## "LOVE ALL."

The Way the Game Was Played In the Kentucky Blue Grass Region.

By GEORGE LINCOLN. Copyrigit, 1901, by George Lincoln. --------

A bronzed youth helping a blue habited girl mount her pony is no uncommon sight on a bright morning in Kentucky, yet a certain lank farmer stood watching this particular douple as they started gayly on their morning ride. He even shaded his eyes to watch them till they were a mere speck on the horizon. Then he walked around the long, low farmhouses till he came to the open pantry window where his wife was cooking.

"Mating time is about here, Sarah," he said, with a jerk of his thumb toward the roadway.

Sarah deftly trimmed a pie before she assented. "What do you suppose her folks

will say?" continued the man. with a bang, and the woman faced her husband fiercely.

"Don't you think our bey is good enough for any girl living?" she demanded. "Besides, Mr. Upton was a struggling young lawyer once himself. I don't think he'll interfere at all, and if my Robert is as good a husband as my man has been these 30 years they will be very happy."

The old man leaned through the window and kissed his faded Sarah very tenderly. "He'll have a good wife if she is anything like you," he returned as his wife pushed him laughingly out and said, "What ones go on spooning after 30 years of married life?"

John and Sarah had given years of toil toward Robert Allen's education. He had now been graduated from Harvard college and completed his law school course, and was at home on a last vacation before going into Lawyer Upton's office to commence practice. By his side was Lawyer Upton's youngest daughter Ruth. She and an older sister had returned home with Robert under the chaperonage of a maiden aunt, who was or her way farther south.

The mothers of these young peo-ple had been close friends in their school days, and even after marriage took one to the north to become a rich man's wife and left the other at home a poor farmer's wife the friendship still kept warm. Mrs. Upton took Robert into her family during his school and college days, and so the children had grown up

"Why are you so late every morning, Ruth?" Robert was saying as they ascended the hill. "You never used to be slow about dressing. We get started 20 minutes after the others every day."

"Now, Bob, don't scold," rejoined Ruth. "You know you like this smart canter with me better than moping along the road the way Harry Downs and Mary do. There they are now poking as usual." And she indicated a young couple with her riding whip and then brought it down sharply on her pony's flank and tore down the hill at breakneck

The couple were soon overtaken, and as Ruth passed the young man she touched his horse alyly, and they galloped off together, leaving Rob to pull up by her sister.

Mary Upton was 25 years old; Ruth was 22. They were unmis-takably sisters, yet very different in many ways. Mary's eyes were quiet, straightforward eyes, shaded by long lashes that gave them a dreamy look; Ruth's very lashes curled, and her eyes danced and twinkled, flashed anger or melted with tenderness, exactly as her heart dictated. Mary's nose was straight and a trifle too sharp; Ruth's was an unmistakable pug. Their mouths and chins were alike—small, but firm.

The fourth member of the party was Harry Downs, a son of a wealthy planter. He was a blond giant, 30 years old and in love—with all women. Just now he fencied he would like to marry one of the Upton girls; he didn't mind which, so he gave his devotion to either one that seemed most likely to appreciate it.
As he galloped away with Ruth he
drawled good naturedly, "Mah horse seems to be going rather more rapidly than I asked him, but I advise him to respect your wishes, as I try to mahself."

The whole party now cantered gayly along, running little im-promptu races, laughing, singing and enjoying themselves as only healthy young animals can. They came after awhile to a small wood and turned off the road at Rob's suggestion to try a little jumping. They made a convenient pile of brush and spent a half hour jump-

ing it in various ways, ten yard starts, standing jumps, etc. Rob's mare was a famous hunter and it was play for him. Harry Downs' horse was also used to such sport, and Mary's, though a little green at it, was a thoroughbred and required little urging to imitate the better trained animals.

At last Rob tire I of the brush and started off for a gate in the distance. The others followed at a

ly stepped over it. Harry's norse | her manner repels me when I try to took it with a rush, showing a clean six inches of daylight between his flying hoofs and the top rail of the gate. Mary's little mare quivered and tossed her head and then leaped over as lightly as a cat.

