NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.

Oh, ye who bow at Mammon's shrine, Whose hearts with greed are growing cold, Who turn your backs on things divine And worship but the god of gold, What will it profit you when death
Lays low the head so kingly proud
And robs the wasted form of breath? There are no pockets in a shroud,

Your thoughts by day, your dreams by night,
Are but of grasping golden gain;
Your guide is but the beacon light
Of riches burning in your brain.
You cast all nobler aims behind
And struggle as a madding crowd
To clutch the dollars, but you'll find
There are no pockets in a shroud.

Ye usurers who grind the poor Beneath a cold, relentless neel, Who overshadow many a door With cloud of misery and feel No sympathy to see them lie Beneath the hand of sorrow cowed, Remember when you come to die There are no pockets in a shroud.

What is the profit to the man
Whose life to Mammon has been given?
A bridge of gold can never span
The gulf-between the earth and heaven!
What will it be to him to find The wealth with which he is endowed

At death's gate must be left behind? There are no pockets in a shroud. This life is but a span; today

We're here, tomorrow we are gone,
Have faded from the earth away
Into eternity's strange dawn;
Yet in the hungry greed for gains
Too many at the gold shrine bowed
Forget that when the life spark wanes rget that when the me span.

There are no pockets in a shroud.

—Denver Post

THE MOSS TROOPERS.

How a Body of Canadian Troops Unintentionally Invaded the United States BY PERCIE W. HART.

Copyright, 1900, by Ervin Wardman.

Not far from a certain point on the long boundary line which divides the territories of American Jonathan from those of British John is a fair Canadian town which contributes a squadron of cavalry to that small but remarkably efficient little protective army known as the active militia. The major commanding this squadron is a fine fellow, take him by and large, but he has one small fault. He is a "little set in his ways," and "little" used in this connection is merely a qualification suggested by courtesy, for when he makes up his mind you could not convince him that he is not right with anything less than a Maxim at close range.

A few months ago the major commanding completed the cavalry school course necessary for the confirmation of his provisional commission and returned home with brain pan brimming with military enthusiasm. Of course the squadron enjoyed the benefit of his new ideas.

After various minor innovations came a deluge. Nothing would satisfy him but that the light dragoons must take a practice raid instead of camping at the town race course and enjoying dress parades, sham fights and flirtations with the young women visitors like any volunteer corps. In spite of a semimutiny, which was not entirely confined to the rank and file, he carried his point and proudly read off the department of militia's "permission" to his assembled troopers.

The whole town turned out to witness the start and cheered them nobly. Even old John Gribbs, who can show service medals for half a dozen regular army campaigns in foreign lands, declared that it "looked like the real thing this time, sure enough." Every scarlet coated trooper, in addition to usual equipment, had a bag of oats, three days' food rations for himself, blankets and extra kit strapped to his saddle. There were camp kettles, coffeepots, frying pans and what not. The small boys ran alongside of the de-parting cavalcade and screamed with glee. The general crowd voiced noisy wishes for the success of the outing. The troopers felt the martial blood stirring. All was joy and happiness, excepting perhaps among the well laden horses. But that is a detail. Amid noisy jingle of accouterments, applause from the onlookers and much raising of dust from the clumping hoois away went the Light dragoons.

So long as they kept to the highways all was conventionally well, but of course the major commanding did not feel satisfied with this. He was out for the most realistic imitation possible of a wartime cavalry raid. And so on the morning of the second day, while the men were sleepily and reluctantly making ready to abandon their bivouac, he called his officers' around him and laid down the law,

'Let us suppose that we are ordered to cut the enemy's line of communication at Blankville," explained the major commanding, at the same time pointing to the topographical map spread out at his feet.

"Bang up idea! Splendid! 'Fon honor!" chirped a junior lieutenant who was known to receive square envelopes

bearing the postmark of the place. "All the main roads are strongly pa trolled," went on the major commanding impressively, "and it will be necessary to make a cross country trip. Here's where we are now," pointing to the map, "and here is Blankville. It's a fine chance for us to get in our rough

riding." "I should imagine so," remarked the veterinary lieutenant grimly. "All virgin country apparently. No settlers, but plenty of stiff hills, thick woods and broad swamps. If the horses can stand it, I'm sure I don't care."

