"Lo, Mag."

"That ye, Dick?" "Fine nicht for a walk, Maggie." "If that's sac, hoo dae ye no gae an tak' yer walk?" said Mag, pout-

Dick looked cautiously into Mag's eyes and stroked his chin. "I heard ye were walkin' wi' Bob Spaldin',"

he said warily. "Did ye, though?"

"An that yo an' him' were tae mak' a match o't." "Did ye, though?"

"Is a no true, Maggie?" "Speer mae questions, Dick, an' I'll tell ve nae lees."

Dick stroked his chin again, looked up and down the road and chan ed the leg on which he had been testing. "If it's no true, Maggie," he said,

"I'll top the stories that are gain -I'm much obleeged tae ye, Dick Lang," said Mag, giving her head a

"H'll be nae bather at a'. Ye ken me better than that, Maggie." "Dee I, though? An' what aboot verse'l, wha kens mare aboot me

than ken I myse'f?" "An' ve say it's no true-noo dinna thraw me, Maggie, but juist up an' cot wi' the truth, an' I-I"-Mag was staring at him, and Dick's tongue clung to the roof of

"lloo's Mary McDougal?" she asked. "I haena seen her in sax months

his mouth.

tae speak tae-Mary McDougalmichty." "Did ve cast oot?"

"There was nae castin' oot aboot it. Maggie. There was never onything atween us. I've kent the lassie a' my days an' gaed wi' 'er at an anterio time juist for friendship's sake. Oh, no, Maggie, yer clean aff

"So ye say, but maybe I've been hearin' stories aboot ye."

"Wha-what did ye hear?" "Oh, never mind."

"Weel, there a' doon richt lees, every ane o' them." "Say as sure's death, an' I'll be-

lieve ve. "As sure's death."

"Ye ken what yer a-sayin', Dick?" "I dae if I should dee this minit." "Wha put on yer tie for ye, Dick? Michty, it's juist like a harran cloot thrown roond yer neck. Come 'ere, an' I'll sort it for ye."

Dick smiled affectionately, took a step toward Mag, placed his arms akimbo and held up his head. "There noo," said Mag after hav-

ing taken off his tie and readjusted

it a la mode. "Got yer wark a' done, Maggie?" "Ouy aye—lang sine."
"Lat's tak' a walk."

Mag ran into the house to "snode" herself up a bit, and Dick walked down in front hummin We're a' John Tamsan's Bairns. When Mag emerged, a tartan shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and a small bonnet adorned her head. Her cheeks were ruddy as the rose, and her hazel eyes sparkled with the happiness she felt.

"Whaur'll we gae, Dick?" she asked, looking him in the face. "Whaur dae ye think?" asked Dick, returning the look with compound interest.

"Ony whaur ye like, Dick." "I think we'll gae doon by the burn an' alang by the trees, whaur we used tae gae, Maggie, ye ken." It was a delightful evening in the fall of the year, and Dick Lang was never happier in his life, with Maggie Wotherspoon, the prettiest girl in the village, by his side. But Mag was a saucy girl at times, for she knew her charms, as every pretty girl does, and when she was in the ood she loved to tease those whose admiration or affections she had won. Nearly every young man in the village had made advances to her, and with one exception she had urned them all against her on account of her saucy, coquettish ways, which the young men failed to understand, and invariably sent them off in a huff. The one exception as Dick Lang, whose love for Mag as a passion. He had begun by ing her at a distance and gradlly getting nearer. At first she ated him with indifference and his presence had always seemed

Bob Spalding was a strapping bung fellow and to all appearances de the most progress in his adances. Of course, Mag had as anying between her and B .b, but she as so full of fun at times that in der to believe implicitly all she aid it was necessary to have it in lack and white. The fear that ob would carry off Mag made Dick I the more anxious to win her bere it was too late. And the oppornity he was now given was all

think more of some one else than

at he wanted. It was a common ing about the village that Dick at rather long headed and knew good thing when he saw it. He saw a little of human nature, and how all Months. low all Mag's nonsense he could ern a true and warm heart. At events, Dick was determined to se her if he could.