Poor Puck, Ruth's pony, refused

point blank. "Don't give in to him. Ride back and make him do it," shouted Rob. Ruth, angry and excited, swung Puck round and rode with him back to get a new start. Then she struck him repeatedly with the whip till he was running, and so they came at the gate. Puck quivered and paus-

ed, but with a jerky lift and with a wild cut she made him jump. The jump was high enough to carry him over, but his heart was not in it, his heels ticked the rail, he struck the ground badly, turning his ankle, and horse and rider rolled

over on the turf. Rob Allen and Harry Downs hurried to the prostrate figures. Ruth lay still and white, and only moaned a little when Rob picked her up. Harry rushed away to a little stream for water, and by bathing her face and chafing her hands they brought her back to consciousness. She sat up sobbing, "Oh, poor Puck, I ought The pie came to the pantry shelf | not to have made you do it," and then quietly fainted away again.

"This won't do," said Harry, and, jumping on his horse, he assured them he would find a carriage if Rob would carry her out to the road. So Rob gathered up the forlorn little figure, and Mary followed, leading the three horses.

Harry was fortunate in securing a passing vehicle—a farm wagon with meal bags in it. Mary got in and received Ruth's unconscious form, while the farmer good naturedly agreed to ride Rob's horse and lead the others.

At last they reached the farm-house, and Rob took her carefully can you expect of young folks if old down. Her foot just touched the wheel, and with a sharp cry she regained consciousness and began to

weep hysterically.

"Oh, darling, don't," said Rob
helplessly; "here's mother. Now
you'll be all right." Ruth clung about his neck, and they disappeared into the kitchen.

Mary clambered down from the wagon as best she could and stood a moment with clinched hands. "Rob breath, and then with shame in her heart she went to her sister and did all that could be done for her.

By the time the doctor had made his visit she had so far conquered herself that she went to Rob, who was pacing the yard like a wild thing, and told him in quite sisterly fashion that Ruth was not seriously hurt. A sprained ankle and general

shaking up was all. For the next few weeks Ruth was an interesting invalid. Every morning Rob carried her out under the trees in the doorway and she held her court there. She insisted that Mary should ride with one young man each day, while the other staid at home and entertain-Harry Downs in a trying state of mind, for on the day he rode with Mary he longed to ask her to be his wife, but the very next morning he

spent with Ruth, and she teased and petted him till he was sure she was the only woman to make him happy.

The weeks went by swiftly and Ruth gained steadily. One day Mary came home from her ride with Harry Downs, and coming round the corner of the house found Ruth and Rob walking together, Ruth using Rob's arm for a crutch. They were so busy talking they did not notice her, and she hurried into the house, stumbling over a book on ties

She opened it mechanically and found the leaf turned down at Lowell's "Love." "So that is what they are discussing," she thought, with a bitter little laugh. Her feet carried her heavily over the stairs, and she felt worn and old as she entered her room.

The evenings were cool and were usually spent in the big living room, where a cheerful wood fire burned in the big fireplace. On this evening after supper Ruth occupied the couch, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen sat by the hearth, she knitting a red stocking that was to delight some pickaninny's soul, and he with the evening paper spread before him.
Rob and Mary were at the piano,
and soon Harry Downs came in, was
welcomed by all and then sat down very near Ruth.

Rob selected song after song, and Mary sang them in a pure, sweet contralto. She was so placed that she could see Ruth, and her mind wandered from the music to her sister's face. Ruth was looking up at Harry Downs and blushing brightly. He was talking low and earnestly, and she answered him at some length. Then he leaned forward eagerly and took her hand for a moment and then leaned back and apparently became absorbed in the

Ruth noticed that Rob appeared abstracted, and she finally told him he was selecting songs she knew he particularly disliked.
"Am I?" he said quietly. "Well,

to tell you the truth, my mind is not on what I am doing. Mary," after a pauer, "I am trying to get up my courage to ask the dearest little woman in the world to be my wife. I'm afraid she doesn't love me, though, and I can't give her up wholly; so, like the coward that I am, I just hover round her and hesitate. I've swinging lope. Rob's mare loped had a great many opportunities in quietly up to the gate and apparent- the last few weeks, but something in of others will tell others of yours.

ask the question.'