"But how in the mischlef will we find our way?" asked the senior captain, who was of a practical turn of mind. "Don't believe any of us know much about that section."

"Here's the map, and I'll plot our route by compass," declared the major commanding sternly, producing the latter article from his dispatch box. "It's one of the last things we took up at the cavalry school. The topographical instructor complimented me on the rapid progress I made in this branch

of the voluntary studies."

The senior captain continued to look dubious, but it is hard to reason with even a faultless commanding officer.

And the major—
So the light dragoons deserted the broad though winding road leading to known places and Windly followed their commandant in his bee line cross

country trail. It was protein field and pasture rid-ing for the first few miles. Then came frees so close together time it was difficult to find passage wine enough for man and beast. The column had to wriggle its way along much after the fashion of in sunke. Regions of rocky bowlders and impassable streams diverted them still further. Yet they held onward right lustily and traveled many miles, with occasional halts for rest and refreshment of chargers and men. About midnight, as they waded knee deep in muck, leading their worn out steeds by the bridles, striving to extrice e themselves from an apparently interminable quagmire (which somebody had forgotten to show on the official map), all the rank and file and twelve-thirteenths of the officers made up their minds that the commandant guide was at fault. He, however, continued calm and serene, with sublime confidence in his new acquirement.

Early on the following morning, after as good a night's repose as it was possible to obtain in a mosquito infested vale, the squadron met new trouble. The air became full of smoke and wood ashes. The breeze brought along with it a sound of roaring and crackling which set the poor beasts to quivering and made the men impatient of delay. A forest fire evidently was raging in the neighborhood and speeding in their direction. It was a poor place for human beings, mounted or unmounted, to find themselves. Even the major commanding deemed it advisable to change their course temporarily, and they plugged along for several hours in an opposite direction to that from which the smoke seemed to be coming. Nevertheless the fire drew nearer, and with true pleasure they emerged out upon a promising road.

"Which way now, sir?" asked the senjor captain, riding up to the commandant and casting sheep's eyes at the dusty thoroughfare, across which the members of the squadron were slowly urging their horses.

"Pass the word to halt, dismount and slacken girths for a short rest." replied the major, "but don't let either of the trumpeters sound a call or I'll straugle them."

"Eh? What?" ejaculated the subordinate.

"I'm afraid that I've made a confounded mess of it!" groaned the superior.

"Oh, we're all right now!" cried the other cheerfully. "We can make quick time by sticking to this road, and it's bound to bring us out somewhere." "What do we look like?" demanded

the major, with apparent irrelevancy. "Er-I beg your pardon, sir," replied the senior captain, opening his eyes in astonishment at the question.

"What with faces and clothes scratched and torn from brambles and branches and plenty of dirt from soot and mud caked all over horses and men we are a pretty tough looking lot of soldlers of the queen! More like guerrillas or train robbers!" "Why, my dear fellow," began the

senior captain remonstratingly. "Hush!" interrupted the major com-manding. "I think I hear wheels com-

ing along the road! Quick! Get the men to cover! Everybody hide! We must not be seen!"

Thunderstruck at the incoherent speeches of the commandant and beginning to suspect that his brain was effected, the senior captain did not make proper baste in executing the strange order, especially as it struck him that over a hundred troopers, with saddles half off their sweating steeds, could not find close ambush in a hurry. So the bulk of the squadron was on the road in plain view when the dant's perturbation appeared at the

It was a rattletrap of a buggy drawn by a similar specimen of a nag and holding a single individual, apparently a well to do farmer.

At sight of the soldiery the newcomer pulled the poor horse up on its haunches and without pausing for a second glance turned his vehicle so short that the off wheels went high off the ground and, lashing cruelly at the plunging quadruped, scurried out of sight again as if fiends were after him.

"Now, we've done it!" growled the major commanding. "At least I've done it," he added in a semispologetic tone. 'T've lost my way and brought you over the border. We're in the United States now."

