MY SWEETHEART'S DUPLICATE.

Time has not dimm'd the mem'ry of her face The fairest one among the other flowers,
Alight with merry smiles and simple grace,
The sweetness of my childhood's happy he

I did in those days as all lovers do,
Moved by an ardor that was quite sublimeSwore I to her would everyone be true—
Aye, even to the very end of time.

When she and I were grown, we two were wed; Six years we've lived together in our nest, But now, alas, for childish vows I said-Alas, when I told her I loved her best.

Her rival stands before me; I can see A something in her face and eyes and ways That looks just like her mamma did when she Was sweetheart of my childhood's happy days —Newt Newkirk in Pittsburg Dispatch.

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The Black and White Charms That Reconciled Two Rivals.

BY G. CUNYNGHAM TERRY. \$p\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0

On the very corner of Calle de los l'escaditos Blancos (Street of the Little White Fish) just where it juts into the little Plaza de San Pablo Is the shop of Dona Antonia. It is a clean, tidy little place, and in it you can buy the best cigarettes to be found in all Mexico. you can be served at all hours of the day with thick Spanish chocolate, hot and pasty-for Dona Antonia is Spanish and therefore knows how to make delicious chocolate-also you can buy there pins, needles, lottery tickets, native Mexican sugar in tall brown cones. macaroni fresh from Italy, sardines, olives, Spanish wine and many other things, for, while the shop is a small one, it contains what the proprietor proudly calls "an assortment of the most complete and finished."

Dona Antonia herself waits on her varied customers. All of the common folk in that part of the city patronize her, and so she is kept very busy, with hardly time enough to attend to her yellow headed parrot or to keep the "mariposa" light burning under the picture of la Virgen which hangs on

Things were different when Carlos. the torero, was there-good looking, swaggering Carlos in his gaudy bullfighter's shirt and tight trousers, with his pigtailed head surmounted by the flat torero hat-but Carlos has most cruelly been banished; not that he ever did any work in the shop-the gods of bullfighters forbid!-but he at least was always willing to lounge in the door or against the counter, thereby scaring away robbers, and even on some occasions so far unbent his dignity as to serve the chocolate to customers of his own fraternity while Dona Antonia beamed from afar, for she worshiped Carlos with the adoration that only a fat and homely woman of 40 can feel for a young and handsome

Ever since bullfighting had gone out in Mexico, three years before, she had waited on Carlos hand and foot, glving him cheerfully and lovingly from her savings and working doubly hard in order that he might appear gorgeous on feast days and Sundays. His clothes were of the best that money could buy; his pointed Mexican shoes were of the finest yellow leather; his vivid scarlet neckties were always of satin or softest silk. None of the bullfighters who front of the Cantina del Tio Pepe smoked such long, fine, black cigars as did Carlos, and none of them could boast the silver and copper coins which always jingled in the pockets of his braided torero jacket. In short, Carlos was in the greatest of luck, the very highest of clover, and dld not realize his blessings until it was too late, for all this magnificence and luxury were taken away from him through his own fault and that of Panchita.

Not that Carlos cared for pretty, co-quettish Panchita; not a bit, of it! Carlos loved no one but his own lazy, good looking self and nothing but his own ease and comfort. For Dona Antonia, who furnished him with the good things of life which he so much cared for and appreciated, he had a kindly, fraternal regard. Being, moreover, aware of the furious temper which lurked beneath Donn Antonia's good natured exterior, he had always been careful to avoid entanglements with younger and handsomer women, or, at least, to keep such affairs from her sharp and very suspicious ears.

In the case of Panchita, however, it was a difficult matter, for she was elther too careless or too much in love to dissemble. She could not or would not refrain from casting coquettish glances at the bulingster, even when Dona Antonia was by, and finally even took to purchasing her thread and needles and other supplies from Dona Antonia's shop, refusing there to be served by any one but Carlos himself.

