THE HILLS OF HOPE.

"What saw you, child, on the hills of hope (Where none may go that be overwise) That a shining joy fades lingeringly Out of the deeps of your eyes?"

"The hills of hope are roses and anow, And the glad air of its own self sings, And the dull world hid in the mists below Is a gray, forgotten dream of things, And, oh, but my heart was light and gay When I walked on the hills of hope today

(Where none may go that be over ise)
That you lay your cold little han its mi
With the shadow of fear in your cyra?"

"On the farther side of the rainboy falls
Is a forest of dead trees black and bare,
And a river cold as the river of death
And the ghosts of dead joys wander there,
And oh, but my heart was terrifled
Today at that cold, dark river side!"

"Now be not afraid, little child, for see "Now be not afraid, intue child, for see
The dream is gone, and the warm sunshine
Is bright on the paths of every day,
And your hand is clasped in mine."

—Charlotte Lowey Marsh in East and West.

@000800080008000800080008p THE DEATH CHAMBER.

A Strenge but True Tale.

By Frederick R. Guernsey.

There used to be, perhaps it still stands, au old haclenda house down in the state of Guerrero which, for many years, held an evil repute as a place of sudden and inexplicable death.

The state is now undergoing the process so familiar in Mexico, known as "opening up" by railway construc tion. Few people used to go down into that region of heat and mystery; few came up from it to the capital city, for intercourse was difficult, a matter of stage riding over mountain roads liberally strewn with rocks, or else, in the lower country, deep with dust in the autumn and winter and, later on, as the rainy season advanced, there was mud-mud up to the bellies of the horses. To many parts of the state one had to go on horse, or, better, on mule back. There is no beast as safe as a mule, except for the fallen rider. to whom the unholy hybrid, before bolting, stops to administer a parting kick.

The house I have mentioned was on a large tropical estate devoted to sugar cane, out of which much aguardiente was made, and to various hot country products of local consumption, for the bad roads placed a prohibitory charge on transportation. You approached the house through great fields green with the cane, over a road which, though a private way, was none of the best, and finally you reached an avenue of orange and pepper trees and saw near at hand the low, one story white stone house and the plantation buildings, stables, sugar mill, peons' quarters, etc. Back of the house rose a fringe of lofty palms, whose clash during a gale was as of the sails of windmills allowed to run at will. The house seemed so calm and cool and wholly delightful! The traveler, weary of the long ride, gazed with delight on the whiteness, palm shadowed. It was an oasis of comfort in a desert of blinding sunshine. It gave promise of rest for man and beast, of cool water and rural plenty.

Such was the haclenda of Valverde. The saints in heaven know that it was a pleasant looking place. Don Diego Prado and Maria Naranjo, his wife, were a quiet, hospitable couple of 45 and 40 years respectively, with several children grown to a companionable tary place.

Travelers were welcome at Valverde; they brought the nerrs of the outer world, and months after their departure their peculiarities of face and figure, dress and gesture, even their quaintnesses of speech, were subjects for conversation over the dinner table, or when the family gathered in the inner patio for an evening chat, the

master of the house tranquilly smoking-a large, good natured man, quiet for lack of themes to set his tongue a-going. Maria Naranjo was voluble, fond of company, and enthusiastically hospitable; so much so that Don Diego used to say that she would welcome a blind mule gone astray on the roads. There were several guestrooms, usually furnished with the proper and decent simplicity of the hot country, cot beds with just the canvas to lie on, thick "frazadas" for the cool nights, as it is often very chilly in the tierra callenta after the sun goes down and night advances, a chair or two, a bureau and a small German looking glass warranted to make one wish he had never contemplated his features therein. One could hardly use the glass for shaving without danger of cutting off an ear. The floors of broad red tiles, unglazed; the walls whitewashed so you could see, even with the feeble light of a candle, if there was a scorpion crawling about, suggesting how inscrutable are the decrees of Allah who embodies one intelligence in a horrid, creeping thing, and another in that strange blped, man, that is as a god walking the earth, and, as we all know, always and everywhere the glory and justification of the im-

mense time given to his evolution. The room of honor for distinguished people was a large one with two iron grated windows looking out on a large courtyard and a door which you closed at night, and then placed across it, the ends resting in each its hole, a great beam for perfect security against in-truders. There were at least six chairs of Austrian bent wood, light colored, two of them comfortable "mecedores," or rocking chairs, and there was even a sofa of the same material, one of the

