

FROM WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child the moon to me through the nursery curtains seemed to be a thing of marvel and witchery. The slim white crescent floating high in the lucid green of the western sky was a fairy boat, and the evening star, a light on the land where the fairies are. —A. E. F., in Atlantic.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

Mrs. Jarvis was a business woman. Mr. Jarvis had been a mere simpering, good humored nonentity in his day, giving up all his affairs to his wife's management and when he shuffled off this mortal coil was not greatly missed. And Mrs. Jarvis consoled herself by opening a suit manufactory.

Here she sat upon this glorious August afternoon in her own little private office, a pen behind her ear and a pencil between her lips, adding up a long column of figures—a tall, portly, finelooking dame, in rich black silk, with costly jewels sparkling upon her fingers and that comfortable look upon the face which accumulating wealth is sure to bestow.

"Sixteen and six are twenty-two," said Mrs. Jarvis, resting her pencil at the foot of the line. "Two—and two to carry—eh? Who is there?"

An apologetic little knock had come to the office door—it was Mr. Madstone, Mrs. Jarvis' cashier and foreman in general.

"It's me, ma'am, said Mr. Madstone, whose close-shorn hair stuck up all over his head, like the bristles of a blacking brush. "That Mrs. Pennant is here with her bundles."

Mrs. Jarvis glanced first at her ledger and then at the calendar that hung on the wall over the desk.

"Six hours behind time," said she, austere. "The order went out at 9 o'clock this morning, minus the 12 suits she was finishing. Tell her to leave her work and come here for no more. Of course, I shall not pay her, and she may think herself fortunate that she is not compelled to pay the usual fine."

"I wish you'd see her yourself!" blurted out Madstone, scratching his bristly head. "She looks pale and sick, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mrs. Jarvis, rising from her seat, with a rustling of black silk skirts. "You haven't the resolution of a chipmunk, Madstone, and never had! You'd let all these girls and women run over you, if it wasn't for me."

And she swept through the narrow door of the office out into the long bare workroom, where the click of 20 sewing machines buzzed on the sultry air and several haggard women waited at the counter.

"Oh," said she, stopping short before the nearest one, "Mrs. Pennant, you are six hours behind. The order has gone."

"I am very sorry, ma'am," hesitated the pale woman, "but my daughter was ill—my little Jessie—and I had no one to care for her but myself. I sat up all night to finish the suits—I did, indeed—and—"

"All these details make no difference to me," interrupted Mrs. Jarvis, with a sharp, crispy voice. "Business is business, and the very soul of it is punctuality. You may leave your suits, but don't expect any more work from here."

The poor woman's wan face worked. "Mrs. Jarvis," faltered she, "you are a woman, and a mother, like myself. If your child was ill—"

"We won't descend to comparisons. If you please," said Mrs. Jarvis, icily. "Good-day. I am much occupied at present."

"You surely don't mean, Mrs. Jarvis, that you are not going to pay me for what I have done?" cried the woman.

"Why should I?" said Mrs. Jarvis. "Your work has arrived too late to go in its regular order. You have violated the rules and regulations of this establishment, and as a necessary consequence, have forfeited your pay. Hopkins," to the clerk, "take these suits into the packing-room."

Mrs. Pennant's lip quivered, her eyes, which had been full of entreaty, now flashed indignantly.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said she, "I know very well that I am at your mercy, but, all the same, this sort of thing looks to me like swindling."

"I cannot help it—rules are rules," said the business woman, cold as adamant.

"My child lies ill at home. I had counted on this hard-earned money to buy the medicine and necessities that she must have. Mrs. Jarvis, for heaven's sake, do not withhold it from me!"

"General rules will bear hard upon individual cases," said Mrs. Jarvis, glancing furtively at her watch. "I cannot depart from them, however."

Mrs. Pennant lifted her thin hands in an unconsciously tragic attitude. "Woman!" she uttered, "may the curse of Heaven light upon you for your cruelty to the widow and fatherless! May He give back into your own bosom, heaped up and running over, the measure you hold so pitilessly to me."

