

JEANNE

A thin, middle aged man stood by the lock gate watching an approaching boat. He was dressed in country clothes, but he had not the air of a countryman.

"What are the weeds like above the lock?" "Very bad, sir." The answer was given in a serious, respectful voice.

"Is there any place near here where I could put up for the night?" "There is only a public house, sir. I am the landlord of it. My name is Hill. I could give you a bedroom, a little rough perhaps, but—"

"Good! A bed and supper—capital! That is the only bit of luck I've had today." As he was speaking the young man picked up a small knapsack which was lying in the stern of the boat and jumped out. He made the boat fast and joined the landlord on the tow-path.

"It is this way. You will let me carry that for you, sir." As they walked along the brilliant young man—his name was Philip Wince—chattered freely. He was taking a holiday up the river and was to have joined a friend at Nunnisham that night and then gone on with him the day after. He told the landlord all this and also surmised that Hill was not a native of the fen country.

"No, sir," was the answer. "I was let to Sir Charles Sulmont. You have perhaps heard of him." Philip had never heard of him, but said that he had.

"When Sir Charles died, he left me a little money, and I married a maid who was then in Lady Sulmont's service. I bought this house with a little assistance from her ladyship and settled here. I was very young then, and I have been here eighteen years."

Philip gathered from further talk as they went along that Mrs. Hill was dead and that she had left one child, Jeanne, a girl of seventeen, who lived with her father. When they reached the inn, Hill showed Philip a bedroom, a large, comfortable room, and began to make some apology about supper. They very rarely had any one staying in the house, and there was nothing left but— Here Philip interrupted:

"You would be doing me a kindness if you would let me have supper with you and your daughter. I hate solitude. I mean if you—if Miss Hill wouldn't object."

"If you really wish it, sir, I should be very pleased. So also, I am sure, would Jeanne." Hill was a born valet. He had the manner. If he had lived out of service for a hundred years, he would have been a valet still. When Hill left him, Philip looked around the room and congratulated himself. Everything was very neat and clean. The landlord was a capital fellow, a little solemn, perhaps, but still a capital fellow. This was far above the accommodation which he had expected.

Just then a light footfall came up the stairs, and Philip caught a snatch of a French song. The song stopped short just before the footfall passed his door. Philip conjectured that this must be the daughter and that it had been a French maid that Hill had married; hence the name Jeanne and that snatch of song; also that the daughter had been warned of his arrival and had gone to put on her prettiest dress. All of these conjectures were quite correct. And yet when Jeanne entered the sitting room a few minutes afterward and saw Philip for the first time she was so startled that she showed it slightly. Philip was also a little surprised, for a different reason and did not show it at all. He had thought of the possibility that Jeanne might be pretty, and she was a beauty, a brunette, childlike in many ways, but with a woman's eyes. Her voice was good, and her first words showed that she had some education.

It took her about ten minutes to get from decided shyness to complete confidence. Philip was feeling far too good tempered to let any one be shy with him. He made Hill and his daughter talk, and he talked freely himself. He liked the simplicity of everything about him. He had grown tired of formalities in London. He liked cold beef and salad, for he was very hungry, and—yes, above all, he liked Jeanne. What on earth were that face and that manner doing in a riverside inn? She was perfect. She did not apologize too much, did not get flurried, did not have red hands, spoke correctly, laughed charmingly—in a word, was bewitching. Really, he was glad that he had been prevented from going on to Nunnisham. Toward the end of supper he discovered that she was wearing a white dress with forget-me-nots in it. The table was cleared by a native servant, who seemed all red cheeks and new boots. Hill went off to superintend the business of the inn. Philip was left alone with Jeanne. She told him to smoke, and he was

obedient. He also made her tell him other things.

Yes, she had been to school at Nunnisham; rather too good a school for her, she was afraid, but her mother had wished it. Her mother had taught her French and a little music. Music and drawing were the best things, she thought, but she liked some books. She owned that it was lonely at the inn. "I am glad you came," she confessed frankly.

"Jeanne," said Philip, "I heard you humming a line or two of 'Jadis' before supper, didn't I? I wish you would sing it to me." She agreed at once, crossing the room to a little cottage piano, rather a worn-out instrument, but still a piano. The melody, plaintive, gentle, childish, of Jeanne's sweet voice and the sadness of the words, with their quaint, pensive refrain, did not miss their effect—

For nothing further here I burn; A joy once lost cannot return. My heart asks only to be blessed With an everlasting rest.

He thanked her. He had liked that very much. "Why," he asked, "were you startled when you saw me?"

"Because you are a dream come true. I saw your face in a dream last night as clearly as I see you now. All this time I have been feeling as if I had known you before."

"Really?" he said. He had not quite believed it. "How many things come true! One says things about the shortness of time or the certainty of death so often that they lose all meaning. Then, when one grows old or lies dying, the platitudes get to have terrible force; they come true."

She was struck by that. She kept her eyes fixed on his, and he kept on talking to her. He did not as the time wore on always mean quite so much as he said, and she meant much more than she said. That is a common difference between a man and a woman on such occasions. It seemed to her that now for the first time she really lived.

