

THE USE OF MEATS.

Shall We Eat Dark Meats. Light Meats or Less Meats? The opinion has been greatly prevalent not only in the medical profession...

In Nos. 43, 44 and 49 of the Berliner klinische Wochenschrift Offer & Rosenquist publish the result of a series of careful analyses which do not agree with those of the older analyses.

It is a well known fact that almost all the food materials contain a proportion of waste matter, and this is desirable; most foods also contain constituents which in large quantities are deleterious...

There can be little doubt, however, that these constituents do have a bad effect among certain people who eat large quantities of meat, and this evil is not questioned more prevalent in America than in almost any other part of the world.

Three heavy meat meals in a day is nothing unusual among certain classes of people, and on nearly all of the bills of fare of leading restaurants and hotels the list of meats is as great or greater than that of vegetables.

"A West Philadelphia woman," says the Philadelphia Record, "tells of an incident which she witnessed, illustrative of the ignorance of many immigrants and the lack of interest which they take in their surroundings."

"There is an Italian who sells flowers in Market street, near the city hall," she says "for my own knowledge he has been there for five years, perhaps longer. I was looking into a shop window the other day when I noticed a couple of women, who were evidently strangers in the city, stop and speak to the Italian."

"What is that large building?" asked one, pointing to the city hall. "The Italian shook his head."

"Me no know," he said. "Me sell da flower, 10 cents da bunch."

"At this juncture I stepped up and volunteered the desired information. But that fellow made me mad. There he had been standing, day in and day out, for years, right under the sea of the city hall, and actually didn't know what building it was."

Jean Bart the Pirate. One of the most conspicuous instances of "setting a thief to catch a thief" is that of Jean Bart, the popular naval hero of France.

Got His Money's Worth. The other day in the Union station, while awaiting a train, a man thought he would test the weighing machine to ascertain the amount of his valise.

The Limit. Schoolteacher (endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word "limit") to a small boy: "What does your father put on the horse?"

As Epidemic of Whooping Cough. Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells.

The flower trade of London exceeds in value \$10,000,000 per annum.

Wharf Cats.

"Cats are not given credit for half the intelligence they deserve," said a boss stevedore the other day. "If you don't believe me, come down along the river front and watch the wharf cats. They are as wild as can be, but you can't fool them. Neither could you drive them away from the wharfs. They live down among the pilings and subsist on rats or whatever refuse they can find. They are mostly seafaring cats that have lived on shipboard and that have been left behind when their vessels have sailed."

"They go ashore to stretch their legs, so to speak, and their ship goes off without them. From that moment you can't drive them away from the pier on which they were left. They always seem to be looking for their ship to come back, and sometimes it does, and then the cat is almost frantic with delight. Of course they might jump aboard any vessel and would probably be welcomed, but they rarely do that. They want to get back to their own homes."—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Ganthony's Quiet Fan. Robert Ganthony asked Weedon Grossmith to read a play which Ganthony had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home.

"Night after night," he says, "I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes, 'I haven't had time to look at it yet' or, again, 'The first act was good, but I can't stop to explain, etc.; must catch a train.' That play was the bane of my existence and haunted me even in my dreams."

Some months passed, and Ganthony, who is a merry wag, still pursued him without mercy. At last it occurred to Mr. Grossmith that he might have left the comedy in the cab on the night it was given him. He went down to Scotland Yard and inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name; sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found."—London Telegraph.

The Future. The news item of the future will probably read something like this: "As Farmer Smith was delivering a bale of hay at the treasury building, and while waiting for the government stamp affixed, his horses took fright at the limited express on the Washington and San Francisco airship line. They dashed down the avenue, and, turning the corner at the up town station of the Chicago Pneumatic Tube Rapid Transit company, brought up with a dull thud against the celluloid window of the Potomac Artillery Egg company."

In the crash and general confusion Farmer Smith's head and two of his limbs were severed from the body, but he was promptly removed to the Edison hospital, and after the electrical bone welding operation was performed he was able to drive home and keep his appointment with the man who holds the mortgage on his farm."—Kansas City Independent.