Naturally this state of affairs could not last for long, and things came to a crisis one day when Dona Antonia overheard Panchita addressing some coquettish remarks to the torero and, moreover, caught him in the very act of kissing her pretty though needle worn hands; after which there was a scene, and very nearly battle, murder and sudden death. Dona Antonia, being a very powerful woman and, more over, greatly infurlated, scrupled not to fall upon the luckless couple tooth and nall. Carlos managed to escape with his life and a blackened eye, while Panchita, at the end of the fray, was minus one tooth and what seemed at first sight to be fully half of her pretty

The noise of the fight naturally attracted attention, and the combatants word finally separated, much the worse for wear, but nevertheless still breathfor wear, but nevertheless still breath-ing forth defiance and slaughterings. Carlos had most unaccountably disap-peared after the first two rounds and could not now be found. Pitying neighbors escorted homeward the battered and walling Panchita, while the equality walling Dona Antonia barred her shop door in the very face of gaping customers and locked the kitchen door upon herself. No; not even that grace-

less Carlos should enter if, as was always his custom, he came home penitent and entrenting at supper time. For once Carlos should be severely handled and taught-sense and decent

That was at 8 o'clock. At 9 Carlos

was beginning to grow very uneasy. Something must have happened, for, no matter what was wrong, he always came for his meals. At 11 he was still missing; so at 12 the poor woman put on her tapalo and went forth in search of the delinquent.

At the Cantina del Tio Pepe she found him weeping bitterly in the midst of sympathetic comrades, who reproached the lady for her cruel treatment of poor Carlos. Truly she had not seen what every one else well knew -that Carlos leved no one but her. "All the world" knew that the shameless Panchita pursued him with her coquetries. Fie upon Dona Antonia to so ill treat poor, faithful Carlos, who had been driven to drink and threatened suicide through her hardness of

Two comrades carried homeward the incapacitated Carlos, with Dona Anweeping remorsefully behind them and sundry other toreros winking and chuckling in turn behind her back. For, while in luck, Carlos was as generous a torero as ever lived, and it would not do, for their own sakes, to have Dona Antonia cut off his supplies. And so, as the cortege wended its way toward the little shop of Dona Antonia. oue shameless bullfighter after another poured into her ear tales of poor Carlos' persecution at the hands of Panchita. Well knew the Virgin, they declared solemnly, that Carlos cared for no woman but his own adored Antonia. Had he not sworn it to them many a time and oft? And was it his fault if infatuated girls would make unwanted love to him?

Nothing is easier to deceive than a woman who wishes to be deceived, and Dona Antonia believed devoutly every word of the waggish toreros. Carlos was put tenderly to bed, the bullfighters feasted gayly on white bread, sardines, garlie and Spanish wine, while Dona Antonia, with contrite face and reddened eyes, beamed upon them from the door of Carlos' room. They had opened her eyes to the real character of that disgraceful Panchita, whom she had credited time and again on her thread and needles and wool. How foolish a woman she had been not to realize before the devotion of Carlos and the evil behavior of Panchita!

Before the noisy departure of the toreros Dona Antonia's plans for vengeance had been completed. When she went to sleep that night, she said several padre nuestros before the image of la Virgen and promised to burn long and costly candles before her picture every day of the year if certain prayers were granted. And then, wisely believing that God (and also the Virgin) helps those who help themselves, the wlly shopkeeper made her plans for an early visit next morning to old Madre Maria, the witch, who would tell her, for a consideration, what she should do with that graceless Panchita.

Madre Maria lived in a small, dark, smelly tenement far out. Here Dona Antonia found her at dawn, and into the sympathetic ear of the shriveled old weman she unfolded her tale of woe, while Madre Maria smoked away steadily at her cigar stub, nodding her

white head at intervals as she listened. Good! Then what the nina wanted was a cosita—a small charm, that is to say-for the shameless Panchita? Something not dangerous, the nina understood-merely a little thing that would, after taking it, cause her to lose any love for Don Carlos. Ale, but it would be easy! And only a matter of five days at that. If the nina would listen, paying to her pobre madre first the small number of 8 reales, she would tell her what to do.

