

A Lovers' Quarrel

He thrust his hands into his pockets. She envied him his ability to do so, but compromised by twisting her fingers tightly together behind her back.

From her standpoint she felt that things never could be the same again. It wasn't that she blamed him for caring because she had seen too much of Tom Wells. She had rather enjoyed his jealousy at first. She liked to see him standing by, clenching his hands and growing pale, because she knew that it was all because of love for her. But when the battle was finally on, when he had got her alone and come to the point, things changed. Instead of having him at her mercy he some way seemed to have her at his.

"There now, little girl, it's all over, and we might as well kiss and make up. I know you were thoughtless. You didn't mean to hurt me by your flirting with that little, insignificant schoolboy, so we'll forget all about it. Come, lift up your head, Trix, and?"

Trix did lift up her head, but Ewing stepped back, all at once realizing that the lips weren't quite so coaxingly sweet as usual. Her chin seemed to have lost its dimple; her eyes might have been hard if there had not lurked in them a trace of hurt pleading. But her voice was very calm and even as she answered slowly:

"You seem to forget that I may have something to say about whether or not you will kiss me; also you don't seem to remember that you yourself graduated only last June, just a year ahead of this other little insignificant schoolboy. I am almost afraid," she went on, taking on a superior tone of condescension, as though the new feminine ideas were really rooted in her dear little soul—"I'm almost afraid that men who have broad shoulders and have won questionable fame on a brutal football team when at college somehow grow to let their physical power dominate their motives as well. Mr. Philip Ewing, you can't carry me before you just because your arms are strong. A woman admires fine proportions in a man, but not after he betrays that his muscle and brawn are mightier factors in his life than gentle manliness. To think about it, I don't know but I prefer Mr. Tom Wells' lack of stature, with its attendant abundance of honor and honesty, to Mr. Philip Ewing's six feet of pompous stubbornness."

She was frightened at herself, for she hadn't meant to say so much, but when she had begun she could not find a place to stop. Then, too, she rather enjoyed seeing him wince, and when he drew in his breath with a quick start of pain at her fling at his "questionable fame" she was goaded on by an irresistible power to show him, once for all, that she wasn't going to be wax in his hands. She was too angry to consider. Pride had overpowered her love, and as she went on the big fellow only looked at the tiny fury in speechless amazement, crushed, hurt, astounded at her sarcastic deluge.

At last she finished. He bowed his head as if to go and then turned, holding out the dear, strong arms, where she would have given worlds to creep if only she could have done so without a sacrifice of her pride, and all he said was:

"Beatrice, for heaven's sake don't make this mistake. Remember, dear, that you once loved me; that I was the first man you loved; that you were the first girl I loved. You can't go to some one else. I won't let another man have you and kiss you and tell you things I have told you."

But this tiny embodiment of the new woman's determination to teach man his place set her teeth and only smiled at him—smiled just as amusedly as he had smiled at her in the beginning of the little dispute which now had reached such alarming proportions.

Poor Philip stood and waited, holding out his empty arms, and she merely smiled. So he turned and went, but the new woman received a terrible shock the instant that the door closed behind him, for Miss Beatrice threw herself on a mountain of pillows and indulged in a deluge of good salt tears, just the kind Eve would have shed had fortunate Adam had to go through the probationary period of lovers' disputes before she became Mrs. Adam.

