

"YOU DID."

It's good to wander back again Among the old home folks; It rather satisfies a man To hear the same old jokes, To hear somebody say, "I know You when you were a kid," But some one always tells you of The foolish things you did.

THE SOMETHING UNKNOWN

A Tale of Shakertown, Ky. BY ARTHUR PENNENNIS ST. JOHN.

The wind rose early that October morning and came over the meadows, shaking showers of red leaves from the elms. Little Sister Cynthia came out to me to the dairy with her Shaker bonnet pushed off her glossy hair, rustling the heaps of leaves as she walked and stopping to listen at the sound as if she liked it.

"What are you doing, child?" I asked, for of late I had come to fear for her, she was so young and so taken up with noticing ordinary things, like the catbirds that had a nest out of the spring, or the way the hills looked when they were spotted all over with shadows. My heart ached sometimes when she would turn her great shining eyes to me. She was sanctified, I knew, but it didn't seem safe for simple Shaker folk to be seeing something out of the ordinary in everyday things.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "They are getting ready to fight," I said, pointing over the hills. "Brother Paul has just told me that there is going to be a great battle. They will make an army each other."

"How terrible!" she said, her lips quivering. "Why do men do such things?" Before I could answer her there came the clatter of horses, and a party of soldiers rode by, with young Henry Pendleton at their head. "Ah," I said, "he's a fine lad! It's a pity he was born into wickedness to be spoiled."

"He doesn't look wicked," she said as the young officer waved his cap to us. "Nay, Cynthia," I returned, my fear coming back; "think not of man's looks. It does not become a child of the church."

she offered to give up her room to the young soldier, for it was larger and lighter. So they carried him in and laid him on the little bed in Cynthia's room. It was Brother Paul himself, though, who left her to nurse his friend and joined me in caring for the hungry soldiers. The young man slept when the doctors left him, and sitting there with her sewing, she looked up from time to time at his pale face. Her tender heart was touched as she watched him lying there wounded unto death.

"So young," she thought, "and so sorely wounded. Yes, and I will pray for him." And she went down on her knees by the bed—her own bed—all her guileless heart going out in a plea for mercy. Then the young soldier opened his eyes and, dazed with sleep, thought the kneeling figure his sister.

"So you have come, Alice?" he said, putting his arm around her neck. "Nay!" she exclaimed, starting up in affright. "It is I, Sister Cynthia." When I went in the next afternoon, he was lying with his eyes closed, smiling to himself sometimes as one in a reverie. Cynthia was bending over her sewing and did not look up when he greeted me. God forgive me for it, but I could never look on Henry Pendleton without wishing he had been born my son. There was a talking way about everything that he did; just the way he wished you good morning was enough to put you in a good humor all day.

We had so many wounded soldiers left with us that I could not let Cynthia be long out, but she came back even before I finished the little sewing. "Sister Cynthia," she said as she entered, "I am going to ask you to do me a little favor. I want you to write a letter to my mother for me."

"Yes," she said, half breathless from her walking. It was a brave letter, making light of his wound and full of cheery plans for getting a leave of absence. I listened to his comforting love words as he urged her not to come back into the enemy's country, where it was dangerous. It sounded new and strange to me, too, and I did not wonder that Cynthia's hand shook. Poor lad, how pale he looked as he lay there! I could not help smoothing his pillow as I went out.

Cynthia came down after awhile to mail his letter, and bunted me out. "Sister Caroline," she said seriously, "did you ever see my mother?" "No, child," I answered, a little hurt, for had I not been a mother to her these 20 years, and loved her more than if I had begotten her in iniquity? She turned away a few steps and then came back.

"Sister Caroline," she said, "you have been a mother to me, and I haven't loved you half enough. And she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I supposed I was a foolish old woman to fold her in my arms and weep over her as I did. She went back up stairs to the wounded man, but Brother Paul had come in and was talking to his friend. Cynthia walked slowly on to my room.

"Paul," she heard him say, "play for me; I am sad lying here." I did not know then that music was the tie of friendship between them. I had never seen the violin, for Brother Paul had played in secret the beautiful but ungodly songs, and as for Cynthia she had heard only the little organ in the meeting house that Paul said was cracked, and, poor child, it was no wonder that she fell now under the spell of that ungodly music and heard things she had never dreamed of. It was like getting glimpses into a new world, where all the beautiful things were you had ever heard or seen. But there was pain mixed with the pleasure, and it gave you a sort of yearning as he changed to a song to somebody he called Annie Laurie. I am an old woman and hate ungodly music, but I stood there with one foot on the step and listened like one in a spell. How much more it must have meant to Cynthia! It isn't strange the idea came to her that in some way and at some time something in life, a beautiful and spiritual something, altogether desirable. She sat there with her eyes fixed on one cloud that was golden still in the gray twilight and prayed for God for the unknown something. So I found her when I came to see why she was late to supper—Cynthia, who was ever prompt in the least of her duties.

