

DRY-LOO WEED.

I hear it now as I heard it then Along the sandy beaches, Within a wandering whisper Of the wind that sighs and heaves— That lone voice along the ground That runs the island o'er, A tiny melody to rear, A promise gone to seed, The rattle of the loco weed, That grows along the shore.

The Schooner That Turned Squatter.

Captain Rowell, Being Wrecked, Concludes to Make the Best of the Situation.

Leaping seas lifted the schooner Raven high on the beach one night when a spring gale churned Lake Michigan. The Raven was owned, navigated and now, in the flower of her sailing days, beached by Captain Ebenezer Rowell. Cape Cod was the place of the captain's nativity, and he had sailed all sorts and conditions of waters, from the Erie canal to the Arctic ocean.

He asserted, however, with a flow of explosive language that was certainly no part of his Puritan inheritance, that he never ran into quite so much "dirt" anywhere else as when there was a northern screaming down this long lake, breaking the water into foam from Skelligale to Grosse point. Now the indignant lake roared his tarry epithets by flinging him farther up on the land than any boat ever went before.

Now the Raven, her commander, wooden leg, pipe and all, were cast up on the beach. Captain Rowell had been trying to make port, and had missed the harbor entrance—a narrow passage between two piers, as easy to call into in a storm as the neck of a bottle. As his boat went flying in through the breakers the captain raged and beat a tattoo on the deck with his wooden leg, having no gratitude in his heart for the wind and waves that were landing him on soft sand instead of banging the Raven against the rocks that were equally handy.

Morning showed the seriousness of the case. The Raven lay at the innermost point of a cozy bight, with a couple of hundred yards of sand between her and the bluffs that rimmed the bay. A little way to the north a long breakwater was thrust into the lake, the visible evidence of harbor work in which government engineers were engaged. One effect of the building of this breakwater had been to arrest certain lake currents and make them deposit great quantities of sand along that part of the shore on which the Raven stranded. Consequently, new land was forming rapidly at that point, and the people of the town were beginning to speculate as to the use to which it should be put.

It was a singularly effectual rush of the water that carried the schooner to this resting place, and Captain Rowell knew very well that to get her back into the water would be expensive and difficult. He was the more disgusted with fate because he had been cast away on the shore of his home port, where neighbors would want to know the why and wherefore of this extraordinary navigation.

One of those who came next day to look at the schooner, so far removed from her ordinary element, was a lawyer acquaintance of the captain. In speaking about the changes that were going on in that part of the coast, he referred to the rapidly with which the land was encroaching on the lake there and gave it as his opinion that there was doubt about the right of owners of property on the bluffs—between which and the lake a railroad right of way intervened—to claim the accretion.

"In fact," said Lawyer Flanders, "I believe that this is government land, and anybody who squats on it will have a fighting chance, at least to establish title to the whole strip." Whereupon Captain Ebenezer Rowell picked up his cane and abruptly crossed questioned the lawyer and he had a faint notion of the terms of a contract that was destined to be very valuable. He announced that night that he intended to defer his answer until morning.

The next day he brought Maria, his wife, down with their baggage, and having got the Raven properly beached on an even keel, installed Mrs. Rowell in the cabin. "Well, live here awhile, Maria," said the captain. And Maria, who had sailed under Ebenezer's orders for 40 years, thought this no time to ask questions, but began to set things in order. The schooner Raven had situated on unclaimed land.

adding to their sandy domain, now as the beach widened and the houses on the hill. The expanding acres to which the skipper of the Raven laid claim gave rise to visions suggested by possible uses to which the land might be put when the mariner saw fit to sell, if his title ever arrived at a state of perfection that warranted anybody to buy.

The skipper was bad enough, but a factory, a thing of smoke and smell and chimneys, would be worse. So the folk managed to keep a lawsuit imminent above the captain's head that he might not become too well established in his belief that he was lord of the shore.

In the extreme of their disgust aid came to the enemies of the captain from an unexpected source. The town upon whose hospitable front the Raven had become a squatter decided to establish a system of parks.

It was agreed with entire unanimity that all the water frontage possible ought to be secured for this purpose, a proposition that directed instant attention to Captain Ebenezer Rowell's contested territory. All the machinery of lawyers, courts, writs and bailiffs was once more set in motion, and Ebenezer and Maria had to form a new line of battle.