"Hey!" snorted the captain. "Yes, and that fellow in the buggy has gone off to report us to the authoritles most likely," went on the other gloomtly. "I suppose you can imagine what that means. With all due deference to the great republic, they are mighty touchy about such things as finding an armed body of British soldlery on their territory. They're not likely to listen to explanations for awhile. Shouldn't wonder if they made an international affair out of it. Our government will have to reprimand us anyway. I'll be broke, or course, and probably the squadron disbanded."

"What can we do?" voiced the senior captain pensively. "Do? Nothing," replied the major commanding concisely. "But, as we're in for a lamb, we might as well take

the whole sheep and start back home by this road." "Well, that's better than it might

be," put in the other philosophically. "I don't know," went on the major relentlessly. "We will have to pass through Dashtown and maybe get arrested by the civil authorities and be

"It'll have to be a pretty smart Yankee constable that can serve a warrant on us while we're galloping," affirmed the senior captain. Just at this moment a shower of

falled as suspicious characters."

blazing sticks, hot coals and wood nohes set the norses to prancing while the appronching clouds of smoke and increasing heat gave warning that it was no time to linger. The little mounted column was formed up in ranks and moved ahead at a brisk trot. But word of their predicament had been passed among them, and the faces of the troopers wore a by no means happy expression. Debouching from the thickest part of the forest about half an hour later, they came upon the outlying white houses and red barns of the American village of Dashtown. The road which they were traveling formed the main and only street of the hamlet, the buildings lining it upon either hand for a mile or more. At the rest of a little hill near the center of be place a lot of farm wagons, some of them loaded with tay and grain, were Grawn across the roadway. The Canadians were not left in doub!

long as to the intentions of the people of whose domains they were trespassing. Several villagers stepped boldly out in front of the barricade and opened fire with rifles and long barreled ducking guns. The first bullet cut a gash in the plump cheek of Trumpeter Ned, and the healthy young fellow started in to

bleed like a stuck pig. "Steady, men! Halt!" cried the maor commanding, with tears of anguish pouring down his cheeks, although his

voice was like a rock. The troopers reined in their chargers. Several bullets came pinging through the air, but luckly the distance was too great for accurate aim, and all the missiles after the first chance shot went wide or fell short of the mark.

"I want to acknowledge to you that it's all my fault getting you into this mess," bellowed the major wildly, "but for the honor of the service, we must take the medicine together. Right about face! Slow and easy! That's it. Retire at a walk"

As if on parade, the Light dragoous had pivoted their chargers in the narrow roadway, and they fell back at the slowest pace possible to their tightly reined steeds. As soon as they were again in the shelter of the woods the column halted. The surgeon lieutenant proceeded to bind up the trivial wound of the elated young field musician. The major commanding swore roundly and in the intervals held forth to his assembled officers.

"I can't understand such a hostile reception," he rattled away indignantly. "Our nations are not at war, nor is there any danger of such a catastrophe just now, so far as I know. It's bad enough to be liable to civil arrest here and disciplining at home, without running the risk of being shot down on sight. I don't think there can be any more miserable feeling than this of being under fire without hope of retaliation. Those fellows"-

"If you will pardon me, sir," luterrupted the senior captain, "I would point out that something must be done, and that very quickly. We have this forest fire drawing up rapidly on our rear and these armed villagers in front. Retreat by either flank I take to be out of the question, considering the trouble we've already had in navigating through the woods."

"Just so," put in the major commanding, his face slightly flushing as he spoke. "We will send a flag of truce forward. Have it made ready.

But something white that might serve for the signal of peace was hard to find among that flannel shirted squadron. The lint rolls of the surgeon lieutenant were the nearest thing to the color wanted, but they were a trifle too gray for the purpose. The major solved the problem by dismounting, unbuckling his sword and revolver belts and handing them and their attached weapons to an orderly. In spite of the protests of his confreres, he started to trudge along the road leading into the village.

