## THE WAY OF THE ARGONAUT.

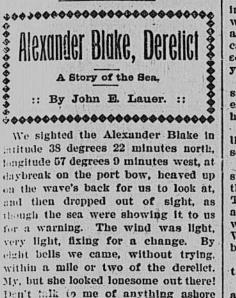
ough is the way of the argonaut,

Ch. his camp rests upon the mountain side, A cluster of homes and hells. To saints and to sinners open wide, While the mad boom zeethes and swells. For he says—'tis a cool pullosophy— "Things will settle 'emrelves if you let 'em to; heat crock such a dismal time. "Things will settle this like a distant tune; Don't croak such a distant tune; Hades and heaved will get their own, Despite the gait of a mining town, Despite church or saleon."

And when success on bis toll attends And a "pa" streak" he acquires he is a cheer to his poorer friends, A hope to the help he hires, I'r he says of a genial impetus, 'ff you'll act the man, there'll be two of us," And a wage that is fair he given. He has bearned this truth of his own hard strife, where where exhere minomers life: a mere existence misnomers life;

As a man carns, so he lives. Then here's to the lads of the dynamite, The here's to the fact of the dynamic, the boys whe drill and blast;
May they always have a mine in sight and strike it rich at last.
This here to the lads in the ragged jeans, the oran hope on a diet. of pork and beans and join in a laugh when "broke,"
They build to the nation day by day

that they pioneer the way For the less courageous folk -Fred T. Elkin in Denver News.



Den't talk to me of anything ashore helag lonesome. How could it, with trees and other things about for company : But a lone ship, dismasted, waterlogged and her people gone, dead, most likely, wallowing about in a world of water-that's louesome, if you like, and I ought to know.

She was broadside on at first. Later she turned, and with a great, weary heave, like she was lifting the bottom of the world with her, she showed her name-Alexander Blake, N. S. I took a look over the rall after breakfast. and there she was, scarce a quarter mile away, with the old Dansforth howing and nodding to her, like she was sorry, but couldn't help it. Then the mate takes one of the boys on top of the deckhouse and overhauls the gig, gets tackles on and lands the beat on deck, then runs her on rollers to the davits and swings ber outboard.

"Three hands," says he, "to go and set fire to the derelict."

I, being young and curious, was the first to step out and first in the boat. It always made me feel queer to go off from a ship at sea. You feel so small and skeery, and that old Jonah swashing about so near made it worse. Oh, but she looked bad; you might say like a corpse, walking around looking for a place to bury itself. It was like ewing a dead man, only a dead ship is worse. Her nose was poked well down in the water. She was a wash amidships, but her stern stuck up high We hit her about midships. Mr. Monroe climbed on the rail and 1 with bim. Joe held to her with the boat hook. while 'Tom fended her off with bis oar. The water was waist deep on deck most of the time, for the waves would roll clear across her. Her decks were clean as the blade of an oar; not a stick of any kind left-not a rope in sight. We ran along the rall to the poop. One of these here big American poops, with pilothouse, a raised deck or skylight aft of that and then the wheel. The stairs led down into the cabin from the pilothouse. All this part of the ship floated high, and the cabin floor was dry. Mr. Monroe went down and yelled for me to get matches off of Joe. Joe in handing 'em up lost his footing on the thwart and nigh fell overboard. The hand with the matches went under water, and they were spoiled, and none of us had any more. 1 told Monroe. He bawls up from the cabin to go back to the ship and get some more. So back Joe and Tom went. Then the mate calls to me to come down and help move a chest to the light. We pried it open and found lots of tobacco and some medicine on top.

water mostly. Couldn't get at nothing forward without diving. Just a mere hulk, without a rudder, like the day she was launched.

Mr. Monroe sat down on the skylight with his head in his bands and never moved for a good half hour. But he jumps up then, shakes hisself and says:

"This won't do. This won't do at all, Dave," says he. "Come here, and let's talk it over. This wind," says he, will blow the old Dausforth miles away. By morning, eve. without this fog; she will have lost us. If we were stationary, there would be a show. The current takes this cussed thing. while the wind is taking the Dansferth. Here we are, and here we are like to stay until picked up starved or drown-

Says I. "Let's see what our chances of starving are," for I was hungry right then.