finest products of human ingenuity. The bed was a masterplece of brass, with a great canopy surmounied by some sort of carved crown, as if designed for an emperor happening by and asking lodging for the night. The bed foundation, as 18 were, was com-posed of boards painted green and laid across the frame. And there was a

mattress, very thin and hard, as is proper in tropical regions, if you employ so essentially strange a thing at all. A faded but ample rug was stretched at one side of the bed so that aristocratic feet need not touch the rulear brick tiles on getting into bed at night or on arising in the morning, when the yellow sunlight filled the room, from the big patio. The room was pleasant, and one would not imagme it had had so sinister a history.

The it had had so sinister a history.

Within six years three people had occupied it and had been found dead in the morning, and no one could say what had extinguished the lamp of

their life. There was Don Carlos Arispe, who was a planter, living 60 miles away, and who had been lodged in the room of the ennopied bed as a due tribute to his social consequence. He was 60 years old, and it was believed that he died of heart disease. Then came a lawyer from the City of Mexico, from the faroff city of palaces, on his way to Acapuldo to arrange some business.

Surely so grand a personage as a licenciado of the capital of the federation must be lodged in the grand room! He, too, died in the night, inexplicably. Still he was fragile and had been exposed to the sun a great deal, and the transition from his somber, cool and smoky office in the capital to hot roads and coarse (are was believed to have affected . is brain. The servants said it was a cost of cerebral congestion due to "inso lon," or overexposure to the sun. For ten months nobody was placed in the room till there came, one spring after oon, a robust young man, a surveyor for a foreign company, accompanied by two mozos. He was a man of consequence, for he wore a pearl handled Massachusetts made revolver, and so, without giving heed to the grim history of the room of the canopled bed, he was placed there, and as he undressed that April night he whistled as only a happy German may and sang songs of the fatherland.

When old Ponciano, a house servant, went to call the surveyor in the morning, he was cold in death. His mozos viewed the remains, and in haste they rode off to bring the judge, who lived 20 miles away. He barely got there in time, for in the tierra callente burial follows close on death. The judge pronounced it a case of sudden death (oh. legal sapiency!) due to organic cardiac derangement-at least that is what his high sounding phrase implied, and the sonorous sound of the words satisfied the dead man's faithful servants and all the onlookers. There was no sign of a wound on the fair body of the young man. He was buried that night out in the little cemetery where had preceded him two other victims of the fatal bed.

Nearly six years had elapsed sinc the first of these sinister happenings when, just after the close of the rainy season, the roads having hardened, there arrived from Acapulco a young married couple on their way to the City of Mexico. They were accompanied by six armed mozos, and all were well mounted. The young man, the Captain Felix Delmonte, and his bride were most charming people. The offi-cer had just taken to himself a wife, having received news of the death of an uncle, a wealthy man in the federal capital, who had made him his sole heir. It was a somewhat unusual thing to marry at the "very root" of a kinsman's death, but Soledad Marquez was an orphan, and the officer was madly in love with her and hoped to make arrangements to leave the service and settle down with this lovely young woman in the City of Mexico, there to enjoy the new wealth. Soledad was a tropical beauty, a daughter of the sun and the sea, of girl of the Pacific coast and with eyes deep, dark and dreamy, fit to fascinate a king. They asked accommodations for themselves and their escort for the night, and Don Diego and his wife were only too glad of their company. There were a grand supper that night and much merrymaking, and all the news of the great and famous port of Acapulco was retailed, to the intense interest of Don Diego and his household.

How it came about that the young the canopled bed is told thus: They were first shown to a small room in which two cots had been placed for them and expressed their thanks for the lodging in the gracious Mexican way when Dona Maria, feeling a house-wifely pride in the fact that she had a grander room to show, remarked, "I could give you another recamera, but"—

"But what?" inquired Captain Delmonte, and he added: "For myself I don't mind, but this little woman is very tired, and perhaps you have a mattress on which she could better rest. Excuse the trouble I'm giving You."

