

"Presto! Pres-s-to-of"

A small and very ragged boy was running frantically down one of the long, smooth slopes of western New Mexico, waving his tattered jacket wildly above his head and yelling the words at the top of his lungs. A hundred yards ahead was a dense huddle of dirty gray fleeces, upborne by a maze of slender, scurrying legs. Two big, shaggy dogs were running and barking vigorously on either flank of the flock, keeping it compact and on the gallop.

Truly, Pearo was in serious trouble. What would the patron say when he learned that his flock had strayed into the Bewitched canyon and eaten of the dreaded yerba mala, the evil weed, while Pedro slept? And who knew how many of them would yet die, Ay de mi! It is a sad day!

Pedro and his shriveled old father, Esquipulo, hardly bigger than the boy, had been given charge of one of Don Ramon's improved flocks of 2,500 sheep only the month before. Esquipulo had now gone back to the village with one of the iwo burros for supplies, leaving Pedro in sole charge of the flock. The boy was only 15. a manly, hardworking, self reliant little fellow. He had been up all night collecting the flock, which had been scattered by a prowling bear, and his young eyes were heavy. Surely it could do no harm if he lay down under this pinon tree and snatched a wink of sleep. But the "wink" was longer than he had intended, and when he awoke the flock was gone.

Hurrying along their broad trail, he had found the sheep in the Bewitched canyon, a spot shunned by all shepherds on account of the poisonous weeds which grew there. Thus ungrazed, it was full of rank grasses, tempting enough to the unsuspicious sheep, which were eating greedly. As the frightened boy drew near he saw some of them leaping high in the air

and falling back to rise no more. Stripping off his jacket and yelling a command to the dogs, Pedro had started the flock on a mad run down the canyon and out across the valley into which it opened. The only salvation for any that had eaten of the weed was to keep them running till worn out, and, tired as he was, fear and excitement now lent Pedro new strength. For miles he kept the scared flock running, himself tolling on hehind with wild gestures and hoarse "pestos.". But at last he fell exhausted. The sheep stopped at once and began grazing on the young sward or lay down for their neon rest. The dogs came soberly back with lolling tongues and lay down beside Pedro

The day wore slowly on. The sheep did not wander now, and Pedro sat under a cedar tree, throwing pebbles at the prairie dogs to keep himself awake. A couple of coyotes came sneaking over the hill so cunningly that they were fairly in the flock before Pedro knew it. He unslung the short Spencer carbine from his back, took careful aim and tumbled a coyote dead at 300 yards, for Pedro was a fair shot. like lads of his age in that wild country. The other coyote ran, with Borracho and Mundo in hot pursuit. But as he dashed through the flock he snapped in mere wantonness at woolly throats here and there and left four fat wethers dead.

and at fast out into the broad, bivat valley the slow marchers wound. It was hard traveling in the dark, and Pedro bad never been thus far west before. But his sense of locality was well developed, and, steering by the familiar stars, he pushed bravely along. Great owls skimmed just above bis head, hocting dismaily, and now and then along the side of the vast mesa he was skirting shrilled the appalling cry of the mountain iion. He carried the carbine in his hand, now

peering through the darkness at the dim, white mass ahead and anon stopping to listen for sounds from the Just as the dawn blossomed to red

in the east they descended a short, steep "draw," crossed a deep but waterless river bed and emerged upon a smooth, circular plain. In the very center of it Pedro could see the high, ragged walls of the mysterious Pueblo Alto, and in a few minutes more the dogs were holding the sheep in a tired clump at the foot of the ruins, while

Pedro climbed up to explore. It was a wonderful place, the rnins of an ancient Pueblo stone city, deserted before Columbus discovered America. It lay in the great Navajo reservation, 50 miles from the nearest settlement. Few white men have ever seen it oven to this day. The town was built in the shape of a rectangle, 200 feet long, with the houses terraced and facing inward upon a common plaza or square. The outer walls were still standing, 10 to 20 feet high, and on the west side part of the fifth story of a great tower, square outside and round within, rose nearly 50 feet. Doors and windows there were none, and the ladders by which the walls were once scaled had crumbled to dust centuries before. Luckily there was a breach in the wall of one of the rooms. and, driving his flock through this, Pedro walled up the gap with the big. flat rocks which had fallen from the upper stories. A little bunch grass grew in the plaza and on the mounds of debris. Water there was none nearer than the pools in the Canyon de los

Osos, siz miles away, but the sheep had been watered only a few hours before and were used to water only once in two days. On a pinch they could go without for four. As for himself, there was water in the little keg on the pack saddle and

food enough for a week with economy. Pedro cooked breakfast over a fire of chaparro and, having eaten, sat down to wait. There were no signs of danger as

yet. Had he been too blind and made a mistake? If his fears were groundless, it was a bad mistake to come to the Pueblo Alto, for it was in the rightful country of the surly Navojoes, who would certainly make trouble if they found him there.