We went through the cabin first. The tables and benches were in place, but everything movable was in a fine mess "She ain't been like this very long," says the mate. "This cabin's been flooded, though. It came in through the skylight and run out again." But I smelled rats all the time, so

says: "There's live rats aboard. They must have something to cat and a dry place to stow themselves." Sure enough, we found the door go-

ing into the lazaret swelled that tight we couldn't budge it. But there was a hatch on deck, battened down and calked. We got this off, and of all the scampering, squealing and jumping you ever heard that was the worst. "There's a million rats down there," says Monroe. Says I. "Rats ds good eating." "Have you tried 'em?" says

he. "I have, sir," I says. "Well, well," says Monroe, impatient

like and getting red in the face, "let's see what the rats have to eat first." We found lots of things in there besides rats. But they'd run over everything except what was in strong casks. There was barrels of flour piled up. and the top ones was mostly all right, what the rats hadn't gnawed holes in. We found some pork, but all the ship's bread was no use "We'll not likely starve, not for some

time, anyhow," says he. "How'll we cook it," says 1. "without a match?"

We turned everything upside down but we never found no matches.

Happened I walks along the forward to the main chains where we landed aboard the derelict. I was cursing Joe for being so clumsy, when I sees a match lodge in a dead eye, with the swell reaching up to within an inch or two of it. I snatched it out of there in a burry, and the next roller covered the spot. I give it to the mate. He looks it over carefully, and says he, "This little stick is all that stands be-

rats.' "And a smoke," says I. He wraps it careful in his handkerchief and puts it in his pocket.

tween you and me and raw pork and

The first puff of wind that came from them clouds was the worst and dled down as the fog piled up thick. So after watching the old Alexander

flounder around like a turtle we goes below and rigs up the cabin bogie. The pipe was rusty and falls all to pleces except one joint. So we set the stove on the table, fastening it down with chain, and stuck the pipe up through the skylight. We put in a lot of shavings we made from a barrel stave, and Mr. Monroe takes out the match and holds it out to strike, but

over it again," and he was shouting. can see, can't I?" and then he'd show me, and I'd take the cards and show him how I counted, when we hears 'a voice, low and scaredlike, "Well, I'll be darned!" And then this voice calls out, "Oh, I say, Mamie, come here with the camera, quick!"

We looks and sees a young fellow looking down the skylight. Well! Surprised! My Lord! We liked to have dropped. Monroe stood up, clutching the table, his eyes bulging out, his face as red as an Injun's. Next I knowed a girl give a funny little laugh and says, "There's not light enough." We stood for about five minutes, I guess, hand running. Then Monroe he gives a cough, clears his throat and says, polite as you please: "Come in, sir. Come in." And the young reller, all brass bound and shiny, comes into the cabin, and, says he, holding out his hand, "You don't keep z very good. lookout on your ship, captain." Monroe, he shakes hands and tells who he is and then says, "Don't the young lady want to come down?" Aud she come.

That was a picture for the artist fellows. I wish that camera of her'n 'd a worked. Monroe and me, tough-no name for it. And that cabin tougher yet. And there was them two-the young fellow, fine as a fiddle, blue clothes, brass bound, shiny shoes and all, and that young woman come down them greasy stairs that we'd tramped a thousand times with a rustle of fresh. clean skirts and a breath of sweet perfume that nigh took our breath. And she was as perlite as if it was a par-

lor she was entering. All this time I was like in a dream. I stood whittling tobacco, breaking it in my hands and filling and stopping

my pipe. Then what does I do but reach to the stove, dazed like, for a light. "Holy blazes," I shouts, 'all of a

tremble, "our fire's out!" Mr. Monroe turns round like he was

shot, scared enough for a second. And then the young feller laughs, and Monroe laughs, and we all laughs like to kill ourselves. And the young man hands me a match from a little silver box he has in his trousers pocket.

"There's plenty of matches, my man, aboard the yacht," says he. Then we goes on deck, and, sure enough, there was as pretty a piece of wood and iron as I ever saw, painted

white, with yellow funnel, and three little poles for masts and alongside one of these here little gasboats. "Don't you think it would be best to

blow her up, Monroe?" says the young man. "Yes, I suppose so," says he. And, do you knew, I felt kind of sor-

ry, too, when I see the old brute fly all to pieces .- New York Evening Post. From an Up to Date Novel.