The next afternoon we were in the workshop down stairs when I heard Brother Paul's step. Cynthia looked up at the door twice, then, after he was outside, got up suddenly and ran after him. I wondered much, for among us men and women have no needless communication with each other. I heard her call his name, and he was just at the window when she came up, breathing quickly. "Brother Paul," she said, "do you know—Annie Laurie?" "Yes," he said, turning quickly. "Why?" "Is she very beautiful?" "Yes," he said, "very." And I could see a curious smile on his lips and a light in his eyes. I did not notice that Cynthia caught her breath quickly. I was so taken up with the thought that Brother Paul was in danger of that strange woman.

"You haven't told me why you asked," he went on. Then Cynthia's eyes fell, and she stammered something and came back into the house before he could answer. He looked after her as if he would follow and tell her more, but instead turned and walked off rapidly. As I was getting up stairs the next morning I stopped on the landing to rest, for I was spent with much watching the night before. "Sister Cynthia," I heard the young soldier say, "I must ask you to write another letter for me. I have written hoping to gain strength myself, but—" He stopped, and I noticed that his voice was weaker. "Yes, certainly," she said, and I heard her getting the paper. "I am ready," she added after a pause. "Is it to be to your mother?" "No," he answered and grew silent. "There is such a thing as pure love," he said presently. "A man can care for a woman for herself, for the soul of her; he can work for her, suffer for her, die for her, if need be. How can this pure feeling be confounded with that foul thing lust? Don't you see what I mean?" "Yes," she said softly. "And I am not asking you to do wrong to write to her for me?"

"Nay," she said, and her voice sounded far away. Ah, why did I not go in then? Why did I sit there, a poor, weak, old woman, and listen with tears in my eyes to his beautiful love words, so tender and gentle and sad and brave. He forgot her who wrote and spoke as though he were face to face with the other one; his voice grew full and round again, and the tones of it made me tremble as I sat there on the steps. When he came to close and say good-by, I could not bear it and stole softly back down stairs.

Cynthia came down presently, and her lashes were all wet with tears. The next morning was unusually still, with bits of tender blue sky between the fleecy mists. Soon a wind blew up, drawing one wide, filmy cloud across the sky—a gray, cold cloud that, thickening, hung drearily above the empty world, where the wind blustered through leafless trees. The young soldier was worse. His breathing was slow and heavy, and now and then a faint moan passed his lips. Cynthia sat watching him with the lines drawn tight at her mouth and her big eyes tense. I sent her out, but soon saw her coming back across the bleak meadows with her eyes bent to the ground.

He grew restless and feverish through the afternoon and talked in broken scraps about his home and the days when he was a boy. He fell asleep at last, just as the gray day was slipping off over the hills. I went to my own room for awhile, and soon I heard Brother Paul's familiar step. Cynthia motioned him to a seat at the foot of the bed, and presently I heard her speaking in a low voice. "There was something," he wanted to tell you, Brother Paul," she said. "Perhaps I ought to do it, for he may talk of it in his delirium," she paused. "He cares for somebody—a woman."

I was glad she didn't say love. "Yes," said Brother Paul, with a sudden anxiety in his deep voice. "He wanted you to know that his—love was pure; that love can be pure." "I know it already," he said, his voice trembling. "You"—She stopped suddenly. "Yes," he paused and then was about to speak when the young soldier interrupted. "Louise," he said, his voice clear and ringing again, "my dear Louise, I knew you would come." His hand was outstretched, and Cynthia took it without hesitation. Hurrying in, I could see the peaceful look on his face as she bent over him. "It hurts me to breathe, Louise," he said presently. "Lift me up, won't you?" Cynthia put her arm under him and lifted him until his head rested on her own bosom. Then he drew a long breath and smiled.

"I am going now, Louise," he said, and raising his arm, he brought her head down until her lips touched his. Then Cynthia undressed his arm and laid him back on the pillow dead; but a new light shone in her face. The unknown something had come, and she knew it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Alarming Case. Sir William Harcourt once visited a man-of-war lying off the Hampshire coast. After dinner, the weather proving rather rough, the captain, a small, dapper man, suggested that Sir William should sleep on board and surrendered his own berth for the night to the ex-chancellor of the exchequer. Next morning the captain's sailor servant, who knew nothing of the change of berths, brought a cup of coffee to the cabin door and knocked once or twice without receiving an answer. Somewhat alarmed, he opened the cabin door and asked: "Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?"