But while these uncomfortable thoughts were passing through his unkempt head his sharp eyes sighted a figure, outlined against the sky, on the top of a swell six miles away. Civilized eyes, which are little called upon for such use, could hardly have discerned it at all, but Pedro saw plainly that it was an Indian on horseback and coming toward him.

The figure disappeared, and another came in sight and then another and another till the frightened boy had counted 27 of them. He wiped his gun carefully with a piece of buckskin and counted the long, heavy cartridges in his belt-just 22. Truly here was no chance for poor shooting. If the Indians attacked him, he must make every bullet count. Esquipulo had been a famous Indian fighter in his day, and the boy had often listened to his stories

"Stop!" called Pedro, who had learned something of the Navajo tongue from the Indians who were constantly coming to San Mates. "Stop, or I will shoot! These sheep are of Don Ramon, and I must keep them."

The Indians, yelling scornfully, prepared to mount the wall. One, kneeling upon his saddle, took another upon his back and thus lifted him high enough to reach the top of the wall where it was lowest. The Indian pulled himself up lightly, but just as he got his knees upon the top he fell back upon his companion, with a groan. The shepherd boy had aimed well. The Navajoes at once began firing,

but Pedro kept well hidden in the big tower, peeping only through the loopholes, through which the besieged Pueblos had shot their quartz tipped arrows ages before, and waited patlently his chance to shoot, for now the Indians seemed to appreciate the shelter afforded by the wall and showed themselves but little.

Suddenly four swarthy heads popped above the wall. Four Indians leaped into the inclosure and made a rush for the tower while several more were climbing the wall. It was a trying moment, but Pedro kept his head. Not till they were within 20 feet did his loophole spit its blast of smoke. Two of the Navajoes were in line, and the heavy bail, passing clear through the foremost, gave the second a mortal wound. The other two hesitated a second, and it gave Pedro time to throw another cartridge and drop the third Indian at the very entrance to the tower. The fourth ran and jumped down outside, and his companions has-

tlly dropped back. Pedro felt that he had made a good beginning, and it gave him confidence. With sufficient watchfulness he believed he could keep the Indians at bay till the arrival of the help, which he now felt sure would come. He crawled with painful care to the pack, mixed a little flour and water and ate it raw, for there was no wood to make a fire. The Indians had evidently learned to respect his metal and made no more assaults, though the sharp pl-anng of a bullet close to his head when he exposed it at all reminded him that they were watching him closely.

So the day wore on, and at last the dreaded darkness began to close in upon him. Pedro knew that now was the time of his utmost danger and, without thought of sleeping, watched like a cat, creeping softly around to peer and listen. In this way he was on hand to stop one attempt to scale the wall and pushed down big rocks upon

the Indians below. About midnight he heard & strange, grating noise which puzzled him. Creeping around, he found that the Indians were quictly removing the stones with which he had filled the gap where the sheep came in. The tower had a loophole on that side, and, aiming along the house walls and about a foot out, he fired at a guess. A yell of pain told that he had guessed well, and directly he heard the Indiaus moving off into the plain. There was no further molestation that night, and when morning came Pedro felt reasonably secure. The Indians had camped just over a low ridge, whence they could see without being seen, and there they staid all

day, doubtless planning new strategy for the night. But just as the sun was setting toward the Chaco mesa Pedro saw a body of horsemen riding hard from the east. As they drew near he recognized in the lead Colonel Mauuel Chaves, the terror of every hostile tribe in the territory for a generation, and with him were . Esquipulo and a score of well paper.'

English Parcel Post Oddities. Referring to some of the contradic tory rules of the British postoflice, J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., writing in

Pearson's, says: No living creature "except bees" may be sent by post, although in France crabs and in Germany human beings may be so forwarded. The prohibition of living creatures is no doubt due to the experience of the officials charged to open parcels forwarded by entomologists, rat catchers and other scientists, though one is puzzled to account for the toleration of bees. Perhaps some postmaster general was an ardent apiculturist, but anybody who has ridden in the Australian bush would certainly back a swarm of bees, irritated by several hours' jolting in a freight train, to clear a sorting office in record time. Arms may not be sent to "prohibited districts" in Ireland in a parcel, and "the expression 'arms' includes any cannon."