Indeed they had come upon evil days. For the discerning lawyer who had been their chief defender in the earlier years of their occupation was dead, and they had to trust the fortune of the shipyard to strangers. The aggressive city hustled Ebenezer from one court to another, summoned him, examined him, made him depose, affirm, deny, give bond and generally feel the pangs of litigation until he declared himself "worried outen his vittles."

He smoked three times his normal allowance of tobacco and told Maria now. "Maria, an' are landlubbers now. Yes, we're squatted on gov'ment land an' cal'late to live here. Mr. Bingham, up on the hill yonder, an' some of the other shore folks got after me in the courts, but I beat them. Tried to bother me with the charge o' puttin up shanties within the fire limits an' sent a lubber down here one day to pull my houses down. You see, every house in this here shipyard is a boat, built boat shaped an' registered at the custom house."

The captain had, in truth, built as he said. The architecture did not appeal to one's sense of beauty, whether the structures were considered as houses or boats, but any one of them, properly bottomed, might be set afloat and made to carry a scow or a tow barge. By way of tenants the captain had a few of his sailor friends, a fisherman and a laborer who liked the situation because it was near the railroad yards where he worked. The shipyard was paying expenses.

"Yes," Captain Rowell went on, "the Raven has done pretty well for me. 'Bout the best cruise I ever made was the one that ended with this here wreck. It's made me a rich man. But I was tellin you 'bout that attack on my fleet. They sent the fire marshal, an' he says, says he, 'Them shanties is in the fire limits, an' I'm ordered to pull them down.' Then I gets out on the for-ward deck o' the Raven, an' I says, says I, quite like as though I was whoopin a blow under the point: 'Ship ahoy, there, every one of them shanties is a boat an' registered in the Yawney States custom house. Any man that tears down one o' my boats is a pirate, an' Uncle Sam 'ud rather hang a pirate than eat pie!'

"That fire marshal looked at my shipyard carefullike then an' kinder opened his eyes. He went round behind one o' those craft, an' when he seed her name an' port o' lull painted there, plain as on any steamboat in the harbor, that settled him. He went back to the lawyers, an' they've been aggerin ever since on how to make this here fleet put to sea. I'll keep 'em aggerin," added Ebenezer confidently, "until my title to all this new land's as solid as Spectacle rock."

There was a double row of buildings which upon front view appeared to be canalboats, gabled windows and clay boarded, with a little picketed inclosure behind each one, and you have the shipyard in mind. At the end of the street, nearest the water, lay the Raven, dismantled with respect to rigging, propped with timbers and kept immaculately painted and scrubbed, as a flagship should be. Thus the fleet lay, a squadron to be depended on in any kind of weather.

To the shipyard came sightseers, small boys and even the Salvation Army. Ebenezer Rowell was a friend of religion, although his language at this might give rise to a contrary opinion, and he welcomed the Salvation soldiers to the beach. He performed on an accordion one night in honor of the open air gospel meeting and was assured that the Army band could do no better.

The excellent impression this made was almost effaced by the captain's conduct on another occasion. Six men in tall hats came down to the beach one night, followed by a lot of lake front loungers, and began to sing gospel hymns. The captain was gratified. He never quite approved of the Salvation Army costume, and here, it seemed, was a delegation of soberly clad ministers come to preach without any sound of brass and tinkling cymbals.

One of the clerical looking men began to address the crowd. In the beginning his harangue was not unlike that of the average street preacher, but he imparted gradually and in small installments the information that this was a missionary party from Utah sent out to teach the doctrines of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

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PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

Phenomena of Thought During Sleep. Vainish in Waking Hours. Mental phenomena have of late years been subjected to scientific investigation in what is known as modern physiological psychology, and an attempt has been made to bring them under the laws that apply to material things. Many curious connections between the mind and the body have been discovered, but dreams seem to resist analysis. It is impossible for an outsider to note the dreams of another person, and the dreamer's own report is apt to be very indefinite, for he cannot tell what he really dreamed, but only what he thinks he dreamed. We all have noticed how quickly a dream fades and is forgotten unless set down in writing promptly on waking.

A theory has been advanced which seems to connect the phenomena of dreaming with the gradual manner in which human consciousness has risen from the depths—from dead matter to the faculties of the lowest savages. In the state of sleep this power is lost first, for sleepwalking is entirely an unconscious action, the body acting as a machine not under control of the will. As the savage rises in the plane of life he acquires the rudimentary reasoning powers and becomes able to estimate roughly the relation of cause and effect. This logical power is the next faculty we lose as sleep rises from the depths over us.