They had walked nearly a mile thout saying much beyond talkabout the weather, for Dick was king up his mind what to say and

trying to get courage at the same time to say it. When they reached a clump of trees not far from the burn, Mag suggested that they sit down, remarking that they had had a big washing at the house, and she felt a little tired.

"I micht a thocht o' that afore, Maggie, if ye'd only telt me," said Dick repentantly, "but lat's sit doon

"It's a foo' moon the nicht, isn't it, Dick?" asked Mag, looking up into space. "What did ye say, Maggie?"

"I asked ye if it was tae be a foo'

moon. Man, whar's yer lugs?" "Oh-ah-I'm thinkin' it is.' Then Dick stroked his chin and tore up the sod with his heels. "It's a fine thing, a moon, Maggie, isn't it?" Dick at last found words to say, in order to break the monotony and gain time, but without being

able to explain why he had said so. "Hoo is't a gude thing?" asked Mag, looking at him with the tails of her eyes. "Weel-a-I-I've heerd it said

-a-that the moon, ye ken, was a gude thing for a-kirnin' milk an' preservin cheese," Dick said, looking very guilty, not by any means satisfied in his own mind that he had answered the question in the right way or had fully comprehended it, his thoughts at the moment being in an entirely different direction. There was a merry laugh in Mag's eyes, but she restrained its vocal expression. She merely shook for a moment with the emotion and then tried to appear serious.

"Maggie," said Dick at length, still digging up the earth with his heel, "yer no engaged, are ye, tae onybody?"

"Engaged? Michty." "Weel-I was juist speerin', ye

"An' what mak's ye speer a question like that, Dick?" "Weel-tae tell ye the honest God's truth, Maggie, I want tae be engaged tae ye mesel'."

"Dick Lang!" "Aye, 'at's me that's speakin', Maggie, an' nae ither. Mag, lassie, if ye only kent hoo muckle I loo ye. I hae na had a nicht's sleep thinkin' aboot ye for the last fornicht."

"That's no muckle." "But that's no' a', Maggie. I was thinkin' aboot Bob Spaldin'. It was the thocht o' him takin' ye frae me. That was it, lassie—that was it. I've been thinkin' aboot ye for

Mag looked across the fields at the red ball of fire that formed a great semicircle on top of a purple hill that bounded the far side of the distant glen.

"Will ye hae me, Maggie?" asked Dick imploringly.
"No, I winna," came promptly

from her lips. "Ye winna? Oh, Maggie, think again, for an answer like that gaes hame like the stab o' a knife. Is't possible that ye dinna ken I've never looed onybody but yersel'? I've hed nae heart tae gie tae onybody sin' I kent ye years lang gane I'm no sae gude lookin' as Bob Spaldin', an' I dinna carry my haid sae high, an' maybe that stands i' my wi noo. But, Maggie, I've a heart here that's yers as though it had never belanged tae me. Whan my granny dees, I get 'er biggin, 'er coo an' a' 'er chattels—that's in 'er will, Maggie. The hoos wad be oor ain, an' prood wad I be tae mak' ye its queen. But abune a' that, Maggie, I loo ye sairly, an' I'll nev-er loo anither. Think again afore ye answer me. Will ye hae me,

Dick took Mag's hand in his, and she pressed it. She said nothing, but simply smiled. Her silence was acceptance.

The Shoe on the Other Foot.

A manufacturer who is said to be very disagreeable with his employees tells a good story about himself, which the Philadelphia Telegraph

A Quaker who had just arrived from England called on him to ask for work.

"Have you any recommendation?" asked the merchant.

"No," replied the man, "but I have friends who will give me one." He put his bundle on the floor and left. In the course of an hour he returned, took up his bundle and was leaving the office without a

"Didn't you get your character?" asked the merchant.

Without halting a moment or raising his eyes the man answered, "Nay, master, but I got thine."

## CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Charty Viltelians

- An Indiana man 30 years of age has justfiled his ninth divorce suit. He would seem to be getting old enough to know that it would save a good deal of time to get his marriage certificates with a divorce coupon at-

-- Most men enjoy being found out -by the bill collector. - Fishes should get together and

adopt a uniform scale. - Every man's ambition is to get

rich; every woman's to get married. - A pain that doubles a man naturally increases his sighs.