It would seem to follow that a cannon may be sent by parcel post to any other part of the United Kingdom. Eggs may be sent by parcel post, but no compensation will be given for injury to them, though payment will be made if the parcel be lost. This is why, when all the eggs in a box have been smashed into fragments and the liquid contents have oozed out, the box containing the empty shells is invariably delivered with scrupulous care to the addresses.

#### How He Explained It.

"What do they mean by 'two up' in golf?" she asked as she put down the paper. "Huh!" he exclaimed in a startled

way, for he knew about as much about golf as he did about throwing the boomerang. Still no man is going to show his ignorance of sports to his wife.

"What do they mean by 'two up?" she repeated. "'Two up?'" he returned. "Oh, yes,

of course. Well, you've heard of 'topping' a ball, haven't you?" "Certainly."

"Well, when you 'top' a ball, naturally it's up."

"I don't guite see"-"Don't see?" he interrupted. "The

top is always up, isn't it? You never say the top at the bottom, do you?" "No-o-o.'

"Well, there you are. It's plain as day. When you 'top' a ball, it's 'one up,' and when you 'top' two balls it's 'two up.' Now, don't bother me any more.'

"But what is 'topping' a ball?" she persisted.

"Good heavens, how ignorant you are!" he exclaimed. "Why, 'topping' a ball is knocking it so high that it never comes down. I should think the expression 'one up' would make that clear to you."--Chicago Post.

#### Why He Wouldn't Subscribe,

"I was a country editor in Indiana about 25 years ago," said a retired newspaper man. "One day an old farm er, who had been one of my constant readers for three years, always paying in advance, came into my office and said he wanted me to quit sending him the paper. I was curious to know why, because he had been on the books so long. Then he told me he had missed from my columns a patent medicine advertisement in which was a testi monial from him of the efficacy of the medicine. He said that as long as the advertisement appeared he and his family always turned to it the first thing when they got the paper and that his children were accustomed to talking about 'pop's name bein in the

I could not run it without pay. But

this failed to satisfy him. He insisted

that his paper should stop at once

I wrote to the advertising agent, ex-

plaining the incident, and I secured a

ey by losing a subscriber."-Exchange.

Neatly Reproved.

thoughtless enough to attempt to ex-

"Ah, you know," said he, using the

words of the well known quotation, "in

The opportunity presented by this

would be smart remark could not be al-

what disgusted lady sitting at the

"Really, now," she observed, with a

sweet smile, "you should not carry

praise to the point of flattery."-Lon-

Old Time Gas Charges.

People who are inclined to grumble

lowed to pass unheeded by the some

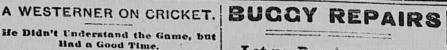
cuse himself for his conduct.

eating well I praise my food."

for good living.

speaker's side.

don Standard.



County.

Jan 10, 1000

None Purer.

ces we are at all times prepared to ac-

PARKER RYE

RHPARKER

OLD STYLE

NELSONCA

KY.

None Better.

commodate our customers

"I went to see a cricket match our day," said the man from the west. "When I happen to remember, I am go ing to buy a sporting guide and find out what I saw. They don't play crick et in Hooptown, Neb. "What do I think of it? Well, sir

it's the most remarkable game that ever walked into a farmyard. There was a big field roped in like a corral. and in the middle of it were two bunches of sticks stuck in the ground that looked more like a fractious steer's poke than anything else I can think of. They were about as far from here as across the street apart and made to fall down when anything touched them. People could have taken a handful of nails and made them stronger, but maybe they knew why they wanted them that way. I didn't "I asked a man in short pants what they were for.

" 'That's a wicket,' he says. "'Wicked what?' says I.

"Then he looked kind of scornful and walked away in his short pants to a crowd of men and women, and pretty soon 1 heard them all laughing. "Well, two men in trotting harness and interference pads and knee straps and driving gloves stoed up in front of one of the aforesaid wicked things with pieces of board in their hands.

And a chap in short sleeves took a run half way across the field, tled himself in a knot, let loose and threw a ball. "Say, the way he threw reminded me of the way my wife fires stove wood at the calf when it gets in the garden. I told a man so, and he says, "That is what is called bowling."

