******* THE COWARD

At about 2 o'clock on a raw, blustery March morning the inhabitants of the little village of Shickshinny, on the upper Susquehanka, were roused from sleep by hoarse shouts and by the violent ringing of the church bell. Men and boys dressed in haste, and a crowd soon congregated on the river shore.

There was good cause for excitement. The ice, which seemed comparatively firm on the previous evening, had broken during the night. The yellow tide, already swollen to many feet above its normal level, was almost hidden by the heaving, grinding cakes.

And, worst of all, this unexpected event had placed an unknown human being in peril. From Scrub island came hoarse shouts for help and at intervals the discharge of a gun. The red flashes could be plain-

Scrub island lay in midchannel directly opposite the village. It was hardly more than a bar, for nothing grew upon it but bushes. Near the lower end was a small cabin, which some of the village boys built for amusement out of driftwood. Here the castaway had probably taken refuge, and his situation was extremely critical. In a short time the cabin would surely be carried off by the rising flood and ice.

As the crowd were speculating on the unknown one's identity and discussing the hopelessness of rescue Squire Tyson, the most wealthy and influential man of the village, came running down the shore.

"Jasper is on the island," he cried, wringing his hands in agony. "He went over this afternoon to shoot ducks and has not returned home. He must have fallen asleep in the cabin, and the ice has carried away his boat. Will no one save my poor boy? Are you all cowards?"

The unhappy man grasped a boat that lay bottom up on the shore and tried to drag it into the water. Half a dozen men caught and held

"You will only throw your life away," they cried. "No boat could move a dozen yards in that ice. We could save your boy if there was any chance at all."

The squire suddenly realized that this was true. He stood gazing mutely toward the island, his face rigid with despair. A groan of pity burst from the crowd as another gunshot was heard, followed by hoarse appeals for help. The tide rose higher and higher, but now clear spots were visible here and there, and all at once the river seemed to become free of ice.

The meaning of this was plain. The ice had formed a gorge somewhere up stream. Here seemed a chance of rescue, but no one was willing to take advantage of it. The crowd knew by past experience that the gorge would likely break in a moment or two, and then the freed ice would sweep everything before it like an avalanche. In vain the squire appealed to them. In vain the poor boy on the island cried for help. Not a man would risk what seemed certain death.

Suddenly a stoutly built lad of sixteen separated from the throng, and, running up the shore a few yards, he hauled a light skiff into the water. He seized the oars that lay in the bottom and pulled sturdily into the swirling current, heading in a diagonal course up stream.

A simultaneous cry of amazement burst from the crowd. Some cheered the daring lad; others warned him

"God bless him!" cried the squire, bursting into tears.

Indeed Curt Webb was the last one any person would have believed capable of such a brave deed. He was an orphan and worked hard for a livelihood in a grocery store. The village boys, headed by Jasper Ty-son, despised and hated him because he had persistently refused to join any of their mischievous depredations. He could never be induced to fight his tormentors, though Jasper and others dared him to combat many a time. So the boys gratified their malice by calling him the

known in the village. But the "coward" was surely astonishing his enemies now, and his progress was watched with breathless interest. No one expected to see him come back alive.

"coward," and by this epithet he was

Steadily the boat-crept toward the island. Curt bent to the oars with all his might and managed to hold his own against the fierce current. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder and was relieved to see no trace of approaching ice. The shore neared the island he shouted cheerily to give notice of his approach. Jasper shouted back and fired a

bunch of grass to guide his rescuer. The water had already reached the cabin, and just as Curt swung the boat into the little eddy behind

river and new a white mass looming into view. The gorge had broken, and the ice was coming down with sweeping force.

Jasper stood in the cabin door, and when the flaming wisp of grass showed him the face of his rescuer he blushed with shame. "You!" he exclaimed, and that

single word spoke volumes. "Dou't stop to talk," cried Curt hurriedly. "Jump in. Here comes the ice, and we have a slim chance of dodging it."

Too late. Even as Jasper sprang to the boat the water heaved and tossed, and the rumble of the dread avalanche deepened to a roar. Half a dozen cakes of ice swirled by, rising and falling with the waves.

