

FLINGS AT THE SEA.

Old Sayings That Breathe a Strong Distrust of the Ocean. "No man will be a sailor," said Dr. Johnson, "who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail." Dr. Johnson was, however, a landsman, while many of the following expressions are the opinions of sea-faring people. "He who trusts himself on the sea is either a fool or the sea is poor, or he wants to die." This Gallicism is no stronger than the following saying by the maritime Dutchman: "Better on the beach with an old cart than at sea with a new ship." "Better walk poor than sail rich," says the Spaniard, and in the same spirit his Italian neighbor responds, "Praise the sea, but stay on shore."

Another maritime nation, the Danish, gives us this strong opinion: "One penny is better on land than ten at sea." German woodsmen say, "The sea has no branches (to cling to), therefore it is better to stay on shore," and the French rustics agree with them—"Admire the sea as much as you will, but don't stir from the cowsheds." The Arab fears the sea as much today as he did in the fifteenth century, when he thought the hand of Satan would arise from the "sea of darkness" to seize his frail bark. "It is better," says he, "to hear the belching of the camel than the prayers of the fish," and he further outlines the dangerous nature of the element when he says, "The sea has a tender stomach, but a head hard as wood."

A facetious work a century old has it thus: "The ship is a fool, for it moves continually. The sailor is a fool, for he changes his mind with every breeze. The water is a fool, for it is never still. The wind is a fool, for it blows without ceasing. Let us make an end at once of navigation."—United Service Magazine.

Large Sums For Old Junk.

A New Yorker who spent several days in Washington recently had his attention called to the sale of various collections of waste made by the government departments. "I was prepared to learn that the waste iron at the navy yard was sold," he said. "I knew that the waste paper from the departments could be used. But I didn't expect to hear that the scrap iron, bits of steel, brass and other minerals and the old canvas, cotton, leather and other substances which might be taken from worn-out mail bags were sold also."

"Yet I was told at the postoffice department the other day that the amount of such waste in a year was enormous and that when the junk was sold last year it netted the department about \$6,000. At first I could hardly believe the story, but I learned subsequently that 16,000 bags are worn out in a year and then understood where all the iron, canvas and leather were obtained."—Washington Post.

The Woodpecker's Home.

The woodpecker's home is very like the kingfisher's, but it is dug in rotten wood instead of being bored in a bank of earth. From the great ivory billed species down to the little downy fellow of our orchards the woodpeckers build their nests, of rather, excavate them, on the same general plan. The hole at first goes straight into the wood, then turns downward, widening as it descends, until it gives room for the home. If you will go into any bit of unshorn woodland during early spring and will keep your eyes open, you will see a bright red head thrust out of a round window in some decaying trunk or bough, and the woodpecker will sing out, "Peer, peer!" which always seems to mean that his or her home is a most comfortable and enjoyable place.

"The Uncle of His Nephew."

The potency of football in giving prominence not only to the player, but to all his relatives was amusingly illustrated in the case of William Lloyd Garrison. At an evening reception Mr. Garrison was introduced to a noted athlete.

"I am pleased to know you," Mr. Garrison, said the athlete. "I presume you are a relative of the famous Harvard quarterback, Billy Garrison."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Garrison in mock indignation. "All my life I have been known as the son of my father! Must I in my old age be known as the uncle of my nephew?"—New York Tribune.

An Important Occasion.

Uncle Ebony—"I've glad you're in, sah, 'cause I want to borrow your cyclopedias and a few dictionaries and any other nice big books you can spare, sah."

Employer—"Goodness me! And you've brought a wheelbarrow, I see. What on earth do you want of them?"

Uncle Ebony—"Very important occasion, sah, very important. Dinah and me wants to hunt up a name for the baby, sah."—New York Weekly.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

—You never see "closed for the summer; manager away on a vacation" on the doors of the devil's workshop.

—There are many women who can deceive their own husbands, but few who can deceive their friends.

—Slander is a moth that eats holes in a good name.

THREE CHINESE FABLES.

Stories That Illustrate the Literature of the Country.

Chinese literature, almost unknown to western peoples, is rich in parables and fables. Dr. W. A. P. Martin in his book, "The Lore of Cathay," gives several which may not be as good as Aesop, but are greatly superior to those of some of his modern imitators.

A tiger who had never seen an ass was terrified at the sound of his voice and was about to run away when the donkey turned his heels and prepared to kick.

"If that is your mode of attack," said the tiger, "I know how to deal with you."

In another fable the donkey gets even.

A tiger captured a monkey. The monkey begged to be released on the score of his insignificance and promised to show the tiger where he might find a more valuable prey. The tiger complied, and the monkey conducted him to a hillside where an ass was feeding, an animal which the tiger had never before seen.