BRAVE BOY DIVERS. They Go Down After Pearl Shells

Without Any Artificial Ald. Away out in the south Pacific ocean where white men rarely are seen there lies a little coral atoll known as Hikueru atoll, says the Tacoma Ledger. It is different from most coral atolls of which you read in your geography, for it is a solid ring of coral, and the lagoon inside of it can be entered only by drag-

ging boats over the beach. This lagoon is one of the valuable pearl shell lagoons and is sought of the bus. And nar thinks I to seas to fish for pearl.

use of diving suits, because it is feared that this method would prove so the diving is done in the ancient south sea way by men and boys and women who go down with no artifieial help.

Most of the diving is done in water from sixty to seventy feet deep. The sea is so clear in the atoll that the diver can study the bottom perthe best clumps of shell before he | pick it up. I storps 'er.

When he is ready to go down, he slips into the water over the side of the boat, and, holding to the gunwale with one hand, he looks downward through the water glass. The moment he sights a good lot of shells he begins to breathe deeply, sucking the air in until his chest is inflated as far as it can be, and then exhaling it slowly through the mouth so that it makes a whistling sound. Having thus cleaned out his lungs, he takes a long breath, filling his chest with perfectly pure air, and then he lets go of the gunwale instantly and sinks below the

surface feet foremost. On touching bottom he hauls himself along by seizing clumps of coral until he reaches the shells. Then he breaks them off the reef with his right hand, which is protected by white cotton cloth. Quickly he puts the shells into a little net of cocoanut fiber which he carries over his shoulder. Then he stands erect, and immediately he shoots toward the surface as if he were pulled by a rope. So swiftly does he ascend that he frequently seems to leap out of the water when he reaches the sur-

Longfellow the Universal Poet. Among the many interesting stories which Mr. Higginson collected in his "Life of Longfellow" there is one that puts the wide spread of the poet's fame in a very dramatic way. A party of passengers on a steamer from Constantinople to Marseilles fall to talking about Victor Hugo. A Russian lady exclaims that it is not Hugo, but Longfellow, who is the universal poet, and she recites "I stood on the bridge at midnight," an English soldier recites "Tell me however watched and tended." an American recites "My Lost Youth," a young Greek sings "Stars of the Summer Night," and the captain winds up with "Excelsior." This is curiously like the poet's own "Tales of a Wayside Inn."—London Spec-

Three Women. Josephine was thirty-three when she married Napoleon, and, judging from the letters written by the absent husband during the early years of their union, she inspired the redoubtable soldier with most intense love and jealousy. It is claimed by many writers that she was the only woman Napoleon ever really loved. Cleopatra was nearer forty than thirty when Mark Antony fell beneath her spell, and the most beautiful woman the world has ever known, Helen of Troy, was long past thirty when the Trojan heroes fought their famous battles for her

Business Enterprise. Customer-What's the price of sages?

Butcher-Den cends a bound already.

Customer-Indeed! Why, you asked 15 cents this morning. Butcher-Yaw. Dot vos wen I had some py me yet. Now wen I don'd vos got none I sell dem for den.

Customer-I fail to see the point. Butcher-Vy, dot makes for me von repudation for cheap brices, and I don't lose me noddings, ain'd it?-Chicago News.

Didn't Try the Cure. Tramp-I jus' dropped in, m" \_. to offer my new cure for indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred ailments, mum. It may prove a great blessing to your family, mum, and I charge you nothing for the prescription. Lady-Well, I must say that's reasonable enough. What is the

Tramp—Live on plain food and give your rich and indigestible dishes to the poor. I'm the poor, mum.



- A woman's idea of a man's being good to her is when he agrees with her when she knows she is wrong.

- At 40 a weman is as seared about postet book in a dark alley.

THE DECOY COIN.