Curt pulled straight down stream, while his companion crouched in the stern of the boat, helpless with terror. But the race could end in only one way. The line of broken ice came grinding on like a race horse, growling with fury.

It smashed the cabin to fragments and sped after the frail little craft that was striving so hard to cacape. Jasper cried out with terror and held his hands before his face to shut out the awful sight.

Curt stuck to his oars, but he knew nevertheless that escape was out of the question. His brave heart sickened at the thought of what would happen when the crashing ice cakes reached the boat.

Suddenly he saw something that roused a glimmer of hope. Twenty yards toward the left shore and slightly in advance of the avalanche floated a huge tree, evidently torn bodily from the soil. Its broad end, bristling with snakelike roots, was turned down stream, and here and there it thrust out thick limbs that served to steady it like outriggers on

The opportunity was a good one, for the tree looked sufficiently strong and massive to hold its own against the turbulent ice. If the castaways could reach it, they stood a fair chance of escaping death. Curt's resolve was instantly formed. He roused Jasper from his stupor of fear and briefly explained what he intended to do.

"Now!" cried Curt. Jasper caught the dangling roots and pulled himself to a place of safety. An agile spring landed Curt beside him, and the next instant the boat was whirled off into the gloom. As the lads crept higher up the trunk Jasper slipped and was precipitated into the water. In his struggles to keep from sinking he seized one of the roots and clung to

it frantically, calling for help.
At the risk of his life Curt crawled down and with some difficulty rescued his companion. They lost no time in choosing positions among the heavy limbs and then had barely settled themselves when down the shock came.

. The towering masses of ice surged around the tree, burying the trunk from sight at times and rocking it to and fro like a cradle. The peril was frightful and imminent for half an hour. The boys were beyond the reach of the ice, however, and happily the outriggers prevented the tree from rolling over.

The night wore on, and when it broke the tree stranded on one of the piers of the Catawissa bridge. Willing hands rescued the castaways with ropes, and when they had recovered from their exposure they were sent home by rail, whither the them.

It need hardly be said that Curt was never called a coward again.

Flowers Can Hate.

'According to a French scientist, flowers are endowed with passions like human beings, and there are few among them which cannot love and hate fervently.
"They have their sympathies and

antipathies," he explains, "and if we study them closely we can easily find them out. Roses are passionately fond of some flowers and flourish when near them. On the other hand, they speedily wither when placed near other flowers, and we must infer that it is because the latter are not congenial to them. Heli-otropes and violets have a lively, sympathy for each other, and in like manner there seems to be a warm friendship between pansies and carnations.

"If it can be proved that flowers can love and hate," says a German writer commenting on this statement, "it ought not to be difficult to prove that they have souls."

Willing to Divide.

'A Hartford lawyer tells of a client in one of the adjoining towns who had a farm to sell. He had recently sunk a well on it, and the job cost a sum, consequently when he talked of disposing of his property the well caused him considerable anxiety. "How much do you ask for the farm?" the lawyer asked.

"Waal, I'll tell yer," drawled the farmer, "I'll sell the place for \$700 with the well, and I'll let it go for \$600 without the well."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. soon faded from view, and as he The Kind You Have Always Bought

- R. C. Commander, a prominent farmer and tobacco man of Florence, it he heard a grinding noise up the has been experimenting with a new kind at setton, which will take the place of sea island cotton on the uplands. and has been successful with it. He imported his seed in the first instance from tide water Virginia and he has so improved his cotton now after three years that it sells on the Norfolk and Boston market alongside the cotton from which the seed was drawn at 11-2 to 1 34 cents more per pound

than the original cotton sells for. - Man is born with a character, but he has a make his own reputation. - It's an ill rain that gives nobody a chance to take an ambrella.

GIRLS DRESS LIKE MEN.

Pit Brow Workers in Lancashire Collieries Wear Trousers.

Pit brow girls are among the most remarkable women workers in England. They work as hard as men and dress almost like men. Very few pit brow girls are found in Britain outside Lancashire, and 5,000 of them find employment at the coal mines. Their work lies on the pit brow-at the surface and not below. Once women were carployed in the coal seams, but in 1842 in the face of great opposition from colliery owners an act was passed prohibiting women and children from being employed below the surface in coal mines.