Half an hour later, with a wee bottle of black fluid in her pocket and a thin. black chicken muffled up in her reboso. Dona Antonia sped briskly toward the Street of the Little White Fish. Joy and hope once more shone in her eyes and beamed from her fat, red face, even though the advice and charm of Madre Maria had cost her \$1.80.

Most assuredly it was old Maria's "day." Hardly was the broad back of Done Antonia turned than another client appeared upon the scene, also bespeaking advice and a mild charm that would destroy the love of a rival woman. In the same manner did Madre Maria advise the second applicant-no less a person than Panchita-selling her, in turn, some white fluid and an attenuated white chicken, the mate of the black one sold to Dona Antonia. "Of a truth did the chicken come somewhat high," the old witch had stated to each applicant, "but figure to yourself, nina mia, that it is a charmed one, wherein great power lies, and it has, moreover, eaten for weeks only charmed food given it by the hand of your Madre Maria!" As a fact, both chickens had been stolen by mendaclous Maria in the dark of last night's moon; but no matter.

So Panchita, her mind at ease and also believing that all of her sorrows were now soon to be ended, hurried joyfully home, with bottle and chicken hidden safely in the depths of her blue rebozo. Meanwhile, at intervals during that entire day, chuckles of hearty and most unwonted mirth issued from the dark room of Madre Maria, who, while not ordinarily a merry personage, seemed mightly amused over some-

Never in his life had the astonished Carlos been more kindly and generously treated than during the next few days. Dona Antonia seemed to think that nothing was good enough for him and, filling his pockets with coins, fairly pushed him into the streets, with injunctions that he enjoy himself with his companions. Had the torero been suspicious man he might have thought Dona Antonia was engaged in peret pursuita of which she wished him to know nothing. Not being suspicious, however, he hastened to obey her commands and have a joyous time. At a matter of fact, there was nothing evil in the actions of Dona Antonia, once left alone, save that one might have accused her of foolishly pampering and overfeeding a debilitated black chicken which she had housed in the charcost box and fed thrice daily on black sapotes and tortillas made from dark meal. But no one-Carlos least of all-ever saw the chicken, whose

Now, in the great tenement house just across the street, this same chicken pampering process was secretly being gone through with by pretty Panchita, had not yet returned; at 10 there was save that her fowl was fed solely on still no sign of him, and Dona Antonia white sapotes and light colored tor-

life endured for a brief span only, and

therefore no one unjustly condemned

tillas. As in the case of Dona' Antonia's chicken, which flourished and day by day waxed fatter and fatter, her white chicken also throve and grew plump until, by the end of the fourth day, you would not have recognized eiof these "charmed chickens."

On the evening of this same fourth day Dona Antonia arrayed herself in her best purple skirt and black lace mantilla, with the announcement to dumfounded Carlos that she was going to the house of Panchita for the purpose of asking her and her mother to eat the midday meal with them the next day, since it would be a fiesta and Panchita accordingly at leisure.

For many months it had been the custom of good hearted Dona Antonia to invite Panchita and her blind old mother to her own savory feast day dinners. In view of last week's quarrel, however, Panchita's mother was even now tearfully lamenting that their dinner would have to be of tortillas and beans; so that, driven to it by her mother's tears and her own urgent desire to break bread with Dona Antonia, Panchita was about to start on a mission of peace when that person herself appeared with jovial expressions of sorrow that any misunderstanding had arisen between the two families and her desire that her two good friends should join her next day for the usual fiesta meal. Of a verity they must come. Carlos had promised to go with some companions to the Naucalpam bullfight, wherefore she would be all alone and sad if they did not come to eat with her.

Peace was restored in full, and soon Dona Antonia bustled home to prepare for the next day's feast. Poor Carlos was hustled incontinently out of the house, while Dona Antonia, doors and windows carefully shut and locked, proceeded to kill and boll the black chicken, first carefully burying its feathers and bones. All that night the mortal remains of the charmed chicken simmered away in a tiny olla. The resultant broth was carefully collected next morning by Dona Antonia and, with the black fluid from the little bottle of Madre Maria, was mixed into a very savory soup flavored with sherry and garnished with aguacotes, of which there was only one plateful; not that any one of the trio had to do without soup, however; far from it. Soup of the very best, also made of chicken, with sherry and tiny bits of garlie flavoring it, was to be served to herself and Panchita's blind mother.