A London Omnibus Conductor's Trick

on His Passengers. Mr. Barry Pain in his book, "De Omnibus," tells the following amusing story:
"One dve," said the conductor of

the omnibus, "a chap gave me a small furrin coin, 'avin' the look o' silver, which it weren't, and not onlike the onery sixpence. It 'ad a 'ole in it, and that gave me a hideer. put a tack through the 'ole and fastened thet coin darn ter the floor every year by the dwellers on Ta-hiti and other islands of the south see. Fust a ole gent gits in, cawsts one glance at the coin and then The French government, which looks ararnd innecentlike and be-owns the atoll, has forbidden the gins 'ummin' ter 'isself. Then he puts 'is eye on me, and I didn't appear to be takin' no notice of 'im. too destructive to the pearl shells; Slowly 'e slides 'is 'oof over that coin and stoops darn ter fawsen up 'is boot lice. I sees 'im fumblin' awye theer, tryin' ter git that coin up; then he chucks it and sets up agen. A moment arter 'e gort art, and afore I'd done lawfin' two ole ladies come in. Both of 'em sees the coin and nudges each other. Presfeetly with a water glass and locate ently one of them stoops darn ter

"'Egscoose me, ma'am,' I says, but whort are yer doin'?' 'Pickin' up a sixpence I dropped just now,' says she as bold as brass.

"Beg pardon,' says I. 'Are yer sure thet's it?' In course I am,' says she.

"'I seed 'er drop it myself,' says the other lyedy, 'and I seed it roll there. So don't you try and pretend it's yours, Master Conductor!' "'Suttingly not,' says I. 'If it's the lyedy's, let 'er pick it up. I only awst because I 'adn't seed her drop

nutthink.' "Then she tries ter pick it up, and the gime begins. 'It must 've gort caught in sutthink,' she says.

"Yes,' says I; 'it's caught in a tin tack 'ammered through the middle of it. Likely you dropped the 'ammer and tack sime time you dropped the sixpence-on'y if you look at it you'll see as it ain't a sixpence,"

English Medals For Indians. During the American war of independence it was considered politic for England to be on terms of friendship with the North American Indians. Large and handsome medals were therefore struck for presentation to the chiefs or great men of the tribes who had rendered good service to George III. On the obverse side this medal shows a bust of the king in armor and with laurel wreath. The reverse side represents an American Indian and a white man sitting together under a tree, the Indian in the act of presenting his pipe to his companion

in token of peace and friendship.

In the background are Indian wigwams, and above is the legend, "Happy While United." The loop for suspension is significant, being not in mournful numbers," a Scotch- an eagle's wing and the calumet of man follows with "There is no flock, peace placed crosswise.—Chambers'

The Speed of Racing Camele, The racing camel is very carefully bred, and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer. I have seen the start of a race, writes a correspondent, and it reminded me, in a faroff sort of way, of a horse race. The camels were all arranged in line, and they sniffed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved, and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace, and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have also seen the finish of a camel race. The camels came in at intervals of several hours, and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.-London Opin-

His Mietake.

A story is told of a Kansas man who sought to prepare himself for his wedding ceremony by learning the marriage service "by heart." When the critical time came and the minister asked if any one knew a reason why this man and woman should not be joined together, the young man cheerfully responded, "I renounce the devil and all his works." "Are you a fool?" tartly inquired the parson. "All this I steadfastly believe," confidently replied the groom. He had merely made the mistake of learning the baptismal covenant.

Just Kittenish. "Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown. "Dey goes back on you on de elightest provocation." "What's been happenin'?" asked

Miss Alice Jefferson Tompkins. "Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' tryin' to kiss me, an' so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious I smashed 'im wif a flatiron, an' jes' foh dat he jilted me!"-Washington Star.

-The Shakers observe Christmas by a dinner at which the men and women both sit down at the same table. This custom of theirs is the thing that survives to make Christmas different from any other day among Shakers. During all the fest of the year the men and women eat their meals at separate tables.

- There is no age at which a woher complexion as a man is about his man ceases to see herself beautiful unless she becomes blind.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE。 岩

Irate Papa Reads One of His Truthfus Letters and Relents.

It was a serious moment in the family. Helen Jennings was instears and tried to speak, but her father stopped her with a sad gesture. Mrs. Jennings wiped her glasses and prepared to read a letter that she had just found in Helen's pocket. To think that their Helen, who had but | recently celebrated her seventeenth birthday; their Helen, who was so sweet and good and straightforward, should have a letter like this!

