

DAINTY EASTER CONCEITS.

Prevailing Fancies That Convey the Easter Sentiment.

The ideal Easter remembrance is in harmony with the influences of the day, and it covers a multitude of gifts appropriate in every way for the feast, the season and the individual tastes.

The Easter souvenir par excellence is a flower. It represents all the sentiment of nature's reawakening because it is her most choice gift to earth.

All the bulbous plants are now in the height of their beauty. The lilies nod their handsome heads in a most patrolling way over the tulips, jonquils, azaleas, narcissuses and the fragile lily of the valley.

The violets and the pansies are sweeter than ever and no less attractive. No more delightful Easter gift can be imagined than a pot of growing lilies, the earth around them hid-



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den away under bunches of violets. A pretty jar filled with cut lilies is another, or a box of violets, a bunch of roses, or roses mingled with white lilacs.

After flowers the regulation Easter souvenir is most likely to take the shape of candy, books, cards and all the pretty trifles which have grown so fashionable in late years.

As an Easter emblem the egg is far ahead of anything else. Why it is so may be partly explained by the fact that the Lenten fast of the early church did not permit the use of eggs any more than meat.

Some of the newest bonbonnières are made of straw lace braid, so trimmed up with the satin bag lining and the ribbon rosettes that if it was not for the little chick perched in one corner the whole affair might be taken for a new spring bonnet.

When it gets right down to the dainty conceits and surprises, you have to admire the pretty things from Paris. Nothing to approach them are made in this country.—Selected.

Men have missed their opportunities more often than opportunities have missed them.—Elliott's Magazine.

THE ACCURSED EASTER EGG

A Fatal Nuptial Gift From the Hands of an Evil Spirit.

Several centuries ago it was generally believed that on Easter morning, at the sound of sweet bells chiming through the sunlit air, fair angels with azure wings descended from heaven, bearing baskets of eggs, which they placed in the homes of faithful and worthy persons.

Sometimes, however, the evil one slipped into the basket an accursed egg, which could not be distinguished from the others.

Such a one forms the story of an ancient legend of France.

There lived in a village a widow, with a dear and beautiful daughter, named Jeanne, who was beloved for her many virtues by both rich and poor. She used to visit the hovels of the unfortunate and the sick, to relieve their troubles and care for their distresses, for which she received their blessings and devotion.

One Easter morning, when returning from early mass, Jeanne met an old beggar woman, who asked for alms.

Jeanne gave her what she had, and the stranger peered through her ragged hood at the pretty young girl, saying: "Beautiful damsel, do not disdain the gift of a poor beggar. Take this egg, and before this day 12 months a young and handsome nobleman will ask for you in marriage. You will become a great lady. On your wedding day I command you to break this egg. It contains a nuptial present."

Not far from this village rose the towers of an old castle, which had long remained untenanted, but within this year a young knight arrived at its gates, proclaimed himself heir to the estate, and refurbished its bare and shabby rooms.

The lord of the castle chanced one day to see Jeanne, and, dazzled by her beauty, sought her mother, saying that Sir Robert de Volpiac asked for her hand in marriage.

The day was arranged for the wedding, which was celebrated in the chapel of the castle in the presence of the bridegroom's aristocratic friends.

When the feast was ended and all the guests had departed, the bells of the tower tolled out the 12 booming strokes of midnight.

The bride and bridegroom went into their beautiful room, and Jeanne, taking her arm from that of her husband, walked over to a carved oaken chest and brought out a casket which she had ordered to be placed there.

Her husband watched her movements with great curiosity, and when she said:

"My dear lord, I have promised to break this egg on my wedding day," and told him its history, he begged her to wait until morning.

Jeanne, however, would not listen to his entreaty, and lifted the egg from its place. It was burning hot. With a cry she let it fall, and it broke.

An enormous toad leaped out of the broken shell, vomiting flames, which set fire to the curtains, and the wicked tongues of fire soon spread from wall to wall, until the whole castle was enveloped.

The next day there was nothing left but a heap of ashes, for the entire castle burned, and all its inmates perished, through the gift of that fatal Easter egg from the hands of an evil spirit.—Boston Globe.

FAVORITE EASTER SALADS

What Fashion is Prescribing for Spring Luncheons.

Salads that are new and wonderful in their combinations are to be the gastronomic fad of this Easter-tide. Nearly every popular hostess in New York is endeavoring to devise for her Sunday night suppers, luncheons and "high teas" some one dish that will be hailed with acclamation as delicious and original.

It is the fruit salad that is the latest and has most strongly taken the fancy of epicures. Apple salad, orange salad and grape fruit salad are the favorites. Apple salad is a curious dish. Large, round, red apples are selected, care being taken to choose those without flaws. The top of each is cut off and the apple's inside scraped out with a sharp knife. The "shell," thin as possible, is set aside. The scooped out inside is cut into small pieces, mixed with celery, likewise cut up, and the whole dressed with mayonnaise. Into the "shell," set on lettuce leaves upon an "individual" plate, the composition is now put, a little dressing being spread over the top and four or five Spanish peppers added. Each guest has one of these apples set before him.