The only reply was a growl, and the frightened sailor saw a gigantic figure turn over under the bedclothes. Dropping the coffee, he rushed to the ship's surgeon, exclaiming: "For goodness' sake, sir, come to the captain! He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"—London Tit-Bits.

Ruskin and Plevna. George Trevelyan mentioned, that once, when walking with a lady, he had met Ruskin, and, in the hope that the latter might say something characteristic, he addressed the great man, asking if he had heard the news. "What news?" was the reply. "Plevna has fallen." "Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."—Grant-Duff's "Notes From a Diary."

Youthful Diplomacy. The grocery man on the corner relates that a couple of days ago a little girl entered his emporium and, timidly laying down a dime, asked for 10 cents' worth of candy. "It's for papa," she said. "I want to surprise him when he comes home." The grocery man proceeded to dig out some of his stock when the little girl interposed. "Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels!" "But I thought those were for papa," the grocery man remarked. "I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say that 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."—Memphis Scimitar.

Hang Them Up. At an inquest which was held recently on the body of a child who had been found standing in front of the fire with his clothing in flames the coroner said he had often remarked that the only way of keeping children out of mischief was to chain them up, but then they would probably hang themselves with the chains.

The Chinese have a capital plan. They put their children in sacks with holes for the head and arms and hang them up. It must be a comical sight to go into a house where there is a large family and see all the children hanging up on the wall.—London Globe.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

THESE FOLKS ALWAYS KEEP THEIR BURIAL CLOTHES READY.

Some of the Odd Customs That Are Adhered to Among the Old German Farmer Families in the Eastern Part of Pennsylvania. The burial of an old lady at Kleinfeltersville, not long ago, with her 65-year-old black wedding gown for a shroud, brings to notice a queer east Pennsylvania custom which prevails among German farmers. Nearly all the people, old and young, have their shrouds and graveclothes all ready when death comes. The old people especially have all arrangements for their funerals made and written out in all details.

Indeed it is a common thing to find a special bureau drawer set apart for the graveclothes. One custom is to keep every vestige of the wedding outfit for the interment apparel. Gown and undergarments are in many cases worn but once by the bride, and then laid away to wait for her death. Gray silk is much in vogue for wedding gowns, as the color is preferred for burial robes to white or black.

Where wedding gowns are not saved the women folks make their own shrouds, cutting them out, sewing and trimming them. To borrow a shroud pattern is nothing unusual. It passes from farmhouse to farmhouse. Long winter evenings are taken up with getting graveclothes ready, so that when a person dies all the friends need to do is to open the death drawer and there find written instructions as to the place of burial, the kind of grave and coffin, the same of the minister who is to officiate, the text of the sermon, the three hymns to be sung, the pallbearers, the gravestone and its inscription and all about the graveclothes.

This fashion makes it very easy for the friends to decide on the funeral arrangements. Some old farmers go so far as to state exactly what calf and how many chickens shall be killed for the funeral dinner and who is to be hired to take care of teams and feed the horses of the visitors. Not only do the elderly women provide a grave or death drawer, but young wives and young girls do the same thing. They begin early in life to accumulate their death trousseau. Sometimes elaborately trimmed garments, stocks and slippers are carefully wrapped in oil paper and stowed away. At times some of the white garments have become yellow with age. Silk wedding gowns, if they lie in folds, are very apt to go to pieces, and for this reason such gowns are placed in bags and hung up on the wall.

On rainy Sunday afternoons many a housewife on the Pennsylvania German farm spends an hour or so looking through her death drawer to see that nothing has been left unprovided for. If she attends a funeral and sees something new in the shape of a collar, piece of lace, handkerchief, elder-down blanket, embroidery or anything else that may strike her fancy, she'll buy it on her first visit to town and put it in her death drawer. Where a young wife is specially fond of a certain perfume, she'll buy a small bottle, the contents of which will be used when she is buried.

The old folks will frequently make out a list of small articles they want placed in their coffin, such as an old prayer book or Testament, spectacles or a thimble. One most unusual request was that a plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon should be placed in an old woman's coffin. She had used them for 70 years and did not wish any one else to use them when she was gone. This, like all other requests found in the death drawers, was faithfully carried out.

Some old people invariably direct that their old house dog shall be shot and buried after the funeral. It is nothing unusual to find a written request that a certain person shall sing a special solo at the funeral, either at the grave or during the taking of the final leave of the remains. Some request that their face shall be well covered before the coffin lid is screwed on for the last time. Others do not want this.

