker table. On the table lay two books, one of them open, and in one of the chairs sat a lady. The first glance told me that she was fast asleep; the second, that she was yound and charming-quite young and decidedly charming!

For some seconds I could only gaze helplessly. She sat leaning back, with her face turned in my direction and a Tam O'Shanter cap set daintily upon her head. Her gloveless hands were delightfully white and small.

When I had observed all these points, I mounted a step higher!

Let me say here that I am shockingly susceptible and exceedingly romantic. The sound of a girl's voice, the very rustle of her skirts, can always set my pulse in rapid motion, while I am prepared to read the opening of a romance in a simple chance meeting or in the commonest everyday remark. As a rule, I am shy and reserved; but, ilice some other men of this character, I can occasionally act in an absolutely reckless and deredevil way. These facts must be taken in explanation of my further conduct.

I gazed upon that picture for another minute. Then I mounted another step. Again I gazed for a space, and then I found myself scated astride the wall. By this time the spirit of adventure was in me, and I was capable of any madness. A thousand foolish and romantic fancies came rushing to my brain. I was already in lovel,

Who and what the sleeper was, her name, nature and station-all these had nothing to do with the matter. Happy chance and a providential thanderstorm no doubt had sent her to

I felt a horrible sensation of bewilderment.

"But-but," I cried helplessly, "this was quite a young girl. She was not

"Mrs. Portingdale," said my aunt, hodding, "is just 20. She was married six months ago. There is no other young woman there."

These measured words struck me with dumbness. Aunt Esther looked at my fact with increasing surprise and seemed just about to ask a question when a noisy interruption took place. The front door bell was .ung with an alarming clang, clang, clang,

eloquent of haste and urgency. We heard the housemaid running to the door, and then there was a sound of volces. We listened and waited, my aunt in surprise, myself in growing guilt and fear.

In a moment the housemaid knocked and entered. "If you please, ma'am," she said excitedly, "Mr. Portingdale's compliments, and can you run over to see Mrs. Portingdale? She has had a fright in the garden and fainted!" My anot rose in agliation, but she was not the one to delay a kindness

for the sake of asking questions. "Dear me, dear me!" she said in distress. "It must have been the thunder. Ask the girl to wait, Mary, and I'll go back with her."

The messenger was taken to the kitchen, to tell her story at greater length, while Aunt Esther hurried ap stairs for her bonnet and mantle. Five minutes later she came down again and left the house with the girl. As soon as she had disappeared I went to

find the housemaid. "Mary," I said hastily, "what did the girl tell you? What is wrong with Mrs. Portingdale?"

sleep with the book open before her. And Mary told me, pleased to find an withou I looked the ground carefully over. Interested listener. The first part of the tune?

An "Outs and Over" Drawer.

Regarding the humorous side of his experience as a national bank examiner, James S. Escott, now president of the Southern National, says: "I had and England and is largely eaten in almost completed the examination of a this country. Caviare is a shining small and rather primitive institution in a mountain town when I found the balance \$100 short. I summoned the president and cashier and asked for an explanation. Each scratched his bead and looked wise. Finally the face of the cashler lighted up, and he opened a private cash drawer, counted out \$100 In greenbacks and threw the wad on

the pile of cash I had in front of me. "That makes it all right, I guess, he remarked. "I asked him how he was going to en-

ter the \$100 he had just put in to make the balance on his books. He looked bewildered and finally said ue wouldn't enter it at all.

"'You see,' he remarked, 'that drawer I just went into to make the balance is what we call the outs and over drawer. It's a great thing. Whenever we're out of balance, we go to outs and over to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have the surplus enriches the drawer. Funny you all have never thought of the scheme in the big

banks." -- Louisville Dispatch: - Gold dust has rui ned the eyesight

of many a young man. - A full moment is just as small as

a spare moment. - An ability to make a long story

short has won many a reputation for conversational ability.

- Can a face be a girl's fortune without being some man's misfor-

when I got aboard. perfectly still. His previous conduct "'S?' he repeated as if he were hearconvinced me that he now fully real-

ing of it for the first time. "'Yes, S,' I said. 'I understand the ized that the case was hopeless as far numbers of the floors all right, but

Must the bravest of them all thus die what's the S?' when he could have easily made his es-"'Oh, yes!' he exclaimed as he caught the idea. 'The S-um-erown life that he might save others. lemme see-of course the S. Why, that stands for cellar, of course. That's when you go down below the first a more striking example of brotherly floor, you know.'

love and unselfish devotion be shown? "But somehow I didn't know, and later I was informed that the S stood life of others be instanced? I think for 'street,' or the street floor."-Washnot. Within his own power this little ington Star.

Didn't Hurry the Train.

A railroad conductor on the afternoon train of the Yazoo and Mississippl Valley road was staggered one day by the request of a very plainly dressed woman.

She approached the conductor while the train was waiting at the South Memphis station and said:

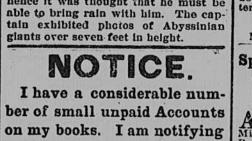
"Mister, I wish you would git an early start this evening, for I've got a heap of work to do when I get home. We just moved down into the delta from 'Alabam,' and we ain't got things straightened around yet. It will be a big accommodation to me if I git down home before sundown."