Much the same general plan is followed in the making of orange salad. The salad itself is, of course, of a very different mixture, but the orange is scooped out as is the apple, its top first being cut off. What is taken from the orange is cut up fine, and to it are added well chopped bits of bananas, seedless raisins and brandied cherries. A very little lemon juice is poured in as these ingredients are being mixed together, and rum and sugar are poured over the mixture just before it is put into the orange "shell." The cut off top is cut into thin slices, and these are curled over the top of the now filled up orange, with a red cherry set in the center.

Grape fruit salad is of two sorts. In both cases the grape fruit is scooped out, the only difference being in the way the inside is treated. In one it is mixed thoroughly with oil and vinegar and then put back where it came from. In the other the fruit, after it is taken out, is cut exactly as it grows—in pieces like the eighth of an orange—the pulp is thrown away and what is retained is mixed with sugar and sherry. This, eaten with a spoon from the "shell," is an exceedingly delicious salad and will be much in vogue for Easter luncheons.—Selected.

The eyes of snakes are never closed. Alive or dead, sleeping or waking, they are always wide open.

RECOMPENSE.

What is the price of manhood? What sale does honor bring? Does pure, unadorned valor for Count Camille de Morny's ring? Do handsomeness and wealth for Douglas, Earl of Argyll? The person who is brought down, To crush, to destroy, to slay? Is there no truth or honor? To cause mankind to stray? The all-consuming thirst for fact That lures men to the way? Does honor bring the crown? The maid who waits in vain? Is honor, virtue, duty? The fire that burns in man's breast? Forget not that is waiting Our actions day by day. And riches gained at such a cost He surely will repay? For though mankind is judging Appearance, poor art! The God, the just, the righteous Judge, Inspects our inmost heart. Condemn not, then, I pray thee, For thou, thyself, some day. May seek for mercy from thy Judge, Whose verdict none can sway. And tempt all thy judgments With love and common sense. The end will merit all 'twill bring; It serves full recompense.—Edwin M. Abbott in Pittsburg Dispatch.

WILES OF THE FOX.

Some Clever Tricks by Which Reynard Baffles His Pursuers.

A fox is entitled to all that is said for its wisdom and sagacity. Not long ago the Washington hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open field when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox they took it up, young Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds.

Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pressed and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and an even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly chased by hounds. The fox had run some 20 miles, and while crossing an open stretch of country was in danger of being run down and killed. In a field through which the fox was running with the hounds close to its heels was the cellar of an old house, with a portion of the walls still standing. The fox made straight for the old cellar, leaped into it and made its escape through a narrow opening in the walls.

The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell-mell, only to find Reynard gone and themselves in a trap, as the hole in the wall through which the fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through. When the hunters rode up, they found the pack in a trap, with one of the hounds wedged fast in the hole through which the fox had made its escape. By the time the hounds were got out of the cellar the fox was safe in its hole.—Philadelphia Times.

The Bullet and the Mark.

"General Lawton," said an officer who served with that fearless commander, "once said to me that the right bullet would always find its mark no matter how small the latter might be, and then he related an incident which occurred during the civil war. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up in the air like a rabbit. As he did so a minute ball knocked off the crown of his head.

"That was the one particular bullet intended to kill him," said General Lawton, "and he actually had to jump after it."

"He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist."—Collier's Weekly.

Cannibalistic.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that humor best which was of his own production. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and, having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was sitting near him, and asked: "Imagine! What would you do if you were to meet a cannibal?"

"I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly replied, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him."

This rejoinder cast such a gloom over Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grand parents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 25 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was placed up on the table in one large dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

Sixteenth Century Apples.

Apples be so divers of form and substance that it were infinite to describe them all. Some consist more of air than water, as sour puffs called Mala pulmonaria; others more of water than wind, as sour Castanas and Pome waters. To be short, all apples may be sorted into three kinds, sweet, sour and unsavoury. Sweet apples ease the cough, quench thirst, cure melancholly, comfort the heart and head, especially if they be fragrant and odoriferous, and also give a laudable nourishment. Sour apples hinder spitting, straiten the breast, gripe and hurt the stomach, encrease phlegm and weaken memory. Sweet apples are to be eaten at the beginning of meat, but sour and tart apples at the latter end. All apples are worst raw, and best baked or preserved.

Philip of Macedonia and Alexander, his son, from whom perhaps a curious and skillful herald may derive our Lancashire men, were called Philomeli lovers because they were never without apples in their pockets. Yea, all Macedonians, his countrymen, did so love them that having near Babylon surprised a fruiterer's boy they strived for it that many were drowned.—Dr. Thomas Moffett in 1575.