And turning away, she left the suit manufactory, amid the breathless silence of the assembled working-women. Mrs. Jarvis smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"All this is mere rant," said she. "Madstone, bring that last inventory into my office."

But the next day, when on reaching the building, as usual, the 20 sewing machine girls found that it had been burned to the ground during the night, they instinctively thought of the widow's curse.

It was the janitor's fault. He had gone into the stockroom with a lighted candle, and, started by the springing of a cat, had let it fall too near a basket of waste paper, and an instantaneous conflagration had been the result. And, what was worse, the insurance had run out on the evening of the previous day, and Mrs. Jarvis was a ruined woman!

Yet she was not easily discouraged. She tried again, and rallied her forces with true muscular energy, but it was all in vain. There is a tide of fortune in the affairs of everyone—and hers was on the ebb.

Ten years afterward a poor, shabby old woman, bent and bowed and dressed in a rusty black, was shown into the silk-hung reception-room of the wife of one of our New York's wealthiest merchant princes. Mrs. Tressilian came in, wondering. She was a fair, pretty young creature of about 20. Mr. Tressilian's second wife and idolized darling.

"You sent in no name," said she, as she beckoned the old woman to a seat near the ruby-shining grate. "And I do not think I know your face. What is your business with me?"

"I am very poor, madam," pleaded the old woman. "I sent in no name because I am an utter stranger to you. My only claim is my wretchedness and poverty. I have heard that you are good and generous—that of your allowance you give to those who are less favored by Providence."

Mrs. Tressilian, deeply touched by the haggard pallor of the bent old woman and the tremulous faintness of her tones, had taken out her purse and was unclasping it, when a light touch fell on her arm.

"Stop a moment, my daughter," said a soft, low voice, and, turning, Mrs. Tressilian saw at her side a lady with hair white and lustrous as silver and a superb diamond cross glistening in the lace at her breast, while her black velvet dress trailed noiselessly over the crimson pile of the Axminster carpet. "I believe I know this person. If I am not mistaken it is Mrs. Jarvis."

"My name is Jarvis," said the old woman, looking rather surprised. "Yes," said the other, quietly. "I see you have forgotten me. I am the Mrs. Pennant who, years ago, was turned from your employment because, tied down to a sick child, she could not be quite punctual to your orders. This," laying her hand on Mrs. Tressilian's shoulder, "is the very child—my little Jessie—who lay so ill at that time. God has prospered us since then. But you—"

"I am a beggar!" burst out poor Mrs. Jarvis, shrinking back from the other's stern, questioning eye. "Heaven help me! I have nowhere to lay my head!"

"And you come here to beg of us, forgetful of how pitiless you once were to me!" uttered Mrs. Pennant, sternly. "Oh, forgive me! Be merciful and forgive me!" faltered Mrs. Jarvis, kneeling at the other's feet.

"I vowed that day, within myself, that I would be avenged," said Mrs. Pennant slowly.

"Mamma," pleaded the young wife, "look at her! Sick, old and poor. God has taken the bolt of vengeance into His own hand. All that remains to us is to be merciful."

"My love, you are right," said Mrs. Pennant. "Rise, my poor woman. You shall be fed, sheltered and aided with money. For the present go to the housekeeper's room."

And Mrs. Jarvis crept away, with a choking sob in her throat.

The great circle of fate had accomplished its revolution, and the widow was indeed avenged—avenged all the more completely in that she had learned the lesson of forgiveness—New York News.

A Buried Toad's Long Sleep.

While making excavations in connection with the preliminary work of widening Forest Hill square, West Roxbury district, a workman, digging at a depth of about eight or nine feet, noticed a peculiar ball of dirt. He picked it up and broke it open, and was greatly surprised to find that the crust of clay contained a toad. He called the attention of the boss to his "find," and as they examined it the toad began to expand; it then began to extend its legs, opened its eyes, and in a few minutes jumped from the laborer's hand. The boss said that the road at that point had not, to his knowledge, been opened in 15 years, and how the toad had lived in its comatose condition all these years was matter of the greatest wonder to all who witnessed its revival.—Boston Journal.