There was that tea that very afternoon where she was going to pour. It would never do in the world not to go, for the girls must never dream that she cared, but she choked again as she remembered that he had promised to drop in near the end with a few of the men. And she knew what that meant, for had he not "dropped" in every afternoon during the season, ostensibly to have her hand him a cup of tea? And hadn't he learned to bring enough of the other fellows with him to keep the rest of the girls busy, so that he and tiny Eve could have their little talk all alone? In fact, it was at the end of the big, bewildering reception at which her mother had introduced her at the beginning of the winter that he had first dared to tell her his love—there when the last few guests were lin-

goring in the hall and she had crept back to one of the farther tables, a little, flushed, weary maid in a quaint, snowy gown, a bud already beginning to tire of the fierce light beating on her dear, dazed head. She never afterward could remember just how it came about, but it began when his sleeve caught on some of the shining bits of silver among the ferns before her, and—and—well, she was crying softly on his shoulder in less than a moment, both of them so oblivious of everything else that they didn't wake till mamma stood before them with a startled cry. Then they had to tell mamma, even before they had really told each other very much, but papa liked Phil's father, so it had come out all right in the end.

They had told everybody by this time, and the society columns had printed the date of their wedding, with a list of the bridesmaids, and she had ordered the beloved gown, with its frightfully long train and its stern air of severe matronly elegance. And now there wouldn't be any wedding after all, and the girls would give back the pretty pearl hearts she had presented to them as her attendants, and mamma would be so ashamed of her that she would probably be sent abroad for a year or two. That wouldn't amount to much, however, as it would take her away from Philip, and of course she must learn as soon as possible to bear the parting. Did it take long to mend a heart? she questioned in the midst of the big, wet pillow. Why was it women ever were made to care so much for men if men were so cruel? Of course it was all Philip's fault. He had never been in earnest with her, she supposed, and took this way to show it when he grew tired of her. Well, she would show him that women can be hard, too, and she was going to begin by breaking every masculine heart at that tea that afternoon.

"For," mused this desperate little girl as she arrayed herself with feverish skill in the lovely new gown sent home that very morning, "I used to be glad I am pretty because Philip—no, Mr. Ewing—liked it. Now I am glad because I know it will make me all the more capable of hurting him just as he has hurt me."

Everybody marveled at Miss Lane's vivacity, and Tom Wells fairly tingled with joy at the look she gave him when she dropped the tiny sweet cubes from her tongue into his fragile cup. But when the other guests were gone to the dressing room and the men were waiting to escort their fluffily clad charges to the carriages Beatrice sat alone and forgotten. Philip was late, and he strode past the men into the drawing room and soon had found the table at which Beatrice was sitting. And when she looked up to see him standing before her, with his fine head bowed and such a cruel, white line about his lips, all she could do was to hold out her hands. Philip took them.

"It was all my fault," she breathed. "No; it was all mine," he whispered. Then he went on, looking into her eyes with his face strangely sad and determined:

"It has been a terrible lesson, my love, and one we must never try again. Perhaps this may not have done much harm, except—and his voice grew husky—"there will always be that little rift in the lute. I had hoped we should never have that to regret, but it came, and we must use it as a warning. Hasn't it been terrible enough, Beatrice, to keep us from it forever?"

Their hostess found them both so worn and yet so happy that she understood without a word.

"Come with me," was all she said, and taking them each by the hand, she led them back to a dear little room, all palms and blossoms and soft, rosy lights, and there she left them, saying as she stole away:

"Beatrice hasn't been well or happy this afternoon, and she is all worn out now. Do you know, Mr. Ewing, that when I am tired and heartick there isn't anything in the world which rests me and makes me glad so much as my husband's kiss?"

Johnnie's Engagement. An old lady who was a great bore paid a visit to a neighbor. She prolonged her stay and finally said to one of the children, "I'm going away directly, Johnnie, and I want you to go part of the way with me."

"I can't," said Johnnie, "for we're going to have dinner as soon as you leave."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Remarkable Cure for Croup. A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE SAVED.—I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steer, of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up," and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine my boy would not be on earth to-day.—JOHN DUMONT, Iawood, Iowa. For sale by Orr-Gray Co.

Hugh McElrhone died in Columbia a few days ago at the age of 103 years.

The masculine animal doesn't out much life from the time females cease to slobber over him as an infant until they begin to kiss him as a man.

THE MADSTONE.

Its Curative Properties and the Way It Does Its Work.

