

FOOTBALL IN CHINA.

The Game Was Played There Before the Christian Era.

Writing in the Nineteenth Century on "Football and Polo in China," Professor Giles asserts that the game of football at least was known during the Han dynasty before the beginning of the Christian era and was even then an imperial favorite and an object of censure.

The Emperor Ch'eng Ti was fond of football, but his officers represented to him that it was both physically exhausting and also unsuitable to the imperial dignity. His majesty replied, "We like playing, and what one chooses to do is not exhausting." An appeal was then made to the empress, who suggested the game of tiddlywinks for the emperor's amusement.

The ball as originally used by the Chinese was a round leather bag stuffed with hair. Bamboo poles were erected, and it was the aim of the contending sides to kick the ball over a net stretched on these poles. Some of the stories taken by Professor Giles from the old historians are not without application today. Thus of a Taoist priest of the sixteenth century, who was a good player, we read: "He used shoulders, back, breast and belly to take the place of his feet. He could withstand several antagonists, making the ball run around his body without dropping." And of a certain game played before a certain emperor on his birthday it is said that the winners "were rewarded with flowers, fruit, wine and even silver bowls and brocades. The captain of the losing side was flogged and suffered other indignities."

When Two Virginians Meet.

The first thing two Virginians do when they meet is to take a mint julep together. They next talk kin. If they are strangers to one another the first requisite is to locate and thus identify each other; then they take another julep. Then the wild hunt for relationship begins and generally ends in establishing cousinship from a first to a tenth degree from a marriage somewhere between 1650 and the present. Then they take another julep, and the conversation takes this turn and goes on for hours:

"You say you are one of the Randolphs, 'Curl'?"

"No, but my mother was a Page. Her mother was a Burwell. My great-grandmother was a Carry. My great-grandfather was a Lee. My great-great-grandmother was a Washington, and my great-great-great-grandfather was a Randolph of Tuckahoe, and ah."

Here another mint julep stops him.—Washington Post.

Jules Simon's Partridge.

When Jules Simon was ten years old he found a small red partridge dying in the snow. He took the bird home and warmed it into life. One of its legs had been broken, and Simon, seeing that the fracture was too bad for setting, amputated the leg with his pocketknife and replaced it with a wooden one. Two days later the partridge was as happy as possible, and the tick tack, tick tack of its wooden stump was to be heard all over the house. It became an inseparable companion of young Jules Simon, who named it Coruella, and it followed him about wherever he went with the persistence of the little lamb. But one afternoon Coruella was caught in a halibut and killed by the stones before Jules Simon could go to her help. And Jules Simon never ate partridge from that day to his death. A partridge always reminded him of Coruella.—St. James Gazette.

To Keep Bread Fresh.

In Swiss and German families, where the baking takes place once a fortnight or certainly at fairly long intervals, such a thing as unpleasantly stale bread is almost unknown. It is put away in a peculiar manner, which tends to preserve its freshness. Sprinkle flour freely into an empty flour sack, and into this sack the loaves, being carefully to have the top crusts of two loaves touching. Where they have to lie bottom to bottom sprinkle flour between them. Tie up the sack and hang it up in an airy place—not against a wall, but so that it can swing. The day before the loaf is wanted, take it out, brush off the flour and stand it in the cellar overnight. In this way bread remains edible for three or four weeks.

A Modest Assistant.

The Hon. Mr. Sweet was making friends with Johnny, his host's son. "And how old are you?" he asked.

"I'm five," said Johnny.

"Ah! Quite a little man! How what are you going to be?" asked Mr. Sweet, who has been a senator so many years that he now believes that he selected his own career in the world and that all infants do likewise.

"I'm going to be an," Johnny replied, with conviction.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kid You Want Always Bought



NO ENGLISH BILLIONAIRES.

In Great Britain the Sum is Too Vast For Reckoning.

"If you had a billion dollars," began Judson.

"I haven't that much about my clothes," returned Wagstaff, "but if you want it only for a month or so perhaps."

"Oh, quit your guff," said Judson severely, "and learn something. If you had a billion dollars and took it to England with you, how much money would you have over there?"

"Very little after paying the steward's fees and tips on board ship," admitted Wagstaff. But Judson went on with the cold, calm determination which characterizes a man who has just learned a new fact and is resolved at any cost to impart it to his friends.