"The man thrown at whacked the ball sideways, ran to the next wicked thing and changed places with the other man. They did that once or twice, and sometimes they ran and sometimes they didn't. Whenever they ran the people sitting around the ropes clapped hands and cheered. Pretty soon somebody calls out 'Over!' and a lot of men in white suits walked arcund a bit.

"Then the man in short sleeves threw the ball, bit the wicked thing and knocked it all to pieces. The people cheered again, and a man next to me said something about a clean bowl. 1 didn't see anything that looked like a bowl, clean or unclean, but I didn't let

"There was a couple of men on the field in linen dusters. They looked like they might be Kansas cattlemen, so I thought I would go out and pass the time of day with them. I crawled under the ropes, and a pollceman came and ran me back to the side ag'in, and a lot of young city chaps laughed. When I was explaining how it was, the men in the field quit playing and went into a house all covered with flags.

"Well, sir, there was about a thousand people around the ropes, all dressed up to beat the band. And what do you think they did? They sat on benches wherever they happened to be and ate sandwiches. Gosh, it was funny

"I had a couple of apples in my grip, and I ate one and offered the other to the girl with the man that told me about the bowl. She got all red in the face, and the man began to laugh, and the girl says, 'Do you suppose any one will see?' The man says, 'Really, upon my honor,' or something like that. And the girl says, 'If you tell, I'll never speak to you.' With that she took the apple and said 'Thanks!' so sweetly that I wished I had a whole bushe



# Peoples **Bank** of Anderson

No

Crop

can be

grown

without

Potash.

Supply

cnough Pot-

ash and your

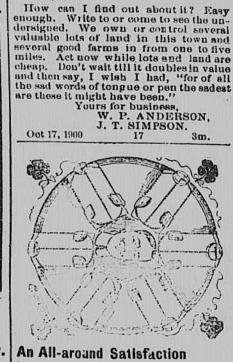
profits will be

large; without

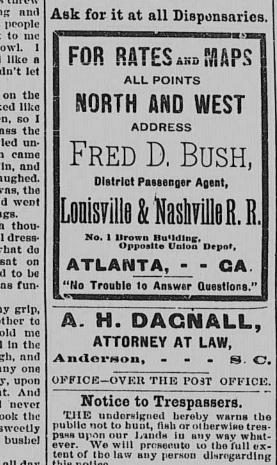
Moved into their Banking House, and are open for business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Interest paid on time deposits by agreement.



the Piedmont Belt. Where is Westminster? On Southern R. R., in Oconee County, South Carolina, one hundred and eleven miles from Atlanta, Ga.



is assured to those who Patronize . . . . . The Anderson Steam Laundry,



The two dogs presently returned. looking vexed. They could have tern the animal to pieces in a moment, bur were no match for him in running, and even now Pedro could see him looking back from the top of a mesa miles away.

"Aye, first it is the bad weed and then the coyotes!. I will drive them to the mouth of the Puerto del Aire and sleep them tonight at the Ojitos, for they are in want of water."

Just after sunset they halted in the pinons under the cliffs at the mouth of the Puerto del Aire-the Pass of the Wind. It is a deep, narrow canyon, whose walls, 1,500 feet high, are seamed with countless veins of coal. Getting out his flint and steel, Pedro soon had a rousing fire and began to cook his simple supper. A pot of very black coffee, a little flour mixed with water and cooked in the frying pan and the roasted ribs of a whole side of a sheep comprised the meal; of which Pedro left only the bones.

Pedro dared not go to sleep when fortune seemed so unkind, and the wakeful night wore wearily with him. There was no moon, but a thousand stars twinkled up at him from the little pool in the arroyo. Suddenly the boy raised himself on his elbows, brushed the long hair back from his ears and bent his head sideways to listen intently.

There it came again-a faint, thin wail from miles away. Pedro jumped to his feet, seized his heavy blanket and in a moment had the fire out. Then he sat down to think a bit beside the dogs, which were now awake and growling low.

"Los Navajoses! What can they be doing traveling in the middle of the night? Tata told me to be very careful of them, for they are warlike of late, stealing many sheep and horses and killing many people. Quiza! They are after the sheep! It is well that I go away from here quickly, but where? They are coming from the way of San Mateo, so I cannot go homeward on this side of the mountain. Goats can go through the puerto by day, but sheep never. But Tata showed me one time, from the top of the mesa here, the ruins of a strange city ten miles. west. There I can hide my sheep and myself till he comes, for the walls of the Pueblo Alto are very slaving. That is the place! Borrachol Mundo! Hechalos!"