Mary looked down helplessly, answering not a word.

"We have always been good friends, I think, Mary," the quiet voice went on.

At this Mary raised her head and looked full into the honest face above her. Rob's fine eyes were full of a soft beseeching and a great love lurked in their depths. It seemed bitter hard to the girl that she should be asked to act as go between in this matter. But she loved him enough for any sacrifice, and her an-

swer was quite steady.
"Yes, Rob, and we always will be the best of friends. I will let you know tomorrow," and she fled pre-cipitately to a seat between the placed old people by the fire.

At bedtime Mary faced her task their hair. "Ruth," she began, "are you in

earnest?" "Yes, always," Ruth answered

hippantly. "What about?" Mary put down her hairbrush and took her sister by the shoulders. 'You are trifling with a good man's affection," she began sternly. "In the afternoon you have a tete-a-tete with Rob and talk over love poems and lean on his arm. In the even-Harry Downs hold your hand. Now, | nouncing it "chee-fon-ee-ay." tell me what you mean."

"Yes'm," answered Ruth, with mock weakness, "I was going to, anyway, only you hurt my arm.

Mary flung her away, laughing in spite of herself. "I don't mean to be cross. Only do tell me honestly if you love Rob. Don't play with him, dear."

"Yes," Ruth said slowly, with a so the first time he came to Boston, when I was 7 and he was 10, and my affection has not diminished a bit. But if you'd asked me if I loved Harry Downs I should have said "Yes," too, and he told me tonight what sort of girl he would like for a wife, and she has a pug nose and freckles and ugly hair like mine. I did intimate that I wouldn't mind if he came to Boston next summer. You see, Rob's a good enough fellow and all that, but he happens to like a girl with a straighter nose loves her," she said under her, than mine better than he does me. He told me so the day we discussed love."

Ruth had delivered herself of this speech so rapidly that Mary could only stand wild eyed and stare at her. Before she could frame a suitable reply Ruth was snoring ostentatiously.

Meanwhile the same subject was being discussed by Mr. and Mrs. Allen. "Durned if I see what the young ones are up to," said the old man as he dressed a chair back in his coat. "Seems to be a game of love all, as they say in tennis. I change round so since the accident

that I don't know what to think."

"I like the curly headed little bag-gage myself." And, having had the last word, the old farmer left the argument.

Next morning Mary was up early, and, knowing the habits Rob had and, knowing the habits Rob had contracted at college, which usually made him late to breakfast, she felt interesting paper in the morning were poor indeed, when from a small but prosperous and supposedsecure in going out for a walk to calm herself for the interview which she feared and longed for. She had barely left the farm buildings behind her when she heard manly steps and turned, surprised, to find ent: Rob.

"I've come for my answer, Mary, and my cowardice is gone. I must know the truth. I love you, dear. Will you be my wife?"

And she answered him simply "Yes" at that time, though before they returned to the house both had explained and blamed themselves to their entire satisfaction.

Expression "He's a Brick!"

The expression "He's a brick." which is now a family byword, is first found in Plutarch. The whole phrase is expressive of every form of admiration. The Spartans, quick witted and noted for their repartee, were early trained in both schools. They were men of few words and fewer laws and embodied in short phrases their admiration, dislike or appreciation. Lycurgus was not only a man of few words, but quick action. On being asked "Should Sparta be inclosed?" an invasion of the enemy being expected during the time of war, replied, "A city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick."

A very clever story is told of the diplomatic mission from the court of Epirus. The embassador, being shown over the city by the king, expressed surprse that no walls were built around Sparta for its defense. "Walls!" cried the king. "Thou canst not have looked carefully. Tomorrow we will go together, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." On the following day the king led his guest to where his entire army was drawn up. Pointing with great pride to the magnificent body of men, he exclaimed, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick!"—Woman's

- A person who tells you the faults

POINTING A MORAL.