"My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two tigers. How is it that you have brought me only one today?"

The tiger fled for his life. Thus a ready wit wards off danger.

The principle of the next fable the Chinese always apply to their European instructors in the art of war.

A tiger, finding a cat very prolific in devices for catching game, placed himself under her instruction. At length he was told there was nothing more to be learned.

"Have you taught me all your tricks?"

"Yes," replied the cat.

"Then," said the tiger, "you are of no further use, and so I shall eat you."

The cat, however, sprang lightly into the branches of a tree and smiled at the tiger's disappointment. She had not taught the tiger all her tricks.

The Wrong Connection.

The telephone girl and the bill clerk, to whom she had promised her heart and hand, were sitting in front of the fireplace talking about the happy days to come when they would be one.

From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting the fires in the morning. On this point the young man was decided. He stated it as his emphatic opinion that it was a wife's place to get up and start the fires and let her poor, hardworking husband rest.

After this decision there was a silence for the space of about three-quarters of a second. Then the telephone girl thrust out the finger encircled by her engagement ring and murmured sweetly, but firmly:

"Ring off, please. You have got connected with the wrong number."—Salt Lake Herald.

Chemical Effect of Lightning.

Lightning works chemically as well as mechanically. It has the power of developing a peculiar odor, which has been variously compared to that of phosphorus, nitrous gas and most frequently burning sulphur. Water mentions a storm on the isthmus of Darien which diffused such a sulphurous stench through the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarcely draw their breath, particularly when they plunged into the wood. The British ship Montague was once struck by globular lightning, which left such a stannic savor behind it that the vessel seemed nothing but sulphur, and every man was suffocating.—Chambers' Journal.

An Unexpected Reply.

A member of the school board in a Baltimore school had been trying to interest the children in the fire drill. He had taught them that when they heard the fire alarm they were to fall into line and march out.

One day he brought a friend with him to visit the school, who made a little address, after which the member said to the children:

"Now you have heard what the gentleman has said to you and listened very attentively. What would you do if I should make a few remarks?"

"Fall into line and march out!" cried they with one voice.

Making It Plain.

"This here piece in the paper makes use of the word 'superfluous' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soapbox. "Now, what do you take superfluous to be?"

"I dunno's I kin exactly tell you," answered the man in rags, "but I know what it means right enough."

"Can you illustrate it?"

"M—yes, I think so. Superfluous is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a beard."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

—When you come to think how some people will elope it is easier to understand how some people will out their throats.

—There are many women who can deceive their own husbands, but few who can deceive their friends.

—Slander is a moth that eats holes in a good name.

FASCINATION OF DIAMONDS.

Same Faces From Day to Day Seen at the Display Windows.

"Diamonds have a great fascination for a certain class of people," said a jeweler to a reporter the other evening. "For days at a time I see the same faces looking at the stones in the display window, and often one particular diamond attracts their attention every time they stop. As a rule, most of these are young men and women. If you stand in the store and watch the many people who look at our display every day, you will notice that most of them come to the window in a rush and after studying the jewels for awhile will walk slowly away, as if they hated to go. Very few of these persons know anything about diamonds, but simply like to look at them and pick out the ones they would like to have."

"A knowledge of diamonds is gained only by long experience in handling them, and hundreds of the people who look at the diamond displays cannot tell a bad stone from a good one."

"It is a fact that sometimes we see a young girl standing before the window and actually talking to herself and occasionally pointing at the stone which happens to strike her fancy. Most of those who look in the windows hardly ever buy diamonds, probably because they are not able. Our best diamond customers very seldom look at the display in the window. They come inside and have the clerks show them the precious stones."

"The other day a man came into our store and bought a three hundred dollar diamond in ten minutes. The same day a woman purchased a small diamond from us for \$15, and she was more than an hour in selecting the stone she desired."—Washington Post.

Just Sharing Fair.

Two children, a girl of about eight and a boy of six, were left in St. Paul's churchyard while their mother went into the old church. The youngsters wandered about the burying ground looking curiously at the old tombstones until they came to one that was nearly hidden by laurel wreaths.

The little girl regarded these tributes intently for some moments, then carefully picked up one of the wreaths and handed it to her brother. Taking a second wreath herself, she started down a path, her brother toddling after her.

Coming to a neglected looking grave, she carefully placed the wreath upon it, and, taking the other circlet of faded laurel from her brother, she went a little farther and laid it on a time worn tombstone.

The mother, coming out of the church, saw this and said:

"Why, Ethel, what are you doing?"