The married pair were shown the grand room, and Maria exclaimed, "What a very pretty bed!" The good wife dared not relate the story of the room, being ashamed, as she after-ward remurked, and then, too, she reflected that the mattress was a new one and the room had been cleaned and newly whitewashed. The young couple seemed so radiant with happiness, so strong and full of the joy of life, that Dona Maria told them to take the room and to say well their prayers on retiring. They laughed and promised to do so. Then she went to Don Diego, who, being a practical man, listened to her words of foreboding and laughed, saying: "The spell will be broken by this happy pair; they bring love and life and everything gladsome with them. Don't think more about it, woman, and let us have a breakfast fit for our guests. To bed,

to bed, and let us be up betimes!" It was a lovely late October morning: the air touched with just a distant suspicion of a chill; the sun, big and white and glorious, rose from above the tops of the great sawlike ridge of mountains, the palm trees swayed in the breeze, and there was a contagious joy

in all nature. Repeating her prayers, Dona Maria asked the blessing of heaven on the young people and went out to see her maids and make sure of a grand breakfast, so the travelers might start away with pleasant memories, of the haclenda of Valverde. There was a commotion in the huge kitchen, where the morning repast was preparing according to the direction given to the "ama de llaves" the night before by the careful Maria."

Seven o'clock came, and the young people were not astir, though the mozos of the escort were long before up and had had their coffee. Right o'clock came, and Maria felt a sinking of the heart; a horrible clutching sensation seized her bosom; she grew faint and called for water; then, feeling better, she went to the big patio, tapped lightly on the door of the grand room and listened, her heart

humping. No reply! Then she knocked louder, and then again with more force, and no answer came. She almost dropped, and cold sweat covered her body. Old Ponciano came hobbling along, his face worried. "Get up on that chair and loo! in the window," said Maria faintly. The old man did as he was pig, and said, "They are stat steep

Then he jumped down, and his face, though very brown, became blanched with fear. He recalled the young German surveyor, the lawyer and Don

Then came the master of the house. Don Diego, tall, strong, and his face somber. He was choking with apprehension. He, too, looked in the window and shouted.

And there was no reply. Then he tried the door, and, luckily, the young people had not put up the wooden beam. He went in, and touched the sleepers. They moved not. They were-sleeping the last sleep!

Don Diego was a strong man, but he felt deadly ill. "Demons haunt this accursed room!" he cried out. Then, Ponciano having called the men of the escort, they came and entered the room, Astonishment was depicted on their faces. They refused to believe that the captain and his bride, so calm in death, were not asleep. They groaned in spirit, and one of the men shouted in Captain Delmonte's ear: "Captain, get up! It is nearly 9 o'clock." But the captain was far away.

The same judge who had been sent for before was summoned. The judge came late in the afternoon. He recalled his previous visit, and yet he said: "No suspicion can attach to you, Don Diego, nor to your wife or servants. This is an act of God; this room, this bed, they are accursed. Let us remove the bodies; they may be buried in the morning, and next day I will draw up papers relating the mystery of this room, which should be barred, never to be opened again."

The men of the escort wept like children; they were good loyal fellows, and fond of the captain and his bride. Old Ponciano was so overcome that he fell in an ataque and died incontinently. A whisper went about that he was a poisoner, and that his heart had accused him! So the servants gossiped.

At 5:30 in the morning the young couple were buried in the presence of the judge who also presided over the interment of Ponciano, not without some feeling of suspicion in his heart regarding the old man. But Don Diego said: "Ponciano served my father before me. He was the soul of honor, though poor and a servant. No, no; let us take down that bed, for so, perchance, we shall ease our minds, though I believe that the room is filled

with demons." Late in the afternoon the judge and Don Diego, with the men of the escort, went to the grand room. It was bright, as is the wont of windowed rooms after great tragedles. Servants began to take the bed to pieces, trembling with superstitious horror. When the canopy was removed, everybody was petri-fied and felt turned to key rigidity. Concealed in the top was a nest of tarantulas! They scattered as disturbed. these demons in reality, and the men ran out of the room, fearing them. Here was the long kept secret of the fatal room. These creatures had descended at night and killed their victims and then returned to their nest in the canopy.

All was duly set down by the judge and attested by all the witnesses. And this closed the grewsome chapter of horrors at the haclenda of Valverde.-Boston Herald.

A Story From Dublin. It was at a Dublin dance. What lent couple were assigned to the room of additional luster to the occasion was the expectation that a certain important peer would put in an appearance and, of course, dance with certain fortunate damsels. The guest of the cyoning was, however, late. An excellent and fussy person saw a very pretty girl sitting out dance after dance. He went up and, speaking to

the mother, observed: "It is quite a shame that your pretty daughter should be sitting out in this way. You must really let me introduce her to some nice young men who will give her all the dancing she wants.'