Mrs. Jennings read in a trembling

"Angel of my existance"-"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jennings. What sensible man would dream of addressing a young girl in that idiotic manner? But go on, my dear." "Existence spelled with an 'a,' too," said Mrs. Jennings.

"Really, the idiot can't even spell!" exclaimed the justly indig-nant father. "But let us hear the "It is impossible for me to de-

scribe the joy with which your presence has tilled me." "What does he try to describe it

for, then, the ignorainus? But don't let me interrupt you," groaned Mr. Jennings. "I think of you constantly, and I

bitterly condemn your father, the obstinate, unfeeling, purse proud old party, who will, no doubt, withhold his consent to our union." "Old party! Obstinate, unfeeling, purse proud! And I have been

the kindest of fathers. When I see this young man, I will-the man that could pen those words-but go on, my dear." "Theodore, there is some mistake.

I did not see this overleaf till now," murmured Mrs. Jennings softly. "Eh? Let me see. Hem!" "Yours, with all the love of my

heart, Theodore." "Why, bless my soul, it's one of

my own letters!"
"Yes, papa," said Helen, drying her tears and taking advantage of the pause that at last gave her an opportunity to speak. "I found it in one of the trunks just now, and I was going to explain, only you would not let me say a word."—Tit-

Falth and Works. A Presbyterian minister in Scotland once got into a debate with a boatman while crossing a river about faith and works, his position being that faith without works was enough. "Na, na," retorted the boatman with much seriousness; "faith without works 'll no' do. I'll gie you an instance. We'll ca' this oar faith' and this ither oar 'works.' Very well, tak' 'faith' first." And while rowing with it alone the boat went round and round. "Now," said the boatman, "let's tak" works next." And, rowing with it alone, the boat went round the other way.

"We will noo," continued the boatman, "tak' 'faith' and 'works' thegither. Noo," exclaimed he triumphantly as he rowed with both oars at the same time, "we can get ower the water, and this is the only way that we can get ower the troubled ocean o' the warl' tae the peaceful shores o' immortality."

Goldsmith and Johnson.

When Americans make pilgrimage in the precincts of Fleet street, they generally have a look at "Goldsmith's house," as it is sometimes called, in Wine Office Court. It seems to have been in the year 1760 that he moved to these "superior lodgings" at 6 Wine Office Court. He had been writing for John Newber-ry, and here he lodged with one of give me a call. Newberry's relatives, who perhaps kept an eye on his errant industry. As we may read in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Johnson supped at Goldsmith's lodgings on May 31, 1761. He had heard that Goldsmith had queted him as a "precedent for slovenly habits," and so he came to the supper "dressed with scrupulous neatness."

An Admiral's Wit. When Lord High Admiral the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV. of England, went down to Portsmouth to inspect the naval establishment, the first person he met was his jolly old messmate and friend, Captain Jack Towers. The prince took him by the hand and laughingly said, "Why, Jack, my boy, they tell me you are the greatest blackguard in all Portsmouth!" "Oh," quoth Towers, "I hope your royal highness has not come down here to deprive me of my character."

A Difference.

At a banquet in Ottawa a speaker was greeted with considerable applause. "This reception," he said, reminds me of the little boy whose mother stepped to the door and called 'Willie! Willie!' After several calls the boy poked his head around the barn and said, "Do you want me, ma, or are you only jes' hollerin?"—Kansas City Journal.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

I am ready to do all kinds of Wagon and Buggy work prompt. Just think of it! I will Rim and Tire your Buggy Wheels anow, first class, for \$5.00 a Set, and the regular price is 750. Now I guarantse my work to be first-class and to give perfect satisfaction; if not your monger returned all Soukes alond it. Wheels anow, first class, for \$6.00 a Set, and the regular price is 750. Now I guarantee my work to be first-class and to give perfect satisfaction; if not your money returned. All Spokes glued in. I will give you low prices on all Wagon and Buggy work. What about your horse? Dees he interfere, stumble of travel bad? If so bring him and let m stop it. You will find me on the corn be ow Jail.