Every one must have noticed that in dreams things happen at random. We find ourselves in strange places, and people appear and disappear on the spot. While we are in this condition we are still capable of remorse, fear or joy. Our higher moral natures are still operative. Now, the conscience and the establishment in the mind of a reasonable standard of ethics are the last things that grow up in the mind of man either in the race or in the individual. Savages have but the rudiments of either, and only the man in whom the conscience is developed can be called civilized. In the final stage sleep rises so high as to cover up our moral natures, the peaks of which had projected above the fog covering our logical powers. In this condition we kill our best friends in our dreams without the slightest hesitation and are troubled with no remorse, though we commit in imagination a most heinous and unnecessary crime in a moment of phantasmagoric fancy.

It is believed that the experience of every one as to the character of dreams, or, rather, of sleep, will confirm the reality of the above stages. Nearly all who have testified on the subject agree that in "sleep thinking" their logical powers disappear first and their moral natures afterward. If it be really so and sleep is a rehearsal backward of the great drama of human development, our nightly repose is a more serious matter than we thought it to be and ought not to be lightly entered into. If our dreams do dimly shadow the stages of life history of the race, it is only another proof of our common origin and our mysterious hereditary.—Hartford Times.

Where Hypnotism Didn't Work. "I think," said the careworn, sad-eyed citizen to the professor of hypnotism, "if you could manage to get Maria under the influence of them ether hypnotics an' jest leave her so, we would git 'long all right afterward. I want you to sorter change the nature of her—git her so that she'll recognize my rights an' be in subjection, as the Scripture commands. You kin do that—can't you?"

"Certainly can," said the professor. "But just then a woman who had been taking up tickets at the door came forward. "Look here," she said to the professor, "what are you doing—jabbering with that fellow, when there ain't enough tickets sold to pay the gas bill? Git on the outside this minute, an' go to work, you lazy—trifling—!" "Air you his wife, ma'am?" meekly inquired the careworn citizen. "Yes," snapped the woman. "Have you got anything to say about it?" "Nuthin at all, ma'am—nuthin at all! I was only jest waitin round here fer my own wife!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The English Drill Sergeant. "Now, then, number seven," the corporal continues, "we'll make another start—that is, if you've quite another feeling if your back hair happens to be on straight this morning. It's you I'm talking to—third man from the left of the front rank. I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, but I expect to be writing it down for an hour's extra duty pretty soon. "Now, then, look to your front—squad, 'tchun, left dress! Turn your eyes to the left without squinting like Chinese dummies if you can. Stand up in the ranks, too, like soldiers, not like a meany row of lopsided, spindly shanked cockney shop boys! Stick your chests out and put your stumps someowhere out of sight altogether. There's 'arf of you with figures like bags of potatoes. Strike me crimson if I ever saw such a mob! He! He! In the center—the ginger headed man, I mean—don't grin like that! This ain't no parading beauty competition, not by no manner of means."—"The Queen's Service," by H. Wyndham.

Her Ambition. After the youthful but powerful intellects of the observation class in a West Philadelphia school had devoted 15 minutes the other day to making known the results of their thoughts upon nature and surrounding objects the teacher diverted their minds by asking each of the dozen youngsters what they meant to be when they grew up.

One precocious girl of 7, looking up at the strong, but not overly comely, face of the teacher, whispered timidly, "If I're pretty when I gets big, I am going to be an actress, but if I grows ugly I'll be a schoolteacher."—Philadelphia Record.

A Healthy Localities. To all appearance Ardnamurchan, on the west coast of Scotland, is a great place for longevity. Whether it is because of the soft and salubrious climate or the remoteness of the place from the centers and the sins of population or something indigenous to the Ardnamurchan nature it would be rash to say, but certain it is that an Ardnamurchan seems to have a good chance of becoming a patriarch. Within 30 years many of the inhabitants have been cut off at varying ripe ages between 100 and 112.—Scottish American.

His Distinction. "Yes, sir," said Broncho Bob, "when I was east I was a regular literary lion. I got in with some people who are interested in dialect." "But you can't write dialect." "No, I can't write it. But I kin talk it free."—Washington Star.

Giles County, Virginia, contains a remarkable natural curiosity known as Salt Pond, which is described as a lake of fresh water sunk in Salt Pond above sea level. It is fed by no visible stream, yet it is claimed to have been gradually enlarged since 1804, the date of its discovery. Fish that have been placed in Salt Pond have mysteriously disappeared. Its depth is unathomable, experiments with a line 300 feet long failing to reach the bottom. The origin of the lake is unknown.