She came into the room where he sat alone with a glittering knife in her clinched hand amid the folds of her dress. Her face was white and drawn, and

her eyes were wild and haggard looking. He, the man whose name she bore,

sat by the fire deep in thought and never heard the slippered footfall of the beautiful woman who now stood behind his chair with a strange, cold smile upon her lips. Suddenly, with a gasp, she cast the

knife from her toward the glowing coals, but it sank silently into a sofa at the other side of the room. "I canuot!" she moaned wearily. "I

cannot!" And she fell in a white heap upon the his hand trembled that bad he dasen't floor at his feet.

tender expression broke

## PIANO MOVING AN ART.

Skill as Well as Strength Needed to Get One Up or Down Stairs.

"Plano moving,", said a dealer in planos, "is a business by itself. There are truckmen who devote themselves to he took his wife for a drive, and they this work and some whose business has descended to them from their fathers. Some plano manufacturers and dealers maintain their own trucking and piano moving facilities, but with the increased amount of plano moving the work has come to be more of a trade now than ever. What with the multiplication of flathouses and the frequent necessity of carrying planos up two, three or four flights of stairs, it is work that calls nowadays more than ever for the exercise of skill as well as strength.

"I suppose people generally realize drownded " this, and nowadays most folks when they want a piano moved employ a pipond but a few yards beyond the spot ano mover. But occasionally somebody where they had stopped. has a piano to move and to save a dollar or two gets an expressman or a truckman who is not a piano specialist itself upon the mind of Mr. Patmore's to move his plano, and the expresslittle son. One day, after he had been man or truckman very likely takes this his father's companion on such an exjob because he wants the money, and cursion, he sought Mrs. Patmore. he thinks he's up to anything there is doing in his line and that he can bandle rather not be a poet when he's a man." planos when they come his way. He gets through with it, very likely, all right, but sometimes a plano gets away so long to drive to Winchelsea."from him, and when it does it makes Youth's Companion. dusty work.

"I knew of a case in which a plano got away like that from an expressman who had undertaken to carry it up to a fourth floor flat. He was a good expressman, all right, you know. He could handle anything in his way just a paper had been signed on a certain as well as anybody could, but piano day, and this the forlorn little woman moving was really not in his line. A piano is a tremendously heavy thing, but I don't suppose anybody except those that have tried it know how hard a plano does sag back when it's being carried up a flight of stairs. The regu lar plano mover is more than strong He's an expert in this work too. A plano moving team hangs on to : plano not only with strength and constant watchfulness, but with constant readiness, and they work together with a mutual helpfulness that makes them practically invulnerable, and when a bunch of men not skilled in this way undertake to carry a piano up stairs they undertake a big risk.

"Well, the expressman and his men got that piano up the first flight of stairs all right and pretty nearly up to the top of the second, and then something happened, somebody's foot slipped or something, nobody knew just what, and it didn't make any difference with the result anyway, and the plano got loose. I never knew what it did to the stairs or the bouse. I never went there to see, but it broke one arm and one leg of the expressman who was running the job and who was one of the men under the piano's heavy end. It was only by the mercy of Providence that he wasn't ground and now placed between two other embosssmashed into pulp, along with the two ed disks three inches in diameter. men with him at that end. They, in which are likewise sewed together on

some miraculous way, escaped altogether. "They took the wounded man to the

two inches, and the arc thus left is cut away, permitting the inner porket to hospital, and there he staid for weeks. be turned by pulling with the thumb They brought the piano here to see and finger, but not allowing it to eswhat we could do in the way of re cape from the outer covering. Turn pairing it. The back frame was bro said inner pocket around until the openken, the case was split, and the whole ing appears, put in the coins and turn plano was a wreck. It would have cost \$200 to put it in order, and then back until the opening is concealed. It is impossible to lose a coin and imposyou wouldn't have been sure of resible to extract change until the openstoring it to its original condition. They ings in the inner and outer pockets cotook the plano away again, and bow incide.-New York Press. they settled it all I never knew.