W. M. WALLACE,



by pregnancy suffers much pain and terror.

Ignorance prompts her to suffer alone in silence, and remain in the dark as to the true cause mother flood.

Mother's Friend takes the doctor's place at her side, and she has no cause for an interview. She is her own doctor, and her modesty is protected, Daily application over the region of the breast and above the abdomen, throughout process the control of the press and above the abdomen, throughout research and show the abdomen.

Mother's Friend

is a Liniment, and for external use only. It is odorless and will not stain women's pretty fingers. It would indeed be shanneful it the sacrifice of modesty were necessary to the raccessful issue of healthy children. All women about to become mothers need send only to a drug store and for \$1.00 secure the prize child birth remedy.

Sweet motherly anticipation and healthy bables are the result of the use of Mother's Priend.

ATLANTA, GA.

# CURSE WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, ten or coffee without patient's knowledgo. White Ribboe Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tipler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.
Indorsed by Members of W. C. T. U.
Mrs. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Romedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the Remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Druggists or by mail, \$1. Trial package free by writing Mrs. A. M. Townsend, (for years Secretary of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)
218 Tremont St. Boston, Mass. Sold in Anderson by ORB, (RAY & CO.)
Sept 17, 1902

18

19

### Notice of Dissolution.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing among the undersigned, under the name and style undersigned, under the name and style
of F. B. Crayton & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, Dr. Waller H.
Nardin, Jr., and C. B. Hall having sold
out their entire interests and good will in
the business to F. B. Crayton, who will
assume all liabilities; and all parties indebted to said Firm will make payment
by February 1st, 1903.

F. B. CRAYTON,
C. B. HALL,
W. H. NARDIN, Jr.

Jan. 15, 1003.

Having bought out the interests of Dr. Waller H. Nardin, Jr., and C. B. Hall in the late Firm of F B. Crayton & Co, I will continue the Drug Business at the same stand with a full line of goods as heretofore.

F. B. CRAYTON. heretofore. Jan 21, 1903

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of A. J. Stringer, deceased, the Estate of A. J. Stringer, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Monday, February 23rd, 1903, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. W. K. STRINGER, Adm'r. Jan 21, 1903

## Tennessee mules.

JUST received Car Load Extra Nice MULES from Jefferson City, J. S. FOWLER.

Mill Site Wanted. Owners of land outside of city limits along either line of railroad are invited to submit written offers for not less than 100 submit written offers for not less than 100 acres and to specify concisely the location, as to proximity to railroad, distance from city, supply of water, etc., stating the lowest price the property can be bought for cash. We prefer a larger tract If suitably situated, and it is immaterial if the land belongs to several parties just so it lies adjacent, in good shape and is included in one bid.

R. S. HILL.

R. S. HILL, President Gluck Mills, Jan 14, 1903

Notice to the Public. WITH a life time experience and a lo of good seasoned timber, I am better pre-pared than ever to repair your Carriage, Buggies and Wagous at a reasonable price and solicit a share of your patron-ags. Yes will find me on the corner be-low the Jail, near W. M. Wallace's shep.

Respectfully, R. T. GOBDON. 38 28 ly Jan 7, 1888

FOR SALE. NICE Dwelling House and seven-eare Lot in the Town of Pendleton.
Also, Fine Plantation, containing 26

will sell on very favorable terms. Apply to-QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN, Attorneys at Law. Anderson, S. C. Des 24, 1902

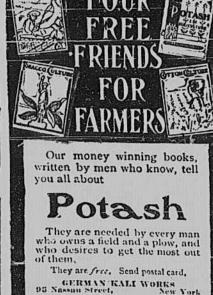
Notice to Administrators,

Executors, Guardians, And Trustees. ALL Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified to make their annual Returns to this office during the months of January and February, as required by law.

R. Y. H. NANCE,

Judge of Probate.

Jan 14, 1903 Notice of Final Settlement.



Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Peoples' Bank of Anderson ANSDEERSON, S. C.

of your business.