The death drawers are always kept locked, but the family know where the key is found. Each drawer is regarded as sacred, and no one save the owner, for any consideration, would venture to open it. The men folks occasionally have death repositories, but they are not so careful of the women are. The old men have their wills and final instructions very carefully written out, so that no mistake can be made.—Cor. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Sickness Comes High. Sickness comes high, as is proved by German records in regard to sick insurance, which is compulsory upon workmen. Nearly 8,000,000 persons in that country insure against sickness, and in one year a third of this number reported sickness of some kind or other, the average duration of sickness being 17 days. Reckoning wages at 50 cents a day, this means a loss in wages alone in one year of more than \$22,500,000. Then, of course, there always is extra expense connected with sickness, such as doctors' bills, medicine, special food and sometimes special care and maintenance. These records do not relate to infants or to the old and infirm, but only to working persons during the working period.

Shoes of Horses. A celebrated veterinary surgeon declares that nine out of ten of our worn out horses are only worn out in feet, or in legs, because of some foot disease, and that all but a fraction of that number owe their premature age and incapacity to our system of shoeing, not merely bad shoeing, but the iron or steel shoe. The greatest number of people ever killed by an earthquake since the dawn of history was 190,000. The date of the terrible disaster was 1703, and the scene of the most violent disturbance was at Yeddo, Japan, and vicinity. Albion, Ind., has an economical genius in the person of James Hyde. He makes his own teeth out of hickory wood and holds them in place with a wooden handle. He is able to eat the toughest meats.

AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

As fond kiss, and then we sever; As farewell, and then we part; Deep in heart wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that fortune grieves him While the star of hope she leaves him? Me no cheerful twinkling light may; Dark despair around benights me. I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy; Nothing could resist my Nance; But to see her was to love her, Love had her and love forever. Had we never loved so kindly, Had we never loved so blindly, Never met or never parted, We had wiser never broken hearts.

FAMOUS DUELING GROUND.

Picturesque Portion of the New Orleans Park Known as The Oaks. One of the most picturesque and beautiful spots in New Orleans and replete with historical incidents is the Oaks, the Chenes d'Allard, as they were called of old. They are now a part of the City park and a favorite resort for the children of the creole quarters, dozens of swings being attached to the massive live oaks, which shade several acres of ground. The land was formerly the plantation of Louis Allard, a very learned Frenchman of early New Orleans. It was bought by the great philanthropist, John McDonough, and finally passed into the hands of the city and was dedicated as a park. Its most eventful history was in advance of its park days, when it was practically waste land. Lying as it did on the shell road to Bayou St. John and Lake Pontchartrain, within easy distance of the city, yet deserted and uninhabited, it afforded the very spot for the duels so frequent among the fiery creoles and no less fiery Americans of New Orleans in antebellum days. Here, under the shade of a primeval forest of gigantic oaks, either with pistol or rapier, more especially the latter, the difficulties between "gentlemen" were fought out under the strictest rules of the code of honor.

At these times New Orleans, although to a large degree cosmopolitan, was essentially a creole city and bound by the creole habits and ideas, and one of these ideas was that a slight or affront in a duel. The result was to produce the greatest puncturing among men. A blow was strictly forbidden and sufficient to debar the striker from the privileges of the duello. A gentleman who would so far forget himself as to strike another was exposed to the ignominy of being refused a meeting on the field of honor.

Most of the duels had their origin in the ballroom, where to brush rudely against a man was often deemed sufficient cause for exchanging cards. Some were political, some the result of benches of politeness or etiquette. Chevalier Tomas fought a duel with a native creole over the proposition that there were larger rivers in Europe than the Mississippi, each man being willing to risk his life for his home river. Several duels are reported from mere excess of spirit, because the night was so good for an assault d'armes. In the winter of 1837-8 the opera produced an epidemic of duels. The two prima donnas then in vogue had each her army of supporters, and to bias his favorite was supposed to justify any creole in handling his card to the offender and demand a meeting at the Oaks.

Most of these meetings were secret, known only to the friends of the principals. It was only when some one was killed or seriously hurt—and not always then—that the facts of the duel became known. The duello continued in Louisiana as more or less a custom of the country until about 20 years ago. An occasional meeting is held even today, but they are growing scarcer, for the police now interfere and arrest duellists, whereas of old they kept out of the way. The oaks are among the finest in the United States, some of them shading nearly an acre of ground, and each oak has a dozen traditions or stories of the duello attached to it, romantic and bloody.—Leslie's Weekly.