The conductor, polite as conductors usually are, promised the woman he would do the best he could, but the train left on the regular schedule time .- Memphis Scimitar.

White Men and Thunder.

where both nets and hooks are used to In a paper read before the British association Captain Welby described a journey in King Menelek's dominions. He stated that in the Abyssinians been removed the grains are washed with vinegar or the cheap white wines there lay a mint of pluck, energy and of the country. Then they are dried intelligence which was merely waiting in the air, salted, put into bags and for development.

pressed and packed in casks. It is one He noticed that those tribes who relied for food solely on mlik and meat were of finer physique than those favored with corcals as well, while others dependent solely on fish and herbs were, as a rule, miserable individuals. He came across one tribe who held the notion that whenever there was thunder a white man was born, and hence it was thought that he must be able to bring rain with him. The captain exhibited photos of Abyssinian glants over seven feet in height.



each one of amount due, and unless paid I am going to place them in officer's hand for collection.

J. S. FOWLER. 23

Adams, et al., Trustees of the Indepen-dent Order of Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 90, by Deed dated 20th day of Janua-ry, 1894, the said lot of Land being in Rock Mills Township, County and State ONE hundred fine new Buggles just received. Come and look through them. They are beauties, and we will treat you aforesaid. Terms of Sale-Casb. Purchaser to pay for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee. March 14, 1900 38 3 right if you need one. Car load "Birdsell" Wagons on handthe best Wagons built.

Car White Hickory Wagons to arrive 100D.

Yours, for vehicles, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

MONEY TO LOAN.

ON FARMING LANDS. Easy pay-ments. No commissions charged. Bor-rower pays actual cost of perfecting loan. Interest 8 per cent. J.S. Fowler and Joseph N. Brown, as Assignee of J. S. Fowler, Plaintiff, against J. L. Saylors, Defendant.— Foreclosure.

JNO. B. PALMER & SON. Columbia, S. C 16 6m

Oct. 11, 1899. CAREY.

MCCULLOUGH. & MARTIN.

Attorneys at Law, MASONIC TEMPLE, ANDERSON, S. C.

W. G. MCGEE. SURCEON DENTIST.

chaser or purchaser can be had. Pur-chaser or purchasers to pay extra for papers and stamps. R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee. March 14, 1900 38 3 OFFICE- Front Room, over Farm ers nd Merchants Bank-

ANDERSON, S. C.

In the Court of Common Plcus.

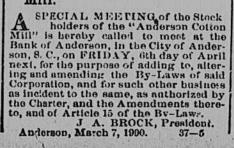
B. A. Bolt, as Assignee, and E. P. Sloan aud J. R. Vandiver, an Atsignee of B. A. Bolt, Plaintiff, against Daniel W. Willis, Defendant.—Foreclosure. Nobedience to the order of sale grant ed herein I will sell on Salesday in

IN obediance to the order of sale grant-ed herein I will sell on Salesday in April next, in front of the Court House, City of Anderson. F. C., during the usual hour of sale, the premises described as follows, to wit: All that Tract of Land, containing one hundred and twenty-five (125) acres, more or less, situate in Centreville Township, Anderson Courty, in said State, on wa-ter of Generostos Creek, known as Tract No. 2 of the Prevost Land, adjoining lands of Mrs. Amanda J. Allen and oth-ers, being the same conveyed by Edward ers, being the same conveyed by Edward P. Sloan and J. P. Vandiver to Dapiel W. Willie.

Terms of Sale-Casb. To be complied with within one hour, or re-sold until a bona fide purchaser can comply with terms of said sale.

R. Y. II NANCE, Judge of Probate as Special Referee. March 14, 1900 38

Special Meeting of Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton



Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of Elijah Farmer, deceag-Estate of Elijah Farmer, deceased, hereby gives notice that they will on the 30th day March, 1900, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors. N. O. FARMER, J. L. FARMER, Feb 28, 1900-36-5 Executors.

Administrator's Sale.

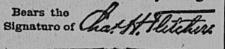
Administrator S Sale. THE balance of the Personal Estate of A. B. Towere, deceased, consisting of some nice Parlor, Dining Room and other Household Furniture, together with the Choses in Action, Notes and Ac-counts and Judgments, belonging to his Estate and appraised doubtful or worth-less, will be sold at public outery on Saleday, the 2nd April, 1900, at Anderson C. H., S. C. Terms of Sale-Cash. T. C. LIGON, Adm'r. March 14, 1900 38 3

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of James A. Drake, deceas-ed, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigued, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment. THOMAS F. DRAKE, JESSE T. DRAKE, JESSE T. DRAKE, Executors. March 7, 1900 37 3 PATENTS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to obtain Patents" FREE Charges moderate. No fee till patent is so Lettern strictly confidential. Addre E. G. SIGGENS, Patent Lawyer, Washington

Mill."

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

Jan 3, 1900



- Taking the carth all over into consideration, the amount of rain that falls on its surface comes to about 5

feet annualy,

sian trade, the sales reaching annually. over \$10,000,000. Just Like Him. Visitor (viewing the new baby)-He's the very image of his father.

capture the fish.

Froud Mother-Yes, and he acts just like him toc.

Visitor-Is it possible? Proud Mother-Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.-New York World."

For Infants and Children.