This Father Had a Good Cure For His

Conceited Son. When our heads reach that stage when a foot tub will about fit us for a hat, it's a mighty good thing to have some wise friend or relative to put them under the pump and hold them there until the swelling subsides. A nice young fellow here married into a society family. His father was one of that blunt, houest sort of men who have accumulated a pretty good fortune by hard labor and who have no nonsense in

The young couple began soon to put on fancy trimmings with the old man. He was not invited out when they had a pink toa or green break-fast, but was used to fill in the chinks. Well, the old man wouldn't while the two girls were brushing have enjoyed it anyhow, for he was used to plain, substantial cooking, and a supper of little cakes, ice cream, a croquette, a dab of salad and a glass of frappe would floor him. When he had suppers, there would be a big dish of birds, hot biscuits, pickles and preserves, old style chicken salad and a hot punch afterward.

But the old man stood the change in the boy for awhile until one day he came down home and asked him ing you lounge on the sofa, and let to give his wife a chiffonier, pro-

This was too much. "Get in the buggy with me," said the elder sternly. "I want to drive you to see something." The son complied, and the two drove up Green street until they came to a little, old tumble down cottage, much the worse for age. "There, sir," said the irate parent, "there's where you were born. Don't forget it again and be wicked smile, "I love Robert, and I talking to me about your wife's know he loves me. Why, he told me schee-fong-yeas." There is no place schee-fong-yeas." There is no place like home, but we don't care to be reminded of the earliest one we had. -Washington Star.

> Ephralm Knox's Hen Story. Ephraim Knox lived in the center of his native village, and his hens wandered here and there at their own sweet will, to the frequent annoyance of his neighbors. Ephraim,

> however, was no respecter of persons and considered his hens "as good as anybody" and desirable vis-When it was decided that the

> town library should be built in a vacant lot "next door to him,' Ephraim was filled with pride and joy, and he and his hens superintended operations from the first. Ephraim's brother Seth was not

devoted to hens. One day he was passing the site of the library with a friend and stopped to view the progress of affairs. Ephraim's hens were there, cackling away as if their lives depended on it. Seth looked at them in disgust.

"What in the world are those hens making such a noise for, do you supthought one time it was a sure thing pose? There ain't any grain in between Ruth and Robert, but they there," said the friend. there," said the friend.

"Well," remarked Seth dryly, "they've had the oversight of most everything in town. You know the wife, "but Rob hinted to me tonight | cornerstone of the building was laid that somebody was going to answer him a mighty question tomorrow, so we shall soon know. I hope it's laid it!"—Youth's Companion.

A Lost News Story.

A managing editor tells this story of how he failed to get the best of a correspondent: "News was scarce and the prospects of getting out an ly pious little Illinois town came this

dispatch:

"Fifty of our best citizens arrested tonight for playing poker."

"In a jiffy I wired the correspond-

"Rush details and all the names." "While awaiting the story my spirits rose as I pictured the effect of the bucolic sensation on the first page. The prospects of a dry paper were about disappearing as I thought how interesting the story would be (50 prominent citizens in a small town like —, you know, means pretty much the whole town) when there came on the wire not the correspondent's story, but his reply to my order:
"I am no fool. I expect to live

in this town for several years."

Rules For Good Eyesight. The following simple rules for the preservation of the eyesight are But a bit of better butter worth remembering: Keep a shade Will but make my batter better." on your lamp or gas burner. Avoid all sudden changes between light Better than the bitter butter, and darkness. Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness into light. Never read by twilight, moonlight or any light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door. above, obliquely over the left shoulder. Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window. The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes that moment stop using them.

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

- The small ' ., "ho politely refuses a pic. .. re at dinner when he. sees the supply is running short is a SHUNNED THE MIRROR.

Persons Who Vowed Never to Stand Before a Looking Glass. Incredible as it may seem, there have been many instances of eccentric individuals who for some reason or another

have vowed to never look into a mirror

as long as life endured. Such a case occurred some years ago at Carcassonne, in France, where a young and beautiful widow much given to frivolities lost her only child, a boy of 3, while dressing her hair before the mirror for a ball to which she was about to wend her way. The child, left to himself, wandered into the roadway and was run over and bled by a passing dray, and the mother, heartbroken by the shocking affair, which she attributed to her own neglect, vowed that never again would she look into a