The intelligent dogs began running around the flock and wakening it. The big woolly jackknives slowly opened themselves, and the burre, reinvested with his pack, fell into place in the rear of the procession.

"Down the long "wash," around tall. yellow cliffs and turrets of water carved sandstone, over turtie back ledges flock.

of struggles with Apache, Navajo and Ute.

"There is one thing," the old man used to say, "which thon must always" remember-an Indian is the most seeing man in the world. He will know as well and as quickly as thyself if thou art frightened. When he attacks thee in a strong place, he will first make feints of charging to see what thou art made of. If thou art cool and waltest to make every shot count, he will at once change his ways and try to pick thee off from a distance, in which there is small danger if thou art watchful. But if thou miss a shot or two at first he will charge into thee and over thee and shoot thee down from near."

Pedro did remember all this, which he had heard a hundred times, and, though he was trembling with excitement and fear, he fully resolved that he would show a cool front. But even if he repulsed their immediate attacks -what then? They could hold him besieged indefinitely, and there was no chance of help except from his father. Ab, his father! Alone and on foot. why, the Navajoes would have no trou-ble with him.

The more Pedro thought of this the more alarmed he became. Esquipulo would be back now in a day or two. He would follow the sheep tracks and come unsuspectingly to his death. But how to warn him?

It was too late for Pedro to abandon the sheep and sneak back unseen to warn his father, as he now would have. been glad to do. The Indians were already riding down the open valley in plain sight and not more than two miles away.

Ab, the dogs! "Here, Borracho!" Borracho came leisurely up and laid his huge head in Pedro's lap. Borracho was very knowing. He understood all that was said to him. He could go

home and carry a message. Pedro could neither read nor write. but he had not been in the school of out of doors for nothing.

He tore a rag from his shirt, knotted into it an ear lopped from one of the sheep and bearing Don Ramon's earmark, a bit of the broken pueble pottery which was strewn all over the ruins and a rude picture drawn with a coal upon a tolerably white bit of shirt representing sheep inside a high wall and 27 Indians outside.

neck, he let the dog down over the wall with repeated commands and pointings and a final "Por San Mateo! Vayate!" Borracho seemed to understand his mission and started off on a long lope. The Indians fired at him as he passed, but he skulked up the arroyo safely,

Tying the parcel about Borracho's

and the last Pedro saw of him he was five miles away and still running. The Indians reined up at the ruins and dismounted carelessly. They had econ the tracks of but one small boy with the sheep and anticipated no resistance to their intended seizure of the

armed neighbors. Away at the rear toiled poor Borracho, worn out with

his journey of more than 100 miles, but still unwilling to desert his master. The Indians were already in flight, and, as they were on the reservation, no pursuit was made. All patted Pedro's shaggy head, and when the famous Colonel Chaves said to him: "Pedrito, thou art a brave boy. I wish I had an army like thee!" his cup of happiness was full. The flock was escorted safely to San Mateo, and Don Ramon was so well pleased with Pedro's pluck that he gave him 50 sheep for his own. Pedro is a grown man now, and the 50 sheep

have increased to many thousand. Borracho is still alive and is made much of, though he ceased to be useful years ago. He has lost all his teeth and can barely limp for rheumatism, but when unmannerly dogs would impose on his age there is not a man or child in San Mateo but will stone them off with: "Ill bred curs! Would you tear the brave dog that brought the message from the Pueblo Alto and saved Pedro and the flock?"-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Misspprehension. A small boy the other day heard the couplet of a hymn which runs thus: And satan tremides when he sees The meekest saint upon his knees.

His pity was all for satan. "Why does satan let the saint sit upon his knees if it makes him tremble?"-**Rochester Post-Express.** 

An Unhandsome Trick. First St burbanite-I hear that Koo-

bin's new bull dug up the ground, broke down the fence and tore nearly everything to pieces in the barnyard this morning. Second Suburbanite-Yes. Some fel-

low went there early and fastened a pair of red spectacles on the animal's eyes .- Chicago Tribune.

Turkish women de not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. After that they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent.