"The fact is that under present con

#### Coventry Patmore, the English poet. After He Comes was a somewhat inattentive and careless driver and when his fits of reverie came upon him would allow the horse

do. One of the greatest blessings she can give him is health, but to do this, she must have health her-



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perating smile and repeated her words. DEALERS IN "You know it was? And now be so Fine Buggies, Phaætons, good as to tell us how you know it." The poor little creature looked from Surreys, Wagons, Harness one countenance to another with wide, Lap Robes and Whips, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze High Grade Fertilizers, rested on the kindly face of the judge. "I know," she said as if speaking to

him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."-Pearson's Weekly. We have on hand-An Odd Change Purse, By long odds the neatest change purse I have ever seen comes from the

nes and Chemicals, ilet Articles, ilet Soaps, Sponges, etc. and Lacupia on hand.

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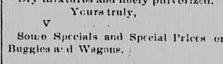
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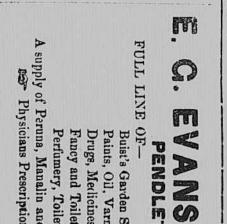
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## THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER.

Wandering Wits.

to follow its own equine will. One day

went on and on until evening began to

fall. Mr. Patmore, absorbed in his own

thoughts, had no idea of turning, nor

could his wife arouse him to a sense of

their situation. She spoke to him. 11

did not answer. She shook him and

then, as a last resort, stopped the horse

This brought her husband to himself.

and he acknowledged that the region

was entirely unknown to him. A coun-

tryman presently appeared, and they

"I don't rightly know," said he, "but

Indeed there proved to be a large

This habit of inattentive driving be-

ame a fixed one and even impressed

"Mamma," said he. "Piphle would

"Because," said the child, "poets take

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little faded woman had been

brought into court as witness in a case

involving very important issues. The

entire case depended on the fact that

"You saw the paper signed?" asked

"And you take your oath that it was

The lawyer, who thought another

date could be proved, assumed an exas

land of the Aztecas and is of pure Indi-

an origin. Two disks of embossed

leather 21/4 inches in diameter are

sewed together on their perimeters ex-

cept for the space of 11/4 inches, thus

leaving an opening into which coins

may be introduced. This pocket is

their perimeters except for a space of

the opposing counsel in cross examina-

was prepared to prove.

the 13th of August?"

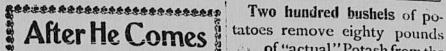
"I know it was, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Patmore.

If you go on as you're going you'll be

asked him the way to Heron's Ghyll.



he has a hard enough time. Every-thing that the expectant mother can do to help her child she should the following crop materially decrease. We have books telling abo composition, use and value tertilizers for various cro They are sent free.

self. She should use every means to improve her physical condition. She should, by all means, supply herself with



which bear the strain, the strain, the less pain there will be.

your liniment.' Read this from Hunch, Cat. Moved into their Banking House, and are open for busi-

Get Mother's Friend at the

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'We'll take the chest to the ship." says he, "but you and me may as well have the tobacco."

Maybe we were longer filling our pockets than we thought, for by the time we lugged the chest on deck we found a change was coming and coming quick. Joe and Tom were just pulling away from the ship to come back to us. They rowed a bit, stopped and looked over their shoulders. We saw the skipper come to the rail and shout to them, waving his arm. Just then the wind hit 'em, and the ship, with salls aback, slid off to leeward. This scared Joe and Tom (they never were much account nohow), and they turned tail and went back to the ship

It looked skeery. Clouds were coming down on us out of the northeast like a huge gray wall, with the top leaning over ready to fall on you. We seemed to be rushing toward it instead of it at us, like a train going into a tunnel. However, it was what you Yankees call a "bluff," more fog and smoke than wind, although there must have been enough to blow the Dansforth miles to leeward.

"This is bad business for you and me, Dave." says the mate. get mighty hot over the games sometimes, especially when Monroe 'ud for-

Says I, "Yan've took the very words out of me mouth, Mr. Monroe." What did we do? says you. What

could we do? I've read of seamen rigsing up decellets and all that and sailing them into port. But they had comething to work with. We had nothing. Not a loose stick any where. There were some spare colls of rope in her fighting and arguing over a hand. I lazaret, but you can't bend sail on made it "fifteen two" more than he did, tothing but rope, Her nose was under and I remember I was saving. "I'll ro

across the Gothic granite of his cheek, "Dave," says he, "you take it." I reached for it, and I got so scared and he murmured in deep, tender, I liked to have dropped it. "Give it here!" shouts the mate, fierce

stick caught and passed it, slow and

steady, to the shavings, and she blazed

up. I give a yell and was on hand

with a armful of wood to pile in on it.

