SLEEPING AND WAKING.

She said to herself—'twas a girl ranging pleasance and lawn,
Her eyes sudden bright at sweet fancies because she was young,
And in singing heard many an echo of strains never sung
And saw past dim eve dewy rose fires of dawn upon dawn.

She said to herself of awhile: "Pity 'tis to be sleeping,
Since slumber brings shadow and silence, though softly it fall.
What are dreams? Ne'er an hour of my day would I change for them all."
For how could she know her delight lay in one dream's keeping?

She will say to herself—an old woman just creeping about,
Half adrowse as the flies be that stir in a wintry sun,
With the singing not heard any more, and the good days all done,
And joy from her heart, and the light from her eyes ebbed out—

She will say to herself of awhile: "Pity 'tis to be waking,
For weary this clamorous world to the lonely and old.
Better dream, so a wraith of their lost they may happy behold."
For what could she tell of the dream beyond slumber's breaking?

Yet one of her days, when they darken bereft of a gleam,
Boding with hauntings of fear by the last hope forsaken,
If the old, old woman should sleep, and the girl should awaken,
Where desire of all hearts dwelleth deep in a dream of the dream!

—Jane Barlow in Athenaeum.

CARLO'S OATH.

How the Truth Came to Light Through a Scratched Face.

The old priest of Isola Rossa, standing at his door in the cool of the evening, saw Joseph Serafino stamp furiously across the square. He smiled and called over his shoulder to the crone who waited on him to get out a bottle of Cap Corse wine from the cupboard, for Joseph carried his gun slung across his shoulders. As Joseph drew nearer, however, the priest's smile changed into a frown, and he ordered the woman to go down into the cellar and fetch up a bottle of an older vintage, for there were scratches upon Joseph's face.

Serafino's wife was something of a shrew, as the priest was well aware, since at times her tongue wore out her husband's patience, and he would sling his gun across his shoulders, stuff his pockets with cartridges and hurry to Father Andrea's house in the square, vowing that he would put up with this dog's life no longer. The conversation which followed was of so invariable a kind and ended in so invariable a result that the priest could anticipate it with a smile. Serafino would call the earth, the heaven above the earth and the waters under the earth to witness that he had done with houses and streets and his fellow men; that henceforth he would live alone among the chestnut forests of Mount Padro, where no women's tongues clattered and all the world was still. When Serafino was tired of talking, the priest would persuade him to drink a last bottle of wine before he went. And, after the bottle was finished, the old man would propose one last game of piquet, which Joseph was allowed to win, and after the game of piquet Joseph was led gently home.

Tonight, however, there were scratches upon Serafino's face, and so Father Andrea ordered his best white wine, which had lain 20 years in bottle, and thanked the pope he was himself a celibate. A scratched face was a new thing even in Serafino's experience, and the priest wondered whether the conversation tonight might not have a different end. His wonder was justified in the event.

"Am I mayor of Isola Rossa?" cried Serafino. "Were my grandfathers corporals of Corsica? Was I taught at the College of Ajaccio? Did I practice as an advocate before I inherited my lands? And shall I endure an eternal click-clack of abuse and—look, father! —a woman's finger nails?"

Serafino walked about the room, tugging with both hands at his great beard. Except for the remark about the finger nails the harangue was familiar enough, and the priest with a soothing word or two uncorked his bottle of wine.

But Serafino waved his hand.

"No, father; I will not stay tonight," and he turned to the window and gazed upward to the olive slopes above the village and above the olive slopes to the thickets of arbutus and myrtle on the mountain sides.

"It has lain 20 years in the bottle, my son. It comes from Luri," said the priest as he poured out the wine, holding the bottle high above the glasses so that the splash might sink into Serafino's soul. But again Serafino waved the wine aside.

"No, father; I am going. Tonight I sleep up there. I leave my lands to my wife, but I will see no more of her."

This, too, was familiar to the priest, who replied:

"But you swore an oath, my son, to your wife, and will you break it for a few cross words and a slap of the hand? No good comes of breaking oaths." And, since Serafino remained silent, he thought of an instance.

"Carlo Giammarchi broke his oath," he said, "and see what came of it. He perished miserably ten years ago, and to this day his memory lies under reproach."

Then Serafino swung round from the window.

"Giammarchi kept his oath," he said quietly.

"My son," the old man answered, in an accent of reproach, "you were with me when he swore it. Have you forgotten the little hut on Monte Cineraggia, the man stretched on a few branches for a bed, and the oath he swore to me, that if he recovered he would never again lift hand or weapon against a fellow man?"

"I have not forgotten. Giammarchi kept that oath."

The priest tapped gently with his fingers on the table for a little. Then, as gently, he said:

"That is not right, my son. Carlo Giammarchi was your friend, I know, but it is not right on that account to deny the truth. Giammarchi shot Angelo through the back."

"Who shall prove that?" asked Serafino bluntly.

The priest sat down in a chair and proceeded to argue with Serafino, in a soft, persistent voice, as though he were talking to an obstinate child. He was not altogether displeased at Serafino's stubbornness, since, in the argument, Serafino's wife seemed likely to be forgotten.

"The two men were found dead upon the hillside," he said. "Both were shot in the back. Angelo was a gendarme and is excused by his duty, though I do not say he should not rather have tried to capture Giammarchi. It was evident, however, that Giammarchi was escaping. A few yards would have brought him into the safety of the woods, and so Angelo shot him."

Serafino nodded his head, agreeing so far.

"But Angelo was shot too. He also was shot in the back. Therefore he was turning away down the hillside to join his fellows. Giammarchi can only have been wounded and shot Angelo before he died."

"Who shall prove that?" again asked Serafino.

"There was no witness, it is true," said the priest, "but there needs none, for an exploded cartridge was in the barrel of Giammarchi's rifle. It is proof enough."

Serafino looked for a long while at the priest.

"But what if there was a witness?" he said slowly. Then he turned again to the window and exclaimed abruptly, "Angelo Montalti died a dog's death as he deserved, and Carlo Giammarchi kept the oath he swore."

After he had spoken there was silence. The old priest's object had at all events been secured, for both men had clean forgotten Serafino's wife. Joseph stared out of the window. The priest stared at the wine in his glass.

At last the priest spoke timidly:

"I do not understand, my son."

Serafino made no movement, but answered in a musing voice as he looked out up to the mountains and the maquis of trees and shrubs which clothed the mountain flanks.

"Why should I not tell you? For ten years Giammarchi's memory has lain under this reproach, and he was my friend. As for myself, I would just as soon live among the hills."

He called the priest to his side and pointed across the square to the large house at the corner.

"There Carlo Giammarchi lived 20 years ago. Twenty years ago—it was just such another summer evening as this, father—I was at supper with Carlo in that house, when the news was brought that old Montalti, Angelo's father, had stabbed Giammarchi's son in a tavern at Calvi. Carlo leaned his head on his hands and said not a single word. Carlo was 50; I only 25, so I kept silence too. After awhile Carlo got up very softly from his chair and took his rifle. Then as softly he went out of the house and took the road up past Belgodere to the Col Colombano, where two days afterward he fell in with Montalti and shot him through the lungs. Carlo took refuge in the maquis about Mount Padro and so lived securely for the next ten years. Montalti, however, left behind him a sister of his own age and a son, Angelo, who was 14 years old when his father died. Have you not seen them, father, walking together by the sea, among the orange trees, among the olives, the sister always talking, the boy listening? Angelo learned but one lesson during those ten years while Carlo Giammarchi lay hid on Mount Padro, and that lesson, that he must avenge his father. Not that I blame Montalti's sister," he added simply. "She only did her duty."

"Joseph," cried old Father Andrea, lifting his hands in expostulation, "do you say that?"

Serafino laughed.

"Yes, even I. Say that my blood claims me in the end. I am no Frenchman. I hate them, like any other Corsican, for all my fine schooling at Ajaccio. Look, father, at the gendarme there, lounging on the bench before the inn! I could dash my fists in his face with the greatest good will. Angelo turned gendarme. That's why he deserved a dog's death, not because he killed Carlo. Besides, he was a cur," and Serafino told the rest of his story. The old priest listened with a frowning face until Serafino stopped.

"And you have hidden this for ten years?" he said severely.

"I make it known now," said Serafino, and at that the old man's severity softened into sadness.

"True, my son," he said. "It must be made known now," and, with a sigh, he fetched a sheet of paper and his inkpot and set them before Serafino.

"Write," he said.

Serafino took the pen and wrote, and this is what he wrote:

On the 18th day of March ten years ago, the night being wild and stormy, Carlo Giammarchi came down from Mount Padro to Isola Rossa and supped with me, as he had often done before. He left my house an hour before dawn. The next afternoon a boy stopped me at my door and, asking whether I was Joseph Serafino, thrust a letter into my hand and ran off. The letter, written by a friend of Giammarchi, informed me that Giammarchi had been shot at daybreak four miles from the town. He now lay at death's door and in sore need of a priest. I was entreated, therefore, to bring a priest with me and come to a certain spot among the vineyards after sundown. This I did and, bringing Father Andrea with me, was met by the man who wrote the letter. He led us to a little hut in a thicket of shrubby oak trees, where we found Carlo stretched upon a mattress of boughs and, as it seemed, at his last breath. Father Andrea, however, refused him absolution until he should swear that if by any chance he got well of his wound he would never again lift hand or weapon against a fellow man. For awhile Carlo was obdurate.

"It was Angelo Montalti who shot me," he said. "He knew I was with Serafino and lay in wait. If I get well, and let him go, the very children will sing the rimbecco as I pass."

"You weigh your soul against a rimbecco?" asked the priest, and he pleaded with Carlo until the outlaw took the oath. "But God send I die," he added, and turned his face to the wall.

Yet Carlo did not die, and as soon as he could be moved his friends carried him to a little village remote among the hills, and there tended him. Meanwhile Angelo Montalto, believing that now he had killed Giammarchi, crossed to France, and, thinking to make a fortune, most deservedly lost what he had. A year later he came back penniless to Isola Rossa, and, hearing that Carlo was still alive, enlisted as a gendarme, being thus privileged to kill Carlo and suffer no disability himself.

However, he had to find Giammarchi first, and there was but one man in Isola Rossa who could show him the way, and that man was the least disposed of all to help him, for Carlo Giammarchi was my friend. However, I did show Angelo the way, for it was my habit to visit Giammarchi in the village where he lay, still weak from his wound, and Angelo set spies to follow me. On my last visit I found to my surprise that the village was deserted, except for a few women and children.

"There is a festa in the next hamlet," Carlo explained. "But it is unlikely the gendarmes will on this one day come here to search for me."

But even while he spoke a child came running up the hillside, crying that the gendarmes were coming. I snatched up my rifle. Carlo picked up his, but with a certain hesitation, as though his oath weighed upon him.

"I must needs live in the forest," he said, and we hurried out of the cottage and up the slope behind the village. We had only climbed 200 yards when Carlo's breath failed him.

"I can go no farther," he said, and dropped to the ground. I sprang on to a hillock and looked downward. Half a mile below I could see the shoulder belts and rifles flashing among the junipers like so many mirrors, and then I heard a shout. It seemed to come from much nearer—from the very borders of the village. I looked that way and saw a gendarme standing in front of a cottage. I remembered his shadow on the white plaster of the wall. He held his rifle to his cheek, and the next moment I saw the smoke and heard the singing of a bullet a yard above my head. I jumped off the hillock and lifted Carlo. Half dragging, half pushing him, I got him up to a narrow patch of albatro which stretched across the slope. The strip of shrubbery was dense, and leaving Carlo on the edge of it I pushed inward to discover the safest hiding place. But I had not moved more than ten paces before I heard a startled exclamation behind me. I turned around. Carlo was holding the twigs apart and peering down the slope. All fatigue had faded from his face; his very beard seemed alert. I ran back and looked over his shoulder. One gendarme was running up the slope, his body doubled forward. It was Angelo Montalti.

He made a mark to tempt a saint, and my fingers itched for a shot at him. Carlo loaded his rifle. Twice he raised it to his shoulder, twice he lowered it. Then he sprang through the thicket and out upon the opposite side. From the border of the shrubbery an open incline rose to the great forest. If Carlo could cross the open space, he would be safe. I advanced immediately to Montalti.

"Where's Giammarchi?" he cried.

"Not here. It was me you shot at, Angelo."

"Not here!" said he, with a sneer. "Well, St. Nega is the saint for an advocate to worship," and he ran past me. I was just putting out my hand to catch him when I noticed the tin cartridge box which swung at his side. I drew my hand back. Angelo pushed through the thicket, and I followed him. Carlo was half way up the slope, but he moved at a stumble, with one hand to the wound in his chest.

"Not here!" Montalti flung the words at me. "Signor Advocate, you and I will talk about that lie afterward."

"He had your life in his hands, and he let you go."

"The more fool he," said Montalti. He tossed the cartridge he had fired at me out of his rifle and felt for another. The lid of his cartridge box was open; the box was empty.

"You must have spilled them all while you ran," said I.

"Give me yours," said he, turning, with an oath.

I stood a little way off and laughed at him.

"Angelo, I have none. Do I not worship St. Nega?"

He swore at me again and then raced up the hillside. Carlo, though near to the forest, was yet nearer to the limits of his strength. I shouted to him. He turned, saw Angelo pursuing him, dropped behind a bowlder and covered him with his rifle. Angelo began to run in zigzags, but always upward, and still Carlo did not fire. No doubt, however, he found the temptation overpowering him, for suddenly he jerked the cartridge out of the rifle breech and again ran for the forest. I saw the copper case of the cartridge sparkle through the sunlight and lie on the brown turf, bright as a gold coin. Angelo saw it too. He darted upon it and with it shot Giammarchi through the back just as he reached the undergrowth.

For a moment Montalti stood motionless. A thin ribbon of smoke curled up from his rifle barrel. Then he opened the lock and flung the cartridge toward me.

"Carlo's mistake," said he.

"Montalti's, too," said I, and I covered him. I let him run till he reached the covert, then I shot him through the back. I knew the other gendarmes could not be far behind. I ran up to the forest. Carlo was kneeling, stark dead, with one hand clasped about a tree bole, the other grasping his rifle. I took the exploded cartridge from the breech of my rifle and fitted it into his. Then I stole back to Isola Rossa.

"These things happened ten years ago, but I disclose the secret now, for I would just as soon live among the hills. I have been mayor for some while, and perhaps I am tired of that. I have been married some while, too, and I am certainly"—

"That will do, my son," interrupted Father Andrea, who was looking over Serafino's shoulder. Serafino signed his name, and the priest witnessed the signature. Then Serafino walked out and took the path to the mountains. Half an hour later Father Andrea carried the paper to the gendarme lounging in the square.

"My son," said he, "commit no sin lest your wife scratch your face, and so the truth will be disclosed," which saying was an enigma to the gendarme.—London Telegraph.

— No matter how hard your lot may be, you cannot improve it by repining.

— If an Arab girl falls in love with a young man who does not seem to notice her favor she sends him a branch of clove blossoms, which is interpreted: "A maiden is sighing for thee."

A CYCLONE'S PRANKS.

QUEER TRICKS PLAYED BY A MISSOURI WIND TWISTER.

This Storm, So It Is Alleged, Drove Wheat Straws Through Pine Boards Like Nails and Cut Up Other Very Curious Capers.

People who have never traveled over the track made by a cyclone always look incredulous when told "cyclone stories." But those who have had experience with the dread twisters or been privileged to note some of the queer freaks perpetrated by the storms are prepared to believe anything. A cyclone can perform most wonderful freaks. Their power is not alone demonstrated by their destructiveness, for often it seems that the storm is possessed of a humorous bent.

In the Grinnell (Ia.) cyclone about 18 years ago the storm perpetrated some queer jokes. One victim of the storm was a gentleman whose residence was blown into space. He was the possessor of a new frock coat, which he had hung upon the wall of the sitting room a few moments before the storm struck. In the pocket of the coat was a big silk handkerchief. After the storm the coat was found two miles from the spot where the house had stood, but the handkerchief was gone, and in its place was a brickbat.

About 15 years ago a cyclone passed over a portion of Andrew county, Mo. It struck near Elk Dale, a country postoffice, and played some queer pranks. It struck an orchard and proceeded to show what it could do. There were 16 rows of trees in the orchard. Every other row was untouched, and in the rows struck every other tree was twisted off at the roots, but every other tree in the stricken rows was left uninjured.

Seated under a walnut tree near the Elk Dale postoffice was a woman engaged in churning with an old fashioned dasher churn. The cyclone snatched the dasher from the churn and drove it through the woman's thigh, but the churn was not overturned, and not a drop of the milk was spilled.

A stretch of pine fence about 15 rods long was blown to pieces by this storm. Broken bits of board were scattered all over the surrounding territory. Wheat had just been harvested, and that storm drove the ripened wheat straws through those pine fence boards like so many nails, splintering the boards and remaining stuck therein.

A country church several miles northeast of Elk Dale was struck by the storm. The building was lifted from the foundation and turned one-quarter of the way around and set crosswise of the foundation, and the plastering on the walls was scarcely cracked.

This storm struck a farmhouse where a family of five had just seated themselves to eat supper. The frame of the house was jerked into the air, but the floor was uninjured, and the family suddenly found themselves eating supper in a driving rain.

Among the other animals owned by Dr. Bond of Elk Dale was a colt that promised to be a world beater on the track. The storm forever settled the fate of that colt. It picked the animal up and carried it two miles and then gently deposited it in the crotch of an oak tree 30 feet from the ground. This story would sound better if it went on to relate that the colt was uninjured, but truth compels the statement that the colt was as dead as Julius Caesar. The strange part of this incident is that there was neither mark, bruise nor broken bone about the animal. Dr. Bond insists to this day that the colt died of fright.

In a barn a few miles from Elk Dale three horses and three cows were housed, the horses on one side of the partition, the cows on the other, horses and cows facing. The barn was demolished, but not scattered, and the middle horse and middle cow were killed. The rest of the animals were uninjured.

The steeple of a church that happened to be in the track of the storm was jerked upward, turned upside down and driven through the roof of the church, the point of the steeple resting on the spot where the minister was wont to stand when reading the Sunday lesson. The pulpit carpet could be shifted under the point, and the steeple itself could be swung a foot or more in any direction.

Milt Laughlin's well on his farm was attacked by the cyclone. Water was drawn by means of an old fashioned wooden pump, and that pump, tubing and all, was snatched out of that well, and no trace of them was ever found. The well, however, still remained.

This storm was not noted because of its destructiveness of human life, no one being killed, although a number were severely injured. But it was destructive of property, demolishing houses and barns, killing stock and blowing the newly harvested wheat crop into the sweet subsequently. You can tell the people living in its track any kind of a cyclone story, and they will believe it with all their hearts. They know what a cyclone can do when it tries.—Omaha World-Herald.

Rufus Choate's Sharp Tongue.

Rufus Choate's thrusts were not always so good natured as are usually those of the modern representative of the family. In describing a party to a suit in which he was counsel, he once said: 'Why does he not pay back the money he has so ill got? He is such a villain that he wouldn't if he could and so much of a bankrupt that he couldn't if he would."

Mr. Choate also once remarked of a woman, "She is a sinner—no, not a sinner, for she is our client; but she is a very disagreeable saint."

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— Blue eyes are generally considered effeminate; but this is a mistake for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian nations, and the white races rule the world.

THE DYNAMITE DRUMMER.

A Dangerous Profession That Brings In a Good Salary.