"You would not have a billion when you struck British soil, though you had every dollar with which you left here, for in Great Britain a billion is a million millions, while in France and the United States it is only a thousand millions. It is possible for a man to be a billionaire in this country or France, but no one is ever likely to be a billionaire in Great Britain. The English use of the word is the older and more correct, and how we ever came to take the French style I don't know. I imagine it was because it was handy to have something to jump to after you said million. Anyway, nobody ever thought of talking billions in ordinary conversation until late in the sixteenth century. The term was known only to scientists and great mathematicians, and even the great philosopher, John Locke, speaks of the word as a novelty."

"People used to think and count in thousands then, but nowadays we are as familiar with millions as our ancestors were with hundreds and speak of billions as they used to speak of thousands, so much vaster has the world grown. I suppose in future years trillions and quadrillions, quintillions and sextillions will be as familiar in the mouths of men as millions and billions are now in ours. Yet, as a matter of fact, you know, there are comparatively few people who are able to grasp the meaning of the term 'million.' We use it every day, but not many minds form a clear idea of what a million of anything would be."—New York Press.

Wrong in His Head.

A Yorkshire mill worker charged with having set fire to a large hayrick was defended on the ground that he was not altogether responsible for his actions. One of the witnesses, a typical Yorkshire man, testified to the belief that the prisoner was "wrong in his head."

"Can you mention any occasion on which the prisoner behaved in a manner to warrant your statement?" he was asked by the prosecuting counsel.

"Yes," answered the witness. "Ah mind once at he got hawf a crown too much for his wage, ah."

"Well?" said counsel as the witness hesitated.

"He took it back to 't' manager!" continued the witness amidst a roar of laughter.

Something Wrong.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."

"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound account book. "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things; that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy, but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to \$524, but I only have \$150 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory."

Suspicious.

"If you want to be liked in a newspaper office," said the man at the desk, "you must be careful to write only on one side of the paper."

The youth with a bunch of manuscript looked at him suspiciously and exclaimed:

"No, you don't. I may look young, but I can see through some things. You want me to write my poetry on one side of the paper so that you can turn it over and see the other side for your long winded articles about finance. It's an economical idea, but I'm not so foolish."—Washington Star.

Did Not Apply.

While Willie was spending his holiday at his aunt's he chanced one day to place his elbows on the table during dinner.

"My dear boy," said his aunt, "don't you know that children of the first families must never put their elbows on the table?"

"Oh, well," replied Willie, "that doesn't apply to me, for my father's been married twice, and I belong to the second family."

Some people speak three times before they say anything.

Even the fat spiritualists may be of medium weight.

The fish we get may not know how to scale a wall.

There is often more study in the how of the brain.

As for more nobility there is nothing like it.

Progressive builders these go around seeing the stars.

GLASSMAKING.

Thebes' Workers Were Adepts In the Art Forty Centuries Ago.

The glass blowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old, which displayed artistic taste of high order both in tint and design. In this case the color is struck entirely in pieces from a half inch to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of Ptah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and the imitation of precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after they have lain in the desert sands from 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert to distinguish the genuine articles from the spurious.

It has been shown that besides being experts in glassmaking and glass coloring they used the diamond in cutting and engraving glass. In the British museum there is a beautiful piece of stained glass with an engraved embossment of the monarch Thothmes III, who lived 3,400 years ago.

Foiled After All.

During the peninsular war a number of English officers had established a mess in a Spanish village, with native cooks, whose efforts were fairly satisfactory to the keen appetites of the campaigners. They were joined, however, by a certain peevish, cantankerous major, who bitterly complained that every dish was flavored with sugar, after the Spanish fashion, and quite unestablishable. Finally he confined himself to a diet on eggs boiled in the shell. "They can't sugar those!" he cried triumphantly. But his triumph was short lived. Next morning some mischievous subs were at the mess table before the major and emptied all the salt cellars, replacing their contents with powdered sugar. The major soon appeared and with gloomy complacency began upon an egg, with which, as usual, he took plenty of "ah." At the first mouthful his face turned purple with rage. "Sugarred, by Jove!" he exclaimed and rushed off to his tent.

To Stop a Baby's Crying.

A physician told a young mother how to silence her crying babe.

