

LABOR.

War not on him! His dread artillery both lie in idle arm and rusting tool. And, lo, he acts his ruthless legions free. When once he lets his sultry anvils cool. —Arthur Hinds in Harper's Magazine.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

Showing That It Is Dangerous to Kiss a Sleeping Beauty. There are some curious people at Bessing-on-Sea, and they entertain peculiar 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 somewhat sudden arrival. Immediately after breakfast the atmosphere became hushed and still, while clouds of a heavy bluish complexion gathered overhead. My aunt viewed these omens with manifest uneasiness, 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 faintest quarters of my aunt's household, 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."

but there was no sign of life. While I was doing this I thought I heard the 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. It 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 leave 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.

As I have already said, there are people at Bessing-on-Sea who have curious 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. No patient had escaped from the local asylum and as Mrs. Portingdale had only very vague ideas as to the stranger's appearance, people soon began to believe that she had fallen asleep in the summer house and that her constant dread of lunatics had produced a kind of nightmare. In a few days she was persuaded to adopt the same impression herself. Curiously enough, Aunt Esther was able to set her last doubt at rest by secondhand evidence. Her dear nephew Harold, from London, who had newly arrived the previous evening and who had been called back to town almost immediately, had been walking in the garden that morning and had chanced to look over the boundary wall. There he had seen Mrs. Portingdale fast asleep and probably at that very moment in the throes of her awful dream.

My aunt closed her letter with the hope that the article—which she would read up in the daily paper as soon as she could find the place—would soon be over, so that I might run down again to complete my holiday. I have no intention of going. Though I may object to being called a nightmare, I cannot help seeing that Mrs. Portingdale's last impression of her adventure is a very satisfactory one. She may revise it when she comes to examine her album, but in the meantime I have no wish to disturb it by introducing her to the lunatic in person.—Chambers' Journal.

An "Outs and Overs" Drawer. Regarding the humorous side of his experience as a national bank examiner, James S. Escott, now president of the Southern National bank, says: "I had almost completed the examination of a 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 head and looked wise. Finally the face of the cashier 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 enter the \$100 he had just put in to make the balance on his books. He looked bewildered and finally said he 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 overs drawer. It's a great thing. Whenever we're out of balance, we go to outs and overs 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.

Just Like Him. Visitor (viewing the new baby)—He's the very image of his father. Proud Mother—Yes, and he acts just like him too. Visitor—Is it possible? Proud Mother—Yes; he keeps me up nearly every night.—New York World.

Gold dust has ruined the eyesight of many a young man. A fall 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 misfortune?

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 garden 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 thoroughly 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 surroundings.

After a little one of the number proceeded leisurely around the little island, and after finishing the circuit hurried 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 together and seemed to be in a state of restless anxiety.

As the water rose the circuit grew less, the vigil more earnest 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 his 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.

Queer Jobs For Congressmen.

Recently an Illinois congressman, while at home, received a letter from one of his constituents who had secured a position in Washington. The writer was not at all modest in his request, but simply asked the congressman to get to the house of his constituent, get an old pair of shoes and mail them to him under the congressional frank.

The member was startled at the audacity of his correspondent, and, it is needless to say, he did not comply with 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 owned, 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 patient man, and he talked very politely over the telephone. Afterward, however, he swore; then he laughed. He laughed long 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 particular 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 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 the 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-1-2-3-4-5-6,' and I was stumped on the S.

"What is the S for on the disk? I inquired of the boy, or young man, when I got aboard. "S? He repeated as if he were hearing of it for the first time. "Yes, S," I said. "I understand the numbers of the floors all right, but what's the S?"

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed as he caught the idea. "The S—um—er—lemme see—of course the S. Why, that stands for cellar, of course. That's when you go down below the first floor, you know."

"But somehow I didn't know, and later I was informed that the S stood for 'street,' or the street floor."—Washington Star.