After Jeanne had said good night Philip had some chat with her father about her.

"I expect that she will be engaged very soon, sir," he said. "A young man called Banks—William Banks—is anxious and has spoken to me, and she likes him."

"Now, I wonder," thought Philip as he went upstairs, "why she never even hinted that to me. M—yes, I see."

Next morning after breakfast he went away, taking with him a few forget-me-nots, a pleasant memory and just the faintest possible feeling of remorse. They all faded.

Jeanne had seemed so quiet and depressed of late that her father, in order to cheer her up, had invited Mr. William Banks to spend the evening.

Mr. Banks was a small shopkeeper in Nunnisham and considered to be no mean way by those who knew him. Yet he felt unable to cheer her up. "Supposing we had a bit of a toon, Jenny," he suggested at last.

She was quite docile. She played one thing after another. Suddenly she began "Jadis."

"I don't understand French myself," Mr. Banks remarked, "but the words of a song don't matter." She had never thought much about the words herself before. But now—

Since no more his love I see, Nothing further pleases me. Her voice faltered a little, but she sang on to the end of the verse—

My heart asks only to be blessed With an everlasting rest.

Yes, the song had "come true." Just there she gave way and began to cry a little.

A week afterward Mr. Banks announced that his attentions to Miss Hill were at an end.

Some Swift Fish. Recent experiments show that the dolphin, when pursued, can go through the water at the rate of about thirty-two miles an hour. This is great speed, but for a short distance the salmon can do better, since it has frequently been known to swim at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Among the smaller fish it is doubtful if there is one which is more swift than the Spanish mackerel. As a rule, however, all those fish which prey on others are remarkably swift, which is only natural, as if they lacked speed they would be unable to hunt successfully for prey and would often be obliged to go hungry.

— Measure a man by his everyday conduct rather than by his extraordinary exertions.

— Unless a man is satisfied with himself he is not in the self-made class.

— Every woman knows she's a coquette, but she doesn't think others suspect it.

— It takes a good woman to make a bad woman hate her.

Only 50 Cents to make your baby strong and well. A fifty cent bottle of Scott's Emulsion will change a sickly baby to a plump, romping child. Only one cent a day, think of it. Its as nice as cream.

ICE. Rapid Progress in the Manufacturing Industry.

Washington, May 23.—Few American industries are so extraordinary in their character or make a more surprising exhibit of progress in the last decade than the manufacture of ice. Here is a commodity of which nearly two-thirds of the cost of production is in coal, about one-tenth is ammonia, and practically none in anything which actually enters into the product. Often a natural spring is secured in connection with an ice factory; but this must be largely for advertising purposes, since in making "can ice"—the usual process—any water must necessarily be distilled or the ice would be opaque.

The artificial ice business started in New Orleans in 1866, and has been steadily moving northward, till to-day the country may be divided into three zones, manufactured ice monopolizing the Southern and natural ice the northern, while in the middle zone the two are in vigorous competition. The census shows that the range of competition is moving northward; ten years ago the distinctly Southern States had 75 per cent of the manufactured ice plants in operation in the country; to-day they have only 49 per cent.

The relative merits of the two products differ about as much as cane and beet sugar, butter and oleomargarine, in the experience of most housekeepers. That artificial ice is increasing in its staying qualities is probable, in view of the constant improvements in the process. Its manufacturers already claim that it is fully equal in this respect to natural ice, but that they have secured the trade of fish packers and other critical buyers of ice in the competitive zone may be doubted. On the other hand, manufactured ice possesses an obvious advantage in purity, since a distilled water product is the purest thing possible.

The surprising growth of the artificial industry puts to blush the accounts of manufacturing progress under a new protective tariff. Its infant start was made against the greatest of natural odds; but by the progressive display of our native ingenuity it has now reached the stage where it employs thousands of men and millions of capital, and what is vastly more important, has opened the way for the development, in the South and on the Pacific coast, of many industries which were impossible before.

Americans are great consumers of ice; it is a luxury in almost every other part of the globe. The city, in distinction from the rural districts, is also a great consumer of ice the year around, due doubtless to the complete warming of the modern house and apartment. In old times many rooms in every house were unheated in the winter, and these furnished a natural cold chest for butter and other things perishable that needed to be kept cool, just as the marketman usually has a heated office in winter time for his own convenience, but lets his supply benches remain in the natural temperature. In the country, and especially in the South, the people have long habituated themselves to use wills and oaves for refrigerators. Because of the high price of the Maine produce in the inland towns of the South, after long railroad hauls from the seaboard and perhaps further conveyance over rough country roads, ice has been used there with great frugality until the coming of the artificial product. This will in time make the South as great a user of ice as the North, since the climate makes a longer demand for it.