A BEAR FOR A ROOMMATE.

Funny Story About a Russian Deaf Which Slept in a Bed. Livonia is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear. The animal had an odd fancy for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him, a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some nights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he staid out in the woods. If he arrived at his tower and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his own door and found that anything prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, growling and battering the woodwork. In Livonia, during the brief northern summer, the local magnates visit each other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the night. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as 40 beds may be required.

A large influx of visitors arrived one night at the house where the bear had his room. The last comer was a third youth, a cousin of the house. The host met him, radiant: "What a pleasure, Ivan! You'll find half the relations here. But, alas, you'll not have a good room. Every other corner is full. There's only the tower left. As you know, the bear comes there. But never mind! He does not put in an appearance every night." The young man would fain have gone farther, but the nearest country house was ten miles off, his horse tired, and the hospitable relations very pressing in their invitation to him to remain. He was greatly afraid of offending host, hostess and all the other cousins and neighbors. He decided to stay, and at last retired to rest in a large square room, with two beds in it. He inquired if he might not bar out the bear (the door had but a latch), but he was told that no fastenings might be used; the bear was too noisy if shut out. He would not let a soul in the place have a wink of sleep. Besides, "he wasn't coming very likely." And, further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the door." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the newcomer were, "Better take the bed in the far corner, Ivan!"

The guest can hardly be said to have slept there. The terror of bruin kept him awake at first and then bruin himself, for in the small hours a slumbering step and a sound of claws on the steps and balustrade froze the blood in the unhappy youth's veins. The noise came nearer. There was a fumbling at the latch. With great growling and grumbling, bruin entered and put himself to bed in the couch near the door. There the beast grumbled, grunted and seemed to sniff. That sniffing alarmed the other occupant of the room most of all, for he thought it meant that the bear scented him and might resent his presence. The wretched dared scarcely breathe. Dawn was breaking, but that was only another danger. The bear might see him. Bruin, a great, curled lump above the blankets, became in due time visible to his fellow lodger. Then the bear arose and there was comfort in that sound. But soon he rolled about and growled and grunted discontentedly. The heart of the watcher beat painfully loud. He dared not rise. He had not nerve enough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that inactivity can be sometimes mastery.

The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled down stairs at breakfast, but bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbled. At last the host said: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear too?" And a messenger was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninvited companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had been kept as a pet when a cub and who was really only half a wild beast, and helped the nerve shattered youth to dress and join the breakfast party.—London News.

WOMEN IN TROUBLE. The Approach of Motherhood is the Occasion of Much Anxiety to All. Every woman dreads the ordeal through which she must pass in becoming a mother. The pain and suffering which is in store for her is a source of constant anxiety, fear and dread, and women need not fear longer the hour of coming incident entails. The joyous anticipations with which she looks forward to baby's coming gives way to an indescribable dread of the ordeal when she fully realizes the critical and trying nature of the ordeal.

Women should hail with delight a remedy which insures to them immunity from the pain, suffering and danger incidental to child-bearing. Such a remedy is now offered, and women need not fear longer the hour of coming incident entails. The joyous anticipations with which she looks forward to baby's coming gives way to an indescribable dread of the ordeal when she fully realizes the critical and trying nature of the ordeal.

What woman is not interested in "Mother's Friend"? This wonderful remedy has been tested and has proved its value proven by the experience of thousands of happy mothers who have used it during the most critical period of woman's life—the approach and culmination of motherhood. It has won their everlasting praise, for it gave them help and hope in their most trying hour and when most needed. Every woman may some day need "Mother's Friend." The little book, "Before Baby is Born," will be used, will protect and help you.

W. G. MCGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Mechanics Bank.—ANDERSON, S. C.

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 29

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of Estate of James O. Moore, do hereby give notice that he will on the 12th day of May, 1900, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a final settlement of said Estate and discharge from her office as Administrator. MARY A. MOORE, Adm'r. April 11, 1900 42

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

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 10 o'clock a. 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. G. W. EVANS, President. March 28, 1900 40

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 28th day of March, 1900, a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending to the Stockholders an increase of the Capital Stock of said Company from Five 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. Let every Stockholder be present, either in person or by proxy, if possible. R. E. LIGON, President Anderson Telephone Co. March 28, 1900 40

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, 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. Immediately upon the adjournment of the Special meeting there will be held the regular Annual Meeting of the Stockholders to transact such business as may come before them. W. F. COX, Pres. and Treas. March 21, 1900 40

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