Lightning Telegraph. It is not in show performances that one finds the greatest achievements of the telegraph, but in the speed with which ordinary business is transacted. Thus the Stock and Produce Exchanges of New York and Chicago have the closest possible connection. There is a vast amount of communication between the exchanges of the two cities every day, and the telegraph companies have their offices on the floors of the exchanges. It is on record that messages have been sent from the New York Produce Exchange to the Chicago Produce Exchange and answers received in 45 seconds. When one reflects that these were ordinary messages, for which no special preparation was made, and that the operation involved the writing out of the messages at each end of the line and their delivery to the persons to whom they were addressed, the result seems marvelous.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Good Temper of Americans. I have never seen an American lose his temper, not even under the most trying and provoking circumstances. If in a railway station you were to lose your temper with the baggage man, for instance, you would get the crowd to gather around you and have a good time. Once, at Cincinnati, a baggage man threw a valise of mine on the platform with such force that it broke open and spread my belongings about. I gave that man a piece of my mind, but I was sorry I had not set more value on my time than that. A crowd of baggage men and passersby gathered to bet whether I was going to be able to put all my things together or not. I felt I was giving a free show; I quickly collected my goods and chattels, disappeared quickly and went to buy a new trunk.—Max O'Rell in New York Journal.

The New Professor. The students who attended the lectures in biology planned a little joke on their professor. They removed a stuffed baboon from the Natural History museum, adjacent, dressed it up in a student gown and set it in the professor's chair upon the lecture platform. When he entered the room, they greeted his evident surprise with a suppressed giggle of merriment.

"I'm glad to see that you have found at last a professor who is suited to your capacities."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Limit. Schoolteacher (endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word "limit") to a small boy: "What does your father put on the horse?"

As Epidemic of Whooping Cough. Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for cough and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and settled the cure.—John B. Clifford, proprietor, Newwood House, Newwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

The flower trade of London exceeds in value \$10,000,000 per annum.

SNEEZE COST \$10,000.

How a Detective Lost a Big Reward Offered For Thieves. While the detectives were sitting around the office writing for the sergeant to issue assignments and make details one of the men, an old sleuth whose hair has grown white shadowing criminals, suddenly gave a loud sneeze that made the incandescent lights vibrate.

"Great stars!" exclaimed one of the younger brood. "You are the most voracious sneezer I ever heard of."

"Yes, and let me tell you something, boys," replied the old detective. "That sneeze of mine once cost me \$10,000."

The expressions of incredulity upon the faces of his hearers caused the old detective to tell the story of the costly sneeze.

"Maybe some of you remember," he said, "about the police in Atlanta being notified back in the eighties of two bank robbers heading this way. They had robbed a bank in the east, and the report was they were coming to Atlanta to meet and divide the spoils, having separated after the robbery to avoid suspicion. I was detailed to work on the case, and it wasn't many days before I had spotted a suspicious stranger stopping at a boarding house in the city. I kept a close watch on him, and a few days later another suspicious character turned up and went to the same house to board. I knew the men were only suspected and that to secure evidence upon which to convict them I would have to see them together when they divided the money or hear them discuss their plans when they thought themselves unnoticed."

The story was getting interesting, for the "boys" in the detective office knew that no matter how much the old sleuth fooled other people he never went back on the "profess."

"So I arranged with the landlady of the boarding house," continued the old detective, "to lock me up in the closet opening into the room which my birds occupied. I was afraid not to have the closet locked, because the fellows might have pried around and opened the closet to be sure they were alone. I was to stay in the locked closet until the men held their meeting, and as soon as they left the landlady was to hurry into the room and release me. The rest would have been plain sailing. Well, the fellows met, and I was in the closet all right. I heard them talk about how they had worked the robbery and discuss the division of the money. Then at a most critical moment I felt that I was going to sneeze. I did everything in my power to keep the sneeze down, but the dust in the closet had got in its work, and I gave one of my regulation sneezes, greatly intensified because I had attempted to suppress it. The jig was up. I heard two men feeling down the steps. I knocked on the door, and the landlady let me out after what I thought was an interminable wait. The men escaped from the city and, so far as I know, were never caught. There was a reward of \$10,000 for them."—Atlanta Constitution.

Stranger Than Fiction. The London Chronicle relates the following, which goes to show that "truth is stranger than fiction."

A Polish Jewess who married a Polish Jew was subsequently divorced in accordance with the communal law. Coming to England, she represented herself as a widow and was then wooed and won by a "Cohen." Now, a "Cohen," as one of the tribe of Aaron, may not marry a divorced woman. On discovering the real facts this man not only ceased to live with her, but he refused to maintain her. The magistrates, however, before whom he was brought, refused to recognize the communal law and several times sent him to prison for nonmaintenance. The man has now been advised to apply to the divorce court for a decree of nullity of marriage. Will the divorce court recognize the communal action? The case reproduces curiously a problem set by Mr. Zangwill in "Children of the Ghetto."