"Whist!" cried the mother. "Be alsy; I'm kaping her cool for the earl."

A Curt Reply.

The postmaster of Round Up, Kan., recently received notification from the department in Washington that he would be compelled to give a larger bond for the faithful performance of his duty, as the business of his office was increasing. The postmaster draws a salary of \$25 a year, and he returned the department's letter with the word "Nit" written in red ink at the bottom. At last accounts the postmaster was doing business under the old bond.

The Deceivers. "Look here, sir," she said as she entered a sewing machine office the other day; "your agent has imposed upon

"Is it possible, ma'am? In what respect?" "Yes, sir, he has, and I don't want your machine!"

"How has he deceived you?" "Why, he came into my house and told me that your machine was the best in the world. I have witnesses

and can prove every word of it." "But that was not deceiving you, ma'am."

"Yes, it was. I hadn't the machine two days before another agent called and said his was the best, and he had a circular to back it up. He had hardly got out of doors when another called and said his machine had taken ten medals."

"But we have taken 15, ma'am." "Oh, you have!"

"And we have issued a challenge for a public trial, which no other machine dare accept." "Is that so? Then your machine is

the best, after all?" "Certainly," "Then you will please excuse me. I thought I had been imposed upon, and I'm afraid I was a little hasty. The other agents must have been the de-

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Tuther.

- A hen lays during the day but at night she becomes a rooster.

HUMOR IN ENGLISH SIGNS.

Apt Quotations Used by Tradesmen

to Attract Attention. There is quite a harvest of wit and wisdom to be gleaned by the observant eye from the notices with which radesmen seek to attract custom, and it might also be worth the while of out of the way things to make a collection of these wayside gems, many of which blush almost unseen. Many of the cleverest of these notices which the writer has added little by little to his collection consist of really witty

adaptations of well known quotations and proverbs. An enterprising cycle dealer in a Yorkshire town, whose name is Nettle, turns his prickly cognomen to business account in this singularly apt quotation from "Henry IV," "Out of this nettle danger I pluck the flower safety," while a costumer in the same town, whose sympathetic name is Love, informs his customers in letters half a foot long that "Love bath a large mantle." If capacity be a virtue in mantles, Mr. Love deserves to have a large sale.

A provision merchant, again in a north country town, turns the same name to useful account by this announcement, which "speaks for itself:" "George Herbert says 'Love is a personal debt,' but this Love's terms are strict cash."

Business rivalry often develops quite unexpected resources of wit and wisdom in men of business. A few months ago a grocer and provision dealer called Little had a practical monopoly of the custom of a small town in the Midlands, when, to his natural annoyance, a rival settled in the place and opened a shop under the name of John Strong. Within a few days this dignified protest appeared in the outraged grocer's window: "Man wants but Little here below" (Goldsmith). But the newcomer was a man of at least equal learning and powers of quotation, for on the following day this supplementary notice appeared in his window: "Nor wants that Little long" (Goldsmith).

A similar story is told of two rival tobacconists, the latest comer of whom was named Farr. He opened fire on his opposite rival by placing in his window this notice: "The best tobacco by Farr." Within a few hours his rival's window blossomed into one large announcement: "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr."

Perhaps smarter still were the rival notices of two watchmakers, one of whom was called I. Wise. Mr. Wise had adopted as his business motto. "He is Wise that's wise in time." To this the newcomer retorted by this quota-tion from Wordsworth: "He is oft the wisest man who is not Wise at all."

Many business men make attractive advertisements by humorous play on their names when they lend themselves to this purpose. The proprietor of a wayside inn in one of the home counties makes clever use of his name, Day, to attract custom. On a swinging sign, under a highly colored picture of the rising sun, appears this legend in gilt letters:

Won't you come into ray parlor, Gentle stranger, pray, For you'll have to travel farther To pass a happier Day.

Another publican who boasts the curiously inappropriate name of Isaac Drinkwater has adopted this motto: "I. Drinkwater, but my customers drink the best of ale."

Mr. Knott, a draper in a west countom: "Many drapers are extortionate in their prices. I am Knott." And not many miles from Mr. Knott is a village tinker whose name is Dunn and whose modest motto is, "What is done is done, but it's not well done unless it's done by Dunn."