Injury Plus Insult. Mistah Johnsing—Dit nigguh Pompey am in trubbel again. Mistah Jones—Sho, now! What am de 'dichshun dis time? Mistah Johnsing—Dey am a man dun brot sewt again Pomp brakin his iron safe. Mistah Jones—De low down nigguh robbah. Mistah Johnsing—Naw! Pomp he dit dun rob de safe, man! It wah laik dis: Dey wah lifin de safe up in a big buildin wif a rope, an when dey dun got de safe up til de top story de rope braked. Dit nigguh wah a stand-in roon, an de safe dis lit on top his haid-it did—Mistah Jones—Fo' goodness' sake! Mistah Johnsing—Yes, an dat fool Pomp's haid dis naburly smashed dat safe intuh small pieces. Now dey dun brot sewt again Pomp for letterin—Ohio State Journal.

Bridge Notice. WILL let to the lowest responsible bidder on Saturday, the 5th day of May, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., the building of a bridge over Beaverdam Creek, on new road leading from Bradberry's Store by Wooten's Mills, in Fork Township. Reserving right to accept or reject any or all bids. Successful bidder will be required to give bond for faithful performance of work. J. N. VANDIVER, Co. Supervisor A. C.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

—The fact that God postpones his settlements with men is no sign that he means to let these settlements go by default.

—Enjoy what you have, and do not be envious of those who have more than you have. —In Norway the average length of life is said to be greater than in any other country on the globe. —It is said that every year sees 20 miles of new streets added to the city of London, which is now 12 miles across in one direction and 17 in another. —To smile, to bow, to lift the hat, to beg pardon, to say "thank you," cost nothing. No one will ever know the vast good that these words and similar ones have accomplished.

—Big Girl—My little sister's got a new doll that squeaks when you press it. Little Girl (nose put out of joint by the baby)—My mudder's got a new doll that squeaks whether you press it or not. —The recent sale of four cars of choice unshorn fed Western sheep at Chicago at \$6 per 100 pounds meant the highest figure touched since 1933, when 6.75 was paid. The sheep weighed 132 pounds and were sent in from Winona, Minn.

—On the authority of the greatest manufacturer of dental supplies in the country there are over 40,000 ounces of pure gold worked up annually for dentists' use for material filling teeth, in plates and solders, the value of this gold approximating \$1,000,000. —"Young man," said an old gentleman, "my daughter is too young to marry. A girl of her age cannot be sure of her own mind in a matter of such importance." "I fully realize that," replied the young man, who had just secured the fair young one's consent. "That's why I don't want to wait."

—Glass, as far as research has been able to determine, was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and was even then not in its infancy. In the State collection at the British Museum, there is the head of a lion moulded in glass bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the 11th dynasty. —A remarkable freak of nature—four kittens, all alive and fastened together by skin and cartilage—is attracting much attention at the home of John Finney, South Oil City, Pa. The kittens were born a few days ago, but Mr. Finney did not discover their peculiar formation until he noticed that the mother cat was neglecting them. When he reached into the box and took up what he supposed was the top kitten to feed it, the whole family came out like a bunch of grapes. The kittens are rather lively, have strong voices and are apparently well developed, but all are joined together at the abdomen, near the hind-quarters, giving their legs free movement. There is no deformity of the heads, bodies legs or feet.

ONE hundred fine new Buggies just received. Come and look through them. They are beautiful, and we will treat you right if you see one. Car load "Birdsell" Wagons on hand—the best Wagons built. Car White Hickory Wagons to arrive soon. Yours, for vehicles, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

W. G. MCGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants 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 23

Notice Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of R. F. Wyatt, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 19th day of May, 1900, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from her office as Administrator. MARY A. MOORE, Adm'r. April 11, 1900 42

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY. By R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate. Whereas, J. T. Haynie has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of Sarah E. Haynie, deceased, and I have therefor to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said Sarah E. Haynie, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson Court House, on the 12th day of May, 1900, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted. Given under my hand this 20th day of April, 1900. R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge. April 28, 1900 43

WE HAVE MONEY TO LEND on Land in this County on easy terms. We have some valuable City and County Real Estate for sale, and can lend a reasonable amount on purchase price of same, if desired. SIMPSON & HOOD, Attorneys. April 11, 1900 42



"COTTON Culture" is the name of a valuable illustrated pamphlet which should be in the hands of every planter who raises Cotton. The book is sent FREE.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York. SPECIAL SALE OF PIANOS AND ORGANS. FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS—THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE



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VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR DEALERS IN Fine Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness Lap Robes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers, Baggings and Ties.

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