

MY SWEETHEART'S DUPLICATE.

Tips had not dimm'd the memory of her face; The fairest one among the other flowers...

MADRE MARIA'S MAGIC

The Black and White Charms That Reconciled Two Rivals.

On the very corner of Calle de los Escudillos Blancos (Street of the Little White Fish) just where it joins into the Little Plaza de San Pablo is the shop of Dona Antonia.

Things were different when Carlos, the torero, was there—good looking, swaggering Carlos in his gaudy bull-fighter's shirt and tight trousers...

Ever since bullfighting had gone out in Mexico, three years before, she had waited on Carlos hand and foot...

Not that Carlos cared for pretty, coquettish Panchita; not a bit of it! Carlos looked no one and nothing but his own ease and comfort.

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.

That was a 9 o'clock. At 9 o'clock Carlos had not yet returned; at 10 there was still no sign of him, and Dona Antonia 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.

Nothing is easier to deceive than a woman who wishes to be deceived, and Dona Antonia believed devoutly every word of the waggish toreros.

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.

Half an hour later, with a wet bottle of black fluid in her pocket and a thin, black chicken muffled up in her rebozo, Dona Antonia sped briskly toward the Street of the Little White Fish.

Most assuredly it was old Maria's "day." Hardly was the broad back of Dona Antonia turned than another client appeared upon the scene, also speaking advice and a mild charm that would destroy the love of a rival woman.

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.

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.

Now, in the great tenement house just across the street, this same chicken pampering process was secretly being gone through with by pretty Panchita, who had her fowl fed solely on white spots and light colored tor-

tilias. 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 either of 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 dounfound 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 festa 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 dinner. 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.

Peace was restored in full, and soon Dona Antonia bustled home to prepare for the next day's feast. Poor Carlos was lusted incontinently out of the house, while Dona Antonia, doors and windows carefully shut and locked, proceeded to kill and boil 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 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 the previous night, and in a small bottle carried in her pocket was the boiled down result thereof.

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 boiling 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 coldness, with at last the announcement that his next call would be watched by the gendarme at the corner, for which reason he had best keep away for good and all from the shop of Dona Antonia.

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 diligence, but it has been learned that in these respects the bee is a fraud.

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 Azherlian, a young Armenian, the author of the book "The Turk and the Land of Haig."

"The Armenian woman differs radically 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 entertainments 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 congenial 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 reared to sleep by their mothers with lullabies 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 proverb 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 suitors. 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 upon 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 of this dower is fixed. It may not be less than \$1.70 in your money. The maximum is left open, and by that arrangement the family of the girl is able 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. 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.

"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 sued for divorce? Didn't you have faith in your own ability to insult witnesses?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The doctor's answer 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.

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

Was True Blue.

"The time has come for me to speak," he said, going over to the mantelpiece 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 desirable man you have been led to believe. 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 smoke all over the house, am a crank about my meals, and find fault all the 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, insupportable nuisance.

"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.

Ethics of the Pen. A woman should keep in mind the 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 date.

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 open when written. Elaborately ornamented note paper, as well as highly perfumed notes are vulgar.

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 same way, even though the message is disliked. 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.—Boston Herald.

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 wore bare and his shoes were swung over his shoulder in true Weary Willie style. His head was erect and he strode forward with a look of grim determination on his face, one of those "to do or die" looks. He didn't 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. 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 article.

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 foreign demand for which has been steadily increasing.

—The Husband— You want to know where I was so late last night. I was at the office balancing my books. The Wife—I see 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, kind, attentive and truthful husband."

—The Christian is the name of a Chicago restaurant conducted on Bible principles. Its proprietor is a reformed drunkard, and he is making a success of his novel enterprise. He has decorated his walls with Scriptural quotations, holding Gospel meetings on Saturday evenings, and closes the place on Sunday. The bill of fare bears familiar texts.

Pretty Children

"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four bottles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, 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."

MOTHER'S FRIEND 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. It assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow delivery.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. Send for our free illustrated book written expressly for expectant mothers.

A 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 strive 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. 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."

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.

BLOOD TELLS. Yes, it is the index to health. If you have had blood poisoning, if you have Rheumatism, one of the most painful diseases to which mankind is heir. Nature will then aid the medicine in effecting a permanent constitutional cure. Food with bad blood is subject to catarrh, indigestion, and many other diseases. To be healthy the blood must be pure. RHEUMACIDE is the Prince of blood purifiers.

NOTICE. ALL 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 lands in Anderson County. I mean what I say and will prosecute any trespasser to the full extent of the law.

CHOICE 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 well-balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

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

Will sell any of the following High Grade PIANOS AND ORGANS at prices as low as can be obtained from the Manufacturers direct: KNABE, WEBER, IVERS & POND, CROWN, WHELOCK, LAKE SIDE and RICHMOND. Also, THE CROWN, ESTEY and FARRAND & VOTEY ORGANS. Prospective purchasers will find it to their interest to call and inspect my Stock or write for prices. We also represent the leading makes— Sewing Machines. At Rock Bottom figures. Respectfully, THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

D. S. VANDIVER, E. P. VANDIVER, J. J. MAJOR. VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR DEALERS IN Fine Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Wagons, Harness, LapRobes and Whips, High Grade Fertilizers, Bagging and Ties.

ONE hundred fine new Buggies just received. Come and look through them. They are beautiful, and we will treat you right if you need one. Car load "Birdsall" 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 29

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of James O. Moore, dec'd, hereby gives 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 a discharge from his office as Executor.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administratrix of the 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 42

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY. By E. 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, to be and I have therefor 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 8th 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 45

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