She kept her word, and until the day of her death, which occurred about three years later, she did not behold her face on a single occasion. Every mirror was removed from the flat which she occupied, nor were silver dishes brought to her table lest she should see her features reflected there-

In one of the midland counties of England not so very long ago there passed away a farmer who had not beheld his own face for nearly 15 The farmer in question was superstitious to the point of credulity, and on a certain occasion a gypsy informed him that be would die while gazing into a mirror. Terrified by this weird prediction, the weakminded man resolved that he would never again scan his features in the glass. and he rigidly kept his word, dying

eventually at the ripe age of 78. A young Italian peasant woman who wedded a sailor told him on the eve of his departure for a long voyage that she would not look upon her features in the mirror until he returned to her safe and sound. The unfortunate man's vessel was wrecked in the gulf of Mexico, all aboard the ship being drowned. But the distracted widow refused to believe that her husband was dead and vowed that she would adhere to her resolve regarding the nonuse of a mirror for another year. As each year passed the vow was renewed, but eventually a new suitor came upon the scene and paid court to the woman, with the result that she married him in due course and looked once more upon her comely face after a lapse of six years .- London Tit-Bits.

Dared by an Elephant. Engine Driver Russell, while taking his freight train from Teluk Anson to Ipoh, on the Malay peninsula, was con fronted by a big tusker elephant who usurped the center of the track. A grand contest then ensued between elephant and engine. The elephant repeatedly charged the engine, and this game went on for nearly an hour. The driver occasionally backed the engine. and then the elephant would stand aside from the track, but on the engine again coming forward the animal would return to the track and renew its charges. The driver described the onslaught of the elephant as most terrific. particularly on one occasion, when he feared the smokebox door had been battered in. Of course the driver could have charged at the tusker, but then the great probability would have been that the engine would have been de-

Doubtless suffering from a sore head at the futile contest between ivory and iron, the elephant altered its tactics and, turning its rear portion to the iron steed, endeavored to push its antagonist backward. Here came the chance for the driver, who quickly turned on the steam and gradually pushed the elephant off the line, but in doing so one of the engine wheels went over the hind legs of the elephant, and thus Mr. Tusker was disabled. The freight train proceeded on its journey bearing evident marks of the struggle on the cowcatcher and the smokebox. Several pieces of broken tusks were picked up, and these commanded a good price.-Perak Pioneer.

How he Won the Men. At one period of his career Archdencon Sinclair used to preach pretty often both at Wellington and at Chelsea barracks. One day a sergeant major of the Coldstream guards accosted him and said how sorry he was they had not heard him preach for some time. The archdeacon explained that he had not the pleasure of knowing the then chaplain at Chelsea.

"That's a pity," replied the soldier, "for the men like to hear you. They said"-and here the archdeacon prepared himself for a graceful compliment-"you had a voice like a drill sergeant's."-Newcastle Chronicle.

Betty's Butter.

Betty Botter bought some butter; "But," she said, "this butter's bitter; If I put it in my batter And made her bitter batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better.

To Cure A Cold In One Day Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money It is best to let the light fall from if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's sig nature is on each box. 25c.

## \$100.00 REWARD.

WILL pay \$100.00 Reward for the arrest and delivery to me or any Jail in the United States of Hamp Williams and Marcus Clay, alias Will Thomas, two Negro Convicts, who escaped from Anderson County Chain Gang on the night of 10th July. Or I will pay \$50 00 each for the arrest of either one of the above, delivered to me or any Jail in the United States.

Said Hamp Williams is about 21 years old, about 5 feet 6 or 8 inches high and weighs 140 pounds; has a scar under left eye of a darker hue than the skin, dark gingercake color.

gingercake color.

Mark Clay, alias Will Thomas, is a large black negro, about 5 feet 11 inches high, weighs 180 pounds, has a downcast look, heavy eyebrows, face wrinkled, about 45 years old

J. N. VANDIVER, County Supervisor A. C. Anderson, S. C., July, 11 1901.

Improved Farm Life.

The conditions of farm life are wonderfully different from what hey were in the last generation.

Labor saving machinery has wrought revolution in farm operations.

A change hardly less remarkable has been accomplished in the removal of the comparative isolation of the farmer and his family.