The duties of the pit brow lasses consist in dealing with the coal as it comes up the shaft to the pit head. When the cage reaches the top, the girls haul out the wegons; which contain several hundredweight of coal each, and run them on rails to a tipping machine, which shoots the coal down below to the screen or riddling machine. This is an iron slide several yards long, with holes through which the ceal drops at various stages into trucks waiting beneath. It is jerked about by steam power, and the coal moves downward while the girls stationed alongside pick out the rubbish. It is dusty work.

The girls start work at 6 o'clock in the morning and finish at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As may be judged, their work is arduous, and for its performance they receive 50 cents or less a day. Men who do the same work get \$1. Taken altogether, the pit brow lasses are a strong, healthy lot, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-five.

Their dress is distinctive and peculiar. The working costume consists of trousers, clogs and a coat which has at one time been worn by a brother or has come from a rummage stall. When going to and from work, the girls wear petticoats, which they roll up round the waist while engaged on the pit brow. At most pits nowadays the trousers are hidden in front by a short apron, but this is a comparatively recent departure in the way of dress. The headgear is also worthy of note. The hair is closely covered with a handkerchief, on the top of which is a soft bonnet.

A Slow Speaking People.

The Chinese appear to go upon the assumption that there is always time enough. A social call has no limits. A missionary who speaks feelingly says:

"The excellent pastor who had for his motto, 'The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see.' would have modified his dictum had he lived for any length of time in China. Not improbably he would have followed the example of another busy clergyman, who hung conspicuously in his study the Scr. oglad news had already preceded tural motto, The Lord bless thy goings out!'

"The mere enunciation of his business often seems to cost a Chinaman a violent wrench. He says nothing long enough to wear out the patience of ten Europeans. He realizes the truth of the adage, 'It is easy to go on the mountains to fight tigers, but to open your mouth and out with a thing—this is hard!"

Time's Changes.

A well known artist relates that on one occasion a man came to a friend of his and asked him to paint a portrait of his father, who is dead. "But, my dear sir," said "he artist, "I never saw your father. Have

you a photograph of him?"
"No," said the man, "I have not, but you never saw Moses, and yet you have a picture of him on your walls."

The argument was unanswerable, and the artist accepted the commission. When the picture was finished, the man came to see it and gazed at it with tears in his eyes and said:
"Dear me, is that father? How he has changed!"

Thought It Was a Cornet.

A parish beadle was once much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman who when the sermon was about to begin took an ear trumpet, in two parts, out of his pocket and began arrewing them together. The beadle watched him till the process was com-pleted and then, going stealthily up, whispered:

"Ye mauna play that here. If ye dae, I'll turn ye oot."—London Tit-Bits.

Laying the Board. "Laying the board" for en Anglo-Saxon banquet was comething of a solemn function. The usual hour was noon, and after it was over the tables were removed and the diners went, as an old chronicler observes, "to their cups, to which the English were too much accustomed." Evidently the rule that the guests were not to bring their arms into the hall, but leave them outside with the porter, was no unnecessary one.

6 H Smoon This algusture is on every box of the genuine Laxative Brogge-Quining Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in ozn day

-No man is so wise that he con't learn from a fool. - But few mea exhibit their brave-

ry until after the danger. - It must take a powerful will for a doctor to keep up his sentiment about some things.

BRITISH JUDGES.

High Salaries That Go With the Prizes of the English Bar.

The lord high chancellor of Great Britain is second only in position to the archbishop of Canterbury, and he enjoys an income of £10,000 a year. The lord chief justice of England has a salary of £8.000 a year. The master of the rolls nas a salary of £6,000 a year, and the lords of appeal in ordinary have the same. The lords justices of the court of appeal and the judges of the high court earn £5,000 a year each. The masters of the high court are chosen either from barristers or from solicitors, but all the other officeholders to whom we have alluded must have come from the bar, says the Cornhill Magazine.

The attorney general makes much more money than any of these dignitaries. His salary is only,£7,000, but he has fees as well, sometimes to a very large amount. The solicitor general has £6,000 a year besides his fees. Of course the double work, legal and parliamentary, which these officers have to undertake is most arduous, requiring an iron constitution and a mind that requires but little time for rest. The private practitioners in some few cases make larger incomes than any of the offi-cial persons at the bar. It is not indeed many who make five figures, but there may be always one or two leaders who are achieving this. The leaders who are chiefly before the public in ordinary cases do not often make more than from £5,000 to £6,-000 a year. Larger fortunes are frequently made by men who specialize in patent cases, who are engaged in rating appeals and compensation work or who practice their profession at the parliamentary bar.