"I've got you here, and I'm the one to get you out," he announced succinctly, if not grammatically. "They won't shoot a lone and unarmed man. even if he has no white flag. You know that as well as I do. But, of course, it is my duty to make provision even for the unexpected. If anything should happen to me," he went on, pausing a moment to turn and directly address the senior captain, "you will be in command. Surrender freely to the opposing forces and lay all the blame upon my amateur pilotage." And he went on his way.

"Begorra! If anything does happen jor, I don't intend to give myself up so easy," growled a quartermaster sergeant, resting carbine on the pointel of his saddle and proceeding to fill the magazine from his cartridge belt.

A dozen or more of the men at once followed his rash example. The officers were too intent upon the receding figure of their self appointed emissary to notice or check them.

The major strode along unharmed, although not unnoticed, as several gun barrels gleaming from behind piles of cordwood and other vantage points attested, until he was within 20 or 30 paces of the wagon barricade. Then a stordy young farmer came forward and cried:

"How'dy, stranger? What might be

your business?" Although the major was puffing for breath by reason of combined excitement and walking exertion, he endeavored to shout an explanation of matters, but was interrupted by the other, who "cal'ated he'd best see Pop Smith." The officer was accordingly ushered in behind the barricade and brought before a tall and elderly man. who sat upon the top of an up ended cracker box, with his feet sprawled out

in front. A long barreled rifle leaned against his left shoulder, while his two hands were employed in whittling thin slivers from a piece of clear pine with a keen edged hunting knife. All around him were grouped the men, women and children of the village.

Many were armed with rifles and guns, while the balance had cartridge belts, powder flasks and bullet pouches strung about them and evidently acted as a sort of ammunition reserve.

"Glad to meet yer, mister," remarked the elder after the major had been introduced by the young farmer. But he said this without so much as pausing or taking his eyes from off the whittling operations.

The major commanding told the tale of how they had all unknowingly strayed into the territories of the United States in as few words as possible and respectfully asked permission for his troop and himself to pass on to their own country unmolested.
"It sounds straight enough, stran-

ger," replied Pop Smith as soon as the speaker had finished, "but I'll just cross question another witness. I've had my doubts about"- Stopping short in his evident misgivings and hurling the stick of wood upon which he had been whittling into an adjacent garden patch, he shut up the knife and called at the top of his lungs: "Seth! Seth Larkins! Where be you?"

"Here I be," a nasal voice replied, and a worthy whom the major commanding had little difficulty in recognising as the occupant of the buggy which had so hastily retreated on eatching sight of their array stepped

forward.

"Naow, Seth, you told us that you saw a whole British army loaded down with plunder and looking like very devils, didn't you?" inquired the elder

"Well, there was a gang of them," answered the rustic surlily.

"And they fired a lot of cannon and rifles at you?" went on Pop relentless-

ly, with dry humor in his tone. "No, I never said that," retorted the other quickly. "I said they was getting ready to when I dusted off so quick as not to give them any chance." "But you saw in the papers that there

was going to be war between England and Ameriky before long?"

"Yes, I've read that lots of times, and so've you.

"Seth Larkins," went on Pop Smith indignantly, "you've told some pretty tall hunting and fishing yarns in your day, but I vum if this last rigamarole don't lay over the whole biling of them." Then, turning suddenly upon the major commanding: "But, mister, there's one thing more needs to be cleared up. What's all that smoke behind you? If it hadn't been for that, we'd only laughed at Seth and his string of wild talk. It looks most tarnation like as if somebody had been setting fire to houses and barns and standing crops. I'm not going to take no"-

"The woods are blazing, and the fire is coming this way," hastily interrupted the officer. "There'll be houses and barns and standing crops burning in real earnest, and right around here, too, if something is not done in a hurry.'

"Gosh all hemlocks!" ejaculated more than one of the male auditors. "Have you any spare axes?" went on

"Hull gross new ones just come in," toward a store building which bore a sign reading, "Ebenezer J. Smith, Post-

"Then I can help you fight the fire with a hundred good men," cried the major commanding, at once stripping off his uniform coat and climbing on top of one of the wagons of the barricade in order to signal to his troopers to come on. "We'll try a match to see which side can set the chips flying the

fastest." It was a great day. The combined forces of the townsmen and Light dragoons soon cleared a broad strip of woodland to fence off the advancing flames. The women and children made such a fuss over the wounded trumpeter that the boy is nearly spoiled for or-dibary life. The troopers were feasted and entertained to the verge of acute gastritis. Moreover, they were passed free and clear to their own borders and everybody sworn to silence concerning their mishap. A certain rural company of a certain state national' guard has accepted an invitation to invade Canada secretly next summer. and, if all goes as it should, some of them will meet brothers in law as well as in arms among the Light dragoons. -New York Press.