The little man who scribbled illegibly on the St. James register bore an innocuous name. It was Pink Firkin, New York. He bore also an innocuous appearance, for he was not more than five feet four in height, with slim frame, narrow shoulders and eyes of the mildest and most appealing blue.

Notwithstanding all this, Pink Firkin is a dangerous man. This dangerousness rises not from the inward man, but from his occupation. When he stepped up to the desk to put his name on the register it was with the most painstaking care that he placed upon the marble counter a little black bag which he carried in his left hand. Carefully, gently, he placed it by his side, and between almost every letter he wrote he looked out of the corner of his eye at the little black bag to see if it were really there.

"Traveling for a jewelry firm, I suppose?" questioningly remarked the professional lounger, who had grown curious.

"No. Dynamite," answered Mr. Firkin, with a faint smile. It was the loiterer's turn to start. He recovered himself, and as the rest of the loungers in the rotunda, including the clerks, made rapid exits in both directions, put on a bold front.

"Oh, dynamite?" he returned, with a show of unconcern. "Only dynamite. Humph."

"Yes, my firm in New York makes the best dynamite in the world—goes off at the slightest shock. Great stuff. Want to see some?" inquired the drummer, his professional training getting the upper hand. He took the satchel in his hand with some roughness, and the professional lounger set himself in position for a quick sprint. Nothing happened, and the lounger hastily disavowed any interest in dynamite.

"Yes, it is a ticklish profession," smiled the traveling gentleman as he shoved the satchel under the lounge where he had invited the interrogator to sit and chat with him. "A little dangerous and inconvenient—yes, deuced inconvenient at times. We have to be careful," and his eyes wore a hunted look.

"But we get paid for it—we get paid for it. You would not believe that I get the biggest salary of any man on the road, but I do. It is a big risk, and we have to lay up something. The companies will not insure us."

He grasped a thin knee in both hands as he crossed his legs and continued:

"That is not the worst of it—inconvenient. Traveling around with this stuff exposes us to all sorts of discourtesies from hotel managements. Sometimes we can't get rooms in a town for love or money, for people won't have the stuff in the house, and the guests come in a body and complain when they find out that one of us is registered. There are only three in my line, you know. Under those circumstances, as we dare not leave our samples, the police station is the only recourse. I'm registered as a 'sleeper' in a good number of towns in this vicinity."

He paused a minute for this statement to take effect. "Then there are the railroads to buck up against. Some of them have rules against carrying explosives. Sometimes I get caught, and then off I go at the next station or foot it the rest of the way. I am not particularly fond of railroad travel at any rate. With the cargo I carry a wreck is something to be afraid of. Even the jarring of the cars on a rough road makes me so uncomfortable that I have to take up my satchel and pace the aisle to reduce the shock.

"The one thing that I fear is a wreck. If I ever get into one, it means goodby to Pink Firkin. Just imagine that stuff going off underneath you!"—Denver Republican.

Women Many Times Married.

There are some very remarkable instances of people who have been married a large number of times, and also of husbands and wives who have lived together to an extraordinary age. St. Jerome mentions a woman who married her twenty-second husband, who, in his turn, had been married to 20 wives. There is an instance recorded in Bordeaux, in 1772, of a man who had been married 16 times. A woman named Elizabeth Nase, who died in Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, her last wedding taking place when she was 70 years of age.

Numerous cases exist all over the world of people who have been married four, five or six times. In 1768 a couple was living in Essex who had been married 81 years, the husband being 107 years old and his wife only four years younger. These cases are also not isolated ones, and it is somewhat remarkable that in most of such instances when one has died the survivor has died the next day.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Queer Little People.

The Eskimos who live on the west coast of Greenland between Melville bay and Kane basin are the most northerly human beings on the face of the globe, and in many ways they live almost like animals. Their only property is clothing, weapons for the chase and food, which consists entirely of meat, blubber and blood.

They have no vegetation of any kind, and not even a pinch of salt. Lieutenant Peary has this to say about these queer little people: "Is it to be wondered at that under these circumstances a man offered me his dogs and sleds and all his furs for a piece of board as long as himself; that another offered me his wife and two children for a shining knife, and that a woman offered me all her possessions, which she had collected for years, for a needle?"