Didn't Hurry the Train. A railroad conductor on the afternoon train of the Yazoo and Mississippi 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 get 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 'Alabama,' and we ain't got things straightened around yet. It will be a big accommodation to me if I get down home before sundown."

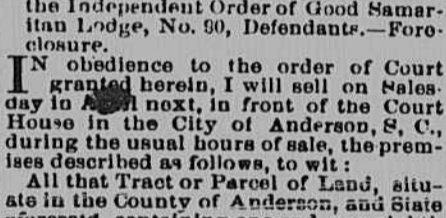
Fine Figure No crop can grow without Potash. Every blade of Grass, every grain of Corn, all Fruits and Vegetables must have it. If enough is supplied you can count on a full crop—if too little, the growth will be "scrubby."



Mother's Friend. Many women lose their girlish forms after they become mothers. This is due to neglect. The figure can be preserved beyond question if the expectant mother will constantly use Mother's Friend. Mother's Friend not only softens and relaxes the muscles during the great strain before birth, but helps the skin to contract naturally afterward. It keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the muscles underneath retain their pliability.

Mother's Friend is that famous external liniment which banishes morning sickness and nervousness during pregnancy; shortens labor and makes it nearly painless; builds up the patient's constitutional strength, so that she emerges from the ordeal without danger. The little one, too, shows the effects of Mother's Friend by its robustness and vigor.

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. Adams, J. J. Hammond, J. A. Carter, T. N. Scott, as Surviving Trustees of the Independent Order of Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 99, Defendants.—Foreclosure.

Judge of Probate's Sale. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. In the Court of Common Pleas. J. S. Fowler and Joseph N. Brown, as Assignees of J. S. Fowler, Plaintiff, against J. L. Saylor, Defendant.—Foreclosure.

Judge of Probate's Sale. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. In the Court of Common Pleas. B. A. Bolt, as Assignee, and E. P. Sloan and J. R. Vandiver, as Assignees of B. A. Bolt, Plaintiff, against Daniel W. Willis, Defendant.—Foreclosure.

Judge of Probate's Sale. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. In the Court of Common Pleas. B. A. Bolt, as Assignee, and E. P. Sloan and J. R. Vandiver, as Assignees of B. A. Bolt, Plaintiff, against Daniel W. Willis, Defendant.—Foreclosure.

Special Meeting of Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill." A SPECIAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill" is hereby called to meet at the Mill of Anderson, in the City of Anderson, S. C., on the 20th day of March, 1900, for the purpose of adding to, altering and amending the By-Laws of said Corporation, and for such other business as incident to the same, as authorized by the Charter, and the A. monents thereto, and of Article 15 of the Charter.

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.



THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE. D. S. VANDIVER, E. P. VANDIVER, J. J. MAJOR. Dealers in Fine Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness, Lap Robes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers, Bagging and Ties.

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.

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.

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of Elijah Farmer, deceased, hereby gives notice that they will on the 20th day of 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, Executors.

Administrator's Sale. THE balance of the Personal Estate of A. B. Torsen, deceased, consisting of some nice Parlor, Dining Room and other Household Furniture, together with the Cheeses in Action, Notes and Accounts and Judgments, belonging to his Estate and appraised doubtful or worthless, will be sold at public auction on Saturday, the 2nd April, 1900, at Anderson S. C., S. C. Terms of Sale—Cash. THOMAS F. DRAKE, J. L. FARMER, Admrs.

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of James A. Drake, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment. JOHN R. DRAKE, JESSE T. DRAKE, Executors. March 7, 1900.

PATENTS FREE. ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY. Notice in "Inventive Age" Book "How to obtain Patents" Charges strictly paid. No fee till patent is secured. Letters made confidential. Address: G. G. BIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

CASTORIA NOTICE. For Infants and Children. I have a considerable number of small unpaid Accounts on my books. I am notifying each one of amount due, and unless paid I am going to place them in officer's hand for collection. J. S. FOWLER. Jan 3, 1900