The dinner was a great success, despite the fact that only the three women were present and that the hostess was called away from the table at least four times to speak to customers out in the shop. . The first one of these calls gave Panchita her opportunity, for Panchita also had killed a chicken that previous night, and in a small bottle carried in her pocket was the boiled down result thereof. The door between the dining room and the shop had been carefully closed by Dona Antonia, so that her guests might not be molested by noises from without. Never was there a better chance. In two seconds Panchita had uncorked her bottle and emptied its contents hastily into Dona Antonia's soup. Then, concealing the bottle, she was unconcernedly swailowing her own soup when Dona Antonia returned to the table. Neither of the two women for a moment suspected that she was partaking of charmed soup, made in identically the same manner from the charmed chickens of Madre Maria and warranted to kill t love of any man, woman or child on

the terrestrial globe. Now, few of us place overmuch credence in signs, tokens and, least of all, charms. For which reason I am loath to tell you the final result of the charms so ingeniously and unsuspectingly exchanged between these two jealous women. Still, if you are incredulous, it is not my fault.

That very same night, reaching home late and in a somewhat intoxicated condition, poor Carlos tasted the first fruits of the charm. For, in spite of all blandishments and words that should have melted the heart of even a stone image, Dona Antonia fell upon the luckless torero and, with abuse of the strongest, literally smote him hip and thigh, after which she cast him forth into the outer darkness of the Street of the Little White Fish, cruelly boiting the door in his face and announcing that she had now washed her hands of him and his shiftless comrades

This from the woman who had adored him during three long years; this from the woman who had that very morning given him all her available money and entreated him to come home early! Poor Carlos! For, even though he returned several times to tearfully beg for mercy, there were shown him only freezing contempt and collness, with at last the announcement that his of this dower is fixed. It may not be next call would be watched by the gendarme at the corner, for which maximum is left open, and by that arreason he had best keep away for good

Being, as it were, off with the old love, the hapless torero bethought himself of a new. Was there not pretty entertained a fondness? Doubtless even yet she was fretting her heart out over him and his neglect. He would

go to her and console her. How Panchita received him deponent sayeth not, of how she sped him on his departure admiring neighbors in the tenement house still speak, though of the order of his going Carlos remembers little more than a vision of multitudinous bright stars and a "bump, bump" that seemingly lasted for centuries. Meanwhile his surprised and helpless body hit the steep stairs at the rate of 60 times a minute, with Panchita and the neighbors cheering from

The "charm" was complete. Never more was the torero Carlos Garcia seen in the Street of the Little White Fish, and never were better friends than Dona Antonia and the girl Panchita, who, strange to say, have never realized just how the thing really occurred and have, in fact, forgotten all about old Madre Maria and the black and white chickens.—Argonaut.

The Busy Bee a Fraud, The popular impressions concerning the bee must be revised. It has long been praised for its industry and dill gence, but it has been learned that in these respects the bee is a fraud. As a matter of fact "the little busy bee" works but about three hours a day and is a most thoroughgoing loafer for the test of the time.—Philadelphia Record.

THE TURKISH BRIDE.

PECULIAR CUSTOMS WHICH SHE IS BOUND TO OBSERVE.

Her Discipline as a Bride Terminates After Six Years, but She Will Never Again Open Her Lips to a Man Unless He Be Her Kinsman.

"The conduct demanded of a newly married Armenian woman will strike Americans as very singular indeed," said Antranig Azhderian, a young Armenian, the author of the book "The Turk and the Land of Haig." "She utters never a word except when alone with her husband until after the birth of her first child. Then she is allowed to talk to her child. A little later she is permitted to converse with her mother-in-law, still later her own mother may again hear her voice, and before a great while she will speak in whispers to the young girls of her house hold. She must not leave the house during the first year of her married life except to attend church. Her dis cipline as a bride terminates after six years, but she will never again open her lips to a man unless he be her kins man. Young girls are allowed to have a liberty of conduct that is in striking contrast. They chatter freely and cheerfully with whom they please. "The Armenian woman differs rad

ically from her Turkish sisters. Neither seclusion nor polygamy nor divorce darkens her present or threatens her future. She is not educated with her brothers, however, as are American girls. I remember how puzzled I was when I entered an American college and saw girls seated among the boys in the classroom. "'John,' I said to my neighbor, 'what

are the girls here for-to make the room look pretty?