The Critical Moment. "Would you mind telling me how you became a successful man?" asked the

now," answered the man with a worried look. "It's too early in life." "But you have made a fortune and

engineered great enterprises and secured the confidence and applause of your people and"-"Oh, yes. But that's all in my regular work. Haven't you heard about

what we're doing now?" "Why-er-I can't say that I have." "We're going to give a party. It'll be one of the biggest ever given, and you'll have to wait till my wife sees how I behave before it's decided

whether I'm a success or not."—Washington Star. The Lost Dear. "The little dear is lost again," she said as soon as she got home.

"Oh, that pug!" "Yes, that pug, if you must talk like a brute, and I want you to advertise

And this is the advertisement as it appeared: "Lost-A sausage shaped yellow dog, answering when hungry to the name of

Baby. A reward will be paid for his return to 37 Blank street dead or alive."-Household Words.

Jugs as Floats. There are various things used as floats in fishing, from the pretty little painted floats of cork up to good sized

jugs, these last being used in jugging for catfish in western rivers. The jug used as a float is tightly corked, and the rope or line that serves as a fish line is tied to the handle, the hook at the other end, on the bottom being bated with a frog or other attractive morsel. The jug may be used as a float for a single line, or two jugs may be placed as floats, one at either end of a trot line, from which a number of

baited lines depend. A big catfish of the kind not uncommon in western rivers, weighing 50 or 100 or more pounds, would even make a jug bounce lively in the water, and a comparatively small fish would give it motion, whereupon the fisherman, who might be on the bank waiting developments, would put off in his skiff and take up the line.-New York Sun.

He Took Back His Seat.

A woman got in, and a polite man rose to give her his seat, raising his hat and asking her if she would not sit down. The woman plumped herself down in the vacant seat without a word of thanks, and I saw the color flush up in the young man's cheeks. In a minute he hastily looked over the books which he carried under his arm, and then, speaking to the woman to whom he had given his seat, he said: "I beg your pardon, but I think

iert my pocketbook on that seat." woman arose to let him see, and he quietly slipped into the seat himself, saying "Thank you" and immediately burying his nose in a big geometry.-Brooklyn Times.

He Had a Sharp Tongue. . The Waterbury American quotes a friend of the late Theodore Bacon as saying that he was a true chip of the old Bacon block of New Haven and that "he was probably the only man who went into the civil war and came out of it, after four years of brilliant service, holding the same commission that of captain, as when he entered The fact was he had so openly and mercilessly ridiculed the malfeasance and incapacity of his superfor officers that his promotion was more than human nature was equal to. No man who said such stinging things could have expected even a brevet."

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

Was Under the Locomotive Pilot, and He Became Sorry.

A St. Louis railroad man, while talking with a reporter, related a curious incident of his early road life which happened while he was braking on the Missouri Pacific out of St. Louis.

"In 1893," said he, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the way of hoboing. Now, of course, I've seen burns riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to see a man hanging to the rods of a fast freight or perched on the pilot is not surprising to me, but thiswell, let me tell you.

'We had been some time out of Sedalia, hitting a pretty good gait toward St. Louis. That winter the hobos along the line of the 'Mop' were a fright, and the whole crew was kept busy chasing them off the train. As far as I was concerned personally, they could have all had 'transportation,' for I have been on the road myself and believe that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limb to get over the country a fellow need not put himself out of his way to find him. But, then, the company had different views in regard to the matter, and we had to chase them or lose out. That night-and it was cold enough to freeze the whiskers off a polar bear-I made over a dozen poor fellows unload from the 'decks' and rods and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the replied Pop, nodding across the street grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a 'pipe,' coming from an old shack, but it's so.