By no means the least clever of these humorous trade announcements was that of a bookseller called Hart who supplied for many years all the books sed in a local grammar school. Mr. Hart's business motto was this couplet:

Who in life's race would fain a good start Should always get his "books by Hart."

-London Tit-Bits.

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have nelther memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gayly. We say nothing of the "raptores," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets." But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Amurath or Bazajet .- Saturday Review.

A Colossal Luminous Crab. Indian journals tell of a luminous crab captured by a dredge of the Zoological society of Calcutta in the Indian ocean about a mile off the coast and 45 fathoms deep. It is nearly two feet in diameter, and its longest claws are about a yard in length. It has projecting eyes, like those of a lobster, and is very voracious. It was put into a tank of sea water, and in two hours it devoured some 50 other crustaceans and fishes. When darkness came, it proved phosphorescent, emitting peculiar white rays and illuminating the whole tank. The crab was sent to the aquarium at Calcutta: Laminous nowers, fungi, worms, fishes, etc., were known to science, but not, we believe, s crab, or, at least, one so large, before.—London Globe.

- Happiness is composed of so many pieces that there is always one missing.

- One swallow may not make a summer, but a pin maliciously inserted in a chair will make one spring - No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for an-

- He who is in debt must endure iosult leat he incur the displeasure of his creditor.

other.

Queer Effect.

Orleans lawyer, "I am reminded of a remarkable case in which I was interested soon after the war, when I was practicing over in Alabama. A general shooting affray, growing out of a family fued, had taken place at a crossroads store, and an influential planter named MoDermott was killed. He was standing behind a little shed, a considerable distance away, at the time; and a young man named Lee Allen was firing out of the store window at another of the crowd. McDermott was hit in the head and the bullet was identified as coming from Allen's pistol, which was an English weapon of a very unusual size—caliber 47. But singular part of the affair was that the place where the planter stood was out of the range of the window. The corner of the shed interposed, and it was simply impossible to understand how the missile reached its mark. I was engaged for the defense, and, after carefully measuring the ground and firing several test shots, I became convinced that my client was innocent and that there had been another 47caliber pistol in the fight. The circumstantial evidence seemed to bear out my theory indisputably, and I felt confident of an acquittal, when, at the eleventh hour, the unexpected hap-pened and knocked out my props. It occurred to the prosecuting attorney to test Allen's weapon and find out exactly how it carried. Accordingly, he screwed it in a vise and blazed away a few times at a target at different distances. The result was astonishing. Up to about 50 feet it shot all right, but at that point the bullet suddenly veered at all sorts of extraordinary tangents. Sometimes it sailed up into the air; sometimes it plunged downward, and sometimes it swooped off to one side. The explanation, however, was simple. It seemed that Allen had found the barrel too long, and, a week or so be-fore the fight, had filed off several inches. That operation completely destroyed the effect of the rifling, and, instead of imparting a true circular twist to the bullet, it gave it a peculiar 'English,' as billiard players would say, which was as liable to send it in one direction as another. That experiment fully explained the mystery of McDermott's taking off. My client was convicted of manslaughter and afterward pardoned. I don't know what became of the pistol. It should have been preserved as the only gun on earth that pitched curved balls."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dog Days are Here.

The dog days are upon us. Saturey was the first one. It rained. Sunday was the second one. It rained. To-day is the third one. And it

rained this morning.

There are scores of people all over this country who believe that it will rain now every day for forty days, that being the accepted limit of the

number of the dog days.

But these so-called dog days being simply the result of an old superstition the weather bureau takes no official cognizance of them-from a purely meteorological standpoint they are

This dog day business is supposed to be brought about by the rising of the star Sirius above the horizon at Moved into their Bankin the same time as the sun. Sirius makes this rise about this

time of year. The old superstition takes color from the fact that Sirius is called the Interest paid on time deposits dog star, not because it looks a bit like a canine, but owing to its location in the constellation of the Canis

Major, or Great Dog. Sirius is the star of the first magnitude. Astronomers tell us that it is the brightest star in the heavens. They say that Sirius is only 123,000, 000,000 miles from the earth and so amazing in its brilliancy that were the sun that far from the world it would appear as a star of the sixth magnitude and not be visible to the

naked eye.