"It seemed incredible that any one could think a girl capable of learning along with her brother. It is considered a disgrace likewise for a man to walk publicly with a woman, even though she is his sister. She may entertain men callers, and, of course, her face is never covered, like a Turkish woman's, but her mother or some older female relative is always present. They attend the same entertalnments and church, but may not sit together. The women's seats in church are partitioned off and are in the rear.

"While among many old Armenian families parents contract for the marriage of their children while they are in their infancy, in the majority of cases the young people are permitted to make their selections, though always with the consent of their parents. Elopements, therefore, are unknown. The marriage tie is sacred in Armenia, and death can only break it. If a person has an uncongenial companion, he must endure it with the same kind of patience he would endure a sore head, which, though he may try to cure, he will hardly cut off.

"With Turkish women their only end in this world is marriage. Accordingly girls are from their infancy rocked to sleep by their mothers with lullables of future husbands, handsome, courageous and wealthy. The regular age for marriage is from 12 to 15 years, but unusual wealth or physical attraction calls for earlier contracts. Generally speaking, parents are pleased if they get a chance of betrothing their daughters at 5 or 6 or, at any rate, before they reach 12 years, for at that age women must-so the Mohammed provorb says-either marry or die. A girl is readily married if she is either pretty or wealthy. If she possesses both qualities, then she is a great catch and will have many sulfors. About her wealth there can be no doubt, as in the east one's financial status is known to every one. The age, too, can be easily ascertained, but the puzzling question is about her good looks. Is she pretty? That must must be discovered, and, as the young man has no means of finding out for himself, he must get some woman to act for him. He usually resorts to a Jewess, and if her report is favorable he then brings the matter to her parents' attention, and her mother, after a call on the girl, arranges a party at a public bath. These bath parties are extremely fashionable, and the women dress elaborately. A meal of greasy pastries and sweets is always served, after which comes the smoking of cigarettes, long pipes and water pipes, the women seated cross legged on divans and gossiping the entire time. Should the mother's report be satisfactory, after a few visits between the parents the marriage is agreed up-

on and the day set. "As to the betrothal, the husband has to give a dower, or rather 'hire,' as the Koran distinctly states. The minimum rangement the family of the girl is able and all from the shop of Dona Antonia. to obtain some show of fair play, for in Turkey the only hold a woman has on her husband is that to divorce her he must turn over to her this dower. Pauchita, for whom he had always After marriage it is her prime duty to court and obtain his good will, for if she displeases him she is in imminent danger of missing paradise. A wife whose tongue has made trouble for her husband will have that appendage lengthened to 150 feet at the judgment. Should a man wish a divorce he has only to return his wife's dower and say to her, 'Get out!' She has to go; there is no redress. He need not even give a reason."-New York Sun.

> The Retort Courteous. "Doctor," said the inquisitive lawyer, "why did you call in another physician when you had influenza? Didn't you' have faith in your own medicine? "Why," the doctor asked, "did you get another lawyer to defend you when your wife suad for divorce? Didn't you have faith in your own ability to insult witnesses?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought

- Two things done by halves never make a whole one.

e ve others to be.

Was True Blue.

"The time has come for me to speak," he said, going over to the mantlepiece and leaning his head abstractedly against the cold, hard brick. 'My dear, before we are married, and while there is yet time to pause, my conscience bids me to tell you the truth about myself. I have deceived you. I am not the noble-hearted, unselfish, refined and altogether desireable man you have been led to believe. | kind, attentive and truthful husband." I have deceived you even about my age. Not only am I forty instead of thirty-four, but I am a widower. I stay out nights when I feel like it. I time, hector the servants, never go anywhere to oblige any one else, drink more than I ought to, swear regularly, and in fact am a vulgar, disagreeable hidebound, gruff, inhospitable, irritable, inconsiderate, insugerable nui-

"Tell me," said the fair creature he addressed, repressing with a conscious look of pride an inward shudder, "you own the house and grounds that you showed me, don't you?"