"Well, it wasn't long before we pulled into 'Jeff' City, and while the engineer oiled around I started out with two of the crew to chase hobos. Just as we got to the end of the train Old Brennan, the finest 'eagle eye' who ever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hines, his fireman, to back up, so that he could oil and wipe his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time; so, giving it a final swipe with his slash bar, he backed un; but, being a little careless, he pulled back too far, bringing the pilot half way over the pile of redhot coals he had just raked from the fire-

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit, and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle it seemed to me bedlam had broke loose under that engine.

" 'Lemme out!' yelled some one. 'Lemme out! Move her up! Oh, Lord, I'm burnin up!' The sounds came from under the pilot. Rushing round to the front, we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces underneath it, yelling for all that was in him. "In a moment Dan had moved the

machine up so as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing coattails he still cused, coughing "Why, I couldn't talk about that all the while like an engine coming up a grade.

"'How in Sam Hill,' roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo gave him-'how in Sam Hill did you git under my pilot?" "'I got here when dis bloomin ten-

kettle was over de pit at Sedalia, but youse fellows needn' try to barbecue me for dat, need you? "Oh, but old Brennan was wrathy!

'Come out o' dat, ye dirty porch climber, or I'll set ye back over the fire.' "'How c'n I git out wid dis track under me?' the hobo yelled back.
"T'ink I c'n dig t'rough it?"

"Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over the pit in the Sedalia roundhouse and of course could not get out till another pit was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit, it was a very hazardous place to ride, for in a wreck death would be certain. When we reached Chamois, 25 miles farther on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released. But he was a sight to see. His coattails were burned off, his whiskers and hair were singed, one of his 'lamps' was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and, on the whole, to quote old man Brennan, he looked like a 'raveled top spring on a rainy day.' "-Memphis Scimitar.

Facts About Compasses. Much as the average schoolboy reads about the mariner's compass, when it comes to the point he knows very little about it. It is divided into 32 parts, of 11 degrees 15 minutes each. The needle is on its lower surface. The magnetized needle is fixed to the lower part of the card, which revolves with the needle and is usually suspended on

a central cap of agate, the point of suspension being a similar hard material. The compass is kept horizontal by supports on gimbols. In iron or steel vessels the needle deviates from the true north and south, but this is partially compensated for by placing steel magnets near the compass to overcome the pull of the ship. On the inside of the compass box is a vertical line, and the pivot of the card being in the same plane as the ship's keel the point on the circumference of the card opposite to the vertical line shows the angle the ship makes with the magnetic meridian .- Philadelphia Record.

She Persevered. "Persevere, persevere!" said an old lady to her maid. "It is the only way you can accomplish great things. One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disap-

"Sally, where are those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through them all; ma'am," said Sally. "Why, how on earth did you manage to eat so many dumplings?" "By perseverance, ma'am."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Helicher

- A writer calculates that it takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

-The Russian government recently borrawed \$25,000,000 dollars in New York, most of which will be spent in this country for railroad material to be used on the Trans-Siberian Rail-

- A clear conscience make a good



is only a symptom-not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the menstrual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptomsif you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two -if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen-BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the menstrual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. A free illustrated THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.



FOR SALE.

ONE "Empire" Wheat Drill and Gu-ano Distributor. New and in good condition. Also, one "Kemps" Mature Spreader. For particulars address R. W. SHELOR, Seneca, S. C.

Have seen this machine in operationit does nice work. G. W. GIGNILLIAT.
T. M. LOWERY.
March 21, 1900 39 3

NOTICE.

PURSUANT to a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Fidelity Building and Loan Association, adopted on March 27th, 1900, notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of said Association will be held at the offices of Quattlebaum & Cochran, in the City of Anderson, S. C., on Thursday, April 26, 1900, at 12 o'clock m., for the purpose of considering a resolution proposing an Amendment to the Charter of said Assoclation by increasing its Capital Stock from \$25,000 to \$100,000. All Stockhold-ers are urged to attend in person or by

G. W. EVANS, President. March 28, 1900 40 4 To the Stockholders of the

Anderson Telephone Co.