But Mr. Monroe, he holds me off with

one arm and takes one stick at a time

and puts it in careful, and the first

"Smoke Ol" says he, and we fills

Next we hunts up a flat piece of iron

our pipes and have a comforting whiff.

It tasted good and made us feel better.

(there wasn't anything else), and we

gets some flour to make pancakes, and.

so help he, we never thought of no wa-

streaks it for the deck. We found the

starboard cask half full. The bung-

hole dipper was gone, so we makes one

out of a baking powder tin tied on a

stick. The water was some saily. We

mixed the flour with it, and the cakes

was just about salty enough without

she was that low and soaked.

at all. Let's have a smoke, Dave.".

and one day I finds a deck of cards

hld away in a bunk. They was all

cribbage board and has a game. We

smoke was done.

terl

no extra salt.

We looked pretty foolish and

thing we knew the stove was red hot.

heavy dragoon tones: "What is it, my darling?" as you please, and I see his muscles But she spoke no word, only raised set like iron. He strikes it on the one white hand toward him in which stove. I got sick and queer all over, was clasped a lead pencil. when I see it blaze ur. But his hand never give a ripple. He held it till the

She had been trying to sharpen it, poor girl!-Pearson's Weekly.

#### The Wings of Wealth.

To have his swing in Wall street is the consuming desire of every man with the money craze in his blood and brain, yet most of the "ex-kings of Wall street" died poor unless they had other resources of income. Their living successors dare, not try to retire by converting their holdings into cash. Outside of Wall street the final experiences of thousands of envied men have been similarly bad. An ex-millionaire, once supposed to be the shrewdest of the shrewd, is keeping a cheap restaurant in Boston, another is an object of charity in Chicago, and many monetary metcors to whose names "Lucky" was prefixed a few years ago would exchange all their luck that remains for a permanent assurance against the wolf at the door .--Saturday Evening Post.

#### One Way of Finding It.

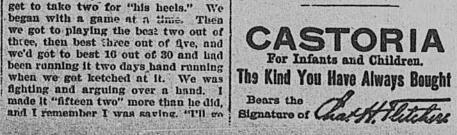
We mumicked about in that fog for three days, and then it rolled itself up A farmer was working in his hayfield and off to leeward. And the sun came when a neighbor came up and engaged out bright as a new shilling. Where in a chat which developed into a diswas we? That's more than 1 know. pute about something"or other. Monroe says the current was taking "It's like looking for a needle in us north and west. He near fret hisself haycock," said the first farmer. to death with trying to puzzle out some "And that's easy enough," said the

way to get her to go where he wanted neighbor. "Easy, is it?" retorted the other. "I her to. But, Lord, we was helpless as two city clerks, for, as I said, there bet you five shillings you won't find a needle I'll hide in that there haycock was nothing to work with. And I don't believe we could have moved hez, in an hour."

"Done with you for five bob!" cried "No chart nor no nothing, that's what his neighbor. The first farmer thereupon bid a gets me, Dave," he kept saying over needle in the hoycock and called and over again, stamping up and down and going on top of the pilot house to "Time!"

His neighbor drew a match from his look for a sail. Then he'd get down and say: "This won't do; this won't de pocket, set fire to the haycock and rushed off at top speed to his own house. Then we'd go below and get a light Back he came presently and found the haycock reduced to a heap of ashes. from the stove. We kept a stick smol-Flourishing a huge horseshoe magnet dering all the time. I watched it day and night. If that stick went out, our he plunged it into the ashes and in a minute withdrew it with the needle All this time I kept a poking around,

clinging to it. "The result of scientifick eddication!" he said proudly to the first farmer, who was gazing ruefully at the ashes of his soaked and blurred, but we makes a haycock. "If you'd 'a' bin eddicated scientifickally up to date like me, you'd got to playing a good deal and used to be richer by five bob and the haycock." -London Answers.



ditions piano moving calls more than ever for the exercise not only of strength, but of special skill, and I should not for a moment hesitate to say, that if one had a plano to move, especially out of or into any difficult place, the wisest thing he could do would be to employ a plano mover."-New York Sun.