"I do?"

"And the beautiful government bonds you asked me to look at, the 500 shares of D. A. B., the 300 X. Y. Z., the 400 U. P. W. debentures, and four acres in the heart of the Manhattan shopping district are all yours, aren't they?"

"They are, dearest."

"Then," said the undismayed and still radiant creature by his side, "my darling, with all your faults I love you still."-Life.

Ethicks of the Pen.

A woman should keep in mindethe following rules for letter-writing: Business letters must be concise and

clear, because business people are supposed to be busy. No letter is complete without the

In writing to solicit employment of any kind on no account should personal perplexities or needs be mentioned. The world is full of unfortunate persons, and to a stranger the troubles of one are no more than those of a host of others.

Letters of introduction are left lopen when written. Elaborately ornamented note paper, as well as highly perfumed . notes are

When answering letters, remember: That an ambiguous sentence is likely to be misinterpreted.

That friendly words never harm. That a written word of sympathy can sometimes do much good.

That a letter written in [a kindly spirit should be answered in the sam way, even though the message isodis-

That business letters and invitations must be answered at once.

That one should acknowledge any friendly offer of hospitality, even though it be not my acceptance. - Bos-

In his Bare Feet he Shows "Nerve."

Residents of Loyd street were startled yesterday afternoon about 6:30 o'clock by the shrieking of children who were playing in the yard.

"A crazy man is coming! A crazy man is coming!" they yelled.

Mothers dropped their sewing and rushed to the door. Papas who had come home direct from the office to work among the roses, dropped their rakes and flew to the rescue of their children.

There sure enough was a brawny man stalking down the street. His feet were bare and his shoes were swung over his shoulder in true Weary

Cook and Fred Lindorme are employed at the telephone shop on Mitchell street. Yesterday Cook was boasting of his "nerve." Lindorme insisted that Cook was void of the

One word and then another, until Lindorme proposed that Cook give some practical demonstration of his 'nerve."

Lindorme finally bet Cook \$15 that he wouldn't walk from his place of employment to his home three times barefooted. To show his "nerve," he took the bet, both depositing the money.

Cook filled one-third of his part of the contract yesterday afternoon and another third this morning. He is to walk out this afternoon, and Journal readers will have an opportunity to see the man with the "nerve."-Atlanta Journal, May 2.

- One hundred and eighty-nine

million bushels of American corn were exported from the United States in 1897, and more than two hundred million bushels in 1898 and 1899, exclusive of corn meal in barrels, the for-- Let every man be what he would eign demand for which has been stead-Uy increasing.

- The Husband- You want to know where I was so late last night. I was at the office balancing my books. The Wife-It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare. "H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortuneteller?" "Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies." "Indeed? What did she tell you?" "She told me I would get a rich, handsome.

- The Caristian is the name of a Chicago restaurant conducted on Bible principles. Its proprietor is a reformed drunkard, and he is making a sucsmoke all over the house, am a crank cess of his novel enterprise. He has about my meals, and find fault all the decorated his walls with Scriptural information. We send them quotations, holding Gospel meetings on Saturday evenings, and closes the place on Sunday. The bill of fare bears familiar texts.

Prefty Children

THE birth of the last one my wife used four bot tles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our ch tren, you could see at a glance that the last one is healthiest, prettiest and finest-looking of them all.

My wife thinks Mother's Friend is the greatest and grandest remedy in the world for expectant mothers."-Written by a Kentucky Attorney-at

prevents nine-tenths of the

suffering incident to childbirth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffled throughout the ordeal, because this relaxing, penetrating liniment relieves the usual distress. A good-natured mother is pretty sure to have a good-natured child The patient is kept in a strong, healthy condition, which the child also inherits Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. Il assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow de-

Sold by drugglats for \$1 a bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book expressly for expectant mothers.