Von Moltke and Marwitz. Dahiell, a German magazine, tells the following anecdote of Von Moltke, the greatest of Prussian generals, who was as famous for his stern reticence as for his skill in the art of war.

On one occasion when a party of military men had been discussing his victorious campaigns in his presence one of them turned to him and said: "General, what was the supreme moment of your life—the one that left the deepest impression on you? Can you tell us?"

Von Moltke laughed. "Easily, gentlemen. There was one moment so terrible that it was like no other. I was sent with a message to General von Marwitz. I went with trepidation. He received me with a kindly nod and said, 'Lay aside your cloak, sir.'"

"Ha," I thought, "he meets me as an equal!" I unbuckled my cloak and dropped it on a chair. He looked at it and then at me.

"In the anteroom, lieutenant, in the anteroom," he said gently.

"The horror and shame of that rebuke come upon me at night sometimes now like death itself. No success I have ever had has repaid me for that mortification."

A Cruel Joke on Andrew Lang. Even the shrewdest persons may at times be deceived. No matter how much people may differ upon the genius of Andrew Lang, they are unanimous in regard to his quick intelligence and his talent for playing golf. Some time ago he was a guest at a very distinguished dinner, which he said to have been described as an extraordinary survival of savage mysteries. The culinary part was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having as his guest a "budding funny man" on the one hand and a "diabolically deaf socialist" on the other. "I could not," added the famous critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion."

Two weeks afterward it got out that the socialist was not deaf; that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated alongside "an idiotic middle aged gentleman who did nothing but talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated a deafness which kept his neighbor bawling.—Saturday Evening Post.

Do not fail to read the advertisement of Testolina in this paper.

They All Stared.

The other day a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a north country town, and the husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passersby, remarked to his better half:

"Folk never look at thee. I wish I'd married some one better looking."

"The woman tartly replied: 'It's thy fault. Dusta think a man'll stare at me when you're walking w' me? These three behind an' th'hill see whether folk don't look at me.'"

He hung back about a dozen yards and for the length of a street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her and turn round and look after her when she had passed.

"Sal, lass," he exclaimed, "I was wrang, an' I tak' it back. I'll never say owt about thy face again."

His wily spouse had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue at every man she met.—London Tit-Bits.

Hats and Hair. Undoubtedly baldness is on the increase, particularly among young men. The sale of wigs gets larger every year.

One of the leading causes of baldness is the stiff hat. Bowler and silk hats exert a firm pressure around the head, preventing the circulation of the blood. Soft hats would be less hurtful; no hat would be still better. Most of the artificial hair sold in this country comes from the heads of the peasant girls of Europe. Hair cutters constantly go about making bangs for this hair. These girls never wear hats.

There are more bald heads in the cities, where stiff hats are worn, than in the rural districts, where the men wear a looser head covering.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Thing That Won't Stop. Maria Mitchell, who has been called the "Mother of the Stars," when professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar was an inspiring teacher, and, in spite of her brusque manner and severity, was adored by her pupils. Every spring just before the commencement she gave a "dinner party" to the girls. Small tables were placed around the large telescope in the observatory, and roses from Miss Mitchell's own garden brightened the atmosphere. Nonsense poems were a feature of these breakfasts, and the astronomer was proud of her skill in writing them. She was not without a keen sense of fun, in spite of her constant and absorbing duties, as was shown by her dryly condescending observation to an awestricken student whom she was leaving one day in charge of the instruments of the observatory. Looking back at the worried face of the girl, Miss Mitchell said:

"And, remember, if the chronometer stops, the universe won't stop."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

He Wasn't a Peddler. They tell a story in Chicago about an advance agent for the Thomas orchestra who went to New Orleans to book dates for concerts. He was told, however, that it would be well for him first to talk the matter over with a wealthy woman who is a leader in the musical circles of the city. So he called at her residence, a great, old-fashioned brick mansion surrounded by a high brick wall. The gate was locked, and a ring brought out an old negro, who took the caller's card, on which was printed the legend, "Representing the Thomas Orchestra."

Presently a young woman came to the door, holding the card in her hand. She did not seem to understand the object of the call. The agent attempted to explain, but was cut short by the young woman, who said, "don't think we want any music today."