"Lay the child on its back," he said, "and wipe your thumb and forefinger close its nostrils gently. The sudden stoppage of its breath will surprise it immediately. Its howls will at once cease."

"But the cruelty!"—the mother began.

"Cruelty? Nothing of the kind," said the physician. "There is nothing cruel in stopping a baby's breath for a second or two. Try this method. I have tried it on dozens of babies and never have known it to fail."

"Perhaps I'll try it," said the mother in a cold voice.—New York Press.

A Trouble Center.

The small boy had just smoked his first cigar.

"Boy!" he gasped, with a troubled look, "where was dat cigar made?"

"That cigar, my lad," replied the man who had given him the weed, "was made in Santo Domingo."

"Gee! I thought so?"

"Why did you think so?"

"It—it started half a dozen revolutions in me stomach."—Chicago Daily News.

Just Escaped.

An English newspaper has an item about a little Scotch boy who, while playing on the docks, fell into the water and was with great difficulty rescued by a bystander.

"I ought to be very glad I was near," said his rescuer.

"And I'm so glad ye got me out. What a lickin' I wd get from my mither if I'd been drowned!"

A New Experience.

Harlemite.—A friend of mine who's connected with the street railway company showed me through one of the car barns yesterday and explained me like a prince.

Harlemite.—In what way?

Harlemite.—Why, he allowed me to sit on the car seats to my heart's content.—Puck.

Against the World.

Dr. Drummond's Rheumatic Treatment has cured more rheumatic sufferers in the past 30 years than all other remedies used combined. Rheumatic Sufferers of the District of Columbia, Wash. D. C., are open to inspection and comparison with all other remedies to prove this. If you want to get an suffering from rheumatism, don't get Drummond's for it will cure you.

Tipping a waiter doesn't make him love his balance.

—If you are fond of a high old time, buy a grand father's clock.

—Isn't it surprising what a lot of good bargains are offered a man when he's broke?

—Money may not make the mayor go, but sometimes induces the policed to move on.

—Many a man says he's driven to drink when you couldn't drive him the other way.

—Churches open later and close earlier than saloons.

—What most men need is a spring toilet for the intellect.

—Truth may come and truth may go, but a lie goes on forever.

—It is only a genuine reformer who says but little and saws a lot of wood. Lose her rubbers in a mud puddle and get her feet wet because she thinks it is a sign they are small.

LOVE AND PERSONALITY.

One Explanation of Why the American People Are Beautiful.

Personality is always a mystery with its antithetically mingled elements in man and woman. Women have loved wrongly and known it, were perfectly aware of it—they only know also that they were helpless to avoid it. The desire of their lives has been gratified, something has happened.

What was there about George Sand, save perhaps pretty good eyes, to send such men as Alfred de Musset and Friedrich Chopin absolutely crazy? Nothing interesting about her—even her unattractiveness enhanced by her constant smoking. Yet she could inspire the "Prelude," which Chopin composed on seeing her approach in a garden in Minorca—the greatest piece of music ever compressed into a single page.

Goethe's Gretchen, the little bourgeoisie, without apparent attractiveness, yet inspiring his mighty genius—what is this mystery of man and woman? The beauty of nations differs very much. The Latins are less beautiful than the Anglo-Saxons. The angularity of the north German woman is notorious—an uncharming person. Why? It has nothing whatever to do with race. The growth of the Hansatic cities brought great wealth in north Germany. Money bags married money bags. The result was a people of severely plain aspect. There are not many money bags in America, although there are many money bags in the hands of the few.

The Americans are a beautiful race. The American is insulted if mention of dowry is made in his wedding arrangements. He marries because he loves the woman and she him; hence the American people have become exceedingly beautiful. Then the facilities for divorce presented in the United States are an important factor in the beautification process. Love is really at the bottom of it all—not money bags or race, but love.

The French are always talking about "amour, amour!" But really there is no "amour" there at all—people generally talk most about what they haven't got or don't know. Yes, indeed, so rare is "amour" in France that it accounts for the decline in facial beauty of the Frenchwoman—not in movement, for in movement she excels the world, but in face. Rome and Greece were ruined by treating marriage as a matter of business.—Dr. Emil Reich in a London Lecture.

Mexican Water Jars.