"Just sharing fair," said the budding socialist. "The flowers were all on one grave."—New York Times.

Sign That Failed.

Up on Lexington avenue an enterprising music dealer who desired to call attention to his wares had a sign painted in artistic white letters on a black ground and hung it on his outer wall. It read, "What is home without a piano?"

One dark night along came a painter, with material of his trade in hand, who either had no music in his soul or had a cultivated taste beyond ragtime and the ordinary performer, and added a word to the sign. When the music dealer arose in the morning, he was surprised at the appearance of his sign. It read: "What is home without a piano? Peace."

The final word was ruthlessly obliterated and the sign taken from the outer wall and hung behind the protection of plate glass.—New York Herald.

She Knew Her Father.

A teacher was trying to convey to a six year old pupil some conception of beauty considered in the abstract and its power to move the human heart, but the little girl was slow to grasp the idea.

"Suppose, Nellie," said the teacher, "your mamma should fill a vase with lovely flowers and place them in the center of the dining table. What would your papa say when he first saw them on sitting down to eat?"

"He'd say, 'What are those weeds doing here?'" promptly replied Nellie.

Undeceived.

As the lady reached the platform the car stopped with such precision that she was thrown against the conductor. As the polite public servant straightened up sufficiently to put the lady to rights she exclaimed:

"This is so sudden, sir?"

"Beg pardon, miss," said the Chesterfieldian conductor, "but I am already married."—Richmond Dispatch.

—Frankie Friend, aged twenty-seven, of Norwalk, Ohio, got off a railroad car at Lorain faint and weak. She was assisted to the waiting room by two women, and later sent to a physician's office. She was dead when placed on a couch. A post mortem showed heart to be entirely out of place on account of her corset, which was ten sizes too small.

—Slander is a moth that eats holes in a good name.

Won't Follow Advice After Paying For It.

In a recent article a prominent physician says, "It is next to impossible for the physician to get his patients to carry out any prescribed course of hygiene or diet to the smallest extent; he has but one resort left, namely, the drug treatment." When medicine is used for chronic constipation, the most mild and gentle obtainable, such as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, should be employed. Their use is not followed by constipation, as they leave the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Orr-Gray Drug Co.

Unexpected Answer.

She was a bright young teacher, in charge of a bright class, composed of many foreign children. To increase their vocabulary she had hit on a guessing game. She told the class of what she was thinking and they named the object.

This time she had thought of the word birthday, and the lesson went on in this fashion:

"Now, little folks, I'm thinking of something you all have. You don't have it very often, just once every year. Even I have one. What is it? I'll give you a minute to think and when you are sure you know raise your hand."

Hands began to go up rapidly. "My," said this bright young teacher. "I really think I have the best little folks in all this big school. They all think so fast, and I know they are thinking of the very thing I thought. I'm going to let Morris tell. I'm sure he knows."

Morris rose to his feet, stood in the aisle in true military position, and like a shot from a gun in response to the teacher's:

"Tell us what it is, Morris," came the answer:

"A clean undershirt teacher."—New York Telegram.

An Appreciative Listener.

"Yes," said the eminent professor at a social gathering, addressing his remarks to a small man to whom he had been introduced, "I flatter myself that I rarely fail to read a face correctly."

"So?" queried the small man.

"Yes. Now, there is a lady," continued the professor, pointing to a 200-pound specimen of the fair sex, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear as print to me. The chin shows firmness of disposition, amounting to obstinacy; the pointed nose, a vicious temperament; that capacious mouth, volubility; the square chin denotes trouble for those who oppose her wishes; the eyes show a hardness of heart."

"Wonderful, truly wonderful, professor," interrupted the small man.

"You evidently know something of the lady, then?" said the professor.

"Sure," replied the small man; "she is my wife."—Chicago Daily News.

When Courtesy Failed.

Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, was in Washington the other day calling upon his old friends in Congress whom he knew when he represented his State in the House.

"McCreary was a fine campaigner," said a Kentuckian. "When he went the rounds of his district he kissed all the babies, praised the cooking of the housewives, judged the cattle of the farmers and adapted himself to all circumstances. One night he drove up to the house of a farmer to stop all night, but arrived after the supper hour. The good woman of the house insisted on getting him some supper, but he resisted, and said that he would take anything cold that she had."

"She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits and would warm the coffee."

"Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying, "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."—Washington Star.

James Settled It.

Two boys in a rural Scotch district were one day discussing what sign it is when the cuckoo is heard for the first time in the year. One of them said it was a sign of getting married, while the other said that it was a sign that you were going to be rich. A farmer, overhearing them, said:

"That cannot be true, because I have heard it many times, and I am not married yet, and I am certainly not rich." Just then a local worthy, known as "Daft Jamie," was passing by, and the farmer said: "Jamie, can you tell me what sign it is when you hear the cuckoo for the first time?"