The country has become more thickly settled and the means of intercommunication have been vastly im-

In many parts of the West and in some of the South community settlements of farmers are becoming numerous. A number of farmers build their bomes close together and from this central settlement their land lines radiate.

The advantages of this plan are ob-

The advantages of this plan are obvious. It affords the companionship, the lack of which the wife and children of many a farmer feel so keenly. It affords mutual protection and the means of mutual improvement. The Church, the school house, the social club, the general store-all these are made possible and brought near to the

The benefits of the community life thus established are incalculable.

A great number of farmers now enjoy the convenience of mail delivery which their fathers never dreamed of. The telephone has been drafted into the service of farmers in many States. In some of the older and more thickly settled ones farm telephones are in use by the thousand. Telephone lines are constructed and equipped either by an association of farmers or by a company of their town neighbors, which give good service over a large territory at remarkably low rates. The farmer and his family find the telephone a great convenience and a very profitable investment.

Suburban trolley lines have been so greatly increased in number and so much extended in their reach that the patronnice of the public. they give thousands of farmers easy Interest paid on time deposits and cheap access to the towns and by agreement. cities, which are their main market. Another improvement of farm life, perhaps the greatest one of all, has been supplied by the general improvement of roads.

The value of these to the farmer cannot be computed. They increase his profits from his crops, save him much time, which is the equivalent of money; enable him to keep up his stock to a better standard, prevent heavy loss in the wear and tear of wagons and other vehicles and make it possible for him to market his crops in much less time and at far less ex-

Farm life has lost many of its hard features and its attractions, comforts and opportunities Lave been immensely improved. It is not strange that force. The Policies are for small in many of our States a movement from the cities and towns to the farms is beginning to counteract the trend the old line companies would charge. from the farms to the centers of population, which, in many parts of the United States, has gone on so steadily for a long time with evil results to both the rural districts and our cities. There is great hope for our country in the increased attractiveness of farm life.—Atlanta Journal.

- A sober second thought is better than a drunken first one.

- The coquette is able to flirt a fan and a fan flirt simultaneously.

- Even the homely girl will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.



Women are Like

Flowers. Healthy and strong they blossom and bloom. Sickly, they wither and die. Every woman ought to look well and feel well. It's her right and duty, but she might as well try to put out a fire with oil as to be healthy and at-tractive with disease corroding the organs that make her a woman. Upon their health depends her health. If organs that make her a woman. Upon their health depends her health. If there is inflammation or weakening drains or suffering at the monthly period, attend to it at once. Dun't delay. You're one step nearer the grave every day you put it off. Women can stand a great deal, but they cannot live forever with disease dragging at the most delicate and dragging at the most delicate and vital organs in their body. You may have been deceived in so-called cures. We don't see how you could help itthere is so much worthless stuff on the market. But you won't be disappointed in Bradfield's Female Regulator. We believe it is the one medicine on earth for womanly ills. There is as much difference between it and other so-called remedies as there is between right and wrong. Bradfield's Female Regulator soothes the pain, stops the drains, promotes regularity, strengthens, purifies and cleanses. It does all this quickly and casily and naturally. It is for women alone to decide whether they will be healthy or sick. Bradfield's Regulator lies at hand. Si per bottle at drug store.

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Jan 23, 1901

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Public.

Please note our change in business from credit to Cash, and read the following below: Our reasons for doing so are as follows:
First, our accounts being necessarily small, and an endless amount of confusion and expense entailed to an injurious degree, and the loss in bad accounts, and the time and attention it requires to collect same

Second, our current expenses, such as labor, fuel, gas, water and other supplies

are cash.

The stand we have taken is one we have been forced into. With a great many of our customers we regret to be obliged to fursue this course, but as we positively ennot discriminate, we trust that you will appreciate our position and not ask for credit. All bundles delivered after June 1st and not paid for will be returned to laundry.

We desire to thank all of our customers We desire to thank all of our customers for the patronage they have kindly favored us with in the past and hope we have inerited the same, and hope to still be entrusted with your valued orders after our change goes into effect for cash only, which will always receive our prompt attention.

Very respectfully,

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