The Mexicans do not use ice, but nevertheless there is no country where a man can get a glass of cool, sweet water quicker than in Mexico. The water jars are made of a porous pottery which allows the water to ooze through the material of the tanks, and the evaporation keeps it always cool. It is not cold, like our ice water, but it is all the better on that account, as a man can drink twice as much and never feel in the least injured, no matter how large his drafts. Australian ranchmen frequently put water into skin bottles which they suspend from the veranda, and the air swaying the skins back and forth cools the water and renders it more palatable.

Insects which spend the major portion of their lives in a torpid or semitorpid state are but seldom injured and never killed by being frozen. Instances are numerous of travelers in mountain regions finding beetles or butterflies above the snow-line which were frozen stiff and apparently stone dead. However, when these same insects were carried down into the warmer atmosphere of the valleys or into a mountaineer's cabin they completely revived in a very short while. It appears that their normal vital powers are so low that a degree of cold that would prove fatal to a more highly organized creature seldom hurts them.

Irreparable.

"You don't eat cheese, Miss Benderby?" said the hostess.

"Oh, no," replied the smiling young woman. "I'm a vegetarian."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and she added somewhat hastily:

"I mean, of course, that cheese is made from milk, and milk, you know, is an animal product."

"What else did you suppose I thought you meant, Miss Benderby?" freely asked the hostess.

The Hard Part.

Miss Kamra Feend—I'd like to take a photo of your farm hand at work.

Farmer Brown—All right—of you kin spare the time.

Miss Kamra Feend—Oh, this camera will catch him in just one-twentieth of a second.

Farmer Brown—Yes, but it'll take ye two hours ter ketch him workin'.

—The more a man owes the more he's apt to be sought after.

—Bait your hook with flattery if you would catch silly women.

—Many a girl is called a peash who hasn't a stony heart.

—Even a jack at all trades has his uses about the house.

—The early spring poem often meets with a frosty reception.

—Time dies swiftly to the man who has a note speeing at the bank.

THE DIET QUESTION.

Eat What You Like, What Agree With You, but Eat Slowly.

That instinct is a much better guide to diet than faulty reasoning is the conclusion of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, writing on dietetic fads in McClure's Magazine. Here are some of his findings condensed:

Men should eat what they like and a good deal of it. "Given our age, sex, size, horsepower and the work to be done, the suitable fuel is only a question of cost and accessibility."

Fish is no richer in phosphorus than many other foods. Even if it were it would not therefore be "good for the brain," as some suppose.

Spices do not "heat the blood." That notion confounds the "hot" taste with actual heat. Spices are antiseptic. The Egyptians preserved mummies in spices. In tropical countries people eat more spices than in cold ones, and the diet does them good.

Pork is all right. It digests slowly, but that is an advantage. The more rapidly digested foods are not the most healthful. The digestive machinery must have work to do like the rest of the body.

Vegetarianism is "the diet of the enslaved, stagnant and conquered races." A diet rich in meat is that of the dominant races.

Few people who eat much meat ever become consumptive. "Tuberculosis sweeps like a pestilence through the grass and grain eaters—cattle, antelopes, chickens, pheasants, turkeys—but is decidedly rare among meat eaters—dogs, cats, tigers, lions, civets, badgers, hawks, eagles, crows."

Breakfast foods are well enough if you must have them, but "be sure and eat your breakfast first."

White bread "is the best, most healthful and most nutritious food which the sun has ever grown from the soil." Wars have always been fiercest for the possession of the great wheat growing plains. No nation eats brown bread when it can get white. Instinct is here also correct. Whole wheat meal, or "granary," contains more nitrogen than white, but the white has more "available" nitrogen.

"Mush makes a superb 'sour mash' in a weak stomach." "The tortures of the chronic dyspeptic are aggravated and in very many cases chiefly caused by the very foods which he takes for their cure." The chief value of "mush and milk" (meaning also other coarse cereal foods) is in the milk and sugar.

Eat slowly, eat what you like, what agrees with you and as much as you need, seems to be Dr. Hutchinson's idea.

The Name "Porcelain."