They add that it would take just 400 suns like ours located the same distance from the earth as Sirius, to give us the amount of light which comes flooding through space to our world from this same old Dog star. Sirius was known to the Egyptians

under the name of Sothis. They noticed that its rising always preceded the rising of the river Nile, and believed that the rise of the Dog star led the freshets.

This is probably the reason why old timers firmly believe to this day that the Dog star causes the dog days and 40 days of rain.

The Romans named the star Sirius. They looked upon the luminary as a star of ill omen, believing that its rise above the horizon portended the oppressive and deadly heat of summer, and also gave rise to wars and other calamities.

According to some superstitious worthies, the rising of Sirius is a forerunner of a large crop of mad dogs Well, the wars are already here.

The fact that they came a little prior to the rising of the Dog star this year can, perhaps, be accounted for on the ground that the course run by this dazzling "shiner" is irregular and at times absolutely zig zag.

Chain up your dogs and unlimber your umbrellas.—Atlanta Journal.

PIUM GOCAINE AND WHISKY Habits Oured at my Sanatorium, in 86 data my Sanatorium, i Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Willingham, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 12th day of September, 1900, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. O., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

J. N. WILLINGHAM, Adm'r. Aug. 8, 1900

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Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of A. P. Hubbard, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to Tribble & Prince, Attorneys, Anderson, S. C., within the debted to make payment.

time prescribed by law, and those in-MARY M. HUBBARD, Ex'x.

Ang 8, 1800 Aug 8, 1900

"Speaking of pistols," said a New rleans lawyer, "I am reminded of a markable case in which I was in the same of t Children

"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four bot-ties of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, you could see at a glance that the last one

is healthlest, 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 -Law.

prevents nine-tenths of the suffering incident to childbirth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffied 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, health; condition, which the child also inherits Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. I assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow de-

Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, QA.

Send for our free illustrated book writtes expressly for expectant mothers.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

GOOD Lumber at Mill \$5.00 per M.
Picked Lumber at Mill \$6.00 per M.
Good Lumber f.o.b. cars (sideling) \$7.50.
Picked " \$8.50.
All orders filled upon short notice and out of fine timber. Address

J. G. B. VANDIVER,
Dalton, Pickens Co., S. C.
26 miles from Anderson.

Aug 1, 1900

LAND FOR SALE.

WE have six tracts of Land for sale in one body, four miles Southeast from Abbeville, on Long Cane Creek, and on Black Diamond R. R. survey.

Tracts contain about 200 acres each. Cheap and on easy terms. A good chance to get a home. Write us at Abbeville or call on us near lands.

L. A. JACKSON, J. C. PRESSLY, July 25, 1900-5-5* Agents.

Due West Female College OFFERS A. B., B S., Normal, Muourses under experienced teachers, and the best moral, social and religious environments, in an ideal College community. The purest tubular well water. Home comforts and restraints.

JAMES BOYCE, President, July 25, 1900—5-6. Due Weat, S. C.

Peoples Bank of Anderson

House, and are open for business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. by agreement.

PARKER RYE.

None Purer. None Better.



Ask for it at all Dispensaries

PROF. T. R. LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., CURES BY

VITAL MAGNETISM.

ALL classes of Diseases, acute and chronic, promptly, painlessly and permanently, and without the use of

medicine or surgery.

Having just completed a thorough course of instruction, theoretical and clinical in the Science and Art of Healing by Vital Magnetism, (the Weltmer method,) I beg leave to offer my services to the sick and afflicted of Anderson and vic.nity. I am thoroughly prepared to treat all classes of diseases, especially those affecting the nervous organism, by this new method.

ABSENT TREATMENT. Persons living at remote distances may be accessfully treated by this method

orrespondence.
All communications whatever, either personal or by letter, will be scrupulously treated as confidential.
Offices—Thompson Building, Southeast of Public Square.
Call on or address
PROF. T. R. LANGSTON,
Anderson, S. C.

Anderson, F. C. I have already a number of flattering testimonials of formed by me. May 16, 1900 47

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 huyers to get what they want, and lend them helf of purchase money.

Attorney at Law, Maschio Temple, Anderson, S. C.

LAND FOR SALE.

W E offer for sale five acres of Land in the City of Anderson, being part of the Tract on which Mrs. Mary O'Donnell resides, bounded by Hampton street, East Boundary street, Kennedy street, and other Lands of said Mrs. Mary O'Donnell.