Music is sometimes divided into two classes, sacred and profane. For particulars as to profane music, go to a 'sacred concert."-Boston Transcript.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought -Bears the Signature of Charty, Flitchere

- Bills both in Nebraska and Ohio States.

"I explained to him that the contract there to give her. for the advertisement had expired and

"Well, I hung around the field all day like a catfish in a dry goods store, seeing everything and understanding nothing. I had a good time enough; but, honestly, I'd rather watch a game of marbles."-Philadelphia Times

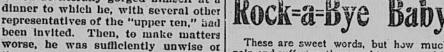
renewal of the advertisement. Then the old subscriber's name again went - Never give the tongue its full on the books. 1 am the only country liberty, but always keep it under coneditor I ever heard of who made mon trol

> -- The average woman has more sense of modesty with her family doctor than she has with a photographer.

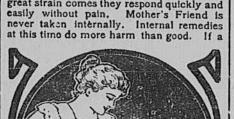
A clever lady, noted for her wit, once ventured on the difficult task of pub - Sometimes it is to a man's credit licly reproving a well known member of London society for his overfondness

to forget what he knows. - It's all up with some men when

The gentleman in question had made they get down in the world. himself conspicuous by the way in which he literally gorged himself at a



These are sweet words, but how much pain and suffering they used to mean. It's different now. Since Mother's Friend has become known expectant mothers have been spared much of the anguish of child-Mother's Friend is a liniment to be birth. applied externally. It is rubbed thoroughly into the muscles of the abdomen. It gives elasticity and strength, and when the final great strain comes they respond quickly and easily without pain. Mother's Friend is never taken internally. Internal remedies at this time do more harm than good. If a



tent of the law any person disregarding this notice. D. B. McPhail,

W. W. Thompson, G. M. Harper, L. R. Watsoa, J. A. Welborn, J. W. Webb, W. B. Smith, John Thompson, A. G. Moorhead, S. C. Burriss, J. N. Erskine, J. Reid Garrison, F. L. Brown, W. D. Garrison. L. Thompson, L. N. Geer, T. M. King, R. J. Poole, C. C. King.

R. A. Reever. Dec 19, 1900 26FOR SALE.

THE HASKELL ESTATE, containing three thousand (3,000) acres, more or less lying on the waters of Little River, and situated in the Flatwoods section, in Abbeville County, will be sold, either as a whole or in tracts. The Seaboard Air

Line Railroad runs through the place and has a Flag Station on this property. A fipe old dwelling of ten rooms, in good repair. Property exceptionally well wa-tered and wooded. Parfies wishing in-formation will call on or communicate with L. C. HASKELL, Agent, Abbeville, S. C. Nov 28, 19 23 3m

A<sup>e</sup>sessment Notice.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, ANDERSON, S. C.

THIS Office will be open to receive Returns of Personal Property for Taxa-tion for the next Fiscal Year from the first day of January, 1901, to the 20th day February following, inclusive. All transfers of Real Estate made since last year's assessment must be carefully noted on the return – the number of acres bought or sold and from whom acquired or to whom sold.

Under the new assessing laws the Township Assessors are required to make Tax Returns for all those that fail to make their own roturns within the time prescribed by law, and hence the difficulty of delinquents escaping the penalty of the law

Ex-Confederate Soldiers over 50 years of sge are exempt from Poll Tax. All other males between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or from any other cause, shall be deemed tax abio

For the convenience of Taxpayers we will also have Deputies to take Returns at the following times and places : Holland, Tuesday, January 8.

Moflattsville, Wednesday, January 9. Iva, Thursday, January 10. Moseley, Friday, January 11. Baylis McConnell's, Saturday, Jan. 12.

Baylis McConnell's, Saturday, Jan. 12. Starr, Monday, January 14. Storeville, Tuesday, January 15. Clinkcaeles' Mill, Wednesday, Jan. 16. Guyton, Thuraday, January 15. Five Foi ks, Saturday, January 18. Five Foi ks, Saturday, January 19. Autun, Monday, January 21. Wyatt's Store, Monday, January 19. Autun, Monday, January 21. Wyatt's Store, Monday, January 14. Cedar Wreath, Tuesday, Jan. 15-e.m. Leach's Store, Tuesday, Jan. 15-e.m. Wiglogton's Store, Wednesday, Jan. 16. Equality, Thursday, January 25. Townville, Friday, January 25. Tugaloo, Saturday, January 26. Honea Path, Monday and Tuesday, January 25 and 20.

anuary 28 and 20. Belton, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan-

Pieton, we cheeded and Thursday, Jan-uary 30 and 31. Piedmon', Friday and Saturday, Feb-ruary 1 and 2. Pelzer, Monday, Tuesday and Wed: cs-der February 10, 10 and 10 day, February 11, 12 and 13. Williamston, Thursday and Friday, February 14 and 15.

