

Marvelous Escape from Death!

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND Does a Wondrous Work for a Lady Who Was Almost Crazed with Pain and Suffering.

It is well known that terrible rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia cause more helplessness, acute suffering, and agony than any of the other diseases that afflict humanity. The great medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound make it the only remedy specifically for the cure of all forms of rheumatism and neuralgia. Thousands of strong testimonial letters from the most prominent people of the land, prove that Paine's Celery Compound has banished these terribly fatal troubles from all other treatment has failed. Mrs. Margaret White, of Anderson, Miss., after thirty years of agonizing tortures had a desire to end her life, if it was the will of Heaven, she almost prayed for the time to lay it down. Heaven-directed, she made use of Paine's Celery Compound, and is enjoying true life once more. She says:—

"For thirty years I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and also with rheumatism in the whole body. I began taking Paine's Celery Compound and soon found I was much better. Before taking the Compound, my life was such a burden that I almost prayed to lay it down. I was bedridden every week with terrible pain in the head, back, and neck, until I was almost crazed. I am able to do harder work and more of it today than for twenty-five years. I am really enjoying life again, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. I am satisfied that my life has been prolonged many years by its use."



Painfully Clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness, I know, said the young matron whose mother-in-law lives with her, but there is such a thing as carrying it too far, I think. Now, my husband's mother is fearfully and wonderfully neat—in fact, at times I feel that to live in a pigpen would be a relief. From morning till night there is nothing but clean, clean, clean. His of carpets are laid in the places most likely to trip you up. These are intended to keep the floor underneath free from stains, and then the carpets are taken up, and the floor underneath scrubbed as carefully as if it had not been protected all the time. You cannot imagine just how trying it is. But the other day she reached the limit. She came in, took off her shoes, carefully washed them and set them out to dry. Think of it! It's a wonder she did not wash her feet. —New York Press.

Joseph's Ambition to Be a Gaffer. Joseph was attired in his coat of many colors. "Huh!" sneered his envious brothers. "You'll be wearing red neckties and green socks next." "Not yet," replied the favorite son, "but I was thinking of going in for golf." Hereupon they cast him into the pit, and he gleefully announced that he had made one hole anyway. —New York Tribune.

When Anesthetics Were New. When anesthetics were first discovered it was urged by those who had learned to admire the dexterity of surgical art that the days of that art were doomed, that surgeons would become mere "puddlers" and that a false sentiment and fear about pain would take the place of the fraternity of the bold and manly qualities. No more heroes of surgery would be born.

The Butter-milk Cow. Grandma had taken little Roger to the country for a visit. After all the wonderful visits to the barnyard and pigsty milking time came, and Roger, cup in hand, went to see the cows milked. When he was drinking his cup of milk he looked at all the cows and then asked: "Grandma, which cow is the butter-milk cow?" Little Chronicle.

CASTORIA — Once a man was selected to publicize and stayed straight, but he died before he took the cash.

A GOLF STORY

John McLennan had lain for many months on a bed of sickness. All summer he had been deprived of his walks in the green fields and up the banks of the Tay, but as the summer died and autumn reigned supreme he was sensible of a change for the better.

Now, let it be known that John was a crack golfer, and as he lay racking with pain his mind often wandered up the Inch, and he would count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole.

Early in August he had recovered so far as to be able to take a turn round the doors, but he soon got tired and was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.

It was therefore a surprise in more ways than one to his guide wife when one Sunday morning toward the end of August he rose between 5 and 6 o'clock and said he was going a round of the golf course.

"John McLennan," said his astonished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An' ye an elder o' the kirk!"

"Nance," said John quietly as he got his sticks ready, "I'm well aware o' what day this is, an' I ken I'm an elder o' the kirk; but, wumman, I'm deirin' for a game, an' we may never hae aither mornin' like this. Besides, surely it'll no be coontit a sin to play a bit hole or two sae early in the mornin', when very few, if any, folk'll be about."