Plants That Intoxicate.

Bumblebees, butterflies and beetles are habitual drunkards. In some of the southern states insects alight on certain plants, drink heartily from the blossoms and fall to the ground stupefied. After awhile they rise and fly around, just as drunken men would do if they had the power of flying. Their antics are especially amusing unless one does not know what is the trouble. In this case the suspicion that the insect world has gone crazy is uppermost.

A scientist who had observed the drinking and its results collected a teaspoonful of the pollen to see if it would affect a man the same way. He swallowed it and in a few minutes found his pulse beating faster and a rise of temperature. Then he distilled some of the blossoms and gave himself a hypodermic injection in the arm. He became decidedly dizzy as a result. By further experiments he found an oil derived from these plants which affects human beings and animals alike.—New York Telegram.

The Rogue Saved the Judge.

A judge of the English high court was once arrested on suspicion of having burglarious designs on the house of a friend in Mayfair. The police officer charged him in the police station with loitering with felonious intent, and the prisoner's description of himself as one of her majesty's judges was received with a grin of sarcastic derision.

At that moment an old offender was brought in who happened to catch sight of his lordship's face, which he had good reason to remember.

"You here, my lord!" he exclaimed, with unfeigned astonishment. "Well, this beats cockfighting!"

Mike All Over.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me to inform you that your husband has just bin blown over boi a dynamite cartbridge. We found his head in wan lot, an his body in another lot, an his legs in another lot, an his arms an fate in another lot.

Exasperating.

"Gee whizz, how my wife does aggravate me!" "You surprise me. Surely she doesn't henpeck you?"

"No. It's her awful meekness. Whenever we have an argument and I'm in the right, she always sighs and says, 'Oh, very well, dear, have it your own way!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Atlanta and Beyond.

Table with columns for station names and times. Includes stations like Savannah, Allendale, Barnwell, Blackville, Ar. Batesburg, Ar. Columbia, Lv. Columbia, Lv. Batesburg, Ar. Blackville, Ar. Atlanta, Lv. Atlanta, Ar. Chattahoochee, Lv. Atlanta, Ar. Birmingham, Ar. Lexington, Ar. Cincinnati, Ar. Louisville, Ar. Memphis.

To Asheville-Cincinnati-Louisville.

Table with columns for station names and times. Includes stations like Lv. Augusta, Ar. Batesburg, Lv. Charleston, Lv. Columbia (Union Depot), Ar. Spartanburg, Ar. Asheville, Ar. Knoxville, Ar. Cincinnati, Ar. Louisville (via Jefferson).

To Washington and the East.

Table with columns for station names and times. Includes stations like Lv. Augusta, Ar. Batesburg, Lv. Columbia (Union Depot), Ar. Charleston, Ar. Danville, Ar. Richmond, Ar. Washington, Ar. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York.

Hoory!

"Hoory!" he yelled at the top of his shrill voice.

An Exciting Incident

in the charming story of adventure by that successful young author, Wolcott Le Clear Beard. It is entitled

SPIDER'S CHAPS

We have purchased the serial rights for the story in this section and will print it in these columns, beginning soon.

It will be a Literary Treat—Look for it

An Odd Coincidence.

"Late one night some years ago in a western town," said an old telegraph operator, "I received a message which read, 'If you wish to see your brother alive, you will have to come immediately.' The message came from San Francisco and was addressed to an old man who lived across the street from the station, so I put on my hat and went over and delivered it, seeing that it was important that he should have it at once."

"The old man caught the train that left at midnight, and while he was buying his ticket he told me that the message referred to his brother who had left home 20 years before and from whom he had heard nothing during all that time."

"The next night a party called and asked if there were any messages for him, giving the same name as the old man who had left the night before. He must have noticed that I looked at him rather blankly, for he went on to explain that he had a brother in California who was sick and that he was anxious to hear from him."

"Well, it turned out that the message that I had received the night before was intended for him. He was a stranger in the town and chanced to bear the same name as the old man whom I had sent on a wild goose chase across the continent. Fortunately for me I was transferred to another town before the old man got back. That is all there is to the story except that it is true."—Detroit Free Press.

The American Bible society circulates the Scriptures in 96 tongues, besides our own speech; 28 European, 30 Asiatic, 8 Oceanic, 9 African, 9 American Indian and 3 South American languages and dialects.

Although the Transvaal is 1,000 miles nearer the equator, the temperature averages much lower than at Cape Town.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 17, 1900. Table with columns for station names and times.

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Advertisement for SOUTH CAROLINA and GEORGIA EXTENSION R. R. COMPANY. Schedule No. 4—In effect 12 o'c. a. m., Sunday, December 24, 1899. Between Camden S. C., and Blacksburg, S. C.

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