

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...

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...

THE MOSS TROOPERS.

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

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.

A few months ago the major
commanding completed the cavalry school
course necessary for the confirmation
of his commission and returned
home with his pan brimming
with military enthusiasm.

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.

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."

"Bang up ideal! Splendid! For honor!"
chirped a junior lieutenant who was
known to receive square envelopes
bearing the postmark of the place.

"All the main roads are strongly
patrolled," 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
veteran lieutenant grimly. "All virgin
country apparently. No settlers,
and plenty of stiff hills, thick woods,
and broad swamps. If the horses can
stand it, I'm sure I can."

hault to find passage wide enough for
man and beast. The column had to
wriggle its way along much of the
fashion of a snake. Regions of rocky
boulders and impassable streams
diverted them still farther. 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
extricate themselves from an apparently
interminable quagmire (which somebody
had forgotten to show on the official
map), all the rank and file and
twelve-thirteens of the officers made
up their minds that the commanding
guide was at fault. He, however,
continued calm and serene, with sublime
confidence in his new acquisition.

Early on the following morning,
after a good 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 promise
they emerged out upon a promising
road.

"Which way now, sir?" asked the
senior 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.

"Hush! the word to halt, dismount
and slouch on the ground for a short rest,"
replied the major, "but don't let either
of the trumpeters sound a call or I'll
strangle them."

"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 soldiers of the queen! More like
guerrillas or train robbers!"

"Why, my dear fellow," began the
senior captain remonstratingly.

"Hush!" interrupted the major
commanding. "I think I hear wheels
coming 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
affected, the senior captain did not
make proper haste 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
mysterious cause of their commandant's
perturbation appeared at the bend.

long as to the intentions of the people
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
major 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 ping through the
air, but luckily 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 dragoons
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 ratted away indignantly.
"Our nations are not at war, nor is
there any danger of such a catastrophe
yet 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—"

"I will pardon me, sir," interrupted
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 conferees, 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
sneeringly, 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."

"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 relentlessly,
with dry humor in his tone.

"No, I never said that," retorted the
other quickly. "I said they were 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 when it comes to rigamarole
don't turn over the whole billing 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 henlocks!" ejaculated more
than one of the male auditors.

"Have you any spare axes?" went on
the Canadian.

"Hull gross new ones just come in,"
replied Pop, nodding across the street
toward a store building which bore a
sign reading, "Ebenezer J. Smith, Post-
office."

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

It 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
hobbling. Now, of course, I've seen
hobbling in all ways and places imaginable,
and to see a man hanging to the
rods of a fast freight or perched on the
pivot is not surprising to me, but this—
well, 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 of a polar bear—I made
over a dozen poor fellows unbound from
the 'decks' and rods and felt sorry for
every one of them when they hit the
grit through the snow. Of course this
sounds to you like a 'pipe,' coming
from an old shuck, but it's so.

"Well, it wasn't long before we
pulled into 'Jeff' City, and while the
engine 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 Bines,
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 up, but, being a little careless,
he pulled back too far, bringing the
pilot half way over the pile of red hot
coals he had just raked from the
furnace.

"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 he had had a broken 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 cussed, coughing
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 get under my pilot?"

"I got here when his bloomie
teakettle was over de pit at Sedalia, but
youse fellows never try to barbecue
me for dae, need you?"

"The Russian government recently
bought \$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-
road.



HEADACHE

is only a symptom—not a
disease. So are Backache,
Nervousness, Dizziness and the
Blues. They all come from an
unhealthy state of the men-
strual organs. If you suffer
from any of these symptoms—
if 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 your
mouth, and no appetite—if
there is pain in the side, back
or abdomen—BRADFIELD'S
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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 Quatebaum & 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 Association by increasing its
Capital Stock from \$25,000 to \$100,000. All
Stockholders are urged to attend in person
or by proxy.

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 20th 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 propo-
sition. In obedience to the mandate of
said resolution a meeting of the Stock-
holders of said Company is hereby called
for THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1900, at the
Company's office in the City of Ander-
son, S. C., at 10 o'clock a. m., for the
purpose of deciding this question as to
increase of Capital as indicated. Let
every Stockholder be present, either in
person or by proxy, if possible.

NOTICE.
THE Stockholders of the Cox Manu-
facturing 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, S. C., on
Thursday, 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.

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 col-
lection.
J. S. FOWLER.

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 term prescribed by law,
and those indebted to make payment.
GEO. E. PRINCE,
J. M. RICHARDSON,
Executors.

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TRADE-MARKS
AND COPYRIGHTS
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Apply to the undersigned for
information. No fee until patent is secured.
C. E. FISHER, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

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which should
be in the hands
of every planter who
raises Cotton. The
book is sent FREE.



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SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers
and Merchants Bank—
ANDERSON, S. C.

Special Meeting of Stockhold-
ers of the "Anderson Cotton
Mill."
A SPECIAL MEETING of the Stock
holders of the "Anderson Cotton
Mill" is hereby called to meet at the
Bank of Anderson, in the City of Ander-
son, S. C., on THURSDAY, 5th day of April
next, for the purpose of adding to, alter-
ing 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.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.
By R. Y. H. Nance, Judge of Probate.
Whereas, D. L. Barnes has
applied to me to grant him Letters of Ad-
ministration on the Estate and effects of
J. T. Barnes, deceased, to be and to
appear before me in Court of Probate, to
be held at Anderson Court House, on the
10th day of April, 1900, after publica-
tion 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.
R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge.
March 28, 1900 40 2