"Come awa, laddie. Oh, ye needna look that way. Yer father's neither daff nor bad. Sae come awa." And out they went. They reached the teeing ground as 6 o'clock chimed on St. John's.

"Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; no' owre high, ye ken. That's fine. Keep yer e'en on the ba' in case I dinna see d'it. Nae flags the day, ye ken—Sabbath. Wheat!"

Whack! "There ye are! No' a bad drive for me an' newly aft a sick bed." "Faither," said Bobbie as he looked timidly around, "what'll ye dae if ye meet onybody?"

"Just draw my bonnet doon like that. Wad ye ken yer ain faither noo if ye met him?" And Bobbie acknowledged that he wouldn't.

"Very weel. Dinna speak any mair aboot meetin' folk. But here we are. Gie's my cleek." Crack! "Ye're on the green, faither, in five," said Bobbie proudly. "Ye'll dae that hole in three."

hole at the tap o' the Inch. Whack! "D'ye see, Bobbie?" "Aye, faither; ye're up near the road." And Bobbie ran to see exactly where the ball lay.

"This is a tricky hole; ye see, there's a brae to coont w'. Stand there on the road an' see whaur I gang. That's twa."

"No' hard enough, faither," said Bobbie as his father came up. "But I've seen ye put in a waur one than that."

"Weel, we'll try; another inch wad hae din't. That's four again. Fifth hole in four. Doon wad! Noo, here's the burn again, an' see that I dinna gang into the burn or the Tay. But there's that bicycle chap again."

"Faither, faither, it's Mester Moir, oor helper, oor kirk helper!" Bobbie said excitedly.

"Wheest, ye dee—ye dear laddie! He'll hear ye." And, whack, away went the ball again.

"Into the bunker, faither. What a peety!" said Bobby, but his father was silent. He was wondering if Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and landed him on the green in two, and he got the hole in three.

Is that three, faither?" asked Bobbie. "Aye," said his father. "Are ye turnin' no' weel again, faither?" Bobbie asked, surprised at the change in his manner.

"No, no; I'm weel enough, only angry at no' daein' that hole in twa. Never mind. Right up to the tap noo."

Whack! "A gude shot, but it's in the whins. Look, Bobbie; lyin' on the tap like a bird's nest. There ye are, just at the hole; wad ye! That's right—in in three. Put that doon; seventh hole in three. Weel, I feel tired, so we'll hae a bit rest. Coont up hoo mone ye've ta'en for the seven holes—3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 23. Twenty-three! Loosh! I never did that afore. Noo gang ye awa, home an' see an' hurry. Dinna stop to speak to onybody on the road, an' I'll come canny doon. Twenty-three! It's awfu' gude."

Four Sundays later John McLennan stood at the church plate. No one had ever referred to the game he had a month previous, and he was glad of it. Mr. Moir remembered that day, and his text was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

As the preacher progressed John grew more and more convinced that the sermon had been specially prepared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vestry and asked the half-unrobed minister, "Did ye see me yon mornin'?"

WAGNER AS A HUMORIST.

How the Master Responded to a London Critic's Suggestion.

Richard Wagner was not a man to whom one would naturally ascribe the faculty of ready joking. It is not from the creator of the serious, somber "Flying Dutchman" or the composer of the half-mystical, half-religious, opera "Parsifal" that one would expect cheerful pranks at the expense of other people.

Nevertheless an instance is on record of how the great tone painter of Beireuth played a very funny trick on a newspaper and probably a good many of the readers accustomed to relying on what it said. It was in the fictitious Wagner, then still climbing the ladder of fame, was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in the British metropolis for a season.

Being, as he remained to the end, a very ardent admirer of Beethoven and, in fact, knowing that master's nine symphonies by heart, he selected several of them for performance in the said series of concerts. The first time, then, that Wagner conducted a Beethoven symphony in London the public received the rendition kindly enough, but the next morning a certain newspaper with a very large circulation came out with a rather severe criticism.