G. N. C. BOLEMAN, Auditor. Dec. 3, 1900,

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, Supt. and Treas.

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

#### THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. Mra. H. H. Garrett, wife of J. M. Garrett, Plain-tlf, sgalost Mrz. Sarah Evatt, Savilla Swords, Anzanda Newton, Charles M. Welborr, R. H. Welborb, James Melton, son of Mrs. Mattha Melton, deceased, Oscar Boggs, Frank Boggs, Fiora Boggs, litubard Boggs, geol 12 years, Du-ra Boggs, age 6 years, children of Ann Boggs, deceased, and J. M. Garrett and J. T. Boggs, Administrators of the Estate of James M. Wel-born, deceased Defendants.-Summons for Re-Hef-Complaint not Sorved.

To the Defendants above named :

To the Defendants above named : \\four are hereby summoned and required to an-\u03c9 swer the Complaint in this action, which is hied in the office of the Clerk of the Coult of Common Pleas, for the said County, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscriber at his office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, acclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief de-manded in the Complaint. November 28, A. D., 1900. Plaintiff's Attorneys.

[SEAL ] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P.

To the Defendants above named: Take notice that the Complaint in the above stated case is for partition of a Treet of Land containing 90 acres, and another containing 50 acres, in Anderson County, in said State among the heirs of James M Weborn, decressed, accord-ing to their interest as set forth in the Complaint. No personal claim is made against you: JOSEPH N. BROWN, Flaintiff's Attorney,

To R. H. Welborn and James Melton of the above

Fo R. II Welborn and James Menon of the above named Defendants: Take notice that the Complaint in this action, together with the Summons, of which the fore-going is a copy, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of Anderson S. C., on the 28th day of November, 1950. JOSEPH N. REOWN, Plaintiff's Attorney. Dec 5, 1950 24 6

## MONEY TO LOAN!

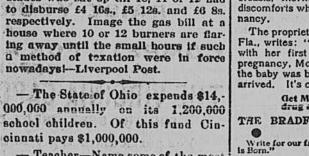
ON REAL ESTATE. Long time if security is good.

## Fine Farm Lands for Little Moneys

Strong Farms in Pickets for Latt the price of Anderson lands. Call and 200 our list of them; will ald huyers to get what they want, and lend them half of purchase mousy. B. F. MARTIN, Attorney at Law, Maschie Temple, Anderson, S. C. Strong Farms in Pickens for half the

PIUM GOCALE AND WHISK I Habits Cured at my Sanato of references. By years a specialty, Book on Home Treatment sent Fifther. Address B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlantin, Ca.

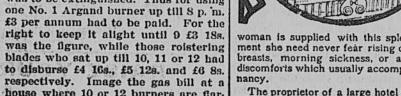




important things existing to-day which were unknown 100 years ago. Tommy-You and me, of course.

-- The angels probably blush when will be introduced forbidding foot they see two women that hate each ball games within the borders of the other and know it kiss when they meet where nebody else can ses them.

at the price of gas nowadays might do worse than study a schedule of charges issued 1-" the Liverpool Gaslight company 'a the year 1817. Instead of so much per cubic foot being levied each individual burner was charged for, and the price varied according to the hour at which the light was to be extinguished. Thus for using



- The State of Ohio expends \$14, 000,000 annually on its 1,200,000 school children. Of this fund Cin-

- Teacher-Name some of the most

AUGUSTA, GA.

arrived. It's certainly great."

Get Mother's Priend at the drug store. Si per bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga. Write for our free illustrated book, "Before Baby

Augusta Commercial College

BUSINESS, Shorthand, Typewriting and Academic departments. Lito-rary Society, Lecture Courses, Boarding Hall. Positions secured for overy grad-uate for this year wishing a position.

J-HIG'S woman is supplied with this splendid liniment she need never fear rising or swelling

breasts, morning sickness, or any of the discomforts which usually accompany preg-

The proprietor of a large hotel in Tampa, Fla., writes: "My wife had an awful time with her first child. During her second pregnancy, Mother's Friend was used and the baby was born easily before the doctor