A Steam 'Bus.

In 1831 a public steam omnibus ran between Paddington and the Bank of England.

MAJ. MAULDIN DEAD.

Close of a Life of Energy and Business Exertion.

Hampton, Special.—Major William H. Mauldin, the State Senator from Hampton county, died Wednesday at 11:25 o'clock, after an illness extending over nearly a month. He died of a complication of typhoid fever and kidney trouble.

Major Mauldin was one of the most energetic business men in the State of South Carolina. He was the sole owner of the Hampton and Branchville railroad and had large interests in the section of the State in which he resided. He was the father of the town of Hampton, having done the work necessary to the securing of the location of the court house at that point when the county of Hampton was formed. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, known among his comrades as the "fighting quartermaster" of the famous Hampton legion. He was a strong man, an earnest man, and a man generally beloved by those who knew him. During his illness many inquiries have poured into his home from people all over this and other States.

On hearing of his death Gov. McSweeney wired his son, Col. W. C. Mauldin, as follows:

"My deepest sympathy goes out to your mother and all the family. The death of your honored father is a distinct loss to South Carolina. May God console you and all of the bereaved ones in this time of sad affliction."

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

William H. Mauldin was 63 years of age. He was born in Williamston, Anderson county, and came of the well known Mauldin family. He was a son of the Rev. B. Frank Mauldin. His mother is still living and now resides in Anderson. He had two brothers, one of whom died a year ago. The other, Mr. B. F. Mauldin, is now the cashier of the Bank of Anderson and the president of the Bank of Due West. He also had two sisters. He was the first cousin of Lieut. Gov. W. L. Mauldin, of Greenville.

When the war broke out Major Mauldin entered the Confederate service and became quartermaster of Hampton's legion, serving under Mart Gary. When it came to fighting he was always in the front and earned the sobriquet of "the fighting quartermaster." He remained in the army throughout the war.

In 1861 he married Miss Leonora Connors, who was the daughter of Col. George W. Connors, of Anderson county. Col. Connors was for some years in charge of the experiment station department of the South Carolina college. Surviving him besides his widow are two sons, Mr. Joab Mauldin, of Ulmors, and Col. W. C. Mauldin, of Hampton, who has been the general manager of his father's business. He also leaves three daughters, Mrs. Lily Lightsey, wife of Mr. J. C. Lightsey, of Hampton, Mrs. Leonora Roper, wife of the Rev. Mr. Roper, of Spartanburg, and Miss Helen.

Just after the war Major Mauldin went to Charleston, where he engaged in the lumber business for a period of about two years, meeting with much success. Then he moved to Alaman station in Beaufort county, and later to Hoover's station, which latter place became a portion of the present town of Hampton. This was in 1874. He engaged in the lumber business at this point under the firm name of Mauldin, Owings & Co. A little later the location of the county seat of the county of Hampton became a live issue. The building commission appointed by the legislature came to Hampton county to locate the county seat. It was due almost entirely to Major Mauldin's efforts that the present site was selected rather than Varnville. In connection with George H. Hoover he offered one-half of a 1,000 acre tract and also \$1,000 worth of lumber if the commission would decide on that location. He told them that this land would be worth \$5,000. They asked him if he would give \$5,000, and, though he was only worth about \$2,000 at the time, he said he would, and fulfilled this promise. Major Mauldin built a handsome home at Hampton and was one of the original incorporators of the Hampton and Branchville railroad. He was a member of the house at the time and was instrumental in securing the charter for this road. Later, when those who had gone into the project with him abandoned the railroad, he secured a charter and formed the Hampton & Branchville railroad and Lumber company in which Gen. Moore, Gov. McSweeney and others were interested with him. This was in 1884. Gradually he bought the interests of the others and became practically the sole owner of the road. He proceeded to build it upon the profits of his mill business, and at the time of his death the road was being built on to a junction with the Southern railway at St. George's. During the coming year Major Mauldin hoped to be able to make this connection. His family will doubtless carry on the work.