You are hereby notified that at a meeting of the Directors of said Company, held at Anderson, S. C. on the 26th day of March, 1900, a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending to the Stockholders an increase of the Capital Stock of said Company from Two Thousand Dollars to the sum of Sixteen Thousand Dollars, and directing the President to call a meeting of said Stockholders to consider this proposition. In obedience to the mandate of said resolution a meeting of the Stockholders of said Company is hereby called for TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1900, at the Company's office in the City of Anderson, S. C., at 10 o'clock a m., for the purpose of deciding this question as to increase of Capital as indicated. Thet every Stockholder be present, either in person or by proxy, if possible.

R. E. LIGON,

President Anderson Telephone Co.
March 28, 1900

NOTICE Anderson Telephone Co.

NOTICE.

THE Stockholders of the Cox Manufacturing Co. are hereby notified that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Corporation on the 14th inst., a resolution was adopted that the Capital Stock of said Corporation be increased from Fifty Thousand Dollars to the maximum amount of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars; and in pursuance of said action the Stockholders are notified to meet at Anderson C. H., S. C., on Tuesday, April 24, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of considering said resolution and the increase of the Capital Stock as proposed to said maximum amount of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars. THE Stockholders of the Cox Manu-

Immediately upon the adjournment of the Special meeting there will be held the regular Annual Meeting of the Stock-holders to transact such business as may

Pres. and Trans

NOTICE.

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

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of W. L. Prince, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

GEO. E. PRINCE,

J. M. RICHARDSON,

Executors. March 21, 1900

COTTON Culture" the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet

of every planter who raises Cotton. book is sent FREE.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS-THE



Will sell any of the following High Grade PIANOS and ORGANS at prices as low as can be obtained from the Manufactu-

KNABE, WEBER. IVERS & POND, WHEELOCK.

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

THE C. A. REZU MUSIC HOUSE.

VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR

DEALERS IN Surreys, Wagons, Harness

ONE hundred fine received. Come and look through them.

right if you need one. Car load "Birdsell" Wagons on hand-

VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

ON FARMING LANDS. Easy payments. No commissions charged. Borrower pays actual cost of perfecting loan.

Oct. 11, 1899.

CAREY. McCULLOUGH, & MARTIN. Attorneys at Law.

W. G. McGEE,

ANDERSON, S. C.

Special Meeting of Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill."

A SPECIAL MEEPING of the Stock holders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill" is hereby called to meet at the Bank of Anderson, in the City of Anderson, S. C., on FRIDAY, 6th day of April next, 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 Amendments thereto, and of Article 15 of the By-Laws.

J. A. BROCK, President.

Anderson, March 7, 1900. 37—5

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY

Whereas, D. L. Barnes has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of J. T. Barnes, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said J. T. Barnes, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson Court House, on the 10th day of April, 1900, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 24th day of March, 1900.

March 28, 1900

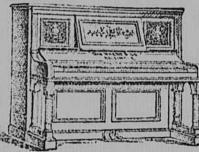
PATENTS TRADE. MARKS THE COPYRIGHT OBTAINED ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY ROLL OF MONTH OF THE PARTY ROLL OF THE Charges moderate. No fee till patent is se Letters strictly confidencial. Addre E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington

which should be in the hands

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

SPECIAL SALE OF

C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE



LAKE SIDE and RICHMOND. Also, THE CROWN, ESTEY and FARRAND & VOTEY ORGANS.

At Rock Bottom figures. Respectfully,

D. S. VANDIVER. E P. VANDIVER J. J. MAJOR.

Fine Buggies, Phaætons, Lap Robes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers,

Bagging and Ties. They are beauties, and we will treat you

the best Wagons built. Car White Hickory Wagons to arrive Yours, for vehicles,

MONEY TO LOAN.

JNO. B. PALMER & SON. Columbia, S. C.

MASONIC TEMPLE. ANDERSON, S. C.

SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE-Front Room, over Farmers

By R. Y. H. Nance, Judge of Probate.

March, 1900. R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge.