

CHINESE WOMAN IN AMERICA.

She is With Us, but Not of Us, and Retains Her Native Customs.

The Chinese woman differs from all others who come to this country to pass away their lives...

is open to ridicule. The Chinaman knows little or nothing about natural selection...

The Chinese woman in America lives generally on the top floor of her husband's dwelling...

She seldom goes out, and does not receive visitors until she has been a wife for at least two years...

They laugh at the slightest remark and scream when a joke is made. They examine each other's dress...

In spite of these seeming restraints, which would seem so hard for the typical American girl to endure...

She is very tidy, indeed, with her person, as well as with her house, and takes as long to make her toilet as does the average American woman...

Like all women she is vain, but her vanity cannot be compared with that of the average American woman. The Chinese woman paints and powders...

Asked why she does this or that thing in such a way her invariably reply is that it is the Chinese style. She is a strong holder on of the doings of her native people...

any other young mother, perhaps being a little more childish. But just as devoted. When her baby is in good health she is as happy as a lark...

The Chinese women are very superstitious, and should one announce the fact that they knew the hour and date of the birth of her child she would become historic...

One should not for a minute entertain the idea that the Chinese woman is dull of comprehension, or that she is unable to distinguish a friendly visitor from one who comes to have fun at her expense...

The Chinese woman is more constant than sentimental. She has a true affection for her husband and no other person except her baby has any right to her love...

NOT FROM HADES.

With Apologies to Mr. John Kendrick Bangs.

Greenville News.

Knerr-if-ing.

"Hello."

"Central, give me Hades on Greenville, please."

"Hello—is that you, Satan?"

"Yes."

"Any news floating around down there?"

"No, everything is quiet."

"But surely there must be some excitement over the 'inevitable war.'"

"Well, yes, the Spanish element down here is a wee bit disturbed. Night before last Senator Mason was burned in effigy and a number of reconcentrados were set on fire."

"Is Napoleon Bonaparte down there?"

"Most assuredly."

"Call him to the phone."

"Hello?"

"Hello, Nap—What do you think of the war?"

"Well, from a casual reading of the yellow newspapers, I should say that the United States are going to walk over to Spain and knock her face off with a copy of the New York Journal."

"Wouldn't you like to be in the fracas, Nap?"

"I'm hungry for it, boy; I've Bonaparte in so many great battles that, very naturally, my pulse quickens when I sniff the glorious ozone of gun powder."

"Well, don't you think that the Maine was blown up by Spanish design?"

"No, I'm rather inclined to think it was a submarine mine."

"But don't you think the Spanish had a hand in it?"

"Everybody down here thinks so except Ananias."

"He hates the United States because the newspaper men there know so much more about lying than he does."

"Then I take it that Ananias is not popular with you people."

"No, he is despised. The other day he was bragging about the fact that he was the only man that had been struck dead for lying, when George Washington, with a satirical curl of the lip, told him that he didn't have the ability to manufacture a real artistic fabrication and offered to bet him six ounces of brimstone that he died of a simple old case of heart failure."

"And what did Ananias say?"

"Oh, he was furious (he is very proud of his record for mendacity, you know,) and he retorted with the spirit that as George claimed to be the father of his country he had better stop his poor little orphans from playing in Spain's back yard unless he wanted them blown higher than the milky way. This, of course, aroused George's ire and they began to scrap. Lot's wife, who happened to be looking back at the time, saw that George was pounding the ichor out of his adversary and she sailed in to help Ananias out. They were having a real salty time of it when Satan came up and put a quietus on the disturbance."

J. A. SULLIVAN.

—The most awkward man in the world without doubt lives in Tennessee. He recently shot a dog, and in explaining the accident to the dog's owner shot him. Later, in showing how the tragedy occurred he shot the coroner. He has been liberated now for fear he will try to explain it to somebody else.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

The farmers should plant all the corn, potatoes and grain that they can cultivate. Besides, they ought to raise all the hogs and cattle possible.

The war will cause all food stuffs to rise in price, and the South should do all in its power to be independent this year.

"I suppose George and Ananias are no longer on good terms?"

"Well, I should say not. George says that Ananias poses as the champion falsifier of the ages when, as a matter of fact, that little cherry tree incident which he worked in on posterity, completely overshadows anything Ananias ever did."

"Nap, I suppose all this war talk stirs the blood of you fellows who have seen hard service."

"Yes, that's true, I was talking in reminiscent vein to old Tecumseh Sherman the other day. He said the warmest episode in his experience was when he burnt Columbia. Then I told him about that little episode in my career when I burnt the wind from Moscow with the cossacks and other wretched specimens of inhumanity in my wake."

"By the way, Nap, didn't you make one of your famous short, terse speeches on that occasion which history has neglected?"

"Yes, and it was one of the best speeches I ever made, too."

"Tell us about it, Nap."

"Well, when we arrived at Moscow the town was deserted; everybody had vanquished and not a morsel of food could we find. It was tough. My soldiers were discouraged and I knew I had to rely on my power as a military genius to get them back to France. It was then that I rose to the occasion and made one of the best speeches of my life. 'Comrades, I cried, 'this is Moscow, dreary and deserted, the home of the bat and the play ground of the chinch; far away over yonder, where the blue haze flirts with the horizon and little stars never cry for their Mars, lies Sunny France. Comrades, gird up your loins and right about face for we Moscow back to France.'"

"And you went back, did you not?"

"Yes, but oh! what a welcome I did get! When I left Paris for Moscow the bands played Hail to the Chief, but when I returned they played hell to the chief—and well—here I am."

"Well, Nap, you did play in hard luck. But tell me, is Shakespeare within call just now?"

"Yes."

"Tell him to come to the 'phone.'"

"Hello."

"Hello, is that you Shakey?"

"Mortal man, why dost thou thus speak to me thusly? To converse with thee I would not deign, so hold thy peace, hang up the phone, for I return at once to finish a game of 'craps' which your impertinent summons so rudely interrupted."

"All right, Billy, but before you exult yourself call Satan to the 'phone again, will you?"

"Hello."

"Hello, Satan, pardon me for interrupting you again,—but tell me—are there any recent arrivals worthy of mention?"

"Yes, Iconoclast Brann came down the other day."

"Indeed, and what do you think of him?"

"Oh, he's a hot number, his temperament is something phenomenal. You ought to have seen him the other day when he met Dr. Samuel Johnson. Both of them you know are prone to sequipedality. They got to talking about the present war excitement, Johnson was for peace; Brann argued gunpowder and plenty of it. Johnson finally lost patience and told Brann he didn't have sense enough to count wiggle tails in Spain's rain barrel. Whereas Brann retorted that Johnson was nothing but a scorbatic tubercle on the scroll of fame and deserved to be kicked into the vast infinitude of nescience. Just at this juncture, however, Boswell intervened and a red-hot sermimage was fortunately averted."

"Well, Satan, I must bid you good bye. I am under many obligations to you for the privilege of this interview. Give my regards to Mrs. Satan and the kids."

"Most assuredly I will, and the next time you see that promising boy of mine, Ben Tillman, just tell him that you saw me. Bless his incorruptible soul, he grows more like his dad every day."

"All right, Satan: ta ta."

"Good bye."

Ting-a-ling.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

—The fact that you have cherished a base thought for even a moment ought to cause your cheek to flush with shame.

A torpid liver robs you of ambition and ruins your health. DeWitt's Little Earth Risers cleanse the liver, cure constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Why do girls kiss each other, while boys do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and the boys have.

The farmer, the mechanic and the bicycle rider are liable to unexpected cuts and bruises. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best thing to keep on hand. It heals quickly, and is a well known cure for piles. Evans Pharmacy.

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M. L. Youcum, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pills, remedies, but without success. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has effected a permanent cure." As a permanent cure for piles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal. Evans Pharmacy.

—The English language contains 41 distinct sounds.

Facts About Cuba.