GOOD WORD

Has been said about the QUALITY of our LAUNDRY WORK by those who know "what's what." Nothing short of perfection is the rule

here, and we sim for that always. If we don't quite reach it at any time it is simply the exception to the rule. Give us the opportunity to prove how good your Shirts, Collars and Cuffs look

when well laundered. Respectfully, ANDERSON STEAM LAUNDRY CO 202 East Boundary St.
R. A. MAYFIELD,
Supt. and Treas.

PHONE NO. 20. Each Leave orders at D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store.

FARM LANDS

May just as well be sold during Spring and Summer as in Fall and Winter. No need to wait until crops are made and marketed to "look around." We have a large list of well-selected Farms, and Willie style. His head was erect and likely have just what you want. We are he strode forward with a look of grim also answering inquiries every day, and determination on his face, one of if you have Farm Lands to sell we would those "to door die" looks. He didn't likely find the purchaser you are looking appear crazy in the least, but such a sight was unusual.

The sockless and shoeless man was Charles Cook, who lives at 458 Loyd street.

The door die looks. He didn't fall the look and the cases, easily adjust any questions that may arise with reference to rent for the year, or interest on purchase money or date of taking cases, if early sale is made, we can offer great inducements in releasing rents to purchase.

urchaser. 128 acres, near Hones Path, up-to-date 128 acres, near Hone 4 Path, up-to-date condition. Can be bought low now.
168 acres, Fork, bottom price. (40 to 50 acres bottom—good condition.)
190 acres, Fork.
125 acres, Fork.
2500 acres in Oconec. Eleven settlements. Already surveyed into six tracts. Timber valuable.
The above are college for

The above are only a few. FRIERSON & SHIRLEY, People's Bank Building, Anderson, S. C.

BLOOD TELLS Yes, it is the index to health. If you have had blood you are likely to learn that you have Rheumatism, one of the most horrible diseases to which mankind is helr. If this disease has just began its work, or if you have been afflicted for years, you should at once take the wonderful new cure,

RHEUMACIDE. Thousands have been cured. The Spring is the best time to take a rheumatic remedy. Nature vill then aid the medicine in effecting a permanent, constitutional cure. People with bad blood are subject to catarrh, indigestion, and many other diseases. To be healthy the blood must be pure. BUEU-MACIDE is the Prince of blood purifiers.

Sold in Anderson by EVANS PHAR-MACY. Price \$1.00.

NOTICE.

A LL persons are hereby warned not to make any paths or roads, cut any timber, commit any depredations of any sort or trespass in any manner or way on my lauds in Anderson County. I mean what 1 say and will prosecute any trespasser to the full extent of the law.

J. E. HORTON. April 18, 1900

THOICE Vegetables will always find a ready market-but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of wellbalanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full free of charge.

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

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THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE. D. S. VANDIVER. E. P. VANDIVER. J. J. MAJOR.

/ANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR DEALERS IN

Fine Puggies, Phaætons. Surreys, Wagons, Harness Lap)Robes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers. Baggingland Ties

ONE hundred fine new Buggies just received. Come and look through them. They are beauties, and we will treat you right if you need one.

Car load "Birdsell" Wagons on handthe best Wagons built. Car White Hickory Wagons to arrive

Yours, for vehicles, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

W. G. McGEE SURCEON DENTIST.

OFFICE—Front R.om, 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 col-

J. S. FOWLER. Jan 3, 1900

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 his office as Executor.

J. W. ROSAMOND, Ex'r April 18, 1900 43 5

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administratrix of Estate of James O. Moore, dec'd, hereby gives notice that she 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 a discharge from her office as Administratrix.

MARY A. MOORE, Adm'x.

April 11, 1900

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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

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

Whereas, John C. Watkins has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of B. D. Dean, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said B. D. Dean, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at. Anderson Court House, on the 5th day of June, 1900, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 23th day of April, 1900.

R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge.

May 2, 1900

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