The author of "Lohengrin" was in cold print but in unreserved terms scolded for directing a symphony by the immortal Beethoven without the consent of the London authorities. It was sheer presumption, to say the least, and, after further complimentary remarks, the great and influential journal advised young Herr Wagner to use a score when he conducted a Beethoven symphony again.

Well, soon Herr Wagner did, this time with a book of music before him on the desk. He was seen to turn over the leaves with a certain amount of regularity too. His reward came the next day in the form of a commendatory article in the aforesaid newspaper which praised him for a very much better interpretation of Beethoven than his last, due, of course, to the suggested use of the score, whereupon Wagner announced the fact that the score in front of him the previous evening was that of Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville," turned upside down.—Collier's Weekly.

Knew the Pulse. Old Doc Burns had been a valued citizen of a little western town, but had lost his prestige through an extreme weakness for whisky.

He was a first class doctor when he was sober, but he was so seldom in that condition that he couldn't be trusted with the chills. One day a man was taken suddenly ill, and as the only other doctor in town had gone to the country to see a patient a hurry call was sent for Doc Burns.

He arrived, drunk, as usual; but, assuming a professional air, he began an examination. In trying to find the patient's pulse he got hold of his own hand, which was lying on the edge of the bed. The moment his fingers touched the pulse he exclaimed: "Why, the man's drunk!" —Detroit Free Press.

Poison Ivy. There is but one kind of poison ivy, known to botanists as Rhus toxicodendron. This has three leaves. Another climbing, trailing shrub of the same general appearance on walls and rail fences is the Virginia creeper. This is not poisonous and has five leaves. It will help you to remember which is the poisonous and which the harmless if you picture the three leaves as the index finger pointing "go," that is, the three leaves representing the three parts of the index hand—thumb, forefinger, clasped fingers. Regard the five leaved as the thumb and four fingers of the hand opened in welcome.—St. Nicholas.

Ardit's Wig. Signor Ardit was from quite a young man extraordinarily bald, his hair, which fell out during an attack of typhoid, never having grown again. It was the dream of his life to wear a wig, he used to say, and once he did get as far as donning one, but when Mme. Albani saw it in the artist's room she burst into a shout of laughter and tore it from his head, declaring that she could not sing with such a thing in front of her. After that he never appeared in it in public again, but in the privacy of his own room he sometimes put it on and wondered sadly why he was not allowed to wear it.—Exchange.

One Took it On. He was only five years old, but he had already been warned of the consequences which might ensue did he persist in wearing his hat in and out of season. So one day when he came in with his sister from play he was heard to say in serious tones: "Take off your hat, sissy. You know, if you wear it in the house you may get bowlegged."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SUPERSTITIOUS CROOKS.

The Average Thief in Tallamans, Amulets and Charms.

The average thief born and bred in the slums is always superstitious and cowardly. He believes in the power of witches, omens and the protecting properties of amulets, talismans and charms, and when searched at the police station there are usually found in his pocket or concealed about his person bits of coal, rusty horseshoe nails, lucky stones and rings.

He parts with these articles, on which he relies for safety in the hour of peril, with the greatest reluctance and stipulates with the turnkey to have them returned either to himself or friends.

The burglar's greatest enemy in his nocturnal wanderings is a dog, whose presence he even dreads more than the policeman or detective. To protect and guard himself against canine attacks on his person he carries about with him a sprig of the gray linewort, which when used as an amulet is an absolute preventive against the bite of dogs. This plant when used internally is said, on the authority of Bacon, to remove hydrophobia.

There is also a curious superstition common among all classes of the genus lawbreaker regarding the power of a candle made from the body of a young woman. The belief is that such a candle not only renders the perpetrators of robberies invisible, but that it throws the victim or victims into a state of deep somnolency. Within recent years four ignorant Russian peasants murdered a girl and made candles out of her body. Before the murderers were executed they confessed that they committed the crime to make themselves invisible while perpetrating a robbery they had planned.