The powerful and righteous reasons which impelled the Cubans to revolt against the continued domination of Spain, and engage in a war for independence, are generally known and heartily sympathized with, but there is less familiarity with the character of the country and its wonderful resources in time of peace. Of an irregular crescent shape, Cuba is much larger than popularly supposed, for it is 730 miles long, has an average width of 80 miles and an area of 43,719 square miles, without including its adjacent islands, which add over 2,000 square miles more. Although mountainous in the interior, much of the coast line is low and flat, and difficult of approach on account of the numerous reefs and small islands. Notwithstanding this feature of the coast, it is said that no other island in the world has as many excellent harbors in proportion to its size. Of these Havana, Mantanzas, Bahia, Honda, Mariel, Nuevitas, Nipe and Cardenas, on the north side, and Santiago de Cuba, Trinidad, Guantanamo and Cienfuegos on the south side, are the principal and best known.

The island of Cuba is divided into six provinces, the most thickly populated of which is Havana, and the least is Puerto Principe. The total population before the present insurrection was over 1,600,000, but it is estimated that at least 500,000 have since perished in battle, by disease and by starvation. Although there is much cleared and cultivated land, there are no less than 20,000,000 acres of almost impenetrable forest, fully 13,000,000 of which have never been disturbed by man. But the soil which has been cultivated is marvelously rich and productive. To what extent this is so is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the discouragements to industrial enterprises through the misrule of Spain, the exports in 1893 were valued at over 89,000,000 Spanish dollars.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of yellow fever in the seacoast cities and towns, the greater part of Cuba is said under normal conditions to be a very healthy place. Although not altogether in the tropics, it has all the characteristics of the torrid region. It has a wet and dry season, and except in few spots in the mountains not even light frosts. The prevailing temperature is not unpleasantly hot, for the highest is rarely over 82 degrees, while the average is 77 degrees.

The chief agricultural products are sugar, coffee and tobacco, of which the United States takes the greater part. In 1893, for example, there were 815,894 tons of sugar produced, of which 718,204 tons were exported, the United States taking 680,642 tons. Of 227,000 bales of tobacco exported two-thirds came to this country, together with more than half the 147,365,000 cigars made. But while the exports footed up a total of 89,000,000 Spanish dollars, and the imports \$56,000,000, the taxation on the people reached nearly 25,000,000 Spanish dollars. Of this tremendous burden, which is more than one-sixth the combined value of the imports and exports, less than one-half came from the customs, and one-fourth of the whole is entirely diverted from the island to the uses of the Spanish crown.

It is supposed that the negro race either predominates in point of numbers in Cuba, or at least nearly so; but this does not appear to be the fact, for just before the rebellion it was estimated that there were less than 500,000 of this race on the island, against over 1,000,000 whites and about 50,000 Chinese. Of the whites, the native born, or Cubans, are by far the best educated, but neither the mass of the Spanish residents nor the negroes are overburdened with scholastic knowledge. There seems no doubt that under proper government the wealth of Cuba would be prodigious, and even with a poor rule, but free from the oppression of Spain, it should be of more than ordinary proportions.

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Ask Your Neighbor. Whose house is conspicuously clean, whose work worries her least, whose leisure time is greatest, how she manages. The chances are ten to one she will answer: "I do all my cleaning with GOLD DUST Washing Powder."

THE FARMERS LOAN AND TRUST CO. Is Now Ready for Business. Money to Lend at Reasonable Rates. Interest Paid on Deposits. The Farmers Loan and Trust Co. will act as Executor, Administrator or Trustee of Estates and Guardian for Minors.

THE BEST Tea and Coffee Store. WE HAVE SECURED A LOT OF Genuine Seed-Tick Coffee, Which is famous for its cup qualities, and will sell you Seven Pounds for One Dollar. We have just received a lot of SILVER TEA.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO. WANTED CASH. Got to have it. Roll 'em out—Short Profit. Seed Oats, Corn, Timothy Hay, Bran, Molasses, in Car Lots. We Want Your Business, Large or Small.

W. G. MCGEE, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank. ANDERSON, S. C. Feb 9, 1898. NOTICE. THE undersigned has just received Car Load of fine Kentucky Hogs and Males, which he will sell on the building of a Bridge over creek near Emory's.

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