It was not until 1892 that Major Mauldin entered politics to any extent in this State. He had, of course, taken a great deal of interest prior to this time in county affairs. He first came to the general assembly in 1892 at the head of the legislative ticket. He has since that time served almost continuously in the legislature, being elected to the senate in 1894, succeeding Gen. Moore. He was re-elected at the expatriate with regard to his section of his death had two more years to serve Major Mauldin was always thoroughly patriotic with regard to his section of the country and freely invested in local enterprises. He was interested in

the Bank of Hampton and other business establishments.

He was a member of the Baptist church and for a long time was deacon therein. He was instrumental in building the church.

In the State legislature he was always alive and wide-awake and was ever found in the ranks of those advocating progress and development. He was a sound business man, having made and lost several fortunes, yet in his personality he was a man who made friends and held them. He was regarded as one of the truest men in the State.

BUELL & ROBERTS' CASH DRY GOODS STORE.

We continue offering inducements to close out our Summer Goods. We can mention only a few of the many goods reduced: Ladies' 8c Undervests for 5c. 10c Ties and Bows for 3c. 25c Ties and Bows for 15c. Initial Handkerchiefs, H. S., embroidered, 3 in a box, for 19c; 25c goods. 15c Men's Black Initial Silk Handkerchiefs for 10c. Men's large White Figured, Drawn-Stitch, Japonet Handkerchief for 15c; worth 25c. Six Large White Fine H. S. Handkerchiefs for 60c, in fancy box; cheap at 75c. Three large White Fine H. S. Handkerchiefs, in fancy box, for 40c—worth 50c. Black-bordered Linen Handkerchiefs for 12c; cheap at 15c. Good Mourning Handkerchiefs for 4c. Handkerchiefs for 1c. Handkerchiefs for 2 1-2c. Handkerchiefs for 3c. 38-inch Madras for 7 1-2c; worth 10c. 36-in h Madras for 6 1-2c; worth 8c. LAWNES AND ORGANDIES FOR LESS THAN COST. Shirt Waists for much less than it cost to make them. BIG REDUCTION ON SKIRTS. 40c Pique Skirts for 25c. 98c Crash Skirts for 81c. All Summer Goods are being sold at reduced prices.

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One case Longcloth 5c; no starch. Fine Black Henrietta at 50c. TINSEL DRAPERY SILKALINE, BALL FRINGE. Black Duck at 8 and 10c.

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Dated April 15th, 1900.

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	A M P M A M P M
Lv. Florence	2 34 7 45 9 40
Lv. Scranton	8 21 10 27
Lv. Lake City	8 27 10 33
Lv. Kingstree	8 24 10 29
Lv. Lanes	3 38 9 14 6 45 11 20
Ar. Charleston	5 04 10 55 8 80 1 00
NORTHBOUND. No. 78* No. 32* No. 52* No. 50*	
	A M P M A M P M
Lv. Charleston	6 32 4 04 7 00 4 00
Ar. Lanes	8 32
Lv. Lanes	8 05 6 15 5 39
Lv. Kingstree	8 23 5 55
Lv. Lake City	8 45 6 23
Lv. Scranton	8 51 6 29
Ar. Florence	9 85 7 25 7 05
	A M P M A M P M

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Registration Notice.

The office of the Supervisor of Registration will be opened on the first Monday in every month for the purpose of the registering of any person who is qualified as follows:

Who shall have been a resident of the State for two years, and of the county one year and of the polling precinct in which the elector offers to vote four months before the day of election, and shall have paid, six months before any poll (tax there due and payable, and who can both read and write any section of the Constitution of 1895 submitted to him by the supervisors, of registration, or can show that he owns, and has paid all taxes collectable during the present year on property in this State assessed at three hundred dollars or more. J. J. EADY, Clerk of Board.