These people are very generous, and all the game captured by a hunter is equally divided among all his neighbors. They have their own kind of athletic entertainment, too, which includes wrestling, boxing and tests of strength in the lifting of heavy stones.

— At the beginning of this century the Bible was accessive to but one-fifth of the population of the world. Now it may be read by nine-tenths of the people of the globe, so rapidly has its translation been carried on.

Jane Wouldn't Stand It.

Before marriage she was a schoolteacher, and it took a good deal of masculine tact to wean her from the idea of making a scientific career. But now she presides over a happy little home in Detroit and is gradually becoming domesticated. Among the possessions of the family is a cow, which is milked by the servant girl. She was skimming off some rich, yellow cream the other day when her mistress said:

"Jane, do you know that there are in that milk millions of minute organisms that look horrid under"—

"There's not one, mum," hotly retorted Jane. "There's not one, and I won't stand it either. I scours the bucket, I washes the cow, I scalds the pans, and I covers the milk. Yer the first woman as ever told me I was not clean about my work."

"But listen, Jane"—

"I'll listen to no more, that I won't. I've heard too much now. I'll leave within the hour, mum, fur they's plenty of places and them as don't be slanderin a honest workin girl."

The husband came home to find his wife in tears and audibly wishing that she wasn't "smart."—Detroit Free Press.

Saved From the Driver Ants.

In her "West African Studies" Miss Kingsley tells this story about the famous "driver" ants: "I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pellmell, leaving the drivers in possession, but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unwonted burst of activity, showed such a lively concern and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut that I thought it must be the baby. 'In him far corner for floor!' shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged.

"Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inert black mass, with hundreds of cruel drivers already swarming upon it. To seize it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, 'the work of an instant.' She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into a water barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian. That there thing wasn't an infant. It was a ham!"

Out in Kansas

lives a happy wife. She writes: "I have used **Mother's Friend** before two confinements. The last time I had twins, and was in labor only a few minutes. Suffered very little." The reason why

Mother's Friend

does expectant mothers so much good is because it is an external liniment, to be applied upon the outside, where much of the strain comes. It helps because the pores of the skin readily absorb it, and it comes into direct contact with and is absorbed by the parts involved. Morning sickness is quickly banished, and nervousness is kept completely away. The sense of dread and foreboding is not experienced, even during labor itself. Confinement is short and almost without pain. Recovery is quick and sure. Best of all, **Mother's Friend** benefits the unborn just as much as the expectant mother, and when the little one comes it will be strong, lusty and healthy.

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IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

At Clemson College every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

April 26, 1899 44 6m

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of William J Bowen, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

W. A. BOWEN, Adm'r.

Aug 30, 1899 10 3*

NOTICE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the BELTON MILLS has been called, to be held at the office of the Corporation in Belton, S. C., on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1899, at 12 o'clock, to consider a Resolution adopted by the Board of Directors authorizing an increase of the Capital Stock from $350,000.00 to $600,000 00.

By order of the Board of Directors, August 29th, 1899

ELLISON A. SMYTH, President.
LEWIS D. BLAKE, Sec. and Treas.

Aug 30, 1899 10 4

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
ANDERSON COUNTY.

By R. Y. H. Nance, Judge of Probate.

Whereas, J. L. Geer and L. F. Carpenter have applied to me to grant them Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of A. A. Carpenter, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said A. A. Carpenter, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson Court House, on the 13th day September, 1899, after publication hereof, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 28th day of August, 1899.

R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge.

Aug 30, 1899 10 2

W. G. McGEE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
OFFICE—Front Room, over Farmers and Merchants Bank—
ANDERSON, S. C.
Feb 9, 1898 33

COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
ONE Hundred and Fourteenth Year begins Oct. 2. Furnished room and board in College Dormitory $10 and $12 a month, according to room. One free tuition scholarship in each County of South Carolina, the holder to be appointed by Probate Judge and County Superintendent of Education. Entrance Examinations and Competitive Examinations for vacant Boyce Scholarships (which give $150 a year) on Sept. 29 and 30. Total expenses for holders of scholarships $103 and $123, according to room; for students not holding a scholarship $10, tuition fee, in addition. For catalogues and information in full, address
HARRISON RANDOLPH, Pres.