The madstone is supposed to be taken from the stomach of a white deer. It is about the size of an English walnut and slightly porous. When a person is bitten by an animal afflicted with rabies, the stone is placed on the bite. It immediately sticks, sometimes for half an hour.

One of the greatest fears of the cowpuncher is of being bitten by a skunk. In the cattle country when the puncher is on the range and must sleep outdoors of nights he hardly ever lies down on the ground without thinking of this danger. When he is bitten, it is almost always in the face. Nine times out of ten hydrophobia symptoms develop. In most cases he is anywhere from twenty to fifty miles from a doctor, and search is made among the ranchers for a madstone. The cowpuncher is simple in his faiths, and he clings to this one. And, indeed, many marvelous tales are told of the success of this somewhat vague healer.

The writer knows of one remarkable case. A man in a New Mexican cattle town was bitten in the arm by a mad dog. The nearest doctor gave him aid, but he was not able to decrease the swelling. A madstone was sent for from a distance and applied to the bite. The curative properties of the stone lie in its power of absorption. It adhered at once to this man's arm. Running up the elbow was a thin blue streak, tracing the course of the poison. As the stone stuck this streak gradually decreased and was not to be seen when the inanimate little doctor fell off after thirty minutes' adhesion. The stone was put in water, and a blue film immediately formed on the surface. The man got well.

The value of a madstone varies with its owner. The stone just told of was held at \$500.—Exchange.

Overworked It.

"It is better, gentlemen of the jury," sonorously said an Arkansas attorney who was defending a person of measly looks and malodorous reputation, "that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer punishment. I therefore—"

"That's all right, Mr. Gableby," interrupted Squire Peavy, a moss grown but shrewd old justice of the peace, "but I feel obliged to sorter call the attention of the gentlemen of the jury to the fact that during the time you have been practicin' law in this yere court your proraty of nine guilty men have already done escaped, and I'll also incidentally mention that I happen to have a pretty good idee that the pris'nar at the bar is guilty, and in addition to that I am mighty shore that he is perfectly capable of committin' the crime even if he hain't actually done it."

It is to be recorded that the gentlemen of the jury found the measly looking person guilty without examination.—St. Joseph Herald.

To Open a New Book.

Here are a well known bookseller's directions for opening a new book:

"Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand, while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume."

"Do this two or three times, and you will obtain the best results."

"Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book."

Talc.

Talc is employed in the arts in two distinct forms—as powdered or "flour talc" and as sawed pieces of various sizes and shapes. The flour talc is used in the manufacture of wall papers to give them a glossy appearance. Some of the ordinary flour talc is used as a filler in the manufacture of paper, but the ground fibrous talc is utilized most extensively for this purpose. The fibrous and pliable character of the mineral makes it valuable for this purpose and causes the talc to be retained in the paper pulp, thus giving additional strength and weight.

Germes.

A physician, writing to the London Times, says: "Everything we eat and drink and wear runs the gamut of germs to an extent which nervous people had better not contemplate. Far too much fuss is made of them. If we listened to all these scares, there would be nothing left to do but get into a bath of carbolic acid and stay there until starvation freed us from the dangers of life."

A Cure for Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." Sold by Orr-Gray & Co.

The only way to beat a liar is to beat a hasty retreat.

It may be just an accident, but usually soft hearts go with soft wits.

IVORY CHOPSTICKS.

Some Information Gleaned In a Chinatown Restaurant.

Nothing is so repugnant to the mind of the freeborn American as class distinction, whether of blood or of wealth, but certain of our foreign population do not have this aversion.

"We were dining in Chinatown," continued the man who looks about him, "and, being thorough bohemians, we scorned the forks that our mothers taught us to use and ordered chopsticks. We were eating contentedly if not gracefully when our attention was attracted to a large party of Chinamen who were gathered around the table on our right. As each reached for the dainty tidbit he fancied most in the large dish that adorned the center of the table, which contained the menu for the entire party, we noticed that they had beautiful ivory chopsticks. Ours were of bamboo, painted black. We beckoned the head waiter, and he came up, with his smile, celebrated in song."

"I said: 'Charles [I object to all Chinamen being called John], get us some ivory chopsticks. They are the prettiest things I ever saw.'"

"Charles said, 'No—no ivy chopsticks.'"

"Why, Charles, those fellows over there have them. Why can't we?"

"They eat six dollar dinner; you eat sixty cent dinner; was his reasonable reply."—New York Mail and Express.

A Useful Start.

William M. Everts seldom met his match, but Harper's Weekly tells how he once found it in Senator David Davis. Mr. Everts was a mere skeleton of a man, while Mr. Davis, who weighed upward of 300 pounds, was blessed with a circumference quite as great as his length.

The two senators were perpetually twitting each other in fun, and one night at dinner Mr. Davis said:

"If you will let me choose the course, I will guarantee that with three yards' start I can beat you in a race of a hundred feet."

Every one at the table laughed and said, "Take him up, Mr. Everts."

The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis.

This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and a hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely.

Mr. Everts could get neither past him nor under him, and he called Mr. Davis back to the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him.

His Generosity.

An amusing story is told by The Baptist Commonwealth of a bazaar held in a western city. Among the features of the entertainment was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies in order that all the money taken in might represent clear profit.

The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from Mr. Billings, a man who was both well known and wealthy, but not famous for liberal giving. To her surprise, she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and two ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher, who also supplied the family of Mr. Billings with meat, and after giving him a large order for her stall she asked if he himself would not like to give her something.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the butcher, "but yesterday I gave to Mr. Billings at his request for this very purpose a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Smoking in Japan.

The Japanese smoke in a very peculiar manner. The pipes have very small metal bowls, with bamboo stems and metal mouthpieces, and only hold enough tobacco for three or four whiffs. They use a tobacco which is cut extremely fine and looks more like a light blond hair than anything else. It is of a very good quality, however. The Japs take a whiff of smoke and inhale it, letting it pass out through the nostrils. They rarely smoke more than one pipeful at a time.

An Important Letter.

Aunt—What! Sitting up writing at this hour?

Niece—Yes, auntie. It's only a little note to Harry.

Aunt—Why, Harry let you only five minutes ago.

Niece—Yes, but there is something I forgot to ask him, and it's very important.

Aunt—Yes?

Niece—I asked him if he loved me, and he said "Yes," but I forgot to ask him if he would love me always.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

All persons holding claims against Anderson County, not previously presented, are hereby notified to file the same with the Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners on or before the 3rd day of January, 1902, so that they may be examined and passed on by the Board at their Annual Meeting, to be held the first Thursday after the first Monday in January, 1902; and on failing to file said claims on or before the 3rd day of January, they will have to lay over to the February meeting.

By order of Board of Co. Commissioners, J. F. CLARKE, Clerk Board C. C. Dec 4, 1901

Notice to Administrators, Executors, Guardians, and Trustees.

All Administrators, Executors, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified to make their Annual Returns to this office during the months of January and February, as required by law.

R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate. Jan 8, 1902

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Notice to Creditors. Little Page et al., vs. Minnie Holliday. PURSUANT to the order of Court granted herein, the creditors of the Estate of Mary J. Page, deceased, are hereby notified to file and appear before me at my office, in the city of Anderson, S. C., on Monday, the 13th day of January, 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m., to prove their claims against said Estate. Failing to do so your claims will be barred. R. Y. H. NANCE, Judge of Probate at Special Re'cees. Dec 11, 1901

—Most men make love with about as much tact as is used when they play football.

—Virtue is often made of necessity when there is no other material at hand.

—Clever men turn useless things to account.



Graceful Women

A taste for perfect figures is inseparable from a love of the beautiful.