#### Lawyer's Opinion of the Court. The lawyer's inalienable and inesti-

mable privilege of "cursing the court" when the decision has gone against him is marred, as most lawyers realize, by the fact that the "cursing" must be done in private. This animadversion, however, cometimes takes the form of communication of the lawyer's opinion to the publisher of the law reports. Parts of some of these communicatious have been printed recently by a law publishing firm.

One lawyer wrote, "The case is a legal curlosity and seems to have been decided by main force."

Another, beaten in a highway case, wrote of the court, "They do not know a highway even when they stumble over it."

Another requests the publisher to chastise the court, stating that "it will be of great benefit to the profession that this case be thoroughly aired and the fallacy and danger of it in its far-

reaching results exposed." Another "very prominent lawyer" wrote, "The opinion of our court is a schoolboy blunder, deserving of nothing but scathing rebuke, and a review of it should run in that line." Most seductive of all the suggestions was the statement, "I should be very willing to pay for such a criticism of the decision hereinabove indicated by me." "This" comments the publisher, "recalls the Quaker chasing his hat in the

wind and who hired an urchin to curse it."-New York Sun.

#### A Gilbert Criticism.

One night at the Garrick club a number of the members were discussing the merits of a new Hamlet who had appeared that evening. W. S. Gilbert had taken no part in the arguments for or against. At last one of the others ventured,

"Well, Gilbert, what do you think of his Hamlet?"

"Oh," responded the witty librettist, "I think it was funny without being vulgar."

Probably its many feet enable a gas bill to run up so rapidly.

-Ove woman can't be together an hour without plotting something. - The first public schools were

opened in 1645, in Massachusetts. - Unbrellas were introduced into America from England in 1772.

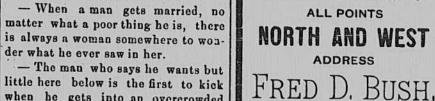
--- Breaking your promise to a child is one way of learning it to lie.

- Do as much as you can and God will see to it that you do enough. - Lost time is never found.

A Hustler,

'The Merchants' Review tells this story on a drummer for an Ithaca grocery house: The grocer sent out an energetic young man to canvass for new customers. He worked hard for the interests of his employer and also somewhat wearled the good housewives whom he called upon. At one house he used up his whole line of argument and gasped for more, as the lady of the house still said she was perfectly satisfied with her regular grocer. Then a happy thought struck him. and he said: "Mrs. Jones, I wouldn't for the world say anything against that

grocer you patronize, but let me ask you if you think that he cares anything for you except your money? Do you think that he intends to plant roses on your grave? Now, you just trade with my firm, and I guarantee that they will give you entire satisfaction."



when he gets into an overcrowded street car - Every woman has two beliefs;

one is future life and the other is that if a cat has blue eyes it can't hear well.

- It is of no consequence how good a man is abroad if he is really mean at home.

- In the English army a soldier is drummed to church just as he is to drill or dress parade.

- The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has

been in use since 1219.

- A Philadelphia grocer has this sign behind his counter: "The man who trusts is out."

- One drop of ink will darken a glass of water, and one bad boy will corrupt a neighborhood.

## S. C. BRUCE,

#### DENTIST. N BROYLES BUILDING, over Nich-

olson's Store, below the Bank of An-I have 25 years experience in my pro

feesion, and will be pleased to work for any who want Plates made, Filling done, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain. Jan 23, 1901 21

#### Attention, Painters!

W E will let the painting of the Steel Bridge at Piedmont, at the Bridge, on Tuesday the 26th of Feb., 12 o'clock, noon. Specifications made known on

boon. Specifications made known of the day of letting. J. N. VANDIVER, Supervisor Anderson County. J. E. SPEE4LE Supervisor Greenville County. Feb 13, 1901 34 2

Co. Supervisor A. C. Feb 12, 1901

Nov 28, 19





bevine 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 fine old dwelling of ten rooms, in good repair. Property exceptionally well wa-tered and wooded. Parties wishing ir-formation will call on or communicate with L. C. HASKELL, Agent, Abbe-ville, S. C.

Strong Farms in Pickens for helf the price of Anderson lands. Call and see our list of them; will ald buyers to get what they want, and lend them half of purchase money. B. F. MARTIN, Attorney at Law, Mascnic Temple, Anderson, S. C.

### Notice of Final Settlement.