"Yes," said Jamie, as he took his pipe from his mouth. "It's a sign you're not deaf."

—Nearly every man actually believes that other men are interested in his troubles.

—Occasionally a woman's face is her fortune—and her husband's misfortune.

—A tombstone marks the dividing line between here and there.

—Woman never allows her opinions to spoil for want of being aired.

—If a girl is foolish enough to tell when a man kisses her he may not do it again.

—It is easy for anybody to get married, but it is hard for lots of them to stay married.

—It isn't what a man is, but rather what he pretends to be that makes him ridiculous.

—Usually when a man is a failure he has a patient little wife who makes excuses for him.

—Judge a man's true worth by what he has in his heart rather than by what he has in his pocket.

—The thread-like line between happiness and unhappiness is the shadowy tracing of imagination.

—We always have our doubts about the liberality of the hostess who outs her pie into more than four pieces.

—All the world's a stage upon which each actor plays his part—after which he occupies a private box.

—It's curious the way a woman dresses in winter to catch cold and in summer to get bitten by mosquitoes.

—Most women's ideas of an "earnest purpose" in life is to be able to make other women hate her for having more than they have.

—The minister who does not hit somebody in every sermon has missed his vocation, or is well acquainted with the contributing members.

—The multitude of sins that is covered by charity is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the multitude that is uncovered by it.

—Owen's—"What's in a name, anyway?" Dunne—"Not much in yours, old man." Owen—"What do you mean?" Dunne—"Why, everything you've got is in your wife's name, isn't it?"

—Auntie (anxiously)—"Do you think you have had the proper training for a poor man's wife?" Sweet Girl—"Yes, indeed. Paps hasn't given me any spending money worth mentioning for years. I always get things charged."

—Rev. Thomas B. Hyde, of Cincinnati, urges women to take into their own hands the matter of proposing matrimony, holding that many more marriages would result from such a course. "Some men," says Mr. Hyde, "are too bashful to propose, and would be grateful if women would help them out. Begin immediately, ladies. Marriage is a solemn matter, but single life is much more so."

—MORDECAI & GADSDEN, BONHAM & WATKINS, QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

To the Defendants The State Trust Company, a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York, and The Morton Trust Company, a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York. Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants also named: YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, 47 Broad Street, Charleston, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof exclusive 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 demanded in the Complaint.

Dated May 9th, 1902.

MORDECAI & GADSDEN, BONHAM & WATKINS, QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

To the Defendants The State Trust Company, a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York, and The Morton Trust Company, a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York. Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

Please take notice that the Summons and Complaint hereto has been this day filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of Anderson County, S. C., and that the object of said action is the enforcement of a Mechanics Lien on the property of the Defendant, Anderson Water, Light and Power Co.

MORDECAI & GADSDEN, BONHAM & WATKINS, QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

[SAL.] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. P. & O. S. May 9th, 1902.

Fall Dress.

A belated traveller, who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin, says that soon after the frugal supper of "sody biscuits" and fried "sido meat," swimming in grease, had been eaten, a tall, gaunt youth of about 18 and an equally fallow and gaunt girl of 17, both barefooted, took their hats from wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go out, whereupon their mother, taking her pipe from between her yellow teeth, said reprovingly:

"Go 'long an' wash your feet, Levi, you an' Looly both! Hain't you 'shamed to go off to an evenin' party without washin' your feet?"

They obeyed, but as Levi took the washpan from a bench by the door he said with a grumble:

"I'd 'bout as soon stay home from a party as to have to fix up so for hit."

Lived in Wife's Tomb.

For nine years an aged New Yorker has lived in his wife's tomb in the Evergreen Cemetery. Devotion to her memory has robbed the once powerful man of all his physical strength and his vitality, sapped by years of bitter exposure, is ebbing away. He has always had a melancholy pleasure in sitting in the tomb by the side of his dead wife, and has found his only happiness there, for he does not believe he will meet her in another world. Though he lives in the tomb, the old man does not sleep there. He leaves the cemetery every night and goes to a little room in a house in Williamsburg. Early in the morning he creeps out of his bed and goes to the cemetery. "Good morning, Mary," he always says to his wife when he enters the tomb, just as if her deaf ears could hear his voice through the thick walls of her metal coffin.

Roberts' Chill Tonic.

Roberts' Chill Tonic is a powerful medicine for the cure of all forms of malaria, fever, and ague. It is a blood purifier and a general tonic. It is sold by all druggists.

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