It is divided into half acre lots, and has a thirty-foot street running through it.

If not sold at private sale will be sold

Saleaday in October, 1900.

See plat at office of Bonham & Watkins an i apply to the undersigned for terms.

BONHAM & WATKINS,

QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN,

Attorneys. July 4, 1900

LAND FOR SALE.

W E offer for sale that Tract of Land in Savannah Township, known as the Hewin Land, on Genercetee Creek, waters of Savannah River, bounded by sald Creek, Public Road and Lands of T. D. Stevenson, Earl Harris, Nathaniel Harris and others.

If not sold at private sale will be sold at public outery on Salesday in October, 1900.

Ask at our office for terms and plat.

BONHAM & WATKINS,



An All-around Satisfaction is assured to those who Patronize

The Anderson Steam Laundry, OUR WORK is uniformly excellent,

not merely occasionally good. What care and skill can do to give satisfaction is done. Fine work on goods of every description is done here. The Finish, either high gloss or domestic, on Shirts, Collars and Cuffs is especially meritori-

ANDERSON STEAM LAUNDRY CO. 202 East Boundary St. R. A. MAYFIELD,

PHONE NO. 20.

Leave orders at D. C. Brown & Drs. Strickland & Chatham,

DENTISTS, ANDERSON, - - - - S. C. OFFICES:

Gvor Farmers and Merchants Bank. WE having formed a partnership for the practice of Dentistry, and to establish a Cash practice, we give a liberal discount of 20 to 25 per cent. from former prices. Thus no bad debts, no bill collector to pay, no lost material. Therefore, those having work done by this plan pay only for what they get, and save that overcharge to make good the work done for others who never pay at all; also, giving us more time to serve the paying class, A dollar saved is one made.

Vitalized Air, "Gas," Cocaine and the Painless Spray used for the extraction of teetb.

Respectfully,

A. C. STRICKLAND.

A. C. STRICKLAND.
J. C. CHATHAM.
N. B.—Nothing but the best that material and workmanship can produce will be turned out of our office.
S. & C.

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.

purchaser.

128 acres, hear Honea 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 Oconee. Eleven settlements. Already surveyed into six tracts. Timber valuable.

The above are only a few.

FRIELCON & SHIRLEY, People's Bank Building, Anderson, S. C.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Fannie Mattison, Plaintiff, against Lou Greer, Isaac Williams, William Williams, Sr., et al., Defendants. Defendants.
To the Defendants Lou Greer, Isaac Williams, Williams, Williams, Jr., Estelle Williams, Sallie Williams, Ophelia Williams, Purvis Williams, Bertha Brown, Mattle Lee Clinkscales and Fred Clinkscales.

Clinkscales:

\(\text{VOU} \) are hereby summoned and required to an\(\text{U} \) swer the Complaint in this action, of which
\(a \) copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve
\(a \) copy of your answer to the said Complaint on
\(the \) subscribers at their office, Anderson Court
\(House, South Carolina, within twenty days after
\(the \) service hereof, exclusive, of the day of such
\(service; \) and if you fall to answer the Complaint
\(within \) the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this
\(action \) will apply to the Court for the relief de\(del) \) manded in the Complaint.
\(Anderson, S. C., May 29, A. D., 1900. \)
\(BONHAM & WATKINS, \)
\(Plaintiff's Attorneys. \)
\([SEAL] JOHE C. WATKINS, C. C. F. \)

To the infant Defendants William Williams, Jr.,
Estelle Williams, Sallie Williams, Ophetin Williams, Furvis Williams, Bertha Brown, Mattle
Lee Clinkscales and Fred Clinkscales:
You will take notice that within twenty days
after the service of the Summons and Complaint
on you, in this action, you must procure the appointment of Guardians ad litem to represent you
in said action; and if you fall to do so the Plaintiff will procure such appointment to be made.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
May 29, 1900.

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

To the absent Defendants Bertha Brown, Mattle Lee Clinkscales and Fred Clinkscales:

Take notice that copies of this Summons and Complaint, which are herewith served upon you, are this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Coart for Anderson County, S. C.

May 29, 1900.

BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiff's Att'vs.

July 23, 1900.

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of T. L. Clinkscales, Sr., deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and these indebted to make payment.

FRANK H. CLINKSCALES, Ex'r.