Taming a Bull

"I hae heard that ye can tame s wild beast jist by lookin' boldly in its e'e and never takin' it awa' for an instant, but I dinna believe it," said Bob Meekin.

"It's quite true, I assure you. The human e'e can frichten the maist savage animal," answered John Tamson.

"Did ye ever try it?" asked Bob. "Of coorse or I wadna be sae certain aboot it. Ye remember about two years ago the farmer at Carseriggan used tae keep a bull. It was the wildest beast ever was seen in oor part o' the country and had nearly killed half a dizzen folk. Ae day as I was comin' ower the park the bull charged me. Weel, after runnin' a wee bittock I jist sat down and glowered it out o' countenance. It never offered tae touch me and

went away quite quiet." "That was wonderfu', but where did ye sit?"
"In the hoose, of coorse, and

looked at it through the window while it stood on the other side o' the road."-London Answers.

A Girl of Discernment Madge-You should see all the

new things Tillie has.

Marjorie-She told me she was making some purchases. Madge—That's hardly a name for

it. i never saw so many lovely, things in my life. Why, she has a new watch, three stunning suits, a fur cloak, some Turkish rugs, one of those big revolving bookstands and. lifelong observation. He says that sets of all the popular authors. I wonder what it all means?

Marjorie—Why, she's going to be married at once, you little fool.

Madge—I don't know why I should have guessed that from seeing so many things in her house.

Marjorie-You would have, my dear, if you had known as much about them as I do. She has bought them all on the installment plan, and it will be up to her husband to make good nearly all the payments.

Exchange of Compliments. The village sexton, in addition to being gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, house repairer and furniture remover.

The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up ac-counts, the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture.

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging." The sexton replied:

"Indade Oi wad be glad ave a steady job. Gravedigging is very slack since you left."—Spare Mo-

A Tale of Two Doctors

pointed out several errors in the work and then asked, "Pray, doctor, are you not a justice of the peace?" "I am," replied Nash.

"." replied Barton, "I advise nd your work to the house

- Turkeys are innocent birds; al most any silly woman can stuff them - A small voice in a man often has the same effect as a hole in a nickel.

- Some boarding house spring chickens are hens in their second childhood. - Nature is supposed to be infalli-

but no hair. - An idle brain is the devil's scheme factory.

ble, yet it gave the rooster a comb,

NO SLEEP FOR A MORTGAGE.

The Inexerable Taskmaster Described

by a Sufferer. The mortgage is a self supporting institution. It always holds its own. It calls for just as many dollars when grain is cheap as when grain is dear. It is not affected by the drought. It is not drowned out by the heavy rains. It never winter kills. Late springs and early frosts never trouble it. Potato bugs do not disturb it. Moth and rust do not destroy it. It grows nights, Sundays, rainy days and even holidays. It brings a sure crop every year and sometimes twice a year. It produces cash every time. It does not have to wait for the market to advance. It is not subject to speculations of the bulls and bears on the board of trade. It is a load that galls and frets and chafes.

It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off. It is with him morning, noon and night. It eats with him at the table. It gets under his pillow when he sleeps. It rides upon his shoulders during the day. It consumes his grain crop. It devours his cattle. It selects the finest horses and the fattest steers. It lives upon the first fruit of the season. It stalks into the dairy where the busy housewife toils day after day and month after month and takes the nicest choese and the choicest butter. It shares the children's bread and robs them of their clothes. It stoops the toiler's back with its remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hills to the poorhouse. It is the inexorable and exacting taskmaster. Its whip is as merciless and cruel as the lash of the slave driver. It is a menace to liberty, a hindrance to progress, a curse to the world - Ringwood (Okla.) Leader.