NOTICE.
NOW is the time to have your Buggy Revarnished, Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skeins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggy and Wagon Repairs.
PAUL E. STEPHENS.

— THE —
PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE,
CLINTON, S. C
SPECIAL offer of reduced rates for next session. A College education placed within the reach of every one. Matriculation, Tuition, Room Rent and Board for Collegiate year for $100.00. Full Faculty of experienced Teachers; moral influences; healthful location, fine courses of study; lowest possible cost. Send for Catalogue to W. T. MATTHEWS, or A. E. E. SPENCER.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

G. H. Mahon, Plaintiff, against Mrs. Texie Anna Sterling and Mrs. Cora Ligon, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants Mrs. Texie Anna Sterling and Mrs. Cora Ligon:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated Anderson, S. C., August 19, A. D., 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendant, Mrs. Texie Anna Sterling:

You will take notice that the Complaint in this action was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of said County on the 19th day of August, 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

August 30, 1899 10 6

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF ANDERSON.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

James A. Watt, Plaintiff, against R. I. Stewart, E. H. Simpson and A. C. Townsend, Defendants.—Summons for Relief—Complaint Served.

To the Defendants R. I. Stewart, E. H. Simpson, and A. C. Townsend:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, at Anderson C. H., S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated Anderson, S. C., August 15, 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendant, R. I. Stewart:

You are hereby notified that the Complaint in this action was this day filed in the office of John C. Watkins, Esq., Clerk of the Court for said County.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

August 15, 1899 8 6

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CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY.
AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE
In effect July 23, 1899.

Lv Augusta	9 40 am	1 40 pm
Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	.....
Ar Anderson	.....	6 10 pm
Ar Laurens	1 20 pm	5 35 am
Ar Greenville	3 00 pm	10 15 am
Ar Glenn Springs	4 05 pm	.....
Ar Spartanburg	5 10 pm	9 00 am
Ar Saluda	5 33 pm	.....
Ar Hendersonville	6 03 pm	.....
Ar Asheville	7 00 pm	.....
Lv Asheville	8 28 am	.....
Lv Spartanburg	11 45 am	3 40 pm
Lv Glenn Springs	10 00 am	.....
Lv Greenville	12 01 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens	1 37 pm	7 00 pm
Lv Anderson	.....	7 00 am
Lv Greenwood	2 37 pm	.....
Ar Augusta	5 10 pm	11 10 am
Lv Calhoun Falls	4 44 pm	.....
Ar Raleigh	2 16 am	.....
Ar Norfolk	7 30 am	.....
Ar Petersburg	6 00 am	.....
Ar Richmond	8 15 am	.....
Lv Augusta	.....	1 20 pm
Ar Allendale	.....	3 10 pm
Ar Fairfax	.....	3 55 pm
Ar Yemassee	10 05 am	4 20 pm
Ar Beaufort	11 15 am	5 20 pm
Ar Port Royal	11 30 am	5 35 pm
Ar Savannah	.....	7 00 pm
Ar Charleston	.....	7 30 pm
Lv Charleston	.....	6 28 am
Lv Port Royal	1 00 pm	6 55 am
Lv Beaufort	1 16 pm	7 20 am
Lv Yemassee	2 30 pm	8 20 am
Lv Fairfax	.....	9 20 am
Lv Allendale	.....	9 38 am
Ar Augusta	.....	11 25 am

Close connection at Calhoun Falls for Athens Atlanta and all points on S. A. L.

Close connection at Greenwood for all points on S. A. L., and C. & G. Railway, and at Spartanburg with Southern Railway.

For any information relative to tickets, rates, schedule, etc., address

W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga.
E. M. North, Sol. Agent.
T. M. Emerson, Traffic Manager.