In the natural progress of nations and the development of trade porcelain was brought from China to Europe, and various legends were current as to its origin. Magic properties were attributed to it—as, for instance, that a porcelain cup would immediately burn if poison were poured into it. It was said to be composed of plaster, eggs, the shells of "marine locusts" and the like, and this suggests the origin of the word "porcelain." The Portuguese word "porcelina" means "little pig," and a certain shell, being striped like a hog's back, was named porcelina. This shell was used to some extent in the arts by being carved into canoes and personal ornaments. These became porcelain wares, and when the new production became known its likeness to the shellwork was recognized. The new material thus acquired the French name "porcelaine," or, in English, "porcelain."

Albini and Royalty.

Among the many anecdotes told of that famous Italian contralto, Mme. Albini, is one which, reading like fiction, is nevertheless perfectly true. Many years ago at a state concert at Buckingham palace Mme. Albini was commanded to appear. And appear she did and sang exquisitely. As she turned to go after her last aria she slipped her hand into her pocket and drew forth a pair of scissors, sharp and new. Bending down, she quickly snipped the rope which separated the artists from the audience. "I have done it," she whispered triumphantly to a friend and escaped as gracefully as might be. Mme. Albini had republican tendencies.

Glass Broken by the Voice.

It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that a glass can be broken by the voice. If you strike a thin wine-glass while you hold it by the stem it will emit a certain note, in most cases a pretty deep one. On bringing the glass rapidly to your mouth and shouting into it the same note as loudly as possible, the vibrations of the glass being thereby extended, it will be shattered into fragments. This used to be a favorite experiment of Lablache, the renowned singer, who would thus break one after the other, as many glasses as were handed to him.

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CHEWING COFFEE.

A Pernicious Habit That is Liable to Ruin the Health.

Physicians claim that the habit of tobacco chewing is dying out, but as insidious a habit has come to take its place. This is coffee chewing, which is a very bad thing for the health, for it creates nervousness, makes the skin yellow, blackens the teeth and diminishes the appetite.

The habit seems to have originated in the coffee roasting establishments. When visiting one of these plants one sees nearly all the men taking coffee grains from a little pouch which is sewn on the front of their jumpers. Every little while they take a half dozen or more grains from it and chew them with great relish. The women who work there are addicted to the same habit.

A specialist of Philadelphia has made a study of the coffee chewing habit and says: "It is a habit easily contracted, for the taste of the crisp, roasted berries is not unpleasant, and the exhilaration, the stimulus, that the berries give is quite as marked as that which would be obtained from a glass or two of beer or from a drink of whisky."

"It is this exhilaration, I am convinced, that causes the habit to be formed and that makes it a hard habit to break away from. It should be broken away from. Its effects are highly injurious. They are more injurious than those of tobacco chewing."

"The coffee chewing habit wrecks the nerves, it makes the skin sallow and it destroys the appetite. I have had occasion to treat a number of men for it. I always advise such men to break off by imperceptible degrees—to give three or four months to the task. Some succeed and some do not. Men who work in coffee plants find it almost impossible to succeed."

Coffee experts seem to be the only employees connected with the coffee trade who have not this habit, for if they had their sense of taste would be dulled. The experts, by smell only or by taste only, distinguish without the slightest difficulty or uncertainty between the Arabian, the Javanese, the Guatemalan, the Costa Rican, the Bogotan and a dozen other coffees. They could not do this if they were coffee chewers.

No Took the Hint.

A clever if somewhat sharp tongued West Philadelphia girl has finally succeeded in discouraging the attentions of a young man whose intentions may have been matrimonial and whom she did not care to consider because of his fondness for intoxicating liquor. It had not got to a point of rejecting his proffered offer, so she was unable to tell him in kind but explicit language that she could never share his heart with the corner saloon. But the opportunity came the other night, when, being alone with him, she had stirred his emotions by her playing on the piano. "Why," he asked, when she would play no more, "do I have such a passion for the music you make?" The girl paused, as if considering. "Perhaps it's because it's so full of bars," she said, and the man has not been back since.—Philadelphia Record.

Largest Loaves in the World.

The largest loaves of bread baked in the world are those of France and Italy. The "pipe" bread of Italy is baked in loaves two or three feet long, while in France the loaves are made in the shape of very long rolls four or five feet in length and in many cases even six feet. The bread of Paris is distributed almost exclusively by women, who go to the various bakeries at 5:30 a. m. and spend about an hour polishing up the loaves. After the loaves are thoroughly cleaned of dust and grit the "bread porter" proceeds on the round of her customers. Those who live in apartments or flats find their loaves leaning against the door.