Traveling With a Wheelbarrow. "Potter, the wheelbarrow crank." traveled across the continent in 1878. His first name was Lyman and his place of residence Albany. He was a shoemaker by trade and much given to boasting of his feats as a pedestrian. O'Leary was doing his big walking about that time and had just finished a ten days' walk at New York city. One day in the presence of many witnesses Potter said that he himself could outdo O'Leary in feats of endurance. Some one suggested that he walk to San Francisco on trial. Potter did not hesitate a moment, but offened to wager that he could make the trip in a given length of time and, fur-thermore, that he could wheel a

"paddy" barrow the entire distance.
The money was covered, and Potter left his home on Dove street, Albany, on the morning of April 10, 1878, and arrived at San Fran-cisco on the evening of Oct. 6, being exactly 180 days in making the trip. The wheelbarrow and load—his clothing and cooking utensils weighed seventy-five pounds. The distance traveled was 4,085 miles.

The Influence of Odors. Would you believe that both natural perfumes and artificial odors exert a real influence on our minds? A physician has favored us with a detailed statement as the result of the geranium inspires a man with audacity, self possession, reckless daring. The violet inclines to devotion and tender affection; the benzoin to reverie, poetry, inconstancy. Mint is the mother of cunning and sharp practices. The verbena begets artistic taste. Camphor brutalizes a man. Russian leather renders effeminate and develops a taste for pleasure and self indulgence. Opopanax engenders mad-ness. Amber enkindles inspiration. It is the perfume of bluestockings.

Dinners in the Sixteenth Century. State banquets became very elaborate and expensive in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, which was the period of pageants and mumming. Excesses in feasting in Edward III.'s reign were so great that the king framed rules forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes or costly drinks at his table. He did not, however, practice economy in his own household, for the marriage feast of his third son, Lionel, duke of Clarence, was exceedingly sumptuous. There were thirty courses to it, and the fragments sufficed to feed a thousand people.

The Indians and Hudson. There is in the Royal museum at The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures Dr. Nash, who had published two heavy folios on the antiquities of Westminster, was taken to task by a brother antiquary, Dr. Barton, wild the river to which he gar this name. A passage of the document reads as follows: The natives, or Indians, on his first coming here regarded the ship with mighty wonder and looked upon it as a see monster and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before."

> - To beg a girl's pardon after stealng a kiss is an unpardonable insult. - All the world's a stage and every mother's son of us want to be the prop-

> - Any person who buys a bottle of hair restorer from a bald-headed drug-

hair restorer from a bald-headed druggist has genuine faith.

— No, Cordelia, a fashionable ball dress is not exactly a weather strip.

— 'The wise office seeker sticks to his regular job until he gets the office.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of A. J. Hall, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

MRS. ETTA L. HOLLIDAY, Ex'x.
Feb 4, 1903 33 3*

Spider Pills.

In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure the ague, and in the south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rhoumatism if it be carried in the pocket or worn suspended from a string around the neck. Tracing the spider web pill, it originated in China, where all species of insects have oertain positive or negative values in medicine. In Peking it is customary, to give two or three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the peasantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England native was easy. In Flanders the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neek of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.

Entirely Different. "Now in this literary line how are the returns?"

"They are all right when you get them.

"And when do you get them?"
"You get them when they come." "Rather indefinite." "Of course. That's the difference between literature end business.

Business is business, but literature is something entirely different.— Brooklyn Eagle. - A man isn't necessarily cool be-

cause he shivers when in danger. - The best sermons that ever were

written to make men good husbands were written in recipes.



Beauty Triumphs,

'Tis a Priceless Treasure. No woman objects to being heautiful. Beauty is woman's charm, joy, pride and strength. The world has always petted and adored beautiful women. A pretty woman dreads maternity for fear of losing this power and influence over men. What can be done to perpetuate the race and keep women beautiful? There is a baim universally used by cultured and uncultured women in the crisis. Husbands will do well to investigate this remedy in order to reassure their wives on the point of ease with which children can be born and all beauty of form and figure retained.

Mother's Friend

is the simple name by which this invaluable remedy is known. It will diminish all pain allied to motherhood. Used throughout pregnancy it will dispel morning sickness, cure sore breasts, make elastic all tendons and fibrescalled upon to hold in position the expanding burden. Muscles soften under its soothing influence and the patient anticipates favorably the issue, in the comfort thus bestowed.