In 1870 all four of the artificial ice establishments reported were in the Southern States, and the same is true of nearly all of the thirty-five plants returned for the census of 1880. Between 1890 and 1900, although the number of establishments increased remarkably throughout the South, the greatest and most striking increase occurred in such Middle and Central States as Pennsylvania, Indiana, New York, and Ohio. Not one of these reported fewer than forty ice manufacturing plants, and in Pennsylvania the number reached seventy-three. This remarkable growth of the industry in the North is largely accounted for by the perfection of the refrigerating machines and general economies which enable artificial ice to be produced so as to compete successfully with the natural product. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and Nevada reported no ice manufacturing establishments.

The production of cold by artificial means began in the warmer climates, especially in India, China and Egypt—where ice and snow were not available. It was early discovered that porous receptacles would keep the contents cooler than nonporous. In Egypt and East India the vessels containing the water to be frozen were covered with stalks of corn or sugar cane. References are found in the works of many ancient authors, indi-

ating that some of the principles of artificial refrigeration were understood by the Greeks and practiced by them in cooling wine, water and various other drinks. The Egyptians were accustomed to allow jars of boiling water to remain on the house roofs over night, and in the morning moisten them with water on the outside, bind them with grass or plants, and put them in trenches. The discovery of the principle that hot water exposed to the air is susceptible of greater evaporation than cold is generally ascribed to Nero, although Aristotle relates that, if it was desired to cool water suddenly, it was customary to expose it first to the sun's rays. It is believed that salt-peter for refrigerating purposes was first used by the Italians in 1550. The liquid to be cooled was put into a little necked bottle, which was immersed in a receptacle filled with cold water. Salt-peter was then added to the water of the outer vessel, and the bottle containing the liquid to be cooled was twirled on its axis like a modern ice cream freezer.

The beginning of the natural ice industry in the United States dates back to 1805. The pioneer was Frederick Tudor, of Boston, who in that year shipped a cargo of 130 tons of ice to the West Indies. Although the venture resulted in a loss, the cargo arrived at its destination in excellent condition. Two years later he sent 240 tons to Havana, but this was likewise unprofitable. About the year 1812, he was granted by Great Britain a monopoly of the ice trade with her colonies in the West Indies, and later received the same concession from Spain. From 1817 to 1820 he extended the trade to Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. His ultimate success prompted competitors to enter the field as exporters. The growth in the exports of ice increased steadily until about 1870. After this date they steadily decreased, until, in the year 1900, the number of tons exported was so insignificant that the foreign trade in ice may now be considered practically extinct.

The growth of the domestic trade was simultaneous with the early increase in the export trade. It has been impossible to obtain data relative to the production of the entire country, but some indication of the extent of the industry may be derived from the quantity of ice harvested in Maine and on the Hudson River. Although these are the greatest harvesting regions of the country their annual production probably does not represent much more than half the ice harvest of the United States. The capacity of Hudson River ice houses now reaches 2,215,970 tons.

Efforts have been made to get estimates of the consumption of natural ice in the great cities. In New York the annual consumption of ice is believed to be about 5,000,000 tons. If this figure is approximately correct, the manufactured ice consumed during the census year amounted to 8.2 per cent of the total consumption. Census office correspondence with several of the leading ice manufacturers indicates that the average cost of production was approximately \$1.50 per ton, and the average wholesale price \$2; while the average retail price varied from fifteen to thirty cents a hundred pounds, according to the season of the year. In Philadelphia, the annual consumption of ice was estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,600,000 tons, 342,602 tons of which was represented by the local production of manufactured ice. In San Francisco from 10,000 to 15,000 tons of natural ice was used, brought from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but owing to climatic conditions, the consumption there is much smaller than in Eastern cities of like size.

Sometime before the natural ice industry became a factor of commercial importance, attempts had

been made to produce ice by abstracting the latent heat from water by artificial means. The first machine for the manufacture of ice was invented in 1755, by Dr. William Cullen, and was based on the principle that the creation of a vacuum increases the evaporation of water, and by this means produces ice.

Prof. A. C. Twining, of New Haven, Conn., took out a patent for an ice machine in England in 1850, and in the United States in 1853. In 1855 he operated a machine in Cleveland, Ohio, which produced over 1,600 pounds of ice in twenty-four hours, and was operated intermittently until 1857. In the infancy of the industry the ice was opaque, and it was not until about 1868 that transparent ice was made by the use of distilled water. Capt. David Smith, of Chatham, Mass., was the originator of the plate ice system. He erected in Oakland, Cal., the first machine of this character.

The United States patent office, up to January 1, 1902, has issued 4,337 patents for various processes of refrigeration. Of this number 681 are for the manufacture of ice machines. —New York Evening Post.

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

Geo. O. Tenny, Plaintiff, against Anderson Water, Light and Power Co., a body corporate under the laws of the State of South Carolina, The State of New York, and The Morton Trust Co., a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York. Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint filed.

To the Defendants above 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 undersigned at his 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.

JOHN C. WATKINS, C. P. & C. S. 6

NOTICE!

WE, the undersigned, have opened up Shops at the old stand of W. M. Wallace on Church Street, West of the Jail, for the purpose of doing Woodwork and Cabinet-making, Repairing Buggies, Wagons, &c., in all materials. All work guaranteed to be first-class.

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