We respectfully solicit a share

COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. H. McKee, Piaintiff, against Mrs. Mary C. Horst nee McKee, Mrs. Margarett Amberson or Mrs. Margarett Enerson, nee McKee; Thomas Nolan, Edward Nolan and Fannie Nolan, children of Mrs. Jane Nolan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcaif, nee McKee; J. W. McKee, Mrs. Lon. L. Dembsey, J. M. McKee, and Walter McKee, and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased, Defendants—Summons far Reilef (Complaint Served.)

To the Defendants a oven named:

VOU are hereby summoned and required to anacopy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, at the Proples Bank Building, a Anderson C. H., within twenty days after the service herrof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Anderson, S. C. Dec. 31, A. D. 1972.

BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiffs Attorneys.

To the absent Defendants, Mrs Mary C. Hood, nee McKee, Mrs. Margaret Amberson or Mrs Margaret Emerson, nee McKee; thomas Notan, Edward Notan and Fannie Notan, children of Mrs. Jane Notan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcalf, nee McKee; J. W. McKee, Mrs. Lou L. Jempesy, J. M. McKee, and Walter McKee and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased;

Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased:
Please take notice that the complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Const of Count of Common Pleas for Anderson County, South Carolina, at Anderson, S. C., December 31st, 1902, and that the object of the said action is to procure a partition and sale of a Tract of Land in said County containing (50)49 fifty and one-half acres, more or less, for-erly belonging to David L. McKee.

Dai-d Anderson, S. C., December 31s', A. D. 1902, BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiff, Attorneys,

Plaintifi. Attorneys, BELL FRANK WATKINS, DEPUTY C. C. P.

To the minor Defendants, Claude McKee and Walter McKee:
Take notice that inless you apply to the Court within tweaty drys after the service hereof upon you, excusaive of the day of such service, for the appointment of a guardian all liters or guardians and liters to represent your interests in the above stated case, the plaintiff will then by his attorneys make such application for you

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff' Attorneys.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

Assessment Notice.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE,

AND/RESON, S. C.

This office will be open to receive Returns of Personal Property for Taxation for the next Fiscal Year, from the first day of January, 1993, to the 20th day of February following inclusive.

Real Estate stands as before, but all transfers of Real Estate stands as before, but all transfers of Real Estate stands as before, but all transfers of Real Estate made since last return should be noted upon the return blank when listing.

The Township Assessars are required by 1-w to list for all those that fail to make their ownresures within the time prescribed. Hence the difficulty of delinquents esceping the 50 per cent, penalty, as well as the frequency of errors resulting from this practice. By all means make your OWN returns and thereby save expanse and trouble.

Exconsidered Soldier on the second.

own returns and thereby save exp use and trouble.

Ex-Confederate Soldiers over 50 years of a e are exompt from Poll Tax All other make between the ages of 21 and 60 years, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed or from any other cause, shall be deemed taxable polls.

For the convenience of Taxpayers we will also have Deputies to take Returns at the following times and places:

Holland, Tuesday, January 6.

Moffattavi le, Weduseday, January 7.

Iva, Thuradas, January 9.

Baylis McConsell's, Saturday, January 10.

Starr, Monday, January 12.

Storeville, Tuesday, January 13.

Clinkscales' Mil, Weduseday, January 14.

Guyton, Monday, January 19.

Autun, Tuesday, January 19.

Autun, Tuesday, January 19.

Lyant's Store, Wednesday, January 14.

Cedar Wreath, Friday, January 16—s. m.

James' Store, Friday, January 16—e. m.

James' Store, Friday, January 16.

Townville, Friday, January 17.

Honea Path, Monday and Tuesday, January 20 and 27.

Betton, Friday and Saturday, January 30 and 31.

Hollar 1 May and Saturday, January 39 and 31. Belton, Fr day and Saturday, January 26 Picelmont, Monday and Tuesday, January 26 and 27.
Pelzer, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesiay, January 19, 20 and 21.
Williamston, Wednesday and Thursday, January 28 and 29.
G. N. C. BOLEMAN, Auditor.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

S. C. BRUCE, DENTIST.

OVER D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store, on South Main Street.

I have 25 years experience in my proversely fession, and will be pleased to work for any who want Plates made, Filling dené, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after paint Jan 23, 1901