Mother's Friend is a liniment for external application. Women's own pretty

ternal application. Women's own pretty fingers rub it gently on the parts so severely taxed, and it is instantly absorbed and so lubricates the parts. Your druggist sells it for \$1 per batcle. You may have our book "Motherhood"

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.

CURSE DRINK CURED BY

WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee without nationt's knowledge. White Ribboo 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, Yontura, California, writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy 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 fres 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 ORR, GRAY & CO.
Sept 17, 1902

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Notice to Teachers.

THE regular Examination for Teachers will be held on Friday, February 20th, 1903. The examination will begin promptly at 9 a. m. All applicants are urged to be present at the above mentioned hour. The work requires considerable time, and should be carefully done. You can not rush through and perform the work in a creditable manner. Those who arrive late are frequently unable to finish the work, and consequently fail to secure a Certificate, or receive one of low grade. Therefore, let me urge each applicant to Therefore, let me urge each applicant to be on time, and to hand the Examining Board the best papers possible.

Respectfully,

R. E. NICHOLSON, Co. Supt. Ed.

FOR SALE.

NICE Dwelling House and seven-acre Lot in the Town of Pendiston. Also, Fine Plantation, containing 260 ccres, on West side of Sensca River. Will sell on very favorable terms.

Apply to—
QUATTLEBAUM & COCHRAN,
Attorneys at Law, Anderson, S. C.
Des 24, 1902 27 4

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of Estate of Mrs. Mattie P. McClure, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on Friday, 14th day February, 1903, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as

Administrator.

J. F. McCLURE, Adm'r.

Jan 14, 1903

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Notice to Creditors.

Fat Field makes a fat purse. A fertilizer without Potash is not complete. GERMAN KALI WORKS,

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

Peoples' Bank of Anderson. ANDERSON, S. C.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

W. H. McKee, Plaintiff, against Mrs. Mary C. Hood, nee McKee, Mrs Margarett Amberson or Mrs. Margaret Emerson, nee McKee; Thomas Nolan, Edward Nolan and Fannie Nolan, children of Mrs. Jane Nolan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcaif, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcaif, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Lou L. Dempsey, J. M. McKee, and Waiter McKee, and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, deceased, Defendants—Summons for Relief. (Complaint Served.)

To the Defendants a vove 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, at the Peoples Bank Building, at Anderson C. H., within twenty days after the service hercof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Pisintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Anderson, S. C., Dec. 81, A. D. 1902.

BONHAM & WATKINS, Pleintiffs: Autorneys, [SEAL] FRANK WATKINS, DEPUTY C. C. P.

To the absent Defendants, Mrs Mary C. Hood, nee McKee, Mrs. Margaret Amberson or Mrs. Mar-garet Emerson, nee McKee; Thomas Nolan, Ed-ward Nolan and Fannie Nolan, children of Mrs. Jane Nolan, nee McKee, deceased; Mrs. Martha Metcalf, nee McKee; J. W. McKee, Mrs. Lou L. Jempsey, J. M. McKee, and Walter McKee and Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, do-ceased:

Claude McKee, children of A. D. McKee, do-ceased:
Flease take notice that the complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Anderson County, South Carolina, at Anderson, S. C., Decomber Sist, 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%) fifty and one-half acree, more or less, fore erly belonging to David L. McKee.

Dated Anderson, S. C., December 81st, A. D. 1902.
BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintifis' Attorneys,
[SEAL] FRANK WATKINS, DEPUTY C. C. C. P. To the minor Defendants, Claude McKee and Walter McKee:
Take notice that unless you apply to the Court within twenty days after the service hereof upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, for the appointment of a guardian ad litem or guardians ad litem to represent your interests in the above stated case, the plaintiff will then by his attornoys make such application for you.

BONHAM & WATKINS,

S. C. BRUCE,

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

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

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of A. J. Stringer, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Monday, February 23rd, 1903, apply to the Judge of Probate ior 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 31 5

TENNESSEE MULES.

JUST received Car Load Extra Nice MULES from Jefferson City, Tenn. If you are in need of Stock give me a call.

J. S. FOWLER. Jan 14, 1903 30

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 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

ruary, as required by law.

R. Y. H. NANCE,
Judge of Probate.

Jan 14, 1903
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