No One Whispered. The teacher of a Kansas City school had to leave the room for a few minutes and gave the children some drawing to do. When she came back, there was in the atmosphere something that told her that all had not gone well during her absence, and two of the boys were banging their heads. "Now, boys," she asked sorrowfully, "have you been doing something that you know I should not have liked you to do?"

"Yes'm," came the meek reply. "What did you do?"

"Well, you see, we thought you'd ask who'd whispered when you came back, so we just talked out loud."

A Very Different Case. The Green Bag tells a story of an ex-judge who is cashier of a bank. One day recently he refused to cash a check offered by a stranger.

"The check is all right," he said, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to bang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."

Thought he had Won the Bluff. "It does me good to meet up with one of that class of people who think they know it all," said the old man with the ancient hat. I was coming over from Baltimore on a train the other day, and a man who was writing in a book asked me how to spell 'proper.' I told him; but a know-it-all who sat near dismissed me. I bet him \$10 even up that I was right and proved I was by four disinterested men. I gave the ten to charity.

Napoleon on Wellington.

The April Century quotes from Dr. O'Meara's unpublished "Talks with Napoleon" at St. Helena, this judgment of the imprisoned Emperor on the General who finally overthrew him:

"I asked him if he thought Lord Wellington merited the reputation he had gained as a general. He said: 'Certainly; I think he does. He is a very excellent general, and possessed of great firmness and talent, but he has not yet done as much as some others. He has not conquered upon so large a scale. I observed that he had shown great judgment and caution latterly, but that at first he had been too precipitate in advancing into Spain. He said that he had shown a great deal of ability in the campaign of Spain. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'for man not to commit some faults. We are all liable to it, and the General who commits the fewest in number is the greatest General, and he has certainly committed as few as any one.' I then observed that still he was scarcely to be equaled to himself. 'Why, certainly,' said he; 'has not done so much as I have done. He has not conquered kingdoms in the manner I have done, but he is an excellent General. His operations have not been upon so great a scale.'"

Fit Them for a Foot. To the Editor of The News and Courier: Now that the Barbara Fritchib story in Whittier's verse has been shown to be a part of the usual Northern falsification of the facts of the war of oppression, allow me to suggest that some Southern poet obtain from Mr. J. E. Pettigrew, of Florence, the details of a beautiful and true story about Lee in Pennsylvania and incorporate them in the best poem of which his pen is capable.

The substance is as follows: As the long gray cloud, bespangled with its many a star of deathless fame, was drifting through a Pennsylvania town a little girl of 9 or 10 was standing in a low veranda with two or three ladies, who, like herself, were absorbed in watching the wonderful sight. Suddenly she darted down the steps and, lifting her eager face, said to the nearest soldier: "Oh, sir, will you not come up to the veranda and show us Gen. Lee when he is riding by?"

An officer, hearing, nodded to the man a gracious assent, and in a moment the soldier was with the group on the veranda. In a few moments after he said gently: "Little girl, yonder he comes; the man on that big white horse." As Lee came in full view she clasped her hands and held them so until the great man had ridden by. Then she burst into tears and cried: "Don't I wish he was ours?"

H. F. O.

He Sat Next to Her. The tramcar was well filled where there entered one of those men who imagine that they own the earth, and only permit other people to exist in it that they may observe their importance. He squeezed down next to a very pretty little woman, opened his newspaper, threw out his chest, and prepared to impress himself and his magnificence on the other passengers. As he glanced up to see if all were observing him, he noticed a man in the opposite corner smiling at, and apparently attempting to attract the attention of, the pretty woman sitting beside him. A glance at the lady showed that she was annoyed. She bit her lip and the color rose in her cheek. The pompous man glanced at the offending one opposite, but the latter still continued smiling. Leaning across the car, the great man said: "Stop it, sir! Stop it!"

The man addressed looked amazed, but refused to take the hint, and smiled more broadly than ever. It was too much. This impudent fellow must be crushed. Rising majestically to his feet and folding his paper, the pompous one prepared for the annihilation of the man opposite; but to his amazement the man also rose, and lifting his hat, said, "Thanks," and dropped into the seat vacated by our pompous friend, next to the lady at whom he had been smiling. Drawing himself up, the great man thundered:

"What do you mean sir? Don't you see you are annoying this lady?"

The usurper of the seat calmly looked up and said: "Oh, I think not! I've been waiting for a chance to sit next to her. She's my wife!"—Buffalo Times.