In the Scotch criminal code of the eighteenth century there are express penalties against this hideous candle superstition. The thief has implicit reliance in the foreknowledge claimed by gypsies and other people, and he has been known to pay blackmail to professed exponents of the "black art" who threatened him with all manner of perils. A thief who has the misfortune to be arrested two or three times red handed in company with a chum is set down as "unwedly" and is carefully avoided and shunned as if he were suffering from some contagious disease. It is these ostracized thieves in the commonwealth of crime that are utilized by detectives in their explorations.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Ships Are Called She. It was in one of the public schools of Philadelphia. The teacher of a primary class was reading a lesson in dictation which scores of busy pencils were transferring to slates.

"The ship was sailing down the river to the sea. She had all her sails set," read the teacher. "Please, teacher, why are ships called 'she'?" asked a small boy from the end of the room. The teacher dropped the book for a moment.

"Does any boy know why a ship is called 'she'?" the teacher queried. There was a second's pause. Then a little boy's hand went up. "Why?" asked the teacher. "Because it takes men to manage her!" was the sage reply.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Very Extraordinary. A young lady was introduced to an old lady as "sister of So-and-so, the artist." Instantly the exclamation followed: "I should have known the relationship, my dear, by the resemblance. Why, it is positively startling! I never saw two faces more exactly alike in contour and"

"But," interrupted the girl in a meek, small voice, "I am only his sister-in-law."

A Good Reason. The reading lesson was about a shipwreck. A message announcing the sinking condition of the ship had been enclosed in a bottle and flung overboard. "Now," said the teacher, wishing to test the intelligence of his class, "why was the letter put in a bottle?" A hand went up. "Well, Tommy?" "Cos there was no post office."

TO-LO-TAN. A well known and highly respected citizen of North Carolina adds his testimony to what has already been said of To-Lo-Tan, the wonderful catarrh remedy. Read the following letter: ANDREWS, N. C., Nov. 24, 1902. Tolotan Co., Knoxville, Tenn. Gentlemen.—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which please send me another bottle of To-Lo-tan. I have suffered with catarrh for ten years and have tried different remedies but have received more benefit from one bottle of To-latan than all the other remedies I have tried. Yours truly, John Robinson

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Here is our New Tire Setter. We worked so successfully last season. Sets 'em cold, right on the wheel, and keeps the dish right, too. With plenty good seasoned lumber, improved machinery, well selected stock of different sizes, shapes and parts, we give you the service you expect in short time. Overhauling Carriages and Buggies from start to finish is our speciality. N. R. GREEN, Pres. J. M. PAYNE, Sec. and Treas.

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c and \$1.00. FOR SALE BY EVANS' PHARMACY BANNER SALVE the most healing ointment in the world. General Repair Shop.

ALL kinds of Blacksmithing, Wood Work, Painting, etc. Rubbing Tires and Rubber Horse Sholing. All done as short notice by first-class workmen. We don't claim to be the only first-class workmen in town, but as good as any in the South. Our work shows for itself. Work and Prices guaranteed. Call and see our work and get prices. Bring your Buggies and have them repaired and made as nice and good as new for Spring and Summer drives. Yours for business, J. P. TODD. P. S.—Horse Shoeing a Specialty. March 11, 1903

S. G. BRUCE, DENTIST. OVER D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store, South Main Street. I have 25 years experience in my profession, and will be pleased to work for any who want Plates made, Fillings done, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain. Jan 28, 1901

Dr. Woolley's PAINLESS OPIMUM AND Whiskey Cure. SENT FREE to all users of morphine, opium, laudanum, etc. Dr. Woolley's PAINLESS OPIMUM AND Whiskey Cure. CITY LOTS FOR SALE. SITUATED on and near North Main Street. Five minutes' walk Court House. Apply to J. F. Clinckales, Intelligence office. Winthrop College Scholarship and Entrance Examinations. The examinations for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 10th, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than fifteen years of age. When scholarships are vacated after July 10th they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination. The next session will open about September 16, 1903. For further information and a catalogue address— Pres. D. E. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

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