Getting His Measure.

Aunt Filura was preparing soup for dinner when one of the neighbors happened in on a borrowing errand.

"Why, Aunt Filura, isn't that an unusually large soup kettle?" asked the caller, with a calculating glance at the stove on her passage across the kitchen.

"If you're just looking at the kettle, it does seem plumb sizable," said Aunt Filura calmly, "but when you cast your looks on the extents and pliability of my Enoch's mouth, I reckon 'twon't look any too large, that kettle won't."

Water With Meals.

Water taken with meals should be sipped as well as taken sparingly. Ice water should be taken as seldom as possible—never would be a better rule—and the habit of putting chilled ice in the drinking water is to be avoided, as one never knows what may be taken into the stomach through this medium. The better way is to fill bottles with water and allow them to stand beside ice to chill.

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301 Depot street

Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Mary Eris and Fletcher Latimer, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within thirty days after publication hereof for payment.

E. T. H. NANCE,
Judge of Probate and Special Referee.
Feb 21, 1906

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes dandruff, itching, and restores the hair to its natural color and growth.

Charleston & Western Carolina Railway.

Arrival and Departure of Trains, Anderson, S. C.

Effective April 14, 1906.

DEPARTURES:

7:27 a. m. No. 22, daily, except Sunday, for McCormick and intermediate stations, arrive McCormick 11:15 a. m.

4:10 p. m. No. 6, daily, for Augusta, etc., leave Anderson at Augusta with all lines diverging, except at McCormick with U. S. & C. train for 4 for Greenwood and intermediate stations. Arrive Calhoun Falls 5:42 p. m. Arrive Augusta 8:25 p. m.

ARRIVALS:

Trains arrive Union Depot Anderson, No. 2, daily, from Augusta, McCormick, Calhoun Falls and intermediate stations 11:00 a. m.; No. 21, daily, except Sunday, from McCormick and intermediate stations 5:05 p. m.

W. B. Steele, U. T. A.,
Anderson, S. C.
Geo. T. Bryan, G. A.,
Greenville, S. C.
Ernest Williams, G. A.,
Augusta, Ga.
H. M. Emerson,
Traffic Manager.

Blue Ridge Railroad.

Effective Nov. 23, 1905.

WESTBOUND.

No. 11 (daily)—Leave Belton 3:50 p. m.; Anderson 4:15 p. m.; Pendleton 4:47 p. m.; Cherry 5:54 p. m.; Seneca 6:31 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 6:55 p. m.

No. 9 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Belton 10:45 a. m.; Anderson 11:07 a. m.; Pendleton 11:32 a. m.; Cherry 11:59 a. m.; arrive Walhalla 11:57 a. m.

No. 5 (Sunday only)—Leave Belton 11:45 a. m.; Anderson 11:07 a. m.; Pendleton 11:32 a. m.; Cherry 11:59 a. m.; Seneca 1:05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1:1 p. m.

No. 7 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 10:30 a. m.; Pendleton 10:59 a. m.; Cherry 11:09 a. m.; Seneca 1:05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1:40 p. m.

No. 3 (daily)—Leave Belton 9:15 p. m.; arrive Anderson 9:43 p. m.

No. 23 (daily except Sun day)—Leave Belton 9:00 a. m.; arrive Anderson 9:50 a. m.

EASBOUND.

No. 12 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 8:55 a. m.; Seneca 9:58 a. m.; Cherry 9:17 a. m.; Pendleton 9:25 a. m.; Anderson 10:00 a. m.; arrive Belton 10:25 a. m.

No. 15 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Walhalla 8:00 p. m.; Cherry 8:19 p. m.; Pendleton 8:29 p. m.; Anderson 8:10 p. m.; arrive Belton 8:35 p. m.

No. 8 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 5:10 p. m.; Seneca 5:31 p. m.; Cherry 5:50 p. m.; Pendleton 6:12 p. m.; Anderson 7:30 p. m.; arrive Belton 7:53 p. m.

No. 24 (daily except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 7:50 a. m.; arrive Belton 8:28 a. m.

H. C. BEATTIE, Pres.,
Greenville, S. C.
J. R. ANDERSON, Supt.
Anderson, S. C.

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