Between the ticks of a watch a ray of light, it is asserted, could move eight times around the earth.

Science has produced an instrument for counting the number of dust motes that exist in a subpoena.

The largest sewing machine in the world is in operation in Leeds, England. It weighs 6500 pounds, and sews cotton belting.

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

People's Bank Building, Anderson, S. C.

Genuine Courtesy.

The car was crowded, therefore quite a number of passengers suspended themselves from the straps and swayed with every motion of the car. A young man in the garb of a mechanic clung to a strap with one hand while the other hand clung to a dinner pail. He was standing in front of a woman who was richly dressed and seemingly blessed with an abundance of this world's goods.

As the car swung round a corner the strap to which the young man clung parted with a snap and the young man was precipitated into the lap of the woman. As soon as he could recover his standing position he raised his hat and apologized by saying:

"Pardon me, madam. I am sorry to disturb you, but really this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

The woman appreciated the gallantry and the compliment.

Temperance is a tree which has beauty for its branches, and peace and happiness and contentment for its delicious fruitage.

TRY IT Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ailments and the delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator which is the true cure provided by Nature for all female troubles. It is the formula of a physician of the highest standing, who devoted his whole life to the study of the distinct ailments peculiar to our mothers, wives and daughters. It is made of soothing, healing, one of the most herbs and vegetables, which have been provided by a kindly Nature to cure irregularity in the menses, Leucorrhoea, Falling of the Womb, Nervousness, Headache and Backache. In fairness to herself and to Bradfield's Female Regulator, every suffering woman ought to give it a trial. A large \$1 bottle will do a wonderful amount of good. Sold by druggists.

Send for a nicely illustrated free book on the subject. The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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 heir. If this disease has just begun 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 then aids the medicine in effecting a permanent, constitutional cure. People with bad blood are subject to earache, indigestion and many other diseases. You can be healthy the blood must be pure. RHEUMACIDE is the Prince of Blood Purifiers.

Sold in Anderson by EVANS PHARMACY. Price \$1.00.

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 aim 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." We have a large list of well-selected Farms, and likely have just what you want. We are also answering inquiries every day, and if you have Farm Lands to sell we would likely find the purchaser you are looking for. We can, in most cases, easily adjust any questions that may arise with reference to rent for the year, or interest on purchase money or date of taking possession, and like details. In some cases, if early sale is made, we can offer great inducements in releasing rents to purchaser.

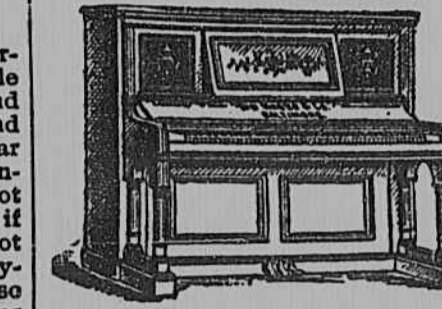
120 acres, near Hones Path, up-to-date condition. Can be bought low now. 108 acres, Fork, bottom price, (40 to 50 acres bottom—good condition). 190 acres, Fork. 1200 acres, Fork. 2500 acres in Oconee. Eleven settlements. Already surveyed into six tracts. Timber valuable. The above are only a few. FRIERSON & SHIPLEY, People's Bank Building, Anderson, S. C.

POTASH gives color, flavor and firmness to all fruits. No good fruit can be raised without Potash.

Fertilizers containing at least 8 to 10% of Potash will give best results on all fruits. Write for our pamphlets, which ought to be in every farmer's library. They are sent free.

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, WHEELLOCK, LAKE SIDE and RICHMOND.

Also, THE BROWN, ESTEY and FAHRENDA & 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, Lap Robes 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 "Birdsell" Wagons on hand—the best Wagons built. Car White Hickory Wagons to arrive soon. Yours, for vehicles, VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

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

MONEY TO LOAN! ON REAL ESTATE Long time if security is good. Fine Farm Lands for Little Money. Strong Farms in Pickens for half the price of Anderson lands. Call and see our list of them; will aid buyers to get what they want, and lend them half of purchase money. R. P. MARTIN, Attorney at Law, Mascine Temple, Anderson, S. C.

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 45

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. J. E. HORTON. April 18, 1900 43

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ANDERSON COUNTY. By R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate. Whose name, John C. Watkins has applied to and to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of B. D. Dear, deceased. These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said B. D. Dear, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, 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 23rd day of April, 1900. R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge. May 2, 1900 45

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