The secret of the heliotrope, violet or rose are as precious as the lovely flowers whose breath they are, and while the lives of flowers are brief and we can only enjoy them for a day, the grace to us as a permanent blessing. The sweet, pure breath of the heliotrope is suggestive of innocence and health—the soft fragrance of a beautiful woman suggests to the senses purity, health and elegance—she is the refinement of civilization and indicative of a desire to please, an index of good taste, and an unerring badge of gentility.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

In regulating those lunar periods in women, perit of no wrinkles, pale cheeks, tortured nerves and shapeless figures. It is certain, and no such thing as cheating nature, and there is no such thing as a permanent blessing. The sweet, pure breath of the heliotrope is suggestive of innocence and health—the soft fragrance of a beautiful woman suggests to the senses purity, health and elegance—she is the refinement of civilization and indicative of a desire to please, an index of good taste, and an unerring badge of gentility.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.



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PATENTS

and TRADE MARKS or return ENTIRE attorney's fee. Send model, sketch or photo and we send an IMMEDIATE FREE report on patentability. We give the best legal service and advice, and our charges are moderate. Try us.

SWIFT & CO., Patent Lawyers,

Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Paint Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Cologne, Toilet Powders, Etc., Etc.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST FEVER MEDICINE.

For all forms of fever take Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic. It is 10 times better than quinine and does in a single day what slow medicine cannot do in 30 days. It's splendid cure in striking cough made by quinine. Costs 80 Cents If It Cures.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. To the Public.

Please note our change in business from credit to Cash, and read the following below:

Our reasons for doing so are as follows: First, our accounts being necessarily small and an endless amount of confusion and expense entailed to an injurious degree, and the loss in bad accounts, and the time and attention it requires to collect same.

Second, our current expenses, such as labor, fuel, gas, water and other supplies are cash.

For convenience of our customers we have been forced into. With a great many of our customers we regret to be obliged to pursue this course, but as we positively cannot discriminate, we trust that you will appreciate our position and not ask for credit. All bundles delivered after June 1st and not paid for will be returned to landry.

For convenience of our customers we will issue Coupon Books sold for cash. These books can be kept at home and payment made for bundles when delivered with the coupons. You can get these books at Laundry office, or from the driver.

This change goes into effect 1st of June, 1901.

We desire to thank all of our customers for the patronage they have kindly favored us with in the past and hope we have merited the same, and hope to still be entrusted with your valued orders after our change goes into effect for cash only, which will always receive our prompt attention. Very respectfully,

ANDERSON STEAM LAUNDRY CO. 202 East Boundary St. R. A. MAYFIELD, Mgr. and Treas.

PHONE NO. 20. Leave orders at D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store.

S. C. BRUCE, DENTIST.

OVER D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store, on South Main Street.

I have 25 years experience in my profession, and will be pleased to work for any who want Plating made, Filling done, and I make a specialty of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain. Jan 23, 1901



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The largest, strongest Bank in this County.

Interest Paid on Deposits

By special agreement. With unsurpassed facilities and resources we are at all times prepared to accommodate our customers. Jan 10, 1900

Peoples Bank of Anderson

Moved into their Banking House, and are open for business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Interest paid on time deposits by agreement.

THE ANDERSON Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

HAS written 1000 Policies and have a little over \$550,000.00 insurance in force. The Policies are for small amounts, usually, and the risks are well scattered. We are carrying this insurance at less than one-half of what the old line companies would charge. We make no extra charge for insurance against wind. They do.

J. R. Vandiver, President. Directors—R. S. Hill, J. J. Fretwell, W. G. Watson, J. J. Major, J. P. Glenn, B. C. Martin, R. B. A. Robinson, John G. Durworth.

R. J. GINN, Agent, Starr, S. C.

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

W. H. Shearer, as Assignee of John W. Shearer, Plaintiff, against Robert Rucker, Defendant.—Complaint not served.